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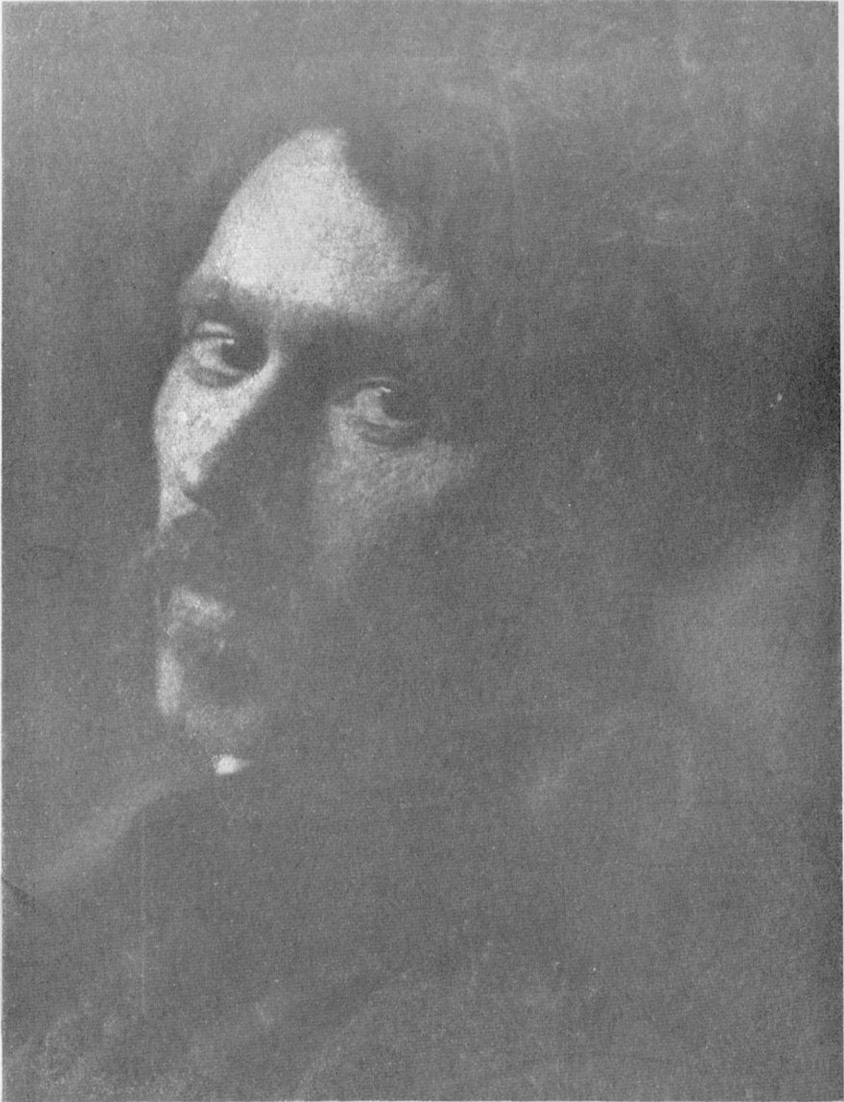

Van Dearing Perrine.
From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.

"NATURE NEVER DID BETRAY THE HEART THAT LOVED HER; 'TIS HER PRIVILEGE, THROUGH ALL THE YEARS OF THIS OUR LIFE TO LEAD FROM JOY TO JOY."
Lines from Wordsworth.

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XII — AUGUST, 1907 — NUMBER 5

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THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XII AUGUST, 1907 NUMBER 5

VAN DEARING PERRINE: A NEW AMERICAN PAINTER OF NATURE'S ELEMENTAL FORCES: BY JOHN SPARGO

N THE spring of nineteen hundred and five I first heard of Van Dearing Perrine. I sat with a friend watching the splendor of a glorious sunset over the Palisades, those towering cliffs along the Hudson. He spoke with glowing enthusiasm of Perrine as a young and unknown American painter, who had chosen for his theme the solemn grandeur of Nature's elemental forces amid the romantic, rugged glory of the Palisades. His enthusiasm was overwhelming and inspiring, for he was, I discovered later, a typical member of a small band of enthusiasts who hailed the new artist with unbounded delight. Later, when I saw an exhibition of Perrine's work, I agreed with their belief in him, for I saw that he had developed in his painting a strange spiritual quality that promised to add a new element to our landscape art.

Since the first view of his work in the New Gallery, I have been enabled to see practically all that Van Dearing Perrine has painted; to see him at work and to enter into intimate friendship with him. And now that I know something of the great religious purpose which inspires his brush, how every stroke is a reverent expression of his worship of the vital relationship which unites external nature to the deepest and holiest spiritual experience of man, I understand something of that force in his gloomy, dramatic, challenging pictures which distinguishes them from all other landscapes. Perrine is essentially a poet and a mystic. His attitude toward Nature is that of the poet seeking to interpret the mysterious hidden sources of movement and power, rather than that of the painter trying to convey a description of the landscape.

One summer afternoon, as we strolled through the little cedar grove and garden by his summer studio, on Long Island, I asked the painter to tell me why he painted so many storm-scenes. I was anxious to discover, if possible, why one so tender and sympathetic

in his attitude toward all life should revel in the fiercest and harshest moods of Nature. I had seen him glorying in the warm sunlight, rejoicing in the play of light upon the foliage and watching with the enthusiasm of a born naturalist the play of the birds. Clearly there was nothing morbid in his attitude toward Nature; some other explanation must be sought for the fact that he chooses to paint bare, frost-scarred rocks, cold moonlight stillness, storms, menacing clouds, with hardly ever a touch of verdant green or the play of caressing sunlight upon the foliage. As we strolled through the garden he plucked a flower and held it up: "See, this blossom is wonderfully beautiful to me," he said, "just as wonderful and just as beautiful as you or me. But it does not occur to me to paint a picture of it. Clearly the best I could do in that way, the best that any man could do, would be no more than a colored description, a more or less faithful imitation, of the flower. That I do not think worth while. But to interpret the meaning of the flower to others as I feel it, to make others understand the emotions and thoughts produced in my mind by the flower, is another matter.

"So with my pictures of the Palisades. It is not my purpose to paint the surface of things which all may see, unaided by imagination. To imitate the outward and visible forms of Nature, to paint faithful descriptions of the Palisades, accurate in form and color, is a form of landscape art which does not make the slightest appeal to me. Great rocks, great trees, great rivers of themselves mean very little to me, except as symbols of a great Universal Power, and Eternal Vital Principle, which makes and shapes tree and rock and river equally with myself. It is thus that I feel in this great Power—call it Eternal Motion, if you like—something linking me to all the universe, even to the remotest star, and linking all to myself. When I feel that I am awed and reverent. The whole world appears to me as one vast miracle, and I am part of the whole. It is this stupendous miracle of creation which takes possession of my thoughts and compels me to seek some form of expression, as men have sought in all ages. Some have found their means of expression in poetry, others in philosophy; I find mine in painting. The tiniest grain of sand upon the shore, the humblest flower in the field and the single dewdrop are just as wonderful as the highest cliff, the mightiest tree or the fiercest storm. Back of them all is the irresistible urge of the Universal Impulse. Yesterday there was a storm. The clouds gathered, the wind raged and hurled everything before it, but I could not think of the storm apart from myself. It spoke to

me only of the immensity and vastness of the whole of which I am part. What I try to do is to register a principle, to express something of that deep, reverent emotion, using such forms as seem to me best fitted to convey the solemn grandeur of it to others."

It is this feeling which Perrine possesses in common with the great poets. Byron, glorying in the thunder-storm over Jura, cries:

> . . . "Let me be
> A sharer of thy fierce and far delight—
> A portion of the tempest and of thee!"

Of the same spirit is Shelley's fine pantheism, as seen, for instance, in the invocation beginning:

> "Earth, ocean, air, belovèd brotherhood!"

and Wordsworth's poetry is full of the same feeling as Perrine's painting. From it might be gathered wonderful lines appropriate to some of the pictures. This, for example, might be applied to the canvas called "Getting Firewood," showing the figures of two men struggling up the winding road of the Palisades on a moonlit night:

> . . . "With the din
> Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
> The leafless trees and every icy crag
> Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills
> Into the tumult sent an alien sound
> Of melancholy. . . . ."

Perrine is exceedingly fond of Wordsworth and loves to quote the lines beginning—

> "Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her."

Yet, if I were to be called upon to select from the whole range of poetry a motto to express the spirit of his work, I think I should turn to Whitman, the prophet-poet who so stoutly sounded the gospel of "man and art with Nature fused again." The painter has much in common with the "good gray poet," even the broad, free treatment of his canvas suggesting the freedom of Whitman's verse forms. And both poet and painter acknowledge the—

"Urge and urge and urge, always the procreant urge of the world."

MOST of Perrine's painting is done in the winter, when the faces of the rocks are visible and the trees are stripped bare. Opposite Spuyten Duyvil, at a bend in the winding road, midway up the cliffs, stands a quaint little two-storied stone house.

Formerly it served as school-house and church the needs of a small settlement down on the narrow shore-front. By virtue of an arrangement with the Palisades Commissioner, Perrine occupies this useful house during the winter months, the upper story, which was formerly used as a church, forming one of the most delightful little studios to be found anywhere. The pulpit and some of the old numbered pews form part of the furniture. In front there is an almost vertical drop, while at the back of the house the cliff rises like a great wall. A more romantic spot could hardly be imagined. In the summer time, when the cliffs are covered with vegetation, when the forms of the trees are made tame and uninteresting by their dense foliage, Perrine finds the place dull and oppressive. Then he hies away to Long Island, where he paints comparatively little, spending most of his time cultivating his small garden-patch. But in the winter, when the gaunt, gnarled, stark naked trees stand out against gray skies, when the river below is frozen over and the crevices and hollows of the cliffs are filled with snow, upon which the moonlight casts the spirit of mystery, Perrine lives in intimate association with all, an ardent Nature-worshipper aiming ever to express on canvas the result of his contemplation of the Eternal cosmic spirit. When the first grey rifts of dawn break the blackness of night, he is alone with the elemental forces in Nature's temple, and in the "solemn midnight's tingling silentness," he is there, a veritable priest and interpreter of mysteries.

Perrine's methods are as unique as his achievements. Most of his pictures are painted from rough sketches made in the open. In the case of his nocturnes, the sketches are made with white chalk and charcoal upon pieces of rough brown paper. These are transferred to a large blackboard in the studio, somewhat developed, and from there transferred to the canvas. Rarely is there any vivid coloring, most of the pictures being painted in dark, almost gloomy, tones. In combination with the dramatic conception, the fine daring and spiritual ecstasy the result is almost invariably remarkable for its realism. His "First Snowfall" and "Dawn—Stormy Morning" are notable examples of this intimate and forceful interpretation.

NATURALLY, having started out upon an almost untrodden path, Perrine found it by no means an easy one to travel. The sharp thorns of poverty and discouragement have been plentifully strewn along the way, and the grim dragon, Despair, has had to be encountered at every turn. Though the fact is not

Owned by Mrs. D. P. Kimball.

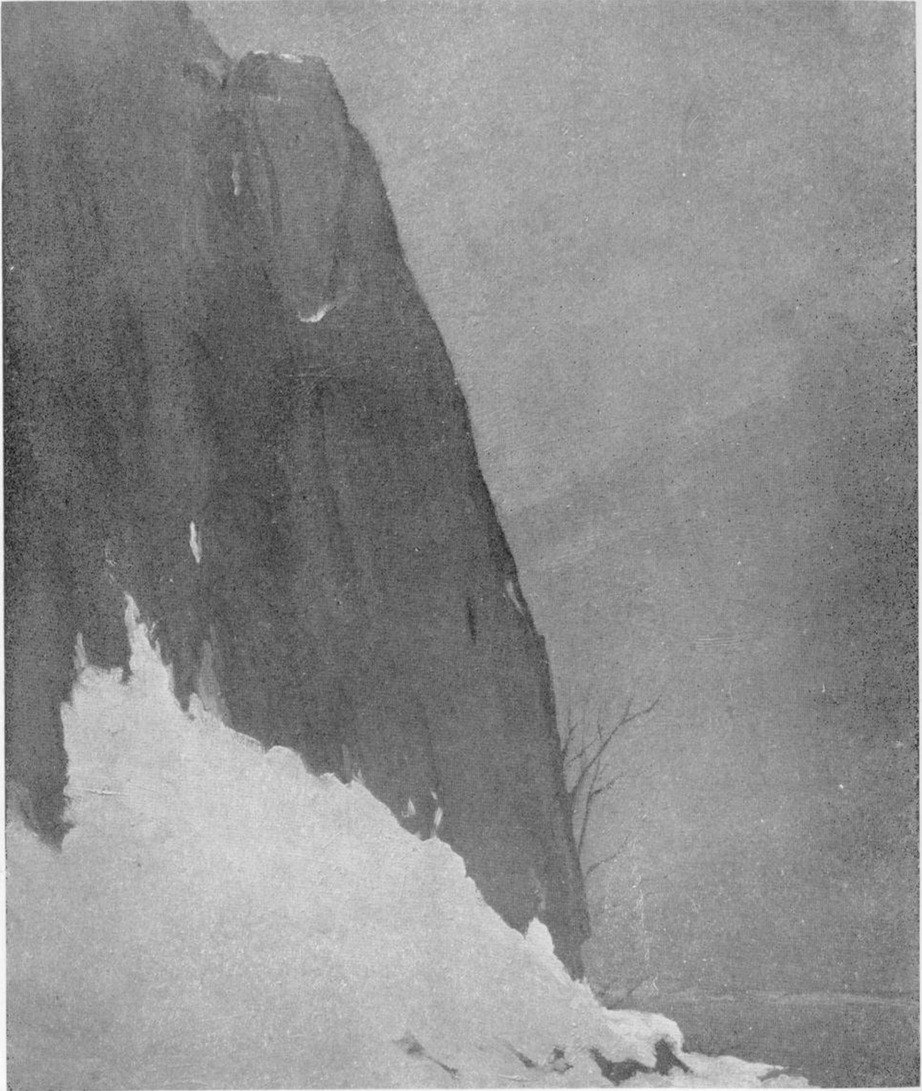
"THE TWO SHORES." BY
VAN DEARING PERRINE.

Owned by W. D. H. Childs.

"AUTUMN." BY VAN DEARING PERRINE.

Owned by The New Gallery.

"GETTING FIREWOOD." BY
VAN DEARING PERRINE.



This Picture Is Owned by the White House.

"THE PALISADES." BY
VAN DEARING PERRINE.

generally known outside the circle of his friends, I am not betraying any confidence, I think, in saying that he has literally staked his life in the struggle. A magnificent physical endowment was almost wrecked before the first dawn of success and appreciation. Happily, the physical ills were not permanent, and during the past year or two he has regained much of his former vigor and strength. While he has paid the price in suffering which art demands of all her children, he has not been in the least embittered by the experience. Calm, courageous and serene as one whose "feet are mortised in the granite" and who can "feel the amplitude of Time," he never rails or complains, but views his lot with quiet, gentle dignity.

Van Dearing Perrine is thirty-eight years of age. He was born in Kansas, and early experienced the poignant struggle of poverty. He learned the plastering trade and followed it for some years, dreaming the while of art. Fighting always against adversity and sometimes against sheer hunger, he reached Texas, dreaming of art. In Dallas, Texas, he saw a cheap chromo in a window, poor enough judged by the canons of art-criticism, but it served to fire his ambition and cause him to sail for New York. He was dreaming of art, and hoped to find some way to study it in the great metropolis. When he reached New York he lost no time in joining an art school, but after a little while found himself hampered and restricted there. Perhaps the school methods were wrong; he would try another school. But the results were the same. So he left school and went on with his painting, always feeling the joy of opportunity rather than of achievement. He says today "There is nothing in my work which I consider the best I can ever do. That part of my work which is best requires no education or cult for its understanding—because I have solved nothing. It rather requires one who feels the presence of the great unsolved—who has gazed out at life in hungry wonderment. Life is great. Art is itself nothing. It is but the wake of a great soul—the means whereby we may trace the flight of a great mind through our sky and watch its trail long after it has passed beyond our horizon. What counts is not the achievement, but the effort to achieve. No artist ever attains the end toward which he aims, for the effort serves not only to attain what was seen, but at the same time to produce a greater power of vision—an increase of spiritual insight and capacity. It is not so much the thing done by you as what the doing of it does for you."

Perrine belongs to no art societies, he does not bother with their exhibitions. The only body of which he is a member is the Society

for the Preservation of American Forests. Each season he exhibits his latest work, and the event is always eagerly welcomed by an ever-growing body of enthusiastic friends. One of his most ardent admirers is Richard Watson Gilder, who has hailed him as "the most original figure in American landscape art today." One of his pictures hangs in the White House at Washington, another in the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg and many others in private galleries of some note. Altogether, there is no more significant figure in American art today than this gentle mystic and Nature-worshipper. Whether we regard his achievement up-to-date, or think of it in connection with his philosophy and so hazard a guess as to the future that awaits him, it is at least certain that Van Dearing Perrine is destined to exert an important influence upon American art, and sure of an abiding place in its history.

AS A BIRD IN SPRINGTIME

AS a bird in springtime
Warbles forth its welcome
To the apples blossoms
Heralding the summer,
So my heart is singing
When I hear your footsteps
Call across the stillness
Of the moonlit garden.

As the rains of autumn
In the dark November
Weep against the windows
Of my lonely dwelling,
So my tears are falling
When you turn to leave me,
And I know the summer
Of our joy is ended.

ELSA BARKER.

BRITISH SUBSTITUTES FOR THE SALOON: A WISE METHOD OF MAKING THE SALE OF LIQUOR UNDESIRABLE: BY MARY RANKIN CRANSTON

WHEN George the Third was king of England he said to Lord Weymouth, then Secretary of State, "They tell me that you love a glass of wine." "Those who have so informed Your Majesty have done me a great injustice," replied the Secretary, "they should have said a bottle." In those days, hard drinking was considered a gentlemanly characteristic, if not a positive virtue, and the greater a man's capacity for strong drink, the more assured his social position. Prevalent drunkenness was due, in the main, to social customs. Every occurrence of life, whether an event of joy or of sorrow—indeed, the daily rising up and going to bed—was an occasion for taking, not one drink, but many. The highest in the land habitually boozed until daylight, and intemperance reached such a point that the whole social and political fabric seemed about to be dissolved in wine or preserved in alcohol. The gravity of the situation at last dawned upon the saving remnant of sober-minded English people, who, about eighty years ago, initiated a crusade against drunkenness. This was the earliest known attempt to stem the tide of intemperance, and, as since carried on, it has succeeded in revolutionizing public opinion.

There are not quite forty-one million persons in the United Kingdom, but they annually spend for spirituous liquors a sum equal to one and a half times the national revenue, or to all the rents of all the homes and farms in the country. The public house, the English name for the saloon with its barmaid, is as much a national institution as the Houses of Parliament. There is one public house to every three hundred inhabitants in England and Wales; in Scotland, one to every five hundred and sixty-six persons; in Ireland, one to every two hundred and seventy-one.

Whereas, in the days of our forefathers, the worst drinking was among the nobility and gentry, today the poor and working classes are by far the most intemperate. The fact that drinking is habitual among the women of this grade as well as the men is the most serious feature, for when women do go to the dogs the very uttermost depths of degradation are usually reached before the end comes.

At meal times, throughout the United Kingdom, a procession of women with pitchers, buckets, or cans may be seen going to some one

of the many public houses, never more than a stone's throw from their homes, and often not so far. As a rule, the omnibus, the favorite British mode of local transportation, has stopping places in front of public houses. From an outside seat on the bus top, especially in London and other cities, a full view may be had of the interior of the public house, crowded always, and on Saturday nights jammed to the point of suffocation. Old women, young women, girls are there; mothers with infants in arms, and not uncommonly with other children tugging at their skirts—little ones whose fretful cries are stilled by sips from mother's glass of gin.

Working men drink just as much as the working women. A manufacturer, an employer of hundreds of men, was asked if English manufacturers ever made any restrictions about drinking when taking on new men. His reply was, "No, for it would be impossible to carry on business if such conditions were imposed." He was almost incredulous when told of the strict regulations in regard to drinking that obtain in some of America's largest business establishments.

PROBABLY more temperance work is done in England than in any other country, but much of it is hampered by the bad judgment of well-meaning but misdirected enthusiasts who advocate extreme measures, among them the peremptory closing of all public houses. Suppose that public houses were suddenly closed before people were led away from the love of whiskey, so that even moderate drinking were made impossible? That would not reform men. They would simply turn from whiskey to cocaine, morphine or other forms of intemperance. Nor is it sufficient that pledges be signed or that victims of dissipation be abundantly prayed over; many years of ineffectual work of this kind have proven its uselessness. Drinking men are often good fellows, warm hearted and impulsive; an appeal to their emotions is apt to be temporarily successful, but it rarely is lasting, hence they need a better safeguard than periodical propping up. It is true that propping may do some good, but the only way to accomplish real reform is to remove temptation by the application of business principles to temperance work, strict supervision over the liquor traffic, legislation, and the education of children to understand some of the evil effects of alcohol. In short, what is needed is the regulation of the liquor traffic by the state, which already regulates labor questions, marriage and divorce, food adulteration, and like problems where abuse is dangerous to human progress.

Two Picturesque Substitutes for Saloons.

"MEYNELL INGRAM ARMS," HOAR CROSS, BURTON - ON - TRENT.

"SPARKFORD INN," SPARKFORD, SOMERSET, TAKEN OVER OCTOBER, 1897.

British Substitutes for Saloons.

"BELL INN," WALTHAN ST. LAURENCE, TWYFORD.

"BOYNE ARMS," BURWARTON, SALOP.

PRACTICAL SUBSTITUTES FOR THE SALOON

It generally happens that a reform measure is first undertaken by private persons or associations, the state very properly not concerning itself with it in an authoritative way until its value has been demonstrated. The Public House Trusts of England, Scotland and Ireland are associations modeled after the Scandinavian system for the regulation of the liquor traffic. They have been formed during the past eleven years by men interested in temperance work and have for their object the provision of places where wholesome refreshment may be found, instead of intoxicating drinks amid pernicious surroundings. Their ultimate object is the establishment of real substitutes for the saloon, places for desirable recreation, which are supported from saloon profits, but located some distance from them, and entirely separated from the slightest connection with the public house, so far as refreshments and amusement are concerned. The founders have wisely recognized the social power of the public house, and, beyond insisting upon cleanliness and good order, have made at present as few apparent changes as would be consistent with the companies' purpose. It would be most unwise, and would surely kill the movement, for the trusts to so alter the outward form of management as to give their houses an appearance too unusual, particularly where they must compete with the attractions of the conventional licensed house. The originators of the Public House Companies hope that their method of conducting public houses will eventually lead to government control of the whiskey business in the United Kingdom as it is controlled today in Norway and Sweden.

Sweden was the first country to attempt state control of the liquor traffic. The Göthenburg System, as it is called because first tried in that city, has been conspicuously successful, and is practically a monopoly in the trade of spirits. The entire retail sale of liquor is taken out of the hands of private individuals and given over to local companies formed by responsible men whose probity is unquestioned. These companies in turn control saloons in accordance with rules laid down by the government, to which they make frequent, systematic reports. The underlying principle of this system is the elimination of private profits from the sale of alcoholic beverages, such profits going to the reduction of taxes and support of public utilities. A peculiar, satisfactory and quite unexpected development has been the coöperation of distillers, who have voluntarily aided the government in its efforts to minimize the harmful effects of the liquor business. Where the trade is absolutely divorced from politics, as in Norway and Sweden,

a distiller has every reason to assist the authorities to carry out wise regulations, and none whatever to place obstacles in the way.

JUST thirty years ago, after Sweden's six years of successful liquor control, Joseph Chamberlain moved a resolution in the House of Commons for the adoption of the same system in Great Britain, but nothing came of it, as the time was not yet ripe for such a proposition. It was not until eighteen years later that the movement was inaugurated. The intervening years had not been wasted, though, for the Bishop of Chester, the late Duke of Westminister, Tom Hughes, and men of that stamp had become interested and had given their support to the proposed measure for public house reform. However, it was Major H. J. Craufurd of the English Army who organized the temperance forces and crystallized them into the first British society, or company, for the control of the liquor trade. Major Craufurd's experience in the management of army canteens led him to believe that the same principles could be applied to ordinary public houses. Chiefly through his instrumentality, the People's Refreshment House Association, Ltd., was organized in eighteen hundred and ninety-six—a stock company which had the Bishop of Chester as chairman, the Duke of Westminster, with other prominent men, as vice-presidents, and Major Craufurd as honorary secretary.

The Association has prospered from the outset; so much so that, at one time, it was proposed to form branch companies throughout the land. But upon mature consideration this plan was abandoned, the Association deciding that it would be wiser to continue work as a single organization, yet to stand ready to aid in the formation of other companies or trusts (they are called both), with advice which would enable the younger societies to benefit by the experience of the parent association. There are now about two hundred public houses under company control, almost every English, and many Scotch and Irish counties, having local Public House Trusts.

As all are modeled after the same plan, the People's Refreshment House Association may be taken as typical of the rest. The first public house taken over by the association was at Sparkford, Somerset, one of the many picturesque wayside inns scattered throughout England, and precisely the type for an initial experiment. The only inn of the village, it is patronized not alone by villagers, but by farmers and laborers in the neighborhood. In the same year, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, two more were added to the

list. These were successful from the temperance standpoint, but financially unprofitable, a loss to be expected in the launching of a new reform enterprise. But by the end of the following year, the seven houses then under the Association's control made a profit of more than fourteen hundred dollars after paying off the loss of the first experimental year. Sixty houses are at present under the management of the Association, and the business has been profitable as well as useful, not only paying five per cent. interest upon the investment, but annually allotting substantial sums for public utilities.

The houses are placed in charge of salaried managers who must conduct them according to rules laid down by the Association. A manager is required to keep intoxicants out of sight, is forbidden to advertise or recommend them, but must advertise and serve promptly soft drinks, tea, coffee and food. He receives no profit whatever from the sale of liquor, but realizes a good profit upon food and non-alcoholic beverages. He has, therefore, every incentive to push the sale of the latter, and absolutely none to encourage the buying of strong drink. Liquor may certainly be had, but as it is kept out of sight there is less temptation to order it, especially as other drinks may be more easily obtained—drinks which the proprietor finds profitable, and therefore makes as palatable and sells for as reasonable a price as possible.

Where a public house is freed from objectionable features a more desirable kind of man than the customary publican will undertake its management, so that the Association has in its employ many upright men, who are glad of the chance to make a good living by developing the refreshment side of the business. Not a single manager has violated the licensing laws; instead, all have entered heartily into the spirit of the work for temperance, keeping good order and using their influence to raise the tone of the house. Perhaps their zeal is somewhat quickened by the very effective system of inspection. An authorized inspector visits each house at irregular intervals, without notice, samples liquors, examines the quality of food and non-alcoholics, takes stock of the cellars' contents, looks over the entire house and stables and then makes a report to the Association.

TEA gardens are established wherever possible, prizes are offered for the prettiest, best-kept premises, and luncheons and teas are served to motorists and cyclists in bright, cozy rooms entirely separated from the bar. A decided difference is made as to the accommodations in the bar and those in the refreshment

rooms; the former plain and clean but not attractive, the latter adorned with pictures, and flowers blooming in window boxes, and furnished with plenty of little tables and comfortable chairs, and in many cases daily papers on file. Sales of liquor have fallen off, while tea, coffee and food are sold in large quantities. It is found that even those who have been in the habit of tippling will order tea and coffee readily, when the cost is the same and the substitutes are really good. Eight gallons of tea have been sold in one house before breakfast; in another, where only intoxicants had formerly been sold, luncheons and teas were served to seven hundred and twenty persons during the first five months of company management.

Quaint, old-fashioned names for the inns have been retained—such as the Royal Oak, Hare and Hounds, Red Lion, Green Man, Norfolk Hero, Rose and Crown, Rose and Portcullis, the Plume of Feathers, etc.

Profits from the sale of liquor have paid for improved lighting, water supply, drinking fountains, district nurses, infirmaries, school funds, libraries, baths, and small parks. In one little town a bowling green for the pleasure of the villagers who are fond of the old-time but still popular game of bowls is supported entirely from the profits of the sale of liquor in the local public house.

While the consumption of intoxicants has decreased in neighborhoods contiguous to the Trust Houses it is still great enough to bring in a good income. If people *will* drink it is certainly a good thing for them to be the means of adding to the pleasure of the general public and to the lasting improvement of the towns.

In giving as much attention to the commercial aspect of their venture, the trusts have not at all lost sight of their great object, which is the establishment of veritable substitutes for the saloon. These may be of two kinds: either the public houses as at present conducted by the companies, or a place where both mental and physical refreshment may be had, absolutely free from association with liquor. The latter is, of course, the real substitute, but, so far, only one company has progressed far enough to make a house of this kind feasible, and even that is not yet all that the organizers intend to make it in time. True progress is slow, since it means education of the masses. And so, while the public houses under company control are today the most practical substitutes for the saloon, the real substitute, a place of amusement as popular as the saloon is now, will not be possible until the Public House Trusts have weakened the hold of whiskey upon the people.

THE LIGHT FEET OF MIRABELLE: BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

IS clothes were old and thin and the wind was sharp. The hand carrying the violin case was numb in its cotton glove, yet the heart of the Signor Giuseppe Valento was light and his eyes were smiling as only Italian eyes can smile. For clasped tight inside that cotton glove was an opera ticket—a ticket for "Carmen."

It might have been cause for a more ecstatic happiness had the opera been "Rigoletto" or "Trovatore" of blessed memory. But it would have been an ungracious soul to question so kind a fate, and the Signor was not ungracious—having indeed a most pathetic predisposition to gratitude and happiness. Therefore his eyes continued to smile as he walked along the ugly street where the dust blew in circles, and loose papers flapped dismally about in the cold dry wind.

From time to time he reassured himself with the sharp edge of the ticket against his palm. At the school of stage dancing where the Signor played daily and two nights a week for a sum too small to be worthy of mention here, the ticket, "complimentary," had been presented by a member of the opera house ballet and had found its way by a circuitous accident to the Signor's possession.

It was a long walk to the Signor's home, which consisted of a tiny room about the size of a closet in a West Side tenement; so he decided to dine nearer by in a humble Eighth Avenue restaurant, which represented, by the Signor's present standard, the height of luxury.

Having occupied as much time as possible in the consumption of his macaroni and coffee, he started out again, by a nice calculation contriving to arrive just as the hands of the clock outside pointed half past seven. Picking his steps fearfully among the horses which plunged blindly from the blows of brutal or incompetent drivers, and dodging the impatient trolleys and the unobservant, hurrying foot passengers, he made his way toward the family circle entrance. The rush and crush of the new world were still alarming to the old Italian even after the fifteen years or more that he had lived in it.

He was a little dizzy and out of breath with the long climb to the upper gallery, for he had little to eat in these days, even for a frugal Italian. But he was quite, quite happy when he found himself seated there in the glare and warmth of the breathless family circle. It was a good seat of its kind, in the second row and near the front. About him were many of his countrymen, gay, noisy and

exuding fumes of garlic. They were Italians of a very different class from the Signor, who, with his long gray hair brushed back from his pale ascetic face, looked like an aristocrat among them. Giuseppe was a Florentine and knew most of his neighbors for Neapolitans risen rapidly in this prosperous land from the ditch and the push cart to the proud profession of shop-keeping. The Signor's fortunes, on the contrary, had deteriorated, as is often the case with the foreigner of the better class in this country, which, a paradise for the worker with hands or the man of a shrewd commercial turn, means often a slow starvation to the artist or idealist.

THE Signor was not an artist in the highest sense, being a violinist of little more than moderate ability, but an idealist he certainly was, an appreciator of beautiful things and sensitive; not good weapons with which to fight the world, but qualities productive of happiness upon such occasions as the present. Therefore the Signor's troubles were soon forgotten in the witchery of Bizet's music.

The *Carmen* of that night—which was a partial explanation of the Signor's possession of the ticket—was not the passé French favorite of the public, but one Mirabelle, a young and comparatively unknown Austrian girl with a charming, even adorable, voice which was, however, distinctly small for the great opera house. She had a piquant, mobile face, whose charm was of suggestion rather than realization in the vast distance stretching between the Signor and the stage. What was not lost, and what grew upon the Signor's imagination as the opera progressed, with an absolute fascination, were the girl's little red-slippered feet. As he watched them, it began to dawn upon him that they were the most remarkable feet he had ever seen in a long and sophisticated career as observer of the feet of dancing ladies.

It was not merely when she bewildered the infatuated *José* with that taunting little dance that he felt their spell. It was that in every step she took they were so mysteriously part of the music and the words—such subtle implication of terpsichorean coquetry as the Signor had never dreamed of—a little step, a half movement and all the invisible shades of meaning beyond the spectrum of words were expressed. Ah, they were music, those feet, a delicate rhythmic music of dainty meanings!

The Signor was in an ecstasy. He knew music and dancing. Had not his wife been the most famous ballet dancer of his country? Ah, madonna, he knew the feet of genius when he saw them!

He went home warm with the joy of it. He did not even know that the wind was cold. The melodies of Bizet, the sweet, naughty child voice of *Carmen* were forgotten save as a faint background to the visible music of her dancing feet. You would have said that Signor Giuseppe, the opera lover, was not aware it was an opera he had gone to.

The memory of it stayed with him through days of cold winds, rough words and insufficient food. The gentle Signor came to have an unfathomable scorn for the unimaginative feet of the girls for whom he played, for when one has beheld the feet of genius it is difficult to look tolerantly upon feet of clay.

He knew that he must see those little feet again. But how compass it? The wretched salary of the dancing school barely paid for his scant food and the tiny room over by the river. However the Signor began to save on his meals and the carfare he sometimes permitted himself on the coldest days—for the car was usually heated and hurried him out of the bitter street into the half-warm dancing hall.

WHILE this slow process was going on a change took place in the artistic fortunes of Mlle. Mirabelle. A shrewd theatrical manager, realizing the commercial value of her piquant charm, made her an excellent offer for light opera in a Broadway playhouse. As her services were not indispensable to the opera company, the change was accomplished painlessly, greatly to the young lady's material advantage. In the smaller house her delicate art, lost in the vast perspective of the opera house, became more generally appreciated and she made that desirable impression upon the public and the box office known as a "hit."

The change was an added advantage to the Signor also, for he could now obtain a family circle ticket for fifty cents and study those inspired, those incomparable feet at closer range and to greater advantage.

By the time he had acquired the necessary fifty cents a second piece of good fortune befell him. Another complimentary ticket was presented to him by a stage carpenter who described himself, as, by virtue of courtesies extended him in his professional capacity, fairly surfeited with dramatic entertainment.

What did the Signor then do with the fifty cents acquired by such painful economy? Spend all or a part of it on a respectable dinner or a pair of woolen mittens? Not at all. He had quite a different

plan. After a dinner whose simplicity might have put a fasting monk to shame, he went out in search of one Luigi, a boy of his own nationality living in the same block and employed by a florist to sell passé flowers in the street. That young gentleman having been withdrawn from an incipient fight with an Irish youth who had called him "Ginny," the Signor entered into negotiations with him which resulted in his receiving a large and showy bunch of pink carnations in exchange for the fifty cents.

This done he expended three cents more at the combination stationery and cigar store on the corner for a sheet of pink paper and an envelope. Then, the flowers safely stored in his cold room, the Signor wended his way to the nearest branch post office to write the letter which he had previously composed with much labor and a stump of pencil on a fragment of wrapping paper.

"Dear Mademoiselle," it read,

"I have seen to dance the great artistes of the world but never one have I seen with feet so beautiful like yours. When I watch them, dear Mademoiselle, I think that they dance on the heart of

"Giuseppe Valento."

This written and carefully re-read for mistakes, the Signor sealed and directed it. As the last word was penned, one of the other visitors at the post office, pounding his stamp upon his letter with his fist after the fashion of the illiterate, shook a blot from the Signor's pen upon his envelope. The Signor sighed deeply. It was his only envelope. He could afford no other. So the letter must go that way, sullied, into her dainty presence.

THE first arrival at the entrance of the family circle was the Signor, carrying his flowers carefully wrapped in a paper with the note attached. And beyond even his memories or his dreams was the dancing of Mirabelle that night! He almost forgot the excitement of his flowers in the fresh marvel of her little feet. The operetta was—but what matter the name—a stringing together of tinsel tunes upon the intricate thread of a futile plot—the usual entertainment of its class. To such appreciators as the Signor the little feet told the real story and made the music. They smiled, they teased, they simulated; they mocked shyness, they pleaded, they accepted; they laughed, they triumphed naughtily and danced off like leaves fluttering in the wind. They would not have bent the grass they stepped upon, thought the Signor.

With the applause at the end of the act he pressed close to the rail with his flowers uncovered. The moment had arrived.

She came forward bowing gayly and then the Signor threw his offering at her white slippered feet. It fell a little short and to one side, for the Signor was not muscular. They were not the only flowers, and alas, the curtain dropped and Mirabelle had not seen them! Two or three, broken by the fall from the high gallery, fell toward the center, and when, in response to the continued applause, Mirabelle repeated her last dance, she trod upon them and the Signor was radiant. "She has danced on my flowers," he exulted and asked no more happiness. But, as the curtain was falling again, Mlle. Mirabelle caught sight of the neglected pink carnations, and, catching them up in her arms, ran forward, smiling out at the unknown giver with her happy, kind little smile. Then the Signor was in heaven.

After that no more tickets came his way and he could only begin saving again for the next one. But there are degrees of poverty that make economy difficult.

One night he gave way to a temptation to visit the stage door; then a second and a third time he went, counting the wait in the cold as nothing beside the brief cheering glimpse of the gay feet and the merry face which never failed to give him a warm feeling about his heart. It was as cheering as a wood fire. The Signor saw, too, with the eyes of his heart, that it was a good little face and in his prayers he asked the madonna that no harm should come to her.

SOON after this on one of the nights when the Signor was engaged at the dancing school, the ballet master beckoned to him when the evening's work was over and told him that he would need his services no longer. A brother, recently come to America, was an accomplished violinist and would now fill the Signor's place.

Stunned, dazed, scarcely knowing where he was going or what had befallen him, the Signor went out into the icy street. A dry snow was falling, blown about in a fierce, uncertain wind. Too tired and confused to even think yet how he would get more work, with the discouraging under-consciousness of the bitter struggle it had been to find even this wretched position, the old Italian walked blindly through the heavy snow. After a time he began to think: he had the three dollars of his salary and his room rent was paid for the week. Three dollars to one of the Signor's frugal habits would last a long time while he looked for a new position. Three dollars—

yes, and the eighteen cents saved toward a ticket to see Mirabelle. With the thought of her, a faint sense of comfort came to the Signor, as the memory of the beautiful things has power to help the artist in his dark hour. With the thought came a longing to see her again. To watch the patter of the light feet over the pavement and catch that glimpse of the smiling face. It would somehow help him to bear this dull, cruel, new trouble that had come to him.

So the Signor once again bent his steps toward the stage entrance of the theatre to wait for the passing of Mirabelle.

As he stood there he noticed a young man he had observed once before waiting, and when at last she came the young man went quickly forward and walked to the cab with her, talking eagerly. He saw her shake her head. Then as the man spoke again, he fancied that the girl glanced in his direction before she entered her cab. The Signor could not hear their words, but this is what passed between them at that moment:

"Have you seen your latest conquest over there? Guess he hangs out here every night. No fool like an old fool, you know."

And Mirabelle, with a quick glance at the boy's weak impertinent face, replied, "*So*, and you think it proves him one old fool that he admires me! You do not flatter me, sir." And with a cold nod she had closed the cab door in the face of the puzzled youth.

Mlle. Mirabelle did some thinking as her cab creaked heavily through the snow-filled side street, and she had a trick of thinking quickly. It was a sharpened, thin old face she had seen that instant in the cold electric light at the entrance. The man looked—it couldn't be that he was—hungry.

She turned and called quickly up through the opening to the driver, "Go back again in that same street to the theatre. Drive slowly."

As in obedience the cabman turned and went back, Mlle. Mirabelle kept a sharp lookout from the window and after a few yards saw a bent old figure ploughing slowly through the snow, carrying a violin case as if it were heavy in his hands.

Signalling the driver to stop, she pushed open the cab door and called out in her clear voice that was remarkably like a child's:

"Signor Valento!"

The figure halted, and looked about in a bewildered fashion. She called again more loudly, "Here, Signor Valento."

He located the direction of the voice then, and looked toward her.

"Come here," she called, her difficulty with the English giving an effect of severity to her voice. "I wish to speak with you."

As he came up, wondering, she leaned out so that her face was visible in the street light. "You do not know me, Signor."

Belief dawned slowly in the Signor's eyes. "It is not possible—it is not—yes, yes, it is indeed the Mademoiselle Mirabelle!"

She gave him a keen glance. "Yes, it is the Mademoiselle Mirabelle. And you, I believe, are the Signor Valento who has sent me those so beautiful carnations, *nicht?*"

The Signor bowed. "I had the honor, Mademoizella, to throw some flowers at your feet."

She looked again and saw that his hair was gray. She was young, as has been said, and impulsive.

"Signor Valento, I wish that you come in here with me. You shall come home with me and have supper. Yes? Und we shall have then a little talk, you und I."

He hesitated through the daze of unrealized joy, and she spoke again like a young woman whose word was law.

"Come quickly, Signor. You do not refuse my invitation."

And scarce knowing whether he was awake or dreaming, the Signor stepped into the cab.

"I am wet with the snow, Mademoizella," he protested, "and I am not dressed to enter the house of a great lady." The old man hesitated as she motioned him to the seat beside her.

"I am not sugar that I should melt," Mirabelle's twinkling eyes reassured him, "and the clothes of men, they are all alike. So you also are a musician, Signor Valento."

He deprecated the association with a wave of the hand. "It is my profession, Mademoizella."

"And you play—where?"

In the darkness the Signor flushed.

"Oh, I play——you would not know the place, Mademoizella. It is but a school of miserable stage dancing."

After a moment she said: "*So*—and you are so good to praise my dancing. You know dancing, then, as well as music."

"Ah, Mademoizella," the Signor interrupted, clasping his hands. "But I have never seen or dreamed of such dancing. So might the angels dance in heaven!"

Mirabelle smiled in the darkness. "I know not of the dancing of angels, Signor, but I am happy that mine has pleased you, for I like to dance. You have seen much beautiful dancing, you say in your letter. Where, then, Signor? In your own country I am sure. Will you not tell me all about it, please?"

"IN ROME, Mademoizella, where my wife was the *prêmière danseuse* and the greatest dancer in Italy, and afterwards mistress of the ballet and there I play violin for opera. In Milano, also, have I seen, and in Firenze, which was my home. Here, too, in this country, have I seen great artistes and many young ladies who study to dance but no one—no, not one have I seen with feet like yours! They feel, they speak, those little feet, they are the feet of an angel."

The Signor paused breathless and Mirabelle laughed.

"You play in the orchestra in the opera of Rome, you say, Signor. Why, then, do you not play also in orchestra here?"

The Signor hesitated. "Once I have done so, Mademoizella, but with the Union I lose my place, and can never get back. One time I don't join strike and ever afterward they are angry at me."

"A strige," Mirabelle repeated mystified. Unversed in the lore of the American union she did not understand, but accepted.

Then they arrived at the entrance of her hotel. The attendants, with the frank impertinence of the American hotel servant toward the unprosperous guest, stared at the shabby, apologetic figure in the wake of the dainty lady in rich furs. The Signor noticed it miserably, but forgot it when she smiled reassuringly at him in the elevator. And so cordially did she welcome him into the blue and gold glory of her reception room that it made the crude glitter seem almost homelike.

The Signor sat delicately upon a small stiff chair with an unhappy consciousness of his damp, worn garments. Mirabelle gaily flung off her fur wrap, disclosing a gown of quiet gray, but the Signor's eyes going lovingly to her feet saw that she still wore the silver slippers of her last act.

Bidding him lay off his overcoat she ushered him at once into the next room where a savory smelling supper was waiting. Mlle. Mirabelle with her quick eyes saw the look in the old Italian's face as he caught sight of the table and understood almost all that he could have told her. She had not always been as prosperous as she was today, and a warm heart beat in her light body.

SO SHE talked almost continuously through the wonderful meal, giving the old man ample opportunity to eat and small necessity for words. And when it was all over and the Signor was transformed with the food and the warmth and the happiness of her gay chatter into a new and radiant being, she rose in her quick, noiseless way and catching up his violin case pressed it into his hands.

"Play, play, Signor, I feel to dance. You know perhaps some dance of Hungary."

Yes, the Signor thought he did and with happy, trembling fingers opened his violin case and tuned his instrument; then tried over the opening measures of a Hungarian Czardas.

"Yes, yes, I remember," he murmured, and bowed into the melody, and Mirabelle began to dance, wildly, riotously, as those born to it can dance that mad dance. The Signor, intoxicated, played as if possessed.

At the end she threw herself into a chair breathing a little quickly, yet not out of breath. "*So!* You *can* play, Signor Valento! They have good music in your school."

Then a shade fell upon the shining face of the violinist. "I would that they thought so, Mademoizella. But they have this night sent me away. It was for that reason I went again to the stage door to see you, that I should not despair."

"Oh, it matters not," returned Mirabelle hurriedly. "We shall find you tomorrow another plaze."

The Signor's smile was subdued and he looked upon the floor. "It is not so easy, Mademoizella; but you speak kind words. I will hope."

"Yes," she contradicted him, severely. "It is easy, I tell you—you shall see. They need yet another violin in the theater. I myself vill speak to the manager tomorrow. Think on it no longer, Signor."

"Oh, Mademoizella, at your theater!" The Signor was breathless with the vision her words had conjured up. It was too wonderful to be true. He shook his head.

She nodded vehemently. "*Ja*, yes, you shall see."

She could not know quite how much her words meant to the Signor. He dropped in his Italian fashion to his knees. "May I ask a great favor, Mademoizella?"

She nodded smiling.

"It is that I may kiss your little feet."

She put out one of the inspired members with a delicious movement, smiling at him childishly and he left a reverent kiss upon the toe of her silver slipper. She rose with a little laugh and danced away, drawing off one slipper and hopping on the other foot while she waved her frivolous footgear in the air.

"Better still you shall have my shoe, Signor. It is yours to keep. I give it to you for one souvenir."

For a moment the Signor stood staring at her is if he had not heard. When he spoke his voice was low and awestruck. "You mean it, Mademoizella?"

For answer she hopped gayly toward him holding out the slipper. The Signor received it as if it were some superlatively fragile object and stood long with it in his hand, looking down at it. When he raised his eyes she saw that they were full of tears.

"I have two other shoes, *bellissima Signorina.* I put this with them away. One, it is the shoe of my Maria, the shoe she wore the night she danced for the queen. The other is the shoe of the little Giovanna who died at six months. I put this also with them." And as one handling a sacred thing the Signor hid the silver slipper in a sagging inner pocket of his coat.

"*Nein, nein,* it is but an old shoe," protested Mirabelle, hastily. "Otherwise I would not give it, Signor Valento." And still hopping lightly on one foot she escorted her guest to the door. There he paused a moment and took both her hands in his.

"I have known you a beautiful artiste, Signorina, an artiste and a genius. But to-night have I seen more. I see that you are an angel who has saved an old man from despair and given him a great happiness. But best of all I see that you are a good and kind little girl. It is a hard life in the theater. May Santa Maria keep you."

She met his eyes frankly. "I thank you, Signor." She waved him a gay little kiss on two fingers as he turned to look back from the elevator door, but when she had closed the door she used them to brush away two tears from her merry blue eyes.

The next day the Signor received a formal summons to call at the theater and meet the music director, and having played for him, found himself engaged at once. He went away in a confused dream of bliss. The salary, complained of not unjustly by the other musicians, meant untold luxury to the Signor. It meant good food, warm clothes, perhaps even a warm place to live in. But above and beyond all these things it meant a veritable passport to paradise. For from his seat there in the orchestra could he not now see nightly above the edge of the footlights the divine, the inspired feet of Mirabelle?

SPONTANEOUS ARCHITECTURAL EXPRESSION SHOWN IN THE BUILDING OF AMERICAN HOMES

WHILE the skyscraper undoubtedly is the most significant expression in architecture of the salient characteristics of the American national spirit, it is also true that another side of our individuality as a people finds its widest and most spontaneous architectural expression in the building of the American home. For this reason we have chosen as examples of good national architecture the dwellings here illustrated, which were designed by David Knickerbacker Boyd, of Philadelphia, an architect whose success along these lines has become so notable during the last decade.

It is but natural that the building of suburban and country residences should occupy a large share of Mr. Boyd's attention, and be the branch of work into which he puts the greatest degree of personal interest. He is himself a dweller in the suburbs, and for twelve or fifteen years not only has closely watched the growth of this feature of the development of Philadelphia, but has had the designing of a large number of the houses that go to make its residential districts so attractive. The possibility for picturesque and artistic treatment offered by buildings of this character makes a strong appeal to Mr. Boyd, who in his youth studied to become a painter, and has a natural aptitude for sketching. When he decided upon architecture, he welcomed the opportunity to draw pictures of long, low, rambling houses with wide overhangs, projecting gables, bay windows, and all the other variations to which untrammeled expression can be given only with the use of pliant frame construction. It was an outlet for that sense of the individual and picturesque in the building art which is so severely curbed by association with the building laws, unflexible materials and studied principles of design, that form so large a part of city architecture and of the more monumental work. So, while giving as much attention as was required to his larger work, Mr. Boyd's own taste and individuality has found its most natural expression in dealing with country and suburban residences and in simple houses built for working people, whether individually or in villages.

Mr. Boyd himself says that, while his love of the picturesque caused him to turn with the greatest pleasure to the designing of buildings of this character, he very soon discovered that a picture of a

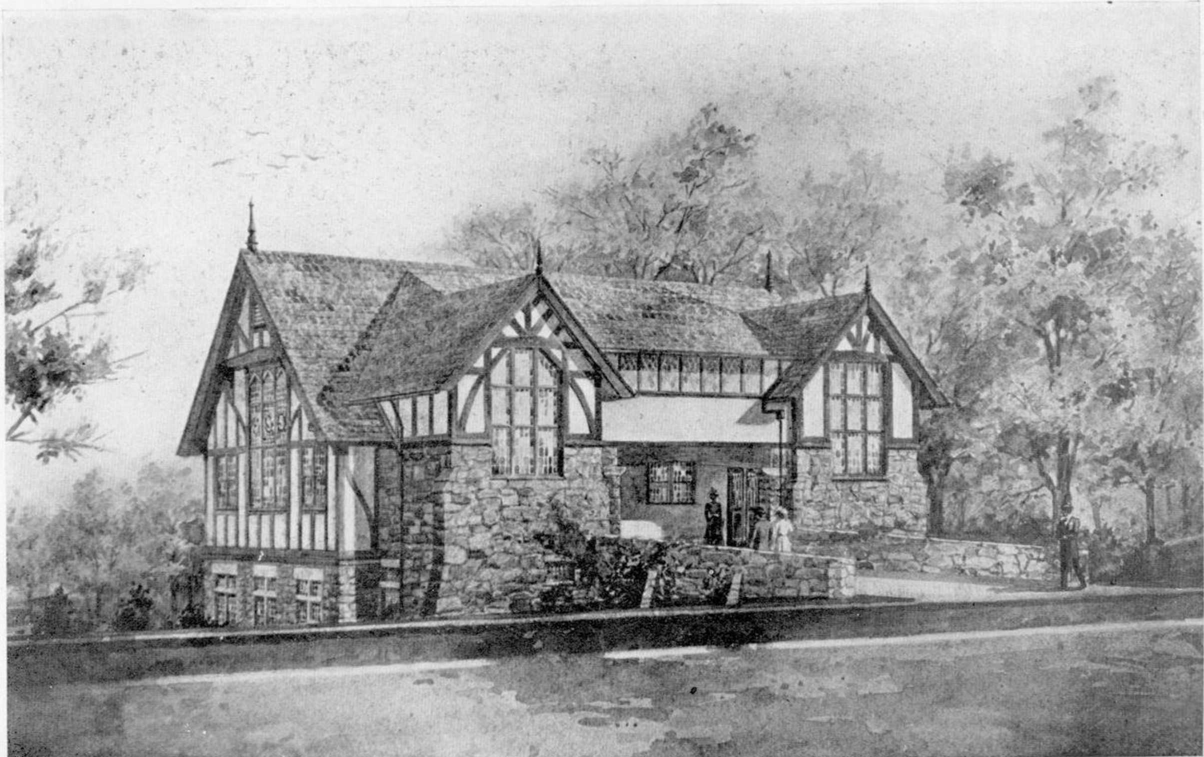
house is one thing and its fulfillment quite another. Features of his favorite designs were "cut" and the plans "revised" until it seemed to him at one time that there could be no free play for imagination even in this class of work, or indeed in any art where considerations of cost were a *sine qua non.* Each lesson, however, has carried its own value, and each revision has convinced the architect more and more that the most satisfying beauty is based upon simplicity and the direct response to need, so that this has come to shape the character of his later designs, and is especially shown in some of those illustrated here.

ONE of the simplest of these is a residence at St. Davids, Philadelphia, which was designed to give much the effect of an old farmhouse. Any effort at intentional crudeness or striving after a primitive effect merely because it was archaic and "quaint" would have destroyed all the charm of this building, but, as it is, it has all the simple dignity of outline and proportion that belongs to the best of our old homesteads, and yet is entirely modern and comfortable in its exterior effect as well as in its interior appointments. The house was originally designed for plastered walls, but the material was afterward changed to shingle, which gives a modern effect to the house without sacrificing any of its general character. It is intended for a permanent home, to be occupied both winter and summer; not as a mere summer residence for people who spend their winters in the city. For this reason it is planned to have all the comforts and convenience demanded for a winter residence, and at the same time the freedom and restfulness of a country home. One old-fashioned feature is a hall through the center of the house, so that one entering the house from the driveway at the north may look straight through doors and windows which extend to the floor at the other end of the hall to a charming view of the country lying to the south and west. The effect of this, in giving the sense of freedom and that little suggestion of the closeness of out of doors which lends such restful charm to a house, can hardly be overrated.

Another charming house is a dwelling at Wynnewood, of the brick and half-timber construction that has so long been characteristic of a certain type of the English country home, and is now growing so popular in this country. The building is a long, low, two-story one, with the first story walls built of reddish-brown brick. The half-timber work on the upper walls is of heavy timbers, and these,

David Knickerbacker Boyd, Architect.

HOUSE FOR AN ARTIST
AT WAYNE, PA.



David Knickerbacker Boyd, Architect.

SUBURBAN HALL AND
PLACE OF WORSHIP.

David Knickerbacker Boyd, Architect.

RESIDENCE AT WYNNE-
WOOD, PA.: FRONT VIEW.

David Knickerbacker Boyd, Architect.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE AT ST. DAVIDS: LAWN SIDE.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE AT ST. DAVIDS: DRIVE SIDE.

David Knickerbacker Boyd, Architect.

A BUNGALOW AT ROBBINS POINT, GRINDSTONE ISLAND.

REAR VIEW AND PORTE COCHERE OF RESIDENCE AT WYNNEWOOD.

David Knickerbacker Boyd, Architect.

INEXPENSIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCES.

REAR VIEW OF BUNGALOW AT ROBBINS POINT.

as well as the larger gables, the porch posts and other woodwork, are rough on the faces and are planed here and there by hand, giving a pleasing surface effect. These timbers are stained to a very dark brown, while the mortar between the beams is almost white, with the surface roughly scratched. The roof is moss-green with the shingles laid in uneven lines; the color effect of the whole harmonizing delightfully with the landscape around it. One notable feature of this house is the *porte cochere*, which, instead of being the usual unsightly projection at one side of the house, is an archway under and through the house. The drive entrance is under this archway, and leads through a vestibule into the entrance hall.

The interior of this house is entirely in keeping with the character of the exterior. The woodwork in the hall is a dark Flemish oak, and has a paneled wainscot and a beamed ceiling with carved figures here and there. The newel posts of the staircase rise to the ceiling, supporting the beams, and the big comfortable fireplace has a chimneypiece of plain brick. The living room is also done in dark Flemish oak, with a built-in bookcase and an inglenook with a raised floor, which incloses a broad stone fireplace with rough stone facings and hearth. On either side of this fireplace are paneled seats, and the whole is separated from the living room proper by a heavy beamed archway supported on square posts. The long, narrow shape of the building lends itself admirably to an arrangement of rooms and windows that command the greatest possible amount of light and air, making it a delightful summer residence. All the windows in the house are casements filled with leaded glass. A large, brick paved open terrace extends along the whole front.

ANOTHER and smaller house is the residence of an artist living at Wayne, Pennsylvania, and both in material and design this is a charming example of absolute fitness in relation to its surroundings. The basement walls are made of small brown stones excavated from the cellar, and the exterior of the house above is rough plaster. The second story overhangs the porch and the line of the front wall all along, the intention being to extend the porch eventually both to the front and at one end in the form of a pergola. The roof of shingles is laid without any straight lines, so that a certain suggestion of age was given from the very start. The treatment of the whole house is unusually simple and direct.

One of the very best examples of Mr. Boyd's achievements in the way of simple country houses is shown in the illustration of the

bungalow at Robbins Point. This building is intended for summer use only, and occupies a rocky slope at the water's edge, resting upon heavy stone piers. Between these piers there will be placed a heavy rustic lattice, and the space back of it under the ground floor is to be used for storage purposes. As is usually the case with a bungalow, the ground floor contains all of the bedrooms, although there is ample space in the large loft for any additional sleeping capacity which may be required. The porch runs almost entirely around the building, and the posts and rails are the natural trunks and branches of trees, not trimmed too close. The whole outside of the building is weathered to Nature's gray, which, combined with the natural rustic effect of the porch and the rough stone work walls, cause the bungalow as seen from the water, its only means of approach, to seem almost a part of the landscape.

The only example of Mr. Boyd's public buildings shown here is a suburban hall and place of worship, which, intended as a meeting house for a denominational congregation newly organized in a country town which is to all intents and purposes a suburb of Philadelphia, is also designed with another end in view. In addition to serving its purpose for the present, it has also been made capable of use as a hall for the giving of lectures and other entertainments necessary for the life of the community, should its congregation ever vacate it to occupy a larger and more distinctly ecclesiastical building. As will be seen, the design of the exterior is excellently suited to their purposes, and the interior arrangement has been planned with the same care. The nature of the ground upon which the building is located is such that a wide cement approach with a buttressed stone parapet wall leads from the level of the sidewalk to the level of the first story or assembly room, and yet the basement stands almost entirely out of the ground. This arrangement of the approach not only permits the basement to be well lighted and free from dampness, but saves the unnecessary expense of grading and the distortion of the surrounding slope which such grading would naturally have a tendency to produce. From the approach and in the porch formed by the overhanging gallery, wide doors lead into a vestibule on either side. The floor of the porch is tiled with Welsh Quarries. Large windows filled with leaded glass appear in the front gables.

The cost of the buildings shown here range from four thousand dollars to ten and twelve thousand dollars at the time of building; naturally the prices would be considerably more today, because of the higher prices for labor and materials that prevail.

THE BOURGEOIS SPIRIT IN AMERICA: BY GRACE LATIMER JONES

RECENTLY, while staying at an inn, I met each day at dinner a young woman who is an instructor in English at a provincial college in Ohio. I remarked to her one day that there seemed to me to be no live creative force in late English and American literature. She met the criticism with indignation. "I think," she answered, "that we have a *grand* literature." Some days later she observed, "I read once in an art journal that one should try every day to impress something beautiful on one's memory. I had not thought of it before, but ever since I have made a point of finding something beautiful each day, and of remembering it. I find this an excellent idea."

This attitude seems to me typical of that of many men and women in the United States who call themselves "cultivated." It is, I suspect, the attitude which causes the European to dub us, with some contempt, a "bourgeois nation." The exact meaning of this criticism is difficult to state. It implies that as a nation we lack not the facts that make for education, but rather the graces that follow from education. It implies that the appreciative, the æsthetic element, is lacking in Americans. Many of us, like the young teacher, follow some recipe for culture which we read in an art journal, and "find the idea excellent." Our culture is so self-conscious! We do not understand that the very essence of culture is an unsought, almost sub-conscious perception of some beautiful thing which at once becomes an integral part of one's life—but is never "remembered." The attempt of the young woman to "acquire culture"—laudable though it may be—is typically bourgeois.

And bourgeois, it seems to me—by which I mean, lacking in true æsthetic appreciation—the mental development of most Americans is. And yet I am not at all willing to admit that the American nature is essentially and necessarily bourgeois. The American is bourgeois because his institutions are for the most part bourgeois, and because he is ignorant of anything else—he does not know or understand what culture is.

The blame for this is usually given to our educational system. The mechanical part of education, critics say, is well accomplished, especially is our lower schools. Here children learn to spell, to multiply, to parse, with amazing rapidity. Yet in spite of this, assert the critics, our schools do not develop children intellectually—not even to the extent that this was done at an earlier time. The

foundation is laid for the successful bookkeeper and stenographer. Real mental growth is not fostered. Already in high schools the deficiency is felt. Philosophers and poets and gentlemen are not being trained. In our universities there is no genuine scholarship, no love and appreciation of intellectual attainment among the students. And yet any discerning teacher can, I think, point out several students whom, for lack of a better term, I shall call appreciative. They are not as a rule those pupils who take highest rank in grades. The instructors are well aware, and occasionally the students are themselves dimly conscious of the fact, that there is no recognition of this quality of mind in our educational régime. Students gain degrees and honors only for a definite tangible amount of work done.

But the fault is not confined to our schools and colleges. In the whole of American society one finds little true intellectuality, little appreciation of and love for the higher emotions and activities of the soul, which are so little recognized as to have no name in our everyday language, and so are very difficult to speak or write of. And furthermore, I believe that not only do these high qualities of soul not exist to any wide extent in America, but also that they are not to any great extent desired by the American people, who do not in general understand that anything wider and better than "book knowledge" is to be had in the educational field. Now book knowledge is all very well in its way. There are people who make a specialty of information, and these are to be commended as is a specialist in any more restricted field. A knowledge of facts is always useful and is often a source of great delight. But a knowledge of facts is by no means the whole of education, although in some quarters the two are thought identical.

America is a nation of men and women of affairs. We are energetic and active. We would be up and doing, and would at any cost avoid the epithet "lazy." Those who have no business make a brave show of doing something by making a business of fads and amusements. In activity of almost every sort we have outdone the rest of the world. But our leisure—what can be said of our leisure? The truth is that we have never tried leisure, we do not know what it is. It has been variously called idleness, amusement, time put into no profit. It is none of these. Leisure, it seems to me, is the opportunity of following one's bent and inclination as and when one chooses, without meeting with any effective resistance.

Now, although we are a nation of doers, I think most of us would choose to have given us now and then a few hours of repose, and the

way in which one would spend these hours would be a rough indication of one's intellectual and cultural attainment. Obviously the time might be spent in innumerable ways—in conversation, reading, study, writing, in music, painting, weaving, embroidery, or other crafts, in games, in smoking, in dreaming, or in mere idling. Of Americans it is true in the main that they do not know how to spend these quiet hours pleasurably, and that of all things they avoid solitude, when "time hangs heavy on their hands" when "there is nothing to do." People without mental culture do indeed find time heavy on their hands with nothing to do. So they avoid these hours as best they may, and wonder how bookish, intellectual people endure life.

We have in America no widespread intellectual class declaring its devotion to the intellectual emotions, aiming to further æsthetic interest. There are intellectual persons, intellectual families, small intellectual communities. But a class—no. On no question, public or otherwise, can it be said, "the 'intellectuals' think thus." The "intellectuals" are not a class honored or despised. They have no voice in public opinion. They stand for no broad humane or literary interest. They cannot give their support or approval to any school of art, music, drama, or poetry, because they have no *esprit de corps*. The people of the country do not and perhaps cannot conceive of an intellectual class because they have so little idea what an intellectual person is. They do not know men and women who feel and delight in the fine emotions of the soul. Such a one, it seems to them, could be but a bookish curiosity, with about as much life and blood as a veritable book-moth. What can he know of the world of affairs and realities?

So little, indeed, are these emotions and joys of the mind perceived and recognized, that those who feel them vaguely and are much shut off from others who have the same experience, speak of them charily and blushingly, as if they spoke sacrilegiously. So seldom do we refer to them, that it is usually by some fine instinct that we discover their existence in others. Certain it is, that as one recognizes them more and more in oneself, others perceive them in one more and more. Those who look find their sign in faces, in a mere presence, in ways of speech, between the lines of formal correspondence, in the choice of a bit of color.

"But these finer emotions," I hear some one ask, "what are they? How does one feel them? How does one satisfy them?" It is a difficult question. The emotion has many forms, many means of

satisfaction. I might suggest that it is sometimes the love of nature, as this is felt by the soul refined by knowing nature itself and by having absorbed and realized much that has been sung and painted and thought of nature by others. It may be, too, a similar intelligent appreciation of a sonata or of a picture. It is sometimes the thrill that accompanies a thought which comes to one alone—a very simple synthesis, perhaps, arising from one's everyday experience, which may fade from one's recollection, leaving the memory of only the thrill behind. So one is thrilled when one reads the thoughts one has never had—though they are so simple! And a joy follows too when one comes on what one thought long ago, and had forgotten; or when one finds one's modest ideas in the wisdom of the ancients. In a book or conversation one follows with another the strange winding paths of subtle human experience, comparing and agreeing, finding joy in the companionship. A wonderful sense of mystery gathers as one proceeds, and perhaps one loses oneself for the time in one of those vague emotional states sought for and lauded by the religious mystics. Indeed, this phase of life is very closely akin to the religious life. In some natures the two are identical. Whether or not they coincide, or touch, or either exists to the exclusion of the other, is a matter of education, of the relation of one's ideas to one another, of one's emotional experience. The emotions themselves, their results, are very like.

Mr. Benson, in his essay on "Books," has well pictured this side of life. "The mood has," he says, "little of precise acquisition or definite attainment about it; it is a desire rather to feed and console the spirit—to enter the region in which it seems better to wonder than to know, to aspire rather than to define, to hope rather than to be satisfied. A spirit which walks expectantly along this path grows to learn that the secret of such happiness as we can attain lies in simplicity and courage, in sincerity and loving kindness; it grows more and more averse to material ambitions and mean aims; it more and more desires silence and recollection and contemplation. . . . . Such a mood need not withdraw us from life, from toil, from kindly relationships, from deep affections; but it will rather send us back to life with a renewed and joyful zest, with a desire to discern the true quality of beautiful things, of fair thoughts, of courageous hopes, of wise designs."

Such, then, is the life that I am exalting. It is a delicate, an intelligent appreciation of and joy in art, in music, in drama, in each and every form of beauty. It is, too, an intelligent and sympathetic

recognition of the good and the true in these. This attitude softens and sweetens life in all its aspects; it gives the mind poise; the soul, peace. And this is the phase of living so little known in America even by individuals, that it has no recognition whatever as one of the necessary elements in the life of a modern, civilized, educated nation. Every means by which this side of life expresses itself points to the truth of my assertion—the character of most of the books that have large sales, of dramas that attract large crowds; the lack of popular interest in the best music and art and architecture. Culture, civilization, is not measured, as it is to be feared some think, by the number of individuals in a nation who can read and write. As I have already said, I feel that the bourgeois attitude in America is not due to a fundamental deficiency in appreciation, but rather to a stone-blind ignorance in most communities of the emotional and spiritual value of culture. The statement made by those in authority that a university aims at "culture" as well as the teaching of facts has more than once brought discredit on the A. B. of the institution.

But what of the youth of our country who have yearnings for the intellectual emotions—if I may continue to use so psychologically contradictory a phrase? In most lower schools this aspect of education is completely disregarded. There is no time for it. It does not "count" for anything. In college likewise—there is no time for it. The students' study hours are filled with the scramble of "getting over the ground." The healthy youth must have some hours of physical exercise, and there is the "college life" too to be lived, a truly valuable experience, which may contain in itself some of the most important elements of culture. What with meal hours, and sleep hours, and sundry other hours, all taken together, the sum is already more than twenty-four.

Well, you say, what are we going to do about it? Are we to introduce a course in appreciation, a laboratory course in æstheticism into our educational system? I have no formula for the solution of the problem. I would, however, have those who teach, and more especially those who are taught, cherish in themselves the moments or hours of appreciation of the subtler experiences of life, to wait patiently, and watch diligently for the token of these in others, and not to be discouraged if they do not find it often; and even though they never find it, to preserve those moments in their own souls. Such experiences give one a sociability and sense of comradeship with, an interest in, oneself, that is invaluable.

These experiences are not, however, without their dangers. At

best this is but one side of living. One may indulge oneself to excess in the finer exercises of the soul, and lose thereby one's ruggedness. One may become, as many of the mystics became, nerveless, and sentimental, and maudlin, and even degenerate. In some places in Europe—in Oxford, in Paris—the higher life grows on its native soil, and there one may best find it in its degeneracy and vice, as in its flowering beauty. We are after all primarily animals, and we have need always of the sterner qualities of life—courage, and pluck, and cheerfulness, and energy. If we are quite clean and healthy, these virtues are likely to take care of themselves. This other virtue, however, of which I have been speaking, needs to be fostered and tenderly kept alive if one lives, as most Americans do live, among people who have not large experience in the finer intellectual emotions. What could be better if, to the old-time American sturdiness, purity, and robustness, we might add these rarer qualities of soul?

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT

EVERY night—I know not when—
I waken soft from sleep,
And look out on the summer night
That seems a watch to keep,
And for a while I lie awake—
And feel a part of flower or tree,
Or floating cloud, or anything,
The cricket chirping, or the little bird
That rousing, takes its head out from its wing
And chirps a drowsy little song, then sleeps again.
And so it comes about I understand
A great deal that the trees say, and the stars;
And oftentimes it seems to me
That I rest better in that hour I am awake
Then all the seven I am sound asleep.

ISABELLA HOWE FISKE.

RESTORING HIS SELF-RESPECT: BY FRANK H. SWEET

HE Green Orange Grove and Improvement Company, advertised to clear land, set trees, care for groves, and do all work necessary for non-residents, was about to go out of existence. John Green, its head, had already accepted a position as purser on a Clyde steamer running between New York and Jacksonville; and Abner Green, the rest of the company, was going back to Wisconsin to resume his former occupation of teller in a village bank. The fifteen or twenty discharged employés had scattered in various directions in search of work, generally toward the North, for Florida was just now prostrate, with an army of idle men and no employment.

For almost the first time in the three days since the great freeze, the brothers were together in their office. John, usually so energetic and busy, now tapped idly upon his desk with a pencil; Abner stood by a window and gazed out across the blackened squares and parallelograms of orange trees, some not more than two or three feet high, and others melancholy with their first crop of fruit frozen. Here and there were the scattered, unpainted houses of residents; and just below, on the same street, the half-dozen stores of enterprising merchants, who were already advertising their goods below cost preparatory to closing out and going away. Less than a mile distant was the dark, irregular line of the pine forest, driven back during the past few years, but now waiting grim and motionless.

Abner turned away with a shiver. He and his brother had been very successful in their Florida venture; but their success was represented in some of those blackened parallelograms, now worth less than the wild land they had purchased seven years before.

During the past three days they had made a careful, unpredjudiced study of the situation, and had decided that it would be best for them to go away. They could earn more and re-establish themselves sooner than by staying here. Later, perhaps, when the natural elasticity of the State should cause it to rebound, they might return. Of the hundred or more orange groves they had had charge of, not one was likely to remain. None of the owners would care to throw good money after bad.

Suddenly John tossed his pencil upon the desk and rose to his feet.

"No use wasting more time on the past," he said, decisively. "What we have to do with now is the future."

"Yes," agreed Abner, promptly, "and I've been thinking you'll have to start for Jacksonville to morrow if you wish to reach your boat in time for her next trip. As for me, there isn't quite so much hurry."

He took a bunch of keys from his pocket and unlocked his desk, taking therefrom a package of letters.

"I suppose it will be just as well for one of us to remain until everything is rounded off smoothly," he said. "I've already written to our correspondents about the loss; but there's another thing," hesitatingly, "don't you think it rather hard on them, after they have paid out so much on their groves and lost it, to have to pay us for work that does them no good? Suppose we write to them all that we are willing to call the thing square?"

John shook his head,

"WON'T do at all," he declared. "Most of them are well-to-do, and can afford their loss better than we can to give away our work. Besides, we have bills here and need the money to square them. I don't quite like the idea of selling our mules and wagons and tools just now. We could only get a fraction of their value; and, besides, I am looking forward to coming back after a year or two. The country will have recovered from the shock by then, and business confidence will be restored. Only we won't intrust all our profits to orange groves again, but divide them so as to avoid another catastrophe like this." He paused, and then added as though in concession to Abner's proposal: "There's the old woman who pays us in small monthly installments, and the clerk in Cincinnati, and the two school-teachers—I don't suppose they have much money to spare. You might send them receipts, and advise them on no account to sell their lands."

"Why not?" asked Abner, with some surprise.

"Because they would get very little; and when we return with money enough to make a new start, we can reset their groves and charge them the bare cost to us. This freeze is only going to be a temporary check to the orange industry. But have you seen Dave this morning?"

"Yes; said his father was thinking of moving away in search of work."

John laughed sceptically.

"In search of a dram-shop, more likely. We've offered him work time out of mind, and when he hasn't made some excuse for not

accepting it, he has only worked a day or two at most. If it wasn't for Dave, the poor shiftless toper would often go hungry."

"I know it—poor fellow!" Then, in answer to the derisive smile on John's face, he went on, apologetically: "I've never regarded old Higgins in quite the same light as the rest of you. He is worthless enough, granted; but it seems to me we are more eager to hold him down than to help him rise. You know how it has been here; all the men, even the negroes, have scoffed at and openly derided him. Call a thing a dog, and it's pretty apt to be one. Higgins seems to have been born without that spur to ambition, a backbone; and, besides, he still prides himself on having been a gentleman in some far-off stage of his life. These two things alone are enough to destroy an ordinary man; but in addition to them, Higgins is still twitted of some obscure disgrace which has followed him down from Georgia. Got drunk and neglected an important trust, I believe. During the six years he has been here I have never seen a man shake hands with him or offer him any consideration whatever. Sometimes I have wondered how he would act if he were treated courteously, as an equal; or, better still, if he were given a position that implied confidence and respect.

John still looked derisive, but the smile had left his face.

"Who knows," he said, thoughtfully, "it is a queer world, very full of queer people—I can shake hands with an honest negro and greet him heartily, but I draw the line at a man like Higgins. Hello! yonder comes Dave now," glancing from the window and then rising hastily and moving toward the door. "We must make some arrangement with him today."

"About taking care of the mules and wagons, I suppose?"

"Yes, he is the best person we can get for the work. With Dave in charge, I will feel as safe as though I were here myself. Besides, he is only a boy and will not expect much salary. We can hardly afford to pay out much just now."

Abner looked doubtful.

"All very good if Dave would agree to it," he said, "but you know how the boy is about his father. If old Higgins moves away, Dave is going to move too. Whatever the old man may be to the world in general, he is everything to the boy."

"Yes," irritably, " but what *are* we to do? We have been counting on Dave as a sure thing."

"Can't do anything without counting the old man in." Then he stepped forward quickly and placed a hand upon his brother's

shoulder, for now a brisk step was heard coming up the side-walk toward the door.

"Leave this to me, John," he urged, lowering his voice, "I believe I can bring it round all right. Anyhow, give me a chance to try my idea."

"All right. Come in, Dave," in answer to a low tap.

The door opened, and a strong, well-built boy of sixteen or seventeen entered.

"I've come to say good-bye, Mr. John and Mr. Abner," he said, with evident regret in his voice. "I've brought up the saw an' hammer Pap borrowed, an' Pap he's goin' to bring up the other things in a few minutes. He was just startin' when I left. Then we're goin' to pack our goods an' back 'em to Orlando."

"Oh, no, I guess not, Dave," retorted Abner, good-naturedly, "we're making different arrangements for you. Somebody's needed to look after our mules and wagons and things."

The boy's face lightened with wondering, almost incredulous, ecstasy; then drooped with the recollection of the hard reality.

"I'm ter'ble sorry, Mr. Abner an' Mr. John," he said, striving in vain to keep his voice steady, "but Pap's 'lowin' we must be movin' on. We've staid here a right long spell now."

"But he's no call to be dragging you off to Orlando," broke in John sharply. "You're better off here. You've got five acres of land almost paid for, and another year you can clear it and set out trees. Your father——"

The boy straightened suddenly.

"Pap knows best," he said, his voice growing steady and his gaze direct, "he 'lows folks are gettin' down on him here, an' it's time he was movin' on."

John shrugged his shoulders.

"Let him move on then," he advised, "and you stay here. See how quick he will be coming back after something to eat."

The boy's eyes flashed.

"I'm much obliged to you all for what you've done for me," he said, the forced calmness of his words belying the resentful sparkle in his eyes. "That's what I walked up to say. Now I'll be going."

"Pshaw, pshaw, Dave," expostulated Abner, "you mustn't feel put out with what John says. Remember it was he who sent your father medicine when he was sick. There, that's right," as the boy's face softened. "And about your father now. I think he can be talked round. Is he coming, did you say?"

"Yes, sir; he'll be here in a few minutes. He's on the way."

Abner looked at John, who grimaced, then nodded a good-natured assent.

"Come, Dave," he said. "Suppose we leave Abner to talk with your father, while we go out to the stables and look round. I want to show you about the work and explain more fully what we desire. The mules must have plenty of exercise; you can use them in breaking ground, clearing land, or anything you like. You understand. Just take care of everything the best you know how, as though they were your own."

The boy followed him slowly, the resentment not wholly gone from his eyes. At the door he turned.

"Don't you go for to say nothin' bad to my father," he warned. Then he disappeared.

A few minutes later old Higgins entered. Abner was seated at his desk writing.

"I've come," began the visitor.

ABNER turned in his chair. "Oh, it's you," he interrupted. "Glad to see you. Take a seat." Then as the man stared at him, wonderingly, without offering to sit down, he went on: "We were talking about you just now. You see, the thing is just here: we want to go away, but we don't want to sell out. Mules and wagons would bring very little just now; besides, we may come back at the end of a year or so. What we want is a good, trustworthy man to take charge of everything while we are gone; somebody we can depend upon, you know. You have been here long enough to understand our ways, and Dave will be a prime hand to assist. Now why can't we engage you permanently to look after the outfit? The pay will not be very large, of course; but you can use the mules and wagons as much as you like. It will do them good. Take it all round, you can make a very nice thing out of it. What do you say?"

The man shifted uneasily and glanced about the room with a deprecating, half-foolish grin. Evidently he considered it a huge joke.

"I've come to say," he began again, when he was interrupted with:

"Come, come, Mr. Higgins; give me a direct answer, if you please. I'd rather have you and Dave than anybody I know; but if you can't accept, why, of course, I must look somewhere else."

The man's eyes shifted from the floor to his face.

"You don't mean, Mr. Abner——"

"Yes, I do mean," with a pretence of impatience. "Will you take charge of our affairs or not? Remember I want a straightforward man on whom I can depend. Will you be the one?"

A tremulous hand which had been shifting uneasily between trousers pocket and frayed coat edge, now went up to the forehead in a pitiful, wondering way. Then the slouching figure began to straighten, and for the first time in his memory, Abner Green looked straight into the unwavering eyes of Dave's father.

"Why, if you—if you really mean it that way, I'll be awful glad," the old man said, still in a dazed sort of wonder. Then, catching his breath at the thought, "won't Dave be s'prised —pleased, I mean."

He walked toward the door as though the interview were ended, then stopped suddenly and took a bottle from his pocket, handing it to Abner.

"Some whiskey one of the men got for me this mornin'," he explained, still looking Abner in the face, "I 'lowed on havin' a time But I don't reckon your head man ought to drink. I'll give it up. S'pose you break the bottle, an' say nothin' to Dave."

"I will, and thank you." Then he rose suddenly to his feet and held out his hand to this man who had made such a long stride toward his own level. He felt a strange, almost explosive elation over the success of his idea, but he only said:

"We have not known each other as well as we ought to, Mr. Higgins. I hope we will get better acquainted in the future. But sit down, while I explain the business more in detail."

That evening, as Abner Green was returning from a visit to the stables, he heard rapid footsteps, and then felt his hand grasped warmly.

"I couldn't sleep till I come and thanked you, Mr. Abner," Dave's voice said rapidly. "Pap's like a different man already. I—I can't tell you how I feel, but I'd rather a thousand times for Pap to have the place than me. We'll never forget it. I—I——" and then with a quick sob he was gone.

And Abner Green, looking up into the still, starry depths of the sky, even with all the desolation of the great freeze around him, felt a warm, sudden glow, and went on to the office to make preparations for another start in the world.

MRS. BURNETT'S ROSE GARDEN IN KENT: EVOLVED FROM A CENTURIES-OLD ORCHARD: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

ONCE upon a time there was a rose garden more wonderful and fragrant than all the other rose gardens in Kent, or in fairyland, and whether you are a little girl who has lived in fairyland or an old gardener who has lived in Kent, you could not dream of a rose garden wherein there were more kinds of exquisite scents, more kinds of tints and tones of color, or more arbors and canopies and trailing vines heavy with perfume than in this old Kentish garden, which is a part of the beauty of the rolling land that Constable loved to paint, and that all artists and gardeners of all times have loved for its kind ways.

Well back in the seventeenth century a rich old squire, whose name was Moneypenny, as it should be, looked about him for a fair bit of land on which to establish himself and his heirs. His eye fell upon a specially fertile stretch of Kent with a fine bit of park for hunting, with rolling hillsides for orchard lands and a lift of ground for a residence; and here Maytham Hall was established, with all the outlying houses necessary for a gentleman's estate, with a laundry and bake house, and brew house, clustered in the shade at the edge of the park, all built of brick and red tile, with simple beauty now grown into picturesqueness under green moss and gray lichen.

A wide orchard on a slope of sunny land was bounded on two sides with brick walls for fruit trees, on the other sides with hedges and the shadows of the park trees.

It was this old orchard which fell under the observant eyes of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett shortly after she became the chatelaine of Maythan Hall. Its days of usefulness, which were many score, were long past; its boughs were gnarled and bent with age; not in many a season had it blushed pink and grown fragrant in May. Silver-green lichen had crawled over trunks and branches, and in the fall not a patch of red or yellow came to brighten its shadowy old age.

The Kentish gardener, a thrifty soul, who knew the name of every rose and every royal personage in the kingdom, was for making way with the old orchard, planting it anew with trees or vegetables. A dead orchard was just a waste of good land to his practical mind, and the relation of hoary gray trees to a flaunting rose garden was

an chievement far beyond his imagination ; but, though he had advice, and to spare, he had also a gracious discretion.

While appreciating the philosophy of the gardener, Mrs. Burnett differed with him as the usefulness of the old orchard. Her imagination was seeing it, no longer as a relic of the thrift and domestic instincts of Squire Moneypenny, but as part of a hanging rose garden, the gray-lichened branches as supports for roses of every hue and scent, the trunk a background for crimson and white ramblers, the old brick wall top a sunlit bank for the more delicate species, the bare ground about the roots a meadow sweet where roses crept through the green and left an accent of color as they trailed from tree to tree and bloomed radiantly.

The old gardener mumbled very softly as he moved out of the orchard, and the vision of the rose garden grew. It became a house with roof and walls and pillars of roses, a "house" that let in the sunlight and swayed in the soft winds, and made wild sweet lure to robin and thrush, a home where the birds sang uncaged, where time was heavy only with perfume and melody, and in the midst of all, an old, old sundial that made one but forget the hours.

And then Mrs. Burnett smiled to find the discouraged gardener gone, and went away to her desk to write for rose books and figure out on paper the plans to make practical her vision of a garden, and, incidentally, to make a list of all the Kentish vicars of her acquaintance.

The garden is finished, and grown into great beauty for some years past—finished, at least, in the eyes of the mere guests and stranger: to Mrs. Burnett this garden will always be in the process of making more perfect. To quote her own words, "As long as there are gardens and vicars in the British Empire, there will be fresh and useful information to be had about roses and their various virtues and shortcomings, for the vicar is to the rose family what Boswell was to Johnson. Of course there are rose books. I remember studying faithfully, "My Roses and How I Grew Them," and "Surrey Gardens," but I regarded both these valuable books as merely supplemental to the vicars. When I wanted a new climber or a rose not ashamed to bloom sweetly and busily in the shade, or when I found the demon grub advancing in vast hordes to invade my fair "Paul Nerron" or precious "Mme. Ducher" I accepted an invitation to tea on the lawn and unburdened my troubles to a vicar, sure to be there, and never in vain. There was always wisdom and sympathy and practical first aid for the rose hospital."

From a Photograph by Frances B. Johnston.

THE OLD MOSS-GROWN LAUNDRY,
BREW-HOUSE AND BAKE-HOUSE IN
THE GARDENS OF MAYTHAM HALL.

From a Photograph by Frances B. Johnston.

THE GATE THAT LEADS PAST THE LAUREL HEDGE DOWN A PATH TO THE ROSE GARDEN.

From a Photograph by Frances B. Johnston.

THE TERRACE EXTENSION IN
THE GARDEN AT MAYTHAM HALL

From a Photograph by Frances B. Johnston.

A WALL OVERGROWN WITH ROSES IN MRS. BURNETT'S GARDEN IN KENT.

From a Photograph by Frances B. Johnston.

THE OLD SUN DIAL IS HALF HIDDEN IN JUNE WITH MRS. BURNETT'S FAVORITE WICHURIANA ROSES.

From a Photograph by Frances B. Johnston.

A CORNER IN THE ROSE GARDEN WHERE MRS. BURNETT WROTE STORIES ON SUMMER DAYS.

A ROSE GARDEN IN KENT

AS MRS. BURNETT chatted, a memory of this wonderful garden came back to the writer, who had the good fortune to first see it in early June, full of color and fragrance, bird songs and poetry. From the wide porch of Maytham Hall we went down the paths with fragrant borders; we passed by the old brew and bake house, smothered in moss and trees and vines; we saw a real ha-ha, which the old Squire had built centuries ago to keep the deer from the garden, and then we came to a rosy laurel hedge and opened a low rustic gate, turning down a narrow path by the hedge, and we were in an enchanted place, a place of rose trees, of thick shade with roses dangling from gray archways. Wherever one looked were roses, however one moved the caressing fragrance of roses touched the face, and it was necessary to step most kindly lest roses red, yellow and pink should be trampled under foot.

By and by when you made yourself remember that there were no fairies for poor grown-up people you looked about to find the secret of all the maze of mysterious beauty.

Evidently the advice of the old gardener had fallen on unwilling ears, for through the rose vines where the leaves parted there were glimpses of the hoary trunks of old apple trees, gray with age and lichen, and overhead as the vines blew and parted in the wind there were boughs of apple trees, every twist and gnarled elbow a wider foothold for blossoms and buds and shining leaves. Not a tree ruthlessly removed, and all, from topmost twig to root, twined about, draped and hidden with roses of every rare tint and exuberant richness of hue. Where the trees grew close enough the roses spread across from bough to bough, forming arbors of trailing bloom, or where the shade from the vines was too dense, a few boughs of a tree were gone and the stump and roots a mass of foliage and luscious, fragile flowers. It was as though the trees had been planted and had grown for centuries, and died and grayed away just as a framework for this magical garden.

From brick wall to ancient park, not a spot unfilled with beauty. The old wall, with its rich cargo of apricots and pears trained to rest close to the sunny surface, was topped all its picturesque length with more roses that grew to an arrogant size and beauty out in the constant sunlight. And each gateway and arch hid every day usefulness under a Rambler rose, crimson or pink. One entire apple tree was a bower of "Paul Carmine-Pillar" roses, another was caressingly obscured with the sweetness of "Mama Cochet." Then, together and separately, growing in luxurious abandon, were the "Mme.

Ducher," "Prince Arthur," "Paul Nerron," the "Duke of Connaught," the lovely cream-white "Cora," the glowing-red "Louis Philippe," the coppery-pink "Mme. Kesal"—the despair and ecstasy of all the vicars—and the "Viscountess Folkestone;" in fact, roses from the best society of every garden in the land.

Many of them, as the "Louis Philippe," the "Lauret Mesamy" and the "Wichuriana," begin their lovely blossoming with the first days of spring and keep up the good work until Christmas Day. The Wichuriana rose is one of Mrs. Burnett's great favorites. It will either creep or climb at her command, so that it rests in the grass at her feet when she works in the rose garden, and trails through the trees over her head when she stops to listen to the low song of her pet robin.

Besides Mrs. Burnett's writing table and rustic chair, there are no furnishings in the garden but the centuries-old sundial, weather-worn and weather stained and hidden knee deep in June by the favorite Wichuriana, the lovely bloom in piquant contrast with the soft old tones of the dial—which bit of antiquity Mrs. Burnett regards wholly in relation to the roses, never to the sun. And she is right, one does not consider time in the rose garden. It is a place in which to loaf and invite your soul. It is for poets and birds, dreamers of dreams, tellers of fairy stories, and Mrs. Burnett. The dial may have been utilitarian in the Squire's day; but to Mrs. Burnett it is just a part of her completed dream of a rose garden.

WITH such a hanging garden of roses as this possible, just born of an old orchard and the wisdom of vicars, why have we of all centuries and climes gone on making rose gardens as vineyards are planted, as if for revenue only; long walks of roses, through which one passed but did not tarry—with perhaps occasionally an arbor or a vine hidden porch? If roses are for more than gifts or table ornament or landscape gardening, then the world has been blind indeed, and it has remained for Mrs. Burnett to see visions in company with the poets and musicians and dreamers of all times.

But in the making of a rose garden it is not all dreaming to the tune of robin calls, there is a practical side indeed to be considered, just as in housekeeping in the loveliest house. There is food to be provided for the roses, plenty of it and the right sort, and winter care, and the constant battle with the evil spirit of the garden, the rose grub.

"Roses are great feeders," Mrs. Burnett says. "They are greedy beyond almost any flowers. Even when the soil is most

carefully prepared for them at the start and renewed regularly from season to season, the best blooms are from the best-fed plants. And in the fall they are fed for the long winter rest, roots and lower stalks covered with a rich mulch, which in the springtime is spaded into the soil about the roots. Our English roses have an easy winter and are vigorous in the spring, because we seldom have the bitter stinging cold of America. So that the fall feeding is about all the winter courtesies they require of us."

In spite of the fact that President Roosevelt has frightened us all so badly with regard to Nature stories, one feels somehow that an English robin would not lend itself to a misleading tale, and when Mrs. Burnett said to the guests in her garden, "if you will keep very still my robin will come and sing to you," the guests grew quiveringly silent, and waited with a distinct thrill for the final delight of fairyland.

"Very still," said Mrs. Burnett, warningly, "for our ordinary stillness is a commotion to the robins."

A quiver in the leaves overhead, a fine thin twittering sound from under swaying roses, an answer from Mrs. Burnett that seemed but an echo of the robin's note, and then the fullest carol of the robin in blossom-time, a melody that always seems the color of apple-blossoms. After the song of welcome the robin flitted from bough to bough, even alighted on the table, "talking" pleasantly and hospitably; but the little final intimacies of real friendship were not for strangers to witness. When alone in the garden the robin would sing for Mrs. Burnett the soft throat song of mating time, and hop upon her shoulder or garden hat, and converse tenderly in slender robin tones.

"We are just two robins together," Mrs. Burnett said, and you feel that the sting of the President's point of view is forever wiped out by this sincerely dramatic little bird.

After the robin had flown back into the vines, our hands were filled with roses and we were led away out in the park to rest under the shade of the Fairy Tree, leaves of which were given to us all to bring true the dearest wish of our hearts.

HIS MESSAGE

HE CAME with good tidings, it is true,
  But they were good tidings only to the poor.
  For us, who are content to be rich while our brethren suffer want
There was not a word of cheer in all His message.

"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest," was His cry,
But he addressed it only to them that "labor and are heavy laden."
To us, who have never done for a single day our share of the work
  of the world,
There comes no such invitation.

From "Plain Talk," by Ernest Crosby.

LOVE AND LABOR

Labor is the house that love dwells in.

RUSSIAN PROVERB.

HOW shall I love my fellow men?
  With ineffectual talk?
By dropping honey from my pen,
  And sighing as I walk?

Nay, rather love thy neighbor
  By working hard and well,
For in the house of labor
  It pleaseth love to dwell.

Love him with hammer, saw, and knife,
  With axe and pick and spade.
Love him and doubly bless his life
  With all thy hands have made.

Thus loving each his neighbor,
  Bear one another's load,
For in the house of labor
  Love maketh her abode.

From "Swords and Plowshares," by Ernest Crosby.

HOW AN ARCHÆOLOGIST BECAME A CRAFTSMAN AND DEVELOPED A NEW ART-INDUSTRY: BY EDWARD W. HOCKER

MID the manifold forms of adornment employed in Pennsylvania's magnificent new Capitol, at Harrisburg, not the least interesting is the Moravian tiling, stretching like a great rug through the corridors and across the rotunda. This tiling is the product of long years of experimenting by Henry C. Mercer, one of the foremost archæologists of Pennsylvania, who has sought to reproduce the best features of an ancient and almost forgotten art. In the new Capitol he has had an opportunity for the first time to develop his ideas upon an elaborate scale, and the result has elicited much warm commendation.

The chief point of distinction between the Moravian tiling and that which is in ordinary use is that in the former the mosaic is not formed of a large number of small squares, but comprises a limited number of units of clay of irregular form. The new tiling can best be likened to the stained glass window. The size and shape of each tile is determined by its position in the mosaic and by the color which it represents in the make-up of the entire design. As the bands of lead which join the fragments in the stained glass window are made to form part of the general effect, so in the tiling the cement joints enter prominently into the general scheme of the decoration, no attempt being made to minimize them, as in ordinary tiling.

The floor comprises a series of about four hundred plaques or mosaics, representing incidents typical of the history of Pennsylvania and the life of its inhabitants. To portray the work of the people rather than wars and treaties was Mr. Mercer's aim. The various designs show Indians making fire, chipping arrow heads, paddling a canoe, smoking tobacco, cultivating corn; the colonists cutting down the forest, building a log cabin, spinning, weaving and cooking; then the discovery of coal, iron and petroleum, and the operation of the iron industries, oil wells, locomotives and various manufactures, and finally the telegraph, electric railway and automobile. Various kinds of trees, birds and animals found in the state are also depicted, and in several groups noted historical incidents that occurred in the state are portrayed.

These mosaics, most of which are about five feet in diameter, are made of clay colored in subdued tones of brown, yellow, red, green, gray and blue. The background is formed of small red tiles. There

is no border or band of any kind as a framework. The dull-colored, rough pavement is rendered the more striking by reason of its contrast with the walls, which are of highly polished white marble.

Mr. Mercer evolved this new form of tile pavement as a consequence of his devotion to a hobby that beguiled long weeks of physical infirmity. He was formerly curator of the Archæological Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, but was forced to give up that position because of sickness. He then retired to his home near Doylestown, about twenty-five miles from Philadelphia, and devoted himself leisurely to the collection of all manner of implements that had been used in America since the beginning of history. This collection he presented to the Bucks County Historical Society, whose museum is in Doylestown, and then he made a duplicate collection for his own home.

While gathering these relics of the past, he became interested in the pottery of the early German settlers of Pennsylvania, among whom were the Moravians. Formerly many small potteries were in operation in the rural districts of Eastern Pennsylvania, and a crude art was developed in the coloring and decorating of various homely utensils in use in every farmhouse. The land of the Pennsylvania Germans is famous for its pies, and the potters of this people strove to make their pie plates the most beautiful specimens of their craft. Apple-butter crocks, flower pots and many kinds of bowls and pans were made from the rich red clay that abounds in Bucks, Montgomery and Berks counties. Mottoes and Biblical phrases were inscribed upon the pottery, and flowers, Biblical and historical scenes.

Besides the pottery, Mr. Mercer also made a thorough study of the old German stoves, which were ornamented in a manner similar to the pottery. These stoves consisted simply of five plates of cast iron, each two feet square.

AS HIS collection grew, Mr. Mercer conceived the idea of developing the good features of this early German art, as exemplified in the pottery and the stoves, so that it might be useful today. After much search he found an old German at Rockhill, an isolated part of Bucks County, who still operated one of the ancient potteries. With him Mr. Mercer obtained work as a laborer and was employed at the pottery for several weeks, mastering all details of the craft as it was then conducted.

He found, however, that the art of producing the glazing and many of the remarkable color effects in red and yellow, for which

the old utensils were noted, seemed to have been lost. He therefore built a pottery at his home and began to experiment for the reproduction of colors.

His efforts for a long time were without the desired results. Then he arranged to visit the potteries in the Black Forest of Germany and endeaver to learn the secret of their colors. He had already bought his ticket for the voyage when the very colors for which he had been seeking were unexpectedly produced in an entire kiln of tiles. Realizing that now he was on the right track, he cancelled the arrangements for the journey abroad, and he was soon able to color his tiles just as he desired.

Since then Mr. Mercer has devoted himself to art tile work. Eventually he sought inspiration for his designs not only from the ancient Pennsylvania German pottery and stove plates, but also from the tiles and pavements in the old abbeys and monasteries of England, Scotland and Ireland, as well as from the tiling of the Persians and Arabians and the various famous examples of this art in Rome, Madrid and Paris.

In the course of his experiments, Mr. Mercer's health broke down several times, and he was compelled to alternate periods of work with long intervals of rest. His studio and workshop are in a large and picturesque building on the lawn surrounding his home. There he delights to expound to his friends his theories of the use of clay in art. He admits that all has not been smooth sailing in his endeavor to disseminate his ideas, because his tiles are made by hand and therefore lack the perfect proportions of machine-made tiles; but this fact, he asserts, gives his work individuality.

Relative to the Capitol designs, Mr. Mercer said: "What the observer sees is in no sense a picture, but is always intended to be a decoration. The drawing is simplified to the last degree, so as to satisfy the clay process. The colors of men, animals and objects are fantastic and by no means realistic. The skies may be red, water black, trees yellow. It matters not. Is the meaning expressed? Granted that the colors are harmonious. That is all we ask."

A FIFTEEN-HUNDRED-DOLLAR HOME THAT IS BOTH BEAUTIFUL AND COMFORTABLE

THE attractive little house shown in the accompanying illustrations grew out of the longings of a certain bachelor maid for a home which should be all that the name implies, shelter, adaptation to peculiar needs, a restful refuge in hours of quiet, and in refinement of tone and furnishing an inspiration to thought and work.

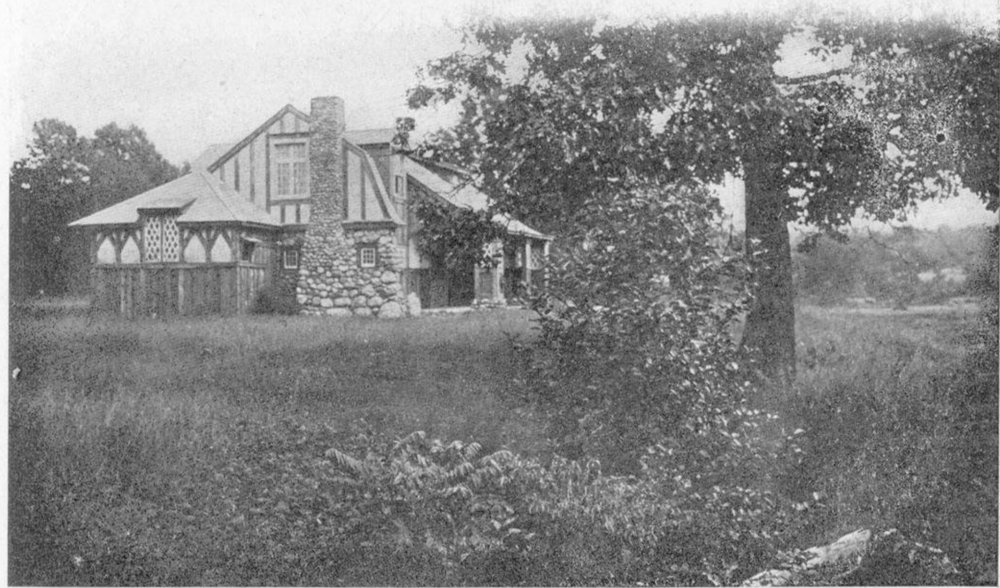
The site selected was a green knoll, the declivity of which slopes to the edge of a clear, spring-fed brook. On all sides the land sweeps away in undulating meadow to a wooded boundary, high enough to shut out unpicturesque innovations, but sufficiently far removed toward the west to enhance, with purple and olive tones, the glories of a sunset. The quiet and seclusion of the place meets the requirements of uninterrupted labor along artistic lines, and the flag-station of one of our well-known roads, but a few minutes' walk from the house, gives ready access to the business center of a city some seven miles distant.

It was the desire of the owner, while building a new house, to attain the harmony with its rural environment which age gives to an unpainted building entrusted to its varied processes. She laid her ideas before a friend, interested in artistic architecture, who evolved for her the new old house which is studio and workshop as well as home.

The floor plans here given have compactness, yet sufficient irregularity to avoid monotony. The roof has no complication of lines. The long dormer near the corner and the low wide one between the ridge and the porch eaves accentuate, rather than detract from, the sheltering length. The little room intended for the fireplace wood carries down a balancing line, and the low, broad effect is attained. The roof holds so large a proportion of the expression that it might almost be said a successful roof assures a successful building.

The foundations, chimney and one corner of the main building are of field stones, taken from the land in the immediate vicinity. The stone work is carried above the level of the cement floor of the porch, forming pedestals for the porch columns. It is carried also to the stool of the high window over the seat in the living room. Before thoroughly set, the cement was scraped and dug out of the interstices, leaving the stones in relief, their natural color and shape.

New material of good quality was used for timbers, joists, studding, rafters and sheathing, and all the outside walls covered with building paper to insure warmth. A finish which does not mar the landscape with a too obtrusive coloring was found in boards of Nature's preparation. There were many of these weathered boards on the farm fences in the neighborhood, the north sides of which were adorned in quaint design with lovely pale green lichen, and which were obtainable for about the price of common lumber. As they had withstood the onslaughts of Michigan summers and winters for many years, with apparently little deterioration, it was decided, in view of their appealing beauty, to test their lasting qualities, so, with careful handling, they were used as the outside covering of the first story. The supports of the porch roof are made of studs, cased with these boards, between which lattice panels are introduced just above a line



Exterior Views of Fifteen Hundred Dollar House.

"FOUNDATION, CHIMNEY AND ONE CORNER OF MAIN BUILDING ARE OF FIELD STONE FOUND IN THE MEADOWS NEAR BY."

"THE SITE IS A GREEN KNOLL, WHICH SLOPES TO THE EDGE OF A SPRING-FED BROOK."

"THERE ARE CASEMENTS EITHER SIDE OF THE FIREFLACE AND ONE OVER THE INGLENOOK."

BUILT-IN WINDOW SEATS AFFORDING WIDE VISTAS OF MEADOW LANDS ARE A FEATURE OF THIS HOME.

conforming with the top of the wainscoting on the inside of the porch. The ceiling and the wall above the wainscoting are plastered with cement and lime mortar.

The walls of the upper story appear chiefly in the gables. These are finished with cement plaster, divided into panels by lichen-decked boards. The shingles, which were new, required but a year of successive rains and suns to convert their crude yellow into soft silver gray. The woodshed addition near the stone chimney is covered with rough-cast roofing paper with a thin dressing of cement, divided into panels like the gables. Where the paneling seemed too conspicuously white, a little soft green oil color was judiciously rubbed in. The whole effect is a mingling of wood gray, blue gray and gray brown with soft white. Nowhere is clear white displayed save in the window sash, which have an old-fashioned purity.

The outside doors are of plank, planed smooth and stained a dark, dull green, the front door being ornamented with iron straps near top and bottom, and a quaint, old-fashioned latch.

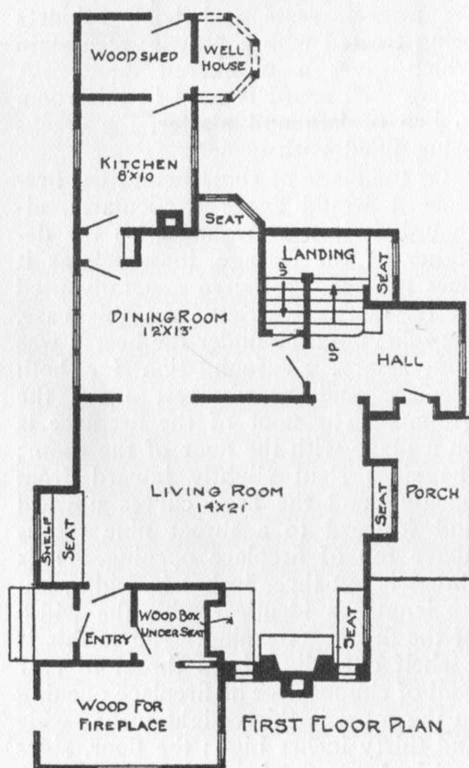
The hall is in dark green burlap from base to line of ceiling, which is vaulted, following, on one side of the entrance, the roof rafters, and, on the other, rafters introduced to correspond. The vaulting is repeated over the first flight of stairs, with horizontal planes above the entrance to living room and over the first stair landing. The entire ceiling is covered with heavy gray paper, generally used under carpets, divided into panels by one and one-half-inch strips of yellow pine stained a green lighter than, but harmonizing with, the burlap.

A wide doorway leads into the living room. The ceiling is the floor of the room above, the flooring being dressed on both sides to serve this double purpose. It is divided into two sections by a large central beam, dropping some three inches lower than the joists which run at right angles to the beam, across the two sections. These joists are set two feet apart and doubled. This treatment gives a beamed ceiling without extra expense, save for the finishing, which is very simple, consisting of narrow face boards, left rough like the joists, with cove moulding let into the corners and between joists and ceiling. An unique door has abridged casings, cut on a line with the woodwork of the inglenook; it is of matched boards, the sections cut from the alternate boards to admit three and one-half by four and one-half inch glass. The woodwork and floor are of yellow pine, the mantel, seats and book cabinets being treated with a brown-green stain which gives a weathered effect. A strong wall board is used in this room in lieu of lath and plaster, the cracks being filled with cement.

Of the mode of constructing the fireplace I would speak particularly, although it is not original with the designer of the cottage, inasmuch as it does not seem to be so generally used as its merits warrant. In this case, the relieving arch under the hearth was unnecessary, as foundation for both fireplace and hearth rest upon the ground. The floor of the fireplace is on a plane with the floor of the room; the sides slant slightly inward from opening and the back curves upward and forward to a throat nine inches above top of fireplace opening. This throat is but three inches in width, but its length is identical with the width of the fireplace opening. Above this is a shelf extending from throat to rear wall of chimney. The fireplace opening in the room is thirty-eight inches wide and thirty inches high; the floor, sides and back are fire brick laid in fire clay,

the chimney lining is good common brick, enclosing a flue twelve inches square. The curved back and slanting sides radiate heat and the shelf above turns back the down draught of cold air, thus effectually preventing smoke from being driven into the room. The author has knowledge of a number of fireplaces, adhering closely to these proportions, that are giving excellent satisfaction.

The color scheme of the living room is quiet and restful. The ceiling is the softest cream tint, the beams of varying tones from olive browns and greens to pale gray-green. The surface of the wall board around the inglenook and along the adjacent walls was roughened by the application of thick alabastine, and the color in the recesses around the mantel includes dull blue and blue-gray, while the chimney breast has a blending of rich, warm browns with the softest leather tones. The upper walls of the room are pale gray-green, merging midway into the dull, medium brown just above the base. The walls grow lighter by imperceptible gradations, from the deep coloring of the inglenook to the dainty window alcove on the east side of the room, where the warm grays have suggestions of green and pink.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

The woodwork, in all cases, is brought into harmony with the wall, the door into the entry, its casings and the trim of the adjacent seat and window being stained soft gray-green. Owing to the fact that sufficient stain could not be applied to the crude yellow surface of the pine without darkening beyond harmonious correspondence, white was rubbed in with the stain. The result is a peculiar silvery gray resembling driftwood. So carefully was this done that the grain is intact and the effect of the delicate shading exquisite. The entire color scheme of the room has the harmony of an old painting.

The windows represent much variety in size and arrangement of glass. The long dormer above the porch entrance, the vantage point of a beautiful vista of brook between willows, has a large pane in each sash, with a border of small panes around sides and top. The large window in the gable is mullioned with small glass as is the window over seat and shelf in the living room. The casements on either side of the fireplace and the one over the inglenook seat in the illustration are filled with four by five inch glass, and while the light is sufficient to permit the occupant of the seat to enjoy books from the intervening bookshelves, it is not present in quantity to destroy the repose of this most restful corner. A recessed book-

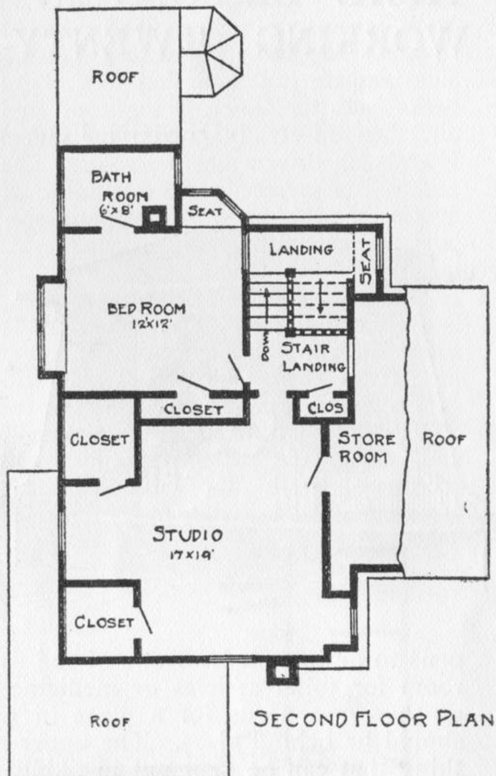
case occupies the space over the seat on the opposite side of the inglenook. The top of this seat, when raised, discloses a woodbox, filled on the other side of the wall, in the adjacent woodroom. The small panes of glass throughout the house are old photographic negatives, cleaned and furnished to the sash manufacturer, the reason for their use being their excellence in quality.

The window-seat in the dining room has, across the corner, one long window which frames a lovely stretch of meadow, brook and high wooded bank beyond; at the back is a short, high casement with space below for comfortable cushions. The window on the stair landing reveals another bit of landscape so enticing that only the most urgent errand will prevent at least a brief sojourn upon the seat under it. The west window of the living room, opening upon the porch, commands the widening of the stream with a miniature fall, a picturesque bridge and a long sweep of meadow and wood. It seems superfluous to urge the location of windows with reference to attractive views, yet this consideration is either forgotten or ignored with painful frequency.

On the upper floor, the larger room with its two dormers and varied possibilities of lighting is the workshop of the owner. The bedroom has a window overlooking the staircase and the view from the landing window, presenting the while a glimpse of cosy window seat with bookshelves above. There is, of course, a solid shutter on the bedroom side, to be used when complete seclusion is desired.

The bathroom is directly over the kitchen, a convenient arrangement for a country house to be occupied the year round, as warm water must be supplied from the boiler connected with the kitchen range.

In reference to the finish, the living room shows a simple moulding on mantel, seats, etc., the idea being to bring it into harmony with rare bits of old furniture which the owner hopes to acquire from time to time.



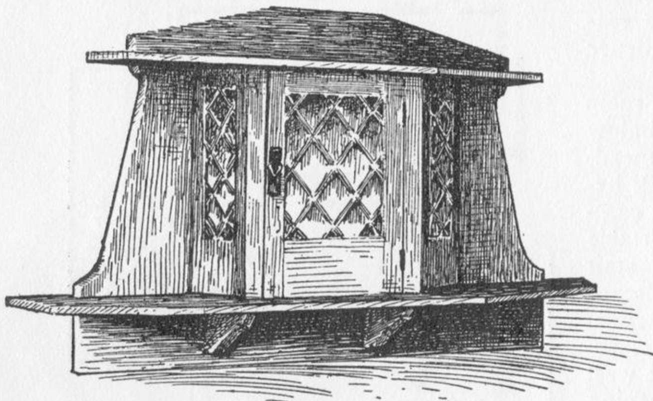
SECOND FLOOR PLAN

The work upon this cottage has been done at spare times, running through a considerable period. From the record of the time spent, however, it is estimated that two carpenters could build the house in three months, and with care in purchasing materials the cost should not exceed the figure above given, namely, fifteen hundred dollars. If the proposed owner is a mechanic with time at his disposal, he can reduce the cost to any point between this amount and the bare price of the materials required.

E. Drusille Ford.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK. PRACTICAL LESSONS IN STRUCTURAL WOOD WORKING: TWENTY-NINTH OF SERIES.

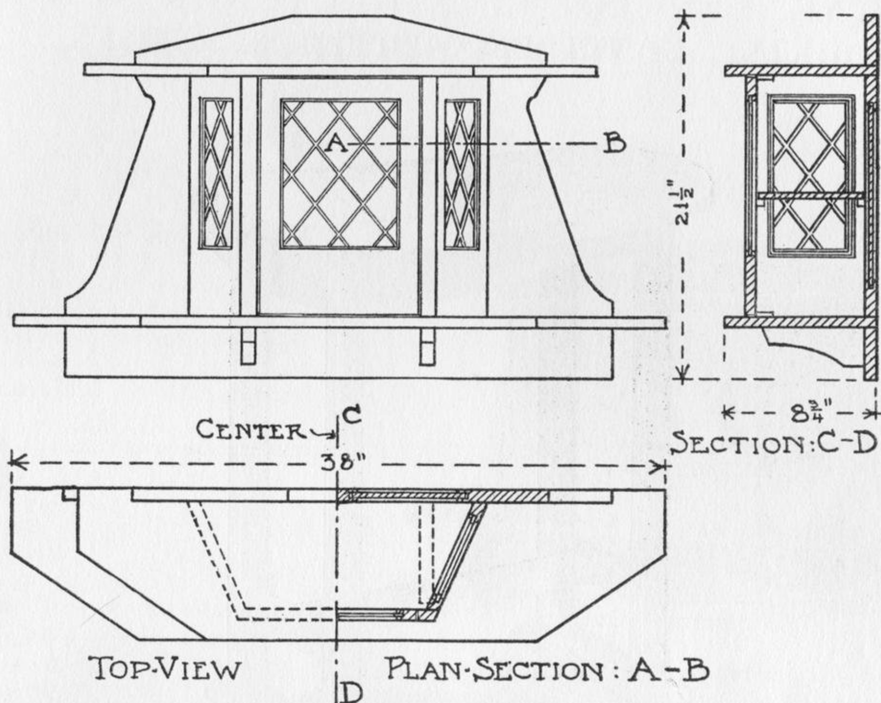
DESIGN FOR WALL CABINET



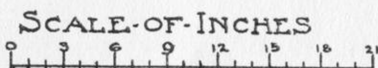
THE wall cabinet shown here is so simple in design that it can easily be made by anyone accustomed to handling tools, and it will be found an effective bit of furniture in almost any room. The outline is such as to take away any sense of heaviness, severely plain as the piece is so far as surface ornamentation is concerned. The little cupboard would do excellently to hold choice bibelots if the cabinet happens to be intended for one of the living rooms, or it can be used in a bedroom for toilet articles or medicine bottles; in fact, its uses are as many as there are needs for a place in which to tuck away small articles that should be behind glass. The upper and lower shelves afford room for anything that can be kept out in public view or would be undamaged by dust. The little cupboard is fitted with the diamond panes which always have about them the suggestion of quaintness, reminiscent of the storied lattice window, and these windows can either be filled with clear glass, showing all the contents of the cupboard, or with one of the many forms of antique or clouded glass, in case it is desired to conceal what is on the shelves. The escutcheon and pull for the little door can be of wrought iron, copper or brass, according to the metal fixtures and color scheme of the room. The cabinet itself can also be made of a wood that can be finished to harmonize with any desired scheme, such as maple for a silver gray effect, and oak or chestnut for brown or green.

MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR A WALL CABINET

			Rough		Finished	
Pieces	No.	Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Top Shelf	1	30 in.	10 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$8\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Bottom Shelf	1	38 in.	10 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$8\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Brackets	2	$6\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$2\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1 in.	pattern	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Inner Shelf	1	16 in.	7 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	6 in.	$\frac{3}{8}$ in.

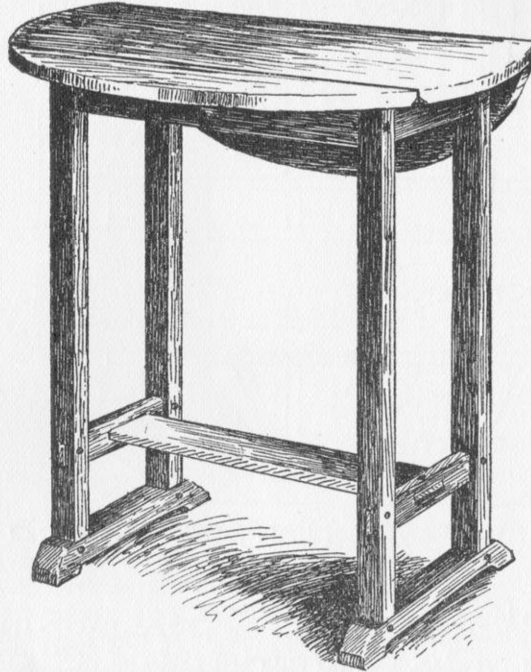


DESIGN FOR A WALL CABINET

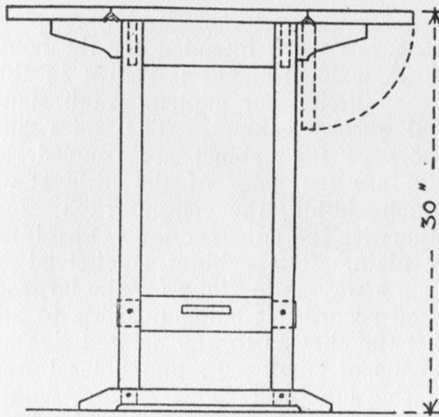


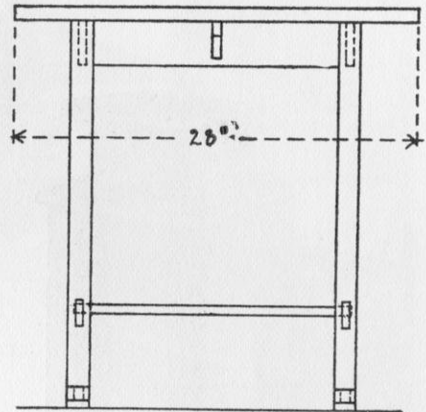
Top of Back	1	24 in.	3 in.	1 in.	pattern	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Bottom of Back	1	32 in.	3 in.	1 in.	$2\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Side Stiles of Back	2	15 in.	9 in.	1 in.	pattern	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Back Panel	2	11 in.	7 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$6\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Center Stile of Back	1	14 in.	3 in.	1 in.	$2\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Back Rails	2	17 in.	$2\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1 in.	$2\frac{1}{4}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Door Stiles	2	14 in.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{3}{8}$ in.	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Door Top Rail	1	$9\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{3}{8}$ in.	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Door Lower Rail	1	$9\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$4\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	4 in.	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Side Stiles	4	14 in.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{3}{8}$ in.	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Sides Top Rails	2	$7\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{3}{8}$ in.	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Sides Lower Rails	2	$7\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$4\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	4 in.	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Strips		8 ft.				
Front Stiles	2	14 in.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{3}{8}$ in.	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Leaded Glass Side Panels	2	$9\frac{1}{2}$ in. high	and	$5\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide		
Leaded Glass Front Panel	1	$9\frac{1}{2}$ in. high	and	$7\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide		

A FOLDING CARD TABLE.

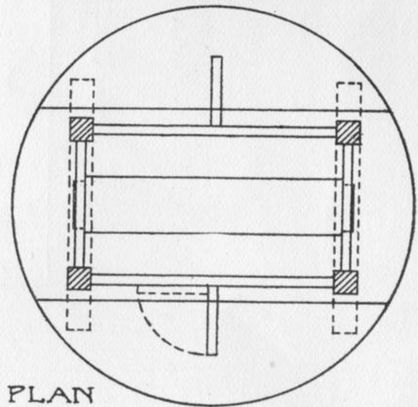


THE little folding table shown here is designed primarily for a card table, but it is useful for anything where a small stand is required. With one or both of the leaves down it makes a capital little table to stand against the wall for a jardinière, or for anything that requires the background of the wall, and with the round top it makes a good stand anywhere in the room and can be used for a tea table or a sewing table as well as for cards. The lower structure is somewhat massive in form and very severe in outline, but if well made and pinned together with wooden pins, as shown in the illustration, there is a decorative quality in the very uncompromising straightness of it. The top, of course, should be made of selected wood and very carefully finished; in fact, careful workmanship is especially essential in as plain a piece as this, for without satin-smooth surface and carefully softened edges and corners it could easily be made to look very crude and unattractive.





DESIGN · FOR · A · FOLDING · CARD · TABLE

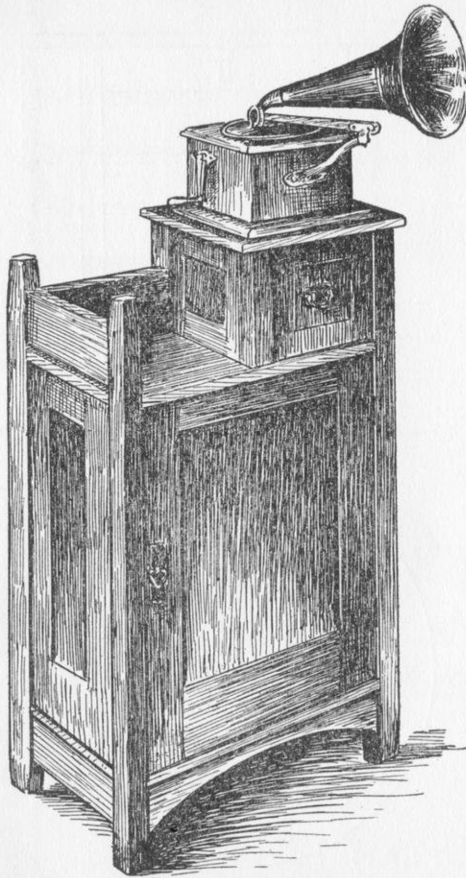


SCALE · OF · INCHES

MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR A FOLDING CARD TABLE

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough Wide	Rough Thick	Finished Wide	Finished Thick
Legs	4	29 in.	$1\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{5}{8}$ in.	$1\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Feet	2	18 id.	$1\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{5}{8}$ in.	pattern
Side Rims	2	22 in.	4 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$3\frac{1}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
End Rims	2	11 in.	4 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$3\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Brackets	2	$5\frac{1}{2}$ in.	3 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.	pattern	$\frac{5}{8}$ in.
End Stretchers	2	13 in.	3 in.	$1\frac{1}{4}$ in.	$2\frac{1}{2}$ in.	1 in.
Shelf	1	20 in.	$4\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	4 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Top Center	1	30 in.	14 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$13\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Top Sides	2	25 in.	8 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$7\frac{1}{2}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.

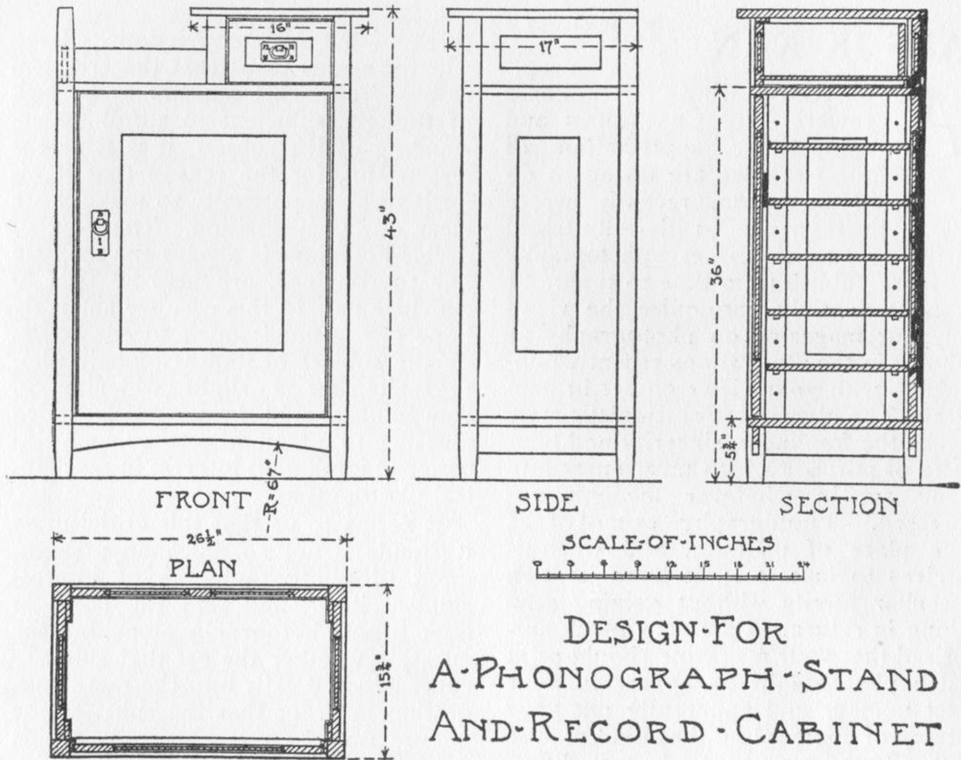
PHONOGRAPH STAND AND RECORD CABINET



A RATHER more ambitious piece of work intended for the home cabinet-maker is shown in this design for a phonograph stand and record cabinet. The sides and doors of the cabinet are paneled, as also are the sides of the little stand which holds the phonograph, but otherwise the construction is absolutely plain. The cabinet is shelved in such a way as to allow for the largest-sized records, it being possible to adjust the shelves to any desired size by means of small pegs and holes bored in the supports. This cabinet would be best if made in oak or chestnut, as it naturally belongs in a living room, and is also rather massive in form. It should be an interesting piece to make, as it affords an opportunity for the exercise of a good deal of skill and care in joinery. Care should be also taken to get the slight shaping of the tops of the posts exactly right, as a thought too much of the tapering lines would weaken the effect of the whole, and too much squareness would give a certain clumsiness to the piece. The construction is mortise and tenon, of course, every joint being carefully pinned with wooden pins.

MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR A PHONOGRAPH STAND AND RECORD CABINET

			Rough		Finished	
Pieces	No.	Long	Wide	Thick	Wide	Thick
Top and Bottom	2	27 in.	16 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$15\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Legs	4	43 in.	$1\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$1\frac{5}{8}$ in.	$1\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Top of Stand	1	18 in.	17 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	16 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Back Stiles	2	30 in.	4 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$3\frac{5}{8}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Back Center Stile	1	24 in.	3 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$2\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Back Top Rail	1	15 in.	4 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$3\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Back Bottom Rail	1	15 in.	6 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$5\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Back Panels	2	21 in.	9 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.	8 in.	$\frac{3}{8}$ in.
Door Stiles	2	30 in.	4 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$3\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Door Top Rail	1	18 in.	4 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$3\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Door Bottom Rail	1	18 in.	6 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.	$5\frac{3}{4}$ in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.



Door Panel	1	21 in.	16 in.	½ in.	15½ in.	⅜ in.
Door Stops	2	15 in.	1 in.	1 in.	¾ in.	⅝ in.
Side Stiles	4	30 in.	3½ in.	⅞ in.	3¼ in.	¾ in.
Side Top Rails	2	9 in.	4 in.	⅞ in.	3¾ in.	¾ in
Side Bottom Rails	2	9 in.	6 in.	⅞ in.	5¾ in.	¾ in.
Side Panels	2	21 in.	8 in.	½ in.	7 in.	⅜ in.
Lower Rails	2	25 in.	3¾ in.	¾ in.	pattern	⅝ in.
Lower Side Rails	2	15 in.	3¾ in.	¾ in.	3½ in.	⅝ in.
Side Strips	4	30 in.	3 in.	½ in.	2¾ in.	⅜ in.
Shelves	5	25 in.	13 in.	¾ in.	12¾ in.	⅝ in.
Top Side Crosspiece	1	14 in.	3 in.	¾ in.	2⅞ in.	⅝ in.
Top Back Crosspiece	1	14 in.	3 in.	¾ in.	2⅞ in.	⅝ in.
Drawer Front Stiles	2	6 in.	2¼ in.	¾ in.	2 in.	⅝ in.
Drawer Front Rails	2	8 in.	2¼ in.	¾ in.	2 in.	⅝ in.
Drawer Front Panel	1	7 in.	4 in.	⅜ in.	3½ in.	¼ in.
Drawer Sides	2	14 in.	6 in.	½ in.	5½ in.	⅜ in.
Drawer Back	1	10 in.	5 in.	½ in.	4¾ in.	⅜ in.
Drawer Bottom	1	14 in.	10 in.	½ in.	9⅝ in.	⅜ in.
Strip	1	10 in.	1½ in.	½ in.	1¼ in.	⅜ in.
Posts	2	7 in.	1¾ in.	1¾ in.	1⅝ in.	1⅝ in.
Stand Side Stiles	6	7 in.	2¼ in.	⅞ in.	2 in.	¾ in.
Stand Side Rails	4	11 in.	2¼ in.	⅞ in.	2 in.	¾ i.n
Stand Back Rails	2	8 in.	2¼ in.	⅞ in.	2 in.	¾ in.
Stand Side Panels	2	10 in.	4 in.	½ in.	3½ in.	⅜ in.
Stand Back Panel	1	7 in.	4 in.	½ in.	3½ in.	⅜ in.

ALS IK KAN

A subscriber whose friendliness toward THE CRAFTSMAN and sympathetic appreciation of the work we are trying to do is beyond question, recently wrote us, with reference to the illustrated articles on Secession photography that we publish from time to time: "I cannot possibly harmonize the views of your magazine on photography as shown in the illustrations recently published, with your views on art in general. The blurred impressionistic style lacks the frankness, sincerity and honesty of purpose which must enter into true art in whatever medium expressed. Photography cannot take the place of painting, and when it strives to imitate it, it loses its own peculiar merits without gaining anything in return. I am very much surprised that your magazine should print such photographs as appear in your last number and apparently put your stamp of approval on that kind of false art. There may be an honest difference of opinion between artist photographers as to the amount of clearness and sharpness necessary to make a good picture, but between real photographs and the illustrations appearing in the last number of your magazine, there can really be no comparison. Such work is neither photography nor art, but a sort of impressionism run to seed, and I hope in the name of truth that you will not in future lend the pages of your magazine to the propagation of such false ideals."

THE CRAFTSMAN always welcomes honest criticism. When an opinion adverse to our own is the result of deep knowledge of the subject under discussion or of any comprehensive thought concerning it, the frank expression of it is most valuable to us as a touchstone upon which to test the truth of our own convictions. Even when it seems to us that the criticism results from what appears to be lack of thought sufficient to a full understanding of the subject, it is none the less useful, for the reason that it affords us an opportunity to make more clear our own position. The man of decided opinions is always the man we like to convince, provided he fails to convince us. In this case we sincerely hope our friend is open to conviction on the subject of impressionistic photography, for a slight widening of viewpoint should bring much added pleasure to a man who takes such sincere and intelligent interest in mechanical photography.

It seems to us that this criticism as it stands is not so much an arraignment of photography as of impressionism itself, and that the point at issue is not photography alone, but the question whether the art that subordinates minor details into the mere suggestion in order that the spirit of the picture may be more strongly felt is necessarily less frank, honest and sincere than the literal record of every fact concerning it.

As we understand the criticism, the liberty of this discrimination in the matter of detail is allowed to the painter, but denied to the photographer, but we cannot understand how a man who has given any thought or study to the different mediums of expression for graphic art can deny that photography is as distinct a medium of expression as brush or pencil. We agree entirely with Mr. Giles Edgerton, who wrote of the work of Gertrude Käsebier in THE CRAFTSMAN of last April,—"The technical method of expression may be whatever the artist wishes, whatever seems the simplest process. There is not a variety of creative arts; there is imagination and impulse to create and a variety of

methods." To our way of looking at it, the camera for some artists is simply the most direct means to a desired end, and it is the temperament and imagination of the artist that go into the picture, irrespective of the medium employed.

Our friend writes, "Photography cannot take the place of painting, and when it strives to imitate it, it loses its own peculiar merits without gaining anything in return." With this point of view we agree absolutely, but we think we are safe in asserting that in the best impressionistic photography there is no more thought of imitating painting, or of taking the place of it, than there is a question of painting imitating or taking the place of sculpture. The sole question to be considered is the appeal the artist is able to make to you through the expression of what he has seen and felt, and whether that appeal is to the imagination or to a certain desire for verifying every detail as one would a column of figures.

With all due respect to the opposite point of view, we must take exception to the statement that the art that suggests rather than baldly states an idea is necessarily false art, or that an artist has not as good a right to make an impressionistic photograph as he has to make an impressionistic painting. In each case it is the spirit of the subject that is sought, not a map that would serve, if necessary, as an historical record. The impressionist, whether in painting or in photography, seeks to interpret the meaning of a thing and to convey to others the emotions and thoughts produced in his own mind; as the imagination is never appealed to by an obvious statement of fact, it follows that any fine quality of imagination in the artist can be suggested only by the elimination of intrusive details in order to bring out clearly the main thought that is in the picture. For instance, in the photographs reproduced in our June issue which have called forth such drastic criticism from our correspondent, the one entitled "Three Portraits" shows a mother and two children sitting in the twilight, the mother evidently reading a story to the little ones. The picture is by no means a sharp, clear repro--duction of the features of either mother or children, but the whole impression given is of brooding maternal love in the quiet face and down-bent head of the mother, of awakening thought in the still attentiveness of the older child, and of half-sleepy content on the part of the baby, who does not understand but is happy. An ordinary photograph of these three might show to some degree the same quality, but it would be distinctly mechanical; while this is not unlike a dimly seen vision that at once chains the attention, appeals to the imagination and awakens instant sympathy with what the artist saw in the charming group. The same applies to the child study, which is quite as "blurred" as the other, yet is the most delicately spiritual suggestion of the ineffable innocence and dignity of childhood. It is not alone a portrait of a little girl; it is full of the feeling which all childhood inspires in the heart of one who is in sympathy with all the strange wistful remoteness that is so often suggested by a little child.

In urging that the criticism given above is an arraignment of impressionism rather than of photography we are well aware that we seem to have departed from the point, and yet a little further thought will show that the question of medium is of such minor importance that no one fully in sympathy with impressionism could take the position that the right of elimination belongs to the painter alone, and that

the photographer, in order to be sincere, must reproduce in his picture everything that is reflected on the lens of his camera.

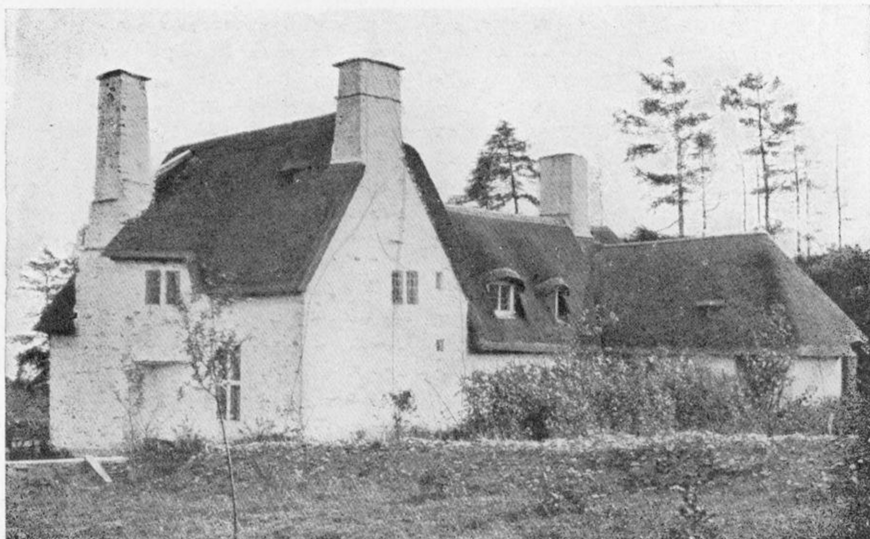
The difference between the actual reproduction of a thing with what for years has been called "photographic accuracy" and the art which suggests rather than portrays is one that has agitated the world of painters and sculptors quite as much as of photographers; probably one of the old Dutch masters whose work is today shown under magnifying glasses in order that its minute perfection of detail may be fully appreciated would feel that a Whistler painting was either meaningless or a piece of downright charlatanism. Canova would probably have felt the same could he have been given a glimpse of one of Rodin's statues. It is the same with music; imagine Haydn, for example, listening to Wagner or Richard Strauss! And more markedly still the same in literature. It is a world-wide and age-long antagonism between the realist and the idealist, and the only reason that it centers just now upon the Secession photographers is because they have but recently subdued what appeared to be a most prosaically mechanical medium of expression to one of the most flexible and sympathetic that has yet been discovered,—a medium that allows just as much of the spiritual quality of the subject and the feeling of the artist to be revealed as does canvas or marble under the hand of a great master, with this difference, that the camera is more kindly and does not require from its devotees so many years of heart-breaking toil before they achieve the longed-for ideal. We would ask our correspondent to read and ponder over the article on the work of Mrs. Käsebier in the April issue, and that on the work of Mr. Alvin Coburn in the July issue, and to study the illustrations for the spiritual rather than the material side. If he will do this, we feel sure that he will acknowledge that the last thought in the minds of our Secession photographers is an endeavor to imitate painting, and that far from being dishonest or insincere, the new and beautiful expression of art which they have achieved through the medium of the supposedly unsympathetic camera gives us beauty hitherto undreamed of in a form which brings it very close to the lives of a great number of beauty lovers to whom a painting from the brush of a master would be a luxury forever unattainable.

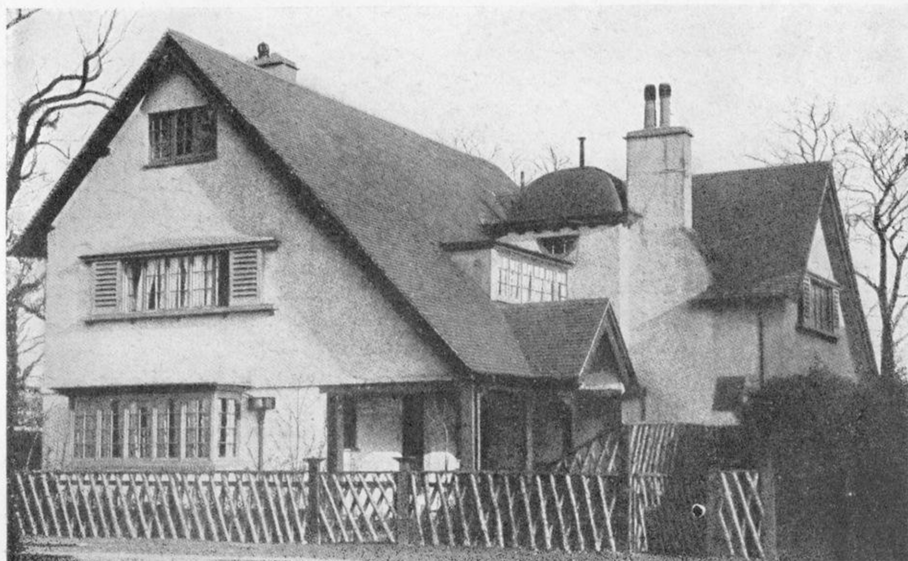
NOTES

A book that is full of suggestion to architects and laymen alike is "Country Cottages and Week End Homes," written by J. H. Elder-Duncan and published by John Lane Company. As stated in the preface, the object of this book is to tell the layman of moderate means some facts about country cottages suitable alike to his class and to his purse; to show him some commendable examples of modern cottages designed either for permanent homes or week-end jaunts; to tell him of what these cottages were made, and for how much they were built; and, further, to describe any special features which had a direct bearing upon either the materials, the plan or the expenditure.

The book does this so fully and excellently that it is an inspiration to anyone interested in the building of homes. It is amply illustrated with examples of charming English cottages, which almost more than any other convey an impression of that homelikeness so characteristic of the English dwelling.

Naturally, the character of the sur-





Courtesy of John Lane Company.

COTTAGE IN CHARNWOOD FOREST:
ERNEST GIMSON, ARCHITECT.

A MODERN HOUSE IN SURREY:
A. JESSOP HARDWICK, ARCHITECT

Courtesy of John Lane Company.

BUNGALOW COSTING FROM ONE THOUSAND TO FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS: WILLIAM HENRY WHITE, ARCHITECT.

MODERN ENGLISH COTTAGE COSTING ABOUT THIRTY-TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS: MERVYN E. MACARTNEY, ARCHITECT.

Courtesy of John Lane Company.

FLOWER WALK AND ARBOR IN THE GARDEN OF THE HOUSE DESIGNED BY MERVYN E. MACARTNEY.

"LITTLE GRAVELS," A COTTAGE WITH LOW, THATCHED ROOF: FRANCIS BACON, JR., ARCHITECT.

Courtesy of John Lane Company.

THATCHED COTTAGE IN SUSSEX, MADE BY ALTERING AN OLD FARM HOUSE AT A COST OF TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS: CHARLES SPOONER, ARCHITECT.

MODERN ENGLISH THATCHED COTTAGE, DESIGNED AND BUILT TO FIT THE LANDSCAPE: EDWARD GIMSON, ARCHITECT.

rounding country is considered in the treatment of these houses; this being one of the first requisites in obtaining that harmony between a building and its environment which is now almost universally acknowledged as one of the most important elements of attractiveness in a house intended for a permanent home. As the author says, "A house set among strong, tall trees will require strong, broad detail to give it individuality; a flat and somewhat bare site will be better suited with a long, low dwelling having sweeping lines; a rocky site naturally suggests a stone house with strong lines, and so on." Again, he lays down the sound rule that the keynote of the country cottage should be simplicity, as many bays, gables and wings generally cost more than their effect warrants, and, if the house is small, will necessarily look trivial and small also. Breadth of effect is by no means impossible in a small house, but the attempt to crowd into it all the features of a large mansion invariably ends in disaster both to convenience and artistic effect.

The cottages illustrated here are all excellent examples of the principles of design laid down in the book. Of the two cottages in Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire, designed by Mr. Ernest Gimson, appearing as the first and last illustrations given here, Mr. Elder-Duncan says:

"These two cottages are a striking illustration of an artificial creation like a house being so cleverly fashioned that it is not merely inoffensive, but actually takes a place in the landscape as if it were a part and parcel of Nature itself. Not many men have this gift of designing. There is another virtue in these cottages, not, perhaps, apparent without explanation—they are both built of local stone. The Charnwood district in Leicestershire is one of great geological interest; here volcanic action has thrust through the overlying strata big pieces of igneous rock which make the district rich in hard stone, much used for road metal. Lumps of this stone picked up from the surrounding lands have been pressed into service for walling, and the walls of the cottages have, therefore, the tint of the surrounding rocks, one of the first steps in Nature harmony."

The modern house in Surrey shown in the second illustration is a very picturesque and unpretentious country home. The exterior walls are of brick covered with white rough-cast, and the woodwork is of Oregon pine stained to a very dark brown coloring, almost black. The shutters are painted green and great warmth of color is gained by covering the roof with red tiles and the small dome with copper. The rough-cast walls serve as an excellent illustration for Mr. Elder-Duncan's assertion that "rough-cast is a very safe and effective finish in any locality; in fact, 'when in doubt use rough-cast' might almost be made a new proverbial phrase, but it should be carefully used; rough-cast in which the shingle appears to have arrived by accident has no place in the scheme of things. The rough-cast may either be left plain or lime-whited, according to taste, but the whitened wall generally gives a better effect."

The charming little bungalow designed by Mr. William Henry White is one of a group of bungalows especially designed for a big furnishing firm. These simple little dwellings have been made very cheap by ingenuity in the planning and a standardization of the fittings, the larger bungalows resulting from a simple development in plan of the smallest bungalow. The exterior walls are built of nine-inch framework, coated

with cement, rough-cast on the outside and the roof is covered with red tiles. All the floors are laid in solid concrete foundations, insuring against damp and vermin. The interior walls are plastered and colored with a durable and washable distemper, and the interior woodwork is partly painted and partly stained to a dark brown. In the example shown here a pale green and white have been selected for the exterior woodwork.

A typical English cottage home is shown in the illustration of a modern English cottage designed by Mr. Mervyn E. Macartney for his own country home. This cottage is situated on Silchester Common, near Reading, a short distance from the ruins of the old Roman city, the discovery and excavation of which have aroused so much antiquarian interest during the past few years. It is a delightful example of the effect gained by the use of broad, simple lines and the grouping of windows. Mr. Macartney is an authority on gardens as well as an architect, and some idea of his gift for landscape gardening may be gained from the use of vines climbing over the house as well as from the flower walk and arbor shown in the next illustration.

Speaking of roofs, Mr. Elder-Duncan says that "a plain roof is one of the most economical features in a country cottage; once you begin to throw out bays and patch on gables you incur heavy and unnecessary expenditure in your roofing. More beauty can be secured by a well-proportioned plain roof with well-placed and finer designed chimney-stacks than with any number of elaborate gables and decorated bargeboards."

"Little Gravels," the picturesque cottage with the low-thatched roof, designed by Mr. Francis Bacon, is one of the best examples shown here of beauty to be found in a plain, broad sweep of roof. This beauty is considerably enhanced by the fact that the roof is thatched, for of all roofing materials nothing is quite so friendly to the eye as thatch. Concerning this, Mr. Elder-Duncan laments that the by-laws in England have practically killed thatch for roofing purposes, and also that they have killed the thatcher, so that builders who have contracted to build thatched cottages are often hard put to find a competent man to do the roof. This is the greater pity, as thatch is a light material and the roof timbers may consequently be smaller and fewer in number than with tiles or slates. It is also a good non-conductor and keeps a house warm in winter and cool in summer, a great advantage when bedrooms are constructed wholly or partly in the roof. The principal drawback to thatch is a certain amount of danger from fire, which is greater in the case of new roofs than old ones, as the old surfaces are usually protected by mosses and vegetable growth.

Another cottage with a beautiful thatched roof is that made by altering an old farmhouse. The design is by Mr. Charles Spooner, who has been most successful in preserving harmony between the new and the old work. This cottage is one of the most charming illustrations of the ease with which a building may be suited to its environment and the contour of the ground upon which it stands merely by studying the lines of the building with relation to its effect as a part of the landscape.

THE house in which Whistler was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, has been purchased by the Lowell Art Association with a view to converting this simple old New England home into a memorial gallery and permanent art

headquarters. It is only a few years since it became generally known that the old home on Worthen street, just opposite the Worthen Street Baptist Church, was Whistler's birthplace. Whistler himself never alluded to this humble homestead, but the records of his birth and baptism are in the old St. Anne's Church, of Lowell; and Lowell is proud of the humble dwelling, even if Whistler was not.

The news that the house had come into the market and could be had at a reasonable price was learned only a month or so ago by the directors of the Art Association, who had long cherished the idea of buying some appropriate place for a permanent headquarters. The association of the place with the memory of the eccentric but incomparably able Whistler recommended this house above all others. The possibility of buying it was discussed and local business men were sounded with the result that considerable encouragement was met. Events moved too rapidly, however, to admit of the raising of the necessary funds by subscription, and it was found necessary to proceed without delay—or let the chance go by. It was this passing situation which impelled three or four of the members of the directing board to hazard the purchase of at least an equity in the property, assuming the financial responsibility for the time being themselves, in the hope that, once having made sure of the title, they might at more leisure secure from the interested public the money that will inevitably be needed if the Whistler home is to remain in its present hands.

The association has as yet no funds and can carry out its plans only as it is assisted in them by those whose interest in Lowell or in art generally prompts them to join in the task. Once the association is assured of its permanent occupancy, it is proposed to remodel the house, fit it up as a permanent home for the association and for such art treasures as may from time to time drift into the public custody, provide facilities for the development of local talent in painting, drawing, and in the crafts, and in the end make it both a museum and a memorial, as well as an educational force in the community.

One has little assurance that "Cousin Butterfly" would have been in sympathy with this identification of his brilliant self with the insignificant place on Worthen street. He was of Paris and Old Chelsea in his later years, and felt the picturesque and the ultra development of art atmosphere to be his inevitable surrounding.

One doubts if he were ever homesick for the ways of simple New England folk. To him an epigram was more to be desired than a relation, yea, than many near relations, and the birth of an idea greater than an art museum which could record many generations of the art of other artists.

But Lowell is right in its unselfish purchase and THE CRAFTSMAN wishes the new art directors much success.

ACCORDING to Ibsen, "Peer Gynt" is one of the least important of his many dramas. When it was written he was not yet forty, and had not developed anything like a philosophy of life. The thinker in the poet had not yet been born. Fantastic and riotously imaginative as it is, "Peer Gynt" is no more than a child's recognition of a puzzle—for the solution of which it is hopeless to seek.

What many readers fail to recognize is that "Peer Gynt" cannot stand alone. It is allied with "Brand" so closely that the two plays might fairly be regarded as separate parts of one whole. Taken together they are a presentation, neither very profound nor

comprehensive, of the most obvious of moral problems—the difficulty of combining in life love of self and love of others; self-realization and self-abnegation, or idealism. In short, the problem is how to live one's own life and yet live for the good of society, the latter seeming to demand so many sacrifices as to negative the other.

Brand consecrates himself to the ideal, to the service of others, with an intensity that develops selfishness of the most cruel type. He is like the good-intentioned citizen who starves the body and soul of his wife, blasts every human instinct in his children and induces the atrophy of his own soul—all to the end of giving money to spread the Gospel and Civilization (and bad habits) among the Korrannas. In his zeal to serve society—which he sees through the wrong end of the telescope—he neglects himself and those dependent upon him.

Gynt hears no call to serve others, but only the great ages-old call for self-realization. "Be thyself!" is the inborn cry of nature. "Missing the signposts," he follows ever the injunction to be himself, but fails to find the relation of the personal self to the cosmos. Together, *Brand* and *Gynt* personify a problem as old as philosophy itself, but in neither of these plays does Ibsen add a useful idea toward its solution. And often enough is missed entirely the one impressive and dominating thought in the play; namely, the enslavement to delusion and false ideas of individuality which is the bane of so many who, like *Peer Gynt,* miss the signposts.

In one of his letters to Brandes, the Danish critic, Ibsen scornfully jeers at the host of his "interpreters"—who have found in the plays "subtle meanings which surprise and puzzle me" (I quote from a somewhat hazy memory). In a word, only a very superficial study of Ibsen could result in the detachment of this play from its companion play, and the reasoning which finds a great moral positively pointed. Ibsen had not yet formed the ideas of personal and social relations characteristic of his later work. *Brand* and *Gynt* are the two sides of a problem—not Ibsen, but his more-Ibsen-than-Ibsen followers see in the plays the solution of the problem.

REVIEWS

GIVEN a genuine interest in the subject, and the student habit of mind which is disposed to search for the knowledge it desires instead of absorbing it more or less after the manner of the Strasburg goose, an education by correspondence often proves to be the most permanently satisfactory method of acquiring knowledge. The success of various systems of home study by correspondence which have been going on for a number of years is unquestioned, and now the woman with an alert mind and limited opportunities may find the best instruction along practical lines on subjects of which a working knowledge is most vitally necessary to her home life and the well-being of her family.

The American School of Home Economics in Chicago has instituted this spring a system of teaching by correspondence all that it is necessary for a woman to know in the matter of household hygiene, the care of children and the art of home making. The main part of the instruction is found in a compact little library of twelve books, each of which is devoted to one branch of the subject, treated clearly and concisely and from a background of wide knowledge. Test questions concerning each topic are printed in the books to obviate any possibility of misunderstanding on the part of the

student, and to furnish the basis for correspondence on the subject, and at the end of each volume is a bibliography of reliable books of reference dealing with particular topics.

Each of the volumes contains a supplement and also a supplementary study programme arranged especially for women's clubs, giving an extension, if desired, to each series of lessons.

The first volume is called "The House, Its Plan, Decoration and Care," by Isabel Bevier, Ph.M., and the chief topics treated are the evolution of the house from the first human dwellings in trees and caves to modern homes; the development of the American house, and many valuable suggestions for the planning, construction, furnishing and care of the modern house.

"Household Bacteriology," by S. Maria Elliott, shows the relation of good and evil that the micro-organisms, usually termed germs or bacteria, bear to the household. It treats scientifically and at the same time simply and concisely such topics as dust, bacteria, mold, friendly and harmful disease germs, and safeguards.

"Household Hygiene," by the same author, treats hygiene in relation to the home, the proper environment of the house in the city and in the country; the best means of ventilation; heating; lighting; the sanitary disposal of household wastes; water supply; modern plumbing, and everything necessary to the sanitary care of the house.

"Chemistry of the Household," by Margaret E. Dodd, S.B., describes in non-technical language the principles of chemistry and the nature of the common substances of every-day life, together with their simple chemical changes; difficult theoretical chemistry is not touched upon, the only thing considered necessary being the chemistry of the kitchen and the laundry and everything that would affect the well-being of the household.

"The Principles of Cookery," by Anna Barrows, treats both practically and theoretically the foundation principles of the preparation of food. No attempt is made to teach the details of cooking, for these are given in any good cook-book, but the effort has been to go behind the cook-books and show the fundamental laws governing the best practice, studying each food material with reference to the best temperature of cooking it and the utensils especially adapted for it.

"Food and Dietetics," by Alice Peloubet Norton, M.A., is a general study of the food problem, including the cost of foods; the food principles and dietary standards, and the study of special foodstuffs, with reference to their nutritive value and their effect upon the constitutions of adults and children.

"Household Management," by Bertha M. Terrill, A.B., gives simple methods of household accounting and the basis for a correct division of income; the management of the household being discussed from the viewpoint of the average family, where the waste is so terrific on account of the haphazard, unbusinesslike methods that prevail in home expenditures. The book treats of household accounts, the buying of supplies, of domestic service and the best way to systematize the different classes of home expenditure.

"Personal Hygiene," by Maurice Le Bosquet, S.B., formulates the essential laws of health and gives directions, both positive and negative, for right living, especial attention being paid to the conditions of home life. This book also is non-technical and very clear and concise, forming the basis of knowledge sufficient for all practical use.

"Home Care of the Sick," by Amy

Elizabeth Pope, gives the housewife a clear description of simple sickroom duties, including a general knowledge of dangerous symptoms and directions for first aid to the injured. The care of the patient and of the sickroom, with the proper way of giving baths and of disinfecting rooms and clothing, are treated simply and comprehensively, so that any intelligent woman could know all that is essential in the care of any but a severe case of illness that would require a professional nurse.

"Textiles and Clothing," by Kate Heintz Watson, treats of the different textile fibers and fabrics and the processes of manufacture, with practical directions for plain sewing and simple garment making and an outline of the relation of clothing to health and utility.

"The Study of Child Life," by Marion Foster Washburne, treats of the training of children from birth, synoptizing the best thought concerning character building and the right development of the child from birth,—its play, occupations, associates and studies, with one especially practical chapter devoted to the vital subject of childish faults and their remedies.

The twelfth and last volume in the set is "The Care of Children," by Alfred Cleveland Cotton, A.M., M.D. This is a book similar to the text-book intended for the use of a trained nurse, and gives general rules for the physical care and feeding of the child from birth. It is exhaustive but not involved, and is no more technical than is necessary for a clear understanding of the case.

The books for the extension work are loaned by the Society on the payment of postage, so that opportunity for fairly wide research is brought within the reach of any one of the students. Any woman who desires thorough information on any or all of these branches of household science is invited either to take the complete course or to become an "associate member" of the American School of Home Economics; this associate membership including the use of the school's circulating library, which contains three hundred books relating to health, home and children, etc.; of the bureau of information for answering all personal questions, and of the purchasing department giving discounts on books, magazines, apparatus, etc. To outsiders the full price is charged for the set of books just reviewed here; to associate members it is sold for half price. Altogether "The Library of Home Economics" would seem to be widely useful in its scope, and very straightforward and practical in its work. ("The Library of Home Economics." 12 volumes. 3,000 pages. 1,000 illustrations. Price, $24.00. Published by The American School of Home Economics, 3325 Armour Ave., Chicago.)

A BOOK on engravers and engraving which will be of interest not only to experts and collectors of old engravings, but also to anyone who cares for side lights on history, is "Old Engravers of England in Relation to Contemporary Life and Art," by Malcolm C. Salaman. The book traces the art of copper plate engraving in England during the most interesting period of its history; namely, from its introduction in the middle of the sixteenth century to its climax at the end of the eighteenth. The question of pictorial beauty and human interest is given much more prominence than any consideration of "state," "margin," and such technicalities. The old prints are given their true human value as links of intimacy with bygone times and are as delightful as the most vivid pages of the old diarists to all

who are interested in the manners and customs of our ancestors. As the author says in his preface, the old prints review for us the human atmosphere of a past age. They bring us at once eye to eye with the people themselves, so that we may see what they actually saw, the very faces and persons of their contemporaries, the costumes they wore and the attitudes they affected.

The glimpses given of the engravers themselves are as interesting as the gossip of their times. Many of these engravers were artists in line, mezzotint or stipple, etching or aquatint, and there were masters among them. These men lived in constant and familiar intercourse with painters, for they were interpreters, not copyists, and as such expressed themselves. Their prints were eloquent of their individuality and today they speak to us across the centuries, with the appeal of temperament and personality as well as of art and the picturesque past.

Old gossip and sometimes a spicy bit of an old scandal; glimpses of court life and stories of reigning beauties and famous beaux abound in the book, which is liberally illustrated with some of the most famous of the old prints. Anyone who has ever felt the charm of an old print will find this one of the most delightful books ever issued on the subject, and even where there has been no previous interest in the art of engraving, a glance at these sparkling pages will be very likely to create a new and fascinating pursuit. ("The Old Engravers of England in Relation to Contemporary Life and Art." By Malcolm C. Salaman. Illustrated. 224 pages. Price, $2.00 net. Published by The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

PROBABLY few American citizens, even of the class endowed with culture, leisure and opportunity, if we except those forced to it by their training for the legal profession, have ever given so much as a couple of hours to the study of that Constitution about which the great majority of Americans at one time or another boast. Even those who are supposed to study it in our law schools and colleges rarely get down to the fundamental principles which Dr. Smith deals with in his interesting and important volume, "The Spirit of American Government." If one had the power to do so, it would be a good and useful thing to compel every teacher, lawyer, editor, legislator and would-be legislator to undergo an examination based upon the book.

"In the United States at the present time we are trying to make an undemocratic Constitution the vehicle of democratic rule. Our Constitution embodies the political philosophy of the eighteenth century, not that of today. It was framed for one purpose while we are trying to use it for another. Is free government, then, being tried here under the conditions most favorable to its success? This question we can answer only when we have considered our Constitution as a means to the attainment of democratic rule."

Such is the basis of Dr. Smith's appeal. He goes back and turns some neglected pages of American history, pages with which few save the specialists are familiar. He shows the Constitution conceived and framed by a privileged class against the mass of the people. It was the result of a conspiracy against the principles of the Declaration of Independence. Many of the weaknesses and evils of our system of government to-day result from that conspiring of a class against the nation.

The book is well written, in an easy style, and there is an abundance of

citations to guide the reader to original sources of information as well as to an intelligent understanding of the author's argument. Dr. Smith is to be congratulated upon the rare skill with which he has handled an exceedingly difficult subject, as well as upon his fine courage. To all who are as interested in the government of the nation as all good citizens ought to be, the book may be confidently recommended. ("The Spirit of American Government." By J. Allen Smith, LL.B., Ph.D. 409 pages. Price, $1.25, net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A BOOK that has caused a great deal of comment, both in England and in this country, is "Fenwick's Career," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Through many reviews the story of its plot has become more or less familiar to the reading public, and the book itself has been very widely read. But although it was issued about a year ago, it is one of those books of which people ought to be reminded now and again, because it has qualities that make it longer lived than the average "best seller." The story of the ambitious young artist who received his chance for fame and success at the cost of leaving his wife and child in their country home, and who made the great mistake of keeping his marriage a secret in London, lest it should interfere with his career, is always of interest on account of its deep and subtle psychology. Fenwick is by no means a charlatan or a fop, or the kind of man who would willingly pose as anything other than he is, but a combination of embarrassing circumstances made it seem wisest for him to conceal the fact of his marriage lest it interfere with his success, and the cumulative result of the deception and its effect upon his straightforward, loyal, simple-minded wife makes a very strong chapter in the great and varied record of the follies and weaknesses of human nature. The friendship of Fenwick with Mme. de Pastourelles is a delightful bit of pastel work in the depicting of the more rarefied emotions. The book is worth reading, and to those to whom summer reading does not necessarily mean trash the reminder of it may come as a welcome suggestion for "something good to read." ("Fenwick's Career," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Illustrated by Albert Sterner. 367 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.)

TO people who like the country and who welcome the birds when their cheerful note comes as the first harbinger of spring, the seventh edition of "Birdcraft," by Mabel Osgood Wright, will be welcome, providing they are not already fortunate in the possession of one of the other six editions. The book is familiar to all lovers of birds, and even in a case where "a songster sitting on a limb, a simple songster is to him, and nothing more," the book is a pleasant one to read because of its intimacy with the habits of the bird people, and its sympathetic understanding of their piquant little individualities. It is just technical enough to give all the information necessary to anyone looking for information. This is tabulated at the head of each division, and the ensuing page or two is devoted to charming gossip about the bird as a species, or individual birds that may chance to belong to it and to have come within the circle of the writer's acquaintance. The book is amply illustrated with portraits of all the birds of which descriptions are given, and has an appendix giving a key to the several species, which are divided for convenience into land birds, birds of prey, and game, shore and

water birds. ("Birdcraft, a Field Book of Two Hundred Song, Game and Water Birds," by Mabel Osgood Wright. 315 pages. Illustrated; with 80 full-page plates by Louis Agassiz Fuertes. Price, $2.00. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

AN attempt to reconcile the dogmas of the orthodox church with modern thought, or rather to bring modern thought into line with dogma without too great concessions on either side, is embodied in a book called "Freedom in the Church," by Alexander V. G. Allen. One begins the book with the idea that something fresh and vital is to be obtained by reading it, but as chapter succeeds chapter it is found to be largely a scholarly interpretation of such things as historical variations in the interpretations of the Apostles' Creed, and the interpretation of the virgin birth of Christ in the ancient and modern churches. The book shows wide learning and close analysis, but it does not seem to be so much an analysis of the subject itself and the position of humanity with regard to it, as a comparison of what different authorities within the church have thought concerning these principal teachings. To people interested in the church dogma and church history this would be a valuable book, as it includes in comparatively small compass a very great deal of information upon the subject under discussion, but to those with a leaning toward philosophy who might read it in the hope of finding something that in the broad sense would justify its title, there is apt to be a sense of disappointment. ("Freedom in the Church, or The Doctrine of Christ." By Alexander V. G. Allen. 223 pages. Price, $1.50 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A charming book that deals primarily with art is also a vivid picture of the life and times of the artists. This is "Van Dyck," by Lionel Cust, M.V.O., a condensed version of Mr. Cust's exhaustive treatise on the "Life and Works of Anthony Van Dyck," published in nineteen hundred. In condensing this book from the larger work, the main lines have been well preserved, and it has been brought up to the level of present-day knowledge by the addition of some new facts that have come recently to light. In sketching the life and work of Van Dyck, the author also shadows in the times of Rubens and the Flemish school of painting, as well as the life of the *grand Monde* in Italy, the Low Countries and England. No book could be written of Van Dyck without giving some idea of the setting of that important period of his life passed in the court of Charles the First, and here it is told with charming ease and spirit and a great deal of the human touch. The book is profusely illustrated with reproductions from Van Dyck's best-known paintings. ("Van Dyck." By Lionel Cust, M.V.O. One of the series of "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture." 152 pages. Illustrated. Price, $1.75. Published by George Bell & Sons, London.)

FOR a hot day in a hammock when the brain wants exhilaration instead of work, "The Port of Missing Men," by Meredith Nicholson, will be found very interesting. It is not as darkly mysterious in plot as its name would lead one to believe, or rather the mystery in the plot does not hang on the gorge in the mountains called The Port of Missing Men, in which a portion of the scene is laid. The book deals with Austrian court intrigue and attempted murder for reasons of state, but after the first, the whole scene is

shifted to America, where it is mixed up with diplomatic and other complications in Washington. A really charming love story, fresh and piquant, is the natural consequence of the introduction of an American girl who answers to the same description as her story. The mystery is as well sustained as that in the author's former book, "The House of a Thousand Candles," so dear to readers of exciting novels. ("The Port of Missing Men." By Meredith Nicholson. Illustrated. Price $1.50. 399 pages. Published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

THE Christian Church brought up to date is the theme of "The Warrior Spirit in the Republic of God," by Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay. It is a series of essays arranged somewhat in the order of the Church Service. For instance, the Higher Conquest is called Chords of Awakening; the Prelude is the Call of Jesus; the Processional, the Church of God, etc.

Mrs. Lindsay handles her subject boldly, but with no lack of reverence, and gives food for thought that will be welcomed by the thinker who regards Church teachings as merely one phase of philosophy, and, at the same time, will not offend in any way the devotional believer.

For instance, she says: "The root-failure of the organized Church to-day is its failure to share in the growing life of the world. A growing life is one that is full of new ideas, new experiences, new emotions, a new outlook over life—that works in new ways and that is full of seething and tumultuous energy, enthusiasm, and hope. If we look out over the colleges, business enterprises, periodicals, agriculture, manufacture, and shipping of the world, we find everywhere one story—growth, impetus, courage, vigorous, and bounding life. Besides these things, the average Church services to-day lack vitality and hope. The forces of religion are sometimes not wielded very well. There is in many churches, however we may dislike to own the fact, a decrease of interest and proportionate membership, a waning prestige, a general air of discouragement, and a tale of baffled efforts and of disappointed hopes."

The author strongly recommends that the Church should lead and not follow the work of the world, and urges that it be given a more business-like organization and way of work, with more of the military spirit of discipline. She argues that there is now no centralized interest or work; there is no economic adjustment of funds; there is no internal agreement as to practical methods, and that the result is a most wasteful expenditure of force.

It is very interesting to see how the author has developed her theory of reform in a series of chapters, under the general heading, "World-march." She covers practically the whole range of life and industry, and to any one who cares for truthful and fearless thought along these lines, the book is well worth more than a cursory reading. ("The Warrior Spirit in the Republic of God," by Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay. 218 pages. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A learned and comprehensive study of Correggio is the latest contribution to the series of books on great artists published by Messrs. Duckworth, of London. It is written by T. Sturge Moore, who is unquestionably a critic with a very wide and comprehensive knowledge of his subject, although at times he clouds it a little by the very fulness of his learning, as well as by a distinctly British dogmatism and a tendency to take personal issue with other critics. Mr. Moore rather assumes the attitude of a connoisseur

taking issue with other connoisseurs than of a critic giving a clear exposition of the work of a great artist to a public which is supposed to have only a very general knowledge of such things.

Still, the book will be found interesting and there is a great deal of information to be gained from it, especially as it is amply illustrated with excellent reproductions of Correggio's most important work.

The keynote of Correggio's work is very cleverly struck by Mr. Moore, who says: "Correggio's real heart was never with his Apostles, Fathers, and other holy graybeards. He does the best he can by developing their curly locks and voluminous draperies, by throwing up their eyes and tilting their heads to give them airs of Heaven; but there is none the less a great gulf fixed between them and the high seriousness of Michelangelo's Prophets, or between them and real 'man permeated and perfumed with airs of Heaven.' They have never thought, they have never suffered, and an Italian beggar is as impassioned and picturesque."

The development of the pagan sentiment in Correggio's work is also clearly set forth, and the sunny pagan nature of the man which allowed him to give his saints and angels the same fleshly charm and air of unthinking joyousness that characterizes his Olympian gods and goddesses. There is also a certain unevenness in Correggio's work which Mr. Moore explains by saying that his simplicity in such matters as these was not altogether a personal trait, such as it certainly would be in an artist nowadays, but was partly due to the practical solidarity which made him feel somewhat as a house painter does in regard to such things. It was his function to paint the Church, and he began and went on with it with business-like straightforwardness, troubling himself very little as to whether one part were quite as good as another, much as a house painter is not much put about if one week's work gives him less satisfaction than another, so long as all of it comes up to what he regards as the due standard. Correggio's idea was to decorate a given space and he allowed his fancy to play gayly over the decoration, without much thought as to whether the work were consistently the best of which he was capable, or whether the thought in it were always logically carried out. ("Correggio," by T. Sturge Moore; 276 pages. Price, $2.00, net. Published by Duckworth & Co., London. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

IN the department of Notes in this issue is an extended notice of "Country Cottages and Week End Homes," by J. H. Elder-Duncan, a book that contains numerous illustrations and plans of cottages by well-known English architects. Its value to anyone interested in home building may be guessed by a glance at the illustrations given here, and at the excerpts taken from Mr. Elder-Duncan's descriptions and remarks. ("Country Cottages and Week End Homes." By J. H. Elder-Duncan. 224 pages. Illustrated. Price, $3.50 net; postage, 25 cents. Published by John Lane Company, New York.)

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

A LESSON IN PRACTICAL LEATHER WORK.

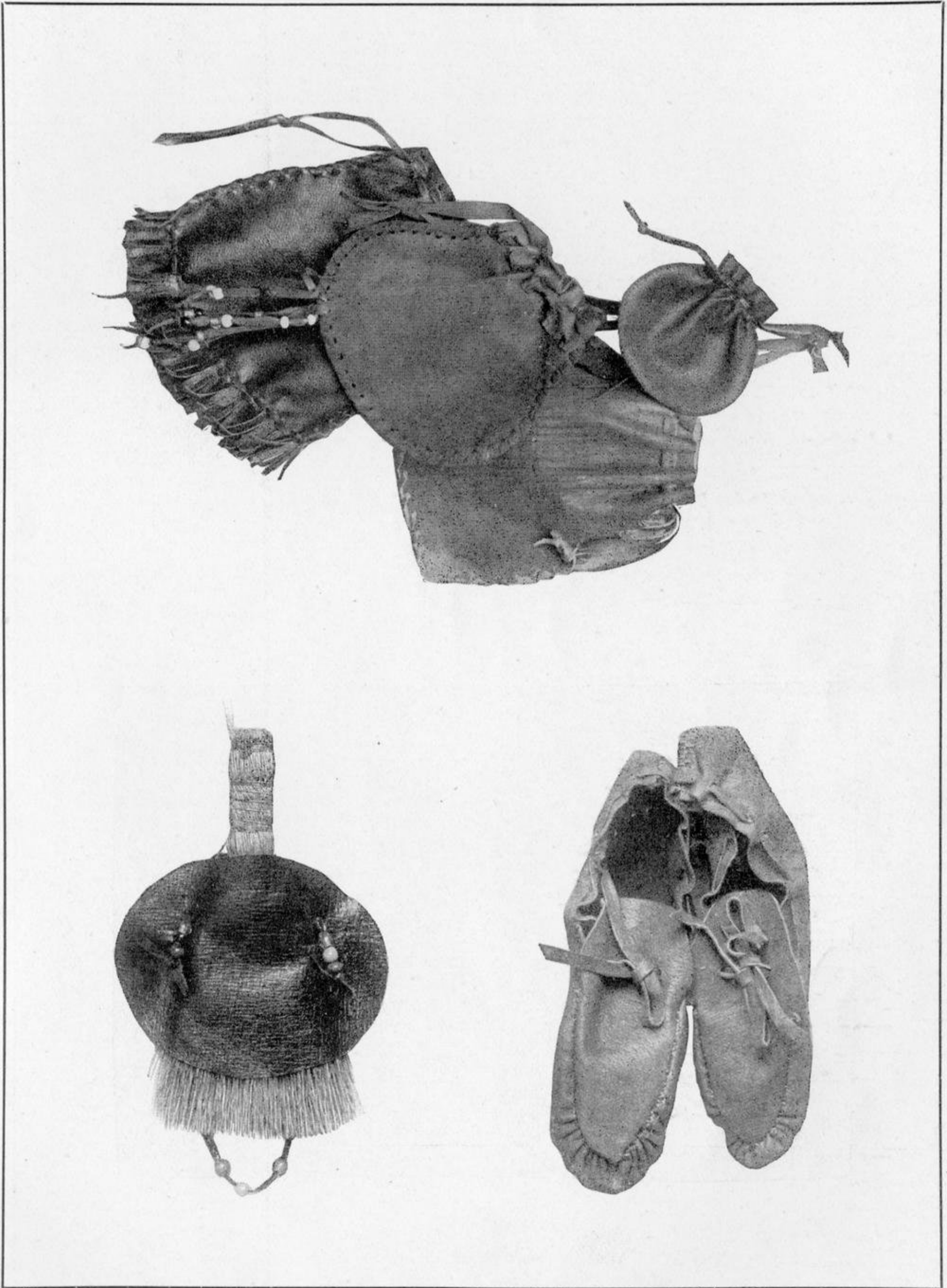
LEATHER is a delightful material to work with, and any boy or girl who is able to use ordinary tools and has the patience to work slowly and carefully can make various attractive and useful articles. One of the best qualities of leather is its durability— things made from it do not require to be wrapped in tissue paper and packed away to "keep them nice," and on this account articles selected to be made should be such as have to stand hard wear, desk pads, pillows, bags of various styles, and all sorts of little every-day things—like pencil cases, tag holders, etc.—which may be made from the scraps left from the larger work. The photographic illustrations show some articles made by a class of little boys in a Saturday Industrial School carried on by one of the large churches in New York city. Besides doing leather work, they repaired all the hymn books that were out of order in the church. The supply of money for leather was limited, so that every scrap had to be used, and in some instances the articles made are not quite so good in design as they might have been if made of larger pieces. The bags are designed by the boys, and are intended for various uses, some of them being for their own supplies of marbles, others for shopping bags and button bags for their mothers. The most interesting articles made were moccasins, perhaps because these seem to exemplify one of the most natural uses of leather, for footgear. Moccasins are comfortable for indoor wear, and are very useful inside of rubber boots.

For almost all the things in the photographs sheep-skin is suitable. It is not expensive, costing from seventy-five cents to one dollar twenty-five cents a skin; it is soft and easily handled, and keeps its color well, although the tan and brown shades are more lasting than the blues and greens. Red is quite satisfactory. The style of skin called velvet or ooze finish, such as is sometimes used for pyrography work, can usually be obtained at any fancy goods store, if no leather store is at hand. It is used velvety side out.

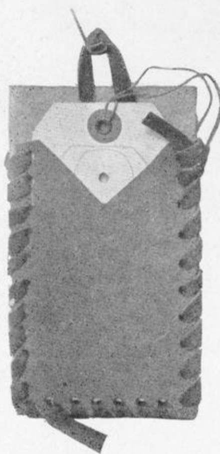
Tools such as are found in every household, a two-foot rule, hard pencil, eraser, pair of dividers, sharp knife and an awl are nearly all that are necessary. To these may be added a harness-punch, and, if possible, a wheel-punch like the one in the sketch, which makes holes of different sizes. A bone folder may be whittled out of a small ivory paper knife to the shape shown in illustration, which also shows the other tools required. A sharp potato knife, costing ten or fifteen cents, is good enough.

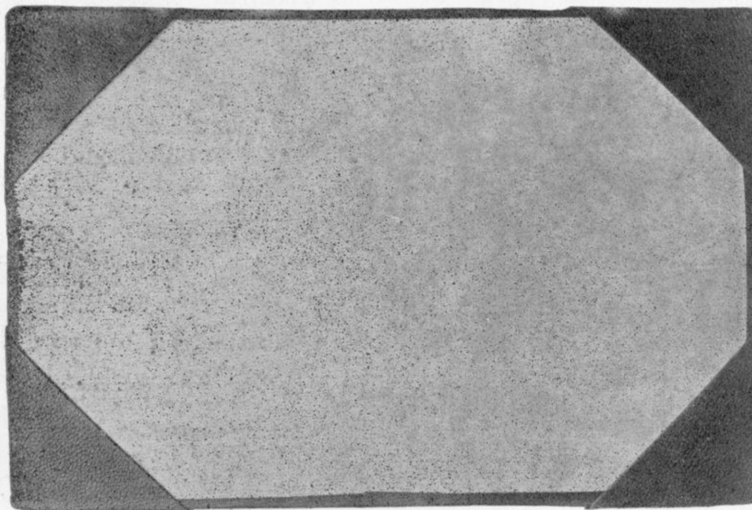
A "skin," as the piece of leather is called, conforms somewhat to the form of the animal, and the part along the back-bone is the thinnest. The work should be planned so that no strain comes on this part.

Suppose we begin with a pair of moccasins, similar to those made by the Maine Indians. These will take one end of the skin, and the remaining part will make a good-sized bag. The moccasins are made in two pieces, a tongue and a larger piece which forms the sole, the sides and the toe. In order to make a pattern, take a piece of manila paper and plant the stockinged foot on it as in the sketch, and draw around it. Then draw a straight line across the heel, and a curving line around the toe, connecting these with straight lines for the sides. The curving line for the toe

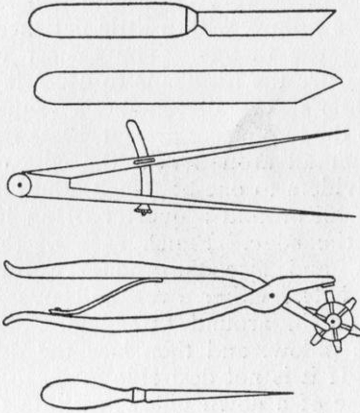


SMALL LEATHER ARTICLES, ALL MADE BY A CLASS OF LITTLE CHILDREN IN A NEW YORK PRACTICAL INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.





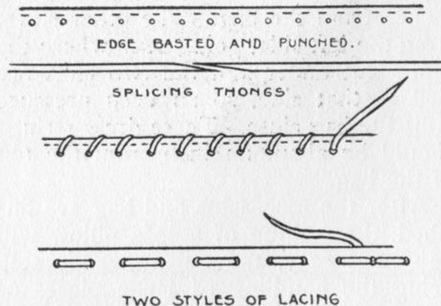
IF DIRECTIONS GIVEN IN THIS ARTICLE ARE CAREFULLY FOLLOWED, THE MOST FINISHED LEATHER WORK CAN BE EXECUTED BY LITTLE CHILDREN.



A FEW SIMPLE TOOLS,– A SMALL SHARP KNIFE; A BONE FOLDER MADE OUT OF AN IVORY PAPER KNIFE, A PAIR OF DIVIDERS, A WHEEL-PUNCH AND AN AWL.

should be at least three inches longer than the foot. Cut out this pattern, and also cut a piece about three inches long and two inches wide for the tongue, rounding it at the bottom, and cutting across the corners at the top. Lay these patterns on the leather, draw around them with a pencil, and cut out two pieces like each pattern. The sewing should be done with strong waxed thread, silk or linen. If the leather is dark, use coarse embroidery silk of the same shade. A very good stitch, used by the Indians, is shown in detail in the sketches. Sew the middle of the tongue to the middle of the large piece, and then work from a point about an inch from the top of the tongue, taking three over-casting stitches as shown in the sketch, and one or two plain stitches before beginning the plaits. If one row of sewing is not enough, go over it the second time. Push the foot into the moccasin until the toes feel in the right place, and fold the leather around the heel, cutting it to fit. If desired, a little end may be left at the bottom to use as a strap to put on the moccasin. Sew the back seam in an overcasting stitch. The sketch which follows those of the moccasins illustrates two methods of cutting thongs. Cut two thongs one-fourth inch wide and one yard long. In the sewing, if necessary, holes may be punched with an awl to allow the needle to go through easily. When the thongs are ready, holes should be made in the form of vertical slits, one-fourth of an inch from the top, to allow the thongs to lace through. The awl may be necessary. The slits should be one-fourth inch long, and arranged in pairs; the two slits one-fourth of an inch from each other, and each pair one inch from the next pair. This proportion may be varied according to taste. Sometimes the moccasin is cut extra deep, so that the top may be turned down and fringed, but this is too elaborate a style for ordinary wear. The simple styles shown in the photograph and sketches will be found more satisfactory. They are exceedingly restful to the foot, as there are no seams except on the top of the foot.

After the moccasins are finished, a bag may be made from the leather that is left. Two straight oblongs, say, eight by ten inches, laced around with thongs, with a leather double draw string an inch from the top, make a good shopping bag. If desired, round bags may be made for opera glasses, and small button and marble bags may also be made round. In general, the simpler the form the better the bag will



TWO STYLES OF LACING

look, as the beauty of the work really depends on the color and texture of the leather, rather than on elaborate forms. It is well worth while to plan carefully a style of bag that is suitable for the use to which it is to be put.

The bags in the photograph may give some suggestions. When the general style is decided on, take a piece of paper, fold it in the middle, and cut a pattern. Open it out, and see how it will look gathered in a little at the top, as the bag must be when the draw strings are in. When a good design is obtained baste the pattern on the leather and cut it out very carefully. Cut the other side, and baste the two together. If they do not exactly match, trim off the extra part. To punch the bag evenly it may be necessary to mark off points with the dividers one-half inch apart and one-fourth inch from the edge. Cut plenty of good long thongs—three-sixteenths of an inch is a good size; splicing them wherever necessary with overlapping ends as shown in the illustration. Sew these ends firmly with waxed thread or silk, also when you begin to lace, sew the knot at the top inside the bag. Cut the thong pointed, and thread it into a tape needle, and the lacing will go much more rapidly. Cut two thongs for the top draw strings at least one-fourth inch wide and three-fourths of a yard long. One of these goes all around the bag, starting at the right hand side, and the two ends are knotted, about six inches from the bag. The other starts from the left side, going *over* where the first went under and the two ends are tied at that side, so an even pressure pulls the bag close. These draw strings should be about an inch from the top of the bag.

After the moccasins and bag are finished, the making of a sofa pillow will be found easy, the only advance step being the handling of large pieces of leather. One very large skin generally makes a pillow, with a little patience in piecing the thongs. The easiest way to measure the leather is to use a large carpenter's or dressmaker's square. When the two pieces are cut, baste them together all around near the edge, set the dividers to one-half inch, and mark points all around a quarter of an inch from the edge. Punch each of these points, and lace the thongs through these holes, either over and over or back stitch, around three sides. Put in the pillow, and then lace the other side. If it is not desirable to go to the expense of a down pillow, make a tick of the right size to fit in the leather cover and stuff it with hay or excelsior.

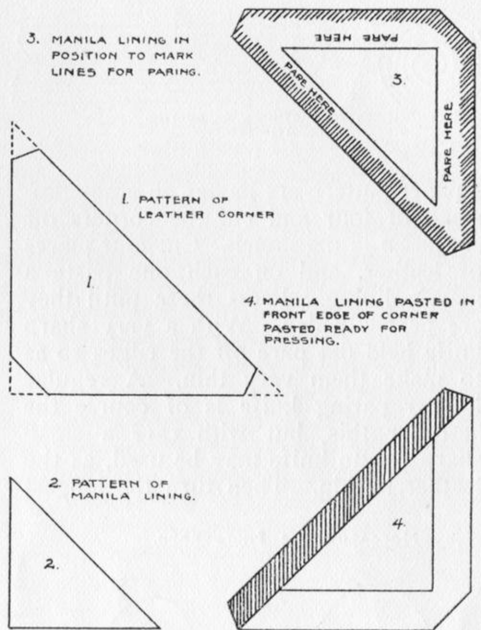
In using the pieces that are left try to find really good designs. The tag-holders, whisk broom case, etc., shown in the photographs were made by boys who had to use very small pieces of leather, and besides had seen very little Indian work. Nowadays almost any boy or girl can see good Indian work, or at least good pictures of it, and the various tobacco pouches, etc., used by the Indians, are often of excellent design, also the small wallets which may be used for money. A few beads may be used for decoration, but not too many of them, as the large beads are rather coarse and clumsy looking, and the small ones cannot be put on well by an amateur. In all these little things it is necessary to have the pieces thoroughly sewed together, as well as in marble bags, which, being intended to hold heavy objects, should be sewed around the second time, and made with extra heavy draw strings.

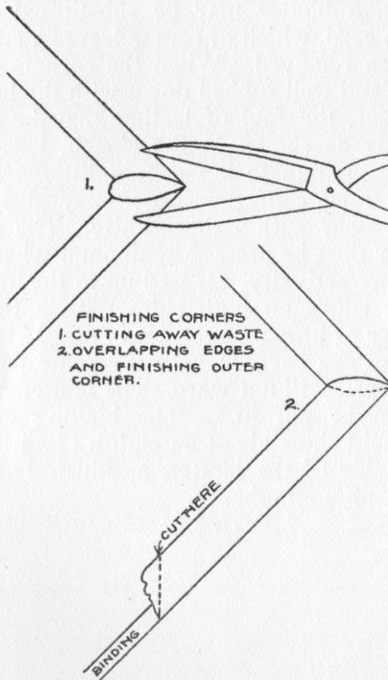
Every little scrap, even an inch across, may be utilized. A penwiper may be made of three concentric circles, one an inch in diameter, one two inches, and one three. These pieces are piled so the centers exactly coincide, and two holes are punched, a thong going down

through one hole and up through the other and tied.

Little notebooks, pencil holders, fountain pen holders, and many other useful things may be made from small pieces. A boy or girl who has an Indian corner or den can make a leather frame for the post card portrait of an Indian chief, lacing the frame with thongs decorated with beads, which, while adding little to the beauty of bags or other useful articles, are entirely in keeping in such a place as this.

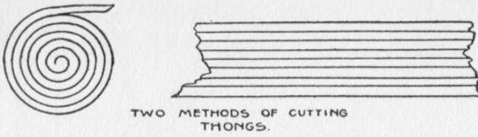
The desk pad illustrated is a little more difficult than the moccasins and pillows, as it requires very accurate measurement. Thin leather is needed for it, a small skin of morocco being the best. Red is always pretty in morocco. The desk in which the pad is to be used must be measured, so as to make the pad a little smaller; a good size is about fifteen by twenty-two



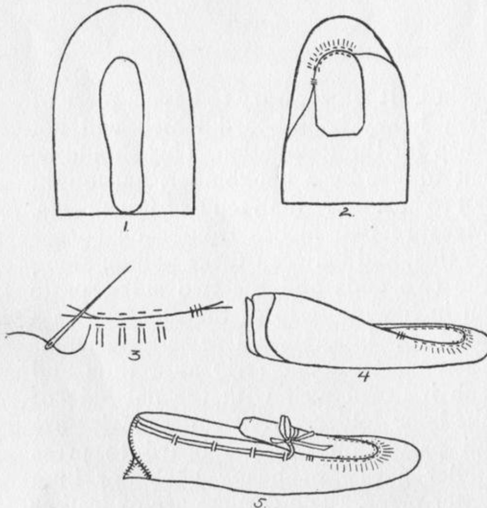


inches. It is necessary to have a piece of very heavy book-board which will not warp for the foundation. This should be cut to size by a bookbinder, and ought not to cost more than ten or fifteen cents. Measure two inches from each corner on this, and between these points, along the two ends and the two sides, paste an inch wide strip of the morocco as a kind of binding. Use strong flour paste, put on one strip at a time and rub it down well with the flat side of the bone folder. When these strips are all pasted on put the board to press under a pile of heavy books or in a letter press. The corners are of leather lined with a small piece of heavy manila paper—what is called tag paper is the best. Make a square corner on the manila paper, and mark points on the sides of this corner four inches from it. Connect these points, and cut out the paper. Cut three other pieces like it.

To make the leather corners, cut out

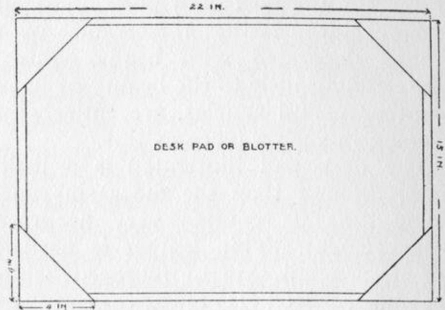


a paper pattern six inches on a side, instead of four and cut the corners off as shown in the sketch. Cut four pieces of leather, and on each one paste a manila lining. Press these until they are perfectly dry. With a very sharp knife held flat pare off the edges so as to make them very thin. A regular leather paring knife is of course the best for this, but with care a small sharp potato knife may be used, as the leather is thin. Then turn the longest



edge of leather back on the corner and paste it in place and press it again.

The corners are now ready to put on the pad. They should first be pasted up to the manila lining, and left till the paste is well soaked in. One should



be put on at a time, with a square cornered card slipped in on the right side to hold the leather up so that, when dry, a blotter may be substituted for this card, which of course leaves a space when removed. When the corners are on, and well rubbed down with the bone folder, the fold of leather may be cut away as shown in the sketch, leaving just enough to lap over a little. The outer edge of the corner may also be cut away with a sharp knife. The pad may then be pressed again, and when it is perfectly dry, covered up to the binding edges on both sides with a thick piece of brown paper cut to fit. If both sides are covered with the same paper the pad will not warp. The blotter may then be put in. The binding edge should show about an eighth of an inch outside of the blotter, as illustrated in the photograph.

MERTICE MACCRAE BUCK.

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

HANDICRAFTS OF ENGLISH PEASANTS AT HASLEMERE.

THE little town of Haslemere in the uplands of Surrey, only recently the home of the poet Tennyson, has now drawn to itself a little colony of artists and craftsmen. And among the most important of such industries is the Peasants' Art Society, founded by Mr. Godfrey Blount some eight or nine years ago.

A social reformer as well as an artist and craftsman, Mr. Blount is a sincere disciple of Ruskin, and an eloquent preacher of the gospel of simplicity alike in life and in handicraft. To introduce simple and beautiful habits in place of useless, cruel, or extravagant habits; to replace the life of the modern manufacturing city by that of the country, and the mechanical industries by the healthful and beautiful handicrafts are his main objects, and though this short paper deals rather with the practical aspects of his work, these can be properly appreciated only when viewed as carrying out his ideals.

The Peasants' Arts Society is carried on by Mr. Blount and his wife, as directors, and most of the actual work is done by young girls of the neighborhood. Mr. Blount is also the designer and controls the artistic side of the industry. It is not a coöperative institution, the capital being supplied by Mr. Blount, and the labor being paid at so much per hour, but the workers, clean, fresh, country girls, are happy in the work and devoted to their employers. The society is purely philanthropic in this respect—that no private profits are taken from it, all such profits going to further the work and increase its scope. On the other hand, care is taken to price work at its proper commercial value, so as to maintain a right standard and in no way to undersell individual craftsmen.

The most extensive part of the industry is the hand weaving department, where, under the management of an experienced weaver, some dozen looms are kept busy. The work is of all classes, from rich pile rugs and carpets to the finest linens and cottons; and from plain materials to the most elaborate patterns.

Of a more direct interest to readers of THE CRAFTSMAN (for the use of a handloom is a craft which requires skilled personal tuition besides elaborate appliances) is what is termed the "Peasant tapestry," but which is really a kind of appliqué embroidery.

The difficulty of most embroiderers is to obtain suitable stuffs and colors, but here this difficulty is avoided, as the materials are made on the spot. The work is carried out entirely in linens and in the ordinary way.

The design is first drawn on paper, the forms cut out of the colored linens and laid on the ground where they are secured temporarily by pins or a few stitches; the outlines are then worked around in a plain satin stitch. As a rule the background is the natural color of the linen; the applied work in simple fresh colors, reds, blues, greens, yellows and purples; the outlines usually a darker tint of the same color as the form it defines. Sometimes, however, a single color is used for all the outlines, and has an excellent effect in binding together and harmonizing the design.

The forms are kept large and simple, the finished articles being intended for wall coverings, curtains, coverlets, table cloths and such like, where a broad effect is more desirable than fine detail.

In the examples reproduced, that of the table cloth shows excellently the texture of the materials and the style

of the work. It is worked on a holland ground. The roses are red and orange alternately, with yellow centers, the leaves and stalks green. In each case the outline is of the same color as the form. Observe the additional interest obtained by the varying texture of the linens.

The banner, also on a holland ground, is a more elaborate piece of work. The birds are of a red brown as is also the lettering. The lamb, on a green background, is fawn colored, outlined with a lighter tint of the same which also defines the white halo; the cross with its outline is rose colored. Birds, lettering, and green background are all outlined in a strong dark blue, which has a fine steadying effect.

Perhaps the most characteristic product, however, of the Peasants' Arts Industry is the simple wood carving, on the lines of the traditional work of the Swiss and Bavarian peasantry, which I shall describe in detail, as for the home worker it is a craft having many advantages.

Its technical simplicity renders it suitable for more or less amateur work, the more especially as it depends for its effect on the broad contrast of design and background, and not on technical finish. Texture, except in the broadest sense, is not so much a matter of importance, as the work in most cases is colored, except in such things as bread platters, bowls, etc., which require frequent washing.

Another advantage of the work is its cheapness. It is so rapidly executed that the time expended is trifling, and it is best suited for the softer and cheaper woods, such as ordinary pine.

The method is as follows: The design is traced or drawn on the wood, preferably the latter, as the charm of the work lies largely in its spontaneity, and the forms are then outlined firmly with the V-tool. The background is then dug out roughly with the gouge. This is done not by chiseling carefully over the whole surface, but by digging in the gouge and wrenching off the wood in the same way as one does not cut but breaks out with the knife a piece of crumbly cheese. The result of this treatment is that the background is not smooth, but has a pleasantly broken surface.

The work is then colored in strong simple tints, the background, say, a deep red, either distemper or ordinary oil color being used.

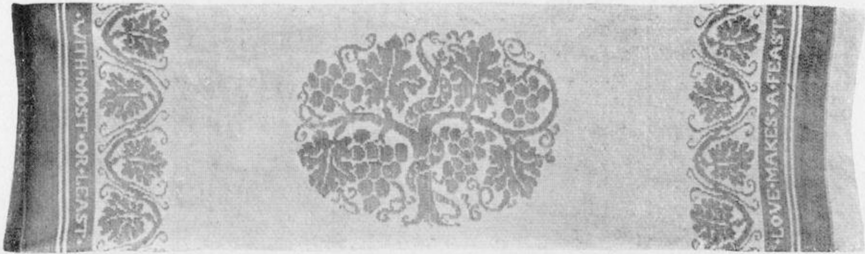
The freshness and charm of the work, however, depends very largely on the qualities of the design, and it is this quality that in the Blounts' hands makes it so attractive. The conventional academic style of design is of no use here. What is wanted are fresh and simple forms full of life and movement. Designs based on plant life and animal life give the most satisfactory results, and legends and inscriptions may be worked in with good effect.

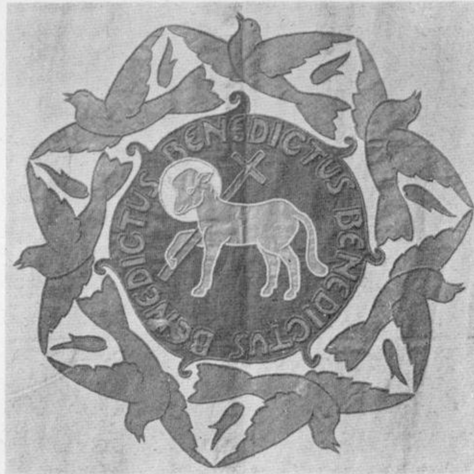
The work can be largely used architecturally; for friezes, on the face of beams, as I saw in Mr. Blount's own house, where appropriate mottoes were carved on the beams of the ceilings. In such cases it requires no making up, and so is independent of the joiner who otherwise has almost invariably to be called in to complete the work of the carver.

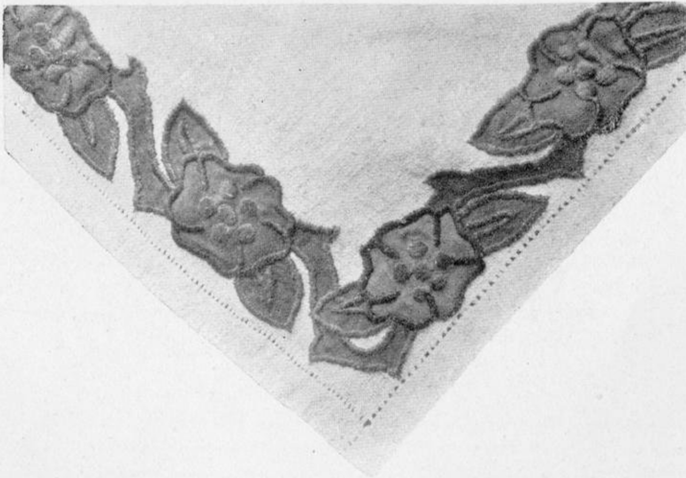
The examples reproduced show well the style of the work, but in the text carved on the beam we must supply mentally the color effect of the green leaves and the purple grapes.

This carving is also useful for the decoration of furniture. Here Mr. Blount is making a fresh departure, in the supplying of simple furniture, not only simple in design, but simple in workmanship.

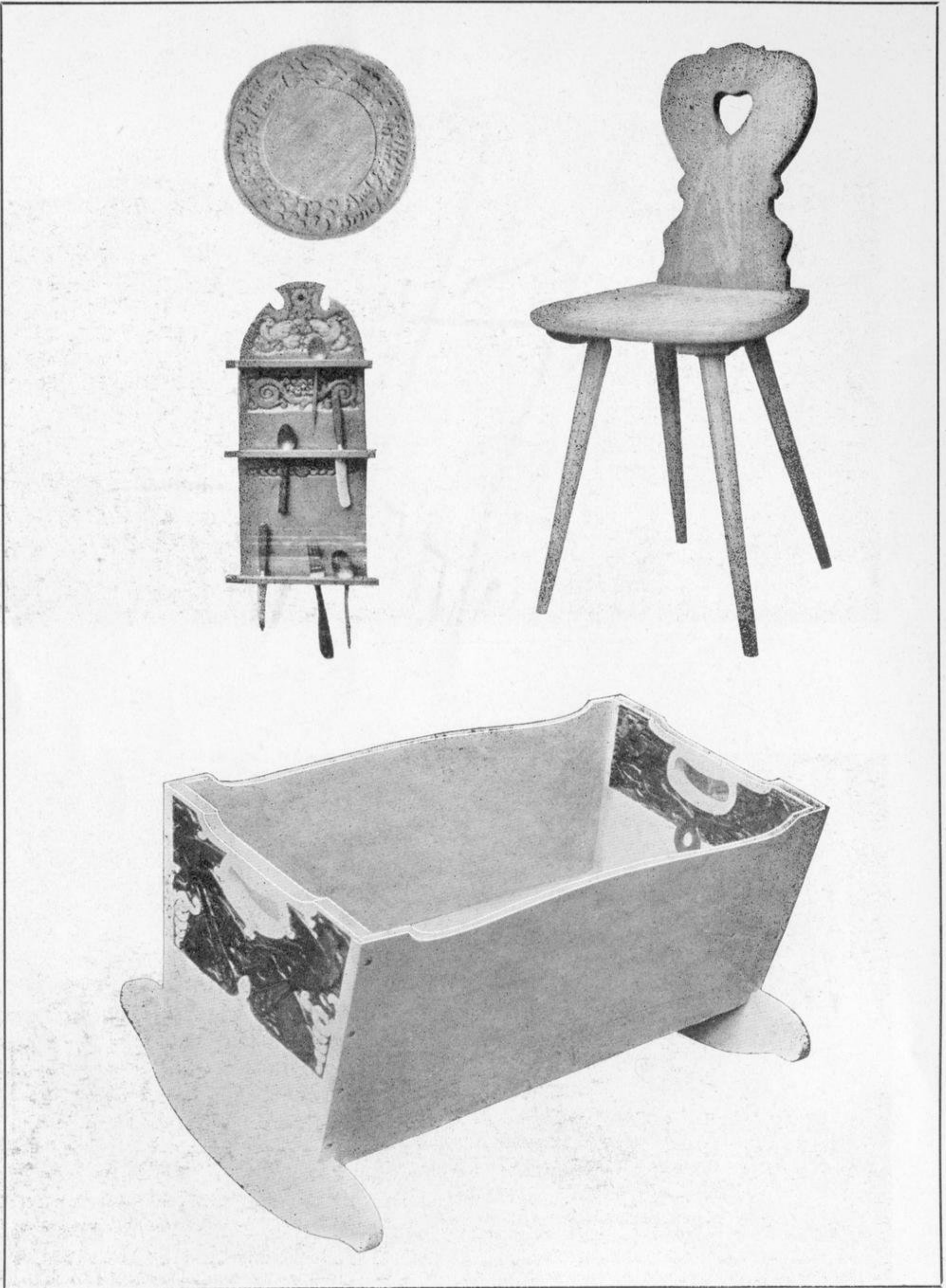
His theory is that there has hitherto





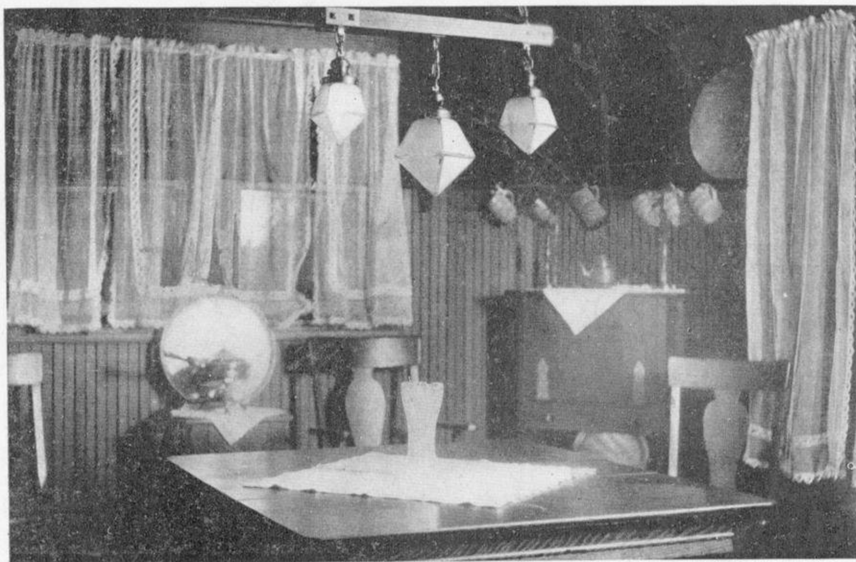


EMBROIDERY AND APPLIQUE WORK DONE BY ENGLISH WORKERS OF THE PEASANTS ART SOCIETY AT HASLEMERE.



SIMPLE, PRACTICAL ARTICLES DONE IN WOOD CARVING BY THE ENGLISH PEASANTS IN MR. GODFREY BLOUNT'S SCHOOL IN SURREY.

TWO VIEWS OF A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE BUILT BY DR. ALBERT SOILAND IN LOS ANGELES, CAL.



LIVING ROOM IN DR. SOILAND'S HOUSE.
WAINSCOTED DINING ROOM.

been too great a tendency to glorify mere handicraft, in the making of furniture, and that the amount of workmanship concealed in elaborate and close fitting joints, while adding greatly to the cost, is not justified by the results. He aims at giving a simple article, "knocked up," so to speak, for the occasion, and at a price which will enable it better to compete with the machine-made article. Not the solid piece of work that will last for a lifetime, but something lighter and less permanent, made of cheap materials, without elaborate joints, being simply nailed together where possible, and ornamented only in the simplest manner.

There are dangers in the theory. I must confess to a deep appreciation of the work that is solid all through, and will hold together till it actually drops to pieces in decay, but certainly work of that nature can only be done at a cost which is to most folks prohibitive. The cheap machine-made article is certainly abominable, and if Mr. Blount can supply well-designed, tasteful, hand-made articles at anything like the same price, they ought to find a ready market.

One of the most successful pieces I saw was a cradle of the most simple description. It was not jointed, merely nailed together. It was of excellent shape, painted white, and adorned with panels of Swiss carving, gaily colored, which had a richness of decorative effect quite surprising. Another example was a simply made chair from an old Swiss or Bavarian model.

For some time the society has had a depot in London, and to this it is now adding a large shop in Haslemere itself, which I trust will meet with the support which it deserves.

With Mr. Blount's interesting and original work in plaster I have already dealt, and besides the Peasants' Art Society are other industries in Haslemere worthy of attention, chief among which are the gorgeous silk fabrics for church decoration woven by Mr. Hunter, of the St. Edmundsbury Weaving Works, and the exquisitely made furniture of Mr. Romney Green.

STEWART DICK.

A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE FROM LOS ANGELES.

WE have so many letters asking us for descriptions and pictures of houses that have been erected from CRAFTSMAN models that we feel we are answering many letters at once in publishing this brief account of Dr. Albert Soiland's house in Los Angeles, California, which was built from our own designs and plans.

Dr. Soiland writes at the close of the letter, describing the accompanying pictures: "We are very much pleased with our CRAFTSMAN home and wish to thank you for the plan which made our *simple* venture successful,"—a sentence which makes clear the purpose of the houses planned in the CRAFTSMAN draughting rooms. Our designs are essentially for American homes, for our own people, who are almost inevitably intelligent workers, people who earn their own living and have the good taste to want charming homes—homes that are durable, only expensive enough to be honest, and are built to lessen the burden of housework.

The CRAFTSMAN house proves that beauty can be gained with simplicity, and that right construction and interior furnishings can vastly diminish the cares of home making.

Dr. Soiland's house follows so closely the original design that a brief description of its building and finishing will be of value to those interested in CRAFTSMAN architecture. "Briefly," to quote directly from the letter, "the house was built entirely from plans received from you, with the exception of a small extra built-out kitchen, twelve by twelve feet. This we required for our servants' room, and four feet of the space we reserved for a screened porch for them. The roof of this extension serves as an open-air balcony and is a fine secluded place to air bedding and shake rugs. Considering its size, the house is eminently comfortable and is admirably adapted to the needs of a small family.

"The living room and dining room are most attractive and comfortable. All the first story floors are of white maple. The dining room walls are finished with the wood part way up, and are red burlap from dado to ceiling. The sitting room walls are a rich brown burlap which harmonizes nicely with the weathered oak woodwork.

"Building material is higher in California than in the East, so that the full cost of the house, including all permanent fixtures, painting, plumbing and a small barn, amounted to four thousand dollars. Everything was done in a first-class manner, including the supply of hot and cold water attachments and a cellar furnace." Four views of Dr. Soiland's house are given with this article.

The home is furnished along CRAFTSMAN lines with hardwood fittings, and the low windows are draped in a simple, old-fashioned way with soft mesh curtains. The effect as a whole is of beauty, serenity and great comfort; yet, when analyzed, the first impression is simplicity.