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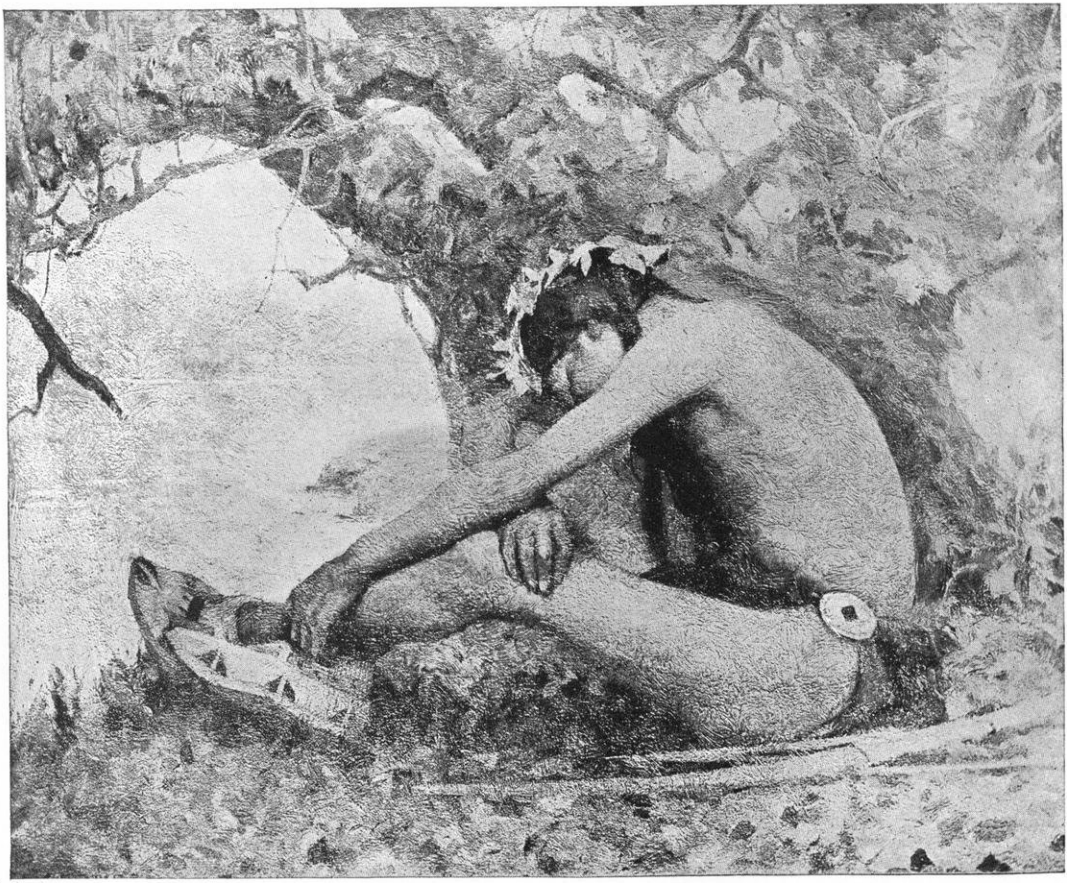

See Page 619.

"THE WEARY HUNTER": FROM A PAINTING BY E. IRVING COUSE.

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XVIII SEPTEMBER, 1910 NUMBER 6

Contents

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THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XVIII SEPTEMBER, 1910 NUMBER 6

THE DEMAND OF THE TIMES: DOES EITHER OF THE OLD PARTIES STAND FOR JUSTICE AND COMMON SENSE? BY THE EDITOR

O STRONGER proof could be had that the people as a whole are conscious of an impending political change than the widespread interest aroused by an editorial article entitled "A New Political Party Founded on Conservation and the Square Deal," printed in the August issue of THE CRAFTSMAN. It has brought out a variety of editorial comment, favorable or unfavorable according to the political convictions of the newspaper and also, to some degree, according to locality. It goes without saying that in the Middle West, where the movement to create a new party of the progressives is already under way, we find that the suggestion made by THE CRAFTSMAN is mostly commended; while in the East, where the reactionaries are still somewhat in the majority, we have been attacked with a vehemence which shows how real is the conservative dread of such a combination of the progressive element all over the country. We have also received a number of letters from Congressmen in Washington, and it is significant that, while most of these are heartily in accord with the principles we set forth, they cannot admit as yet that it is very nearly impossible for the present Republican organization to carry them out. The Democrats also are disinclined to believe that a new party is necessary, as they hold that every needed reform could and would be brought about by the Democratic party if only it could get a chance.

The main objections to the idea of a new party are best summarized by extracts from the letters of two members of the House of Representatives. One says: "The views you express, if carried out, would mean the uplift of present political conditions, but I do not believe that you can accomplish the result you aim at by attempting to establish a new party. Probably there are not more than one-tenth of the voters in the United States who understand and appreciate the position you take. Probably not more than one-fourth of the voters in the United States take an active and an intelligent interest in political affairs. Most men inherit their politics like they do their religion. To carry a majority of voters to a new party, in my judgment, would

take decades of educational effort unless one of the old parties died out entirely and the new party is born in its place. I do not believe that it is possible for more than two parties to exist in this country for any great space of time." The other man says: "If you have a new party, it will be only new in name. The element in the Republican party or Democratic party who thoroughly believe as you do, may work as effectively in their own organizations as under a different name. A political party cannot be made on paper. It is after all a growth."

What both these sincere and experienced representatives of the people fail to understand is that the matter of name and organization hardly comes into the case at all. It is quite true that any political party is, and always will be, a growth. It can no more be made on paper by cut and dried rules than a nation could be made on paper. The trouble is that we are all blinded by our worship of a long-established organization, whether it be Republican or Democratic, forgetful that the issues which brought both these parties into being are long since past and done for, and that the problems which the nation is facing today cannot be solved by the slow grinding of any party machine along traditional lines laid down in the political platforms. Unfortunately it has been only too true heretofore that a very small percentage of the voters in the United States have taken an active and intelligent interest in political affairs, but that condition is changing every day, and if it still exists to the extent indicated by our correspondent, it is time to take energetic measures to set on foot such a campaign of education as we have never yet seen. This is supposed to be a government representing the will of the people, and if ninety per cent. of these people vote blindly at the behest of any political machine, it is an appalling condition, and one that cannot be eliminated too soon or too vigorously. I believe that through the constant agitation for reform, such careless ignorance is being remedied as rapidly as possible, but the statement is still too nearly true to be comfortable, and in that connection it is well to ask: What about a form of government and a party organization that allows and even encourages such conditions in a free country, where the will of the people is supposed to be paramount? Much has been done during the past decade to eliminate the outrageous boss system which was brought to such perfection under the old-time Republican domination, and to wipe out the disgrace brought upon us by the unscrupulous use of money in politics. Much more remains to be done, but it is safe to say that even one year from now, it will no longer be true that not more than one-fourth of our voters take an active and intelligent interest in political affairs and that the reform movement is limited to one-tenth of the people.

THE DEMAND OF THE TIMES

WE KNOW to our cost that the average man is apt to be influenced by the immediate good, and to be careless of consequences and of the future. We saw how, in one Presidential campaign, the slogan of "the full dinner pail" swept the country from end to end, because most men cared too much for the comfort and security symbolized by the full dinner pail to inquire too closely into the methods by which it was filled. In times of prosperity, when the government machinery is running smoothly and easily, and the moneyed interests are making so much that they are willing to purchase protection and immunity by giving bountiful largess to the people, it is very hard to convince the voter that he is not on the road to permanent freedom and plenty. But in times of agitation and uneasiness, when conditions are more than a little panicky and our prosperity is not so solid that we can afford to ignore the menace of advancing prices and decreasing production, men are apt to take things a little more seriously and to do some thinking on their own account. When this comes to pass the new party is born. All it needs is public acknowledgment and a name.

The assertion that most men inherit their politics with their religion is not so generally true today as it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. I myself was born into the Republican party, as the saying goes, and have conscientiously voted the Republican ticket. I have never held office, never sought office, and have never sought a favor from any office holder. So I regard myself as fairly well fitted to express the viewpoint of the plain citizen who is deeply and vitally interested in the welfare of his country. Being interested, I have naturally kept somewhat in touch with political conditions, and as a consequence my point of view, which was once that of the loyal Republican, has changed so entirely that it admits no party name, organization or shibboleth, but declares for the establishment of principles and the creation of a new and more direct method of carrying out reforms that vitally affect our national life. We, who have inherited both religious and political opinions, have too often found that we were clinging to the dry husks of lifeless dogma. For example, I was born into the Presbyterian Church, just as I was into the Republican party, and yet the beliefs that were taught me as infallible truths when I was a boy have already been cast aside by the Church itself, very much as many of its former beliefs have been cast aside by the Republican party under the pressure of public opinion during the past few years.

The question is: Why try to put new wine in old bottles? An ever increasing majority of the American people who think at all are in deadly earnest about this question of clean government, fair legislation and the curbing of the money power which has been throttling the

nation and, this being the case, why hamper ourselves with the dead weight of a moribund party organization? We do not suggest the forming of a third party, such as we have often seen and which amounts to a little more than an organized protest against conditions which the malcontents are powerless to remedy, but a reorganization and realignment of the warring elements in both the old parties. We all know that today we face only one vital issue: Shall the people, through the Government which represents them, control the commerce, industry and resources of the nation for the benefit of the whole; or shall the powerful few continue to exploit both people and resources as they have done in the past? All other issues fall into line as minor divisions of these two, and I am willing to emphasize and stand by the fact that the whole country is falling into line on one side or the other. It is quite true that it is impossible for more than two parties to exist in this country for any great length of time, but that does not make it necessary to preserve the corpse of a dead party and declare that, while it cumbers the earth, the life that once animated it shall not flow into a new form. As I said before, the new line of cleavage strikes directly across both the old parties, and the great national issue knows no artificial division such as Republican, Democrat, North, South, East or West. There are only the two elements involved, the spirit of progress along the lines of the square deal to everybody, and the spirit of reaction which protects and worships the vested interests.

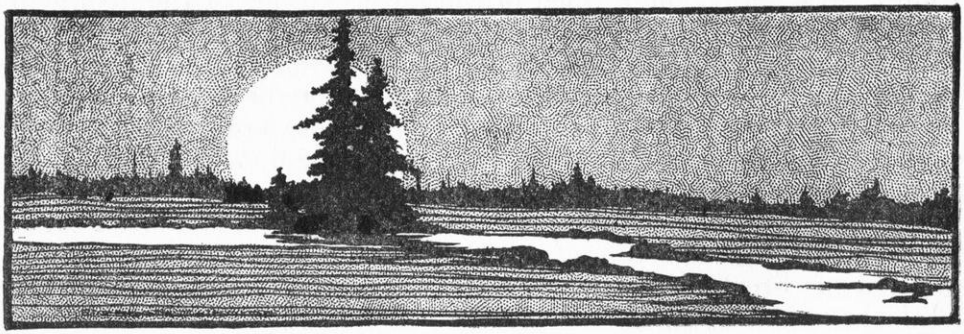
The organization of a new party needs no revolution to clear its way. Both the old parties are dead, and all we need is a funeral. For years it has been a death struggle to get up political platforms plausible enough to catch even the unthinking voter, and now it has reached a point where we are merely cherishing the form of an old organization while its spirit has fled far afield. We see this spirit animating a new and vigorous growth in nearly every city and State in the country where war is being waged for decent government and honest administration of public affairs. Every graft scandal that is exposed is an evidence of its existence; every good law that is passed, every political machine that is smashed, shows that it is gaining power and self-confidence. When at last these thousand rivulets of reform unite into the broad stream which shall be the new party of the people, we shall not need to hunt for a platform or a declaration of policy. The policy that will be is even now as well known to us as our dearest hopes and ideals, and I have a notion that by the time we are ready to carry it into effect we shall be much too busy to bother about making platforms. What we want are the things which are a part of our national life; reforms that every thinking man must endorse, and

when this is the case no platform could be made which was not a mere statement of what we all know and are working for.

ONE thing struck me in looking over the comments on the preceding article, and that was the unanimity with which everyone declared that, come what might, Theodore Roosevelt was first, last and all the time a party man; that he was a Republican President and would remain a Republican leader; that whatever his views might be, nothing could disturb his relations with the organization. What I want to know is, what warrant has anyone for thinking that Theodore Roosevelt will continue to represent the Republican party when it no longer represents the principles for which he stands? He has certainly indicated no such thing; in fact, so far no one has been able to get even a hint of what he intends to do, and our only guide in guessing at it is our knowledge of the man's own make-up and our memory of the sturdy fight he has already waged for the cause of reform. It is quite true that hitherto he has worked with the Republican organization. Why not? He was made President by the Republican party, and there was no reason why he should be anything other than a Republican President, doing the best he could with the organization that was ready to his hand. But that does not in the least argue that he is not likely to favor a realignment of political forces that would secure to him the support he needs if he is to continue his work of cleansing the Augean stables. I spoke of him as the natural leader because he is. He is not only the typical American, combining in his own complex personality the greater part of the elements which go to make up this complex nation, but he is probably the best known man in the world today. He has a hold upon the imagination of the people that cannot be shaken until he himself does something to break it,—and from what we all know of Mr. Roosevelt it is fairly safe to predict that he will hardly do that. So far, he has registered no objection to the Roosevelt National League in the Middle West; a league formed of the most extreme of the insurgent element and growing like Jonah's gourd. It is bound to grow because it represents principles and ideals which have long been held in solution, and which needed the one more ingredient to precipitate them. Roosevelt is that ingredient. If he were nothing else, he is at present the focus of the whole reform movement, which needs only a leader to grow into an organization almost over night. The attitude of the Republican party toward Mr. Roosevelt has been fairly well indicated by the action of the New York State Legislature on the question of direct primaries, and by the more recent action of the political machine in Ohio. It may be that Mr. Roosevelt is so ardent

a Republican that he will fall meekly into line and do what the party leaders tell him to do; or he may be sufficiently detached from public affairs to keep out of politics altogether, but neither supposition seems likely, and it is safe to conclude that when the progressive Republicans and Democrats shake off the fetters of traditional party forms and obligations, and combine to bring about the reforms for which they are fighting, the leader will not be wanting. Theodore Roosevelt dearly loves to work, but he will work only in the lead. Also, he is apt to follow the line of the least resistance, and just now the line of least resistance for him is pretty clearly marked.

After all, the difficulties in the way of a new party organization are not so great. The tendency nowadays is to insist that the business of government shall be carried on like any other business, on sound economic principles. This, in a nutshell, means nothing more nor less than conservation and the square deal; the conservation that builds carefully and looks to the future, instead of exploiting the business and taking out of it each year all that it is worth. We are beginning to acknowledge that we need economy all along the line, and you rarely find economy without honesty. These are principles which are bound to unite the whole nation instead of dividing it, for they are principles in which every man believes and which he carries into his own affairs. Moreover, to join heartily in an attempt to put them into effect would weld together discordant elements and heal old sores that have ached for the past half century. There would be no chance for a break between the North and the South, or between the East and the West, for in all parts of the country there are honest thinking men who want all that is implied by conservation and the square deal, and will work in one way or another until they get it. All I have suggested is that they work along the lines of the least resistance. The time is ripe for a change that shall go down to the very foundations of our national life, and all we have to do is to grasp the opportunity.



A REMOTE NORTH AMERICAN CIVILIZATION AND ITS PORTRAYAL IN THE ART OF E. IRVING COUSE: BY JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH

HERE is a studio downtown in New York City on which hangs the year round the sign, "No Models." Mr. E. Irving Couse lives there. He is a painter of Indians and he sometimes feels that he is the only painter in this artistic center of America who cannot arrange to secure satisfactory models when he needs them. As a rule a model from almost any land can be obtained in New York, with proper costumes and accessories; in fact, there are picturesque people who come here just for this purpose. But Mr. Couse feels that it would be hard to imagine a North American Indian taking an extra blanket and perhaps a pair of moccasins and traveling all the way to the metropolis for the purpose of having his picture painted by the man who prefers him as a model. Earning his living this way does not somehow seem to belong to the dignity of that Indian who is still picturesque enough to be painted.

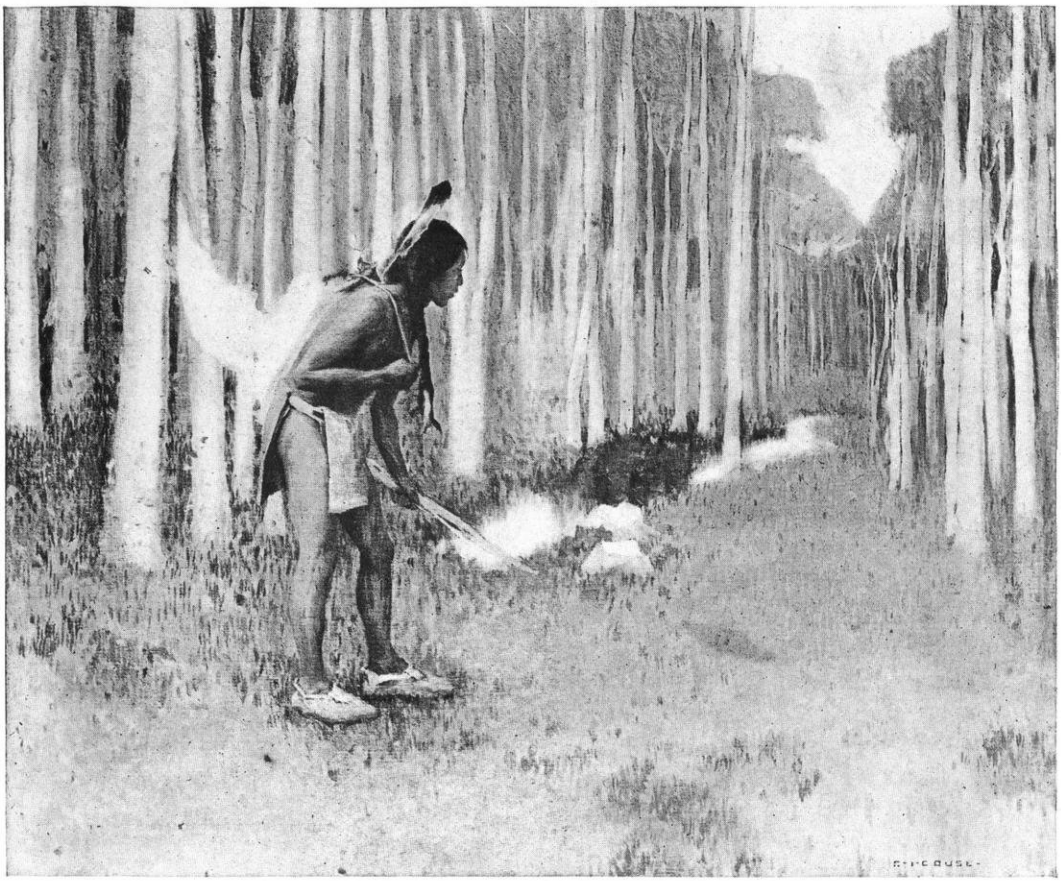
Mr. E. W. Deming, when he is not traveling in the West and living among the Indians, has found it possible sometimes to secure models, for his work down in MacDougall Alley, from the Wild West show, when it plays at Madison Square Garden in the spring season. Indeed, Mr. Deming is the friend of most of the Sioux Indians who are the star actors, and he finds especially the older men very dignified and very wonderful models, who love to give him their time because he has given them his friendship, but naturally this is a very occasional privilege, and as a matter of fact would not help Mr. Couse at all, for his interest in painting the Indians is confined to the Taos tribe who live down New Mexico way and do not travel with the Buffalo Bill show. They are more remote and very picturesque Indians who have not come much in contact with what we call civilization, who are still a very poetical and gentle people. And when Mr. Couse wants to paint them he has to travel out to the Taos Pueblo in northern New Mexico.

Although these are the Indians whom he has painted most often, they are not the first of whom he has made pictures. He began some fifteen years ago to paint the Klickitats, out in Oregon, and at the start found it very hard work indeed, for they were then a remote and very superstitious race, and the first model that he ever attempted to reproduce, a very old squaw, sat for an hour and a half with her hands folded across her face, and it was so that he painted her. When the wise men of the Klickitat tribe discovered that a sudden and awful death did not visit the gentle old woman who had posed so reluctantly, Mr. Couse had less difficulty in securing interesting and

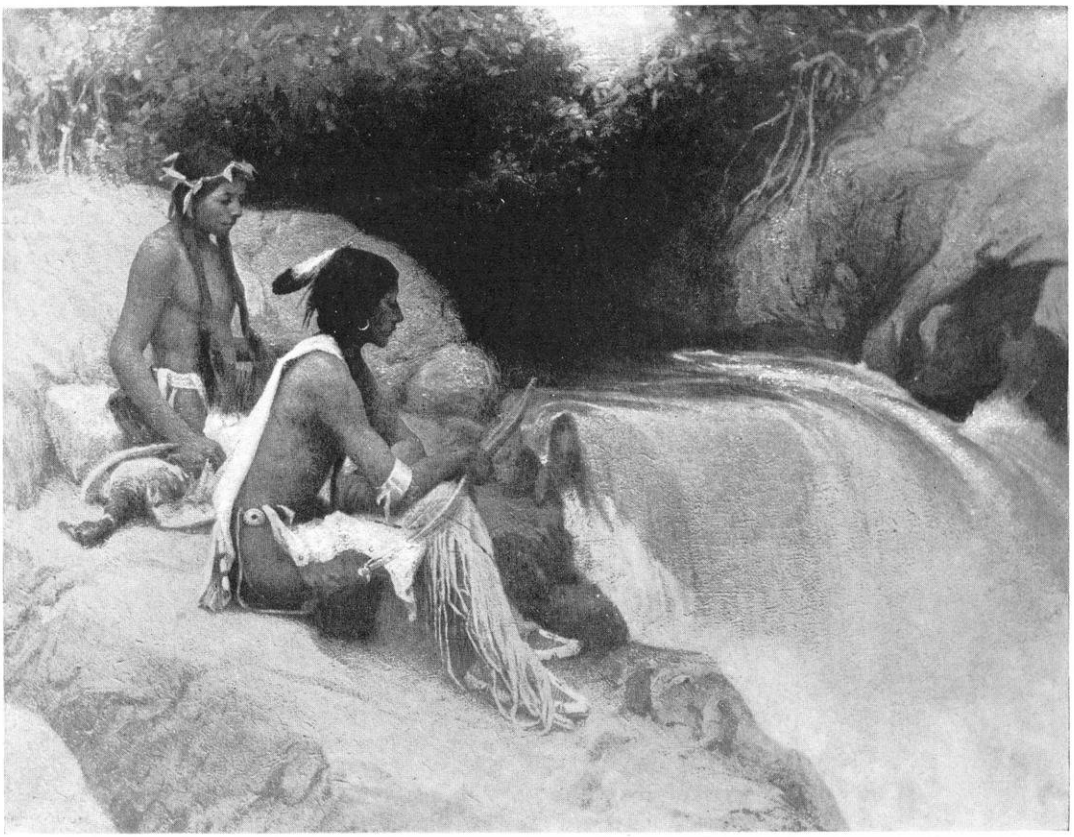
picturesque models. It really is a matter of belief with these Indians, and in fact with many others, that the soul of the sitter passes out into the portrait when the picture is completed, and naturally until this prejudice is overcome there is not much enthusiasm about posing. In the course of time as Mr. Couse won the confidence of the Klickitats he made some very interesting studies of them, several of which were exhibited at the Paris Salon and attracted a great deal of attention there. And as a matter of fact, it was his success with these paintings which determined him to stick to his own country as a source of inspiration for his art work, rather than to continue to paint the Normandy fisherfolk who had first so definitely attracted him. From this time on he undertook a systematic search for the Indians which he felt would be most inspiring to his work. He tried the various Sioux tribes, magnificent people in their own way, but a little closer to civilization than Mr. Couse felt was just the inspiration that he needed. And so he traveled about, practically exhausting one Northern tribe after another in a hunt for his own ideal, until finally he wandered as far south as the land of the Taos, and there he set up his household gods and has been content to work for a decade or more, until he has finally become a settled institution in the tribe, a sort of half benefactor and half friend who will never leave them until the railroad comes, and that happily for his art and his interest is still forty miles away—and yet it threatens!

THESE simple people of a remote nation live a life that is quite idyllic, poetical. In religion they are Sun worshipers, in philosophy they are socialists. They have perhaps the simplest, truest and most natural scheme of existence of any people now living a community life anywhere in the whole world. In a charming climate where extremes are unknown, they suffer neither heat nor cold. Poverty is almost unknown among them and actual want utterly so. Such a thing as a starving Taos Indian is inconceivable. The tribe to the number of half a thousand lives in two great houses on either side of the Taos River, which are probably the first apartment houses and in their modest way—seven stories—the first "skyscrapers" ever constructed in America, and their origin is lost in antiquity. When Cabeza de Vaca came north from Mexico in fifteen hundred and forty-six he found them there—and judging from his journals they seemed shrouded in mysterious antiquity even in his time.

The history of the Indians is alike mystical; the favored tradition is that Taos was one of the ancient Seven Cities of Cibola and the hereditary *cacique* or governor has a pedigree in direct line which



"THE MOUNTAIN HUNTER": FROM A PAINTING BY E. IRVING COUSE.



"THE VOICE OF THE FALLS": FROM A PAINTING BY E. IRVING COUSE.

"THE MAGIC FOREST": FROM A PAINTING BY E. IRVING COUSE.

From the National Gallery at Washington, D. C.

"ELK-FOOT": FROM A PAINTING BY E. IRVING COUSE.

he claims is older than that of the house of Hapsburg. The ceremonial rites of the Taos are as secret today as they were when the first Spaniards visited them. It would be death for a white man to try to penetrate into their mysteries. This reserve respected, they are otherwise entirely friendly, and the office of the Indian agent—filled up to his death by Kit Carson—is a sinecure. They spend their time in cultivating their ample fields and in the true enjoyment which their frequent festivals afford them. There are many secret clans based on natural symbols, and each of these has its grand holiday and strives to outdo the other in barbaric display and weird or joyous ceremonial. There is the Turtle Clan, the Corn Clan, the Snake Clan, the Eagle Clan, the Owl Clan, the Bear Clan and a dozen or so more—and one day of each year is sacred to each of them, so that the Taos Indian gives a good deal more time to well-planned and executed recreation than any civilized nation extant.

Among this wonderfully interesting race, a people who have never strayed ten miles away from their native heath, wholly untouched by civilization, except as Mr. Couse and a few other painters have brought with them hints of other ways of living, Mr. Couse spends much of his time. Here a few years ago he bought an old convent which is the most imposing residence in the valley, and established home and studio. It is the inner life—the idyllic simple soul of this tribe of pueblo dwellers that he has sought to depict, as much as the outward fashion of their lives. Unspoiled by civilization, their dress unchanged from earliest days is sufficiently picturesque for the most poetical studies. Having won the confidence of these people, Mr. Couse now gets without difficulty even the shyest members of the tribe to pose for him.

Mr. Couse studied in France in the early eighties under well-known French masters. He had a long term at the Académie Julian, and worked under Bouguereau and Tony Robert Fleming. He painted in France and on the Normandy coast and elsewhere for years, thus coming eventually to the most elemental subject in the world with the fullest technical equipment. He paints the Indian not primarily as the actor in a wild savage drama as Remington and Schreyvogel have, but as the peaceful dweller in primitive scenes, revealing them often as more poetical and philosophical than the more so-called civilized races. This is a work for which Mr. Couse's temperament and talents peculiarly fit him.

THE SLENDER FIGURE: A STORY: BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

E MOVED slowly, stopping many times from house to field. The halting and feeble gait had the curious effect of having but recently become a part of old Byam Pritchard—as if the recentness must be somehow apparent to lookers-on. As a matter of fact, three days before old Byam had trudged from his little house to his little field with straightened back and unfaltering old legs. The change had come with the heavy letter of David's wife that was in his pocket now. He appeared to list over to that side as he halted along. One particular plaint was uppermost in his mind to the exclusion of lesser woes. He would never again be able to potter about getting his own supper of bread and milk after Serena Toole, who "did for" him, had gone home for the night. It was at suppers that he kept up his brave pretence of Mother—only at suppers. Now he must give that up—it would be like burying her again. The old soul of him revolted; a sob fought in his throat.

He was going in search of the Child, who was his only confidant. The load he had borne alone for three days cried out to be shared, and there was only the Child. Only she knew that he filled two bowls instead of one with milk and ate his suppers with Mother. The pathos and comfort of the old man's little play had appealed in a curious, grown-up way to the woman-soul of the Child.

She came darting on slim little legs to meet him. "What's the matter, Dear?" she called. It was a name for him of her own coining. "You've been cryin' inside o' you. So've I been cryin,' only, gracious, I did it outside! Shoes 'n' stockin's again—Aunt Ellen won't let me go barefoot." She broke off quickly at closer sight of his troubled face. Here was something worse than shoes and stockings.

Old Byam fumbled for the heavy letter. In a tremulous voice he read it to the Child, his fingers fluttering the crisp pages.

"That was written three days ago," he said at the end, "an' they're comin' tonight." "Oh—tonight!" Even the serene little mind of the Child was startled at the suddenness of it. She adjusted hurriedly the little scales of her judgment and weighed thoughtfully the pros and cons of this sudden thing. To the amazement of old Byam it was congratulation rather than sympathy that she proffered after a slight hesitation.

"Oh, that's nice, Dear! She's a woman, ain't she? Of course she is, if she's a wife! Then I'm glad she's comin.' Aunt Ellen says you ought to have a woman to take care o' you all the time—a stiddy one. So if she's a stiddy woman——"

Somberly, he nodded. David would not have married an un-

stiddy wife. "Well, then, it's all right. Aunt Ellen says a old man hasn't got any business——"

"*She* hasn't got any, David's Wife ain't, nor your Aunt Ellen!" he flamed forth. "Nobody's got any business to take care o' me if I don't want to be took care of!" He threw out his hands as if beating back the stranger wife of David—the interfering aunt of the Child—an interfering world.

"I want to be left just as I be—just as I be!" he fumed, glaring at the Child in the need of someone to glare at. She rocked her little thin knees, sitting in the grass. The Child was thinking deeply.

"I know!" she exclaimed at length, "We'll practice her comin'! Then you won't mind it so much. It's because she's a *very* strange person; you're kind of scared, Dear. Gracious, *I'd* be!—if my son's wife came an' took care o' me without bein' introduced a speck! What we got to do is to get used to it 'fore she gets here. I know a splendid way!" She was on her feet, thrilling with power to overcome even this obstacle in their path.

"You leave it to me. All you got to do is put on a white shirt an' a collar an' all o' your best clo'es an' come on out to the Pines 'bout four o'clock. We'll have a whole hour to practice; the stage don't get here till after five."

The Child rattled on excitedly. The possibilities of this Practice Play intoxicated her. She teetered on one foot in the joy of creation.

"I'll be David's Wife, you know. All o' the things you'll have to say to her you can say to me an' get used to 'em. We'll *practice* 'em. *I'll* dress up, too. You'll see me a-comin' toward you an' you'll put your hand out *so* an' say 'Why, this is a—a unexpected pleasure! Oh, I know the way!—you wait! I'll tell you every single thing to do, Dear. You just be there at the Pines at four o'clock."

The day dragged uncannily. When it should have been noon it was ten o'clock; at four it was only two. Old Byam ate the dinner Serena Toole laid out for him with exasperating slowness, to take up time. The thing that he dreaded he longed to have "over with." When Serena Toole had plodded home at length he went out to the pantry and took down Mother's bread-and-milk bowl and carried it to his own room. It shook in his old hands; it might have been full of the heavy tears of his soul. Then he put on his best suit and went to the Child under the Pines. She trailed to meet him, funny and serene in Aunt Ellen's long skirt and bonnet.

"I'm David's Wife," she announced airily. "I persume you're David's father, ain't you? You look 's if you were. (Now say: 'This is a unexpected,' quick!)"

It was an "unexpected" that old Byam said. "I didn't ask you

to come! You can go back to where you came from!" he flashed out. Though his eyes twinkled at the odd little figure before him, his old lips were grieved like a child's. "I'll be honest with you, ma'am—it goes ag'inst the grain to say I'm glad to see you. I ain't! I've been dreading you all day; seemed as though I couldn't stan' it! Folks haven't any call to come till I ask 'em to—when I want you I'll say so, ma'am." It was a relief to unburden his mind though only to this little impersonator of David's Wife; he could at least say it all to her.

"Gracious!" The play that had been cast for a pleasant comedy was turning out to be a tragedy. The Star caught her breath with the suddenness of it, then plunged with the zest of true genius into her part. With haughty pride she spoke her impromptu lines.

"Sir, you insult me! I—I am surprised that David ever allowed you to be his father. *I* wouldn't have! Here I've been an' came to take care o' you——"

"I don't want to be took care of! I want to be left as I be! Just because I'm old—you'll be old some day, everybody'll be! Folks can choose for themselves if they *be* old!" Suddenly he began to sob. It was the piteous grief of old age and the Child, who was a woman-child, forgot her little mummery and sank down with him in the grass and comforted him. They were lost to their surroundings; the old pines sighed over their heads in soft sympathy.

DAVID'S Wife and David did not come on that afternoon stage, nor on the next afternoon's. Instead, a letter came then from David: "Dear Father, we've put it off, as you see. Mary's little plan collapsed at the last minute—too bad we couldn't have let you know yesterday, but we had to decide all in a minute. Better luck next time! You'll have to get along as you are, after all——"

To Byam Pritchard it was a respite. He drew long breaths again and went back and forth from his little field to his little house with brisk steps. The Child found him her cheerful comrade, as before, and the little tragedy-play under the Pines was forgotten.

Then one day, presently, Serena Toole failed to put in an appearance and the simple machinery of old Byam's household bade fair to stop short. In the midst of his perplexity old Byam looked up to see a slender figure standing in the door. It nodded and smiled.

"Mrs. Toole isn't able—isn't coming today," the Slender Figure said, "she thought I might do. I'm Mrs. Toole's summer boarder. If you could show me where the pots and pans are—if you like parsnip stews, I can make beautiful ones!"

Like 'em—parsnip stews! Mother had made beautiful ones, too. Old Byam flew about fussily, showing the Slender Figure the "ropes" that started the domestic machinery in the sunny little kitchen. The two of them worked together; in an hour they were on most friendly terms—old Byam was laughing.

"This is fun! May I come tomorrow? I never was made for a boarder,—honestly I couldn't stand it very long! My husband says I was born with a mixing spoon in my mouth! If you'd let me come over tomorrow—*maybe* you'd like my raspberry pies!"

She came next day. He liked the parsnip stew, the raspberry pies—he liked the Slender Figure. When Serena Toole came, instead, the days were blanks to old Byam Pritchard and he sent back hinting little messages to the Slender Figure. To the Child he confided his preferences.

"Sereny's a good woman—a dreadful good one. But that slender little woman that comes over instid of Sereny beats me! It ain't just her cooking—it's *her*. I declare I ain't laughed so much since Mother and me used to. She reminds me o' Mother."

Some night—old Byam did not confide this even to the Child—he meant to ask the Slender Figure to stay to supper. With him and Mother—he got down Mother's bowl and polished it with tender hands. He would fill it in the beautiful old way—he had a warm certainty of faith that the Slender Figure would understand. Some night—he would wait a little longer.

The late summer days merged into the soft glory of autumn. Serena Toole, by September, had ceased to come over at all; quite in the natural course of things the Slender Figure had taken her place. It did not occur to old Byam to wonder at the permanence of the new arrangement; the comfort and delight of it occupied his mind. For eight peaceful weeks he had been happier than he had ever dreamed of being again. He refused in his stubborn old mind to consider a possible end to the happiness.

The Child's summer stay had come to its close, but he scarcely missed the Child.

"Good-bye, Dear," she said mournfully. "*Last* summer you was sorry!" but old Byam was watching a slender figure waving to him from his doorway.

"I got to be going in to my supper," old Byam said. It was the appointed night; he had invited the Slender Figure to supper. She had made a little ceremonial feast of it with flowers on the table and Mother's full bowl at Mother's place.

"Good-bye!" the Child called after him, "I'm goin', so there,—I think you're mean not to be sorry! The stage's a-stoppin' to your

house!" she added in sudden excitement. As indeed it was. Old Byam's strained vision caught a glimpse of a broad-shouldered figure getting out; he stiffened, his old face losing its childish anticipation. David had come—and David's Wife! He was filled with impotent wrath that they must come tonight and interrupt his little feast. Tomorrow, some other night,—they might have waited.

He fell into the plodding gait of the very old. When he reached his door only David was there. A sudden gust of affection caught at old Byam's heart-strings and pealed a welcome to this big son—he could be mighty glad to see David, just David.

"Father! This is great. Don't count the trunks—We've come, bag and baggage! You can't get rid of us!"

"She—David's Wi—your wife, Davy,—I s'pose she's here, too?"

"Mary? Bless you, yes! Mary's in the house. Father, don't you worry—you're going to like her. I'd like to see you help it!" David's big voice was confident and jubilant. But the old face of Byam Pritchard was unassured. He gazed wistfully toward the house that the last weeks had found so homelike and pleasant; all that must end now.

Suddenly the Slender Figure stood in the door, waving to him.

"Supper is ready!"

The Slender Figure looked undismayed. There was even a new radiance on her gentle and sweet face. She was smiling in the door.

"Come, David—come, Father!" she cried.

The Slender Figure was David's Wife—was Mary! Old Byam felt his heart stand still, then leap into exultant beats. He felt an impulse to shout, as the Child would have done. His happy house of cards fell about him and here, in its place, sprang up this wondrous abiding one. He felt the foundation of it, firm under his old feet.

She was coming up to him.

"If you don't call me Mary the first minute!" she threatened.

"You, Mary!" he cried out. David laughed in both their faces.

"You'll have to forgive *me*, anyway, Father! *She* did it—Mary's the conspirator. You see, we came up across lots from the station that night and heard what you said to the Kiddie in trailing skirts. Mary understood right off and had me right-about-face in a jiffy, marching me back to the station. 'I know a better way,' says Mary."

This was the better way.

"Come in to supper," Mary said with fine attempt at matter-of-factness, but the woman heart of her melted at sight of old Byam's happy bewilderment. She slipped a slender hand through the old man's arm. "I haven't taken it off," she whispered, and he knew that she meant Mother's bowl of bread and milk.

JAPANESE EFFECTS FOR SMALL GARDENS: BY FLORENCE DIXON

HE special value of the Japanese garden in this country lies in its availability for small areas. Nowadays, when a man wants a garden, he plans for some definite landscape effect. Often the size of his lot precludes the possibility of an Italian garden or a naturalistic treatment after the English-American plan. But a Japanese garden may be had in all completeness in a space where one would have said there was scarcely room for a flower bed. The Japanese garden adapts itself to lack of space. Other systems copy nature on only one set of terms, those of life-size, but the Japanese method, while it can be and often is developed on a large scale, may also be reduced from natural size through all stages to a tiny miniature.

If you have a nine-foot square of ground you can have an artistically perfect and complete Japanese garden, while the opportunity offered by a city lot would be all that an expert gardener would demand for an elaborate production. Lafcadio Hearn describes a garden not over thirty yards square which, seen through a window shutting out the surrounding country, seemed an actual natural landscape viewed from a distance.

Aside from this great advantage, the Japanese garden has other qualities which make it valuable for adaptation by American gardeners. It furnishes a new note for those seeking original treatment of their places. It has a beauty which grows upon acquaintance, and there is no kind of garden which has about it a richer amount of sentiment and tradition than the Japanese. Every hill, tree, rock and flower has its own special meaning and place in the picture, and although the religious significance which attaches to these things must of necessity be lost, the charm of the symbolism still remains.

In laying out a Japanese garden the maker should not only aim to copy nature, but to reproduce a particular aspect or mood of nature. Such an end is essentially artistic and does something no other garden attempts.

A Japanese garden may be the only garden of a place, or, in the case of a large country estate, some part of it is usually set off and developed on the Japanese plan. For instance, Central Park is, of course, primarily a naturalistic park, but a section is treated in Japanese style.

Once a Japanese garden has been determined upon, the method of treatment under Japanese rules must be decided. The flat and the hilly are the two main types of Japanese gardens. For the hilly type, which offers the best possibilities for varied development, it must be

remembered, it is not necessary to have natural life-sized hills. A hill may be a hill, a large hillock, a good-sized mound, or perhaps a rock with shrubs planted about it, or even a shrub cut in the shape of a hill. A hill garden would imitate a mountain scene or some other aspect of nature in which rocky or broken country predominates. Recognized types are the Rocky Ocean, imitating an ocean inlet; Wide River, in which a stream issuing from behind a hill runs into a lake; Reed Marsh style, which copies a marshy pool overgrown with rushes, set among low, rounded sand dunes, bordering on a moor. An essential for the hilly type is a mountain or a hill plus water in some form. For a flat garden the gardener has the floor of a mountain valley, a moor or some rural scene for a model.

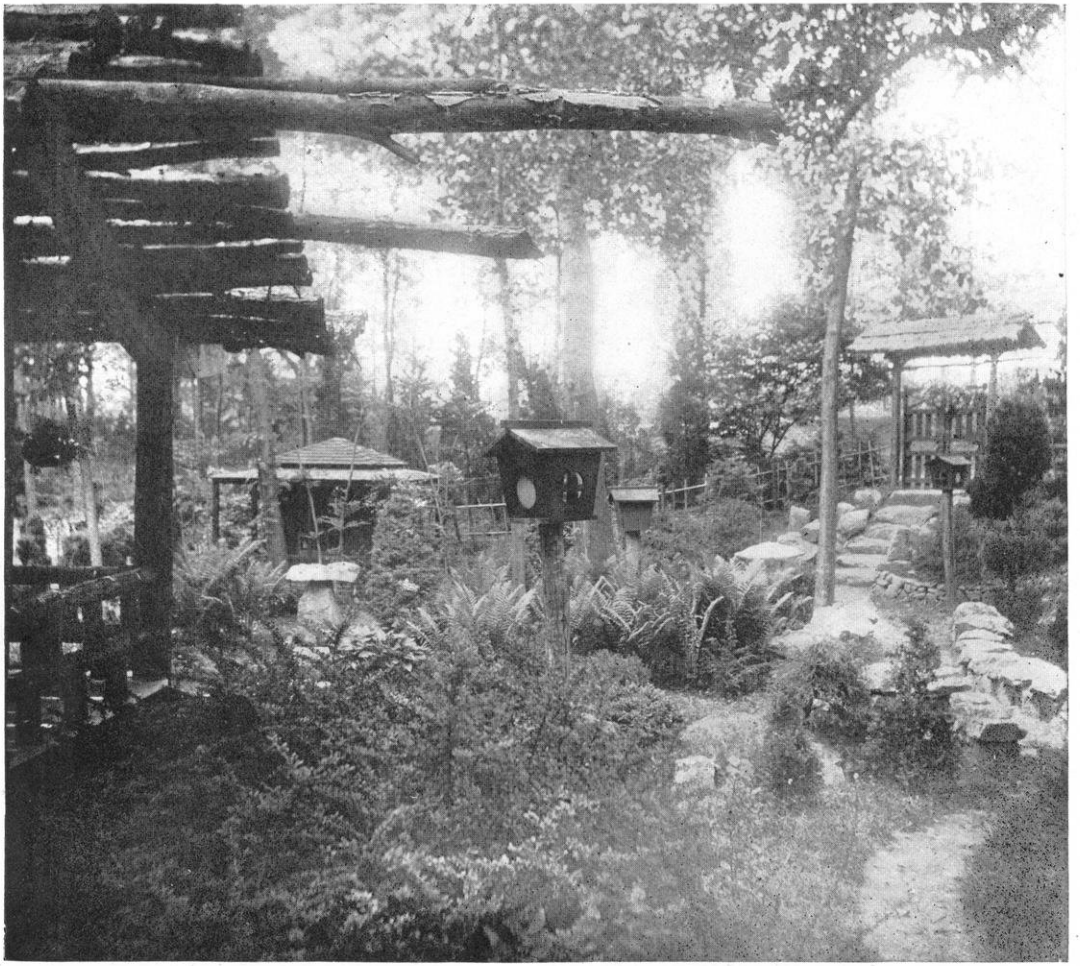
WATER, a Japanese would declare, is an absolute necessity in a Japanese garden. What the lawn is to the American system, water is to the Japanese. Around it, as the central object, are grouped the other features. Having imposed this inflexible condition, and while one is wondering what effect of water one can manage on a suburban lot and if every Japanese dwelling is equipped with a lake or stream, the Japanese removes the difficulty with Oriental ease. There being no natural water, gravel or sand may be raked and spread to imitate any desired body of water. This gravel stream flows about rocks in its course and must be spanned by a bridge or crossed by stepping-stones. But more to be preferred and not necessarily costly is the creation of water effects by artificial means. Water must never be dead; that is, it must have an outlet and an inlet visible.

In regular Japanese gardens the open spaces, those unoccupied by trees, water, etc., are rarely covered with turf. Sand that is kept damp and raked in patterns takes the place of turf. To protect this from footmarks, stepping-stones are placed at crossing places. These must never be regular in shape or placed at regular intervals, for this would not be copying nature. Various flat shapes and sizes, as would happen if chance put them in their places, are always used. Turf is, however, often used in American adaptation of the Japanese garden.

Trees assume great importance in the Japanese system, but they are seldom planted in groups, except where the group itself is considered a unit. Each tree is taken by itself. Full-sized trees may be used in large gardens, but dwarf trees trained to picturesque individuality are needed for the smaller scale.

There is usually a main tree, which occupies the center of the landscape. Symmetrical development is not the measure of per-

"THE ESSENTIAL FOR THE HILLY TYPE OF JAPANESE GARDEN IS A MOUNTAIN OR A HILL PLUS WATER IN SOME FORM."



A "SAND RIVER" IN A JAPANESE GARDEN, BORDERED BY CLUMPS OF FERNS AND FLOWERS ARRANGED IN JAPANESE FASHION.

"ROCKS AND STONES ARE SET ABOUT IN IRREGULAR POSITIONS, EACH STONE HAVING A NAME DENOTING ITS OFFICE."

"IMPORTANT FEATURES OF THE GARDEN ARE QUAINT WOODEN BRIDGES, STEPPING STONES, STONE LANTERNS, A BRONZE DEER, LION OR CRANE."

fection for a tree in Japanese eyes. Typical qualities are desired and a perfect Japanese tree would be called picturesque by Occidental taste. An absolutely characteristic specimen is the type required. Conifers or evergreen trees are favorites, with pines at the head of the list and dwarf varieties most used. Pine, retinospora, umbrella pines, cedars, California oaks and the many special Japanese varieties of trees and shrubs offer a large list to choose from.

Ferns are also largely used, and flowers, after the Japanese method of arrangement. Single specimens are grown rather than beds of flowers. Flowers distinctly Japanese in association should be chosen, such as iris and chrysanthemums.

LIKE the Italian garden, the Japanese has certain architectural features which are important, if not indispensable. They are quaint wooden bridges, stepping-stones, stone lanterns, stone or bronze deer, lions and cranes. Each of these has special significance. Stone lamps are set up at various times as thank offerings for the recovery from sickness of members of the family. The statues are for good luck or to ward off evil, as is the Devil's Shrine, found always at the northeastern corner of the garden.

Rocks and stones of various shapes and sizes are always set about in irregular positions in the Japanese garden. Aside from their value in setting off the vegetation and providing variety of outline they also have sentimental interest. Many are brought from distant spots of sacred or historical interest, while others are placed in the garden for special purposes. Each stone has a name denoting its office. The Guardian Stone, Stone of Two Deities and the Stone of Worship must have a place in every garden; while others, the View Stone, Idling Stone, Waiting Stone and Seat-of-Honor Stone tell by their quaint names the reason for their position and presence.

A tea house or pagoda in Japanese style is always a pleasant addition. These architectural details must be bought or made by the maker of a Japanese garden. The stepping-stones and other rocks usually may be had without difficulty, and for nothing. Roughness and individuality of shape should be sought in the different stones. Bridges can be made by the home carpenter. The stone lanterns may be bought at large Japanese shops. At the best shop of this kind in New York, real stone lanterns imported from Japan cost from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars. Copies of recognized types in concrete could be made to order much cheaper.

Stone lions carved would cost about seventy-five dollars, while bronzed figures are more costly, a pair of bronzed cranes being listed at one hundred and thirty-five dollars.

A VISIT TO CRAFTSMAN FARMS: THE STUDY OF AN EDUCATIONAL IDEAL

"WHITE people spend half their lives obtaining things; they spend the other half in taking care of them." So spoke an old Indian who had seen the passing of the free life of his tribe and who looked with puzzled eyes on the advance of progress. "Of what good are things," said he, "if a man have no time really to live? Is it life to dwell always beneath a roof with never an hour to sit in silent thought under the warm sun? We had no things in old days, but we had the open world. Are white men happier than we? Their faces are lined as with the tracks of hunted animals. Are white men wiser than we? I ask, and again I ask. There came a white man among us once to study the earth. White people said that he was very wise; they said that he had all the wisdom of the "talking leaves" (books). He went to look for something in the ground. Far from camp he became separated from his party—he was lost. He was wise, they said—yet he could not find his way by the stars; he was wise, they said—yet he understood not the speech of the ground, he could not follow trail of man or track of animal; he was wise, they said—yet he knew not how to build shelter for himself against the wind, to make fire, to cook his food. He was found at last and brought back; but I asked in my heart: Of what avails the wisdom of the "talking leaves" if when a man must stand alone he is helpless as a babe?"

These words sank deeply into the memory of a certain Traveler in the West. Years later they sprang to his mind as he stood on the shady hillside of an Eastern farm. An hour's railroad journey had released him from the turmoil of a crowded metropolis on a hot June day, and a short drive had brought him to this peaceful spot, where, as though in quiet defiance of the discordant roar of the city, the deep green of the forest's "talking leaves" seemed to repeat that no life were truly life, no wisdom truly wise without the "open world" and the teachings of Nature.

The Traveler turned to his Host, the master of the Farms, and repeated the words of the Indian. "How true it is," he mused, "that we civilized people, products of city life and institutional education, often leave unlearned the lessons that lie at the root of existence. Here and there a child or a child-of-nature like an Indian, thrusts home to us this truth. Tell me, for it is *à propos*—what of the announcement a year ago of the farm-school for boys that was to be started here? How far has the ideal progressed toward realization?"

"Such progress as we have made lies before you," said the Host simply, as he pointed to new roads, cottages, gardens and orchards.

"There was nothing here but abandoned farms when we began a year ago."

"Then you have truly accomplished much, indeed," the Traveler exclaimed.

"But not all I hoped," said the Host, with characteristic modesty. "When the dream is vivid, when one sees in mental vision the whole plan detailed before one, the very clarity of the vision, lit by enthusiasm, makes achievement seem near. The road so lighted looks a short one. But when one begins to travel the road, to put vision into form and plan into fact, then it is that though the goal is plainly visible, one sees that the journey is not short."

"I learned in Colorado that it is the clarity of the atmosphere that makes far-off peaks seem near," said the Traveler, with a smile. "But how far is it now to the opening of the Farm-School?"

"Next spring," said the Host, "we hope to begin with a few boys. Roughly speaking, schoolboys are divided into two groups: those whose parents have clear ideas as to how they want their sons educated and what they want them to become; and those who leave such matters to convenience and chance and to the taste of the boy. The first group aim, the second group drift. The Farm-School will take its first pupils from among those who are drifting and who need counsel and suggestion, rather than from the group whose ideas are already fixed."

THE Visitor looked around him, drawing deep breaths of the sweet June air, perfumed with the life of growing things. In the course of his travels he had seen many schools—public and private schools, industrial and agricultural institutions, schools for white children, for negroes and for Indians. Yet it seemed to him that he had never seen a spot more inviting than this, with its gentle hilltops, its wide view and its pastoral charm. The drive from the railroad station to the Farms had lain amid low hills, deeply green and fragrant. A bend about a mile from the station had brought the Traveler to a road that wound upward, across a little brook, to where the first two cottages of the Farms spread their sloping roofs near the summit of the hill. The houses seemed a part of that little June world, as though they too had grown on that hillside as naturally as had the oaks and maples around them. The house to which the Host led his guest was furnished in what the Host once called "the beauty of simplicity." There was nothing superfluous but there was everything necessary to practical living and to comfort, while shelves of books and a piano told of higher needs than the physical and of other comforts than the bodily. As he glanced about him the Traveler was reminded of a

saying of the Host, "I insist that the people and above all, the children of the people, should be afforded the advantages of a democratic art—one that should insure the comfort and beauty of their homes." The Traveler pondered: Will not schoolboys, at home here amid the "beauty of simplicity," carry such ideals away with them to future homes? Environment teaches where precept often fails.

In the cool of evening a fire of logs burned on the open hearth. The Host, his children and their guest drew their chairs to the blaze—generous chairs that with wide arms welcomed them to ease and rest.

"Of course," said the Host, "I believe that everyone should live in the country for at least a part of each year. In the vast complication of city life we grow to depend not on ourselves to supply our wants, but on the elaborate mechanism of the city. Our wants grow to be as artificial as city life itself. We should live in the country part of the year, not only for our bodily health but also for the health of our souls. It is in the country that young life should unfold, that first impressions should be planted and children educated."

"And hence the Farm-School," said the Traveler, thoughtfully.

The Host spread his hands to the blaze and continued musingly: "How we miss this in the city! A home without a hearth—is it not a body without a soul? We Americans thought we had done a fine practical thing when we tore out the hearth from the family living room and buried the fire, a thing of beauty and inspiration, in the cellar! The furnace is of course a necessity to city life, yet I believe that the absence of the family hearth has done more than any other single thing to destroy home feeling in the American household."

The Visitor acquiesced. "In primitive life food, shelter and fire are the first requisites," he said. "So the instinct to gather around the fire is rooted deep in our heredity. You are right; the hearth is the focus and the heart of the home. This fireside,—as well as your welcome,—has made me feel at home here."

The Host glanced at his guest with a quiet smile. "Then you have felt one of the basic principles of the Farm-School," he said, "the ideal of the Home. But let us have some music now, we will talk of all this later."

NEXT day the Host took his guest over the grounds. The Visitor was interested to hear more of the project whose growth toward fulfilment was everywhere visible. Then the Host talked, and in his talk were the same simple directness, the same sturdy and open honesty that showed in the architecture of his houses and in the character of his household.

"What I seek, what I have lived and worked for," said the Host,

"is Truth. If I find it I don't care whether it is acclaimed by all the world or whether only one man believes it. The Farm-School is a search for Truth—truth in living and truth in that preparation for life that we call education. Perhaps not many people will agree with my theory of education, but if the idea prove to have in it anything of Truth, then to me, at least, this whole undertaking will have been worth the effort,—even if it educate no other boy than my own to what I believe a man should be. The idea of the Farm-School? It is briefly this: A reversal of the accepted educational order which prescribes books first in importance. Only when 'educated' does the boy learn to work. I believe that boys should first be taught the ideal and the practice of *doing something useful* with brain and hands, combined with abundant outdoor life. Through *work* the child should learn the necessity for knowledge. Study should be the valued supplement to work, and book-education should accompany, but never precede the education derived from actual individual experience.

"The present accepted educational system places our young growing children in crowded schoolrooms to bend their shoulders over books, and during the years when they are overflowing with physical activity, with imagination, with questions as to life and its import, we set them to learning lessons mapped out for them by us, not as an answer to each individual child's eager mind but as prescribed courses that all alike must study, each in the same manner. When the molding time of youth has been passed in this theoretical sort of preparation, then follows what we call "Commencement," a ceremony which marks the end of school and the beginning of life. According to this system, it is only when a boy has gone through this stereotyped and one-sided training that he may begin to learn how to live, which means, or should mean, to begin to learn how to work. For life without work is no life at all; whatever the man's fortune, his growth is dependent upon work, and to cease growing is to die, spiritually." The Host paused; then said, simply, "With our present system, it practically amounts to this: The boy who has the best education is simply he who has the best memory, who can remember most of what he has learned by heart. And yet, how much of it all is really vital to the man in after life? His studies remain to him a mass of comparatively abstract knowledge. Unless the boy be studiously gifted, his learning has been acquired through no desire of his own, nor from any feeling within himself of the necessity for such knowledge." "And you mean by education," said the Visitor, "development of character and manly attributes and the ability for inquiry and application—these qualities should bring about their own results in power and knowledge."

"I mean this," said the Host, "a real school should give to a boy the opportunity for such sane and healthful all-round development as will make of him a man capable of facing life in its every emergency with poised mentality, strong character and vigorous physique. Therefore I say work should come first in importance, and study second, as a supplement. But study should be related to life. The boy should study not in order to pass an examination but because he really wants to find out something more about life and work. If the boy be first given something to *do* that he can look upon as vital, something that puts responsibility upon him and calls out his own creative effort, he will be the first one to desire additional knowledge for himself. A boy will not be robbed of any of the buoyancy of youth, either, by this kind of education."

"You speak of 'learning to work,'" said the Visitor. "Many people feel that study is in itself real and noble work. Character is developed through application, and there is discipline, too, in what is to many children pure drudgery!"

"A CERTAIN amount of drudgery is certainly necessary discipline to character, but it should not be all *brain*-drudgery, especially for children. And is it not irreverent to permit science, history and literature to be studied as 'drudgery?' Nothing should be taught, not even the multiplication table, without the child seeing the *reason* of it. Take science—astronomy, chemistry, physics, and let the study of these things begin at the right end! If the open heavens are to the child familiar friends will he not want to know more about them? If the boy must work in his garden according to the seasons, will he not want to know *why* some days are longer or shorter than others? Will not his garden teach him the necessity for some knowledge of chemistry and physics? I want to teach the boy to *think*, above all, rather than to learn facts by heart.

"By 'learning to work' I mean a many-sided application of the individual to results not *merely* useful, but *essentially* useful,—the simple basic things that underlie the life, the industry and the civilization of the race. For I think that the self-reliance that is born of the individual's ability to get his own food and shelter under all conditions should be part of every man's equipment. Also, an understanding of nature and of animal and plant life, based not on textbooks, but on experience. These are fundamentals."

"Yes," said the Visitor. "A man should have brains behind his fingers as well as in his head; a trained body as well as a trained mind; a fresh and responsive spirit as well as a quick memory; initiative as well as a faculty for assimilation. Do you not feel that the intro-

duction of manual-training and industrial courses in our schools are wise efforts in the right direction?"

"As far as they go; yes," said the Host. "But such work in school is not real work. It is play-work."

"And what is the plan of the Farm-School?" asked the Visitor.

"To begin by taking boys at the completion of the usual grammar-school period and to give them a practical education on the Farms here during the years between fourteen and twenty, the important years of change mentally and physically from boyhood to manhood, when in my opinion, boys should have the stimulus to body and soul of work in the open air. I want the boys to learn here to stand on their own feet and to work directly for results, and above all, I want them to develop independence of thought and creative initiative. I believe that the boy who has learned how to work here will apply himself better later on to whatever his vocation than will the boy who has had book-education only. You understand, this school will be in no sense an agricultural college or a trade school. We are not aiming to turn out expert farmers. The training here simply equips the boy with general education, only the education differs from that usually prescribed. Here we will not study half the year and play half the year. We will work and study and play alternately all the time. On the Farms, school will "keep" the year 'round, and thus the boy who is educated here will enter college,—if he care to—not much later than will other boys. These cottages that are going up are for the parents of the boys who will, it is hoped, spend their summers at the Farms to share in the life amid which the education of their sons is carried on. Also, the parents may want to come during the winter for week-ends. The Club House will be a central building for meetings and social gatherings where also meals may be obtained by those who do not care to keep house at the cottages.

"Just as I said that everyone should live in the country at least part of the year, so I say that every boy should receive part of his education on a farm. I choose the farm in which to carry out the principle of learning to work because the farm offers opportunities of almost endless variety for practical creative and constructive development. In my opinion there is no single method of education that teaches a boy as much as farming. The old-fashioned farmer had to depend on his own forethought, skill and muscle for results. He understood weather and seasons and the relation of plant life to the elements; he understood animal life and its relation to field products. He understood the healing properties of herbs; he doctored his animals and if he fell sick he cured himself. He had to. He understood tools thoroughly; he knew how to build, from a

chicken-coop to a house; he was his own carpenter and blacksmith. He learned to provide for himself in all essentials. The farm is a practical school in which to learn that great lesson of life—*to plan ahead.* Here the boy sees vividly before him the actual outcome of his own wisdom or of his own mistakes.

"It is true that athletics may offset to a certain extent the evil physical effects of indoor study during the growing years. But on the farm strength and muscle are acquired by a wholly useful expenditure of energy. Then, too, a boy should learn the dignity of labor. After all, it is from the working people that men of genius oftenest arise,—from the poor, who face the sternest realities of life and who bear the burdens. We ought all to stop and ask why this is so.

HERE the Host was called away to plan like a general the work for the day on the Farms, and there was no detail of the work to which he did not himself lend a hand. The Visitor could not wonder that this man, virile, executive, versatile in all branches of practical industry, should want to give to his own son and to other boys as well the opportunity to acquire strength through labor that had been his own as a child. It is not usual to consider grappling with hardship an "opportunity;" yet the Visitor could not but feel that the freedom of thought and strength of individual conviction that characterized the remarkable and useful career of the Host were due to that tremendous struggle against primitive conditions that marked the life of the pioneer settler forty years ago in what was then "the West." It seems as though the forces of Nature amid which the settler drew his every breath must have entered into the very soul of such men, sweeping away all pettiness and making narrowness and convention impossible. And the Visitor mused: "It is not only life on the farm that will be of advantage to the boys here; it is the contact with a man of power and ideals."

The whole conception of the School seemed to the Visitor a product of the democracy of American life and of conditions in a young nation. The farm in the Old World is a different thing from the farm in the New. The European farmer is born to the soil as were his grandfathers before him. In all likelihood he will die on the farm to be succeeded by such of his sons as do not emigrate to America. But the American farmer is a pathbreaker. He is either taming a wilderness or meeting conditions of constant change and development. He must be creative and resourceful. Thus peculiarly in America is the farm a school for American character. "Such education," said the Host, "coupled with the desire for knowledge brought forth a Lincoln." In a great country still to be developed, the needed type of

worker in all activities, whether industrial or cultural, is the pioneer. The saying, "Young men for war, old men for council" is adapted by the Host to education, thus: "Young men for work, old men for meditation," and this adaptation applies, perhaps, to nations also.

Yet to the Traveler, in whose veins flowed European blood, study meant the opening of a vast and holy kingdom, and books—the key to the treasure-house of civilization—were things to be reverently loved for themselves. Would the boy of the Farm-School learn to love books thus, to value beauty for its own sake and to find in the records of the race—in philosophy, art, science, literature—that balancing influence upon individual thought that gives poise to culture and equilibrium to the creative impulse? As though in answer echoed the words of the Host, "Let the child first learn through work the *necessity* for knowledge."

AT THE fireside once more the Visitor remarked, "You say that perhaps not many will agree with your theory of education. I think that the whole trend of our more advanced American education is—less radically—along these lines, and that the Farm-School will appeal to Americans as a vitally needed next step."

"After all, it is only common sense," said the Host, with his usual modesty. "We have spoken chiefly of the practical side today—now let us touch again on the ideal brought out by our fireside talk last night."

"I understand—" said the Visitor, "each of these little houses with its wide hearth and its simple charm is a home-unit in the Farms which is in itself, so to speak, a Mother-Home."

"Yes; we want here to surround the boy with ideal home conditions, for, ideally speaking, education should never be divorced from the home. But if a home be in a crowded city, then we must compromise. Many parents send their children to boarding schools. Boarding schools discipline but do they develop in children the best human qualities? Children should unconsciously form ideals of human relationships. On a farm the child sees the relatedness of life all through nature. He sees it in the animals, the hen with her brood, the mother-cow with her calf. His own care of animals and plants wakens in him the protecting instinct. The family, with all its loving duties, is the greatest institution humanity has yet produced. It is the most sacred heritage of evolution. No communistic theories will ever wholly supplant the ideal of family life in the individual family home.

"And, besides, if a boy learns to supply, himself, the material wants of a simple home (bringing to the family table the fruits of his

garden, even splitting the wood for the fire), how much truer will be his attitude toward life and toward social problems and conditions! I want to teach fundamentals not for their practical value only, but for their ideals.

"The ideal—! From fourteen to twenty—those are the vision-years of youth when pure influences and wholesome outdoor life should mold the mind and body to manly strength. Then it is that the dream of achievement lights the future. No great work is ever accomplished unless inspired by a clear vision, resolutely held. In the country, Nature feeds the aspiration, the dreams and the noble ambitions of young souls."

The Traveler bade farewell to his Host of the hillside. "Your Farms seem indeed a place whereon to plant good seed," he said. "Here where one sees slope and valley yielding fruit and the eye sweeps forward to distant hills—beyond."

As the Traveler passed slowly down the shaded road the words of the Indian seemed to sound again: "It seems to us Indians that you white people know nothing of the real world. You do not understand the animals, the trees and flowers, the winds and streams. To the Indian, all these things speak; from them and from the mountains and the stars come to man the messages of Tirawa, the One Above."

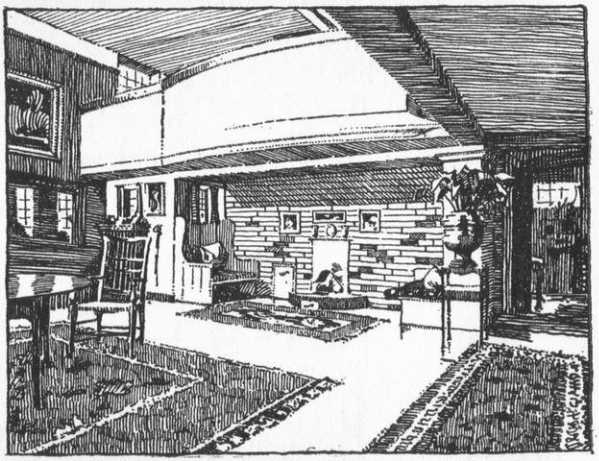
KINSHIP

I DID not know that earth and sky,
Had messages so dear,
And friendliness so near,
Nor could I hear the comrade-cry
In music of the sea
Till You came home to me.

AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS

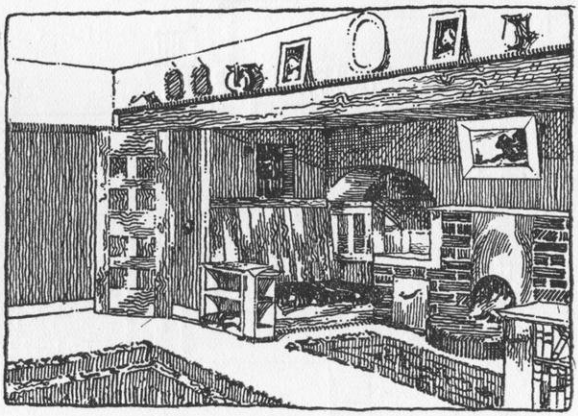
MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER SIX

LET us consider the advantages and disadvantages of high and low rooms. We are apt to take it for granted that high rooms are necessarily in every way more desirable; we presuppose that they are more healthy because they provide more air space than do low rooms; but it does not always strike us that it would be well to take each case on its own merits and see whether at times this additional space in the height might better be added to the width and length of the rooms. A building costs an ascertainable price per cube foot, and in many cases this additional vertical size in the rooms could be added laterally or longitudinally at but very little more cost per cube foot. It is just as valuable as additional air space, if not more valuable, and gives more room for furniture and for moving about. As Mr. Baillie Scott says: "We cannot fly about in it if we do put it over our heads."



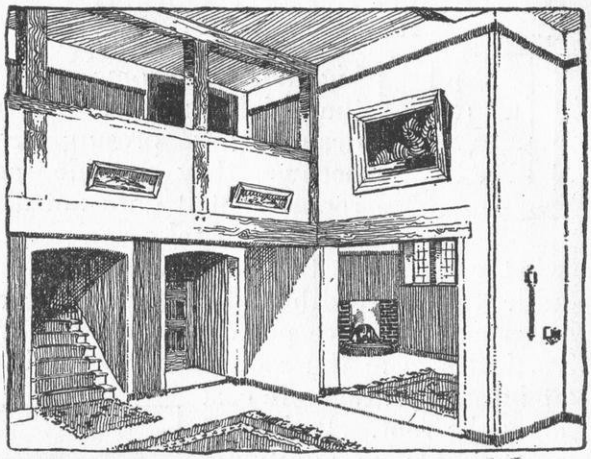
"THE GABLES": VIEW OF HALL.

Some think it *more* valuable as air space because the increased size of the room renders it easier to find places in which one may sit " out of the draught." In a small room one cannot, of course, from the very nature of things, sit far away from window or door, but (within reasonable limits) the larger the room is, the easier it is to keep the air in it fresh without subjecting its occupants to discomforts from draughts. Again it always will be noticed that it is easier to keep the air in a room (for which mechanical ventilation is not provided) perfectly fresh if the ceilings are not too high. In

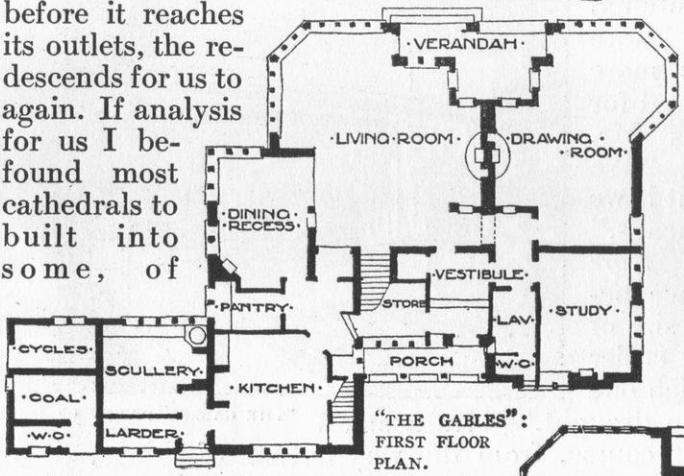


"THE GABLES": VIEW OF DINING ROOM.

the absence of mechanical ventilation we are dependent upon the fact that hot air rises to create that circulation which will keep the air in our rooms fresh, and this circulation will only carry the vitiated air out (by the windows or outlets at the top of the rooms) if it can do so while that air is still hot. If above our heads we have space in which the air can cool before it reaches its outlets, the re- descends for us to again. If analysis for us I be- found most cathedrals to built into some, of



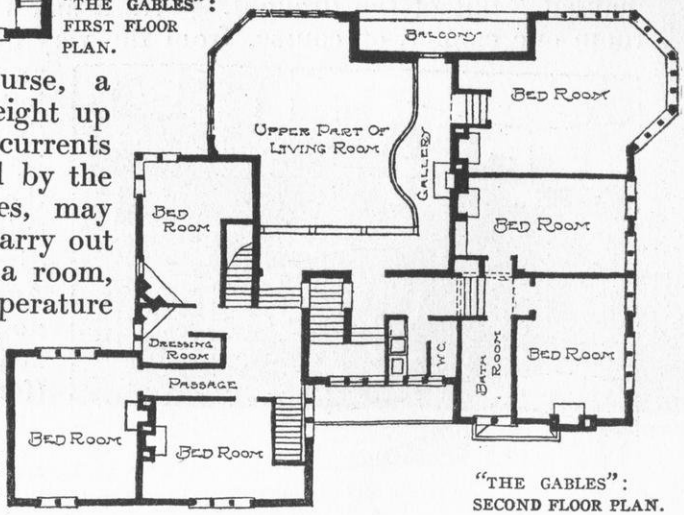
"THE GABLES": STAIRWAY.



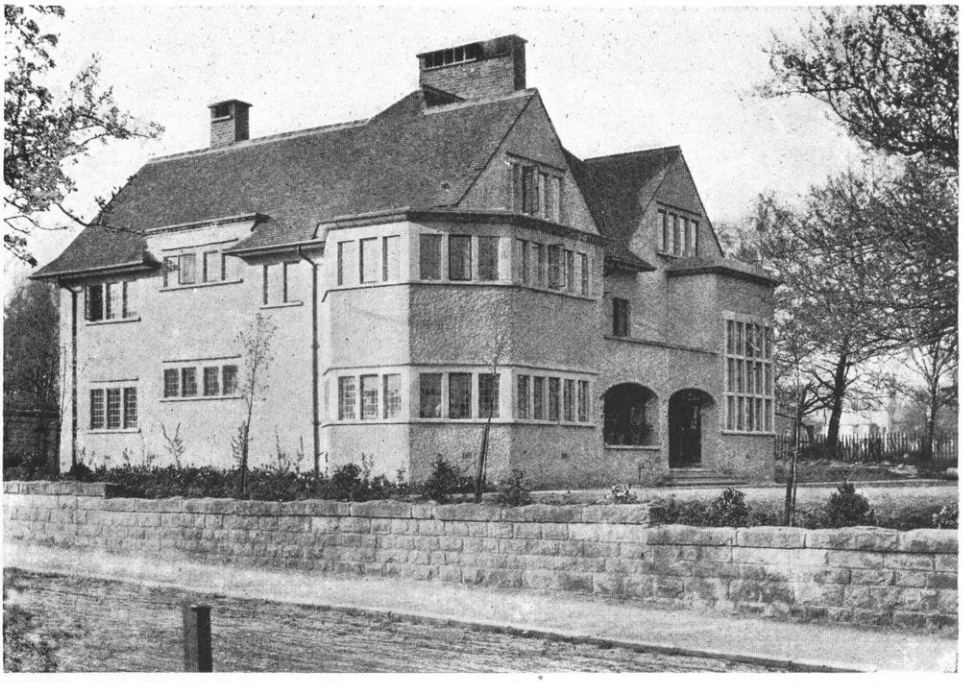
"THE GABLES": FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

sult is that it simply breathe again and could have proved it lieve we should have of the air in our be that which was them centuries ago, course, being re- placed when various restorations and additions were made.

There is, of course, a definite ascertained height up to which the natural currents of ventilation, created by the fact that hot air rises, may be counted upon to carry out the vitiated air from a room, which is kept at a temperature comfortable for human habitation. Hospital authorities give twelve feet as the maximum for this, but certain it is that a much less



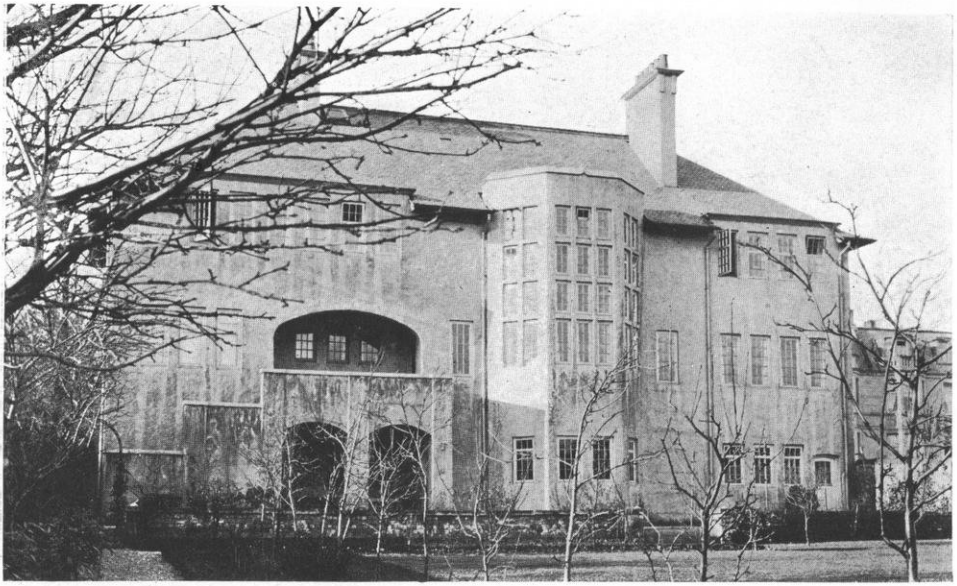
"THE GABLES": SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects

"THE GABLES": ST. JAMES, HARROGATE, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

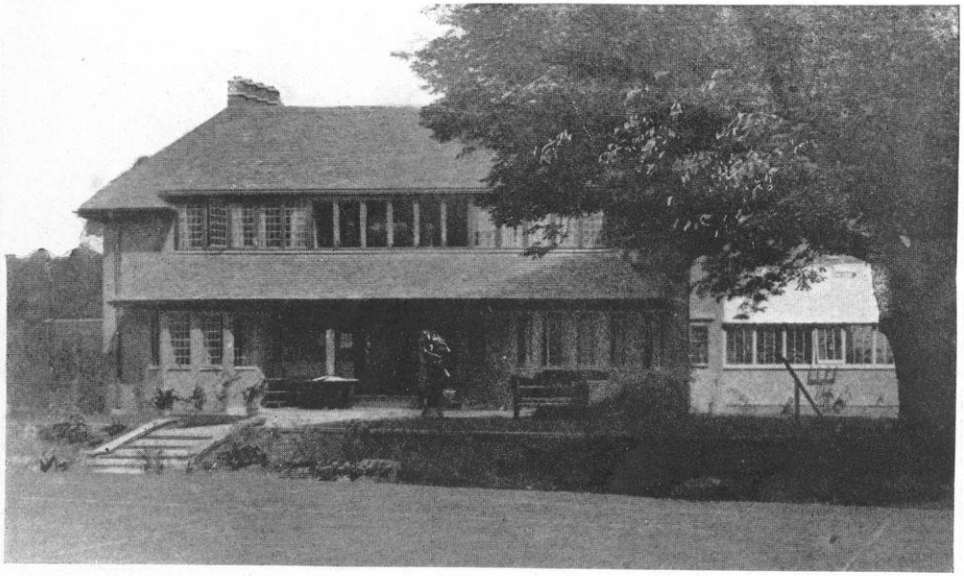
VIEW OF THE DINING ROOM AT "THE GABLES," SHOWING FIREPLACE RECESS.



Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects

"BALNAGOWAN," MURRAYFIELD, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND: THE SOUTH-FRONT VIEW.

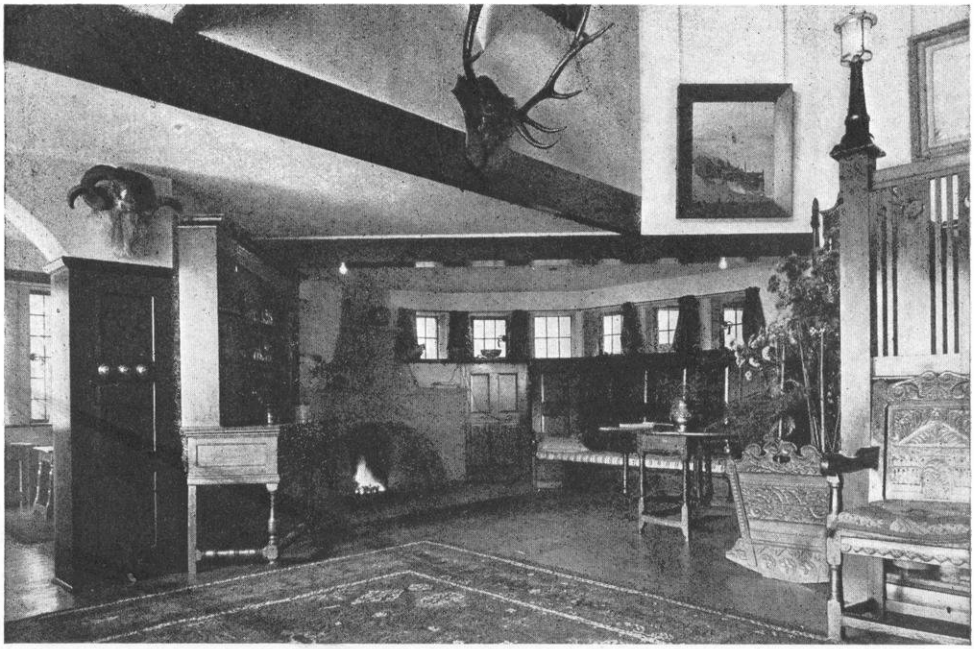
THE CHIEF FIREPLACE IN THE GREAT HALL AT "BALNAGOWAN."

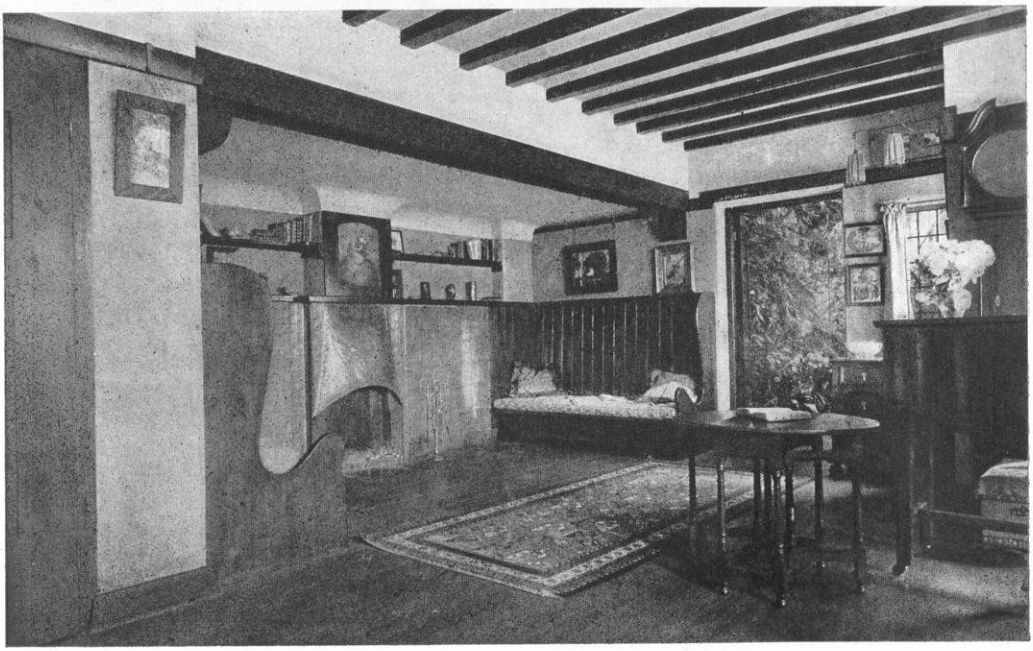


Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects

"INNISDOON," MANSFIELD, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, ENGLAND: MAIN OR SOUTHWEST VIEW.

VIEW OF THE STABLEYARD AT "INNISDOON."

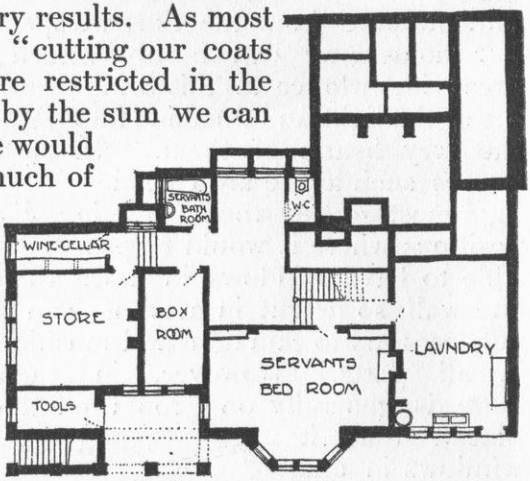




CHARMING VIEW OF THE HALL AT "INNISDOON."

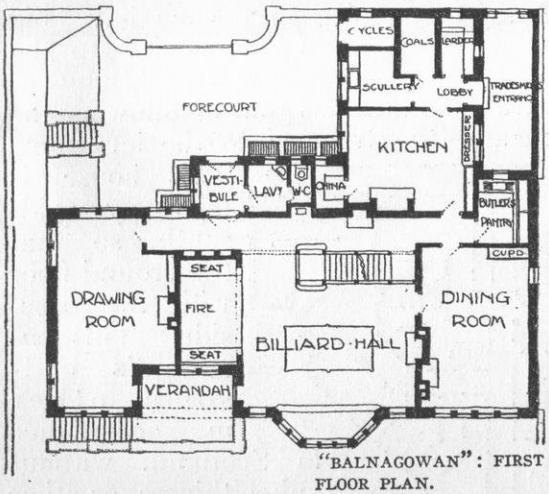
FIREPLACE CORNER OF THE LIVING ROOM AT "INNISDOON."

height is surer to give satisfactory results. As most of us, when house building, are "cutting our coats according to our cloth," and are restricted in the space we provide in our rooms by the sum we can afford to spend on it, I think we would do well to arrange to have as much of it spread horizontally as possible, and as little carried above our heads as is compatible with adequate ventilation.



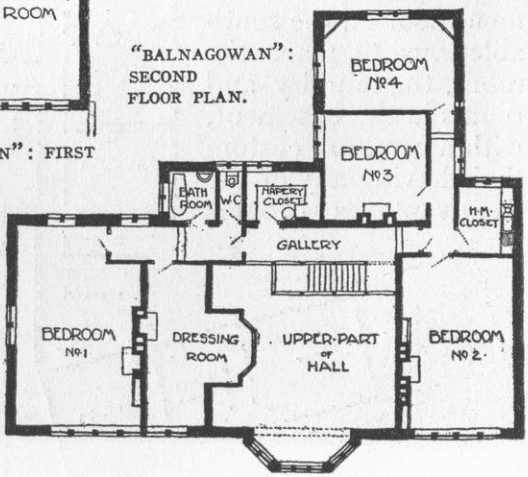
"BALNAGOWAN": BASEMENT PLAN.

There are other points, too, which must be considered as bearing upon all this. These practical considerations are not all. Artistically I suppose, perhaps, most rooms in small houses suffer from too great height in proportion to their width and length, yet the charm resulting from carrying one room (say a hall) far higher than any of the others is as indisputable as the fact that both the high and the low rooms gain by contrast.



"BALNAGOWAN": FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

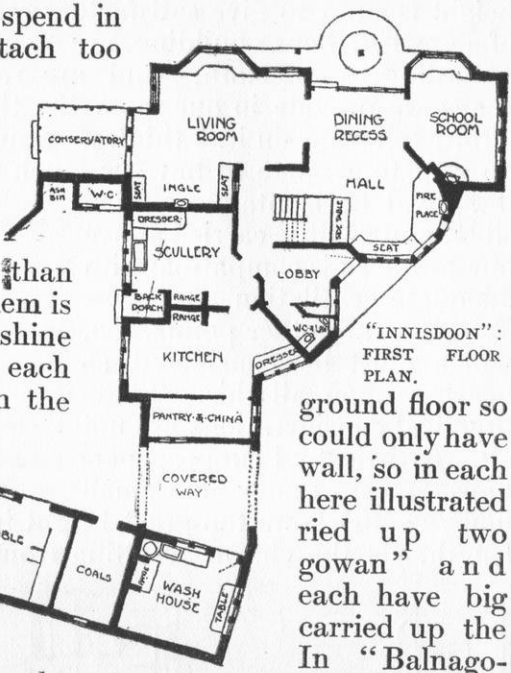
In terrace houses and where land is very valuable, air space can be more cheaply gained by increase in height than in width and length, and must therefore be so gained. Again, in terrace houses each room generally can have windows in only one of its walls, hence these windows must be carried high enough to enable the light therefrom to reach to the back of the room.



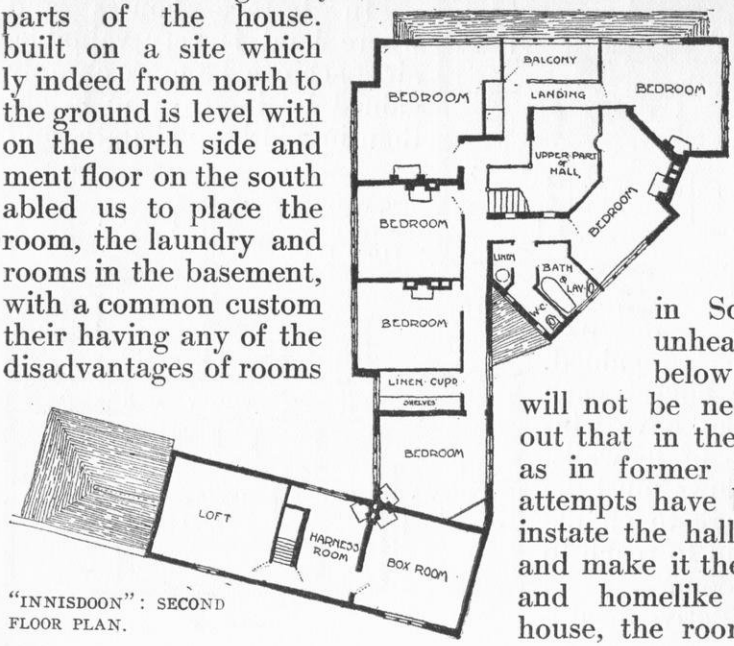
"BALNAGOWAN": SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

If we are to derive health

and pleasure from the time we spend in our homes we can hardly attach too great importance to this bringing of the light and sunshine into the very hearts of them. In houses such as we are considering, most of the rooms are in positions where it would be possible to have windows in more than one wall, so height in most of them is not necessary to gain light and sunshine in all parts. However, in each there is generally one room on the ground floor so placed that it could only have windows in one wall, so in each of the houses here illustrated this room is carried up two stories. "Balnagowan" and "The Gables" each have big south windows which are carried up the full height of these rooms. In "Balnagowan" particularly one appreciates the enormous gain of allowing the sunshine and light by this means to stream into the innermost parts of the house. This house is built on a site which falls very rapidly indeed from north to south, so that the ground floor with the basement floor on the south side. This enabled us to place the servant's bedroom, the laundry and some other rooms in the basement, in accordance with a common custom in Scotland, without their having any of the disadvantages of rooms below the ground. It will not be necessary to point out that in these three houses, as in former ones illustrated, attempts have been made to reinstate the hall or house-place, and make it the most important and homelike room in each house, the room in which the



"INNISDOON": FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



"INNISDOON": SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

family chiefly lives. Also it will be seen that there is a slight similarity in the general arrangement of these three houses, but that each takes as simply and directly as possible the form dictated by the site and local conditions and the requirements of the client.

"Innisdoon" is more unusual and interesting in this respect than the other two. Its planning will possibly strike the reader at first glance as somewhat complicated and exceptional, if not strained. The circumstances which have led to this are as follows: Our client was already living in the house shown and we had recently laid out for him the grounds of this house and were designing some additions to be made to the house itself, when the meadows to the south came into his possession. He then decided to build upon it a new house for himself if he could do so without abandoning the recently laid out gardens, and if he could make use of the drive up to the existing house as the approach to the proposed new one. This latter stipulation, and the fact that a very fine tree such as one would not dream of cutting down stood where one would naturally have placed the house, made a very special form of plan inevitable. Otherwise a makeshift effect would have resulted. Not only had we to avoid cutting down the tree, but, standing as it did to the southwest of where the house must stand, space enough had to be contrived between it and the house to prevent its shading the latter. On the northwest we were also tied by the position of the existing drive which was to be used as the approach. Further, there could be no doubt but that the right thing to do was to swing the garden front of the house more toward south than it would be if fixed parallel to the field boundaries, in order that more sun might enter the rooms. So everything pointed to a plan broadly triangular in form, making it possible to have the main entrance at a point from which no long passagelike approach to the various rooms would be necessary, thus saving the pleasantness of the southwest front which inevitably would have been destroyed had the drive been brought round to it and the main entrance placed there. The size of the scullery, relative to that of the kitchen, is a point in the plan many will comment upon. I believe that having the scullery almost as large as the kitchen is proving to be a very convenient arrangement. There is a range in each, but most of the cooking is done on the one in the scullery, so the kitchen is always kept tidy, pleasant and comfortable.

Adaptation to their sites is claimed to be one of the chief characteristics of these designs.

THE OPENING OF THE EYES OF JASPER: BY WALTER A. DYER

NCE upon a time there lived a family of very dull and respectable people. Their lives were so very commonplace that it must have been long ago. I don't believe anybody lives nowadays whose existence is so drab and uneventful. These people came into the world in a most ordinary and conventional manner. They were merely born. Then they grew up, and worked for a living. They were married, and had children, and by and by took sick and died. And that's all there was to it. So when little Jasper was born, it was taken as a matter of course. He was fed and clothed according to custom, and he cried and slept after the manner of infants.

But in the spring before Jasper was born, a wee bit of a meadow-lark had been hatched out of an egg in a beautiful aspen grove far away. The sunshine was pouring into the nest when he first opened his eyes, and as he was constantly looking upward for worms that his parents brought, he early became acquainted with the green leaves and the blue sky. And as soon as ever he could, he learned to sing. By and by the time came for him to leave the nest, and he started out to see the world, singing, as he went, of the green leaves and the blue sky.

One day, in the warm summer weather, he alighted on the sill of an open window, and because of the joyousness in his heart, he poured forth a glad and rippling song.

The people inside the house were very busy at the time and did not hear the meadow-lark, but the song fell full on the pink ears of a new-born babe in the room; it was the first sound in this wonderful world that little Jasper heard.

Of course, Jasper did not know this, but the song sank unawares into his tiny soul, and stayed there. So Jasper grew up with a song in his heart, and the song troubled him. It told him that afar off there was a beautiful green aspen grove with blue sky above it, and Jasper longed to find the aspen grove.

Now there was nothing to sing about at Jasper's home, and when he grew up to be a young man he began to think. Somewhere, he knew, there was a place of beauty, and because the meadow-lark's song had made a poet of him, he resolved to find it. His brothers, who had not been greeted at birth by a bird's song, could not understand him. Life seemed a very plain, measured-out affair to them. Why bother one's head about the unattainable? But Jasper's song would not let him rest, and finally he left his home and started out in search of the Good, the True and the Beautiful.

Now all Jasper's training had taught him that the way to get anywhere was to keep putting one foot before the other. That was the only way he knew of to find the Good, the True and the Beautiful. So on he went up the road and over the hill—left foot, right foot, left foot, right foot—trudging patiently along.

The days went by, and ever before him stretched the brown road. It led through woods and fields and villages, but Jasper did not meet with the Good, the True and the Beautiful. Every time he reached the top of a hill or a bend in the road, he looked eagerly ahead for something bright and unusual, but he was always disappointed. He met men and women, but they were just folks, queer or ordinary, and they could not tell him where to look for the object of his quest. Once he came to a great city, and entered it with joy, but its streets proved to be ugly and dirty and very confusing, and he was glad to come out on the other side. The Good, the True and the Beautiful were not there.

Finally, one gray day, he lost heart altogether, and sat down on a log by the wayside, and buried his head in his hands. And as he sat there, wrapt in woe, there came one singing up the road. The song was like the one that lay slumbering in Jasper's heart, and, hearing it, he looked up in spite of himself, and saw a burly fellow in a leathern apron.

Seeing Jasper sitting in such a disconsolate attitude, the stranger approached and seated himself on the log at Jasper's side.

"What is the matter, brother?" he inquired. "Has thy lady played thee false, or hast thou lost thy purse? Those are the two things which make most men miserable."

"Neither," said Jasper.

"Tell me," bade the other. "Let me help you."

Jasper looked at his big, hairy arms, his leathern apron and his sooty face, and replied: "Thou canst not help me. I have neither horse to be shod nor cart to be mended."

At this the big fellow laughed a deep-throated laugh.

"And why, pray, may not a blacksmith be a philosopher?"

Jasper pondered.

"I never thought of that," said he.

Then Jasper told the blacksmith of his hunger for the Good, the True and the Beautiful, and the tale of his bootless quest. When he had finished, the blacksmith broke forth into a loud and hearty roar of laughter, slapping his knee with his mighty palm.

"But I see no cause for mirth," said Jasper, surprised and nettled.

"No," said the blacksmith;" and there are many other things that thou dost not see. That is because thou art more than half blind.

Thou art like a man hunting all over the house for the coat that is on his back. Thou sayest that thou hast a song in thy heart. Hast thou looked there for Goodness, Truth and Beauty?"

"I understand thee not," quoth Jasper.

"See," cried the blacksmith, pointing to a little white flower that grew from the dirt and decaying wood under the log. "Here is a bit of Goodness, Truth and Beauty at thy feet, and thou didst not see it. Thou art blind, I say. Now listen, that thine eyes may be opened. This little flower is pure white and perfect. See how gracefully it stands on its slender stem. See how beautifully alike and yet unlike are its five snowy petals. There is a whole world of the Good, the True and the Beautiful in this little flower. And yet it grows from the common earth beneath the shadow of a rotting log. It typifies the Creation and the Universe. It is part of God's plan, and is a product of His craftsmanship. I am a skilled workman, but I could not make a thing of beauty like that. And yet thou didst not see it! All about thee are the Good, the True and the Beautiful—in sea and wood and sky, and in the hearts of thyself and thy fellows. The object of thy quest lies not at the end of the road, but on both sides of it and overhead.

"Yonder, at the edge of the village, is my dingy smithy. There I toil all day for my wife and children. But in the wall above my bellows is a little window that frames a square of blue sky, and through the open doorway I can see the green meadows, with the cattle in them, and the purple hills. There I see Goodness, Truth and Beauty. Friends pass the door and shout a greeting, and I look into their hearts and find Goodness, Truth and Beauty there. A spider has spun a web across my window-pane, a perfect wheel of finest silk, and up in the pear tree, just within my sight, the robins have a nest, and busily come and go all day long. Beside my door the daisies bloom, and peep in at me when the wind blows. In all these I see the Good, the True and the Beautiful, because mine eyes are open. I watch them as I blow the fire in my forge, and then when I bend my back again to the anvil, I needs must sing.

"Go thy way, brother, back to the place whence thou camest. I know not who thou art or what thy calling, but I know that the object of thy quest lies at thine own door."

So saying, he arose and took his departure, singing.

Now Jasper was young, and he did not believe all that the blacksmith had said, but for want of a better thing to do, he picked up his staff, and set out again for home.

And as he went he noticed many little white flowers by the roadside, and each had five snowy petals and stood on a graceful, slender

stem. He began to look for them, instead of contemplating the brown wheel tracks, and so it came about that he saw many things besides—a flock of blackbirds, wheeling and alighting in a cornfield—a cloud that hung like thistledown over a hilltop—a collie that sat, with ears erect, guarding a flock of sheep—a little stone cottage that lay dozing behind a flaming laburnum—an old peasant couple that sat hand in hand on their doorstep in the gloaming. And by the time he reached the top of the hill overlooking his home town the song in his heart was awake again, and more joyous than ever before, and so many beautiful things thronged in upon his vision that there was not time to contemplate them all. Below him lay the village amid its ivied elms, the white houses glistening in the sun like patches of snow, and the church spire standing, slim and graceful, in their midst. As he entered the village with springing step, a maid, who had been his playmate, ran forth to meet him, and in her eyes he saw a light he had never observed before. And somewhere a meadowlark was singing rapturously of a green aspen grove and the sunshine.

When Jasper reached home, his brothers asked him banteringly, "Didst find the Good, the True and the Beautiful, foolish Jasper?"

And he replied, "I did."

THE story of Jasper is, you will notice, but a new version of the old story in the Fourth Reader (or it may have been the Third) which tells of two lads who went for a walk; one of them saw much to report and the other nothing at all. Which of these lads are you? Are you Jasper going or Jasper coming? It's a question worth considering, as I shall try to show. The human mind has such a tremendous amount of work to do that it is obliged to make use of labor-saving devices. According to the psychologists, it constantly seeks to make its work less arduous by referring as many actions as possible to the memory and the reflex nerve centers. The mind is a general that has time for little save the issuing of orders. That is what they call the brain's ideo-motive force. The child has to devote his entire mind to the complex act of walking; divert his attention and he comes to grief. We experienced grown-ups simply give the word of command and our legs do the rest. "Home," we say, and our legs carry us there, giving our brains a chance to think of the stock market or our clothes or any other elevating topic. If every act of our fingers depended on the complete construction of a mental picture of it and a definite effort of the will, we would scarcely finish dressing before bedtime.

This delegating of our everyday actions to our various members produces what we know as habit, and if you will think of all your

motions and actions in a single day, you will see that ninety per cent. of them are the result of habit.

Some habits are useful and some are not. I have a habit of smoothing my hair when I talk—a perfectly useless operation. I suppose once my brain told my hand to do it, but now my hand goes ahead and performs this precious function on its own account, and energy is wasted.

But in general, it is plain that habits are absolutely necessary if we are to accomplish anything at all, though General Brain is never relieved of the responsibility of seeing to it that the habits are good.

All of this has been scientifically and thoroughly explained by Professor James and others. What I want to show is a certain specific failing that this habit-making faculty of ours is likely to lead us into; and that is the tendency of our minds to get lazy and let the habits do all the work. In a word, we are prone to get into a groove or rut. Some are born in ruts, some achieve ruts and some are thrust into ruts, but in every case the rut is a soul-deadening thing, and the sooner we get out of it the better. You can't see out of a rut, and the Good, the True and the Beautiful never lie at the end of it. Life in a rut is necessarily narrow and uninteresting.

By this I do not mean to praise the butterfly life. Flitting is equally ineffectual. The unsystematic man is an abomination before the Lord. But there is a golden mean.

It is the attitude that counts—the freshness of interest in all things, the youthfulness of the spirit. The Good, the True and the Beautiful are on every hand for him who has his eyes open. Don't be a mole; that is the text of my sermon.

Now the best way I know of to force oneself to look up out of the rut, and eventually to crawl out, is to train the sense of observation. This is easier for some people than it is for others. John Burroughs says, "Some people seem born with eyes in their heads, and others with buttons or painted marbles." And it is easier to form the habit of observation in childhood than in maturity, and I believe that this should be one of the first propositions in the study of pedagogics. But to develop this faculty is possible even for the oldest and blindest of us.

Now the ways and means of accomplishing this purpose are manifold. The whole field of art and literature and science lies open to us, and, greatest and best of all, the intimate study of Nature.

Nature study, I find, requires some explanation. The American type of mind looks askance at any theory or pursuit that does not produce practical, tangible results. Hence the student of Nature finds himself obliged to defend his principles. It is not enough for

him to say that he prefers to know a hemlock from a spruce. He must justify himself in terms of the practical. Such justification, however, is not impossible.

A vast deal of twaddle is written about the beauties of Nature, but that's not the thing. To exclaim over the beauty of a sunset indicates no very deep understanding. We Americans are inclined to look for short cuts. We pride ourselves on our ability to appreciate things that we know little or nothing about.

The true value of Nature study, for old as well as young, lies in the training of the observation, a faculty that civilization is doing its best to destroy in us. It took no effort on the part of the savage to read sermons in stones and books in the running brooks.

We go into the country, and we see trees and fields and hills, and most of us do not entirely miss their message. But for many the columbine and blue gentian bloom unheeded by the wayside, and the yellow warbler sings unheard and unseen in the thicket. Eyes have we but we see not; ears, but we hear not. These avenues of sensuous delight and intellectual satisfaction have become clogged through disuse, and every day we miss something of the wonder and the joy of life.

Nature study is simply one way—perhaps the best way—of training the observation, but the main thing is to get the eyes open somehow. And get your heart open, too. When you were a child the world was more interesting to you—life was richer. Get young again, for except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

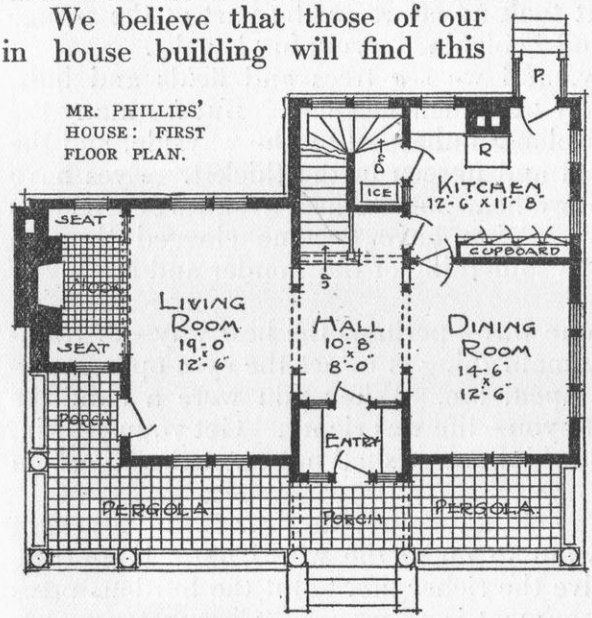
I know it isn't easy. The old habits are strong. Old dogs don't take to new tricks. You want to make the world more interesting to yourself. You want to live the richer life. But the burdens press down upon you. The environment is all wrong. Circumstances are against you, and the rut is deep. It's hard, I know, but not half so hard as you think it is. Look up out of the rut and try it. Look for simple things. Life is too short to spend it in a search for the unattainable. Jasper found that out. This is the world we are living in; for this life there is no other. If we shut our eyes to the good things in it, we have only ourselves to blame. Look about you and observe the Good, the True and the Beautiful that are close at hand. Look for them in God's growing things, in good books, in the hearts of your friends. And when again you bend your back to the anvil, think of the new things you have seen, and perhaps you'll be singing, after all.

Heaven lies about us in our maturity as well as in our infancy, if we will but open our eyes and look.

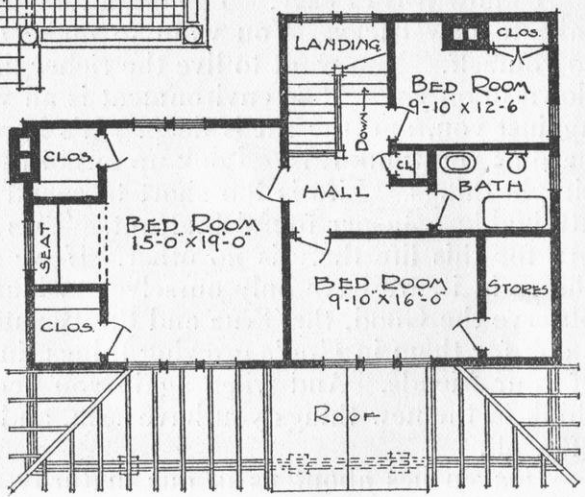
SOME CRAFTSMAN HOUSES THAT WERE BUILT UNDER OUR OWN SUPERVISION

WE HAVE now and then shown in THE CRAFTSMAN photographs of Craftsman houses built from our plans by other people, but the four houses we illustrate here are selected from those put up within the past year by our own builders, working under our direct supervision. Therefore, so far as the design, choice of materials and construction go, they are perfect expressions of the Craftsman idea. The furnishing of course is in each case that of the owner, and reflects his individual taste and fancy.

We believe that those of our readers who are interested in house building will find this group of houses specially interesting, because these photographs show how closely we have been able to adhere to the bold position we took in the beginning; a position that implied a radical departure from the style of architecture which prevailed even six or eight years ago, and one which we have been able to maintain and strengthen because of the straightforwardness and common sense of the idea it conveyed. Most architects have not yet been able to carry out consistently a basic idea upon which they build all their designs. They may have very decided opinions about the best and most direct method of planning and building houses, and then be obliged to compromise



MR. PHILLIPS' HOUSE: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



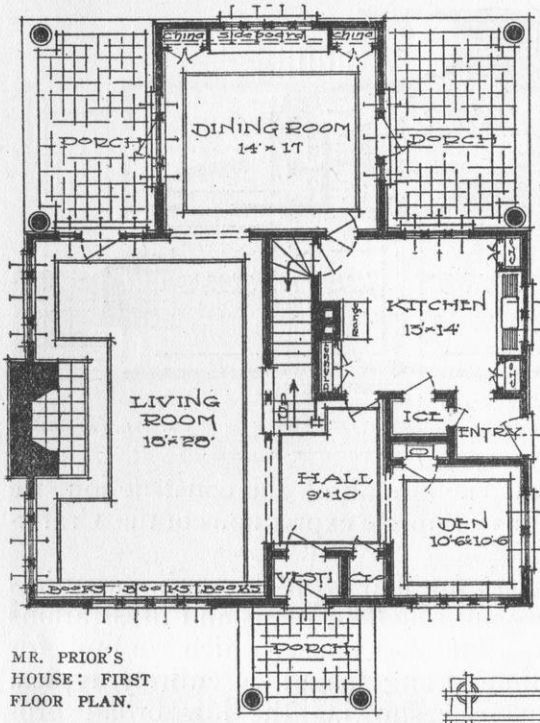
SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

HOME OF MR. W. H. PHILLIPS, WHITESTONE, L. I., SHOWING ENTRANCE THROUGH PERGOLA PORCH.

LIVING ROOM OF MR. PHILLIPS' HOME, WITH GLIMPSE OF RECESSED FIREPLACE.

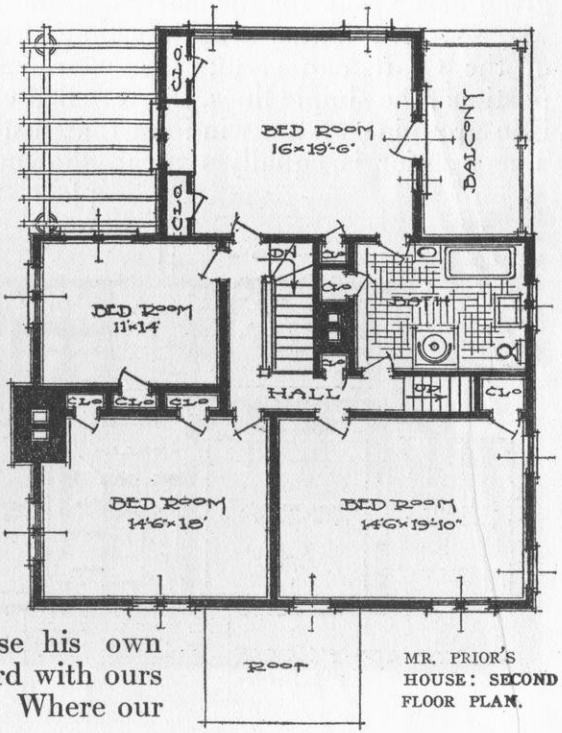
HOME OF MR. E. L. PRIOR, MAPLEWOOD, N. J., SHOWING ENTRANCE AT THE FRONT AND PERGOLA PORCH AT THE REAR, ALSO INTERESTING CONSTRUCTION OF CHIMNEY.

HOME OF MR. FRED. M. HILL, GREAT NECK, L. I., SHOWING ENTRANCE, WITH VIEW OF PORCH AT THE SIDE.



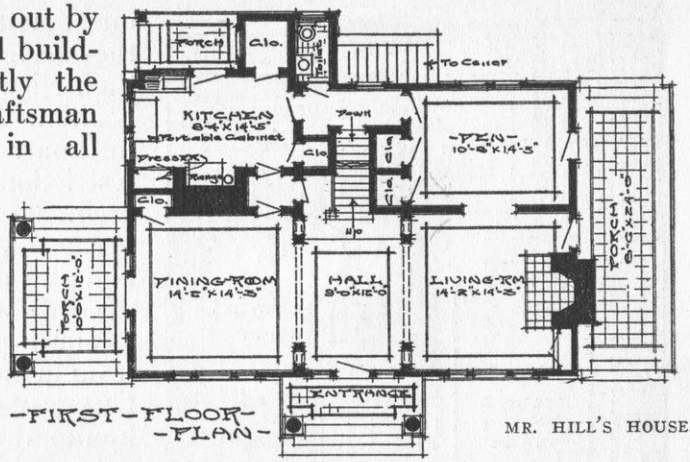
MR. PRIOR'S HOUSE: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

on something between what they have in mind and what their clients want. Our own position has been singularly fortunate with regard to the restrictions with which all architects have to contend, because we stated clearly and plainly in the beginning just what we were aiming at, and, as our designs were published from month to month in THE CRAFTSMAN, we have driven home the main principles upon which the Craftsman designs are founded, and explained their use and purpose until the Craftsman house has come to be regarded as a thing that is subject to very little modification. If a man wants a Craftsman house pure and simple, he is apt to come to us, and then trust us to carry out our own ideas as we think best, making only such modifications as are called for by the needs of each individual case. Therefore, while we have always worked in the closest accord with the owner, and have consulted with him over every feature of the house, we find that he almost invariably yields to our judgment regarding the features that go to make up the Craftsman style, because his own idea is so completely in accord with ours that he wants nothing else. Where our



MR. PRIOR'S HOUSE: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

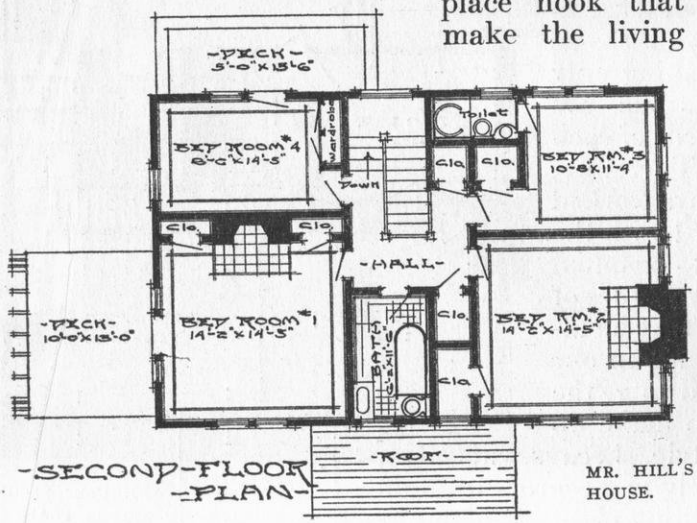
designs are carried out by other architects and builders, as is frequently the case—for these Craftsman houses are built in all parts of the country—the original design may possibly undergo considerable modifications, altering all but its most essential characteristics, but in houses like these, where we have supervised each detail of the construction, we feel justified in pointing to them as complete expressions of the Craftsman idea in house building.



-FIRST-FLOOR-PLAN-

MR. HILL'S HOUSE.

All our readers are more or less familiar with the main essentials of this idea, and even if they were not, the floor plans and illustrations given here speak for themselves. The first house, which we built for Mr. W. H. Phillips at Whitestone, Long Island, is entirely typical of the Craftsman style; the exterior showing the low broad proportions, the simple lines, the revealed construction and the characteristic grouping of the windows that distinguish all Craftsman houses. The interior is equally typical, showing as it does the recessed fireplace nook that serves at once to make the living room larger and to provide a sheltered nook where the warmth and home comfort of the whole place seem to center.



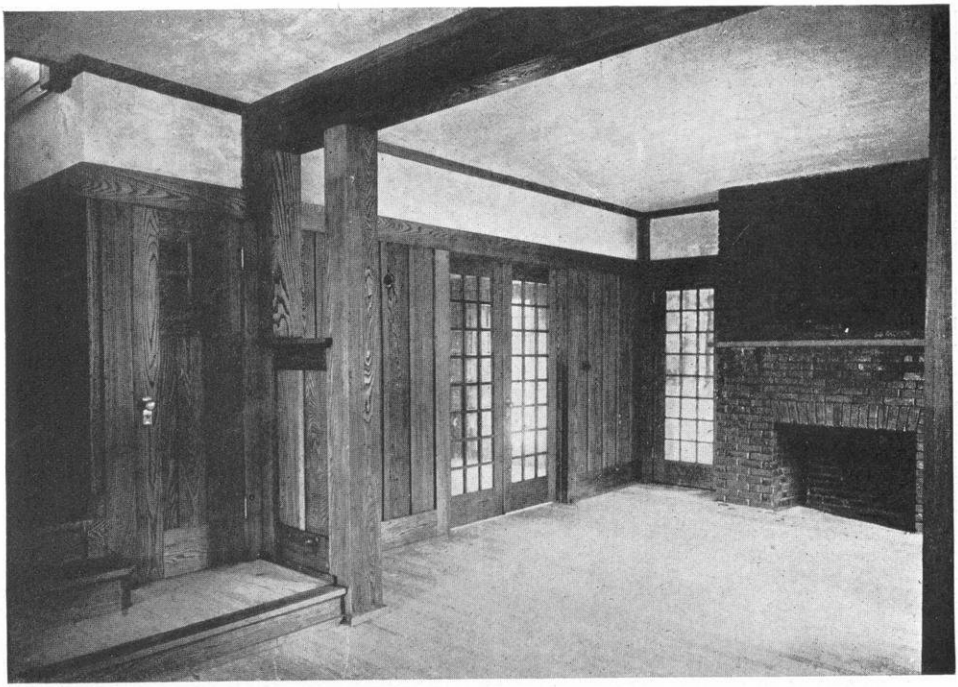
-SECOND-FLOOR-PLAN-

MR. HILL'S HOUSE.

In the second house, which was built for Mr. E. L. Prior at Maplewood, New Jersey, we see a most complete and consistent expression of the

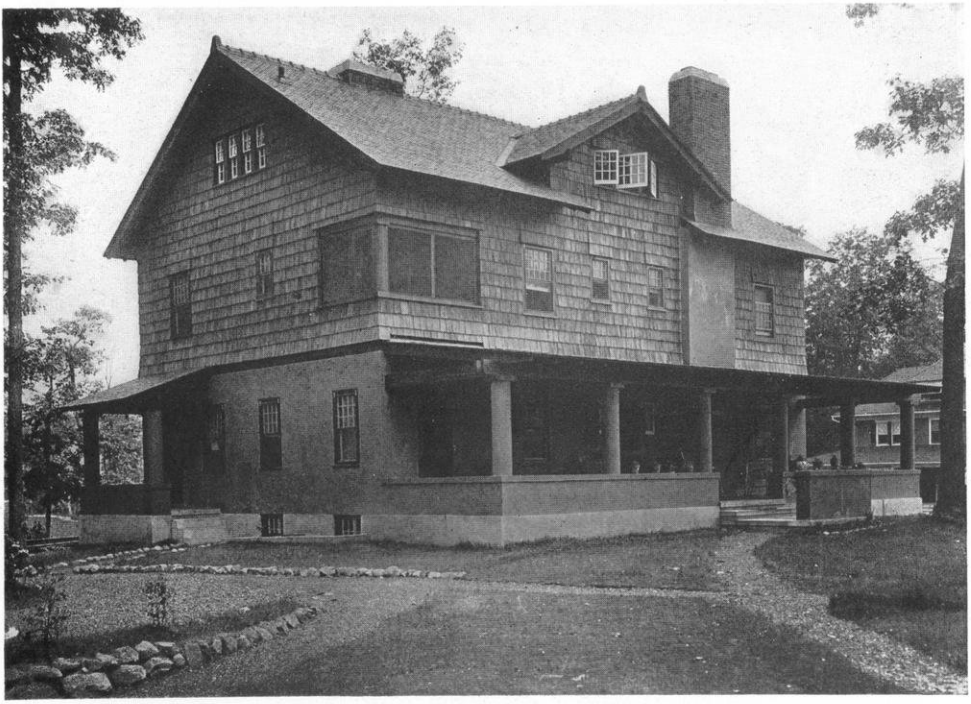
END OF LIVING ROOM IN MR. PRIOR'S HOUSE, SHOWING INTERESTING ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOWS AND BUILT-IN BOOKCASES.

THE DINING ROOM OF THE SAME HOUSE WITH BUILT-IN SIDEBOARD.



CORNER OF LIVING ROOM IN MR. HILL'S HOUSE, SHOWING CRAFTSMAN USE OF WOOD IN INTERIOR FITTINGS.

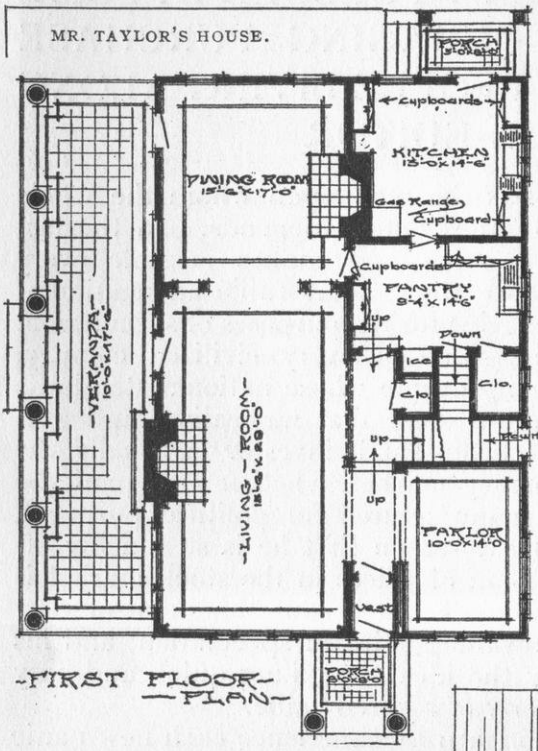
CORNER OF BEDROOM IN MR. HILL'S HOUSE, WITH GLIMPSE OF HALL.



TWO VIEWS OF THE HOUSE OF MR. B. A. TAYLOR, BEECHWOOD PARK, SUMMIT, N. J., SHOWING ENTRANCE, AND LIVING PORCH AT THE SIDE.

LIVING ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF MR. TAYLOR, LOOKING INTO PARLOR AND THROUGH SPINDLE WOODWORK UP THE STAIRWAY.

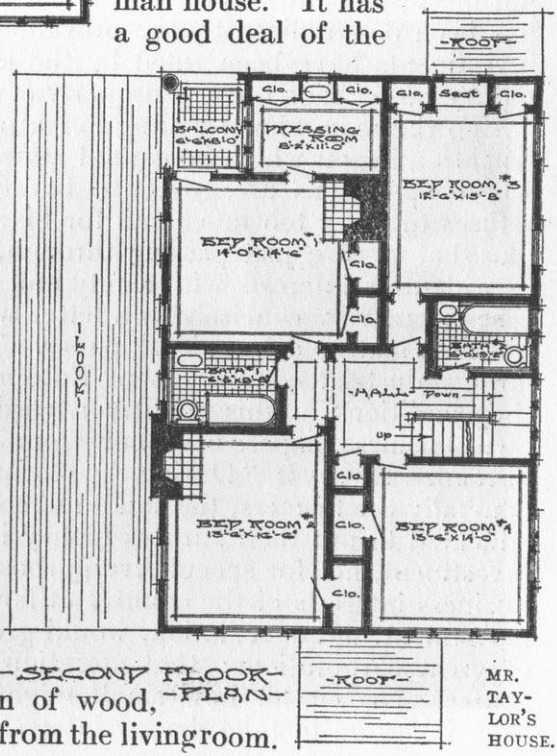
THE DINING ROOM IN THE SAME HOUSE.



Craftsman idea, especially in the arrangement of the interior, which shows the built-in fitments such as book shelves and sideboard, and the structural effects which are now so well known all over the country. Our aim is always to make the house so interesting in itself that it will need very little furniture and almost no ornament, and the interior of Mr. Prior's house illustrates this idea as well as any we have built.

The third house is owned by Mr. Fred. M. Hill, of Great Neck, Long Island, and is an excellent example of the severer form of the Craftsman house. It has a good deal of the quiet conservative dignity of the old Colonial farmhouse, for the exterior shows not one superfluous feature and its beauty is entirely that of line and proportion, and the impression it gives of simplicity.

The fourth house was built for Mr. B. A. Taylor, at Beechwood Park, Summit, New Jersey, and is one of our most successful examples of the combination of cement and shingles. It is quite a large house, and is built in a commanding position on the top of a small hill. One structural feature peculiar to this house is the open screen of wood, that partially hides the staircase from the living room.



MR. TAYLOR'S HOUSE.

THE POWER OF THE SMALL INVESTOR: WISDOM OF THE POLICY PURSUED BY SOME RAILROADS IN ENCOURAGING PURCHASE OF THEIR STOCK BY PEOPLE LIVING ALONG THEIR LINES: BY THE EDITOR

HE small investor is the man upon whom the whole financial status of the country depends. In the last analysis he is the man who makes possible every great enterprise and who renders futile all manipulation of the stock market for the purposes of speculation. His power is the same in every civilized country, but it is only among people whose national standards are based upon thrift and common sense that he realizes and uses this power. In our own country the small investor is usually the first victim of a panic in the money market, whether that panic be based upon real conditions or manufactured for political purposes, or to mask a big "deal." But the reason that he is so quickly affected by the inflation or depression of prices in the stock market is not because conditions are so different, but because his point of view has been demoralized by the prevailing spirit of speculation, and his investments have been ruled by the idea of making quick and easy money rather than owning property of assured value.

To the man who is willing to learn by experience each new panic teaches a lesson which he cannot afford to despise; while to the man whose operations are governed by steady common sense and who refuses to carry too much sail for his ballast, a period of liquidation like that we are just passing through, offers a welcome opportunity to widen his interests with safety and to increase his holdings. The case is put very concisely in a letter written recently by a prominent business man to a New York paper. This man, who is the head of a large industrial concern, is in Europe just now and is applying to the conditions in this country a wisdom gained not only from his own business experience, but from his observation of conditions abroad. He says: "During the recent slump more American people, generally the farmers, the small merchant or the man on salary, were educated to put their surplus money in good American securities for investment, not for speculative purposes. It would be better for the business interests of the country at large if such investors, buying for investment, not speculation, would give more attention to the affairs of great corporations; that attention inspired by actual holding of shares. No matter how small might be those holdings, they lead such investors to take deeper interest in political affairs, both State

and national, and such a result would mean better legislation and greater intimate mutual confidence at all times between corporations, the Government and the people. There cannot be too much education along that line. In time we could readily take care of our own securities in any possible emergency, just as did the citizens of France at one state of the Franco-Prussian War. Such distribution of stock holdings, too, would be a powerful check on market manipulation and overspeculation, provided these shares of great corporations were sufficiently sprinkled among the mass of the people. It is overspeculation that is doing us harm."

The stability given to an enterprise by the interest and support of a large number of shareholders, and the great gain in confidence and mutual good will between the corporations and the people that is brought about by such relations, are being recognized more and more every year. Some of the most powerful of our industrial concerns are urging their own employees to become stockholders in the business, relying upon the sense of interest and responsibility afforded by such ownership to make easier the adjustment of all relations between capital and labor. In other cases, the distribution of stock among thousands of shareholders has grown up naturally from the needs of the enterprise itself, as in the case of some of our railroad companies. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company alone has over sixty thousand stockholders among the people living in the territory covered by its lines, and the same policy is followed by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company. It is equally true of many others, but these two instances are noted because the lines of these railroads run through a thickly settled part of the East, where it is highly necessary for the railway to have the friendship of the people living along its line, and almost equally important for the traveling and shipping public to be on terms of coöperation rather than hostility with the common carrier upon which depends so much of the development and prosperity of that particular section of the country. These investors have largely availed themselves of the recent flurry in Wall Street to increase their holdings, because they know from personal experience and observation that the property is a safe and good investment, which in the end will maintain its value unimpaired by the artificial inflation or depression of the speculative value of the stock. To such investors the cry of "panic" has very little significance, and the support they give to the company whose stock they hold forms the best bulwark against sudden storms.

The uproar raised by the press all over the county about recent railroad legislation and the granting of extended powers to the Interstate Commerce Commission is already dying down, for the men who really run

the railroads, and the plain people who own so many thousands of shares of the stock, realize that this amount of Government supervision will ultimately be a steadying rather than a depressing influence, and that in any case it is logically the next step in the development of a system of transportation that has already done wonders in opening up the country, and is destined to do things in the future that will make all former achievements look insignificant. Private enterprise was needed to build up this great system, just as it was needed to establish every other industry that has made for the advancement of this country. But the time has come when the railroads have outgrown the limits of private enterprise and have become one of the vital interests of the people. Without any question of confiscation or of Government ownership on a socialistic basis, the right administration of the railroads and the control of their powers is as essentially the business of the public at large as is the establishment of clean and efficient government. The steps that have been taken lately are merely a part of the general advancement in this direction,—as much an expression of the spirit of the age as is the swift spread of the idea of municipal government by a commission directly responsible to the people. And, as a result of it, a better understanding is already taking the place of the old unreasoning hostility on the one side and arrogant use of power on the other. As the railroad men recovered from the panic which beset them when Congress passed the railroad bill, and when President Taft held up the rate increase until the matter should have been adjusted and examined by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the majority of them frankly agreed that the new order of things was not so bad after all, and that there was little possibility of the abuse of power by the Interstate Commerce Commission. They have not only accepted the new law, but a number of them are coöperating cordially toward its enforcement. On the other hand the shippers, realizing that this law obviates the danger of hasty or prejudiced action because it gives both sides an opportunity to present their cases clearly and fairly, are expressing their confidence in the probability that rates will be made which will be accepted willingly by both railroads and shippers for the reason that both will have had a hand in fixing them; each understanding fully the position of the other and the burden of expense that the railroad as well as the shipper has to bear.

The establishment of such supervision is the most marked advance made yet toward removing the railroads from the realm of monopolies governed by private interests, and placing them upon the footing of great public enterprises in which the whole nation shares. It would seem that the late E. H. Harriman foresaw this, because

his monumental scheme of organization meant practically the gathering of railroad interests into such shape that Government control was inevitable. During the years when the nation was building, the Government was in the very nature of things as immature as the country and the people. Representing the nation as it does, and being the only expression of the will of the people, it shares the faults and virtues of each phase of growth. When speculation, venality and the furthering of personal ambition at the cost of everything else, formed the prevailing standard of business enterprise, it was only natural that the Government should grant almost royal privileges to the builders of railroads which opened up such great tracts of raw country. Working only for its own interests, for the expansion of its territory, and the piling up of colossal wealth, each one of the great railroad companies nevertheless did more for the settlement of virgin lands and the development of agriculture, manufacture and commerce, than could have been done by any other means, for it was absolutely a necessity to the success of a railroad enterprise to have a rich and productive territory capable of furnishing it with a constant and profitable supply of traffic. The pioneers of traffic admitted no obstacle and nothing was allowed to interfere with the expansion of the road. Therefore the state gave to the railroads the right of eminent domain, which in every instance has been maintained by law so that no man's private interests might stand against the advance of a railroad which was tacitly accepted as a part of the public service of the country. Also, it was no more than natural that this great power should be abused; that grants of land which were intended for the benefit of the settler should be given over to speculators and used for the building up of private fortunes; that rates should be juggled with until the cry arose of conspiracy in restraint of trade, and that stock and bond issues based upon a false capitalization should result in the mulcting of the many and the overwhelming enrichment of the few.

BUT this period has passed. Without a revolution, and without any overwhelming struggle, the people have established their right to have a say in the management of the railroads and that right will never again be allowed to lapse. The only danger is that it will be pushed to an extreme which will check enterprise and work injustice to the corporations, and the way to obviate this danger and to turn aside unreasoning hostility is for the people to own a goodly share of the stock and for the Government to insist that the affairs of the railroad be open at all times to examination. Ownership by a few powerful men of a branch of the public service which is

so closely interwoven with the industrial, commercial and agricultural life of the nation, is an obstruction to legislation and a menace to fair dealing. It makes for hostility on both sides, because no man who has worked hard to build up a big enterprise is going to have his private property interfered with if he can help it, and on the other hand, nothing can disabuse the minds of the people of the belief that they are being robbed by a powerful corporation. Under such circumstances fair and just legislation is almost impossible, for there is always a question as to the fairness of any laws which affect the property rights of one man or another. But if the majority of railroad stock were owned by the people, and the management of the corporation were under Government supervision,—which need not necessarily imply Government interference with the actual running of the road,—the grounds for misunderstanding and antagonism would vanish of themselves; the rights of the shipper would be as certain of consideration as the rights of the railroad, and neither one would suffer loss from undue discrimination in the favor of the other. The exercise of the right of eminent domain would create no opposition, because every extension or improvement would be for the benefit of the people living along the line of the road as much as for the railroad company itself, and the interest of the whole would prevail just as naturally as it does now in the extension and improvement of cities, which always calls for an extensive sacrifice of private property.

Actual ownership by the Government would simply land us in a new set of difficulties, but ownership by the people, of whom the powerful leaders of the corporations are as much a part as the mass of insignificant shareholders, and mutual recognition of the rights of all in the development and carrying on of any great enterprise, would make fair and well-considered legislation almost inevitable, because all would be working together for its advancement. The small investor can, if he will, save the country from panics; can save business from depression and can stop the disturbance caused by the battle between the corporations, which are fighting for their lives, and the people who are determined to smash their power once for all. It is a question of adjustment, not of overthrow on either side, and while human nature remains as it is, the safest ground upon which to base a permanent and amicable understanding is a community of business interests which will lead men to strive side by side toward a given end rather than to strike one another down in their race for the goal.

DEMAND THE BEST!

WHY not demand the best of life,—not the largest or the finest, not the richest or the greatest, but the best?

The best is none too good for you or for me,—it is none too good for any human soul,—

But it may only be had by a stern demand, and a conquest yet more stern.

Health is one of the best things of life:

Let us demand it, therefore, of ourselves and for ourselves, health of the body and of the mind, for the sake of the race:

The triumph of the mind is one of the best things of life;

The triumph over nature and adverse conditions, over the body for the sake of the whole person, over the self for the sake of justice.

Let those who desire the best for themselves secure the triumph of the mind by daily mastery.

There is then the triumph of the loving human spirit over mere mentality, which should be attained by all:

To this end let us set our telescopes toward the wide skies, and forget that there are microscopes with which to examine the affairs of the selfish.

Fulfilment is one of the best things of life;—the task accomplished, the promise kept, the complete cycle wrought out, as of a plant from seed to seedpod.

For, being set as an individual pattern, each alone and distinct in the universal scheme of things, we are bound to fulfill the design as a sacred duty, and in this is great joy.

Friends are among the best things of life and the love of mate and child will be holy to the end.

Let us demand love, therefore, by continual knocking at the doors of hearts;

For we may be friends with those who give us much, or by just exchange, or we may also be friends where we ourselves have given most abundantly.

These, therefore, are the best things; health, control, fulfilment, love.

If we spend ourselves to attain them, we shall try our strength in an arena by war against other desires for those things which are less than the best.

Are we handicapped by inheritance? Are we weakened by unprofitable civilizations? Are we led astray by environment?

Let these thoughts add fuel to the fires of our energy.

But to win the best, even in large measure, is not enough.

The ultimate beauty is to yield it again in full measure, becoming sharers of illimitable bounty, breaking for all men and women the bread of God!

MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

PEOPLE WHO INTEREST US: NATALIE CURTIS, THE "FRIEND OF THE INDIANS"

ISS NATALIE CURTIS has probably done more than any one other person to gather together Indian folk songs and put them on record in permanent form. One winter she sang some of these melodies to a group of famous musicians then in New York City. At the end of the event a German court conductor cried, "These things are unique, wonderful! How rich your country is in artistic material." Miss Curtis explained to them that not only were we losing this peculiar folklore music, but as a nation actually destroying it, and Miss Curtis knows a great deal about the Indians. Her preëminent call to fame is perhaps first through her book of American Indians. She calls it "The Indian's Book." In her preface she says, "The Indians are the authors of this volume. The songs and stories are theirs; the drawings, cover design and title pages were made by them. The work of the recorder has been but the collecting, editing and arranging of the Indians' contributions." It would seem almost impossible that a person of an alien race could have so completely presented the Indian's religion, philosophy, poetry, romance and social attitude of mind as intimately as Miss Curtis has done. It was only possible by working with them, knowing them as friends, giving enthusiasm and winning confidence. The songs, legends, stories of this book are as genuine and beautiful as though heard from the mouths of great warriors around a campfire of peace. Miss Curtis belongs to a family of book lovers and writers. Her uncles, James Burrill Curtis and George William Curtis are a portion of the culture of America. They were among the noble company of brilliant minds at Brook Farm. And the old Curtis home on Washington Place had the honor of receiving Daniel Webster, Thackeray and many others of note who sought intellectual sympathy. Miss Curtis had a most thorough training in music with a pupil of Liszt, Arthur Friedheim, and also spent a most delightful musical year at Bayreuth, where a valued friendship sprang up with the Wagner family. Mr. Roosevelt has coöperated most cordially with Miss Curtis in her work for the Indians, and her interest and enthusiasm for them is not limited to her now famous book. She has lectured widely in their behalf, has enlisted significant men and women as their champions, she has sung their songs and told their legends to win friends for them. She has been tireless in her efforts to create a sane attitude toward the education of the Indian, a training that will save and develop rather than destroy their art. Indeed, in spite of her real gifts in music and literature, she is, though a young woman, already best known as the Friend of the Indian.

MISS NATALIE CURTIS: THE FRIEND OF THE INDIANS.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE: WRITER, REFORMER AND OPTIMIST.

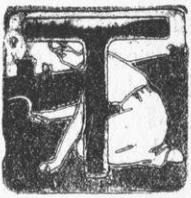
PEOPLE WHO INTEREST US: WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE; REFORMER AND OPTIMIST

E HAVE grown to regard it as an established fact that most of our vital reform movements spring from the Middle West. In the natural order of things it is the home of the political insurgent, just as it is the trial ground of every sort of new experiment in legislation and government. So it is quite natural that Mr. William Allen White should belong to Kansas, and should be on the firing line of every big progressive movement toward clean politics and honest government by men who really represent the people.

Until lately we have thought of William Allen White chiefly as editor of the *Emporia Gazette*, as a writer of delightful short stories, and as the man who understands boy nature better than any other grown-up man alive. His "Court of Boyville" is one of the few books one never forgets, and Mr. White was regarded primarily as the man who wrote this irresistible story of boy life,—until one day he gave us "A Certain Rich Man." Everybody knows this book; because everyone who reads it goes immediately and urges all his friends to do the same, for it grips the very roots of American life and shows the beginnings and the growth of the great social and industrial problem that we are grappling with today. It is a study of both individual and national character that could have been written only by a man who lives close to the soil and to his fellowmen, and who is keenly sensitive to the wider import of the daily happenings around him.

Having told us of the natural process of growth in acquisitiveness by which a man becomes a multimillionaire, and given us a composite portrait of nearly all the captains of industry in this country,—a portrait that is mercilessly convincing because it forces us to see the extent to which these men typify in themselves the virtues and vices of the whole nation,—Mr. White next takes the optimistic point of view and gives us a book in which one feels the mighty surge of Western energy, directness and efficiency that is sweeping through the whole country, and overturning so many of our long-established conditions. In "The Old Order Changeth" Mr. White takes us into the very heart of the reform movement. He does not preach reform or advocate any policy; he simply shows us the tendency of the age and tells us what has been done by the people in recovering their grip on national, State and municipal government and in curbing the money power that has so long controlled and corrupted our politics. It is not propaganda so much as a record of achievement, and its effect is to make every man who reads it ashamed of himself unless he can go out immediately and do his own part in helping the good work along.

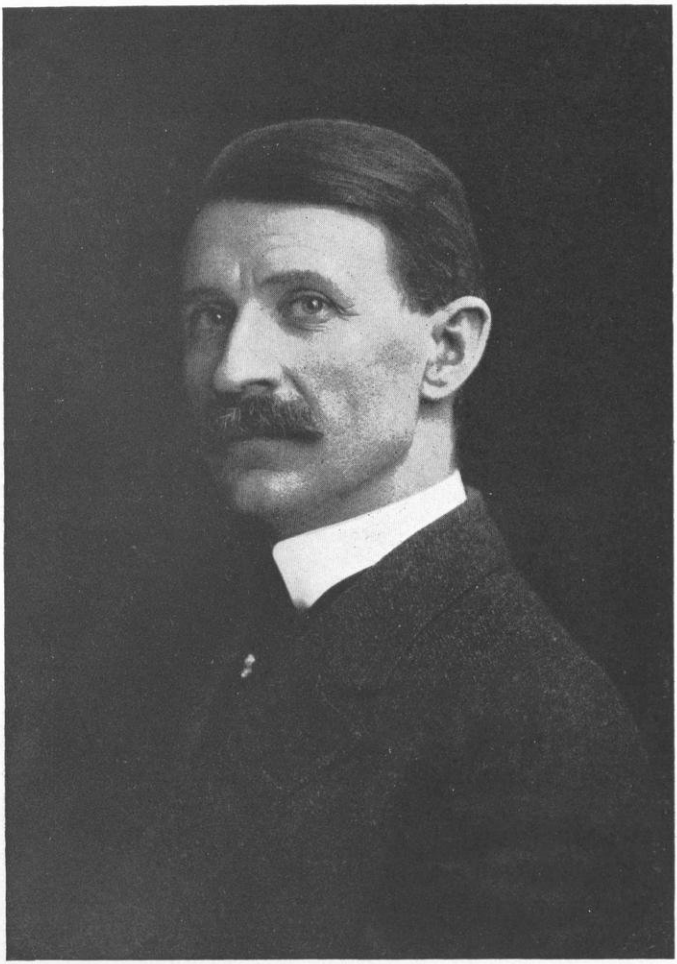
PEOPLE WHO INTEREST US: SENATOR HARVEY D. HINMAN, AN OLD-FASHIONED AMERICAN STATESMAN



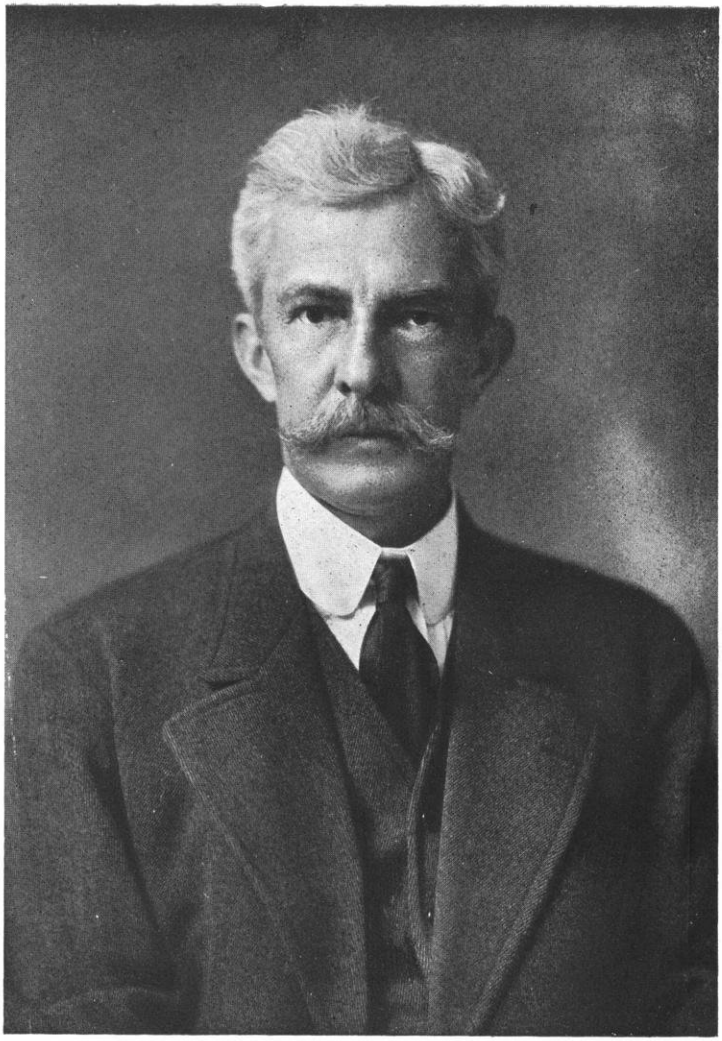
THE worst thing that has yet been said of Senator Harvey D. Hinman is that he is a "political hermit." When he was a candidate for the office of president of the New York State Senate, made vacant by the resignation of Jotham P. Allds, one of the hostile shafts directed against him was pointed with this phrase. It is singularly accurate. Senator Hinman has been in politics many years and has held office, but the story goes that he has never solicited a vote for either nomination or election, and has never sought, when holding office, either to curry favor or to avoid conflict. In fact, they say in Albany that he has voted "no" to more questions than any other member of the Senate during his term of service, and in his opposition there is often a vehemence,—not to say savageness,—which his opponents are apt to find most disconcerting; especially as he investigates laboriously all of the bills in the Senate and votes his own convictions regardless of whose desires may be crossed.

In short, Senator Hinman reverts to the old-fashioned type of country statesman who helped to make this nation what it is. It goes without saying that he was a farmer boy, for this type of man seems to spring only from the farm. He was born and spent his youth on a farm at Pitcher in Chenango County, New York, and went through the public schools like all the other boys. His training for the law he got at the Albany Law School, and after he left there he opened an office in Binghamton, where he still lives.

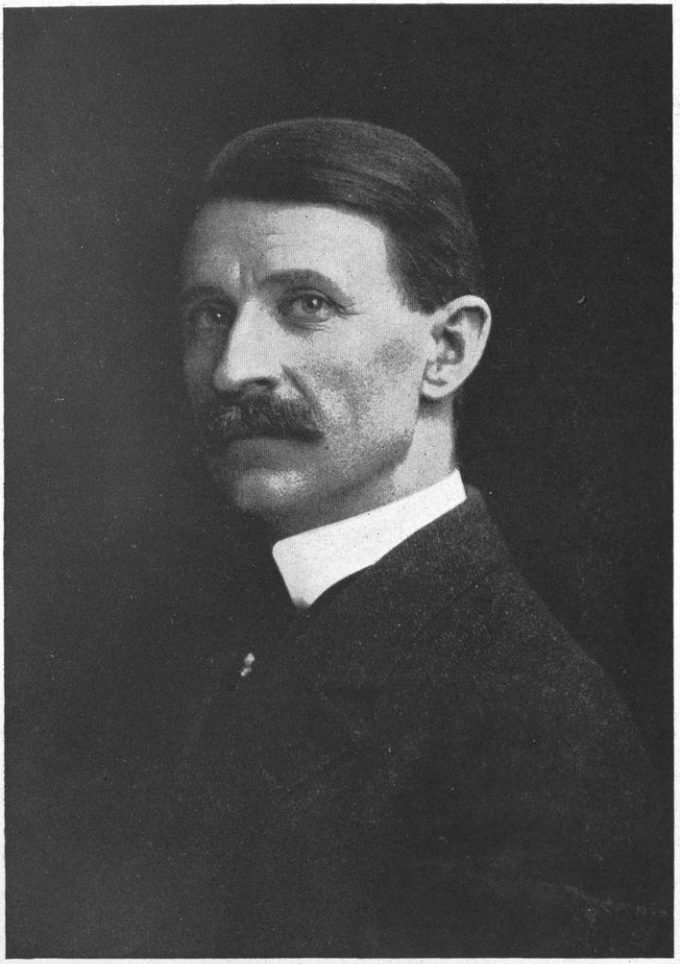
Senator Hinman has always taken an active interest in politics, and politicians count on the fact that his influence will be thrown on the side of clean and progressive legislation that is along practical lines. Since nineteen hundred and five he has served as Chairman of the Republican County Committee of Broome County, and for three terms has represented his district in the State Senate, where he has been conspicuous for independence and good hard common sense. A stanch supporter of Governor Hughes in all of his reform measures, Senator Hinman has not always agreed with the Governor upon questions involving mere expedience, and has invariably stated his opinion with the utmost candor. Yet, with all his directness, Senator Hinman gives no offense, partly because he is both kindly and tactful and possesses the persuasive qualities that belong to a frank, sincere nature, but also because he has the trick of clothing his arguments in the homely phrase that appeals to everyone.



SENATOR HARVEY D. HINMAN: AN OLD-FASHIONED AMERICAN STATESMAN.



H. B. FULLERTON: A WESTERN MAN WHO IS SHOWING LONG ISLAND FARMERS HOW TO FARM.



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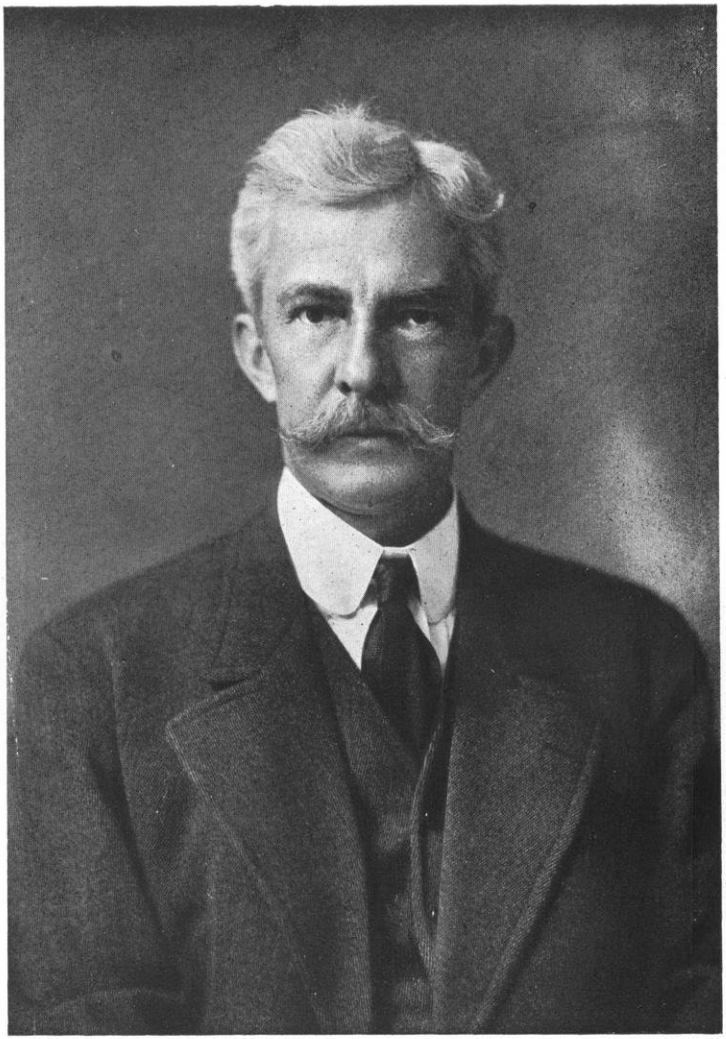


H. B. FULLERTON: A WESTERN MAN WHO IS SHOWING LONG ISLAND FARMERS HOW TO FARM.

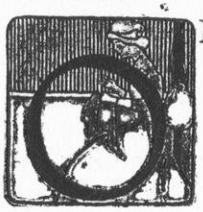
PEOPLE WHO INTEREST US: H. B. FULLERTON, A WESTERN MAN WHO IS SHOWING LONG ISLAND FARMERS HOW TO FARM

IN THE August number of THE CRAFTSMAN we gave a brief account of the two demonstration farms started on Long Island by Mr. H. B. Fullerton, acting on behalf of the Long Island Railroad Company. The success of these farms has been so amazing, and their usefulness in helping along the most practical kind of good farming according to modern methods has been so fully demonstrated, that it is interesting to see what manner of man it is who has applied pioneer methods to the problem of restoring to agriculture some patches of waste land in a long settled country.

Some men are pioneers, no matter where you put them, because they were born so. This is specially the case with Mr. Fullerton, who is a Westerner and a man of so many and varied experiences that he knows pretty well what to do in the face of any and all circumstances. Born in Cincinnati, he naturally had the open air training of all boys in the West of fifty years ago, except that his common-school education was supplemented by one year at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Then he went to the oil regions of Pennsylvania, where he began as a pumper and finished as superintendent. Consolidation of the oil interests sent him to Texas, where his interests were widely diffused and where he combined the rollicking freedom of the typical cowboy life with the energy and steadiness required of the representative of a powerful organization.

Summoned back to Massachusetts, Mr. Fullerton next took up the work of hydraulic engineer, varying the monotony by working in a pulp mill as a laborer, finishing up this phase of his career as superintendent of a paper mill. Coming to New York, he went into business as an exporter of agricultural machinery to Mexico and the West Indies, and shortly afterward went to Mexico as a representative of his firm, visiting mainly the agricultural districts of that country. During his comprehensive experience on Long Island Mr. Fullerton solved the problem of handling swarms of cyclists and bicycles by railroads, and became a charter member of the Long Island Automobile Club, working up its "endurance tests" and laying out the course for the first Vanderbilt Cup Race. All this was not exactly a technical preparation for scientific farming, but it was a mighty good preparation for coping with all sorts of difficulties, and perhaps this varied career gives us the reason why Mr. Fullerton can make things grow out in the pine barrens and help the farmers all over Long Island.

THE THOUGHT: AN ALLEGORY: BY ELLA M. WARE



NE day, among the soft folds of a Human Brain—that strange, bewildering country where even scientists have lost their way, and among whose crevices are hidden the cradles of young Ideas, the pillows of sleeping Memories and the graves of forgotten Dreams—a little Thought was born. And the Thinker gazing on it, wondered, for it was very fair.

"Look!" cried the other Thoughts. "See how beautiful it is! How soft its eyes are and how tenderly it smiles!" And they held out their arms in loving welcome to the little stranger, and even the old Memories stirred in their sleep.

Days passed and the little Thought grew strong and beautiful, feeding on Hopes and Wishes and visions of Things-to-come, listening to tales of Yesterday and crooned to sleep by mystic lullabies. And its comrades watched it grow, and murmured: "It is the fairest of us all."

At last the little Thought said to the Thinker: "This brain of yours is a beautiful place to live in and I am very happy here; but I cannot stay forever. I must go out into the world and speak my message and pour my beauty into the hearts of others to make them like myself. Dear Thinker, I am ready. Let me go!"

But the Thinker shook his head and smiled. "Nay, stay a little longer with thy comrades and grow strong. Thou art too frail and delicate a thing to venture out into an unknown world. Thou could'st not brave its terrors or fight thy way. Wait a little longer, till thy strength is come."

"But I am strong already, good Thinker!" cried the little Thought, all eager to be gone. "And as for courage, why, I have no fear!"

"That is because thou dost not know the world," the Thinker said.

"Is it then so strange a place?" asked the little Thought, wondering. But the Thinker only answered: "Wait and see."

So the Thought waited, patient, but filled with longing; and at last the time came. Never had the Thought seemed more radiant, more hopeful, more divine! "The world is waiting for me!" it cried.

Once more the Thinker smiled. "Not yet," he said. If thou should'st go forth as thou art, the world would never see thee. Dost thou not know that Thought is invisible, and must be clothed in Language before it can exist for others? Come, I will clothe thee."

Then went the Thinker to the Wardrobe of his Vocabulary and opened the door. The little Thought peeped in, a trifle timid at the vast array.

"What are they called, those strange, beautiful things?" it asked.

"Those are Words," the Thinker answered.

"Are they all yours?" asked the Thought.

The other nodded.

"You must be very rich!" the Thought said, admiringly. "There is so much to choose from."

"Ah!" said the Thinker. "That's just it—the choosing. 'Tis no easy task."

Then, very tenderly and carefully, he began, wrapping the little Thought in words that shone almost as brightly as the Thought, words that seemed to reflect, in their wondrous, glowing colors the warmth and beauty of the love that chose them; phrases as delicate and fragile as the thing they clothed, and expressions picked to match the very shade of beauty of its wondering eyes. Sometimes, however, instead of using the Words he had just chosen, the Thinker would frown, and tossing them back impatiently into his Vocabulary, search for something that might prove more worthy a garment for a Thought so fair. As for the little Thought, it waited patiently, drooping a trifle beneath the growing weight of strange attire, but hoping and full of courage.

"So many words, so many words!" sighed the Thinker, as one by one he caught them up and threw them aside. "Shall I never find the right ones?"

"Can I not go as I am?" suggested the Thought, timidly. "Surely they will see me now?"

When at last it was finished, the Thinker paused, and said: "Art very weary, little Thought?" And the Thought nodded, too tired to speak, with its head drooping, and eyes which had lost their luster and arms hanging listless beneath the unaccustomed weight of words. And the Thinker, looking, felt guilty, as one who had caught a butterfly within his net and rubbed the bloom from off its fluttering wings.

"Courage!" he said, making an effort to be cheerful, though he, too, was worn out with the task. "Courage, little one, and let thy beauty shine through!" So the Thought smiled again, and stretched out both arms to say good-bye.

"Wait," said the Thinker. "I would show thee to a friend." And he called to his friend, and said: "Come, I have a beautiful Thought to show thee. See, is it not fair?"

"Yes, it is very nice," said the friend; but without enthusiasm.

"But is it not wonderful?" the Thinker persisted, caressing it tenderly as he spoke.

His friend smiled. "I have Thoughts of my own," he said—and passed on. But the other gazed unheeding into the deep, clear

eyes of his Thought until his own shone with the reflected light, and his heart was filled with peace.

"Go forth, little Thought," he said, "and shine upon the thoughts of others. Be strong, courageous and unashamed; for I have clothed thee in the fairest words that I could find, and thine own beauty lends them grace."

"Farewell, O Thinker!" cried the little Thought, and turned away. "I will come back. Farewell—the World is waiting!"

* * * * * * * * * *

Time passed, and the Thinker waited, working meanwhile, for he was not wholly a dreamer, and wondering as he worked how fared his Thought. Then, one day, the silence of his heart was broken, and he found a tear-stained wanderer in his arms. Instead of the radiant little vision that had gone forth so bravely to carry its helping message to the world, he held only a crushed and drooping form.

Gently and sorrowfully he smoothed the tangled hair. "Was there no welcome for thee, then, O Thought of mine?" he murmured; and the little Thought shook its head.

"Tell me thy grief," the Thinker said; and after a little while the Thought began:

"When I went forth I was full of hope, and cried to the World, 'O World, open your arms! I am a Beautiful Thought, and I have come to dwell in your midst.' But the World was very busy, and paid no heed.

"Then I spoke again, and the people heard, and said: 'See, what a beautiful Thought!' 'Yes, it is very charming,' the others answered, 'but we have need of actions. Already we have too many Thoughts, and what good have they done us? Come, we must work.' And they turned away.

"Then I came to some who were digging gold out of the earth, and they looked up and said: 'Ah, here comes another Thought. Let us hear what it has to say.' And they asked me: 'What is thine errand, O Thought?'

"I answered: 'To shine upon the lives of men and make them beautiful.' But they asked me: 'Canst thou give us Wealth?' And I told them: 'No, but I can make your hearts rich with beauty.' At which they laughed, and turned to dig again.

"The next who spoke said: 'Yonder Thought is very fair; but it is overdressed. It is almost hidden beneath those ill-fitting Words.' While another cried: 'To me, its Language seems very scant and poor. If the Thought were mine, I would clothe it in quite a different fashion.' So I passed on.

"I knocked at the door of many a heart, but few would open.

Often the people said: 'We have quite enough Thoughts of our own. What need have we of new ones when the old suffice? Besides, it is against our principles to entertain strange Thoughts.'

"Others asked briefly: 'Who sent you?' And when I told them, they said: 'We do not know him,' and closed the door.

"At last I stood upon the threshold of one for whom the sun had gone out, and she stretched forth her hands to me and cried: 'Little Thought, they tell me thou art fair. Come to me, that I may feel of thy beauty.' Very gently she passed her fingers over my face, and touched the strange Word-garb in which I was wrapped. Then she said: 'O Thought, I am glad thou didst come, for thou art very beautiful. The memory of thee shall stay with me in the dark.' And I was glad that to one, at least, I had brought happiness.

"Next I came to a man who was weeping bitterly; and I touched him on the shoulder, and said: 'Friend, let me soothe thy grief. For I am a Beautiful Thought, and am come to smile upon thy heart and give thee courage.'

"He stopped weeping for a moment, and looking up asked: 'Canst thou restore the dead?' And I answered: 'I can fill thy soul with peace.' But he turned away and wept again.

"Some asked me: 'Canst thou give us Fame?' And I answered: 'That is for you to win.' Another, when he saw me, pitied me, but laughed. 'Thou art too dainty and delicate a Thought,' he said, 'for this rough world. Thou would'st need a fist of iron and a voice of thunder to stir mankind today. This is the hour for the conquering giants—not frail pigmies such as thou.' And sorrowfully I journeyed on.

"Many and many were those to whom I gave the message, but they would not heed. And now, O Thinker, I have come back, for the World needs me not."

* * * * * * * * * *

Then all the other Thoughts stretched out their hands in sympathy, and cried: "Come, play with us and be happy again!"

But the little Thought shook its head, and answered: "No; I have no heart to play. I would rest. Give me sleep or death, I care not which, so long as I forget."

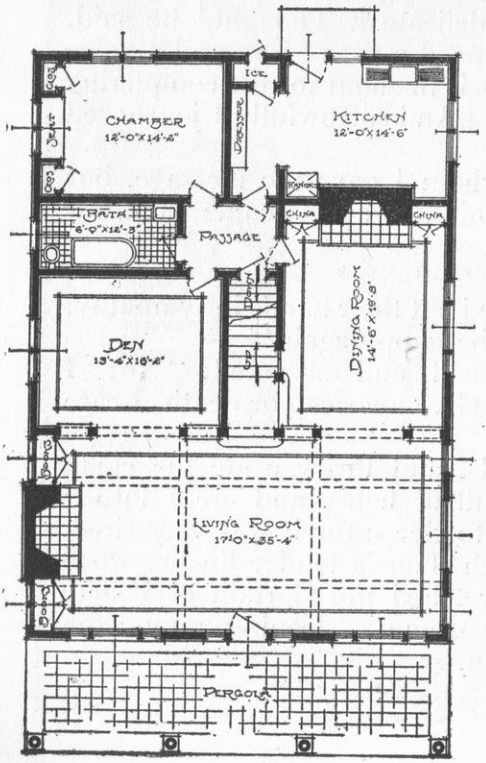
Then it tore off the ragged Words, and threw aside the cloak of Language, which was dusty and full of holes, and crept into a sheltering fold of the Thinker's brain to sleep; for it was very tired.

Gently and silently across its couch Time's tender fingers wove the Cobwebs of Forgetfulness and stretched the Curtain of Peace; and now the little Thought is only a Memory, sleeping among the other Memories in the Thinker's brain.

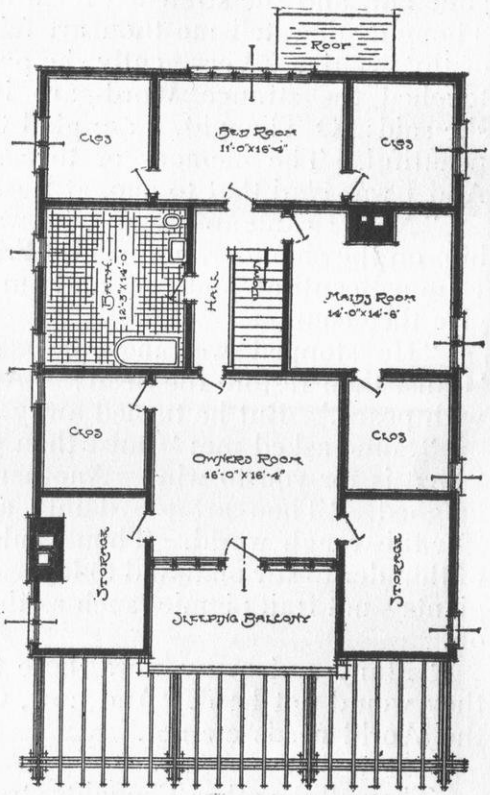
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE DESIGNS FOR HOME BUILDERS

BOTH the Craftsman house designs given this month for the benefit of our readers are of dwellings we are now building. The cement house (No. 97) is low and broad, with a low-pitched roof showing a wide overhang. The roof is of ruberoid stretched over the rafters and battened down as usual, but instead of the roll at the eaves we have brought it down to the inside of the cypress gutter as shown in the diagram. The rafters are hollowed out, and the gutter let into the curve so that it forms a continuous trough which serves the double purpose of carrying off the rain and giving the decorative effect we formerly obtained by the heavy roll. The pergola in front is supported on massive cement pillars, the timber construction being specially decorative as well as sturdy and enduring. Just above this pergola is a partly recessed sleeping porch, ending in a balcony that is supported on the extended rafters of the second floor. A group of six windows and a glass door in the back of this porch give plenty of light to the bedroom which opens upon it.

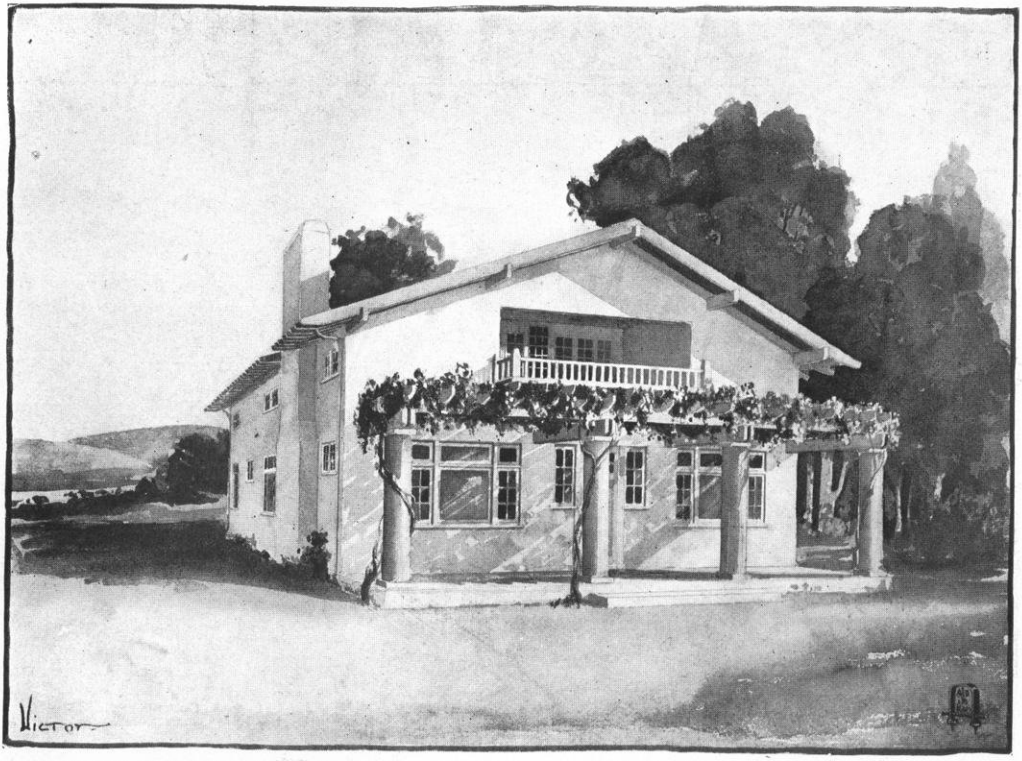
The living room extends across the whole front of the house, and at one end is a large chimneypiece extending to the ceiling, the space on either side being filled with bookcases. A square den opens out of the living

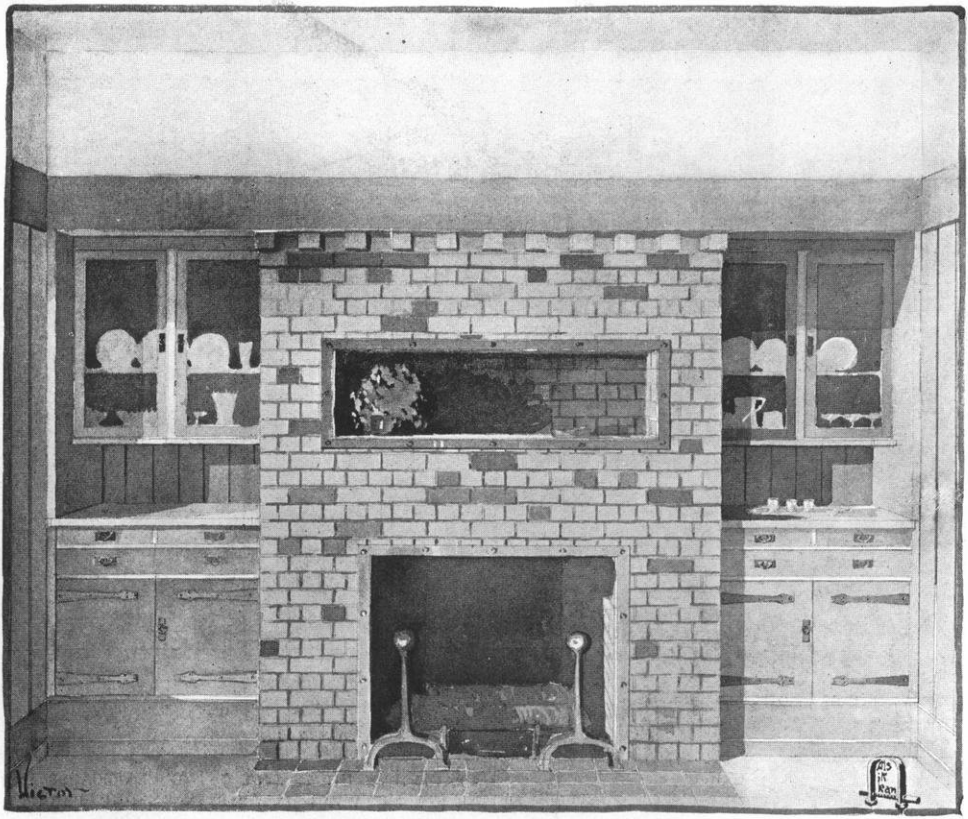


CEMENT HOUSE: NO. 97: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

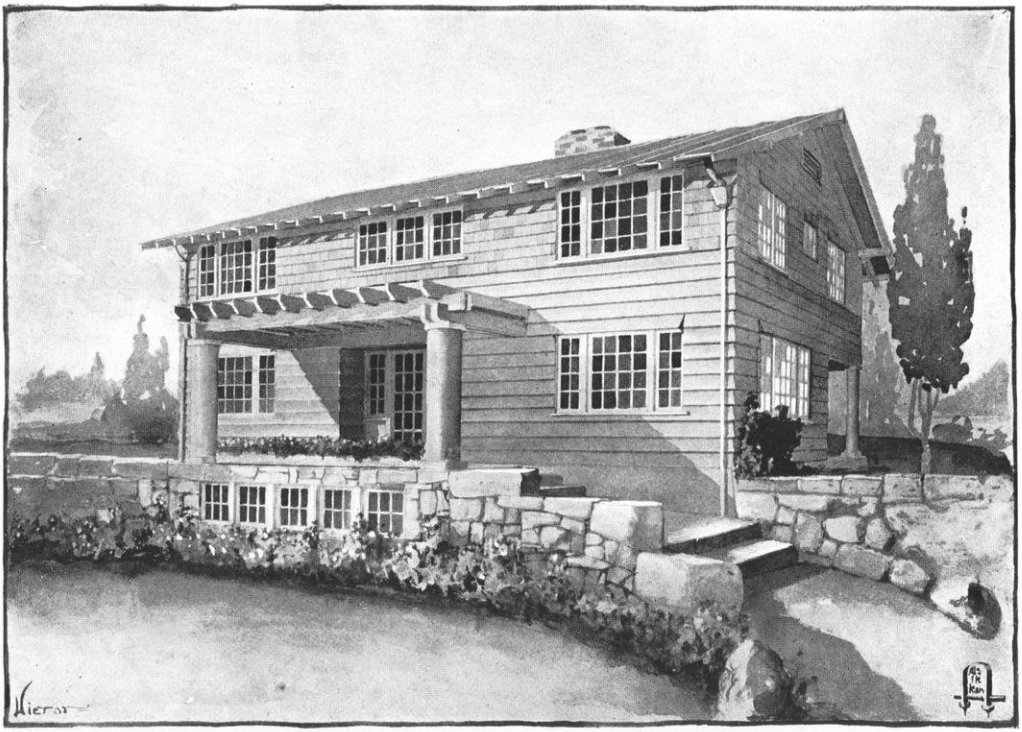


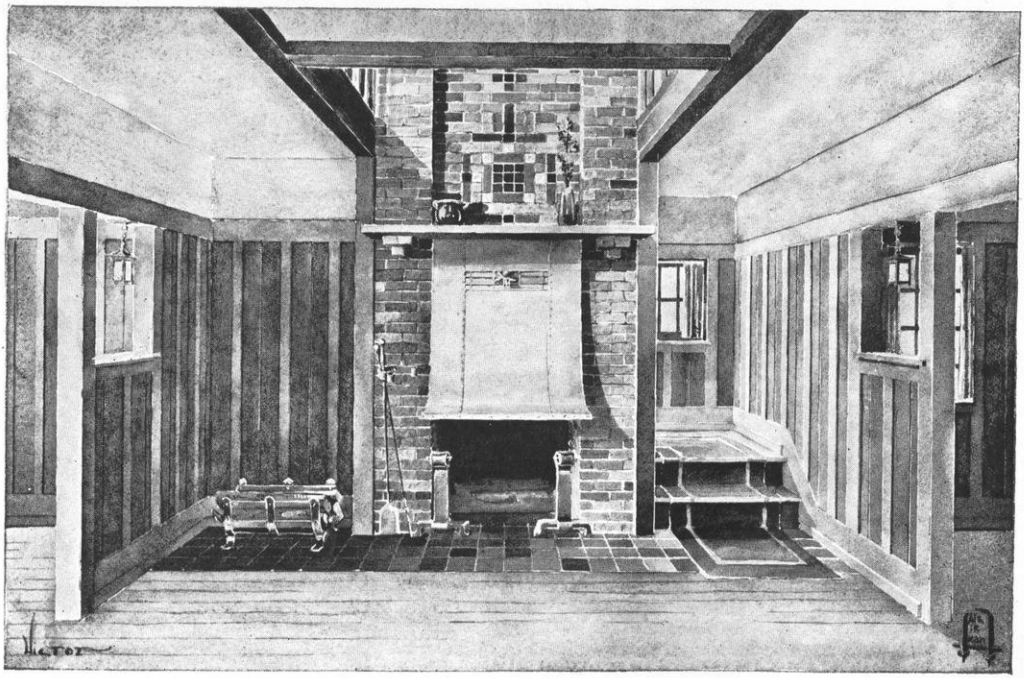
NO. 97: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.





CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE (NO. 97).
VIEW OF FIREPLACE IN DINING ROOM.



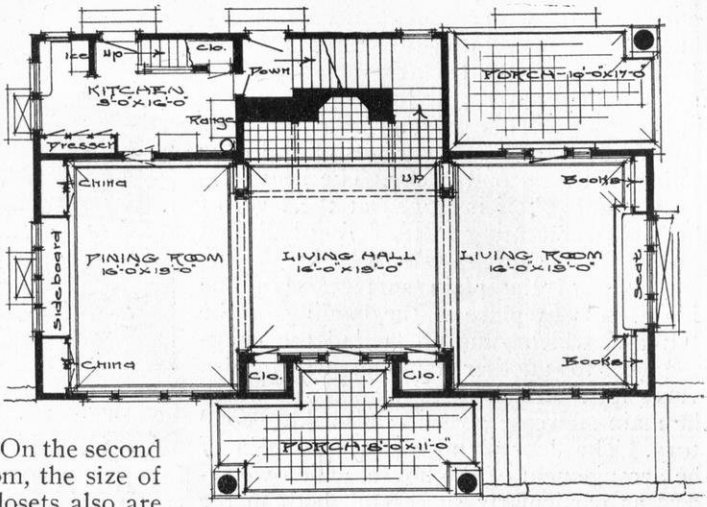


CRAFTSMAN HOUSE (NO. 98) OF CLAPBOARDS AND SHINGLES, WITH INTERESTING STONE PARAPET.

LIVING ROOM, WITH FIREPLACE EXTENDING UP TWO STORIES, AND INTERESTING WALL FINISH.

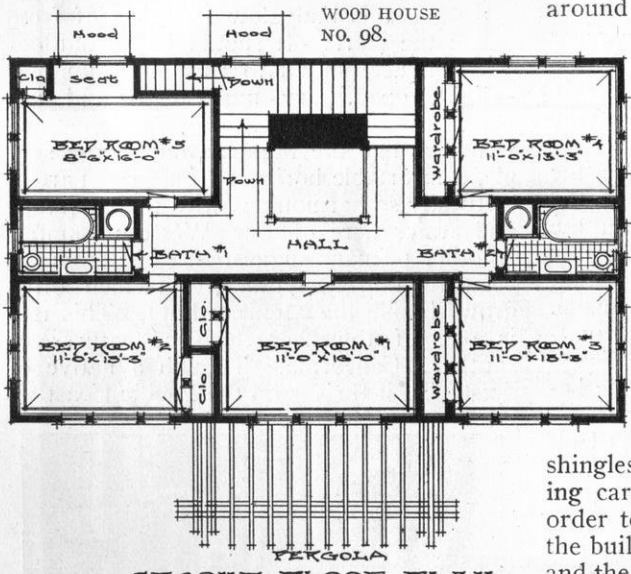
room at one side of the staircase, and at the other side is the dining room with a second large fireplace flanked with combination sideboards and china closet. The details of this feature are given in the perspective drawing, where it will be seen that the effect is that of a large built-in sideboard cut in two by the chimneypiece and surmounted by glass cupboards for fine china and glassware.

This house has one bedroom on the lower floor with a small private bath attached. On the second floor is a large square bathroom, the size of the den just below, and the closets also are unusually large and are well lighted. Two large storerooms occupy the corners under



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

WOOD HOUSE NO. 98.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

the slope of the roof at the front of the house, and the same space at the back is utilized by closets.

The second house (No. 98) was specially planned to fit a peculiar and very effective site, but it would look equally well in any commanding position. The ground on which the house is built includes two lots, the front one low and level and the second one rising abruptly in a terrace about ten feet higher. This rising ground curves around in a sort of flattened semicircle, and the house was built right at the edge of this terrace, with a walk following the line of the curve leading up from the street to the veranda. In consequence, the house is built on a side hill and is therefore higher in front than it is at the back. The rough stone parapet, with its massive irregular coping stones, rises about ten feet from the lawn below, affording ample room for a line of casement windows which give light to the billiard room that occupies the front of the basement.

On the walls the usual proportions of the clapboards and shingles are reversed, the clapboards being carried much higher than ordinary in order to emphasize the low broad effect of the building. The grouping of the windows and the low pitch of the roof tend to increase this effect still more, the position of the house on a height demanding it. The construction of this roof is the same as that described in connection with the other house.

The interior of the house follows the cus-

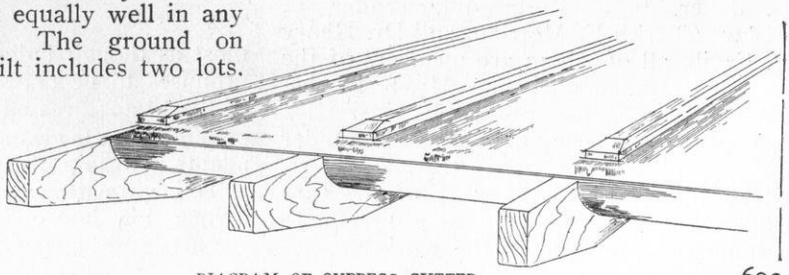


DIAGRAM OF CYPRESS GUTTER.

tomary Craftsman arrangement with the addition of one rather unusual feature; the big chimneypiece at the back of the square living hall between the living room and the dining room. This chimneypiece, which is built of tapestry brick, extends clear to the ceiling of the second story. The heavy cement mantel shelf is placed at the level of the high wainscoting in the living hall, and a recess in the brickwork above breaks the monotony of the plain surface. On one side of this fireplace is the landing of the staircase, which runs up behind the chimneypiece to another landing, which also serves for the kitchen stairs and from which the main staircase goes on up to the second story. The floor plan gives a clear idea of the arrangement of the house, which we regard as particularly successful, both in the compactness with which the rooms are arranged and in the sense of wide spaces given by the openness of the lower story.

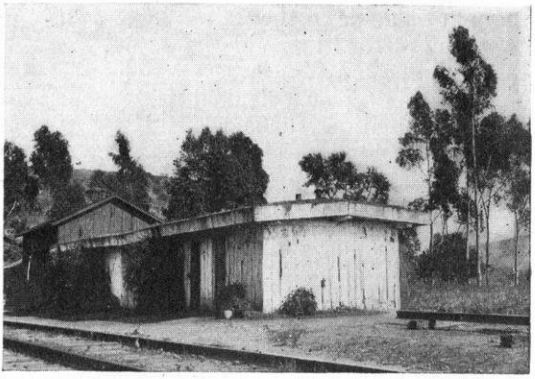
A BUREAU OF EFFICIENCY AT CHICAGO

CHICAGO, through the initiative of the City Club, is to have a bureau of efficiency. The plan, primarily, is for the purpose of following up the work of the Merriam commission, keeping tab on the administration of the various departments of government, and at times suggesting where changes for the better could be made. The organization which will have the matter in hand will be known as the Chicago Bureau of Public Efficiency, and, while being unofficial in its character, will not hesitate to delve into anything that "doesn't look right."

In addition to the municipal government the commission will make an investigation into the manner of accounting and the expenditures of the county board, sanitary district, board of education, public library and park boards. There will at all times be a staff of accountants and investigators at work.

The plan as made public was drawn up by a committee of the club, consisting of Alfred L. Baker, Julius Rosenwald, Walter L. Fisher, Charles E. Merriam and Dr. Henry B. Favill, all of whom are members of the National Municipal League, Mr. Fisher being one of the vice-presidents.

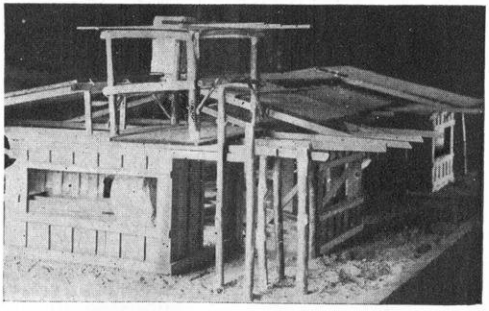
The proposed commission will be under the general direction of six trustees, selected by the board of directors of the City Club, who shall in turn choose a director to assume active charge of the work.



MEXICAN HUT WHICH FURNISHED BUNGALOW SUGGESTION.

A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW TREATED IN JAPANESE STYLE: BY ARNOLD L. GESELL

THERE were a few things the builder of this bungalow was sure of from the start: It should be an outdoor house, suited to rural surroundings —light, open, airy, unplastered and unpapered. It should also be a long, low structure like the Mexican hut whose simple, comfortable, horizontal lines seem architecturally so harmonious with the landscape and atmosphere of our Western country. Another primary suggestion came from the beautiful tall eucalyptus tree (which often grows beside the Mexican hut). This tree is one of the characteristic features of southern California. Though a native of Australia, it thrives on the Pacific Coast al-



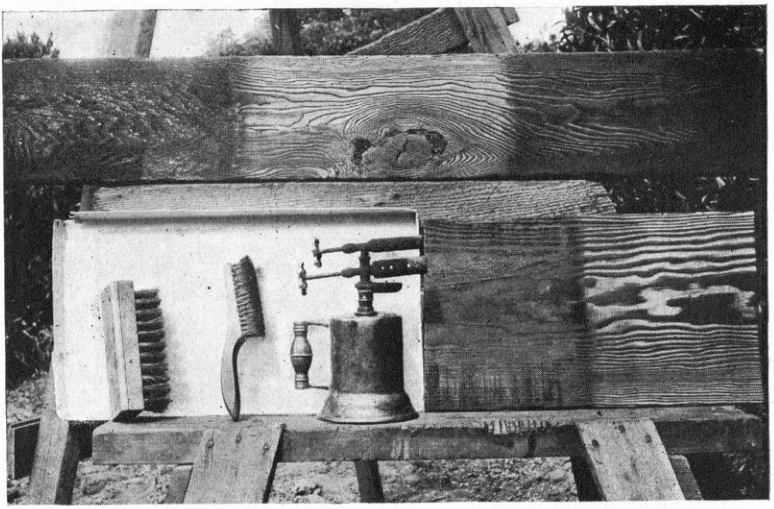
MINIATURE OF BUNGALOW

most as though indigenous to the soil, and promises to be one of the great resources of the State; dressed and polished, it rivals mahogany. Its clean pinkish-gray bark also adapts it to unfinished, rustic uses.

To begin with, we made rough sketches of a long, low house, with eucalyptus beams. An arts and crafts friend became interested

and suggested a clever way by which the walls of the house could be sturdily constructed of one-inch boards, overlapped in a manner to make unnecessary the use of flimsy battens.

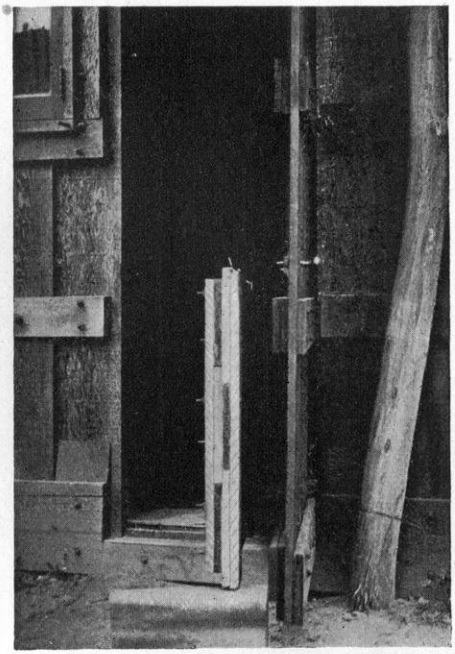
We built a miniature house at the start. It is hard for the untrained mind to think in three dimensions, and the putting together of the house model suggested many possibilities which a struggle with pencil on a plane surface alone could never have done. This miniature took the place of architect's drawings. In fact, we did not use blue prints at all; we planned as we built, rather than the reverse. The fourteen corners of the house were first put up; then the placing of the long, spacious windows was determined, and the walls were literally built around the windows. The partitions were all located for the first time after the floor was down. The fireplace was planned the night before we were ready to use the stone. Much of the furniture was built into the house as we proceeded, and was adapted to its lines and angles. Everybody, even visitors, had a chance to give constructive suggestions. And so the house changed, grew and took shape under our combined hands.



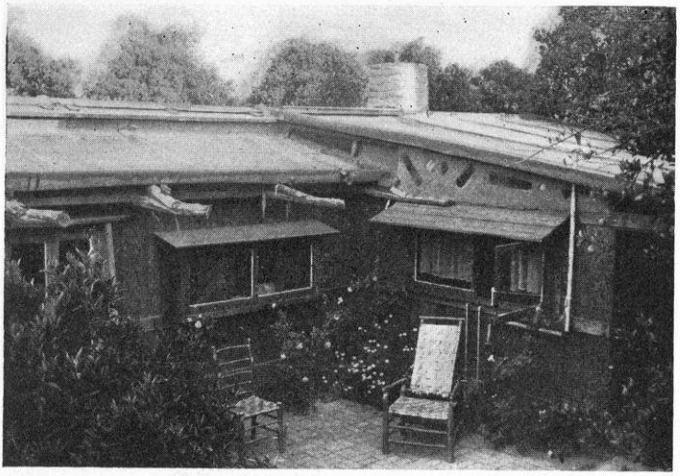
PYROGRAPHIC OUTFIT FOR TREATING WOOD.

From the road you can hardly see the embowered bungalow; but you catch glimpses of it through the large, leafy English walnut and the dark green orange trees. A prim brick walk leads past a little "public bird bath" and, under the wide-spreading walnut boughs, to the broad front door, or through the long rustic pergola built of unhewn eucalyptus tree trunks. At the further front corner is a eucalyptus stairway which takes you to a roof lookout where you can see stretches of lovely mountains. Not a board in the house was painted, varnished or stained; but every piece was literally charred and brushed on each exposed face and edge before it became a part either of the structure or the furniture. It was a laborious task, but not without recompense, for under this pyrographic treatment even the least interesting wood becomes beautiful, taking on a soft brown corrugated sheen.

Our method was as follows: Each board was placed on a rough easel; the hot blast of a plumber's double-mouthed torch was applied until the whole surface was distinctly charred. Merely scorching the wood to a cloudy brown is an easy matter; it is the charring to a crisp black which take patience—and brings the reward. The intense heat fashions the character of the wood; it burns the hard fiber a permanent strong dark brown and the soft fiber it



SHOWING METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION.



THE SECLUDED COURTYARD.

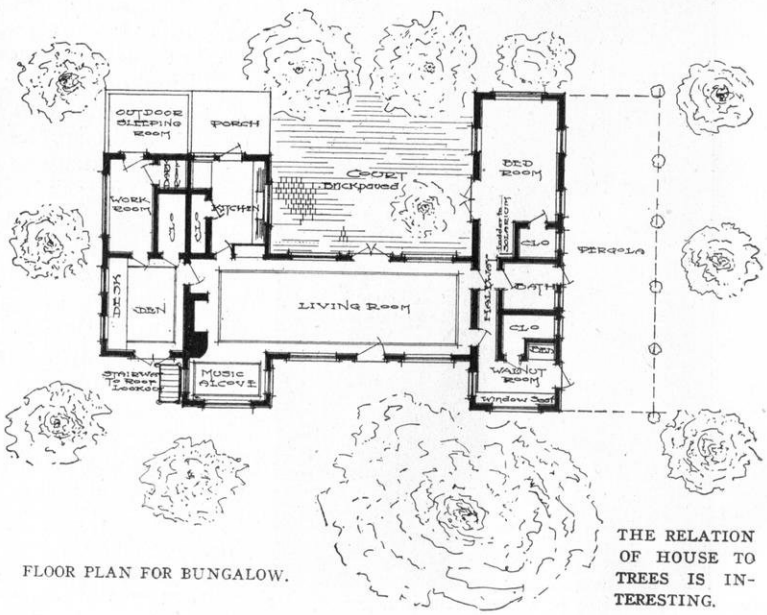
completely incinerates. When a board has been charred it looks no more promising than a slab which might have come from the ruins of a burned building; but under the plowing, biting attack of the stiff steel butcher's brush what transformation! A dozen hard strokes, and nature's hidden pattern emerges into beautiful relief. If you discount the hard work this brushing is most fascinating and interesting; the burning is especially so done in the quiet dark of the night.

After the boards were burned, brushed and sawed, the walls were reared, but without nails. First, the fourteen corners, each consisting of two upright boards at right angles; then long ribbons (6 inches wide) were strung horizontally from corner to corner. There are three pairs of these ribbons, one at the top, forming the roof plate, one in the middle and one at the bottom. The method of construction is shown in the illustration. (A door, built like the walls, has been taken from its hinges and laid on its side to show a sectional view.) The ribbons serve as binders for the wall boards (12 inches wide), which are placed upright with an overlap of 1½ inches. The alternate open spaces (9 inches wide) between the wall boards and the ribbons are filled with "filler blocks" (shown dark in the picture). The whole is tightly bound together by 4-inch carriage bolts, inserted through the middle axis of each board to allow for shrinkage and expansion, without splitting.

This triple-bound, triple-bolted wall, with a gross diameter of 4 inches, makes a staunch support for the heavy eucalyptus beams, and has an individual beauty besides. The top and bottom ribbons, with their regularly recurring bolt heads, make a pleasing border for the interior of each room and for the exterior of the house. The upright boards alternate in such a manner that every wall, inside and out, forms a series of raised and sunken panels.

The back doorway is nothing more than a comfortable arch between a large orange and a large lemon tree. These two trees complete the enclosure of a secluded quadrangular court which is really a central room. The floor of this court is a soft red brick pavement; the roof is the azure California sky.

From the court you can peep into the kitchen. Sink, cooler, closet, bins are all within arm's reach, compactly contrived to save steps. And every piece of wood is



FLOOR PLAN FOR BUNGALOW.

THE RELATION OF HOUSE TO TREES IS INTERESTING.

pyrographed and brushed, so that in finish the kitchen is as attractive as any part of the house. Why shouldn't it be?

In the outdoor sleeping room the woodwork is not so impressive, for the walls are almost all screens—with a mesh wide enough to admit sweet air from orchard and mountains.

Adjoining the outdoor sleeping room is a workshop, with carpenter's bench and tools. Brushing aside a curtain made of the long pendant strings of eucalyptus acorns you enter the den. This looks like a workshop, too, with its long, wide desk built like a shelf along one whole side of the wall. The wood in the den has a darker tone, because though pyrographed in the same manner as the other wood, it was brushed *with* the grain instead of *cross-wise*. Orange trees shade the windows on one side; on the other is the soft brown masonry of the fireplace, and a little stone wall. Through the lattice above the wall you may peep into the living room.

Returning to the court you pass through French doors into the bedroom. This room has a special charm. An orange tree, with its deep green leaves and golden fruit, presses close against the many-paned window at the end, giving an effect in color and design more wonderful than anything possible in stained-glass art. The room is built of California redwood, soft in texture and delicate in its pervading salmon hue. Gold-colored curtains add a little extra glory to the sunlight.

FIREPLACE IN LIVING ROOM.

A hallway leads to a cozy room with a long seat and a generous window through which an English walnut tree almost forces its way. A wallbed is built into the closet of this room. By a peg ladder, constructed after the primitive log-cabin style, you can climb onto the sundeck. This deck is really nothing more than the "floored ceiling" of the closets and bath below. A big skylight overhead makes of it a solarium, which gathers precious sunshine in the cool weather.

From the sundeck one can peer down and through the eucalyptus beams and rafters into the long living room. This extensive room is the delight of the bungalow. It is literally bathed in sunlight. Through the sundeck windows at one end, through the chimney transom and skylight at the other, through the variegated panes of art glass in the eaves and through the long windows on either side, the sun comes in. In the cool but sunny weather which prevails through most of the California year, this big airy room is kept at a delightful natural warmth. When the weather is warmer a space two feet wide, extending the

CORNER OF LIVING ROOM.

whole length of the ridgepole, can be opened.

The ridgepole was a tall, straight eucalyptus tree, which it took two strong horses to drag. Unhewn and unspliced, it extends from the sundeck into the masonry of the fireplace, a distance of 36 feet. The rafters, crossbeams and ridgepole are all held together, like Solomon's temple, by stout wooden pegs. On one of the crossbeams sits an Arctic owl, on another the carved home of two cuckoos from the Black Forest.

The appointments of the living room are most simple. The double crotch of an orange tree with a redwood top serves as a table; the bookshelves with long curving sides are built in at the ends of windows and benches. The absence of excessive furniture is perhaps one reason why so many people can gather and chat with ease in this one room. It is easily converted into a banquet hall by swinging the long table from the crossbeams and drawing up the benches.

VIEW OF BUNGALOW HIDDEN IN WALNUT AND ORANGE TREES.

An alcove makes room for a couch and piano. The long window above the piano is far more alluring than a landscape painting, for it frames an ever-changing view of the distant mountain tops. The house holds many vistas, glimpses and cross-glimpses, and the eye wanders on many journeys through the transom windows, French doors and skylights.

The walls, the drapery, the benches, the carpet and the fireplace all are brown or fawn color.

One of the happiest features of the living room is the low lateral extension of the chimney. It gives the whole fireplace a comfortable instead of a ponderous and stiff appearance. It makes a pretty stone-wall partition and at the same time an effective mantelpiece for vase, fruit and flowers. Through a grating made of beautiful burnt wood, you get glimpses of the adjoining den and of the green and gold orange groves beyond. It is especially interesting to note the relation of house to trees.

One feels in the description of this house, at once its individuality and its utility. It is especially suited to the needs of the people who planned and built it. It is arranged to satisfy their ideal of beauty and their idea of comfort. It is planned for plenty of air and sunlight, for outdoor life, and for the mental rest which comes from peaceful vistas and well-harmonized color.

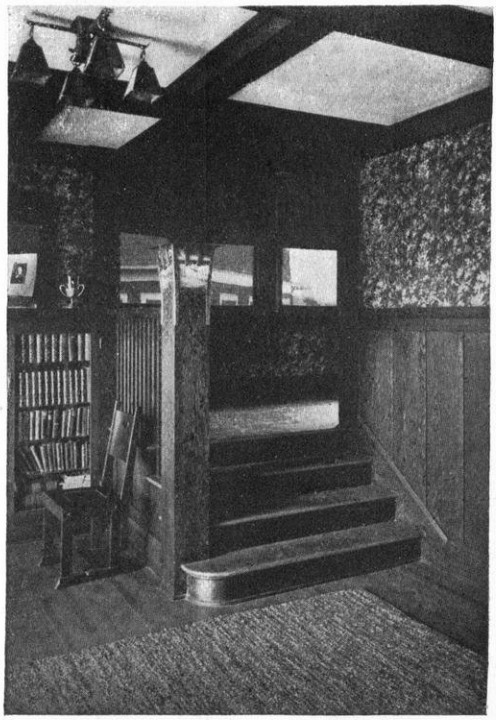
All together it is not the kind of house these particular people could ever have bought finished. The ready-to-use house is built to sell, not use; it is an investment, not a dwelling place. You have got to be intimate with the construction of your house, to have a sense of intimacy in the finished structure. No one can make a home for you, any more than a character can be developed for you, and the more of yourself that goes into the designing and building of the place in which you are going to live the more happiness you'll get out of living there.

This bungalow with Japanese finish is like a family friend to the owners. It expresses old theories, new points of view, hopes for the future and memories of the past, and incidentally is a message to others who wish to build, telling them to follow out the fundamental idea, not the floor plans, for their joy and peace of mind.

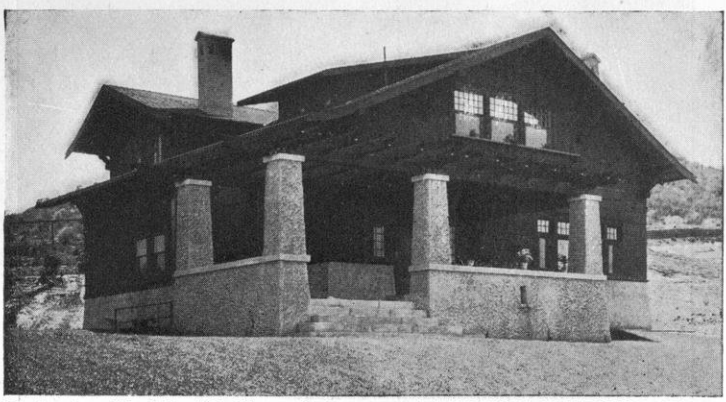
A TEN-ROOM CALIFORNIA HOUSE WITH INTERESTING FEATURES

UNTIL the past few years we Americans have lived the most shut-in lives of any people in the world. It is unquestionably our heritage from pioneer forefathers whose lives were never thought quite safe unless back of barred doors or high stockades. In those early days it was necessary to eat indoors, sleep indoors, even to have what little recreation there was indoors. Thus the customs of the charming outdoor Continental life, with breakfast on the porch, tea under the trees, dinner on the terrace, work on the veranda, games on the lawn, died out of the hearts and recollections of the Pilgrim fathers and all life was concentrated within safe walls. And so athletics ceased among the young men and the slender New England type of beauty developed among the women.

Then even long after the need for seclusion had passed, the tradition or habit of it remained, and the American of city or country continued to hide himself for play or work, isolated in all his joys or sorrow. It is still unusual to find people eating in gardens or in front of houses and shops as they do in France and Germany. We have gone up on our roof, to be sure, in the cities, but as yet only a few of us. But at least the fad (we hope the habit) of sleeping out of doors has recently met with widespread enthusiasm. The sleeping porch or outdoor sleeping room has become a feature of well thought out modern dwelling houses. This is especially true in the East. The West takes its outdoor life more in the patio or open court, or on the wide porch in houses built for air and light. For the West has more completely escaped the blight of Puritan tradition. It is more open-minded, more in search of joy and comfort. Hence it comes about that much of our most progressive architecture is from the Pacific Coast, where architects study essentials;—the kind of people they build for, the kind of country and the kind of building materials to use no less than the happiness and comfort to be found. We have published many modern California houses, but we are constantly receiving new architectural ideas as the building art of the West progresses, so that while at times there may seem a sameness in our Western bungalow, a little study will reveal fresh features well worth presenting.



STAIRWAY WITH INTERESTING STRUCTURAL FEATURES.



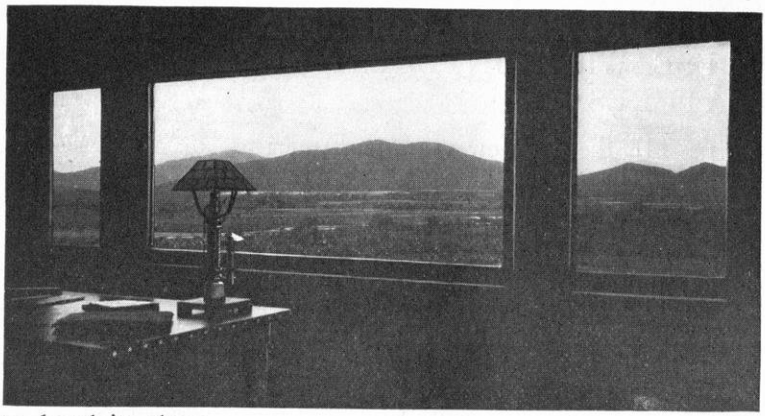
Designed and Built by "Ye Planry Co.'

A TEN-ROOM CALIFORNIA HOUSE.

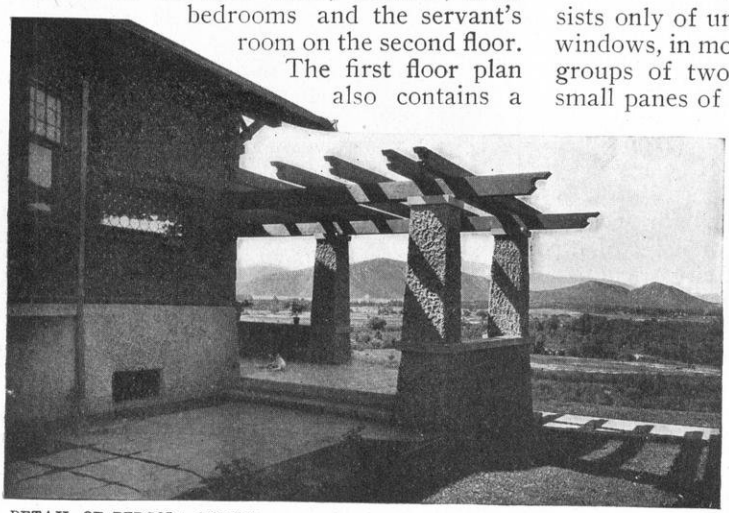
In this ten-room California house sent to us by Charles Alma Byers we find much that is charming and progressive. It is built most interestingly in relation to the splendid stretch of country it faces, and both from the living room and the pergola porch the vista stretches

for miles out to the purple hills. An open, but secluded court furnishes opportunity for outdoor life, as does the pergola porch.

The accompanying photographs and floor plans illustrate excellently the most significant features of the house. There are ten rooms in all—reception hall, living room, dining room, den and kitchen on the first floor; boudoir, three bedrooms and the servant's room on the second floor. The first floor plan also contains a front porch and a rear screened porch, as well as a garage, 10x18 feet, attached at the rear, while on the second floor, in addition to the principal rooms named, are several large closets, the bathroom and a rear balcony.



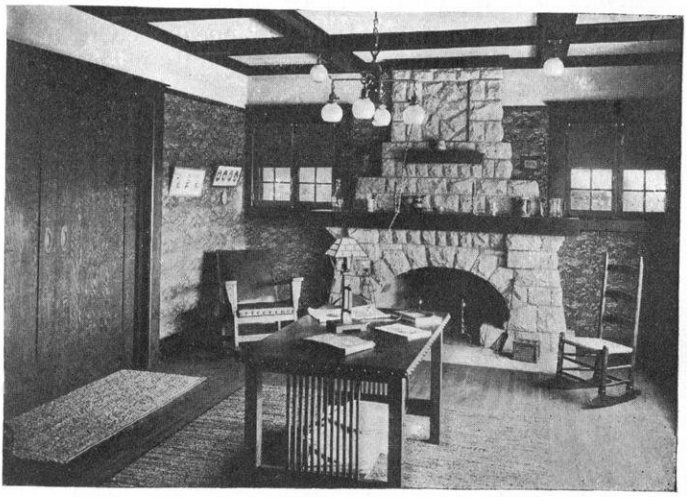
VIEW FROM LIVING ROOM WINDOWS.



DETAIL OF PERGOLA PORCH.

From all points of view, the exterior of the house presents an unusually interesting appearance. The masonry of concrete has the "splatter dash" surface, and the siding is of shingles. The roof lines are gracefully irregular and comparatively flat, with broadly projecting eaves. The front porch is enclosed with massive concrete parapets, supporting four staunch concrete pillars; the floor is of cement and the open roof of the porch consists only of undressed pergola beams. The windows, in most instances, are arranged in groups of twos or threes, and filled with small panes of glass, and the series of three on the second-floor front is provided with a window-box. The woodwork throughout the house is Oregon pine and California redwood. The color scheme of the exterior is cream for the masonry and a rich brown for the woodwork.

The accompanying floor plans furnish a clear idea of the convenience of the arrangement of the rooms with all the space economically utilized. The reception hall and living room occupy the front of the lower floor, separated only by portières, and back

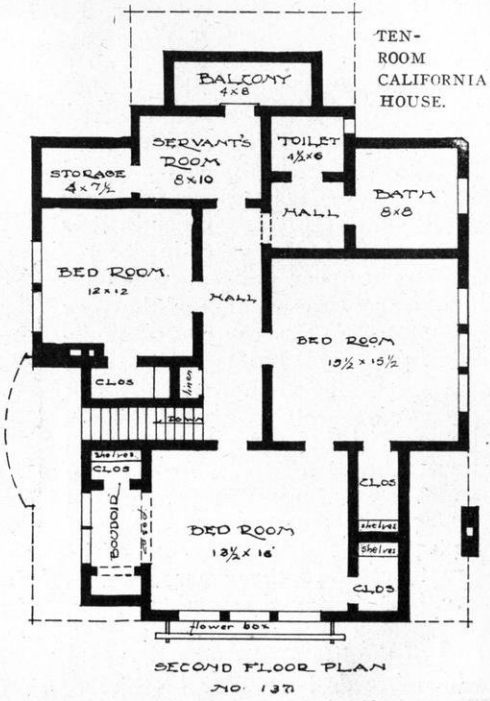


FIREPLACE IN LIVING ROOM.

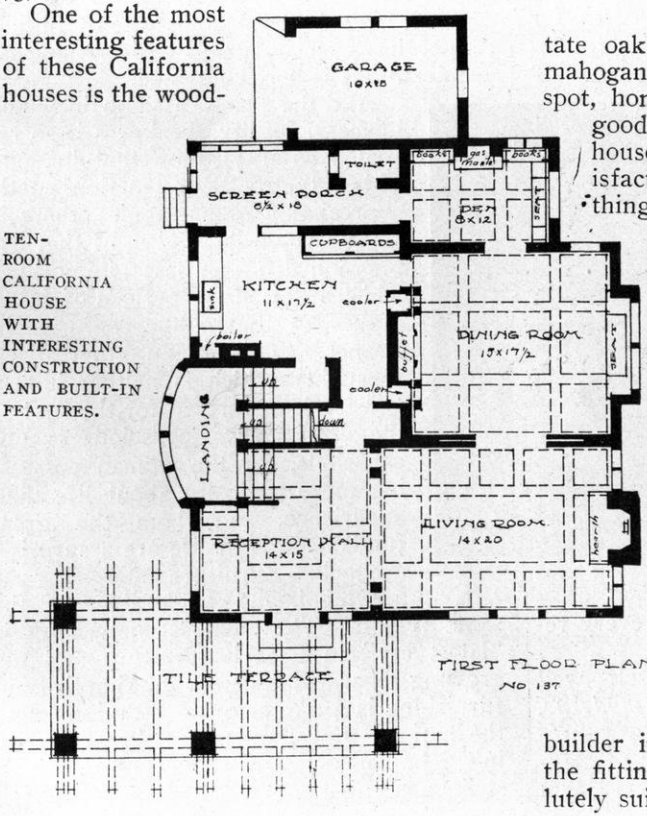
of the living room is the dining room, separated by sliding doors. The den is in the rear of the dining room. The four rooms are finished in Oregon pine treated to resemble Flemish oak. and have beamed ceilings, as well as hardwood floors. The stairway to the second floor leads from the reception hall, with a landing at a height of four steps, and is lighted by a series of four casement windows arranged in a curve. The living room and den are each provided with a large fireplace constructed of split stone. The walls of the four rooms are papered and the plastered portions of the ceilings are tinted buff. All of these rooms, as well as the kitchen and bedrooms, are of fair size, and throughout the house there are numerous built-in fittings of interesting design.

The house, including garage, was built in Los Angeles, California, for $4,800. It is of substantial workmanship throughout, and in both style and durability it should be suitable for any locality. The cost of construction would naturally vary according to the cost of material in the different localities, but it should nowhere greatly exceed $5,000.

One of the most interesting features of these California houses is the wood-work employed for interior finish. You never seen or read descriptions of pink woodwork or pale blue, or pine stained to imitate oak or redwood treated to resemble mahogany. The wood that is there on the spot, homegrown, as it were, seems quite good enough for the beautiful Western houses, and apparently much more satisfactory than the strange, dreadful thing so often done in the East and Middle West where all the natural beauty of interesting real woods are destroyed in the effort to pretend that they are something else—the fashionable wood of the moment.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN
NO 138



TEN-ROOM CALIFORNIA HOUSE WITH INTERESTING CONSTRUCTION AND BUILT-IN FEATURES.

FIRST FLOOR PLAN
NO 137

While in the West we hear of house after house finished and fitted with eucalyptus, walnut, redwood, each one treated in a method to show the utmost natural beauty of grain. Varnish seems unknown, as remote as paint; the idea being rather to leave all as natural as would be consistent with utility and durability.

We are especially reminded of the wisdom of the Western builder in this particular house where all the fittings are of pine or redwood, absolutely suited to the house.

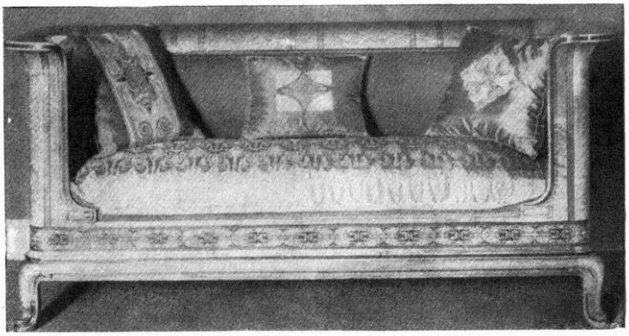
THE "LATEST CRY" IN FURNITURE FOR FRENCH WOMEN

"A Little Salon for Women" was the title given to the group of furniture designed by M. Follot and shown at the Bruxelles Exhibition of Decorative Arts. Nothing more supremely elegant has probably ever been put together. To achieve this furniture for the Salon of the French *grande dame* every final culture in decorative art has been utilized. The temperament of the woman of the very beginning of this century of limitless luxury and indolence has been studied by the creator of this "last cry" in elaborate, costly art for the home. All the extravagances of all the centuries of art furniture in France seem to have been gathered up and the most perfect detail of each period culled and combined in this desire to cater to the overrefined, oversensitive, overemotional feminine product of the present day in France. It is in fact an epitome of the life of the woman, of the society which breeds her. For in this search for sheer futile decorative beauty, vitality has been lost. There is the decorative idea, but not the purpose of art. There is every refinement, but no reality.

FRENCH PEARWOOD FURNITURE INLAID WITH MOTHER-OF-PEARL, EBONY AND IVORY: FROM L'ART DÉCORATIF.

In fact, M. Follot has himself well summed up this furniture of *la vie moderne.* He first revolts nervously from any uniformity of style. It is but a form of slavery, he says. In the furniture in his Salon for Women he has tranquil design, colors so exquisitely harmonized that they could not fatigue the most delicate spirit, a fitting background for the most subtle day dreams, materials the most precious that could be woven, the construction, the details so perfect that they would satisfy the most supersensitive and cultivated woman.

He purposes that each effort in his furniture making shall be unique. He will not imitate himself or the work of any other artist. He wishes perpetually to create new imaginative beauty in his furniture to correspond with the lives of the beauties for whom it is devised. A composite of all that France has ever imagined of intricate and wonderful art is here combined.



A PEARWOOD COUCH: FROM L'ART DÉCORATIF.

And the result, a salon in which idleness, futility, weakness is so revealed as inspiration that in spite of beauty, good construction, subtle appreciation of harmonies, there is degeneracy, a lack even of that expression of fearless immorality which inspired the periods of frank luxury of the middle centuries in France. This is an etherealized sensuality which is neither honest nor fearless, formed for the soul of the *demi vierge,* conscious or unconscious, for the woman possessing more curiosity about life than experience, to whom the great fundamentals of life are a surprise, a shock. Furniture interesting as a symbol, and deplorable for the same reason. The contrast between this "latest cry" in French furniture and the growing regard in America for simplicity in furnishing is a matter of no little import to the nation. For the greater the simplicity in the home the surer are we as a people to strike a genuine note.

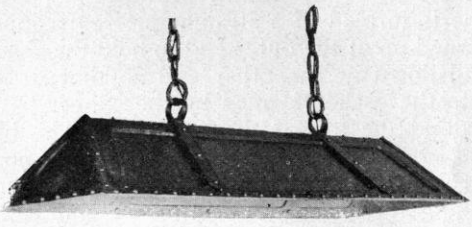
SOME CRAFTSMAN LIGHTING FIXTURES

THE question of light is so important in the furnishing of a house that not only have we been compelled to design the regular Craftsman lighting fixtures to harmonize with Craftsman interiors and Craftsman furnishings, but we find also that each new house we build is more likely than not to demand specially designed lights that give the last touch of individuality to the rooms.

Though these designs vary widely, they are all based upon the one need for a sort of plain sturdy beauty that will be in keeping with the woodwork and structural features that give such marked character to the Craftsman houses. Also, we seek always to make the lights bear their full share in

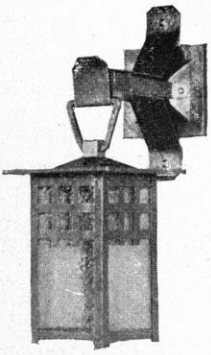
ELECTRIC TABLE LAMP.

the decoration of the room, relying upon the gleam of copper or brass to give the high lights that are necessary to emphasize the general color scheme; or upon the blackness of wrought iron to give here and there a needed accent. It is one of our beliefs that



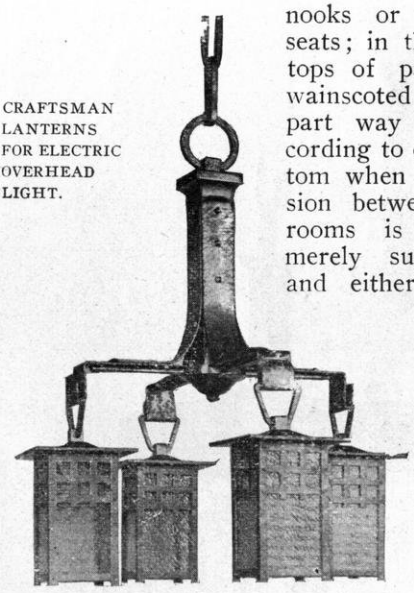
ELECTROLIER FOR BILLIARD ROOM.

no decorations are so effective as lights, so instead of the conventional finial on top of a newel post, we put a square lantern that follows and accentuates the straight severe lines of the post, and forms the most fitting decoration for that particular place, as it is not only a beautiful thing in itself, but also serves a purpose in lighting the stairs.



BRACKET LANTERN.

Over a dining-room or library table we are apt to put either a cluster of lanterns or a large electric dome, the colors of glass and metal always repeating and accenting the general color scheme of the room. Where there are beams we are apt to hang what we call "shower lights," that is, separate small lanterns, each swinging free on its individual chain from the beam overhead. The beauty of this form of lighting is that these lanterns can be placed wherever they are needed or wherever they are required for effect, and we hang them on brackets from the side wall over fireside nooks or built-in seats; in the open tops of partitions wainscoted only part way up, according to our custom when a division between two rooms is to be merely suggested, and either singly



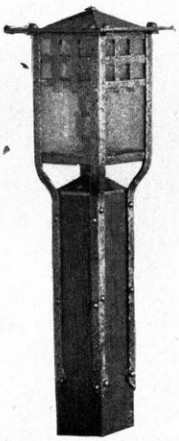
CRAFTSMAN LANTERNS FOR ELECTRIC OVERHEAD LIGHT.

or in interesting clusters about the room.

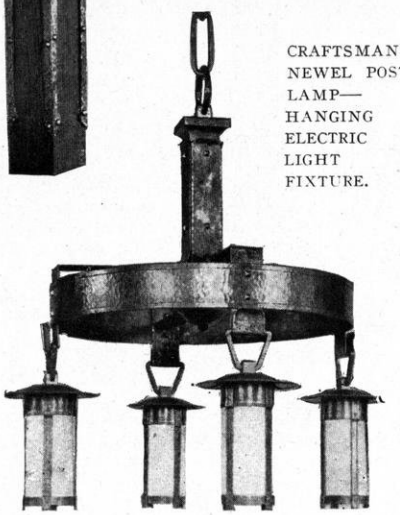
But where it is necessary to concentrate the lights we find that electroliers like the two illustrated here are more satisfactory, especially as in design and construction they carry out the whole idea of the Craftsman furnishing. One of these electroliers has a framework made of broad bands of hammered copper, springing out from the center to form a cross and bent over at the ends to afford the natural support for the hang-

ing lanterns. We like this design particularly because it is so essentially Craftsman in character. Another electrolier has a similar construction, save that a broad ring of copper is riveted around the crosspieces, and smaller lanterns are used.

Where a glow of rich color is desired we use a dome of copper and deep-tinted hammered glass, and in this dome we emphasize the decorative possibilities of the glass in the same way that we emphasize the metal in other fixtures. The framework is of copper, and the curved roof of glass bulges out between the copper bands that hold it, giving a softness of outline and sumptuousness of effect that could never be obtained by use of the straight lines. Instead of a fringe, swinging panels of the same glass hang from the rim of copper that supports the dome, so that the whole effect is that of a mass of color.

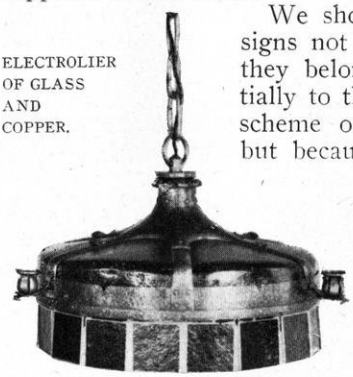


Where a bright strong light is needed, as over a billiard table, we use the plain straight roof shade, hung by two heavy chains from a beam or ceiling plate overhead. The frame of this may be of either copper, brass or iron, according to the general color scheme of the room, and the panels of tinted hammered glass are lined with white so that the light is strongly reflected.



CRAFTSMAN NEWEL POST LAMP—HANGING ELECTRIC LIGHT FIXTURE.

Where a concentrated light is needed on a table we use, of course, a reading lamp, and these are made of oak and copper so that they are entirely in keeping with the table upon which they stand. We show here one of our favorite designs which can easily be made by an amateur worker in woods and metals. The standard is of oak with a broad band of copper at the top, forming a cup into which fit the copper supports of the shade.



ELECTROLIER OF GLASS AND COPPER.

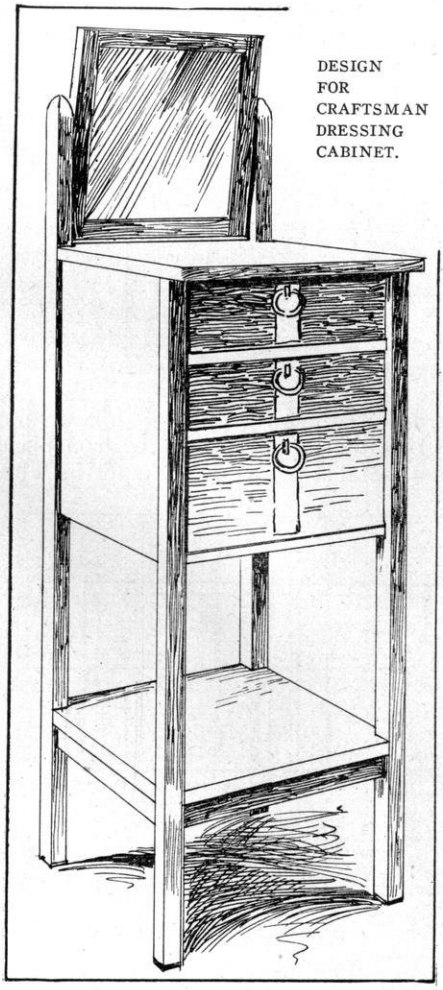
We show these designs not only because they belong so essentially to the Craftsman scheme of furnishing, but because, with the possible exception of the big dome, each and every one could be made at home by any amateur who has gained some skill in working with metals. From our point of view, this constitutes their greatest value, because the things we like to have about us in our homes are the things we either make ourselves or could make if we wanted to. When things have this homelike and primitive quality they cease to be classed with the conventional furnishings, and become in very truth a part of our household belongings.

It will be seen upon close study of the different pieces that every part is essentially structural. In the case of the electric table lamp shown in the first illustration the graceful lines of the standard are decided entirely by the necessity for strength and stability in the stand itself and also the need for a shape that can easily be grasped by the hand. The shade supports of copper are so simple as to be almost primitive, as each one is formed of a straight piece of copper turned up at the outer end to hold the shade and down at the other end so that it fits into the socket formed by the copper band around the top of the standard. The billiard-room electrolier has exactly the construction of a tiny roof, the metal bands taking the place of the timbers and being made to serve as the sole decoration of the piece. The same direct structural principles will be found in the brackets and supports of the lanterns and newel-post lights, and may be copied or varied at will.

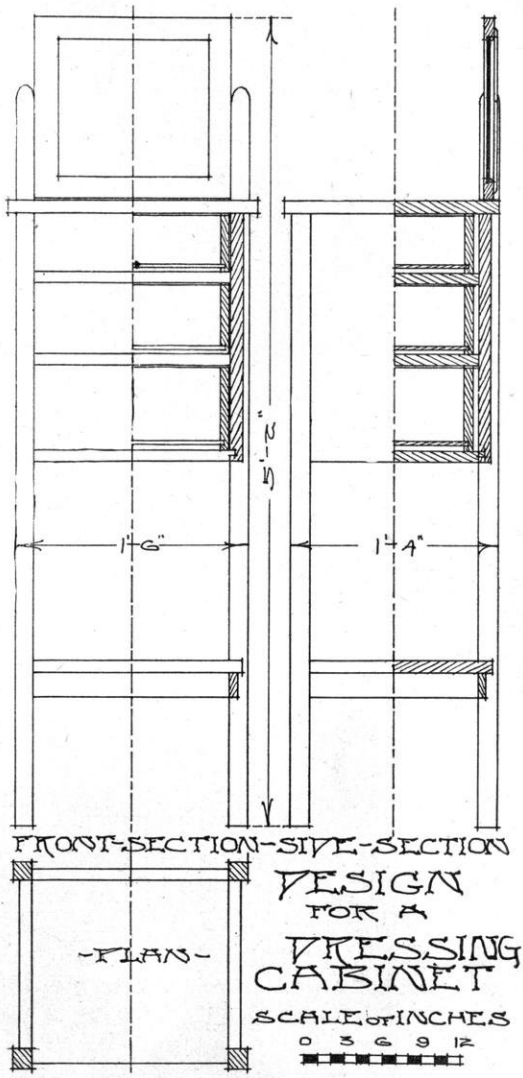
CRAFTSMAN DESIGNS FOR HOME CABINETMAKERS AND METAL WORKERS

THE wall cabinet shown here is a useful piece of furniture for almost any room. In a living room or library it might be used for the storing away of papers and magazines, the lower shelf being large enough for books and the top available for bits of pottery or metal work. In a bedroom or bathroom it would be very useful as a medicine closet, or as a place for putting all the odds and ends that are frequently wanted and yet give a disorderly look to the room if they be kept in sight.

The cabinet is 3 feet 7 inches high over all, and 3 feet 4 inches wide, with a depth of 1 foot 3 inches. The sides are made of

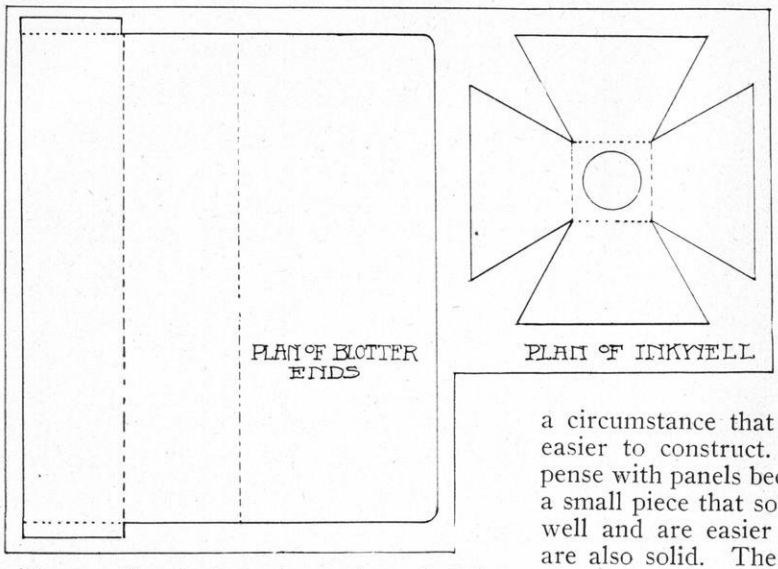


DESIGN FOR CRAFTSMAN DRESSING CABINET.



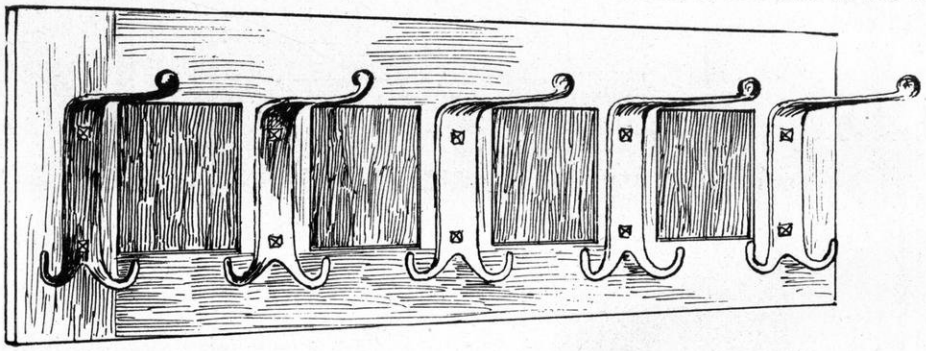
1⅛-inch stock, and the shelves of ⅞-inch stock. The doors have each one large square panel set in a frame 3 inches wide. The construction is not at all difficult, and will be shown plainly by a little study of the detail drawing. The upper and lower shelves are tenoned through the sides, the tenons being allowed to show as a relief to the plainness of the side-pieces. The tenons of the middle shelf are not allowed to show. The back, which is made of V-jointed boards, is screwed to the shelves, one screw being used for each board. To allow for shrinkage and expansion, these screws are placed in slots instead of in close-fitting screw holes.

The dressing cabinet is very like the old-fashioned shaving stand, and is furnished

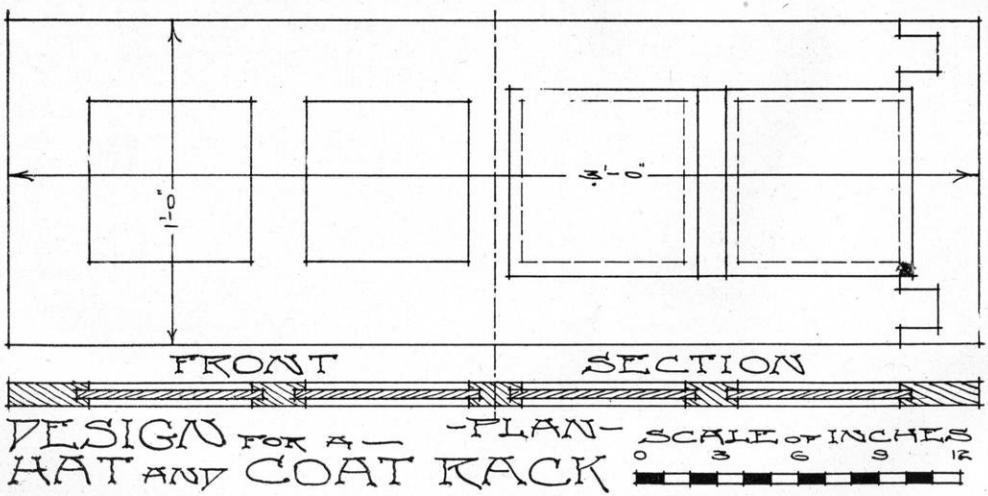


with a small swinging mirror, three drawers and a lower shelf. The stand is 5 feet 2 inches high over all, 1 foot 6 inches wide and 1 foot 4 inches deep. The mirror frame is made of 1-inch stock, 1¾ inches wide. The posts are 1½ inches square, the partitions and the shelf are ¾ of an inch thick, and the rail under the shelf is 2 inches wide by ¾ of an inch thick.

This piece is framed in the usual way, the only difference being that the back and sides are not paneled, a circumstance that makes the piece much easier to construct. It is possible to dispense with panels because the cabinet is such a small piece that solid sides will do equally well and are easier to fit. The partitions are also solid. The mirror is swung upon pins in much the same fashion as we described last month in the case of the cheval glass, and the drawer pulls are plain round rings of either copper, brass or iron placed against metal straps which extend the whole



CRAFTSMAN HAT AND COAT RACK: COPPER WORK.

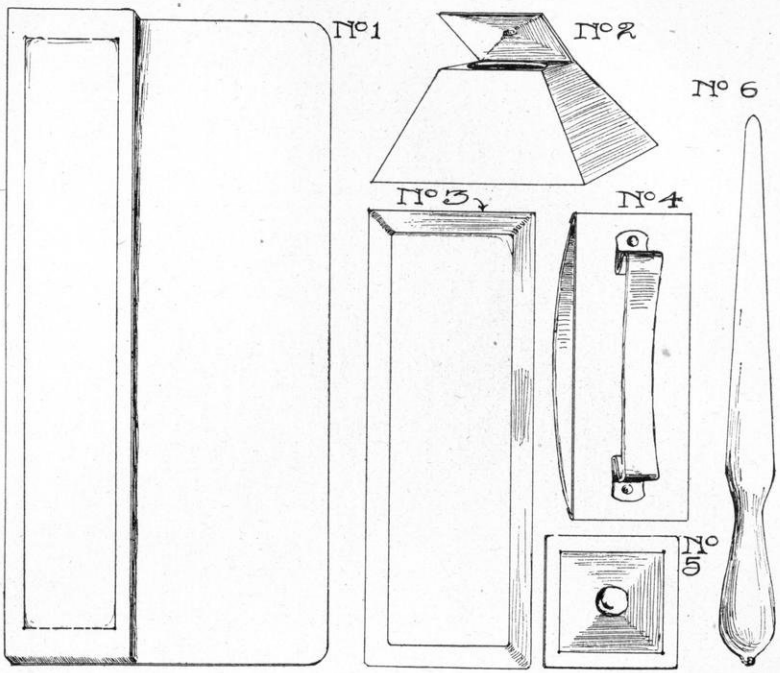


depth of the drawer.

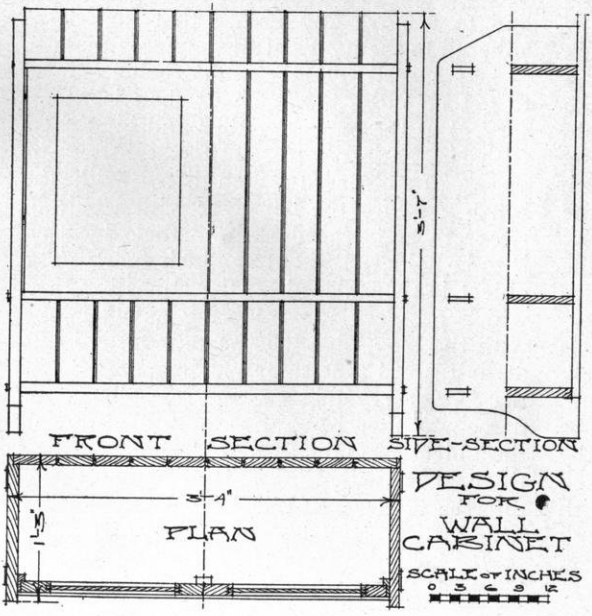
The hat and coat rack is meant to hang in a hall or vestibule, and is designed in a shape that will look well over a table or below a hall mirror. The frame is 3 feet long and 1 foot 10 inches wide. It is of ⅞-inch stock, and the panels are ½ an inch thick. The inside of the frame is grooved so that the panels may be set in, and the pieces are put together by mortising at each corner. The panels are not glued, but are set in loosely enough to allow for shrinkage and expansion without affecting the frame. The large metal hooks are very easy to make, and the design is sufficiently suggested by the drawing. Anyone used to metal working should be able to forge them of wrought iron or copper without further directions, or they can quite as easily be made of brass if that metal is preferred.

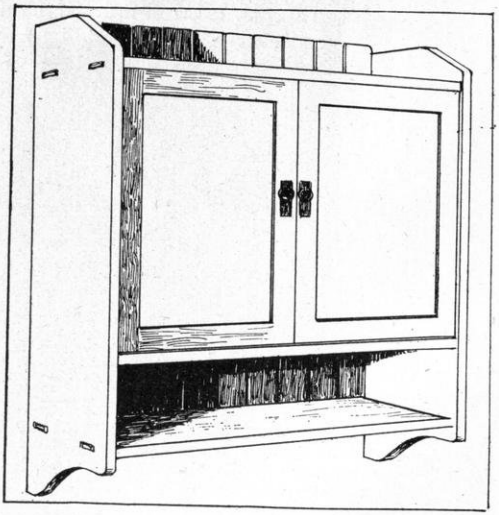
The desk set is very plain and simple in design, and should offer no difficulties to the worker in metals. It includes metal ends for the blotter pad, an inkwell, a pen tray, a blotter roller, a paper weight and a letter opener.

The blotter ends are made so that three or four sheets of blotting paper may be laid on the desk and the ends slipped into the metal frames, or the frames themselves can be riveted to a desk pad. The construction of these metal ends is made sufficiently clear by the detail drawing, and they may be made in any desired size. No. 20 gauge



WORKING DRAWING FOR DESK SET.





CRAFTSMAN WALL CABINET.

metal should be used, and it is best to file all the edges smoothly before bending into shape. A piece of iron, about the thickness of a pad made of three or four blotters, should be clamped to the under side of the metal, and the sides and top brought over and hammered down on this iron mold until it takes the required shape.

The plan of the inkwell is shown in the detail drawing, and the method of bending into shape is illustrated by the drawing of the piece itself. A piece of No. 20 gauge metal should be cut according to the pattern given, and the sides all bent down and soldered together. A flat square of metal serves for the bottom which is soldered into the sides, and a lid made to cover the top can be hinged on. A knob should be put on top of this lid for convenience in lifting it. The inkwell itself is simply a small "school inkwell" which fits into the circular opening left in the top of the metal frame. If amateur metal workers experience any difficulty in obtaining these inkwells, we can furnish them at 15 cents each.

The pen tray is merely a plain oblong tray about 8 inches long and 3 inches wide. The edges are turned up in such a way as to give a broad shallow flare. Like the other pieces, this should be made of No. 20 gauge metal. After it is cut in the desired size a chiseled line should be hammered in about ⅜ of an inch from the edge. The edges are then turned up at this line, which is cut in deeply enough to allow the edge to bend easily. Care should be taken, however, not to cut the line too deeply, as an extra heavy stroke might send the chisel clear through.

The blotter roller is so simple that only a glance at the illustration is needed to make clear the method of construction. It should be about 6 inches long by 2½ inches wide. The bottom, where the pressure comes, should be made of No. 20 gauge metal, the top of No. 18 gauge, and the handle of No. 16 gauge. The top, of course, laps over the bottom at the ends, leaving sufficient space to slip in the blotter.

The construction of the paper weight is not unlike that of the top of the inkwell. The best size would be about 2½ or 3 inches square when finished. A line should be hammered in about ½ an inch from the edge of the metal, and the center hammered up into pyramidal form and filled with lead. A round knob is riveted to the top to serve as a handle, and a flat metal bottom is soldered on.

The letter opener should be made of No. 16 gauge metal, and the most convenient size is about 10 inches long. The illustration shows the pattern by which this should be cut out. The edges of the blade should be filed down thin all around, and then well polished with an emery cloth until the file marks are all removed. Lastly, the piece should be hammered all over until the surface shows the irregular marks of the tool.

SOLDERING COPPER

A piece of silver solder, a slate slab such as is ordinarily used for grinding ink, powdered or lump borax, and a soft hair brush of some sort are all that is necessary for the process of soldering.

The pieces of metal that are to be soldered must be absolutely free from all foreign matter. To insure this the joint is scraped bright with some sharp-edged tool. Care must be taken to keep the fingers away from the joint as any moisture or greasy substance will prevent the solder from running. The best results are obtained only by being extremely careful as to cleanliness throughout the process. Being sure that the slab is perfectly clean, a little water is put in it and the lump of borax is ground around until the water becomes like cream.

The solder may be obtained any gauge, but about 20 answers for most purposes. After cutting the solder into pieces about 1/16 of an inch long and about the same width, drop them into the borax that has been ground to give them a coating of borax and to remove any grease that may have adhered to them. Coat the surfaces that are to be soldered with the borax, being careful to get no more borax about than is necessary. Put the parts together and bind them with No. 24 iron wire, not too tightly. The pieces of solder are then lifted with the brush used for the borax or with a pair of tweezers and placed next to the edge that is to be soldered, about one inch apart. The object is then placed on the annealing tray, which answers for soldering as well, and with the blow-pipe it is heated, very slowly at first, until the water has evaporated and the borax crystallized and dissolved, the flame may then be applied more directly and the object brought to a soldering heat. If the heat is applied too quickly, it will throw off the solder; and if heated hotter than necessary it is liable to melt or burn the parts being soldered. ("Copper Work," by A. F. Rose.)

A FINER PHASE OF ART NOUVEAU: ILLUSTRATIONS FROM L'ART DECORATIF

THERE is just now a reaction from Art Nouveau, international in extent, and one is perplexed to comprehend how anything that has been so far-reaching in interest as this exotic new art could come to so sudden and untimely an end; yet still more perplexing is the fact that a phase of decoration which apparently is not within the process of art evolution could ever have secured world-wide recognition. How could an "art" without roots, a purely superficial phase of decorative impulse catch the interest of two continents and leave its impress (mainly detrimental) on the natural art of each nation?

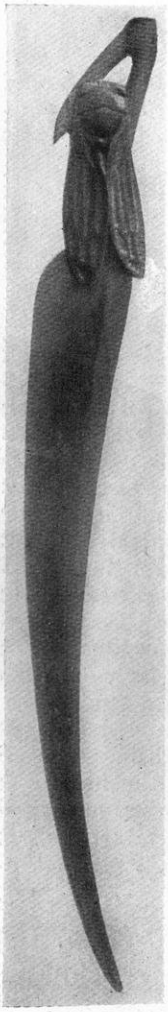
Japan alone seems to have escaped the deadening influence.

In retrospect this new art seems little more than a vigorous fungus, having no relation to the body of art, living on, but not springing from it, a rank growth not without picturesque appeal, possessing that last desideratum to the twentieth century, novelty, capable of expressing extraordinary variation according to the whim of nation or individual, a vehicle to carry satire or the sheer degeneracy which stimulates satire, a jeer in the hands of the cruel, an indecency ready for the raw mind of the vulgar.

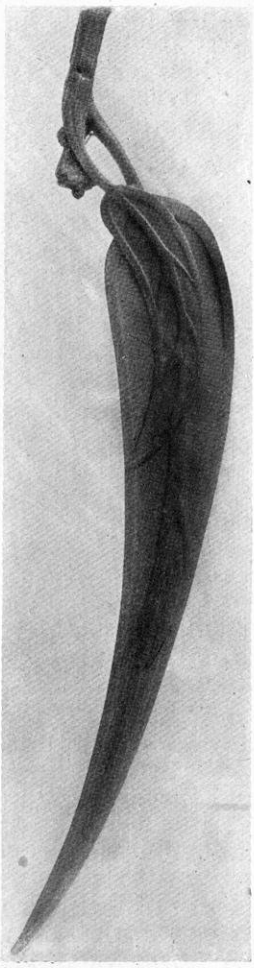
And yet the hillsides and the city streets of Germany today are blotched with Secession Art architecture, and the galleries and shops of France reek with Art Nouveau paintings and *objets d'art*. Even the north Continental countries are touched by its spirit in literature, and England and America have been appre-

THESE DESIGNS ESPECIALLY SUGGEST THE MOST SIMPLE OF LALIQUE'S WORK

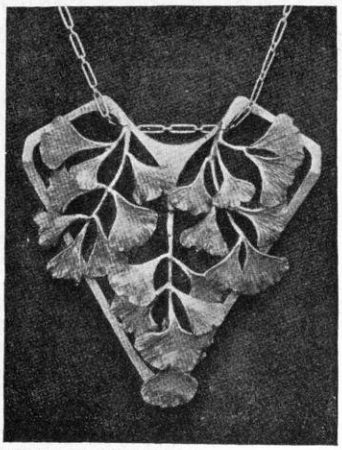
BACK-COMB, DESIGNED BY E. M. SANDOZ: "HAZEL-NUT IN FLOWER."



PAPER KNIFE, DESIGNED BY E. M. SANDOZ: "BLADE OF GRASS WITH INSECT."



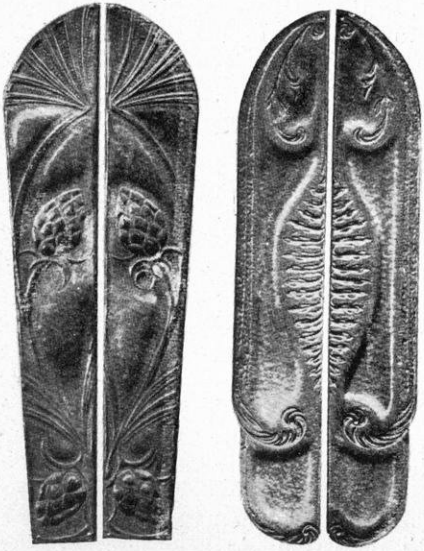
PAPER KNIFE, DESIGNED BY E. M. SANDOZ: "BLADES OF GRASS."



PENDANT DESIGNED IN NATURAL TONES BY EDG. BRANDT: "MAIDENHAIR FERN."

ciative markets for the sale of its manifold eccentricities.

Now that the reaction has begun and we are looking with amazement at the results of the craze, it is worth while to search for

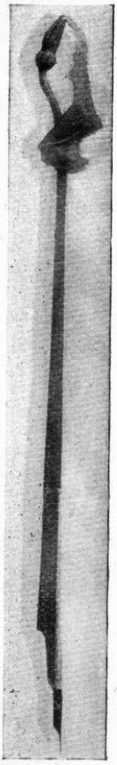


PLAQUES, DESIGNED BY SCHENK.

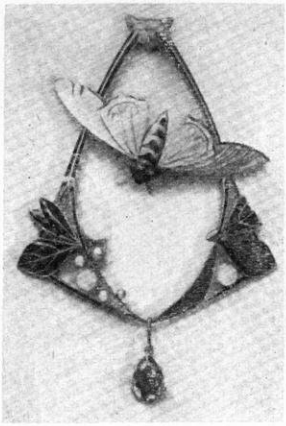
the good in this mass of unreality, to estimate what profit any nation has secured, what actual achievement has sprung out of the tainted soil.

Of this unexpected good we find the most unusual and interesting development in some of the jewelry and art objects of France, in the work of such sincere artists as Lalique, Sandoz, Brandt, Feuillâtre, Saint-André de Lignereux, de Jouve, men who have found in the adventurous spirit of the new art opportunity for freedom from the classic limitations of the old metalsmiths, discovering in this new channel fresh inspiration, having as its source nature, the lowly things in the simple ways of life. They have ceased to imitate; they, strangely enough in this generally fungus art, have looked quietly into Nature's heart for the beauty they sought to portray, they have studied the plants and flowers, the little animals who live close to the fragrance of things. They have combined simple forms in exquisite proportion, leaving out the faded tints of the Empire and gathering up the richest hues from woods and fields. They have rediscovered the beauty of natural things, and yet this beauty is so proportioned, so expressed, so adjusted to principles of the new art that it must rank as a phase of it, although fundamentally utterly alien. Its inspiration is sincere, while its technique is touched by the craze for flowing lines so essential to the Secession school.

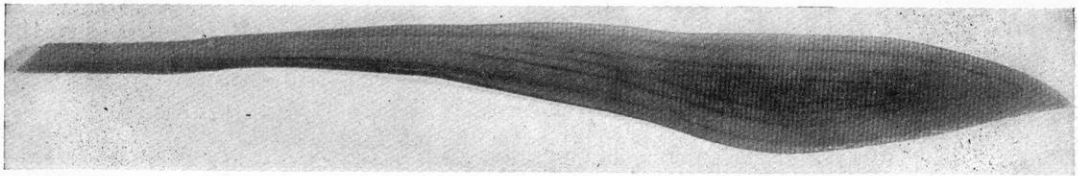
In the case, however, of these French sculptors in metal, the *line,* so weak, so often degenerate in Art Nouveau, is used so subtly, so wholly to express a gentle form of beauty that it ceases to offend, because it ceases to express lack of virility.



PEN HOLDER: DESIGNED BY E. M. SANDOZ.



So completely different is the point of view of these craftsmen that it seems scarcely fair to class them at all as exponents of the Continental seceding art. They have rather responded to the general tendency of the age to break down restraint, to formulate a new code of individualism. The art of these men must count in the history of art, whereas the real art nouveau spirit is but a false growth on the great art body of the universe.



PAPER KNIFE, DESIGNED BY E. M. SANDOZ: "BLADE OF GRASS."

ALS IK KAN

LIFE ON THE AUTOMOBILE BASIS AND WHERE IT IS LEADING US

AT last, they say, we have got at the real cause of the increased cost of living, but the satisfaction we might feel over finding out finally what the matter is is somehow lessened by the fact that the name of that cause is legion. Senator Lodge's committee distributes the responsibility of the overwhelming bills we have to foot each month among many conditions and circumstances, of which the most important are:

"Increased cost of production of farm products by reason of higher land values and higher wages; increased demand for farm products and food; shifting of population from food-producing to food-consuming occupations and localities; immigration to food-consuming localities; reduced fertility of land, resulting in lower average production or in increased expenditures for fertilization; increased banking facilities in agricultural localities which enable farmers to hold their crops and market them to the best advantage, which results in steadying prices, but also tends to advance prices; reduced supply convenient to transportation facilities of such commodities as timber; cold storage plants, which result in preventing extreme fluctuations of prices of certain commodities with the seasons, but by enabling the wholesalers to buy and sell at the best possible advantage tend to advance prices; increased cost of distribution; industrial combinations; organizations of producers or of dealers; advertising; increased money supply; overcapitalization; higher standard of living."

It all sounds reasonable, and we have no doubt that each and every one of these causes bears its own share in the present stress and strain of living. But, after all, could not the whole list be summed up in the last item, the higher standard of living? We call it a higher standard for want of a better word, but we really mean a standard of ease and luxury that demands more money than the average man can possibly earn in a normal way. In the old days of moderate fortunes built up by hard work, necessities came first and luxuries were carefully considered with relation to the general income and the needs of the family before they were made a charge upon the yearly income. But now the carpenter or plumber who comes to your house if you happen to live in a suburban town or in the country, comes in an automobile, and you can hardly cross the highroads on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon for dodging the procession of flying motor cars. You see that the people riding in these cars are your neighbors and acquaintances, most of them families depending upon the earnings of a man in a salaried position or one who is in business for himself in a small way. Knowing something of the cost of a motor car and the steady expense of its upkeep, you are inclined to wonder how they manage it, until you read in an article on financial conditions in the West that: "the Western speculation in land was getting to be dangerous, but the banks have checked that. So was the hunger for automobiles. I never saw anything like the way Western farmers went after automobiles. They even mortgaged their farms to get them. I know of one Kansas City bank that held fifty-two mortgages on that number of machines." If you were to make a canvass of Eastern banks you would find precisely the same state of affairs. The majority of these people have either mortgaged their homes or borrowed money to buy an automobile which they can not afford to keep after they have got it, and the very fact that they have it sets the pace for expenditures all along the line.

It is hard for a man with a moderate income to order his life on the automobile basis unless he has some way of making money outside of his salary. If he is dishonest he naturally hunts opportunities for graft; if he holds to a higher standard of integrity he turns just as naturally to some form of speculation, whether in stocks, real estate or anything else that promises quick returns on a small investment. Then, when the market sags and the bottom drops out of prices, there is trouble all along the line, for all the ingredients of a panic are held in solution all the time, and it takes the veriest trifle to crystallize them into a genuine financial crisis.

In fact, we are all living at high pressure, and nothing but the maximum of speed will satisfy us. This is a truism that during the past two or three years has echoed from one end of the land to the other, but until people begin to take it seriously it can not be repeated too often. At one time it looked as if this problem of the higher cost of living was really going to be taken seriously

enough to bring about a change, but the American public, with its usual easy-going optimism, appears to have adjusted itself to the increased demands upon its pocketbook by the simple expedient of trying to make more money instead of spending less. The greatest difficulty for the man who has been accustomed to making easy money is to get down to solid hard work, and in nine cases out of ten his wife and family would infinitely rather plunge him up to his neck in debt than to cut off one item of the luxuries to which they also have grown accustomed.

This is the effect, but the cause lies deeper. The labor unions have worked steadily and indefatigably to get higher wages for laboring men, in the hope that by this means a more equitable distribution of the wealth of the nation might gradually be brought about, and believers in protection have built a tariff wall around our industries in order to insure a safe margin of profit to the manufacturer and dealer. Yet we find to our cost that it all comes to the same thing in the end. As wages have advanced, requirements have kept pace. What were once luxuries are now necessities, and the advance in prices has so lessened the purchasing power of a dollar that the present high wages go very little farther than the lower wages used to do.

So much for the practical end of the advance in wages and prices, but its deepest and most significant effect is on the character of the people. When a pinch comes, and retrenchment is necessary during a period of readjustment to the lower scale made necessary by hard times, the man who has the most suffers the most, and he who is accustomed to getting along on the least is not nearly so conscious of deprivation. The man who has had his wages doubled within the past few years has accustomed himself to regarding the higher rate as his fixed income, and nothing is quicker or easier than the growth of needs commensurate with the income. If a sudden depression should cause a cut in these wages, the workman could much less afford to reduce his expenses and make ends meet in the face of the prevailing prices for all necessaries of life, than he could have done when he was working for much less. And the condition is cumulative. We are rushing ahead at breakneck speed, straining every nerve to make more money and spending it more and more recklessly. Unless something occurs to check this national tendency, it will not be long before we are face to face with the hardest times we have ever known.

Fortunately, the countercurrent is already setting in. The great mass of people are as yet unaffected by it, but we see its effect in the new spirit that is fighting for the control of politics and the big industries, and in the new interest that is being taken in agriculture and country life and in the training of our boys and girls for some form of productive work. It will take long years to change the national standard in this respect, but the beginning has been made, and if those who have a share in shaping public opinion will only keep at it hard enough and long enough, there is reason to believe that the American common sense will yet come to the surface and that instead of going forward from the automobile to the aeroplane, we may possibly take a step back from the automobile to the plow.

REVIEWS

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH: BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

ONCE during a political campaign William Allen White asked: "What's the matter with Kansas?", and the phrase became a catchword throughout the whole country. Kansas has replied to that question in no uncertain terms, and so far as clean politics, thoroughgoing energy and fearlessness in trying out all sorts of experiments go, she has proven that "she's all right."

How much of this record is due to the energetic and ceaseless hammering at all sorts of abuses by the editor of the *Emporia Gazette,* is uncertain, for Mr. White does not stand alone in his community; he simply gathers together and expresses the convictions of all Kansas in expressing his own. Therefore, William Allen White has come to be known as one of the most prominent leaders of the reform movement in the Middle West, and when he wrote "The Old Order Changeth" he knew exactly what he was talking about. It is a plain, straightforward narrative of political conditions past and present in this country, given from the viewpoint of a man who is honestly optimistic because he sees much ground for hope in the swiftly changing conditions of the present period, especially as the nation is frankly facing and acknowledging its past mistakes.

Starting with a brief review of our democracy in the beginning, Mr. White shows how it became modified by the tremendous impulse given to industry by the common use of steam,—a force which lightened human labor to such an extent that, as Mr. White says: "The working man got more daylight in which to look about and see how the world is put together. With leisure came reflection, with reflection came opinions, with opinions came revolt against the inequalities of men, and with that revolt modern democracy is coming." But while steam multiplied the thrift of the people and immensely broadened their lives, it also put their accumulated savings into the hands of trustees who thus became the masters of men, and thus arose the problem of the trusts, and the conditions which brought about the death grapple between the people and the privileged interests which is shaking the whole country today.

Continuing, he shows how the money power extended and strengthened its control of all branches of government, until its sway became well-nigh supreme. Then came the beginnings of the change, with the adoption of the secret ballot in the early nineties. Results were slow, uncertain and unsatisfactory, but the tide had turned, and reforms have followed thick and fast until now the author triumphantly points to a hundred evidences that the people are resuming their grip upon the Government, and that all we need now is the honesty and energy to try out experiment after experiment, in order to extend and enforce the nation-wide demand for clean politics, honest government, direct representation of the people and fair opportunities for all.

The particular reforms instanced by Mr. White are those we all know, but it is distinctly encouraging and inspiring to find the whole story summed up in a few forcible pages so that we get a clear idea of what has been accomplished within the past twenty years. Taken altogether, the book gives to anyone who is really interested in American politics and industrial conditions the feeling that he has reached one of the lower peaks in the range of mountains he is climbing and, turning to look around, is astonished to find what a long way he has come since he started. It is a book for every intelligent person, schoolchild or politician. (Published by the The Macmillan Company, New York. 266 pages. Price $1.25 net.)

CHINA: ITS MARVEL AND MYSTERY: BY T. HODGSON LIDDELL, R. B. A.

THE fact that a few great painters have been gifted with the art of painting in words as well as in pigments, seems merely to point the exceptions to the rule that a man usually does better when he sticks to his own craft. The large and beautifully illustrated book, entitled "China: Its Marvel and Mystery," is not one of the exceptions. It was written by an English painter, a Royal Academician who went to China, and, through his acquaintance with British residents there, was enabled to penetrate to places usually out of the reach of tourists. He brought away some charming pictures of what he saw, but the book he wrote about his journey is so superficial that it would be amusing were it not such a disappointment to the reader, who is attracted by the fascinating title.

The book is illustrated with reproductions of forty paintings made by Mr. Liddell, and in these pictures we find some justification for the title. They are rich in local color, and the choice of subjects is so discriminating that one obtains distracting glimpses of the very heart of Chinese life. But alas, the book might have been written by any well-bred and well-educated tourist who stays a few weeks or months in a foreign land, living exclusively with his own countrymen and looking at everything from an insular point of view. Trivial anecdotes and personal interests take the place of those vivid pen sketches of Chinese life which the author might have given us, for the material lay all around him and unusual opportunities for observation were evidently afforded him throughout his journey. But at all events, he has given us a collection of pictures that are worth the price of the book, especially as the reproductions in color are exquisitely done. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. Illustrated with color reproductions from paintings. 198 pages. Price $6.50 net.)

TOWER OF IVORY: BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

SINCE the publication of Mrs. Atherton's latest novel, the reviewers have as one man denounced its leading character, *John Ordham,* as a monster of selfishness and egotism, a British cad and, in general, the kind of man who might well be put out of the world for the good of humanity. Opinions are divided as to the heroine, *Marga-*

rethe Styr, but the general impression seems to be that the great soprano perished by her own act, as a victim to *Ordham's* amazing selfishness.

Yet, if one takes the trouble to look a little more deeply in the book, one finds that *John Ordham* is not a monster after all, but merely a typical young Englishman of the present day and generation; the portionless younger son of an aristocratic house, and brought up to believe that the world owed him a luxurious living and that the crime of crimes was against good taste. Sensitive, ultra-fastidious, full of ideals, he has first the better part of his nature roused to its height by his friendship with *Margarethe Styr,* and then, going back to England, falls headlong into the matrimonial net prepared for him by his own worldly mother, and the equally designing mother of a pretty, brainless American girl who is heiress to millions and vulgar to the core of her soul.

From that time forth the development of the plot is a study in psychology, and when the story ends tragically for almost everybody concerned, the reader is not surprised. The book is unquestionably Mrs. Atherton's greatest work so far. Each character stands out like a cameo, and yet each fits perfectly into the picture of the artificial world to which *Ordham* belonged, and into which the opera singer, an American woman with a past, had forced her way by the sheer power of her art and the charm of her strange aloof personality. This charm is felt still more in the case of *Ordham,* who, in spite of his faults, is at all times appealing rather than repellant,—a very difficult character for any author to depict, but one which Mrs. Atherton has handled so admirably as to suggest the idea that she worked from a living model. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 464 pages. Price $1.50.)

ANNE OF TRÉBOUL: BY MARIE LOUISE GOETCHIUS

ALL the readers of THE CRAFTSMAN are familiar with the strange and exquisite short stories of Mrs. Goetchius who possesses the power of going to the heart of tragic conditions in life and wringing from them their full meaning and beauty. She writes very simply, but there always looms behind her words so much that is left unsaid, that the reader's imagination is constantly astir.

This book, "Anne of Tréboul," is her first novel. It is a simple tale of simple people, but it has the same gemlike quality that distinguishes the author's short stories. *Anne* is a Breton village girl, a hunchback who is hardly regarded as one of the young people of the village, but whose rich and eager woman-soul reaches out for all that belongs to a woman's life. *Yvon,* a stalwart fisherman, jilted by the village coquette to whom he had been betrothed, turns his attention in pique to *Anne,* and takes her with him to the coming Pardon at Quimper. It is the first evidence that has ever come to *Anne* that she, too, is attractive, and she abandons herself to the joy of the day with an ecstasy as simple as a child's.

Later comes the inevitable tragedy. The other girl, *Aimée,* through sheer vanity, reclaims *Yvon,* although there is great need for him to marry *Anne,* and with a certain rough honesty he is willing to do so. But the woman's own pride, and her exalted spiritual joy in the motherhood that is coming to her as to other women, makes her brush aside the suggestion of marriage to a man who is in love with another woman, and she endures the scorn of the village and brings up her boy in the face of it, almost unheeding of all save the rapture of motherhood and her passionate love for the child. Ultimately he grows beyond her, and then, with her full consent, the father claims him and takes him away to the sea, which draws to itself this little son of the fisherfolk in spite of his mother's deathly dread of it.

The story has a rare and compelling charm, and is one of the few novels that gains with rereading. (Published by The Century Company, New York. 298 pages. Price $1.20 net.)

TYPES FROM CITY STREETS: BY HUTCHINS HAPGOOD

SEVERAL writers have given us picturesque glimpses of the many-sided life in New York that is seldom seen by the business man or the dweller on Fifth Avenue. Some have been carried away by enthusiastic philanthropy; others have regarded their subject as an opportunity for sociological study and dissertation, and others have gone and lived on the confines of the underworld in disguise, enjoying a delicious sense of adventure in gaining their experiences and writing about them with a vivid personal interest that has invariably colored the writer's point of view.

To a certain degree this element of personal interest emphasizes the picturesque side of Mr. Hutchins Hapgood's "Types from City Streets," but, taken by and large, the book contains a group of vivid and evidently truthful thumbnail sketches of real people, and of actual happenings standing out prominently against a cleverly sketched-in background. The first part deals with the opportunities for realistic literature found in the multicolored life of a great city. We have a brilliant sketch of the Bowery and its inhabitants,—a sketch that shows actual familiarity with the subject and the people, and honest friendliness that tells the truth and at the same time makes one see the other fellow's point of view. This is specially true of the chapter which gives a thief's philosophy of life, and of another dealing with the typical Tammany man. Equally truthful are the sketches of the shop girl in all grades and of all types, each one drawn in outline with a certainty that arouses the reader's imagination to fill in the details. The second group of sketches shows the pathos of low life, and the misfits which we are accustomed to regard as failures. There is a great deal of human nature in this book, and it is mostly human nature in the raw, but no one can read it without a considerable extension of viewpoint regarding the unknown nine-tenths of the dwellers in a great city. (Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. Illustrated by Glenn O. Coleman. 379 pages. Price $1.50 net.)

SIMON THE JESTER: BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

MR. LOCKE has expressed his own peculiar genius very completely in his latest novel, "Simon the Jester." It is absurd, inconsistent, paradoxical and interesting. *Simon de Gex,* a wealthy man and a member of Parliament, and incidentally young, a bachelor and a social favorite, is told by his physician that he has some obscure disease which will kill him certainly within six months. Instead of giving away to grief and despair over this death sentence, *Simon* accepts it cheerfully and promptly starts in to achieve what he terms "eumoiriety" or the "quintessence of happy-fatedness dealt unto oneself by a perfect altruism." Therefore, he starts in to play Providence to all his acquaintances, and his adventures are many and varied. One object of his special care is his secretary, a young chap of good family who is entangled by the charms of a "lady animal tamer." *Simon* goes to see this pantherine person, and cuts out the young chap with such success that he becomes definitely interested himself,—to the extent of going to Africa to find out the errant husband of the queen of lions. Of course she follows, and of course the husband is discovered. Many complications ensue, and one of them lands *Simon* in the hospital, where a clever surgeon performs the operation which had been declared to be impossible and he faces the normal span of life after having spent all his money, ruined his reputation, alienated his friends and generally got himself into a mess through his unadvised efforts in the direction of eumoiriety. He gets out of it all right, and ultimately marries the lion tamer, who is a very good sort of woman after all. The book is fantastic, well written and very amusing. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. Illustrated. 332 pages. Price $1.50.)

THE HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE: BY ANNIE LEMP KONTA

IT is hard to compress the history of a national literature, extending over a thousand years or more, into the compass of one volume and yet make it readable and interesting. But this is just what has been done by Mrs. Alexander Konta in her recently published "History of French Literature." Mrs. Konta is the wife of the prominent Hungarian who imported the original version of "The Devil" into this country, and who figured so prominently in the ensuing controversy over copyrights. Afforded every opportunity for the intelligent study of foreign literature, Mrs. Konta has mastered her subject with admirable thoroughness, and has so identified herself with it that the history she has written seems more like an unusually just appreciation and criticism of French writers of the present and past generations, than a mere recording of historical facts regarding French literature. She has the faculty of giving brief sketches of certain phases of her subject that bring the reader closely into touch with the individual peculiarities of the writer in question, as well as the influence of his life and times. Therefore, although the book is full of accurate and valuable information, one reads it with keen pleasure and interest,—a result that is not always brought about by the perusal of a

book written for the purpose of giving solid information. The history is brought right up to date, ending with a criticism of "Le Chantecler" and a review of the prominent French newspapers and periodicals. (Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York and London. 565 pages. Price $2.50 net.)

TWO USEFUL BOOKS FOR BUILDERS IN CONCRETE: BY A. A. HOUGHTON

SOME of the more serious problems that confront the worker in concrete are solved in the most practical way by the methods outlined in two small and clearly written technical books by A. A. Houghton. One is entitled "Ornamental Concrete without Molds," and the other, "Concrete from Sand Molds." The first-mentioned gives detailed instructions on the use of the template system, and is intended for the concrete worker and the small contractor who cannot well afford to purchase expensive molds for the many varieties of work he is called upon to do, as well as for the artistic workman who wants a perfect surface free from the air bubbles and other defects of concrete cast in the ordinary molds. The advantage of the template system is that it gives the workman full control of the surface of his work, the time employed being no more than would be needed to tamp the concrete properly into a mold, with the added advantage that he does not have to risk breakage in removing the work from the mold. Drawings and diagrams of the different templates are given, with full directions for use. A complete set of these templates could be made from the diagrams at very small cost, and could be carried in the tool chest of the workman, who thus would be always prepared to execute any form of ornamental concrete work without a moment's time wasted in building or purchasing molds.

The other book gives with equal clearness an explanation of the process of molding every class of concrete work in molds made from wet sand. The advantage of sand molds is that any kind of design, no matter how elaborate it may be or how deeply undercut, may be made with absolute accuracy. Also the mold may be removed safely from the core of a design that has undercutting extending horizontally with the face of the work; from the center of a vase or jug, or from the inside of a ball or any work where the opening is small. The flasks which hold the sand are made from the cheapest and most common materials, and the process is made practically useful by the ease and rapidity with which the work may be produced; the increased density and strength of the concrete; perfect details to the lines of ornamental designs and perfect curing of the work without attention as well as without restrictions regarding the release of the mold from the finished work. Full directions are given for mixing and preparing the sand, and for every detail of the molding. (Published by the Norman W. Henley Publishing Company, New York. Both illustrated. 128 pages. 192 pages. Price of each book, $2.00.)

THE POTTER'S CRAFT: BY C. F. BINNS

PROBABLY no one in this country is more amply qualified to write of the craft of pottery than is Mr. Charles F. Binns, Director of the New York State School of Clay Working and Ceramics, and at one time superintendent in the Royal Porcelain Works at Worcester, England. The pottery made by Mr. Binns himself, or under his direction, is too well known to need description, and in this book he endeavors to put into words the result of an experience extending over a period of thirty-six years. After three chapters devoted to a brief historical sketch of the potter's craft as exercised at different times and in different countries, Mr. Binns plunges straight into the heart of his subject, giving explicit directions for the preparation of clay; mold making and plaster; building by hand; the use of the potter's wheel; in fact, all the technical details of the craft, ending with recipes and formulæ for different glazes and full directions for glazing and firing.

Although he states in the beginning that too much reliance must not be placed upon written teaching, Mr. Binns has set forth so exactly the methods by which his own students are taught that even those who are unable to secure personal instruction, but who are willing to use a little courage and perseverance in experimenting, could learn a great deal about the making of pottery from the directions, illustrations and diagrams given in this book. (Published by D. Van Nostrand Company, New York. Illustrated with plates and diagrams. 163 pages. Price $2.00 net.)

THE CITY OF THE DINNER PAIL: BY JONATHAN THAYER LINCOLN

THE industrial phase of the strong evolutionary movement now going on in our American civilization is taken up by Mr. Jonathan Thayer Lincoln in a series of essays which first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* and *The Outlook,* and are now published in book form.

Taking Fall River as his typical "City of the Dinner Pail," Mr. Lincoln gives a sympathetic but sane and well-balanced study of life as it is experienced by the factory hand. Following this is an analysis of the attitude of the average citizen with regard to the labor problem, and a review of the part played by the machine in modern industry and its effect upon the skill and self-reliance of the individual worker. The time clock is taken as the text of an essay on the methods of modern business and the association between employer and employee, as contrasted with the old days of apprenticeship, and the question of trade unionism and its effect upon the individual worker is ably handled with justice to both sides. The last chapter in the book presents a strong contrast, for it is devoted to a description of the most luxurious life in Newport, a luxury which, when contrasted with the poverty and toil that are the lot of the ordinary day worker, justifies some anxiety as to the outcome. What this will be Mr. Lincoln does not venture to predict. It is all a part of the development of the nation, and the significance of its contribution to civilization still lies in the future. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 186 pages. Price, $1.25 net.)

THE GILDS OF CHINA: BY H. B. MORSE

WE know a good deal about the great craft gilds of Europe and the influence they had upon the shaping of modern industry and business methods, but it is interesting to find out something definite about the still more ancient and powerful craft gilds of China, which really form a nation within a nation, and which now occupy the same position that the Mediæval gilds held in Europe five hundred years ago. In China the need for such organizations is more pressing even than it was in Europe during the feudal period, because they form the balance wheel of industry, protect their members against the lawlessness and tyranny of small officials, and insure them against serious loss or injustice so long as they are obedient to the commands of the gild.

The gild government is more democratic than it ever was in Europe, but the law of the gild is indeed law, and no man dares to go against it. The gilds in China have never recognized the civil law nor claimed protection from it, and are rarely recognized by the government except when they take the form of the proceeds of a tax upon the commodities dealt in by the craft. Their jurisdiction over their members is absolute, not by reason of any charter or delegated power, but by virtue of the faculty of combination by the community and of coercion on the individual, which is so characteristic of the Chinese race. One instance shows why the commands of the gild are usually obeyed. A member of the Gold Beaters' Gild at Soochow, in connivance with the magistrates, took for a special purpose a greater number of apprentices than was allowed by the gild rules. As he was under the protection of the magistrates, the gild had to walk warily, but the word was passed around that "biting to death is no murder." Gild members to the number of one hundred and twenty each took a bite, and the rebel against the gild was soon no more.

The author has made a thorough study of his subject, and the position which he held for years as Statistical Secretary of the Inspectorate General of Customs in China, gave him ample opportunity to gather together the facts which we find so interesting. (Published by Longmans, Green & Company, London & New York. Illustrated. 92 pages. Price $1.20 net.)

NATURE DRAWING: EDITED BY HENRY TURNER BAILEY

AN unusually instructive manual on the simpler forms of drawing from nature has been compiled under the direction of Mr. Henry Turner Bailey, State Supervisor of Drawing for Massachusetts and editor of the School Arts Book, in which the papers which appear as chapters in the present volume were originally published. The book is made up of papers and illustrations contributed by a number of teachers and draughtsmen, and thus presents the subject of nature drawing from several different points of view. The value of such training is strongly urged in the opening chapter, which is by Mr. Bailey, and the succeeding chapters take up the different phases of the question, some of them giving

detailed instructions as to drawing and the selection of subjects, and others taking up the study of plants and the decorative value of the different varieties. The book should be valuable to teachers, and also to students sufficiently advanced to take up the work independently and study out for themselves the meaning of the instructions. (Published by The Davis Press, Worcester, Massachusetts. Illustrated. 164 pages. Price, $1.50.)

PRACTICAL BUNGALOWS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

THE demand in the East for comparatively inexpensive cottages and bungalows is so great that we feel sure our readers would be interested in a book of plans and pictures of bungalows built at moderate cost in southern California by the Los Angeles Investment Company. This company maintains a large architectural department, and makes a specialty of designing and building the kind of bungalow that has come to be so well-known in the West and is being so extensively copied in the East by people who want small and attractive dwellings that come within the reach of moderate means. The book contains about one hundred photographs and floor plans of completed houses and bungalows, together with full particulars as to price, the ordering of plans and other details. (Published by The Los Angeles Investment Company, Los Angeles, California. Illustrated. 128 pages. Price, 50 cents.)

POLITICAL ISSUES AND OUTLOOKS: BY WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

IN this time of general public interest in the success of President Taft's legislative programme, a book made up of his campaign speeches and other addresses is very timely, especially as it deals at length with the policies Mr. Taft has endeavored so earnestly to have made into laws. To read this book in the midst of all the storm of discussion for and against the various bills that have just been passed, more or less reluctantly, by Congress, is to clarify one's ideas considerably as to the merits of such legislation, because the facts about a number of political issues are here presented in a clear, judicial, dispassionate way that is most convincing. We find here Mr. Taft's views on railroad legislation, on the Federal courts, the tariff, the labor problem, the negro problem, the advisability of establishing postal savings banks throughout the country, and of guaranteeing bank deposits. We have heard all these questions discussed at length during the past year, and to spend a few hours over this book gives one the sensation of having had a good deal of dust cleared away from his mental vision. It is a good book of reference. (Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York. 299 pages. Price, $1.25.)

A GUIDE TO THE ANTIQUITIES OF UPPER EGYPT: BY ARTHUR E. P. WEIGALL

TRAVELERS who visit Egypt usually go there for the purpose of seeing the remains of the ancient civilization from which the modern world has inherited so many riches. Therefore, if they are to gain all that the journey has to offer them, some accurate knowledge of the antiquities of that mysterious country would seem to be absolutely necessary. This need is supplied by a book written by the Inspector General of the Department of Antiquities of Upper Egypt. It is not so much a guide book as a record of personal study and observation, supplemented by all the data available for the use of the archæologist. The fact that each chapter was written either in or near the temples or tombs described, gives to each description a vividness that instantly arouses the interest of the reader, especially as the writer has managed to convey to the written page something of his own enthusiasm for the subject he has made his life work. (Published by The Macmillan Company. Illustrated with numerous maps, drawings and plans. 594 pages. Price $2.50 net.)

LIFE OF HORACE MANN: BY GEORGE ALLEN HUBBELL, PH. D.

A CONDENSED biography of Horace Mann, occupying a middle place between the Life and Works in five large volumes and the short sketches that have appeared from time to time, has been written by a man who is himself a teacher as well as an enthusiastic admirer and follower of the great educator. Dr. Hubbell really began his work years ago, when a copy of Horace Mann's inaugural address at Antioch College fell into his hands while he was teaching a village school in Ohio. Later Dr. Hubbell became one of the faculty of Antioch College because it was supposed to embody Horace Mann's ideals. The strange and compelling personality of the man to whom we owe our modern system of educa-

tion in this country became an absorbing interest in Dr. Hubbell's life, and he began to gather all kinds of material that related to his chosen subject. He was fortunate enough to have access to manuscripts and private letters which proved of immense service in his work, and during six years the writing of the life story of Horace Mann was taken as a labor of love.

This shows through every page, although the enthusiasm of the biographer has not in any way overbalanced his judgment in his estimate of the man's weakness as well as his greatness. The subtitle of the book calls it "A Study in Leadership," and it is this quite as much as it is a biography. (Published by William F. Fell Company. Illustrated with portrait. 285 pages. Price, $1.50.)

A GARLAND TO SYLVIA: BY PERCY MACKAYE

WE are so accustomed to feeling a sort of false modesty about the work to which, from the superior standpoint of middle age, we are wont to refer flippantly as youthful indiscretions, that Mr. Percy MacKaye's latest book, "A Garland to Sylvia," comes to us with something of a shock of surprise as well as with a crisp freshness of a morning breeze in spring. The little play, written in the stately *terza rima* form, is the work of Mr. MacKaye's college days, and he has not only let it stand exactly as he wrote it then, but has even introduced it with a preface written at the same time. Both preface and play are naïve, imaginative and unworn, and they attract the reader with exactly the same little thrill of friendliness that comes to an older person who listens with half a sigh and half an indulgent smile to the plans and dreams of some enthusiastic youth who has all the world yet to conquer.

The play itself is founded upon that exquisite little song of Shakespeare's, beginning:

"Who is Sylvia? What is she,
That all her swains commend her?"

and is an allegory showing that *Sylvia* is Life, Nature, Beauty,—what you will, but an embodiment of all that is young and hopeful in the world-spirit. Her father *Hikrion* is a whimsical conception of the great god Pan, and the other characters are *Sylvia's* lovers and hand-maidens. It is really a play within a play, for the author himself is its leading man, and the scene opens in his college rooms, where he is chaffed unmercifully by his mates for being in love with *Sylvia,* who is a creation of his own fancy. So strong is the fancy that *Sylvia* actually appears to him, and in a trance he becomes one of the characters in his own play and sees it rushing on to the tragedy of *Sylvia's* marriage to a cold-blooded necromancer who has guessed the riddle set for her suitors, without being able to avert the catastrophe, until *Sylvia* herself shows him the source of the river Lethe, and he contrives to make the creatures of his fancy drink of its waters and so fade into oblivion.

It is a strange fancy enough, but through every line one feels the joy that boy had in writing it, until one comes to regard the play with very much the same sort of affection that the older Percy MacKaye feels for it, looking back to it as he does from the height of a maturity of notable achievement. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 177 pages. Price, $1.25 net.)

STANDARD BOOKS IN HANDY POCKET SIZE

TRAVELERS in England are usually delighted to find at railway book stalls a considerable assortment of little scarlet volumes, well bound in cloth, which offer to the reader his choice of the classic and standard works of English literature at one shilling, or twenty-five cents, per volume. The books are small enough to slip easily into the pocket; inexpensive enough to be read for the space of a journey and then thrown away if they prove cumbersome, and good enough to occupy a permanent place upon the bookshelves at home. They are a little smaller than the books of the well-known "Everyman's Library," and quite a little cheaper, so it is with pleasure that we hear of their introduction into this country.

One curious fact is that these little books command almost no sale on the railway and at railway news stands in this country, and the reason given is that people insist upon having bulk to show for the money they spend in books. Even the paper-bound books published in recent years have greatly increased in size, and cloth-bound books must be on heavy paper and of full duodecimo size or the customer feels that he is not getting the value of his money. Therefore, these handy little pocket volumes can be found only in bookshops as yet, and the

traveler in this country does not derive much benefit from the fact that there is now an American edition. The list of books includes both old friends and new, but only such books as have proven their possession of a vital quality that makes them lasting beyond the day of the "best seller." (Published by Cassell & Company, New York. The People's Library. Bound in leather, 55 cents per volume; bound in cloth, 25 cents per volume.)

THE FAITH HEALER: BY WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

MOST of us went last winter to see "The Faith Healer," which followed close upon the heels of Mr. William Vaughn Moody's notable success, "The Great Divide." Being more mystic in its character, "The Faith Healer" had not the run of its predecessor, and yet it was definitely a success. Shortly after the close of the season it was issued in book form, for those who care to get at the true inwardness of a play they have seen and liked. The psychology of the play is naturally clearer when it is read quietly and at leisure, so that the meaning stands out unobscured by the action. The story is too well known to need recapitulation, but the play is good enough to be just as interesting in book form as it was on the stage. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 164 pages. Price, $1.25.)

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND AND OTHER POEMS: BY ALFRED NOYES

WE have grown to look for rich imagery and musical utterance from the English poet, Mr. Alfred Noyes, and in his recently published book, "Drake," he showed a power of sustained melody that gives to this vivid picture of the gentleman adventurers of the days of Good Queen Bess more of the real, picturesque quality than we are apt to find in poems of this day and time. But in Mr. Noyes' latest book, "The Enchanted Island and Other Poems," we get a much better idea of the scope of his thought which rises at times to lofty and profound philosophy, and of his beauty of utterance, which has a lyric quality that is best revealed in his songs, ballads and odes.

The book takes its title from a poem of that name, which is an exquisite allegory of life, both in its physical manifestation and in its haunting memories of the unseen world that lies just without the gates of birth and death. It is this, and yet it might also be called a Song of Youth, or a Vision of Happiness, for it has in it every delicate fancy that lies just beyond the grasp of reason and of memory. Another poem, *Rank and File,* has in it all the tragedy, pain and patience of the age-long march of humanity to an unseen goal. Another wonderful picture is *A Song of the Plough,* which has the primitive force that lies behind Millet's paintings,—a force that is manifested rather than weakened by the perfectly modulated beauty of utterance. There is savage, jarring scorn in *Lucifer's Feast,* which is rightly called a European nightmare, and all the joyous carelessness of the pagan world in some of the Greek legends which are here done into verse. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 206 pages. Price, $1.25.)

THE PRISON SHIPS AND OTHER POEMS: BY THOMAS WALSH

A number of the charming poems by Thomas Walsh that we have seen from time to time in the leading magazines are gathered together in a little volume that takes its name from the leading poem, *The Prison Ships,* an ode read at the dedicatory exercises of the Prison Ship Martyrs' Monument on Fort Greene. This is stately in form, as a patriotic ode should be, but it is followed by a number of delightful little songs and ballads, showing glimpses of many parts of the world and reminiscences of many epochs of civilization. There are bits of description, stories of love and adventure told in verse, and little musical fragments of all sorts, making it eminently a book to pick up in an idle moment. (Published by Sherman, French & Company, Boston. 115 pages. Price, $1.00 net.)

WHAT PICTURES TO SEE IN EUROPE: BY LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT

TOURISTS who wish to make the most of their time in the European art galleries will find their task much simplified by a comprehensive little book abundantly illustrated which gives brief accounts and historical facts of the most famous pictures in the great galleries of Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Amsterdam, The Hague, Paris and London. The book is hardly intended for art lovers and connoisseurs, but rather for the traveler who has read of these pictures and naturally wishes to see them. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 174 pages. Price, $1.50.)