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See page 452.

"WINDY DOORSTEP": ABASTENIA
ST. LEGER EBERLE, SCULPTOR.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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THE CRAFTSMAN



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VOLUME XIX FEBRUARY, 1911 NUMBER 5

COÖPERATION TO STOP THE LEAK BETWEEN FARMER AND CONSUMER: BY THE EDITOR



EARLY a year ago THE CRAFTSMAN suggested that the pinch of high prices, if it served to awaken us to the ugliness of waste and to the value of coöperation, might prove to be a blessing in disguise. We told how more than sixty years ago a group of simple English weavers, confronted by this same problem of making an inelastic wage stretch to keep pace with the mounting cost of necessities, found a solution in coöperative buying and selling—a solution which found such favor that now, according to a recent estimate, one in every four persons in Great Britain and Ireland is reaping the benefits of the coöperative method applied to the manufacturing, buying and selling of the necessities of life. The same principle—that of cutting off what is added to a commodity's price during its passage from the producer to the consumer by eliminating the middleman—has been applied with varying degrees of success in Germany, France, Russia, Switzerland, The Netherlands, Italy, Denmark and Austria-Hungary. While recognizing that the various attempts to transplant the coöperative movement to this country have hitherto failed to achieve a very vigorous growth—owing, possibly, to the fact that the spirit of waste and speculation is still too deeply rooted in our national character—we predicted, in the article already referred to, that the time would come when we would recognize the doorway of coöperation as the logical way of escape from the increasing pressure of high prices. As we then pointed out, a coöperative store, organized and managed on the basis of one of our big department stores, but with the profits returning to the consumer in the form of dividends, would have in it as many elements of business success as are to be found in the present department store system, with the additional advantage of materially reducing the cost of living to all its membership.

Fresh emphasis is given to this contention by a perusal of the Secretary of Agriculture's annual report. While we can scarcely describe ourselves as a poverty-stricken nation in the face of last year's record-breaking crops—the lump value of Uncle Sam's farm

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products having reached the astounding sum of nine billion dollars—the depressing fact remains that the purchasing power of a dollar is today less than half what it was ten years ago. But, as Secretary Wilson reminds us, this is not the farmer's fault. Nevertheless, of the three inescapable items in the cost-of-living problem—food, clothing and shelter—two at least lead us back past the retailer, the jobber, the commission man, and the carload shipper to the farmer and the stockman. But a large fraction of the consumer's dollar must go into the pockets of each of these middlemen before the remnant reaches the producer. Or, to begin at the other end of the line, the commodity incurs indebtedness at every step of its journey from the producer to the consumer, and the latter settles the account. Secretary Wilson quotes figures, gathered some years ago by the Industrial Commission but still pertinent, to show that customers pay from twenty-five to four hundred per cent. more than the farmers receive for a long list of farm products that are used every day. After deducting a small percentage for freight rates the bulk of this increase in prices must be charged against the middlemen. And even so the middlemen and retailers are not unduly prosperous.

THERE were times prior to eighteen hundred and ninety-seven when the prices of farm products received by farmers were even less than the cost of production. But in the upward price movement which began in eighteen hundred and ninety-seven these prices have advanced in a greater degree than those received by nearly all other classes of producers. It is generally admitted, however, that they have not at any time reached a figure that affords more than a reasonable return upon the farmer's labor and investment. Moreover, as Secretary Wilson remarks, the price received by the farmer is one thing; the price paid by the consumer is another. To quote further from his latest report:

“The distribution of farm products from the farm to consumers is elaborately organized, considerably involved and complicated and burdened with costly features. These are exemplified in my report for nineteen hundred and nine by a statement of the results of a special investigation into the increased cost of fresh beef between the slaughterer and the consumer.

“It was established that in the North Atlantic States the consumer's price of beef was thirty-one and four-tenths per cent. higher than the wholesale price received by the great slaughtering houses; thirty-eight per cent. higher in the South Atlantic States; and thirty-nine and four-tenths per cent. higher in the Western States. The average for the United States was thirty-eight per cent.

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“It was found that the percentage of increase was usually lower in the large cities than in the smaller ones and higher in the case of beef that is cheap at wholesale than of high-priced beef. It was a safe inference that the poorer people paid nearly twice the gross profit that the more well-to-do people paid. . . .

“It is established by the investigation of this Department made last June that the milk consumers of seventy-eight cities paid for milk an increase of one hundred and eight-tenths per cent. above the price received by the dairymen; in other words, the farmer’s price was fully doubled. The lowest increase among the geographic divisions was seventy-five and five-tenths per cent. in the South Atlantic States and the highest was one hundred and eleven and nine-tenths per cent. in the Western States.

“In the purchase of butter the consumer pays fifteen and eight-tenths per cent. above the factory price in the case of creamery prints, fifteen and six-tenths per cent. above in the case of factory tub, and thirteen and three-tenths per cent. above the factory price in the case of renovated butter. The percentages of increase among the five divisions of States do not vary much from the averages for the United States.

“Some large percentages of increase of prices were found by the Industrial Commission—one hundred and thirty-five and three-tenths per cent. for cabbage bought by the head; one hundred per cent. for melons bought by the pound, for buttermilk sold by the quart, and for oranges sold by the crate; two hundred and sixty per cent. for onions bought by the peck; four hundred and four-tenths per cent. for oranges bought by the dozen; one hundred and eleven and one-tenth per cent. for strawberries bought by the quart; and two hundred per cent. for watermelons sold singly.

“There were many cases of increase of consumer’s price over farmer’s price amounting to seventy-five per cent. and over, but under one hundred per cent., and among these were ninety and five-tenths per cent. for apples bought by the barrel and eighty and six-tenths per cent. for apples bought by the box; seventy-five per cent. for chickens bought by the head; eighty-three and four-tenths per cent. for onions bought by the pound; eighty and five-tenths per cent. for potatoes bought by the bushel; eighty-eight and eight-tenths per cent. for poultry in general bought by the pound; ninety-five and eight-tenths per cent. for strawberries bought by the box; eighty-two and five-tenths per cent. for sweet potatoes bought by the bushel.

“It may be worth while to extend the list of farm products that are sold to consumers at a large increase above farm prices. In the

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class of commodities selling for an increase of price amounting to fifty per cent. and over but under seventy-five per cent. above farm prices may be mentioned the following increases: sixty-one and eight-tenths per cent. for cabbage bought by the pound; sixty-six and seven-tenths per cent. for celery bought by the bunch, turnips and parsnips bought by the bunch, and green peas bought by the quart; fifty-four and four-tenths per cent. for chickens bought by the pound; fifty per cent. for eggplants bought by the crate; sixty-eight and four-tenths per cent. for onions bought by the bushel; sixty-eight and seven-tenths per cent. for oranges bought by the box; sixty per cent. for potatoes bought by the peck; fifty-nine and eight-tenths per cent. for turkeys bought by the pound."

THESSE figures, Secretary Wilson contends, make it clear that the problem is one for the consumer, not the farmer, to remedy. The former has no well-grounded complaint against the latter for the prices he pays. The farmer supplies the capital for production and takes the risk of losses from drought, flood, heat, frost, insects and blights. He supplies hard, exacting, unremitting labor. Moreover—

"A degree and range of information and intelligence are demanded by agriculture which are hardly equaled in any other occupation. Then there is the risk of overproduction and disastrously low prices. From beginning to end the farmer must steer dextrously to escape perils to his profits and indeed to his capital on every hand. At last the products are started on their way to the consumer. The railroad, generally speaking, adds a percentage of increase to the farmer's prices that is not large. After delivery by the railroad the products are stored a short time, are measured into the various retail quantities, more or less small, and the dealers are rid of them as soon as possible. The dealers have risks that are practically small, except credit sales and such risks as grow out of their trying to do an amount of business which is small as compared with their number.

"After consideration of the elements of the matter, it is plain that the farmer is not getting an exorbitant price for his products, and that the cost of distribution from the time of delivery at destination by the railroad to delivery to the consumer is the feature of the problem of high prices which must present itself to the consumer for treatment."

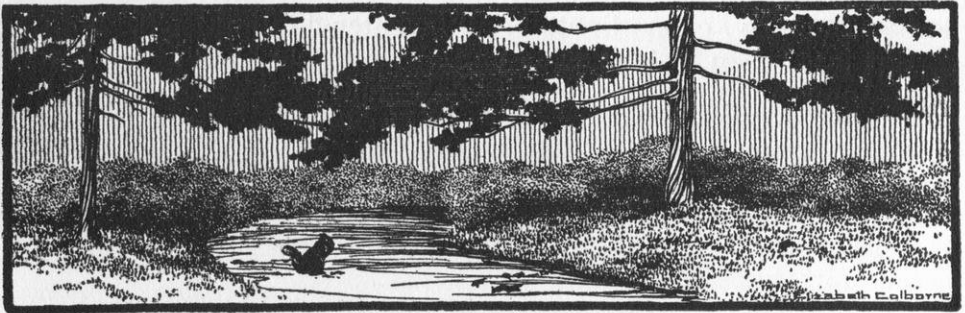
The farmers have already, in many parts of the country, formed coöperative associations for the selling of their products. Secretary Wilson suggests that consumers, taking a leaf from the farmer's books, might at once break up the vicious conditions that result in

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high retail prices for foodstuffs by forming voluntary associations of their own, which should buy directly from the associations of farmers. He admits, of course, that there are still obstacles to overcome before this remedy can prove entirely efficacious. Thus we read:

“Aside from buying associations maintained by farmers, hardly any exist in this country. It is apparent, therefore, that the consumer has much to do to work out his own salvation with regard to the prices that he pays. Potatoes were selling last spring in some places where there had been overproduction for twenty cents and in some places for even nine cents per bushel at the farm, while at the same time city consumers in the East were paying fifty to seventy-five cents per bushel, although there was nothing to prevent them from combining to buy a carload or more of potatoes directly from the grower and for delivery directly to themselves.”

As similar abnormal differences between the price at the farm and the price to the consumer are found in varying degrees through the whole list of agricultural products, no argument is needed to make clear the economic value of the buying association, from the consumer's point of view. And the logical outgrowth of such buying associations, especially in the larger centers, is the coöperative store. When such coöperative movements gather sufficient headway one factor in the cost of living, the middleman and his profits, will be practically eliminated. The same cause would be furthered to some extent by an adequate parcels post, which, by cutting express charges, would also help to smooth the way between producer and consumer.



A SHADOW



RICHARD drove his heavy team up to Lowry for his bride. They came back over the beautiful June drive of fourteen miles slowly, for there was the bride's plenishing in the back of the wagon and a young heifer tied on behind. And Annie said, "Let us do this every year." And Dick said, "It is nice, isn't it?"

But the farm was not clear, and the little people came, and the drive was not taken till in terror of her Mother's passing; and again sorrowfully, for the Mother who had come to her in all of her times of stress could come no more. And again the great wagon brought the plenishing, the best feather bed, her half of the china and the gray filly tied on behind.

On their tenth anniversary Dick bustled in, "It's an elegant morning. Get up a good lunch, I am going to drive over to Lowry."

Annie was longing for a sight of the old picket fence, and to catch him while the humor was on flew about, got the older children off to school with their little dinner pails filled; dressed the baby, packed for a long day in the open and put up as festive a lunch as the capacity of her ample larder suggested. There was a little touch of sentiment in it, some heart-shaped sandwiches: she would know what they meant if he did not. The new buggy drew up at the door, the gray had grown a beautiful animal.

"Hope you have plenty," said Dick, "Jim Frazee is going to drive over with me."

Jim Frazee, the youngest son of a very rich farmer, was the only man of leisure in the neighborhood, and not a man any wife desires for her husband's intimate companion.

Annie's face went white, but Jim was in possession. She handed them the lunch and they turned up the long country road on the perfect June day, cigars lighted and laughter floating back.

But just for an instant some impression made Dick say, "I wonder if Annie wouldn't have liked to have gone." Then he forgot her.

GERTRUDE RUSSELL LEWIS.

A SCULPTOR WHO FINDS HIS MODELS AND FRIENDS AMONG THE WORKING PEOPLE: BY CECIL I. DORRIAN



IN THE outer edge of the old city of Ghent there is a community of the laborers of Flanders known in the uncouth tongue of that district as the society of the Vooruit (Progressives). All the grayness and slow grandeur of the north is in the place and all the dull, age-long monotony of ill-paid labor is in the people. Yet they have worked out a scheme of living which makes them unique among the communities of the world for the contrast which they present between the joyless yet picturesque Mediæval serf and the modern toiler with a will of his own and with his eye bent on the future. For the former is what they look like and it is their inheritance to look so, but the latter is what they are, and in the romance of their present state there is subject matter for pen, brush and chisel.

And that is why it seems worth while to tell the strange story of a young sculptor and painter in Ghent by the name of Jules Van Biesbroeck, who is devoting his life to reproducing the great things in the history of human labor that this group of people reveals. It is equally interesting to know that he is one of the people, and that they, loving the beautiful images of themselves that he carves from marble and stone and paints on wall and canvas, have built him a studio with their own hands. More than this, they have given him money that he may not have to work for a living as they do, since he can do something they think so much better.

Of a strange caliber are these laborers, who so love music and painting and sculpture that these arts are included in their scheme of living as among the necessities of life.

The community is an important one, for it is one hundred thousand strong, is represented in the Government of Brussels and is watched by all of Europe for its success as an experiment in coöperation. The creed of the people is Socialism, but the rank and file of them leave politics to their leaders, content with the activities of their individual daily lives. And that is the life that Van Biesbroeck is watching.

The traveler who passes through the Mediæval city of Ghent to look at the curious yet magnificent old landmarks that recall magically the ancient history of Flanders, has seen the setting of the daily drama of the streets, the taverns and the varied traffic of pleasure and of toil. But he would hardly guess the deep current that runs beneath it all, the details in this modern life of an ancient people.

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The themes that have been wrought out of Ghent by poets and painters must surprise anyone not closely familiar with the old city that at first reveals so little. Maeterlinck has risen from the depths of its silence with his fairylike symbolism, Charles Van Lerberghe and Gregoire Le Roi turned the red sunlight on its old walls into poetry.

Van Biesbroeck has there found that labor has a soul and an art of its own; it is, to use the title of a now famous essay, "The Soul of Man under Socialism" that he is carving from marble and fashioning in bronze in his figures of toil. The first effort toward coöperation in the community of the Vooruit began twenty-five years ago in bread-making, and now the most important one of their buildings is the bakery. Across a black canal which runs around the heart of the older part of Ghent and in which peer colored reflections of the bordering houses, the bakery stands surrounded by its high brick wall. If you did not know the ways of the Vooruit, you would never think of searching back of this wall for Van Biesbroeck's studio, yet there it is, a little red building in the backyard of the bake shop. The stable, where the dogs who drag the bread carts are housed, is nearby, too, and the sheds where the coal and wood are kept. Often just as Van Biesbroeck is in the act of rounding off a marble finger or a nose, a baker clad in his coarse white linens strolls into the studio while waiting for the bread to bake, and watches the sculptor at work, unconsciously supplying the artist with a model. Nor does the man hesitate to offer suggestions, especially when the modeling is a piece of the decorative work which is to go into the Society's buildings. The weavers, too, come from their shuttles to watch "their artist" chiseling a marvelous likeness of one of themselves from a marble block, or to beg him to play to them on his organ if he is at leisure.

"OUR ARTIST," that is what the flour-grimed baker called him, as the writer was led back through the yard to Van Biesbroeck's studio door. Although in return for their support of him and their gift to him of his studio, they ask him to instruct any youngsters in the Society who show signs of artistic talent, they do not attempt to dictate to him or to express disapproval of anything he may do. His gift is superior to theirs, they think, because he gives them concrete things of beauty to adorn their halls of pleasure.

Pleasure is a new thing for these people to know much about, yet it is amazing how much they understand, without previous experience. They who have spent their days, and whose remotest ancestors have spent their lives, toiling in the fields or at the weaver's looms, and who still stand daily, men, women and children, behind



STATUE OF FRANZ LAURENT, DETAIL OF
A MONUMENT ERECTED TO GHENT:
JULES VAN BIESBROECK, SCULPTOR.



"BELGIAN MINER RETURNING FROM WORK" :
JULES VAN BIESBROECK, SCULPTOR.



"FLORÉAL," A DESIGN FOR A SCREEN:
JULES VAN BIESBROECK, PAINTER.



Owned by the Museum of Venice.

DETAIL OF THE MONUMENT "TO OUR
DEAD": JULES VAN BIESBROECK, SCULPTOR.



LITTLE BELGIAN WEAVERS: JULES
VAN BIESBROECK, SCULPTOR.



PORTRAIT-BUST OF JULES VAN BIES-
BROECK'S MOTHER, BY HIMSELF.

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the raging shuttle silently bending over the arm of the machine as it lifts and flings and packs the thread, can depart from their work at night and go to the fine buildings, their community savings have erected, and listen to good music, to dramas that pierce deep into human sin and suffering, to concerts and choral singing, to open lectures on the arts and sciences—all these things after the long work of the day, and all these pleasures devised by themselves and for their own free entertainment and instruction. They are simple, elemental looking people whose bent backs and knobby muscles give a Millet-like impression of drudgery that contrasts strangely with the look in their eyes, the look as of those for whom the day has at last dawned.

The remarkable statues of Van Biesbroeck that have already set the European critics talking, show for one thing this emerging of a beaten people from the dingy lives of ignorance and hopelessness to the self-assertion of the modern toiler. Others are monuments to the starvation and horror of what these laborers have risen from—the condition, for instance, of a whole family whose combined work could earn only sixty or seventy-five cents a week. That was in the days just past. Still others of Van Biesbroeck's figures suggest the coarse brutality of the Belgian when he lets his under nature rise up for a night of complete freedom.

Awakened by a shriek echoing through the main street in Ghent in the depth of the night, one may lean from a high window and look upon a scene strange enough to seem part of a dream. Lights blaze from café windows, and in summertime the tables and chairs are still scattered out in front of these places, often as far as the middle of the street. The music of stringed instruments is filling the air and people are passing up and down. Parties of friends sit at the tables drinking with a fierce determination to test their capacities, often joining in with the music and singing with great energy in heavy coarse voices. The passersby stumble between the tables that are blocking the passage. Many are drunk, their clothing torn and unfastened. Familiarity reigns amongst passing strangers, and it is not possible even for those who might wish it to escape being knocked into every few steps. Amorous pursuits liven the scene, wherein the girl often wins and disappears around a corner before her would-be captor, because she has kept her head better during the night of revels. In the midst of this medley, to add the touch of complete strangeness, walks a quiet woman leaning on the protecting arm of a watchful husband, both calmly regarding and enjoying the scene. They pass unnoticed, unmolested. And this is no festival, it is merely a Saturday night—any Saturday night.

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VAN BIESBROECK was not born in these uncouth surroundings, but in Italy. His parents, though, were Ghenters and soon after their son's birth returned to their native town; so the lad was brought up in the Flemish city, with its poverty, its monotony, its strange flashes of color, its riots when Socialism first was brought there and law fought every night with anarchy in the streets. He grew accustomed to the hopeless figures and faces of the eternal toilers and consequently was one of the first to see the new energy and enthusiasm which crept into their expression when things began to change for the better.

Van Biesbroeck's father had decided that his boy should be a scientist. In practical science there was money. He had followed art himself all his life and found it did not pay, and though he was satisfied for himself, he wanted the boy to be prosperous and have the means of enjoying life. But it was useless for the father to try to decide his son's career. With misgiving he saw the boy drawing and sketching with talent. As this gift grew daily more and more certain the father yielded to fate, and giving up every ambition of his own he devoted all his time, money and energy to the education of the boy for his chosen career, thus repeating the motto of the elder Dumas "My son shall be my chief work." The youngster then went through the Academy of Fine Arts at Ghent, an ancient school that stands in a back court surrounded by the privacy and quiet of a forgotten part of the town.

When he graduated from this Academy, he sent a picture entitled "Le Patre" to the Ghent annual exhibition. Because this attempt was successful (the picture was accepted and hung), the young artist was so elated that he took his picture, put on his cap and, with a few necessaries thrown into a hand satchel, started for Rome. The boy had been born in Italy and his ideas of greatness and happiness had always turned from the gray land of the north to the valleys of song and the magic hill towns of Italy. So it was to Rome for greatness! The picture that had been passed by the Ghent critics was offered to the annual *Esposizione* at Rome, and rejected.

¶ The young artist had regarded himself as safely launched on his career, and this impudent setback infuriated him so that he vowed revenge and began to dream of painting a great picture that would startle the world. When it was completed it should not be offered to unappreciative Rome. Although alone and in a strange city with but scant funds, the lad did not waver at the prospect of the long task ahead of him. Perhaps to paint a picture that would humble Rome did not seem a very difficult thing then.

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ARMED with this resolve he bought a piece of canvas twenty-two feet long and seven feet high and on this huge sail he painted a picture of the launching of the *Argosy*. He journeyed to Paris and offered it to the Salon of the Champs Élysées. To the surprise of everyone except the boy, the mammoth picture was accepted, and the morning after the opening of the Salon the Paris papers gave considerable space to a certain picture of wonderful proportions that had great merit, but was indecent. All the figures were nude, with not even the veil of romance wrapped about them. They were shockingly human. Seeing that the critics were scandalized, the Committee on Hangings summoned before them the unknown Belgian artist who had sent the remarkable canvas.

Van Biesbroeck recalls with amusement his first appearance among those dreaded standard bearers of art with whom he has since had occasion to become thoroughly familiar.

"I was sent for," he said, "to come and cover the nudity of the great devils of men who pulled on ropes to launch upon the sea the prototype of a boat.

"The grave gentlemen of the committee so little expected to see as the painter of the big picture a cub of a boy with cap in hand wearing short trousers and long woolen stockings that they demanded my certificates of identification. In two seances all the nudities were covered with gauze draperies.

"Meanwhile the news leaked out that the painter of the great academic sandwich" (so Van Biesbroeck refers to his picture now) "was a scrap of a Belgian of fifteen years. I had a circle of reporters around me curious to get a look at what they called the unique specimen of the end of the nineteenth century.

"I saw coming toward me Bouguereau with his hands outstretched and then I heard from him the characteristic exclamation: 'Oh, how happy the good David in heaven must be!'"

The picture in its reformed state received honorable mention.

Although the young artist made his first success with a painting he soon went home and began modeling. And as one goes through the great galleries of Europe today, the galleries of contemporary exhibitions, it is usually Van Biesbroeck the sculptor rather than Van Biesbroeck the painter that one sees represented. Those remarkable figures of the people of Ghent can be found at almost every exhibition in Venice, in Munich and in Paris. His sculpture is almost wholly limited to representations of the weavers, the bakers, the various toilers of Flanders. These figures stand out with great strength and a simple dignity that make a direct appeal to the sympathy. One French critic says of him:

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“One might think that the artist had looked to the musical phrase for his rhythm of line.”

In nineteen hundred, with the exhibition at the Salon in Paris of his monument to Volders, he obtained the Grand Prix and the decision that he was, at twenty-six years of age, the equal of Meunier and Rodin.

Half of each year he now spends in Italy and half in Ghent. When in the latter place he is a sculptor, and while in Italy he does nothing but paint and sketch. And whereas his sculpture shows the broad Flemish realism, his painting is mystic to the point of unreality. It is a strange duality of genius.

One of his latest successes as a painter has been his series of sketches in illustration of Achille Leto's poem, “The Destruction of Messina.” They were exhibited at the Mostra in Rome in nineteen hundred and eight, and were praised not only by the artistic world in general but by the author of the poem, which is a most unusual occurrence. They had caught, he declared, the exact spirit and meaning of the poem.

Van Biesbroeck will soon exhibit in America both his paintings and sculpture, and it is a matter of conjecture which of his two totally different kinds of art will be liked the better here.

In his own home at Ghent, he is adored by his chosen people, who in spite of all they have done for him, still think that to feel gratitude is their part, not his.

Printed in *Le Peuple*, one of the leading daily newspapers in Ghent on July fourth, nineteen hundred and five, appeared a eulogium of the young artist which contained the following significant paragraph:

“Van Biesbroeck could have taken the royal road. He could have decorated and carved for the Court, but he chose to stay by the life of his native place and put it into art's immortality. It is he who designs our placards used in national festivals. It is he who erects the monuments for our dead, who works for our People's Houses, who puts the touch of beauty on all the works of Ghent Socialism.”

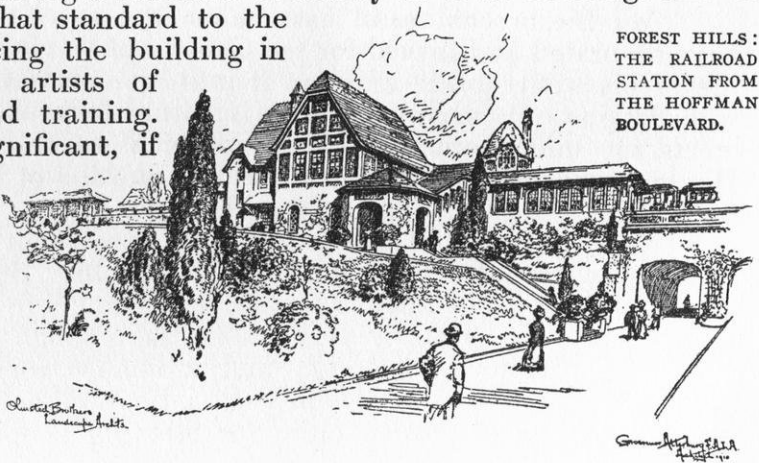
A GARDEN CITY FOR THE MAN OF MODERATE MEANS: BY EDWARD HALE BRUSH



WITH the building of a garden city in America we are brought to a consideration of the value of such a movement in combatting our nation-wide cry for individuality of expression. Probably our inane attitude toward individuality, our absurd national egotism has been made more manifest in architecture than in any of the other arts, and yet, as a matter of fact, since we have given up imitating good architecture we have very largely devoted ourselves to designing bad buildings. We have seemed to regard startling eccentricity as genius and whimsicality as originality, at the very least, and so going about our undisciplined individual ways we have dotted our pleasant country landscapes with houses showing so little thought in construction or adaptation or appropriateness that the result is embarrassing to contemplate.

We seem to have overlooked the fact that the *purpose* of expression is to have *something* to express. A train of cars is not run primarily to prove its capacity for motion, but really to carry something. And the actual value of affording opportunity for the individual is that unhindered he may express wise purpose and sincere understanding, not that he may unhampered prove to a suffering world his lack of thought and failure to appreciate that the right to express, is absolutely involved with the power to express beauty.

There is a vast difference between the individualist and the egotist, and by their works shall ye know them—apart. Of the individual conception of real beauty we cannot have too much in architecture. On the other hand, we must welcome most heartily an attempt like the Garden City at Forest Hills, Long Island, to prove the importance of establishing a standard of beauty in town building, and of guaranteeing that standard to the public by placing the building in the hands of artists of imagination and training. This most significant, if not the first, garden city in America was born of the desire of Mrs. Russell Sage to devote a part of the large fortune left her



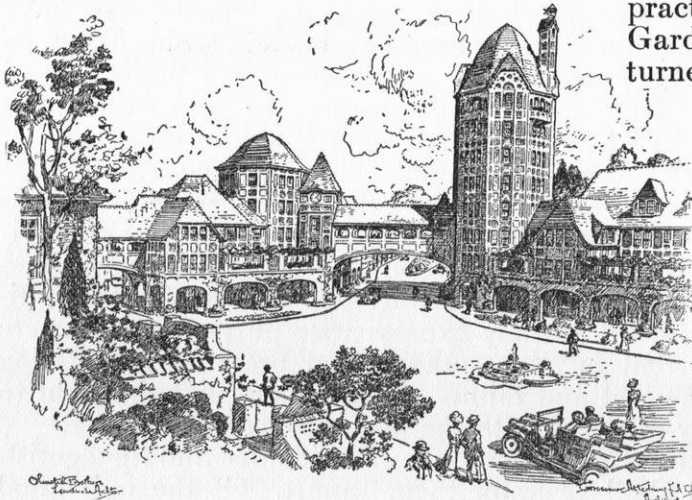
FOREST HILLS:
THE RAILROAD
STATION FROM
THE HOFFMAN
BOULEVARD.

A GARDEN CITY FOR PEOPLE OF MODERATE MEANS

by her husband to create something of permanent value to the country; a practical investment, perhaps, but also a means of education to all those of moderate means seeking the peace and comfort of a model village, where would be an opportunity of living without great expense and in charming homes; of having a bit of a garden and congenial neighbors; and all this, of course, within easy commuting distance of New York and in surroundings that are at once picturesque and yet along main traveled roads. Naturally, Mrs. Sage is not attempting to supervise or in any way be responsible for the

practical details of this Garden City. She has turned over the management to the Sage Foundation Homes Company.

Both the projectors and directors of Forest Hills Gardens were convinced from the start that buildings of tasteful design, well constructed of brick, cement or other permanent



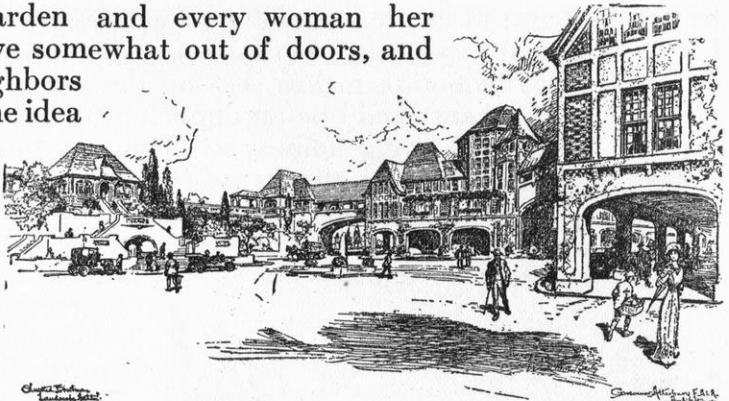
STATION SQUARE AT FOREST HILLS:
STORES AND HOUSEKEEPING APARTMENTS.

material, were really most economical in the long run, even if involving a greater expense at the start. They were also more durable, safer, with greater picturesque possibilities. And so the houses of this City, which is being erected, as in a way a memorial to Mr. Sage, will be, if the plans are carefully carried out, at once practical and picturesque, comfortable and durable. Now that the new Pennsylvania tunnel is finished, Forest Hills Gardens is within a quarter of an hour's ride of Herald Square, so that the resident of this unique village will be much nearer the central business portion of New York than if living north or south on the actual island.

Already in England the garden city movement has been productive of most interesting and practical results. Beautiful suburbs have been established about London, near enough to render business in the metropolis perfectly practicable; far enough away to permit interesting architectural design and a chance for home gardens. There are also many societies in England as well as all over Europe for the building of garden cities for laboring people, where every

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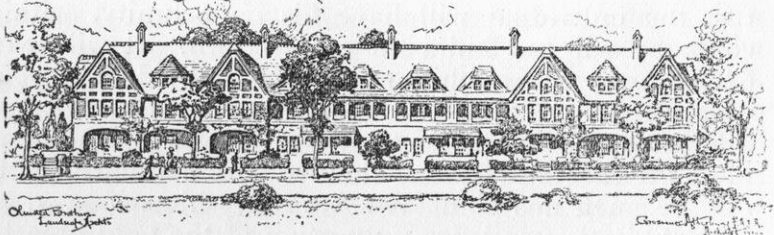
man has his garden and every woman her opportunity to live somewhat out of doors, and to have real neighbors near at hand. The idea of all this kind of community architectural work is to make life more economical, more beautiful, more interesting for women, more



homelike for men, more cheerful and sane for children. The value of the work is so tremendous that it is somewhat of a surprise that it has not been undertaken on a large scale before in this country.

FOREST HILLS RAILROAD STATION, STATION SQUARE.

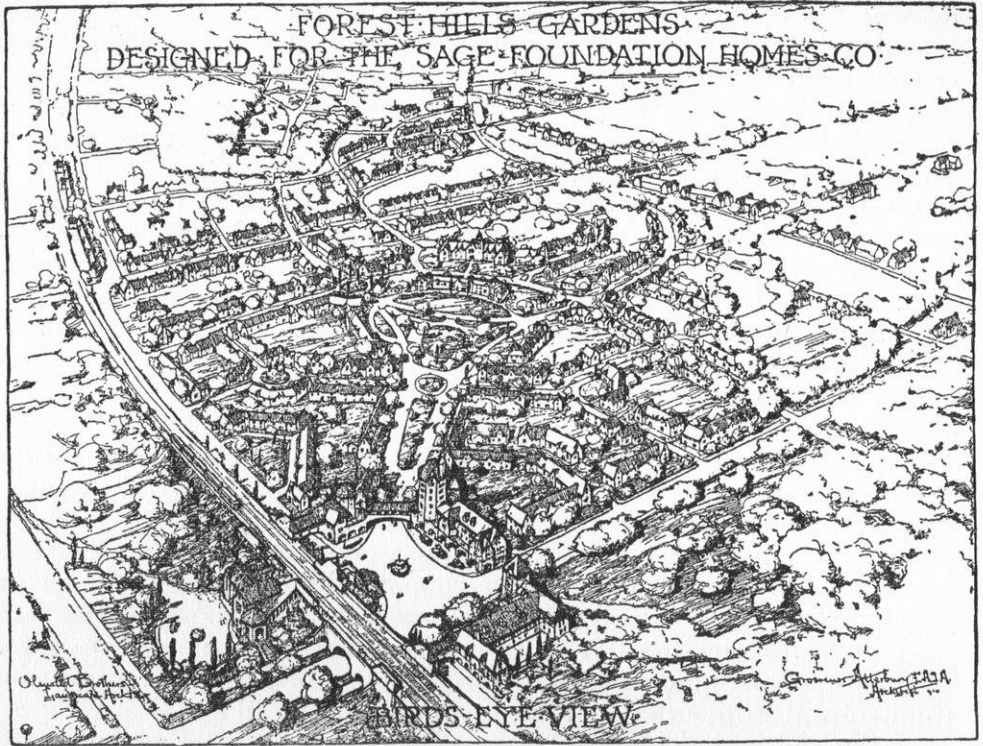
It is a matter of most widereaching good fortune that the first building of a beautiful suburban city should have been placed in the hands of an architect who is already famous as a designer of original, significant and beautiful American domestic architecture. We know of no man in this country more capable of handling the architectural difficulties in such an undertaking and evolving therefrom the right kind of beauty than Mr. Grosvenor Atterbury. He is an artist of wide experience, most adequate professional training and genuine architectural ideals. That he is to work out the architectural salvation of this garden city with Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted would indicate that a higher ideal of beauty will be achieved than we have ever hoped for in our suburban existence.



SINGLE FAMILY DWELLINGS AT FOREST HILLS.

One has only to glance at the illustrations of this article to realize that these two men have planned a noble architectural standard for the town, and have based it on a foundation of honesty and simplicity. The houses are beautiful in design; where ornament is used it seems inevitable, and the relation of one house to another shows a harmony only conceivable where there is a fundamental architectural principle underlying a diversity of effort in building.

A GARDEN CITY FOR PEOPLE OF MODERATE MEANS



DETAIL PLAN OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF FOREST HILLS: THE FIRST GARDEN CITY IN AMERICA.

The question will naturally arise as to what opportunity the individual will have in this "model town" for the expression of his own particular ideas in home building. According to the prospectus, the individual will have his opportunity, within limits. The company will not build the whole town. It will leave a large part of the tract to be built up by the individual purchasers of plots, exercising a sufficient guidance over their choice of plans and development of their land to ensure a general harmony with the admirable architectural scheme devised as a standard for the entire community. On this point Mr. Atterbury himself says:

"While a very large proportion of the land area to be developed will undoubtedly be sold without building improvements, the Homes Company, in order to set a standard and control more surely the architectural character of the future town, has planned to erect and hold, certainly for a time, a large number of dwellings. To this end designs have been prepared for an initial operation contemplating different groups of buildings, involving an expenditure in land improvement and building construction of a million and a quarter

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dollars. The majority of the buildings to be erected in this first operation, which will be largely confined to the more expensive and central property, are in the form of contiguous houses; the detached and semi-detached types of dwellings of various grades and sizes being necessarily possible only on less central and lower-priced portions of the property. The different types of buildings included in these groups cover as wide a range as is permitted by the economic conditions, which necessarily determine also their distribution and location on the property. Adjoining the railroad station and forming the Station Square are three- and four-story buildings containing stores, offices and restaurants, and in the upper stories small non-housekeeping apartments, for both men and women. From this center out toward Forest Park, which bounds the property on the southeast, the houses are planned to correspond to the varying values of the lots, as determined by their size, location and prospect, the larger single-family dwellings containing ten or twelve rooms, the smaller four or five. While they will vary greatly in size, arrangement, cost and architectural treatment, an attempt will be made to make them alike in their domestic and livable character. From an architectural point of view our greatest opportunity will lie in that general harmony of design which is possible only where the entire scheme of development is laid out and executed under a system of coöperation by the various experts engaged in it."

Not only will Forest Hills Gardens be educational along architectural lines but it will establish a precedent and inaugurate methods along certain practical channels of real-estate operation. It is proposed in this experiment to formulate regulations for the distribution of real estate which may be accepted by operators handling property of similar character throughout the country, with consequent elimination of waste in energy and money. A matter which has not in the past received much consideration.

As to the details of the architectural scheme perhaps one can obtain the best idea through the classification of the buildings into groups as follows:

Group One. Station Square, including the railroad station and a group of buildings adjoining containing shops, offices, a restaurant and accommodations for some three hundred or four hundred people, consisting mainly of small non-housekeeping apartments for men and women, in connection with which there is provided a squash court as well as a certain number of small studios.

Group Two. A block of small single-family houses, with thirteen feet frontage, two or three stories in height, containing four rooms and bath.

Group Three. A block of single-family houses of seventeen feet frontage, two stories in height with attic, seven to nine rooms and bath.

Group Four. A block of ten single-family houses, with seventeen feet frontage, two stories in height and containing five rooms and bath.

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Group Five. A block of single-family houses with twenty feet frontage, two stories and attic in height and containing six to eight rooms and bath.

Group Six. Three blocks of single-family houses, with twenty feet frontage, two stories in height with attic and containing eight to ten rooms and two baths.

Group Seven. Three blocks of single-family houses with twenty-six feet frontage, three stories in height, containing ten to twelve rooms and baths and toilets.

Group Eight. A block of workshops and flats, twenty feet frontage, two and three stories in height, the former containing workshops or stores with three rooms and bath above, the latter workshops and stores on street level and six rooms and bath in upper stories.

Group Nine. A row of semi-detached two-family houses on shallow lots of fifty feet frontage, containing two stories, each unit consisting of six rooms and bath all on one floor.

Group Ten. A row of semi-detached two-family houses on lots of twenty-seven feet frontage, two stories in height, each unit containing five or six rooms and bath all on one floor.

The drawings reproduced here speak for themselves as to the attractiveness and architectural impressiveness of Mr. Atterbury's plans for the buildings of the above groups. As may be seen, the arrangements afford considerable latitude for differences in income, taste, number in family and habits of life among the prospective residents and yet preserve the harmony of the scheme from both architectural and operative points of view. It is not going to be a town where a low-paid mechanic or day laborer can afford to live, and in view of the ill-advised and unauthorized announcement that it was to be a workingmen's colony there may be some regret or disappointment at this. But the members of the Sage Foundation hint that in future the funds in its possession may also be used to provide better housing for wage-earners of this class. The homes at Forest Hills will, however, be within the means of well-paid mechanics, workers on small salaries, etc.

The type of dwelling architecture in the garden city needs for its effectiveness the shrubbery and flowers, the frequent open spaces and the curved street lines which will be noticeable features of the village. The center of the town will have that air of dignity and solidity observed or felt in many old-world cities but usually lacking in America. The shops and business resorts of various kinds will take their places as appropriate parts of the picture, not marring the landscape but contributing to the general attractiveness of the town as well as being of value from the point of utility.

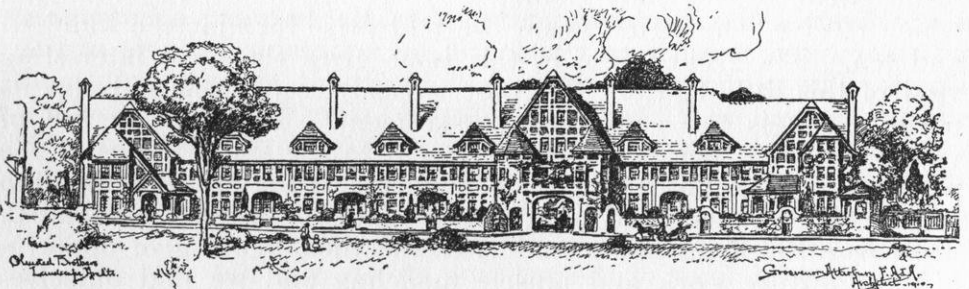
The graceful lines of the winding streets will not only help to preserve the rural aspect of the village and be more pleasing from the æsthetic standpoint, but they will also add to public convenience by affording a more direct means of circulation. The reduction of minor streets to a width appropriate to their character results in economy in road construction and saving of land. This saving will enable the company to provide more public open spaces and more

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space between the houses or groups of dwellings. The latter, instead of continuing in solid blocks from one street to another will be broken up into smaller units. The spaces between the blocks, together with a setback from the street, will give a general feeling of openness to the entire village. Thus, though on account of the nearness to Manhattan a certain degree of density of population will be economically necessary, the general aspect of things will be more like the real country than is customary in places where prices of land are correspondingly high.

The idea of the Homes Company management is to rent a certain proportion of homes, but to afford every encouragement to the homeseeker to acquire ownership of the property. Terms of sale will be as low as may be consistent with a safe business proposition, where the funds invested are expected to earn only what they would in a savings bank. The buyer may exercise his discretion as to employing his own builder or having the company do the construction. All grading, paving, planting, parking and sewerage construction will be done by the company.

If the expectations entertained at Forest Hills Gardens can be realized the Sage Foundation will succeed in providing healthful and attractive homes to many people, will demonstrate that tasteful and natural surroundings pay in suburban development, will encourage more economical methods of marketing land and will suggest imitation of its methods in many particulars. The latter point is perhaps the most important of all. Who can say how far-reaching the effect may be?



FAMILY DWELLINGS AT FOREST HILLS.

SCULPTURE IMPORTANT IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION FOR THE WINTER OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN

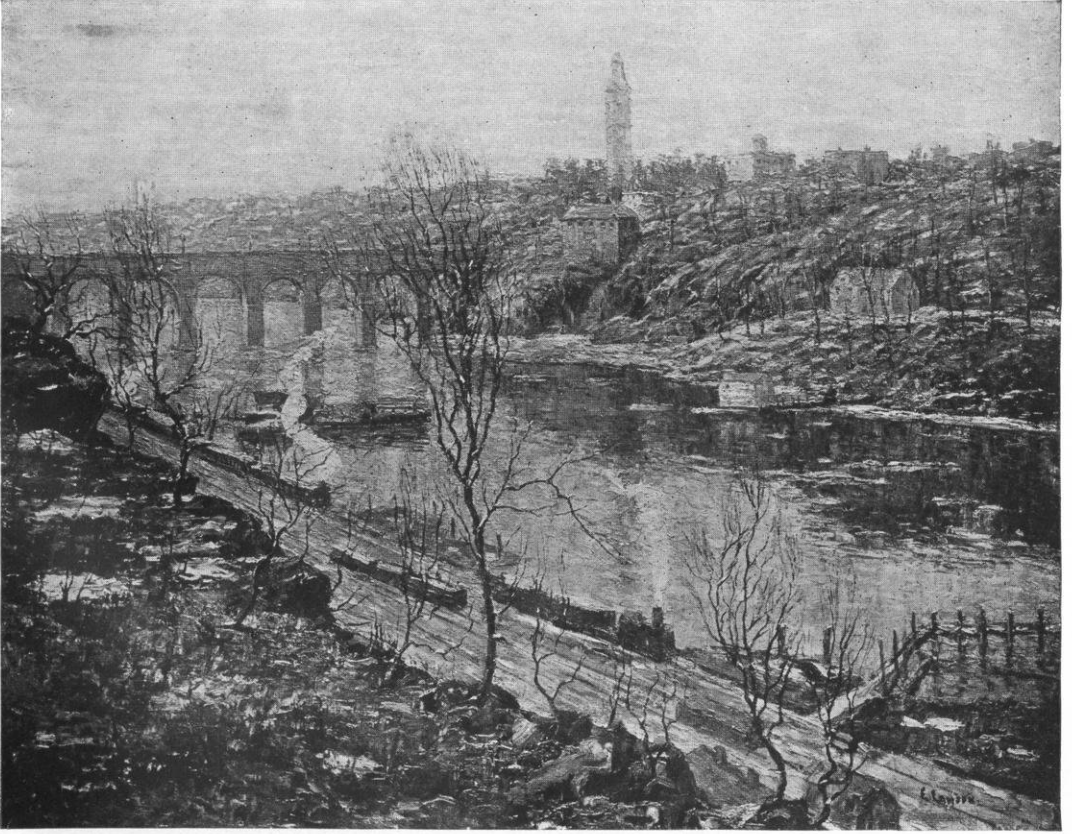


DECEMBER tenth saw the opening of the annual winter exhibition at the National Academy of Design. For the first time in the history of the organization an entire gallery was devoted to sculpture, and it is significant that in general interest and aggregate merit this room took precedence. There were in all one hundred and forty-four pieces of sculpture, covering a great range of subject. One passed with interest from Robert Aitken's dignified portrait-bust of President Taft to the grotesque but graceful abandon of Florence Wyle's "Dancing Boy"; paused fascinated before Eli Harvey's "Jaguar Rampant," and then turned with delighted appreciation to the delicate modeling of "L'Arrière Pensée," by Edith Woodman Burroughs; all the while marveling at the variety and originality of the subjects and handling. But little of the modeling was reminiscent of the great established names.

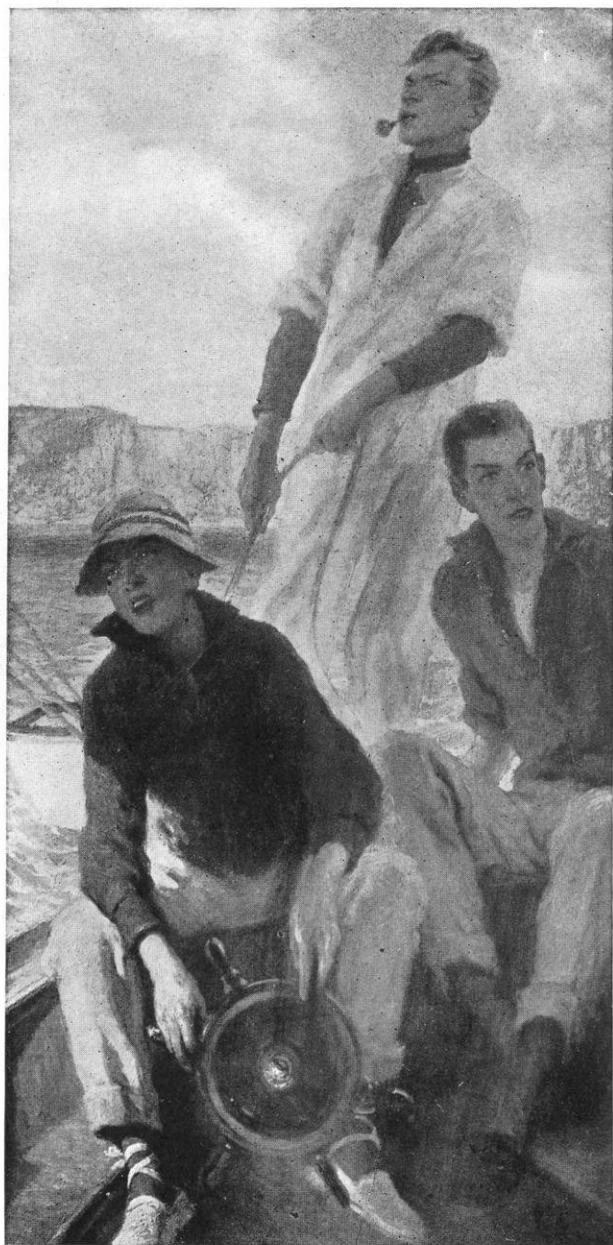
The progress of sculpture has been great in this country during recent years. A group of young workers has arisen with clear independent vision and sure, sensitive hands. Perhaps sculpture is more native to American genius than the other arts, yet there is a sincerity and simplicity of soul in landscape painting in America which makes it also preëminent. Certainly this simple-hearted appreciation of the natural, human things thronged the South Gallery this season with lovely images.

There is no better example of this appreciation of everyday beauty than "The Windy Doorstep" by Abastenia St. Leger Eberle, which received the Helen Foster Barnett prize for nineteen hundred and ten. The frontispiece in this issue gives the most interesting view of this little figure. The pose is easily recognized and also its peculiar fitness for sculptured presentment. The body is full of vigorous action, but the pose confines it to the small radius of the pedestal, so that the feeling of worriment lest the figure fly off into space, which an actional pose so often causes, is quite eliminated. Moreover, the flying skirts and close-sheathed figure give opportunity for texture work and muscle modeling and we find ourselves paying that first and sincerest tribute given to the one who sees where the throng has been blind, "Why hasn't someone done that before!"

James Fraser exhibited some portrait-busts of children handled with that peculiar tenderness so noteworthy in this phase of his work. It would be impossible to enumerate the pieces that showed originality and skill without naming practically the entire number



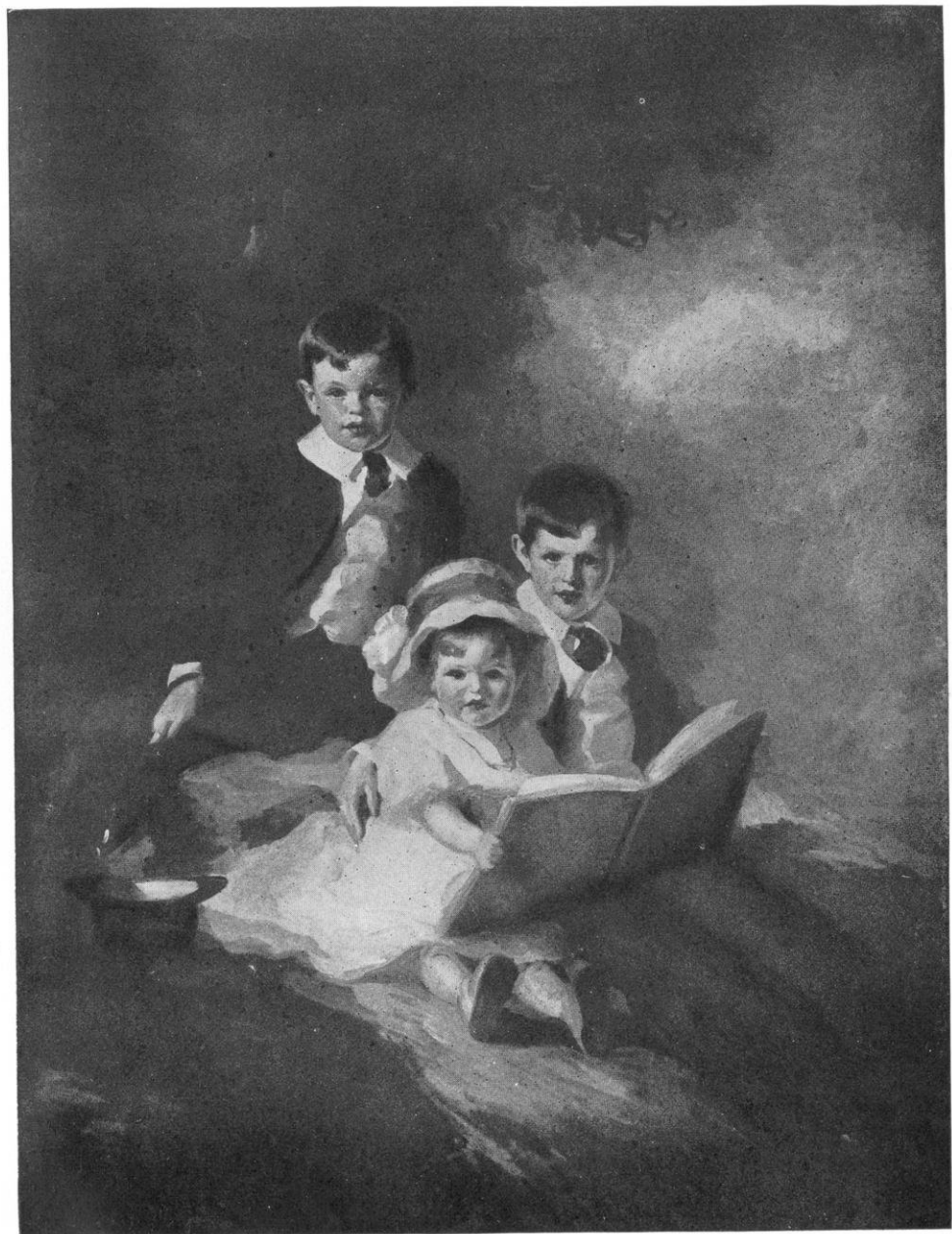
"THE HARLEM RIVER NEAR HIGH
BRIDGE": ERNEST LAWSON, PAINTER.



"THE CRUISE OF THE EL-LIDA": LUIS MORA, PAINTER.



"THE SHADE OF THE BIRCHES":
EDWARD DUFNER, PAINTER.



THE CHILDREN OF MR. WILLIAM
COE: WILHELM FUNK, PAINTER.

THE WINTER ACADEMY

of them, but mention must be made of J. Scott Hartley's "Joy of Life," McCartan's "Narcissus," Edward Berger's "Wild Flower" and his equally entrancing design for a sun dial.

THE painting exhibited was not, as a whole, so strikingly meritorious as the sculpture. Though the technique, generally speaking, was excellent, there was not definite originality of subject or treatment. Mr. Alexander's picture, a poem in green and rose, occupied the place of honor, as did his picture in the previous exhibit, "The Bar of Sunlight." Chase's "Studio Interior" rejoiced the heart, with its broken color, and masterly blend of many objects into a rich and symphonic whole. When Mr. Chase works for art's sake, there is no master more stimulating or pleasing.

One of the strongest landscapes exhibited was Ernest Lawson's "The Harlem River near High Bridge." Every painting loses something when reproduced in black and white, but even in the photograph this picture conveys a sense of the tremendous physical force in its component parts. The river actually bears up the rafts and heavy barges upon it, and moves, undeterred, powerful but silent, along its course. The trains labor up and down with their heavy chains of freight cars; even the masses of rock in the foreground impress a sense of potential force upon the beholder. Everywhere there are ragged edges, the evidences of brute strength that has wrested from Nature concessions for building the roadbeds, the landing stages which shall facilitate the conquest of men and commerce. The smooth masonry of bridge and tower look down upon rock scarred by the ages; the powerful trains ply beneath the shadow of a quiet force which could, and some day may, crush them into nothingness, the shanties of laborers are shaded by young forest trees. Such a scene could be found nowhere save in a young and growing country—in America, where the most complete systems of business seem to rest but lightly on the breast of primitive nature. The picture presents a dramatic conflict of forces—natural and mechanical, and, as in every conflict where the tide of the fight has already turned toward the victor, there is a note of tragedy as well as of triumph.

Wilton Lockwood showed one of the few still-life canvases in the exhibition, and a very beautiful one it was: creamy white peonies in a round dark green jar. F. J. Waugh had two small canvases of Gloucester, one "Five Pound Island," in which the artist succeeded in reproducing the shadow of mystery that some way lingers about its deserted wharves and rotting piles. A tiny little sketch by Edith Prellwitz was almost overpowered by the larger canvases around it. It was called "Andromeda" and showed a young Greek girl of

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beautiful slender form bending to tie on her sandal. The figure and background which contained a good deal of landscape detail, were done in pale opalescent tints.

Edward Dufner's "The Shade of the Birches" is redolent of reposeful cool and the *dolce far niente* of summer which this artist knows so well how to reproduce. The easy grace of the poses, the parasol dropped and left open upon the grass; the languid gesture of the woman toward the children, all breathe the spirit of pleasant heat, of vacation time. Mr. Dufner is a wonderful interpreter of summer, of languorous breezes, of happy sighs, of sensuous contentment.

Among the portraits deserving of especial attention was Emil Hering's "Father and Son." It represented a fisherman in slicker and so'wester seated at a table. Beside him stands his boy with all the strength that marks the father's face prescient in the son's.

The beauty of Mr. Funk's group of Mr. William Coe's children is well brought out in the photograph accompanying. The composition is of unusual excellence, even for Mr. Funk, and the children's figures are very sympathetically treated against a background of shadowy green and soft cloudy sky, suggesting the mystery that the surrounding world presents to them, and delicately conveying the isolation of childhood from the truth behind the cloudy veils.

"The Cruise of the 'Ellida'" by Luis Mora was full of fresh air and sunshine. The figures of three vigorous young Americans are grouped in the stern of a yacht. Sanity of mind and body radiate from them. The strong light of the background is eminently the proper setting for these happy young adventurers and the bright charm of their personalities dominates the beholder and awakes in him a responsive emotion of joyousness.

As usual, some of the most interesting and significant pictures were in the isolated room by the entrance door. Here from time to time, you find such masters in modern American art as Robert Henri, W. J. Glackens, John Sloan. This winter "The Cruise of the 'Ellida'" was hung in this room. Also, Ernest Lawson's beautifully conceived and vigorously handled "Long Island," a picture creating a sensation in the art world when first exhibited.

On the west wall hung Ben Ali Haggin's striking portrait of the lovely Rita Sacchetto in the costume which she wears in her vivid graceful presentation of the old Spanish dances. It is a second study of the subject, more subtle and sympathetic in handling than the one seen last year. The delicate evanescent beauty of the face is most satisfactorily shown, and the pose is that of a dancer with the thrill of the music already stirring her soul.

THE DOCTOR AND THE COBBLER'S SON: BY WALTER A. DYER



ONCE upon a time there lived a learned Doctor. He was a Doctor of Medicine, and a Doctor of Philosophy, and a Doctor of Laws, and I don't know what else. He was renowned throughout all Europe for his vast learning, and in some quarters he was thought to be a wizard. He could make water turn to blood; he could name the stars and foretell an eclipse; he could read books written in strange tongues. Some folk believed he could turn dross into gold if he would. I don't know where there has lived so learned a man before or since.

To the Doctor's laboratory one day came Hans, the Cobbler, and his son Fritz.

"Learned Doctor," quoth Hans, who was a man of few words, "I bring my son Fritz to ask if thou wilt make a scholar of him."

The Doctor looked at the big, tanned fellow and smiled.

"Dost want to become a scholar?" he asked.

But Fritz only twirled his cap and stared, and answered never a word.

"Nay," said Hans, sadly, "he desires not to be a scholar."

"Hath he no skill with tools?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh, yes," answered the Cobbler, "he hath skill."

"Then why not make a cobbler of him? The world needs good cobblers more than it needs poor scholars."

"I have tried," answered Hans, "but he will not work at my trade. He must needs be ever running about the country, poking his head into all sorts of out of the way places, and learning nothing of any value to himself or to me. If thou wouldst take him here, he would do thy bidding for fear of thy displeasure, and he might become a scholar after all. I can do nothing with him."

So the Doctor took Fritz aside and questioned him, but could not discover that the lad possessed more than half a man's wits.

"I fear," said he to the father, at length, "that I cannot make a scholar of thy son. He cannot even read, save with great labor."

"Then let him be thy servant," pleaded the father. "He shall fetch thy wood and sweep thy floors and wash thy vessels. He can do these things handily. Perchance he will learn a thing or two in a year. I will buy his food and clothing. He need be paid nothing."

The Doctor was not an unkind man, and he looked with favor upon the lad's broad back and strong hands.

"Very well," he said at length, "I will take him, but I will not promise to teach him anything."

THE DOCTOR AND THE COBBLER'S SON

So the old Cobbler departed well content, and Fritz took up his duties in the Doctor's house.

For a year he cared for the Doctor's laboratory and books, and his fear of his master's displeasure kept him at his work, though often his gaze would steal out of the window to follow the flight of some meadow-lark, and when the wind blew over the hills his heart went with it. He was cleanly and careful, and a model servant, but in all the year he learned none of the Doctor's wisdom. Books meant nothing to him, and the retorts and test-tubes and furnaces were but so many silly toys. The Doctor soon despaired of teaching the lad anything, and came to look upon him almost as one of the dumb animals.

When the year was up, the Doctor prepared to go on a long journey, and because of the intercession of the old Cobbler promised to take Fritz with him.

After they had been gone many days, they were passing through a dense wood one afternoon when they were set upon by robbers, who took away their horses, stole the Doctor's purse, stripped them of all their possessions, and left them alone in the wood.

Then it was that the great fear came upon the learned Doctor—fear and perplexity. Deprived of his black cloak, he shivered in the wind. The nearest town was miles away, and they had no horses.

"What shall we do, my Master?" asked Fritz.

But the Doctor only shuddered, and cast frightened glances over his shoulder. In all his learning he found no power to cope with this situation. All his riches availed him nothing now, and fame reaches not to the heart of a lonely wood.

Finally Fritz began to lose patience. He could not understand the Doctor's indecision.

"Come," said he; "shall we not set out toward the town? We will perish if we remain here."

The Doctor answered never a word, but when Fritz led the way, he followed. He had no idea of his whereabouts, he had become so confused in the scuffle, but Fritz glanced at the setting sun and set forth directly.

Presently he heard the Doctor giving forth little moans, and turning, he beheld him limping painfully. The robbers had stolen the Doctor's riding boots with their silver spurs. When the robbers had set upon them, Fritz had hastily concealed his knife; this he now drew forth. Seeking out a certain tree, he stripped it of bark; then he found pliant, thonglike roots at the foot of a certain shrub, and with these he deftly fashioned rude shoes which he bound upon his master's feet.

THE DOCTOR AND THE COBBLER'S SON

By and by they became hungry, but their wallets were gone, and they had nothing to eat. Fritz bade his master rest upon a fallen tree, and turned off into the forest. After a little time he returned with his cap full of berries, and a pocket full of roots and herbs that were good to eat, and clear spring water in a vessel fashioned of bark. The Doctor fell upon the food greedily, and soon assuaged hunger and thirst.

The moon came up early, and Fritz led the way briskly along the dimly lighted path. But the Doctor was not accustomed to this mode of travel, and at last he sank down exhausted. There was nothing to do but to spend the night in the woods, and the air was frosty. So Fritz made for them a bed of boughs and a coverlet of leaves, and the Doctor laid him down to sleep.

But Fritz knew there would be wild beasts prowling about, so he set himself the task of making a fire. After a long search he found a flinty stone and a handful of dry bark fiber. By striking sparks from the stone with the blade of his knife he at last kindled a fire, and piling it high with fagots, he lay down beside the Doctor.

In the morning Fritz fetched more food and water, and they set forth again. After a long and toilsome march they at last came out upon the highway, and a passing farmer took them to town in his cart.

When finally the Doctor reached the house of his friends, he once more became the master and Fritz the servant; but the lad would have no more of it.

“I care not for thy learning, sir,” quoth he. “Do none of thy books teach thee to find food or make fire? Surely these are the first things for a man to know. I will hie me back to the house of my father.”

So saying, he started off down the road singing—the witless knave—with never a penny in his purse.

IT IS easy to misconstrue the moral of this tale. There are not a few people nowadays who, preaching the gospel of the simple life, are riding their hobby too fast and too far. Time was when each family was dependent upon its own efforts and the fruitfulness of the soil for food, raiment and all the necessities of life. Country folk raised their own wool and wove it into clothing for themselves. They grew their own wheat, ground it, and made it into bread. There was much to be desired in that life. It made for self-reliance, sturdiness of character, redness of blood, keenness of eye, skill with the hands, readiness of wit. But it was not all ideal.

It is well that society has become better organized. It is well

THE DOCTOR AND THE COBBLER'S SON

that we have grown richer in the comforts of life. It is well for the weak that the strong must help them. It is a mistake to seek the path back to savagery.

We have gone too far, however, and there is a reaction apparent on every hand. It is a wholesome, salutary thing, this turning of the face back toward primitive simplicity. Only we should take care not to let the pendulum swing too far in the other direction.

The trend of modern life—the specialized career, the life of cities—is at once narrowing and complicating. Hence the movement back to the farm, and its simpler, broader life. We are coming to believe that only with life near the soil and the sources of things can come true independence, and there are still some of us who thirst for liberty. Only before we cut loose, we must be sure that we are not acting on blind impulse; we must understand the situation.

We have become educated now to things that our fathers cheerfully did without. Our needs are partly the same, partly different. To transplant us bodily into Colonial New England would mean a sad awakening for many of us.

We are better off without wealth and enervating luxury. We do not need costly furnishings in our homes. We do not need half the things we have. But we do need time and opportunity for culture; we need good food; we need comfortable beds; we need sanitary plumbing; we need warm houses; we need some of the refinements of life; we need neighbors who live as we do.

These things, however, do not destroy the simplicity of life. Rather, they give us the opportunity to make life richer and better. We do not want to degenerate; we merely want to choose our own line of progress, and not have it all mapped out for us and restricted by the conditions of commercial and city life.

Grant me these things, and I am with you, heart and soul, in the journey back to the land, and the quest for the simple life.

I want to make my position clearly understood on this point, lest I be accused of making a hero of Fritz. He was more or less of a worthless booby, after all. One is not often lost in the woods, and in the progress of civilization one Doctor is worth a hundred Fritzes. But Fritz didn't need to be such an ignoramus, and the Doctor didn't need to be such a worthless nincompoop in an emergency. Let us be Doctors if we will; our ambition is sure to lead us in that direction. But if we neglect the Fritz side of us we are deliberately narrowing our lives and dwarfing our souls.

Now one thing that country life does for a man or a woman, and especially for a boy or a girl, is to train the natural, God-given faculties and make life better worth the living. There are plenty of suc-

THE DOCTOR AND THE COBBLER'S SON

cessful business men today who couldn't for the life of them plant a row of corn, or build a fire of wet wood, or put up a creditable shelf in the pantry.

They are like our great lummux of a cat. We put him in a closet with a mouse the other day, and he simply sat and stared at it. He's an affectionate fellow and a fine parlor ornament, but his economic value is minus. I fear he would starve if shut up in a barn full of mice.

That is why fewer men retire from business than formerly. Not only are they not satisfied with a competence, but their intellectual resources are often quite undeveloped. Take them away from their desks, and they are at a loss what to do with themselves. At the age of fifty they have learned but one way to use eyes, hands and brain. Take them out of their little rut and they are like the Doctor in the woods. What a commentary on modern life, that a man is as dependent upon business as an opium fiend upon his drug! As for the society woman, the club man, the mere pleasure seeker, their cases are not worth our consideration.

And it shows in the children, too—pretty little well-mannered, well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, growing up in the midst of an artificial civilization that makes them as self-reliant as hothouse roses. For the sake of the children, if for no other reason, give heed to the parable of the Doctor and Fritz.

In fact, it's very largely an educational question. Your modern business man has been brought up to the life he leads. Give the boys and girls a chance to learn something besides compound interest and penmanship. Manual training is a good thing; I am inclined to think it should be put near the head of the list.

But better than manual training, or any of the systems, is the natural education that comes from spending the playtime of life where children are thrown on their own resources to a large extent. The country boy unquestionably learns many things that are a closed book to his city cousin.

I do not advise any man or woman to cut loose hastily from long-established habits and the comforts of city life. Country life is not a panacea. There are plenty of unhappy people living in the country. But for many who are discontented with the thralldom of the office, who are fretted by the constricting influence of city life, who feel within them stifled natural impulses struggling for expression, who hunger and thirst for greater liberty and the richer life, here may be found the way out.

For the activities and interests of country life do open the eyes and exercise the hands. Here are all the forces of nature to be daily

MR. COBURN'S NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPHS

observed. Here is work to be done—work for oneself and not for a corporation—a whole work and not a piece of work—work that shows results and that is its own justification and greatest joy—work that stimulates body and soul. In short, it seems to me, country life offers a better opportunity than city life for the functioning of the whole being.

Unhappiness often comes through our incapacity to cope with the unexpected problems of life as they arise, and any course of living which keeps all our senses and powers active, alert and in training makes for happiness. Thus has the spirit of craftsmanship developed among men forced to earn their bread through skill with the hands, and craftsmanship has always been a mighty power in the elevation of mankind.

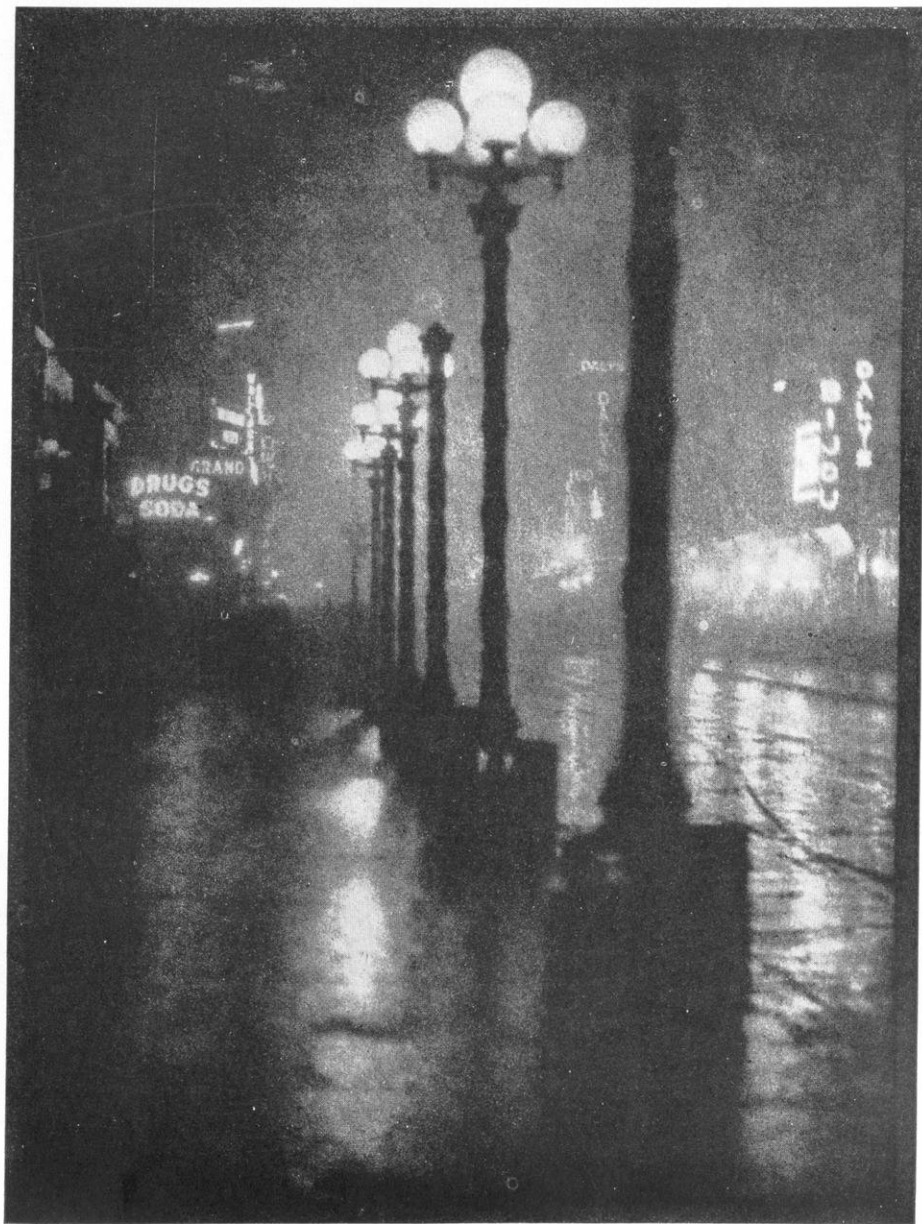
The time may come when, voluntarily or involuntarily, you may be thrown on your own resources. You may be deprived of money, old occupations, old companions. With a mind still fresh and receptive, with eyes open to the multifold interests of the natural world, with hands trained to work, you need not degenerate into a malcontent, your soul need not dry up. And it is never too early or too late to begin the training.

To see with the eyes, to do with the hands, to understand with the heart, to reason with the mind, these the simpler and more primitive forms of life compel us to do, and in the doing of them we secure a more complete development, round out our souls, enrich our lives.

MR. COBURN'S NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPHS

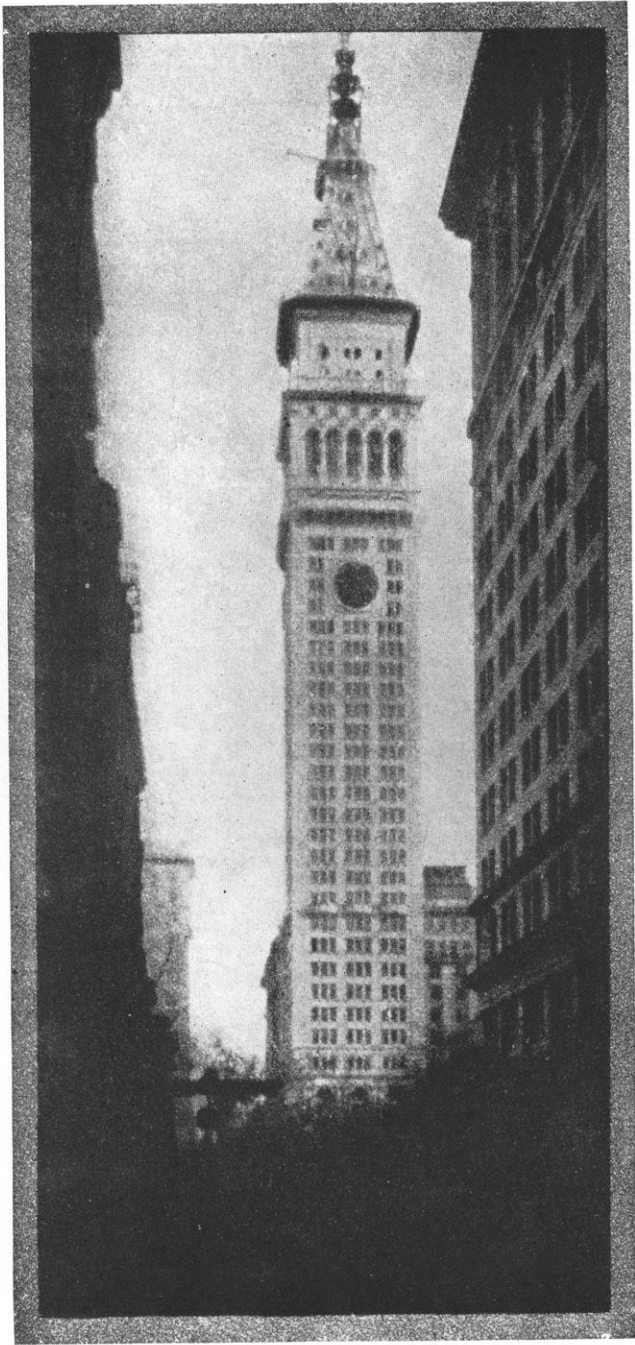
“**P**OSTERITY will owe much to Mr. Coburn, so that I hesitate to call the series of studies he has made of the beauty of contemporary cities the chief thing for which his memory will be honored; but certainly his record of urban effects will be a greatly valued legacy. Our time will go to our descendants heavily and even overabundantly documented, yet still I fancy these records of atmosphere and effect will gleam, extremely welcome jewels, amidst the dust-heaps of carelessly accumulated fact with which the historian will struggle. Mr. Coburn has already done his share in recording that soft profundity, that gentle gray kindness, which makes my mother London so lovable. . . . And now he has set himself with the finest discrimination to give in a compact volume the hard, clear vigor of New York, that valiant city which even more than Venice rides out upon the sea.”

*From the Introduction to Mr. Coburn's
“New York.” By H. G. Wells.*

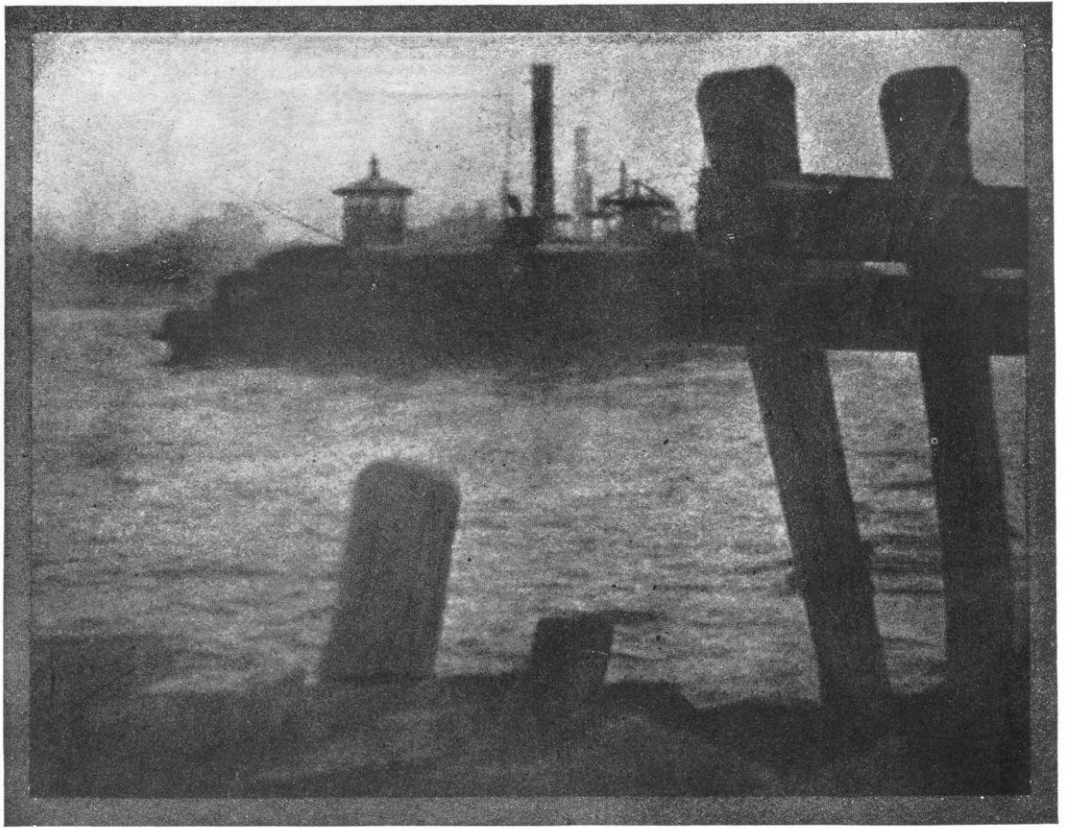


See page 524.

BROADWAY AT NIGHT: FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN.



THE METROPOLITAN TOWER: FROM A
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN.



THE FERRY: FROM A PHOTO-
GRAPH BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN.



THE PARK ROW BUILDING: FROM A
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN.

GOVERNMENT PROTECTION FOR FARMS AND ORCHARDS: EXCELLENT LAWS AGAINST DISEASE AND PEST SELDOM ENFORCED



WING to the long cold spring last year, and the heavy rains that preceded the four weeks drought in June and July, all sorts of pests, blight and diseases of trees, plants and vegetables have been unusually active and flourishing, so much so that shade trees, as well as orchards and gardens, have suffered severely. Unfortunately this is by no means an unprecedented state of things, for the well-being and productiveness of nearly all cultivated trees and plants are purchased at the price of eternal vigilance on the part of the grower. Some years are worse than others with regard to the destruction of plant life, but the ravages of pests and diseases are sufficient, even in the most favorable years, to warrant a much greater degree of care than is exercised by the average farmer or orchardist. The modern agriculturist whose practical experience is backed by a certain amount of technical knowledge is fully alive to the importance of taking care of his trees, shrubs and vegetables, and each new enemy is to him an incentive for renewed energy with the cultivator or spray pump. But the old-fashioned farmer does not see it in that way. Pests and blight are to him a part of the general "cussedness" of things, and are as inevitable as floods or drought. When he deems it necessary he will use the old-fashioned remedies in the old-fashioned way, but he has no use for spray pumps and scoffs at all suggestions of the necessity for destroying hopelessly infected trees or shrubs, regardless of the fact that the consequences of his negligence spread far beyond his own place, and that it is of little use for his more progressive neighbors to fight against pests or blight so long as an orchard or garden that is seriously infected with disease, or infested with scale or insect pest, remains in existence.

The trouble does not lie with the laws governing agricultural conditions, for both Federal and State laws are entirely adequate to the control of plant plagues of all sorts,—if only these laws were enforced. The Western farmers, who are both progressive and businesslike, are so much alive to the necessity of checking the spread of plagues and parasites that each man makes it his personal business not only to see that his own orchard is kept in good condition, but that no blighted or scale-infested orchard in the neighborhood is allowed to exist. Public opinion on this point is very much the same as it used to be in the old stock-raising days, when a horse thief or a cattle rustler was regarded as an enemy to the whole community, and was treated as such. The State Departments of Agriculture in

GOVERNMENT PROTECTION FOR FARMERS

the greater part of our States stand ready at all times to spray infected orchards if it is possible to save them, or to destroy them if they are beyond hope. But the Department cannot act in enforcing the law unless a complaint is lodged, so that after all the enforcing of the very comprehensive laws relating to plant disease lies in the hands of the individual farmer. In the West, where farming is carried on as a business and is expected to succeed like any other commercial venture, the farmer or fruit grower does not hesitate a moment to remove any danger that he discovers, and the man who fails to report scale or blight in his own orchard soon finds himself a most unpopular person in the neighborhood. Also, the associations and organizations of farmers and fruit growers are everlastingly on the alert to root out anything that menaces the welfare of the orchards, farms or vineyards, and it is a point of honor with each member to lend every assistance in his power, and to act promptly toward that end.

But here in the East the average farmer not only neglects the proper precautions and remedies to keep his own trees and plants in healthy condition, but would make it unpleasant for any neighboring farmer who, through a conscientious desire for the general welfare of the industry or as a means of self-preservation, should call the attention of the Department of Agriculture to an infected orchard or garden. As a consequence we see many an energetic agriculturist who is doing his best to make a success of farming according to modern methods, struggling against the almost insurmountable obstacles that are thrown in his path by the careless or conservative farmers around him. He may watch with a microscope for the first sign of disease or parasites; he may spray every tree and plant frequently and with the utmost care, and yet be barely able to keep down the pests that are constantly streaming in from the neglected and diseased orchards around him. It is of little use to appeal to the common sense, or even to the self-interest, of the old-fashioned farmer. He holds that the methods his fathers used are good enough for him, and that if his trees die, they die, and that's all there is to it. Even if a number of the more energetic and progressive farmers in a neighborhood are persuaded to adopt proper precautions and to apply the necessary remedies, the presence of one neglected orchard in the community will do much to nullify all their efforts and discourage their growing belief in the efficacy of modern methods. Yet in such cases, even when the danger is understood, no one is willing to call the attention of the Commissioner of Agriculture to the state of affairs, for to do so might offend a friend or relative or make bad feeling among neighbors.

GOVERNMENT PROTECTION FOR FARMERS

THE Government, both State and Federal, is doing all it can to protect the farmer from the foes that eat up so much of his yearly income,—if only the farmer will consent to be protected. In the State of New York it is specifically provided that no person shall knowingly or wilfully keep any plum, peach, almond, apricot, nectarine, or other trees affected with the contagious disease known as “yellows,” or the equally dangerous disease called “little peach.” The same law applies to black knot and San José scale,—in fact to all manner of pests and diseases,—and any person harboring trees or plants infected with these diseases and not reporting it, is legally guilty of a misdemeanor, the law holding that the infected trees, shrubs, plants or vines are a public nuisance, and should be abated at the expense of the owner and with no award of damages. Yet, although this law has existed in the State of New York for a number of years, so far there is on record only one orchard that has been destroyed by the Commissioner of Agriculture on complaint of the neighboring farmers. This orchard belonged to a rich man who bought an old farm up in the northwestern part of the State, and turned it into an elaborate country home. The place was full of picturesque old orchard trees and the trees were full of scale. The neighborhood happened to be one which had adopted progressive methods in farming, and the people all around were spraying their trees and doing their best to get rid of the scale, which was constantly coming to them from the old infected trees on the rich man’s estate. As their sole value to him was their picturesqueness, he refused either to spray or to cut them down. Finally, someone who knew the law looked up the place and told the neighbors that by applying to the Commissioner of Agriculture they would be able to obtain relief. They promptly lodged a complaint, and as a result all the diseased trees were cut down and the expense charged to the owner. In all probability the fact that the trees were on the estate of a wealthy man had something to do with the action of the farmers, who regard such invaders as their natural enemies. It might have been a different story had the infected orchard belonged to one of themselves, but, as it is, this remains the solitary instance on record of the enforcement in this State of a law which really furnishes adequate protection to all who own farms or orchards.

Fully recognizing the present impossibility of enforcing the laws which would protect growing orchards, the Government, both State and Federal, turns its attention chiefly to the rigorous inspection of all nursery stock. The Federal Government sees to the inspection of all trees, shrubs, plants and vines that come here from foreign countries, the object being to head off, if possible, the introduction

GOVERNMENT PROTECTION FOR FARMERS

of any serious menace to horticulture that might creep in as the San José scale did, and lay waste the whole country. All infected plants that come here from Europe or the Orient are, after careful inspection, fumigated with hydrocyanic acid gas if the infection is slight enough to be removed by such measures; if not, the whole shipment is destroyed together with all packing, wrapping and boxes. The lesson taught by the introduction of the San José scale was a severe one, and the Department of Agriculture is determined that it shall never be repeated. This scale, which within a few years has wrought such wide havoc among the orchards in this country, was brought in on some peach trees imported from China via Europe, and allowed to pass without fumigation. The trees were planted in the San José Valley in California, from which the pests derived the name by which we know it in this country. But in China it has existed for over two thousand years, and has at times denuded whole provinces, although it has been fought steadily and relentlessly by the patient husbandmen who climb over the trees and carefully scrape by hand every branch down to the tiniest twigs. If this were the only remedy we might well despair over its presence here, but ten minutes with a good spray pump is far more efficacious, and there is no reason why, with proper care and watchfulness, the plague should not be stamped out in this country, especially as the Federal inspectors are taking uncommonly good care that no fresh supply is admitted.

THE State laws regarding the inspection of nursery stock are equally stringent and are fairly well enforced. In New York State twenty men are detailed by the Commissioner of Agriculture to inspect all nursery stock within the State and all shipments arriving from other States, as well as to control pests in orchards and to prevent the establishment of noxious insects and fungous diseases. With the exception of Florida, Nebraska, New Mexico and North Dakota, the State laws of all the States in the Union provide for the annual inspection of nurseries; for the fumigation of all shipments of nursery stock into the State; for the destruction of infected trees, shrubs, plants and vines, and the fumigation of all stock that has been exposed to infection. Certificates are issued to nurserymen whose stock has been passed by the inspectors, and it is not legal for anyone to grow or sell nursery stock without such a certificate. The laws differ in details of application, and in some States much is left to the judgment of the State Entomologist. But the gist of all the State legislation on this point is the same, and in those parts of the country where the farmer is alive to his own interests it is hard for any pest or disease to get a hold sufficiently strong to be dangerous.

GOVERNMENT PROTECTION FOR FARMERS

The great need seems to be for organization among the Eastern farmers on lines similar to the associations of the West. If this were done, not only would public opinion almost inevitably turn in the direction of better business methods, but the implements for applying the necessary remedies could be owned in common by a group of farmers, and the materials bought in quantity, thus greatly lessening the expense. A good spray pump, with the necessary wagon and tanks, costs money if owned by one farmer, but the expense would be very light if borne by the whole community. Formulæ for all the necessary remedies are willingly furnished on application to the State Commissioner of Agriculture or to any one of the State Experiment Stations, and are easily prepared right on the grounds. For example, the well-known Bordeaux mixture, which is a standard fungicide, used to prevent such diseases as leaf spot, leaf blight, canker, leaf curl, plum pockets, grape rots, mildews, etc., is made of a solution of five pounds of copper sulphate and five pounds of the best stone lime in forty gallons of water. Another remedy, equally valuable, is the lime and sulphur solution which, when properly applied, will abate the ravages of the San José scale, besides assisting in the control of many fungous diseases like apple and pear scab. It is as easy to prepare as the Bordeaux mixture, but the preparation of both requires the proper equipment. To make the lime and sulphur solution fifteen to twenty gallons of water should be heated in an iron caldron, then twenty pounds of the best unslaked lime should be added, and lastly seventeen pounds of sifted sulphur. This should be boiled for about an hour, and then diluted with water sufficient to make the quantity about fifty gallons. These two mixtures are generally used for spraying trees, but for some purposes Paris green or some other poison is added to the Bordeaux mixture to poison leaf-eating insects. The equipment for making these spraying solutions is simple and not at all expensive, and if a group of farmers would combine and buy a good spray pump, their orchards could be kept in order at very small expense.

Nothing can be done by the State beyond the safeguarding of nursery stock until the farmers wake up sufficiently to realize that, for the sake of their own interests, they must help to exterminate pests, and that hard work from dawn to dark will do but little good if it is not intelligent work. Reasonable coöperative methods, conducted on a business basis, will lay the foundation of a neighborliness far wider and deeper than the cowardly sentiment which forbids one man to interfere with his neighbor's infected orchard, although that orchard may be a menace to every tree in the community.

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

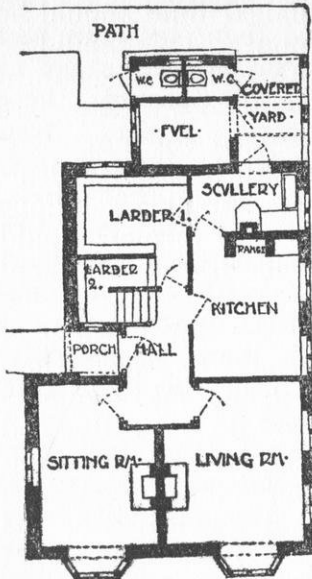
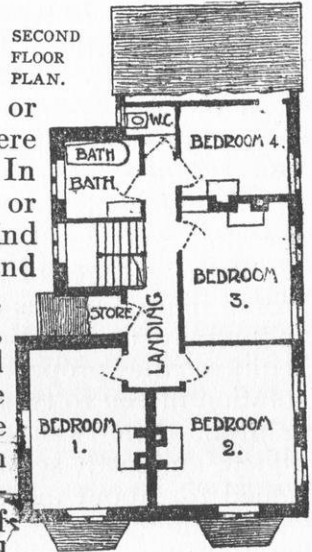


AN ILLUMINATING application of some of the principles I have been championing has recently been made by an eminent architect, and can be aptly cited here. This architect was asked to sign a petition against the destruction of an old Town Hall standing in a northern town in England (which hall it would appear has a classical portico or loggia). The following extracts from the letter written by the architect in response to the above request need no comment from me to make them clear:

“I most assuredly desire to see your city beautiful, therefore I should rejoice to see your old Town Hall destroyed. . . . The building in question is not English in origin or feeling, and is totally unfit for our climate, where you need all the light it is possible to obtain. In the old Town Hall you have a shirt front or frill of classical columns, making all behind gloomy and dark. . . . with no visible roof, and no possible clue to the use of the building. The windows are but black holes in the walls, and appear as necessary to the external arrangement of the ‘shirt front,’ not in the least as necessary to the convenience of the plan and arrangement internally. The purpose of the building is sacrificed to symmetry of elevation, whereas real architectural beauty calls for no sacrifice of fitness.

In the strongest way conceivable, though I fear unwittingly, support of this architect’s view is given by the editor of an architectural paper. In his attempts to disprove the contentions quoted, the editor discloses the following facts (these are his words): “The windows within the front portico or loggia are blocked by bookcases” and “the building is lighted from dormers.”

If those who used the building had wished to demonstrate the absurdity of its design, could they have hit upon a more forcible way of doing so?

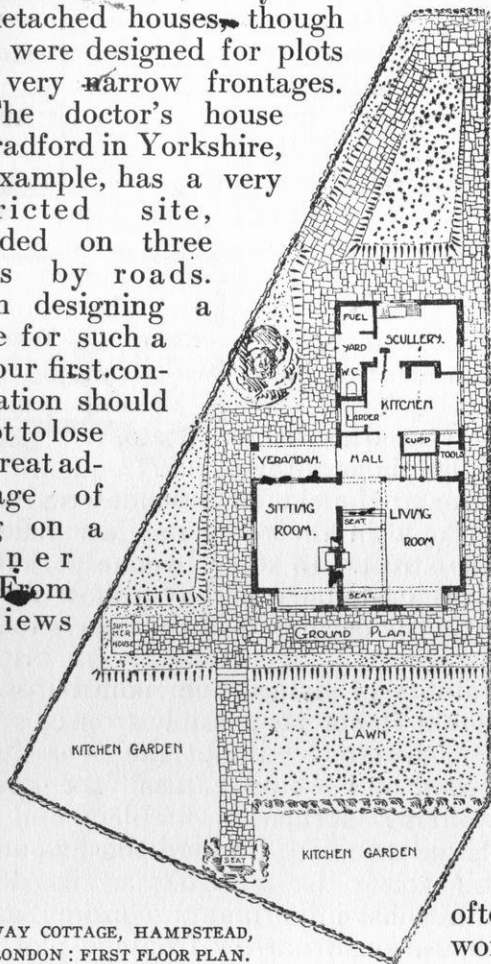


GLEBE FARM HOUSE, WELTON, LINCOLNSHIRE: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

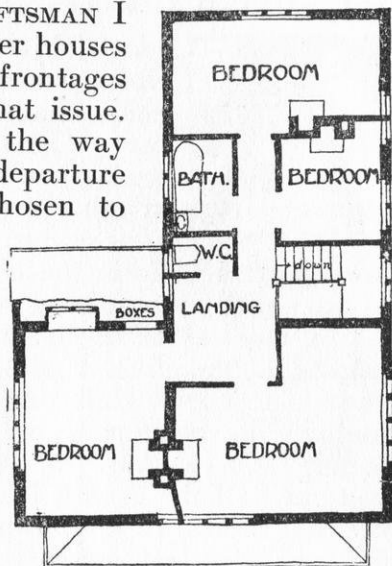
ARCHITECTURE ADJUSTED TO SPACE

In the January number of *THE CRAFTSMAN* I said that in this article we should consider houses designed for sites with much smaller frontages than the one at Rugby, illustrated in that issue. I find, however, if we do this in quite the way I then hoped to, it would necessitate a departure from the order in which the houses chosen to illustrate these articles have been taken, namely one of diminishing cost. This order brings us now to houses costing between four thousand two hundred and fifty dollars and three thousand six hundred dollars; they are one and all detached houses, though some were designed for plots with very narrow frontages.

The doctor's house at Bradford in Yorkshire, for example, has a very restricted site, bounded on three sides by roads. When designing a house for such a site, our first consideration should be not to lose the great advantage of being on a corner plot. From it, views



CROSSWAY COTTAGE, HAMPSTEAD, NEAR LONDON : FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

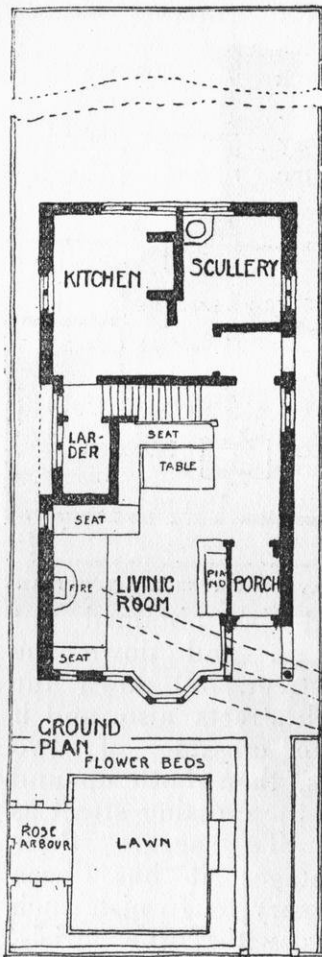


CROSSWAY COTTAGE : SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

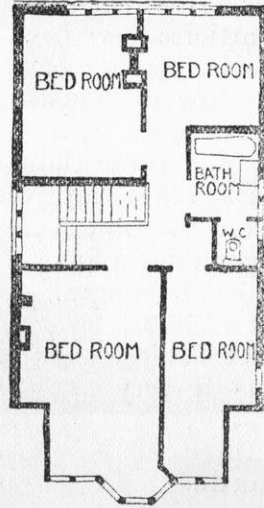
should be obtained not only up and down the one street, but down the branch streets also, and if at the crossing of two streets, then both up and down the crossing street as well. To secure these advantages it has been customary to furnish such houses with corner oriels, angle bays or turrets. The building of these has been attended with constructional difficulties, particularly in roofing them successfully, and in projecting them from the walls.

To overcome such difficulties the builder's greatest power and ingenuity have been exerted, and, as so often happens in architectural work, this conquest of difficulties

ARCHITECTURE ADJUSTED TO SPACE



when striving for a reasonable and sensible object, has been most fruitful of charm. This charm has been appreciated, and attempts made to reproduce it, often by those who have lost sight of its cause. So corner bays, oriels and turrets came to be recognized



forms of corner treatment, and to be added to buildings merely as ornaments. We even find them so designed that views therefrom are not obtainable in more than one direction. This is another

HOUSE AT WESTCLIFFE, ESSEX:
FLOOR PLANS AND GARDEN.

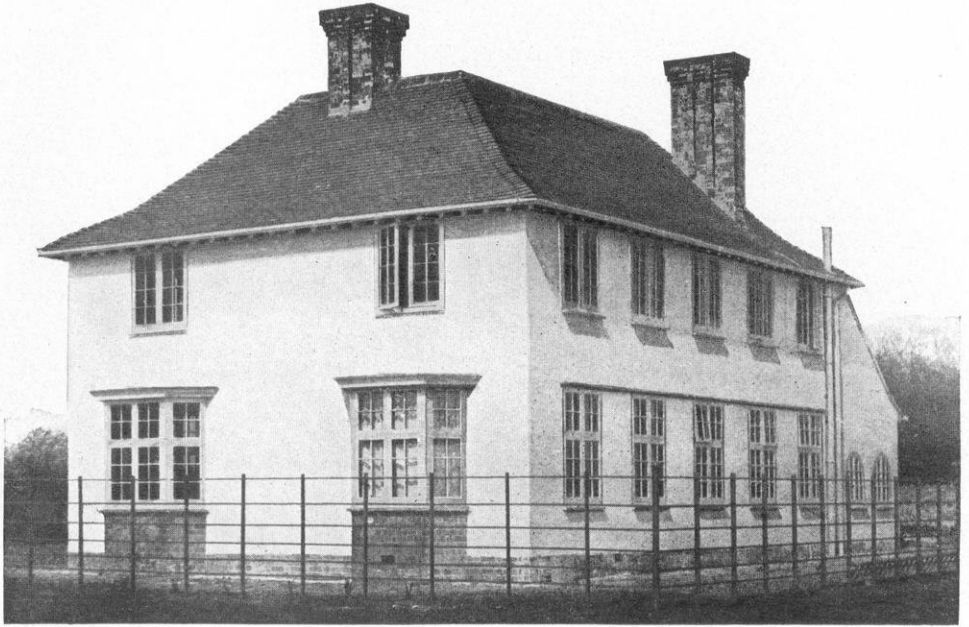
example of features which should fulfil a definite purpose

wrongly used as ornament alone.

In continental towns one frequently sees a mirror at the side of a window so placed that people in the room may see reflected therein the view up or down the street. In some bygone periods of English street architecture it was customary to bay almost all the windows at least enough to enable the occupants of the houses to look along the streets.

I have spoken of the desirability of giving each room its proper "direction" and "trend;" should it not be possible to secure this for a room which has a corner window, without the necessity of moving from the part of the room one would naturally occupy, to gain the advantages the oriel offers? Hence the fireplace and center of the life in the room should be placed where those round it profit freely by the bay.

Perhaps enumerating what is most important to consider in the design for a small detached house on a narrow frontage plot may

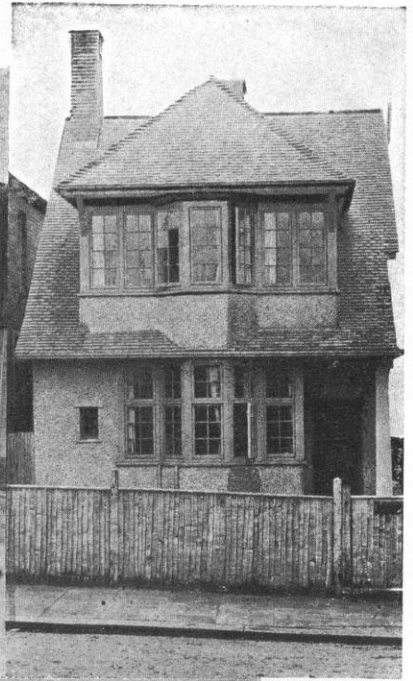
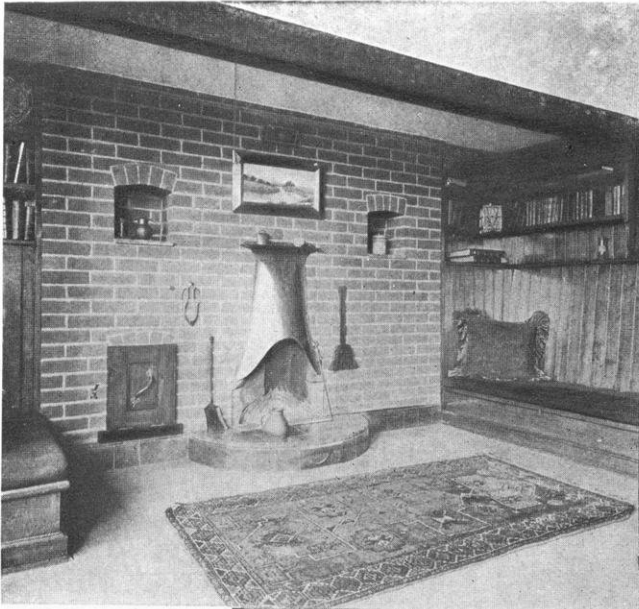


Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

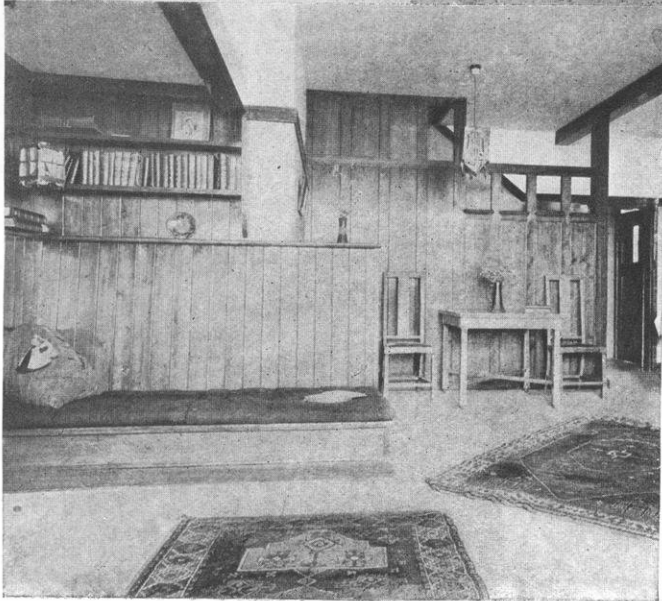
GLEBE FARMHOUSE, WELTON, LINCOLN-
SHIRE: REAR VIEW.

CROSSWAY COTTAGE, HAMPSTEAD, NEAR
LONDON, N. W.: PICTURESQUE ENTRANCE.

WESTCLIFFE-ON-SEA, ESSEX, ENGLAND: BARRY PARKER & RAYMOND UNWIN, ARCHITECTS.



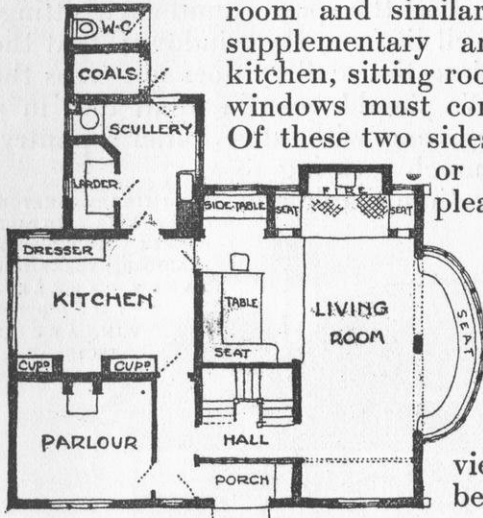
IT IS VERY INTERESTING, THE SENSE OF SPACIOUSNESS WHICH IS GAINED IN THIS NARROW-FRONT VILLAGE HOUSE: A MOST COZY LIVING EFFECT IS GIVEN AROUND THE FIREPLACE BY THE BUILT-IN SEATS AND BOOK-SHELVES: THE ACTUAL FIREPLACE IS PROJECTED INTO THE ROOM SO THAT EVERY BIT OF THE HEAT WILL BE SECURED: A SECOND VIEW OF THE LIVING ROOM SHOWS THE INTERESTING USE OF WOODWORK AND THE DESIGNING OF FURNITURE TO CORRESPOND.



THE FRONT ELEVATION OF THIS HOUSE IS WORTH CAREFUL STUDY, AS IT REVEALS THE UNUSUAL AMOUNT OF WINDOW SPACE GIVEN TO SECURE THE UTMOST LIGHT POSSIBLE IN A NARROW-FRONT LOT: THE WINDOWS ARE ALSO BOWED AT THE CENTER, FOR LONG VISTAS UP AND DOWN THE STREET.

ARCHITECTURE ADJUSTED TO SPACE

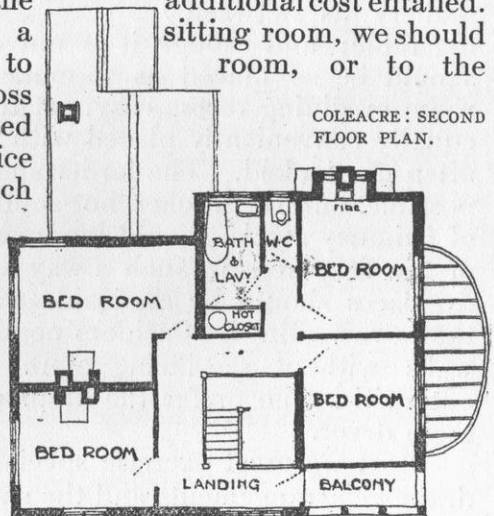
prove useful, and result in a list we could apply to any such house. The assumption being that the house on either side will be close upon it, we must only count upon having staircase, larder, bath-room and similar windows in our side walls, or supplementary and very secondary windows of kitchen, sitting rooms and bedrooms. All important windows must come on one of the other two sides. Of these two sides, one, either that toward the road or that away from it, will be the pleasanter, because of prospect or aspect or a combination of the two, and the first thing to be done is to decide upon this pleasanter side as the one for our principal room. We cannot generally arrange in the same room windows for sun and windows for view (unless both sun and view can be secured at the same time) in the way we so often do on larger plots.



COLEACRE, LETCHWORTH, HERTFORDSHIRE: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

Having seen which is the pleasanter side of the house we must appreciate that its frontage is far too precious and limited for any of it to be devoted to the front door or to windows or lobbies. We must next see that the roof is absolutely simple. If it consists of more than a single span we must ascertain why, and whether there has been a compensating gain commensurate with the loss of simplicity and space and the additional cost entailed. sitting room, we should room, or to the

If the hall is to be used as a see that the traffic from room to stairs or front door does not cross it, but is confined to a part devoted thereto. Particularly must we notice that the cold stream of air which pours down the staircase from the colder rooms above it to the warmer ones below, is not directed toward the occupants of the hall, but away from the regions of the fireplace, principal windows and any other parts of the room in which people would naturally sit. If this stream of cold air could be colored to enable us to dis-



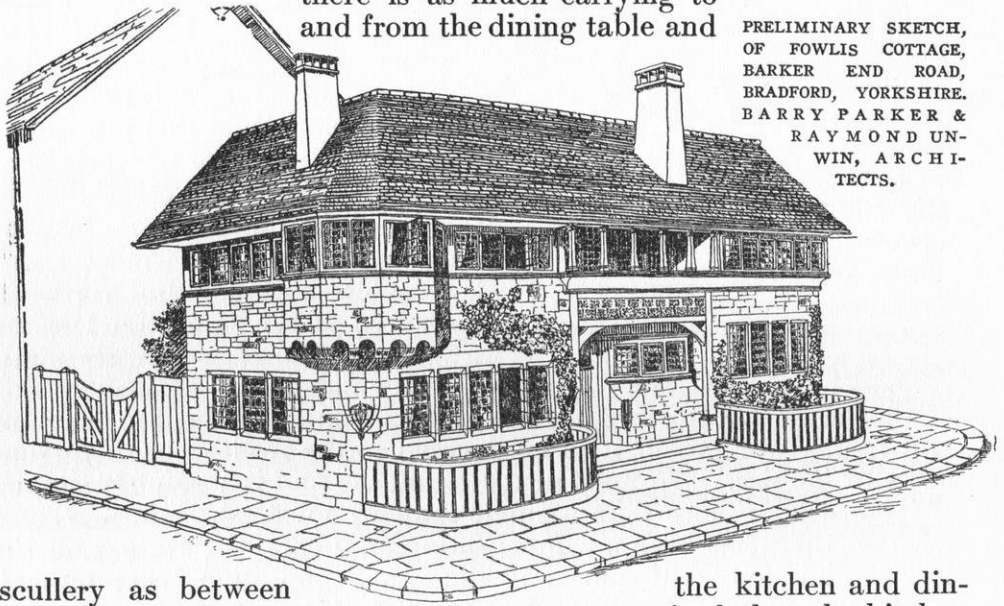
COLEACRE: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

ARCHITECTURE ADJUSTED TO SPACE

tinguish it from the rest, we should see it pouring down the stair like a waterfall.

We must next note that no sitting-room door opens across the fireplace or the principal window; that the space round each sitting-room fire and the kitchen fire is well lit from the windows; that the traffic from the rest of the house into the scullery does not cross the kitchen in front of the range. We should bear in mind that in a house such as we are considering, one without a butler's pantry, there is as much carrying to and from the dining table and

PRELIMINARY SKETCH,
OF FOWLIS COTTAGE,
BARKER END ROAD,
BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.
BARRY PARKER &
RAYMOND UN-
WIN, ARCHI-
TECTS.



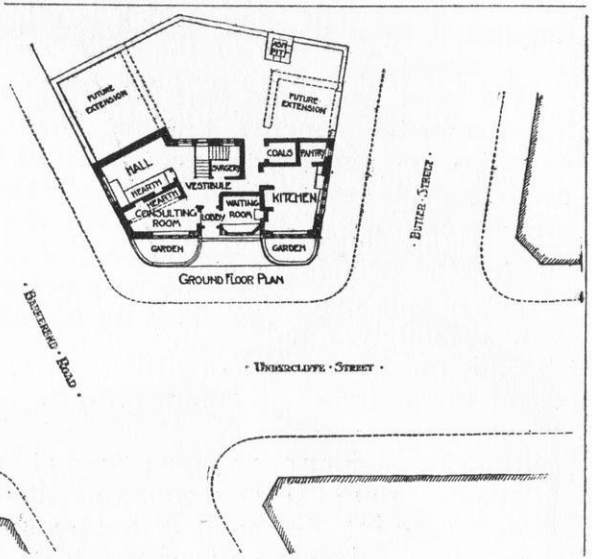
scullery as between the kitchen and dining table; and though it is universally recognized that the kitchen should be so placed as to make service between it and the dining room or dining recess easy, yet the importance of the scullery being equally conveniently placed with the regard to the dining room is often overlooked. The larder should be north, or as nearly north as possible, and the kitchen not south or west. The minimum number of chimney stacks should be arranged for, by contriving the placing of the fireplaces in such a way as to attain this. For the most part fireplaces should be on inside walls, thus keeping the heat within the house. But it is seldom possible to have all fireplaces on inside walls without sacrificing more important things, and there are authorities who prefer the fireplaces placed on outside walls to keep them dryer.

Next we must exercise special care to ascertain that the simple drainage arrangements and the short lengths of water and waste pipe

ARCHITECTURE ADJUSTED TO SPACE

which result from bath, lavatories and sink all being close together, or one above another, have been secured. This means efficiency and also economy in initial cost and maintenance. They should also all be in reasonably close proximity to the cold water cistern and the main, and the

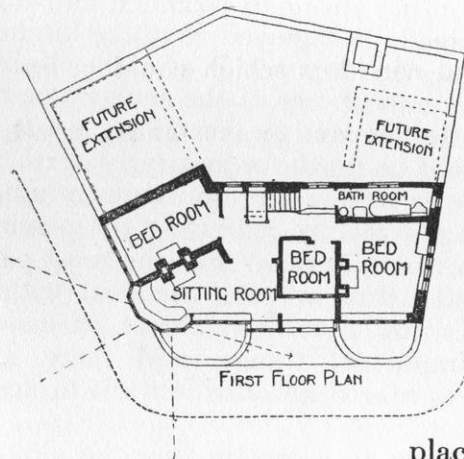
FWOLIS COTTAGE : GROUND FLOOR PLAN.



lavatories, bath and sink to the hot water cistern. The hot water cistern in its turn should not be far from the boiler, so that the circulating pipes connecting them may have a short run, thus producing hot water with economy of fuel, piping and repairs.

Other important points to watch are that the soil and vent pipes fall naturally into the place where they will be the least disfigurement. A window should be placed in such a position that it will ventilate the upper landing; for vitiated air is apt to accumulate there when it rises from the rooms below, and if it is not carried

out it finds its way into the rooms above. While speaking of landings, I should say that where space permits of wide open landings and corridors they greatly add to the pleasantness and charm of a house, but in one such as we are considering no space should be devoted to them, which by skill in planning, could have been included in the rooms.



FWOLIS COTTAGE : FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

Finally we should see that in all bedrooms there are good places for the beds, mirrors, dressing tables and washstands. It is not un-

ARCHITECTURE ADJUSTED TO SPACE

common for a whole plan, which is otherwise good, to be entirely remodeled, because one of the bedrooms comes out with no good place for the bed, though perhaps a spacious room.

From all this I will extract the items for our list which I will append:

List of points to be considered in a small house on a narrow-frontaged plot.

The right choice between side toward and side away from the road, for the principal rooms.

None of this space to be devoted to front door or lobby.

An absolutely simple roof.

Traffic not to cross a hall sitting room, nor cold air be allowed to descend the staircase and pour onto the occupants of a hall sitting room.

Sitting room door not to open across the fire or principal windows.

The space round sitting-room and kitchen fireplaces to be well lit.

The traffic into the scullery not to cross the kitchen in front of the range; and kitchen and scullery to be conveniently situated with regard to the dining room.

The larder to face as nearly north as practicable.

The kitchen not to face south or west.

A minimum number of chimney stacks.

Fireplaces to be on inside walls.

Sinks, baths, hot-water tank and lavatories and all else to which water and the drain have to be brought, situated together.

A short run for circulating pipes from the boiler to the hot-water tank.

Soil and vent pipes to come where they disfigure least.

Upper landings to be well ventilated.

No space devoted to landings and corridors which could be included in rooms.

Good places for beds, dressing tables and washstands in all bedrooms.

ANOTHER TALK WITH THE HOST OF CRAFTSMAN FARMS: THE COUNTRY AND LONG LIFE



HOUGH it was winter, the Traveler had slept on the generous veranda of the Host's house at Craftsman Farms, warm in one of the snug outdoor sleeping berths that form a part of the general equipment of the cottage. He was roused at dawn by the brisk sound of wood chopping. He knew it was the Host, up and about his work, having risen with the sun.

An hour later the two were walking in the crisp morning air over the grounds where the Host was to oversee some work in the fields. The Host strode along bareheaded; there was youth in his buoyant step and vigor in his voice as he exclaimed: "What a glorious day! How good it is to live! No morning ever seemed to me more beautiful than this, no time more full of hope and ambition,—never in my life have I felt better equipped to achieve. I should resent it if anyone were to remind me that I am past fifty!"

The Traveler glanced at the Host in astonishment. The spare muscular physique seemed that of a far younger man. There was a stirring ring in the words as the Host continued, "Why should we think of laying down our tools, just when we are beginning to know how to use them, just when life is becoming rich? Only with full maturity does there come real understanding of life, and the activities of age should be the poised and ripe results of all that youth with its failures and achievements has taught."

"Yes," said the Traveler. "Old age should be the harvest season of life, it should be the time of well-adjusted effort when the arrow loosed by the practiced hand at last strikes the mark. But as it is, few of us are able to apply what we have learned to active life in later years. We have to leave it to others to profit by our efforts, our sufferings and our failures."

"Yet a healthy, useful and long life should be the determined ideal of every man," said the Host. "It is wrong living more than years that enfeebles us. We spend our lives, too many of us, in tearing down Nature's work in us, instead of in building it up. We ought all so to live that mind and body are active and capable of sound and satisfying work long after the fifty years span has taught us what life means. It is activity that keeps us young. We are meant to work, and again to work, and only to work. Development comes through effort, knowledge through endeavor, and a strenuous life is to a certain extent necessary to every one of us, if we would grow."

THE COUNTRY AND LONG LIFE

They walked on in silence for a while and then the Traveler said:

“It is a stimulus to think of those to whom age has brought an increase rather than a depletion of power. I remember Baron Hans von Wolzogen’s description of the poet of the second half of ‘Faust,’ the eighty-year-old Goethe: ‘In him old age meant no diminution of faculty. It was the summit of a life’s achievement!’”

“Last summer the world of art was profoundly impressed by the Mozart Festival at Salzburg, inspired and directed by the great soprano, Lilli Lehmann, who herself took part in the performances and achieved at sixty years of age perhaps the greatest success of her whole career. She wrote ‘I feel that my art grows deeper, always, and its meaning clearer.’ And those who saw her described her work as possessing a dignity, nobility and truthfulness that can be attained only by a great-souled artist to whom long years of thought and study have brought perception of true values and completed power of expression. I have often thought that the strength of this great woman is due not only to the deep sincerity of her nature, but also to her simple manner of living. Every spare moment of her time is spent in the open air, and she is never happier than when working bareheaded in her garden.

“I CANNOT think of noble old age without recalling the last time that I ever saw Mr. Carl Schurz. It was in April, and we met by chance in Central Park where he took his daily walks. The trees were budding and he fell to talking reminiscently of the beauty of the German spring, with its slow unfolding, its daily birth of a new flower, its lengthening of sunlight and its song of nightingales at night; and when we parted he gave a little sigh: ‘Yes, life is sweet,’ he said, ‘but what a pity it is so short!’ These were the last words that I ever heard him speak, and they have lingered in my memory as a summing up of his life. So rich was he in activity, so full of energy and of enthusiasm for the right, which he never ceased to champion, that at seventy-seven years of age he could still say ‘Life is sweet; but what a pity it is so short!’ Like Mr. Schurz most of the great men and women for whom old age is still full of energy and beauty have loved Nature and have understood how to draw from her both strength and inspiration.”

“Yes,” said the Host, “to attain sound old age there must be outdoor life, and the best kind of outdoor life is that which brings some sort of manual work; for a certain amount of useful muscular toil keeps the mind and body young. The truly normal life is where man is self-reliant and meets his own necessities; and the aim of civilization, it seems to me, should be to bring us to this point.

THE COUNTRY AND LONG LIFE

Luxurious idleness should be to us a disgrace. But to achieve such real democracy each man should feel within himself the power to meet his own needs individually. Man, like the animal, gains strength in having to exert himself. If we lived rightly, we would have no need for artificial exercise, and sturdy and robust old age would be possible to us all. Children of rich parents have never had what I call a real opportunity to develop, because necessity has never spurred them on. Therefore I would congratulate the boy who is born in the country today, for the larger and the longer life can be his.

“Old age has yet another aspect,” continued the Host. “The adage runs ‘once a man and twice a child,’ and age is spoken of as second childhood. The saying and the epithet are true but in a deeper and more spiritual sense than the physical alone. In the ‘harvest time’ of life we gather in the experiences of the years, and it is to childhood and to early youth that the mind returns in old age to live again in retrospect the scenes and the events that taught the full meaning of joy. Old age resembles childhood as the sunset resembles the dawn: both are periods of poetry and of vision. In the memories of a vigorous childhood, inspired by that joy in life that only the country child can truly feel—in such memories the mind as it travels backward down the pathway of the years finds peace and refreshment.

“AND this is another reason why I think children should be brought up in the country—not only because a healthy youth makes old age possible, but also because a childhood which has drawn in the inspiration of wholesome contact with Nature offers to old age the true resting place for memory and meditation. For myself, I regard as treasured possessions the recollections of my boyhood. Life was full of hardship and toil, then, it is true, but it was also full of exhilaration and interest. What does a city child know of the eagerness with which the country child looks forward to each change of the season as the year moves on! With what a thrill of excitement we greeted the first fall of snow which covered all the scars and rough places of earth with a charitable mantle. We instinctively felt the beauty of Nature’s scheme that wraps the sleeping world in purity till spring shall bring a new birth. Then, too, the snow brought to us the promise of skating and coasting. How we tingled with joy as we dragged our sleds over the hard crust. Then came spring with the breaking of the ice, the loosening of the streams, the swelling of the buds,—and best of all, the tapping of the trees for maple sap, and the outdoor sugar camp.

Hardly had we tasted these joys before summer was upon us, filling the air with the subtle fragrance of luxuriant foliage. The smell of a forest today brings back to me my whole childhood with all its delight in woodland life. Next came autumn with the gifts of the fruit trees, the vines and the nut trees. The splendor and majesty of the autumnal world in its brilliancy of color were deeply felt by me as a boy, and no words can frame such feelings in a child's soul.

"The pleasures of the country child throughout the year are those which can remain with him his whole life long. We cannot lose Nature, and if we have learned in childhood to love and understand her we have in her a strong and guiding friend to the end. There is for the country child no artificial stimulus in the pleasures which Nature yields,—nothing which can bring a harmful reaction, but only that which builds strongly into his normal development. He is filled with the same exhilaration that a bird feels when it flies from tree to tree, fairly bursting with song. I look with pity at the city children clad in satins and velvets, demurely led by the hand through city parks and streets. What stimulus is there to a child's imagination, what food for growth in such an inane and vapid existence? How tame, colorless and lifeless is such a childhood. And when old age comes, what will there be for such a boy to go back to and to relive? They are rich children, these little princes and princesses of fortune, but how poor they are in reality! No—let us surround the child, first of all, with natural and not with artificial pleasures; let us give it that which is its birthright,—the world of Nature which teaches only truth. Then when the end of life draws near, and the afterglow of the retrospective hour has come, that soul can return with joy and even still with growth to the dreams of the early days, and the circle of the life's span can be completed in peace and beauty. For second childhood should be a time, not of weakness, but of renewed spiritual aspiration, and to life in the country must we look for the realization of this ideal."

SPRING: A JAPANESE POEM

ALONG the margins of the meadows,
 Throughout the wooded hills,
 Like wind-blown crimson clouds,
 Stray the blossoming Judas trees.

HENRI FINK

WEB AND WOOF: BY HANNA RION



HE was a creature of restless energy, venting in many different channels her nervous creative urge;—lover and contributor to the Beautiful; dreamer and promoter of realization; æsthete and passionate toiler in the soil; one who painted the music of her thoughts; musician who improvised the pictures of her life; writer who found in the pen an outlet for the unsaid in color or chord. And I came across this one sewing rag-carpet. I sat near her unnoticed; her eyes did not look up, never did word slip over the brink of lip, yet across the beautiful forehead flitted shadows; wrinkles formed and disappeared; about the mouth a dimple flashed a second, only to be followed by a droop of the lips.

At last she paused; a ball was finished. Her never quiet hands groped restlessly for something else to be done and in reaching for the scissors to cut more material, her eyes saw mine, and I put my wonder into words. Why of all people in the world should she sew rags for a carpet?

I did not get an answer then, but one day when I sat by asking nothing, she spoke. She talked as one thinks to oneself, not lifting her eyes, forgetting me and my wonder, and my lack of comprehension.

“I am the most nervous and restless of all living creatures,” said she, “so crowded with beckoning plans; thoughts to be unraveled into definite conception, I labor as though Death, the great slave-driver, were ever at my back cracking the lash of doom, crying: ‘Hurry! Hurry! Do your all, think your all, play your all, before it be too late.’ Only in one way do I ever drown that maddening insistence; deafen my ears to the lie or truth of the shortness of life left. Only in one way—in this. My rags, my respite, my restorer of calm, the calm of inertia; the peace of unambitious youth, believing all things, yet making no effort to make anything come true; accepting, not giving; absorbing, not vibrating; passive, not creative.”

The unsteady long thin fingers of overstrained intensity mused the cut and torn fragments piled on the floor beside her. She picked up a strand apparently at random, yet I noted a certain sensitiveness in her choice of color, apparently unthought of, as she attached two strips together. I felt her music in her selections; the torn shreds were forming chords, the tatters became harmonies in color. She bent, lifting a strip of worn gray silk. Her mouth quivered, dimpled and drooped.

“The gown I saved so many years because a dear friend—a great genius, wanted to paint me in it. It was the gown I wore when

WEB AND WOOF

first he saw me. He was always delaying to be more sure—a greater master of his powers. I put it on at times, even after it had become old and worn, to remind us both of the beginning of things. Its rents did not show in the night. My cheeks grew less round as the dress grew old. He never felt great enough to paint me. I shall never be painted now. The silk is weak in many spots but the thread of the loom will hold it together.”

She sewed three stitches, connecting the gray to the pink strip before it. Groping about in her pile, a strand of black velvet came to the surface.

“My mother’s waist. The last waist she wore. I never believed I should cut that up, but all my treasures eventually go into my carpets. The floor is made soft to the foot; sweet to the memory.

“I HAD been away—it was a gay visit; I returned so buoyant, yet a little uneasy over having left my mother behind—she was not strong then. When met at the station my first question was ‘How is she?’ ‘Your mother is dying,’ said my husband. Perhaps he did not mean to be cruel! How little I have enjoyed since then. What was it died in me when I heard his unprelaced words? I’ve both hands and feet, yet something was severed by that knife of speech—something much more vital than all I have left. I shall only be an onlooker all the rest of my life on others’ enjoyment of things—helping them to be gay—though I’ve lost the secret of joy myself.”

The fingers strayed to a strip of palest gold. The arched eyebrows wavered.

“My first party gown. I began dressing at six, though the ball did not begin until ten. The sweetheart of my girlhood was my escort. Which is the greater tragedy—to marry the love of our teens, or not to? It is a great problem. If we do not, we preserve an exquisite ideal throughout life. No matter what other loves may come—however beautiful and sincere—that first remains perfect in all its unpsychical, uncalculating, unthinking purity. Throughout all my years, I have remained absolutely true to the love of my youth, in my sleeping dreams. Dream after dream stars the flight of nights—he is never attained, always to be mine sometime; immortally beautiful in his fadeless youth; untouched by the world’s soiled fingers; unblighted by my possession of him. On evenings when vagrant breezes blow, and blow one out of the present, and dusk hides the familiar, I gaze down to the turn in the road and always wonder if the dim figure making the bend is he.”

She stooped, the gray of her hair laid against the sewn strips of

THE TREES

gray, black and gold. She lifted a strand of sheerest white—white yellowed by age.

“My baby’s dress. How many times I opened the bottom drawer, looking in upon the little dress before it had ever been worn. I lifted it, holding it to my bosom, dreaming it already held the little form—crooning to its hope-filled emptiness.”

A bit of blue came next. She sat silent, a tear dropped on its already stained surface.

“I can’t remember—” she said, her hand trembled, holding the suspended needle. “I won’t remember,” she said. She was silent for several minutes.

“It will be pleasant though to tread on. It is very frail and old, but it will be strengthened by the web of the loom. Who knows,” she smoothed the wrinkles from the tiny strip of fragile blue, “who knows but after all the fragments of our lives, so threadbare in spots, so strong in others, so torn, misshapen, tear-stained and frail, will be taken by the Great Weaver and bound—the weak between the strong, the mistakes beside the victory, the intention before the mistake, and all held together by the woof of Comprehending Mercy—who knows? Perhaps even my life—” the sentence remained unfinished.

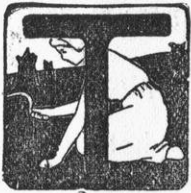
I walked to the window and looked out on the wind-torn wisps of the day’s clouds now banked in the western sky—each little fragment a golden bit of the one glorious sunset.

THE TREES

THE beauty laid on the green spreading trees
A joy forever is; their great boughs bold
Are mighty as the arms with which of old
The gods hurled thunder down the centuries.
Their leaves that finger the immortal breeze
Forever leave unfinished and untold
The rosary sweet of silver and of gold
That throbs and pulses in the songs of bees
And glad enraptured birds. Such mystery hides
In their quick shadows beautiful and free
That dance in gaiety on the warm sod;
Such healing in their fragrance ever bides
As breathes from out the deeps of the salt sea,
Or shakes from out the wild wind’s robes of God!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE OLDEST ORCHESTRAL ORGANIZATION IN AMERICA: WHAT THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY HAS DONE FOR MUSIC IN THIS COUNTRY



“TWO events of interest in the history of New York occurred in the year eighteen hundred and forty-two. One was long expected, widely known and grandly celebrated; it was the introduction of the beautiful Croton water into the city . . . the other was unheralded and unsung, but scarcely less important in its way; it was the organization of a society which has proved a never-failing source of wholesome influence to the music-loving public of a great city and of grateful supply to a long-felt need.”

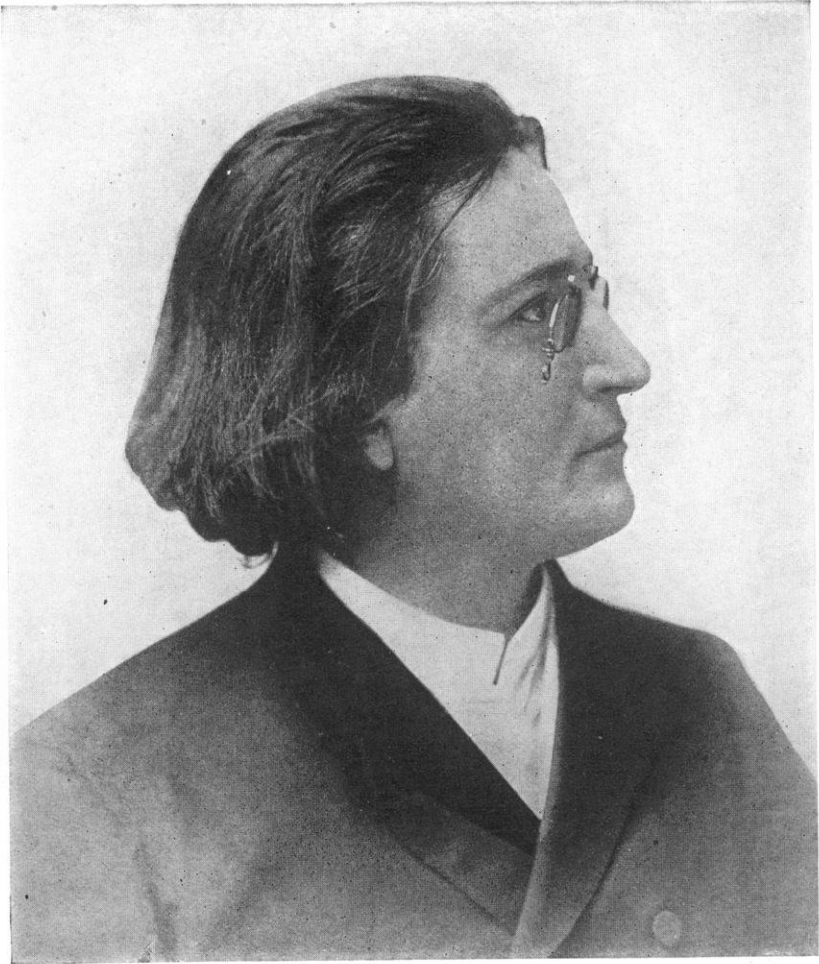
Thus begins a delightful description of the early life of the Philharmonic Society, printed in a little volume called “Sketches and Impressions” by Dr. Osgood Mason. Today, several of the largest cities of the United States have permanent orchestras under the leadership of experienced conductors. Sixty-nine years ago, when the Philharmonic Society was founded, there was not a genuine orchestral organization in America; though we had been an independent nation for over fifty years, we were then, musically, still in a wholly colonial state. Only by recognition of these facts can we appreciate the rapid growth of art in this country within the last fifty years. Naturally, it is to musicians of foreign blood that we chiefly owe the inspiration and impetus of our musical development and the organization which has exercised a greater influence than any other upon the musical culture of the people of New York is the Philharmonic Society.

Dr. Mason’s sketch gives a vivid glimpse of the old New York which scarcely extended above Fourteenth Street. We are told how, in eighteen hundred and forty-two, a group of resident musicians joined together to give an orchestral concert for the benefit of the widow of a fellow-artist. A little while thereafter the same musicians, happening to meet one evening, walked down Broadway together and entered a public house on Park Row known as the “Shakespeare.” “Here,” continues the narrative, “amidst the general congratulatory conversation about the concert which had recently taken place, the first suggestions pointing to a society like the Philharmonic were publicly made and discussed.” To Mr. U. C. Hill is given the credit of the original inception. To be a subscriber to the Philharmonic was from the first a certain social distinction, and today many of the habitués of the concerts are proud of the fact



From a Bust of Gustav Mahler by Auguste Rodin.

the Grand Musician
G. Mahler
by Rodin
Paris 1910



ANTON SEIDL, ONE OF THE CONDUCTORS OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE OLDEST ORCHESTRA IN AMERICA

that Philharmonic tickets have been a hereditary possession for three generations.

Mr. Hill was succeeded as director by Theodore Eisfeld, who was followed in turn by Carl Bergmann, Max Maretzek, H. C. Timm, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, Theodore Thomas, Adolph Neuen-dorf, Anton Seidl, Emil Paur and Walter Damrosch. The list of names reaches over fifty years of musical activity. Then the Philharmonic Society gave New Yorkers the unusual opportunity of hearing in brief succession some of the great orchestral leaders from the music centers of Europe. For three seasons a number of "guest conductors" were engaged to come to this country to conduct separate Philharmonic concerts. Then Mr. Safonoff was engaged as Philharmonic conductor for three years; he stimulated in America a love for Slavonic music which has outlived his departure. After Safonoff's return to Russia in eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, the Orchestra was completely reorganized and placed on a permanent basis, the time having gone by when it was possible to maintain the original coöperative plan of management. With this change came the engagement of Mr. Gustav Mahler, one of the greatest orchestral leaders in the world today.

TO REALIZE what the Philharmonic Society has meant in the education of the New York public, we must turn to the reminiscences of the older generation. When the Society was first started the classical orchestral works of the old composers were new to New Yorkers. Mr. George T. Strong, the sixth President of the Society wrote, in reply to a notification of his election, "To your Society I owe my introduction to the greatest works of musical art, and the first revelation that ever dawned upon me of the supernatural power latent in the orchestra." After the compositions of the old school had been established in the affections of the people, the Philharmonic conductors set themselves the more difficult task of teaching the public to love the works of modern writers. A characteristic anecdote is told of Mr. Bergmann. Someone remonstrated with him, "But the people *don't like Wagner.*" "Then," answered the conductor, "they must hear him till they do!"

Mr. Theodore Thomas, the memory of whom is inseparably associated with the Philharmonic Society, was as invincible as Mr. Bergmann in the determination to hold both public and orchestra to the highest possible standard of art. Under his leadership the American orchestra for the first time attained a proficiency comparable at least with European orchestras, and his programmes have remained models of the art of programme-building. In addition to

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the Philharmonic concerts there were started, under Mr. Thomas' direction, the first "Concerts for Young People," whose object was to give such works of the great composers as could be enjoyed and assimilated by children. Many women who are now mothers recall with pleasure the Saturday afternoons which they spent in Steinway Hall as children, listening with wonder to an orchestra for the first time. Mr. Thomas conducted also a few short-lived seasons of opera in English, and some music lovers still remember with a tingle of shame the night when he stopped the orchestra and turning to a box where people were loudly talking, exclaimed with quiet sarcasm, "I am afraid the music interrupts the conversation." After that, operas and concerts were listened to in respectful silence.

OF ALL the Philharmonic conductors there was none more loved by all New York than Anton Seidl. His death was felt as a public loss and crowds of people followed the funeral cortège through the streets. It was during the first years of German Opera at the Metropolitan Opera House that Seidl came to this country to conduct the works of his beloved master, Wagner. Seidl felt from the first a great attraction for America; he was in sympathy with its democratic institutions, and he had a keen interest in the upbuilding of art in this young land. Many of the Wagner operas were produced for the first time under his leadership, and no one who heard them can forget the fire and enthusiasm which characterized those early performances by artists who had been in close personal touch with Wagner himself, and to whom the spreading of the "Wagnerian Gospel" was like a holy crusade. Under the influence of Seidl's genius the Philharmonic concerts took on new life. The box-office receipts were larger than ever before in the history of the Society, and it seemed appropriate that the fiftieth anniversary of the life of the organization should have occurred when Seidl was conductor, and when the celebration in three festival concerts marked a crowning triumph in the artistic achievement of the orchestra.

IN SPITE of all that we have learned in the last fifty years, we are still, as compared with the old world, an ignorant public, musically. It is, therefore, with gratitude that we welcome among us such a teacher as Gustav Mahler, an authority to whom musical Europe paid just tribute last September in the art-loving throngs who gathered at Munich to hear the first performance of Mahler's eighth Symphony. In a book on Mahler, published last Summer, Oscar Fried writes, "On behalf of our musical culture, I

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regret to see Mahler in America, while we in Germany and Austria would prize ourselves as fortunate if we might have foremost in our midst a leader in culture of such human and such artistic import as Mahler."

It is just a year since Mahler took in hand the uneven material of the reorganized Philharmonic Orchestra which contained many new players. In one season he produced a body of musicians comparable in virtuosity to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, an organization which has practiced together daily for many years. In listening to works of the great composers under Mahler, we feel that we are hearing the interpretations of a master, of one whose creative talent (for Mahler is himself one of the foremost of modern composers) enables him to comprehend the creative will in another. A strongly marked individuality, a masterly precision and an incisive rhythmic force characterize all that Mahler does. Though one is impressed with the intellectual supremacy in Mahler's work, the keen and penetrating thought which marks his readings never hardens into pedantry. On the contrary, the Orchestra seems filled with a vigorous life-pulse. The just and delicate balance of tone and emphasis, the exquisite sense of proportion and the finesse of detail so carefully attained by Mahler, only throw into bold relief the main import of the composition, which the great conductor knows how to outline with such firm and unfaltering hand. The series of "Historical Concerts" given by Mahler last winter set before us the whole evolution of Symphonic music and was one of the greatest educational advantages ever offered to New Yorkers. This year the large reduction in the price of tickets, making possible to those of the least means the enjoyment of great music, has given to us in America the same opportunity for musical culture that is enjoyed in German cities. There is no reason now why music should not rapidly become part of the very life of our people, and the presence of Gustav Mahler increases the debt that the New York public has long owed to the Philharmonic Society.

COVER CROPS: FERTILIZERS AS WELL AS PRESERVERS OF EXISTING FERTILITY: BY H. B. FULLERTON



THE use of legumes and other plants as aids to agriculture is by no means a new thing. It is not, as many suppose, the discovery or "creation" of twentieth-century "book farmers" or agricultural chemists of high degree. Mago, the first farmer who left a record of his agricultural observations, experiences and discoveries, knew the value of cover crops seven hundred years before the dawn of the Christian era, and his findings were commented upon and added to by Columella, who about fifty-five A. D. wrote an agricultural library covering practically every ramification of this very complex profession. This has been preserved by reprints and shows very plainly that many of the practices today called "new-fangled notions" by some were the very foundation of the successful agriculturists of twenty-seven hundred years ago, just as they are the pillars which uphold the temple of success erected by twentieth-century agriculturists. "Dry farming," called by its proper name, frequent and thorough cultivation, the great value of barnyard waste and the conserving and vivifying effect of leguminous plants all receive marked attention, and other authorities are quoted and given full credit.

Early American agriculturists rediscovered,—or stumbled over, observed and applied the very valuable lesson constantly presented by crops following such plants as clovers, beans and peas.

For example, in the dawn of the year eighteen hundred a French boy and his Spanish wife wandered out to Ohio, and began to farm upon the spot where the great city of Cincinnati was afterward built. One year, on an acreage of field corn, a very darkly colored strip was in plain evidence. All the corn hills upon this strip showed a very high and vigorous growth. The color of the blades was very dark, and the ears were large and very plentiful. The husky American farmer, who was the French boy of a few years before, had first his attention attracted by this marked peculiarity. Then his curiosity was aroused and later his desire for knowledge whetted. Finding no solution of the problem he had given himself to solve, he did what many another wise man has done, called into consultation his life partner, the young Spanish girl who had grown up into an American woman and in the western wilds mothered sixteen frontier American children. She had not grown weary considering the enigma, so, tackling the problem from a fresh point of view, she got her bearings by trees and stumps and asked if that strip of ground where the fine

COVER CROPS AND FERTILITY

corn was growing had not been the "hay lot." Her husband said it was, and, moreover, it was the particular field that had given him such a heavy yield of red clover. This quick-thinking American woman at once decided that the clover had something to do with it, and suggested that a trial be made to see whether or no this was the solution of the problem. The experiment was tried, and a "high hook" farmer at the beginning of the nineteenth century followed in the footsteps of high hook farmers in the beginning of the first century, who were following in the footsteps of those high hook farmers who achieved agricultural successes before history was written. And this early nineteenth century observer, who put into practice the lessons learned by following the suggestions aroused by his observation, was simply one of the many successful agriculturists who flourished in the East, and every other section of the United States for that matter, likewise everywhere else upon the globe.

I HAVE never seen any word that is just suited to what we generally speak of as cover crops. Briefly and simply a cover crop means a crop of some hardy plant which, by covering the ground throughout the fall and winter and early spring prevents the washing away of the top soil which contains the humus, or the decaying vegetable matter left by the forest trees and the soluble mineral matter; through late fall and winter it prevents damage from persistent down-pours, cloudbursts, heavy showers and torrents; through the winter, when the tight freezes of the night are in part or wholly broken up by the noonday warmth, the cover crop prevents particles of all descriptions of plant food from being lifted by strong winds and gales and thus carried along till checked by forest trees, by waste growth or fall into ocean, stream or lake, where they are lost to the present-day man at least. Almost any growth will check this annual needless waste, so we rightly look upon bare fields as proof positive of wasteful methods.

Rye is the usual crop selected for the cover crop because it can be planted after corn is gathered and will make growth at every chance given it by a rise of temperature. At the first approach of spring it rushes upward and holds the fort, likewise the fertility, against the assaults of spring's ever-present floods and gales; when plowed under for early crops it acts as a mattress or sponge, holding the moisture of early spring and summer and furnishing a reservoir throughout a season of drought. Even if cut for straw, and the stubble alone left to be turned under, it helps to retain the moisture from below by keeping it from escaping into the air through the earth's capillary tubes. Furthermore, it holds the moisture that sinks

COVER CROPS AND FERTILITY

rapidly in well-cultivated fields when nature provides a summer rain. Left lying in the ground for a year, it rots, ferments and in fermenting releases a gas formed in nature's laboratory. This gas attacks the immense mass of mineral elements that exist in all soils, but in many cases are unavailable for plant growth, because they are insoluble either by the earth's moisture or by the liquids that are said to exude from the plant's feeding rootlets for the purpose of making available, or putting into digestible condition, the many mineral substances found by analysis in all plants. But the great disadvantage of rye (which is so immensely valuable for replenishing the depleted store of decaying vegetable matter found in the soil of lands once covered by forests, with their falling leaves and dying plants, or of the great prairies where the annual grass growth is cast down by nature upon the approach of winter) is that it has no nitrogen reservoirs.

THERE is another class of plants which, besides providing this water-retaining mat and breaker down of insoluble mineral plant food, furnishes a wonderful store of nitrogen, which has long been known to be a plant stimulant of immense value. This nitrogen is breathed in or absorbed by the portions of the plant above ground and in some way is passed into the soil, where it is found in little lumps, sometimes perfectly round, homeopathic-pill-like lumps upon the fibrous roots, sometimes in larger balls the size of a pea, at times in gross, misshapen wads larger than marbles. These nitrogen-filled lumps are called nodules, and scientific men have discovered that they contain besides the nitrogen a minute low form of animal life,—or a high form of vegetable life,—which is called bacteria. As yet no one has been able to prove exactly how or why this wonderful storage of gas by plant life is conducted, nor has anyone been able to state definitely why some plants are fitted by nature to select from the atmosphere nitrogen gas and store it away in these curious little excrescences upon its rootlets. Neither is it known whether the bacteria are friends or foes; that is, whether these minute creatures force the plants to gather or aid them in so doing. Of course, there are many opinions, strongly expressed by deeply learned authorities, regarding this matter, but, like most of nature's secrets, proof positive has not yet been discovered that man's investigations and deductions have solved this very remarkable nature riddle. Mankind merely knows that where legumes have grown the soil produces better and bigger crops. For this reason the legume is the best of all cover crops; and some of them, like the sand or hairy vetch, can be planted late and supply soil protection, decaying vegetable matter and nitrogen

THE PIPE OF THOUGHT

in its most valuable form for plant growth. There are a great number of legumes, and many of them are used annually by agriculturists—all the clover family, the red, crimson and white; the plant called lucerne by botanists, and blue clover or alfalfa by just folks; sweet clover, generally considered a weed; all the bean family, particularly the soy or soja; all the peas, especially the Canadian field pea and the cow pea; the lucernes and the vetches. Each particular variety has its champions who have reasons for their favoritism, some of them valid and some of them lacking conclusive proof.

On Long Island, years of experience have proven crimson clover to be absolutely hardy, hence as it is a remarkable gatherer of nitrogen, and a very strong grower with an immense number of leaves, it is particularly valuable as a fodder crop. To some it would not appeal because it should be planted fairly early. As a matter of fact, in this region it may be planted any time between June and the middle of September. Rye and vetch form a good combination, and this combination crop can be planted even in November. Such things as cow peas, Canadian field peas, soy beans, etc., are summer growers. They are killed by frosts, and, while they grow very strongly and even when dead form a protecting mat, they are not as valuable for a winter cover as the hardy crops, which include alfalfa. This latter is just coming into use as a cover crop and nitrogen gatherer. It has in the past been grown as an immensely valuable fodder crop alone. So, in summing up, we find the cover crop's value lies in the fact that it keeps the soil just where it belongs, that vegetable matter is being continually supplied and that nitrogen is being automatically and cheaply added to one's acres.

THE PIPE OF THOUGHT

THE Pipe of Thought,—a slender pipe,
A single mystic reed;
Whose fragile throat flutes out a song
That Time alone has freed.

EUGENE BLAISDELL BAKER.



**TWO CRAFTSMAN FARM-
HOUSES: DESIGNED FROM
THE STANDPOINT OF
BEAUTY AND COMFORT: A
NEW IDEA IN HEATING**

THE moving of large numbers of people from towns and cities to the farm is having a marked effect on life in the country, creating a demand for better and more comfortable farmhouses and buildings. In response to numerous requests we give this month two houses, designed especially to meet this need. Both houses are simple in design and construction, planned to be built entirely of stock material and the owner can in each case attend to the superintending of the construction, the ordering of material and so forth, without the aid or the expense of an architect.

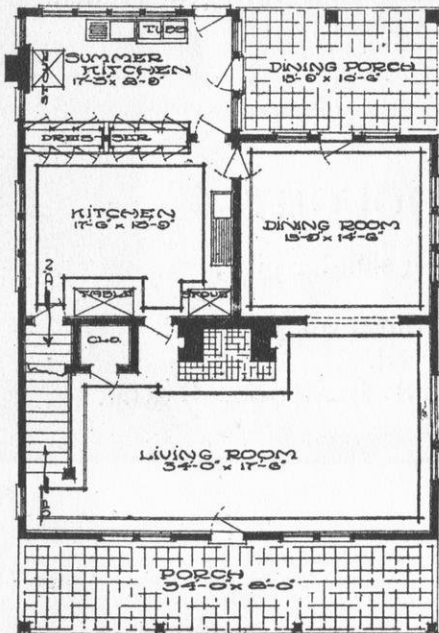
Both houses are shingled with sawn shingles. This is the most satisfactory of the cheaper materials for exterior walls, and can be finished with the ordinary shingle stains. Very beautiful effects in brown and moss green can be got by this method, while the stains are waterproof and preserve the wood. The roofs in either case are of ruberoid, batted, and as this roofing is made in colors, harmonizing effects can be secured between the roofs and side walls. We specially recommend this roofing material, not only because of its cheapness, but because it is practically fireproof, a condition well worth considering in building in the country where fire protection is always inadequate. With the open construction of cornices, the hewn log posts for porches and balconies and the stone foundations, the houses will be rustic enough in effect to make the exteriors suitable for almost any location in the country.

Farmhouse No. 107 is planned to meet the needs of an average-sized family. The large living room with its broad fireplace will suffice at once as a place for entertainment and the gathering of the family for the planning of the various industries which are being developed on the farm.

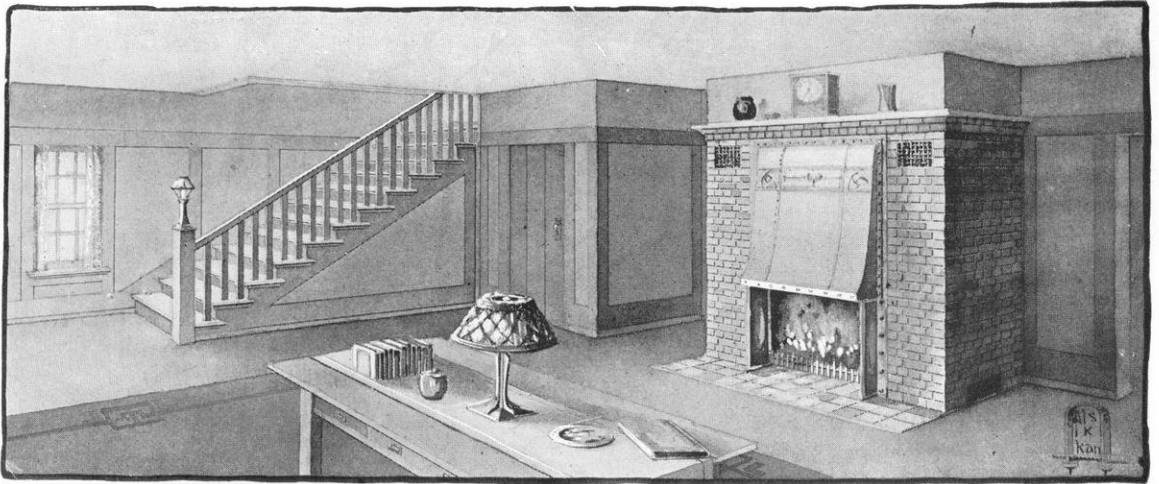
The opening to the dining room is left wide and a dining porch is provided so that meals may be served in the open.

The laundry tubs have been placed in the summer kitchen, an arrangement which practically takes the work out of the house and at the same time saves the time and labor involved when the laundry is down cellar.

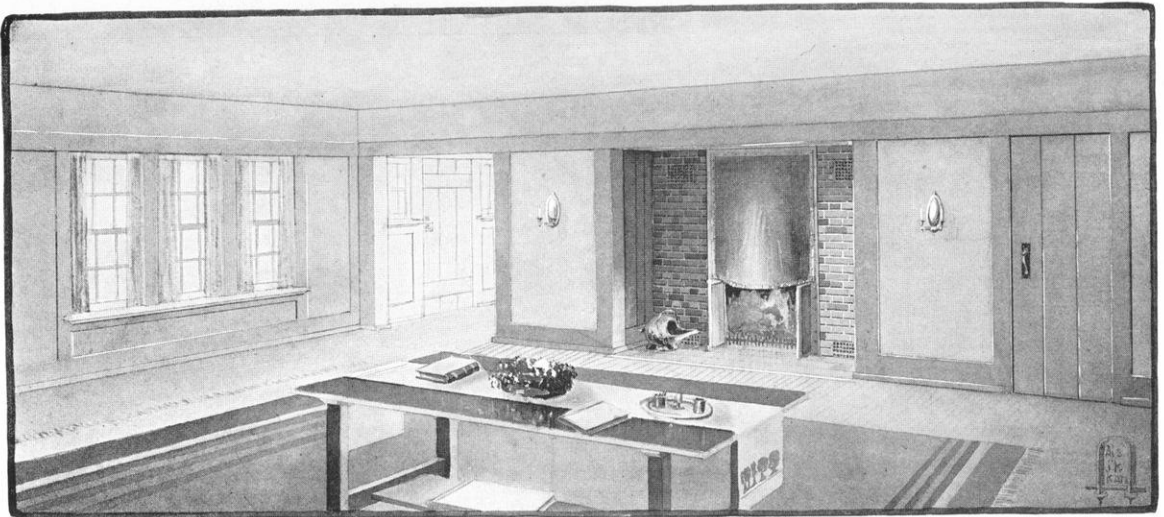
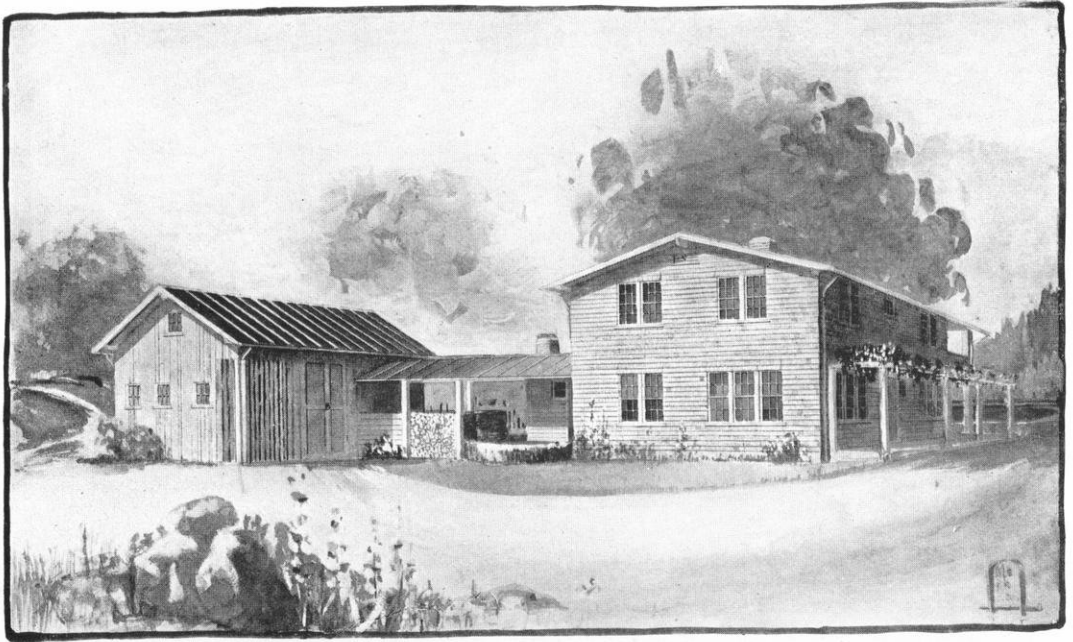
The summer kitchen is one of the delights of this plan, as it provides a place in summer where cooking, preserving and canning of fruits and vegetables, cleaning of milk cans and so forth, can be done. In winter it serves as an admirable place for cooking food for the stock, the cutting up and preparing of fresh meats and so forth. Four large bedrooms, bath and sewing room with



CRAFTSMAN FARMHOUSE NO. 107: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



CRAFTSMAN FARMHOUSE, NO. 107: A
MODERN COUNTRY DWELLING, DESIGNED
FOR COMFORT AND WHOLESOME LIVING.
LIVING ROOM IN FARMHOUSE, SHOWING
OUR NEW FIREPLACE AND THE STAIRWAY.



CRAFTSMAN FARMHOUSE, NO. 108: DESIGNED WITH ESPECIAL THOUGHT FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF THE NEW FARMER. LIVING ROOM, SHOWING WALL FINISHING, GROUPING OF WINDOWS AND OUR NEW FIREPLACE CONSTRUCTION.

TWO CRAFTSMAN FARMHOUSES

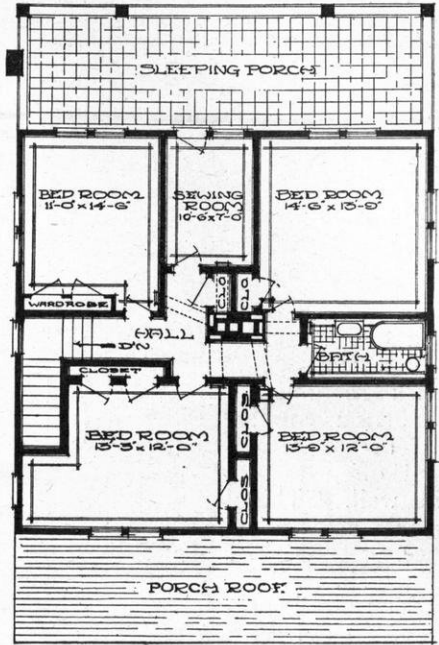
sleeping porch are provided on the second floor.

A significant feature in this house is the Craftsman Fireplace Furnace which is shown here for the first time in any of the Craftsman houses. The usual fireplace, no matter how well built, will not provide sufficient heat for more than the room in which it is placed; neither is it economical; two features which practically eliminate it from modern house building. Yet we feel that the fireplace is the center of the home life, and to eliminate it is to destroy the most charming feature of every home. After two years of experimenting we are now prepared to place on the market a furnace fireplace which has all the charm of the fireplace, with the additional advantage of furnishing warm-air heat for every room.

A welded steel body has been placed inside of the fireplace opening, so constructed that it is impossible for gases to escape into the warm-air ducts. Fresh air is conveyed from outside the house, to and around this steel body, where it is heated, and then passes on to the various rooms through air ducts built in the chimney. This warm air spreads out over the ceilings and gradually falls as it cools, finally finding its way down to the floor where it passes along the fireplace opening, then up the chimney, thus furnishing the best possible means of ventilation. An idea of the efficiency of this method of ventilation will be understood when we say that the smallest size fireplace furnace circulates 68,000 cubic feet of air per hour.

Steam and hot-water heat are efficient when properly installed, but both methods of heating are simply radiating heat into vitiated air, serving as the best possible means for incubating disease germs.

This fireplace furnace is efficient, economical to install and maintain, and has the additional advantage of being located on the main floor. It is provided with a shaking grate, the ashes falling in a pit in the cellar which will need cleaning but once a season. Either coal or wood can be used for fuel. The fireplace is provided with a regulating device which depends entirely for its action upon the expansion and contraction of the body of the furnace, thus securing positive automatic regulation which insures even heating throughout day or night. The fuel needs replenishing only once in twenty-four hours.



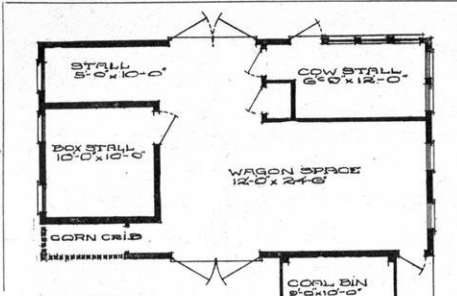
FARMHOUSE NO. 107: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

The fireplace is provided with hammered copper doors, so that it can be closed absolutely tight at night, and all danger of fire is removed by building the warm-air ducts inside of the chimney. We think this method of heating will appeal to all home builders, as it restores to the home the hearthstone, with all its friendliness, and yet eliminates all of its disadvantages. The present method of putting the furnace in the cellar renders this room unfit for use except for the storage of coal or for laundry purposes.

HOUSE No. 108 is more elaborately planned, being designed especially for convenience and economy in labor. The same method of heating is supplied, but another design for the fireplace is shown. Coal and wood closets are provided where fuel can be stored, easily accessible to fireplace and kitchen. This house, too, is equipped with a summer kitchen, containing stove and laundry tubs; an outdoor dining room, the long table with benches being enclosed from the yard with its circular hedge, forms a most charming place for serving meals during the entire summer.

The woodshed provides a passage under shelter to the barn and sufficiently isolates the barn from the house to remove any objectionable features. The barn is not intended to accommodate much stock, but a box stall and one single stall have been

TWO CRAFTSMAN FARMHOUSES



planned for horses, and a separate room, which will furnish room for three or four cows, has been partitioned off with a solid wall. This has an outside entrance.

Cows should be dehorned and then allowed the freedom of the paddock in all weather. They are the best judges of whether it is too cold to be out, and if the outside door is left open will properly care for themselves.

We located the feed bins in the loft and convey the feed to first floor through metal chutes so it will be convenient for feeding. A hay chute has also been provided. Ample room for carriage, wagon and farm tools is arranged for on the first floor. The corn crib is constructed of slats as shown; this should be lined on all sides, top and bottom, with a fine mesh wire to keep out rats or mice.

One of the great advantages of the fireplace being located on the first floor is the fact that there is no heat in the cellar. Fruit and vegetables can be stored in the cellar and will keep nicely all the winter.

THE raising of poultry and eggs has developed into one of the largest industries in the United States. In reality poultry is a by-product of the farm, the fowl being fed principally from table

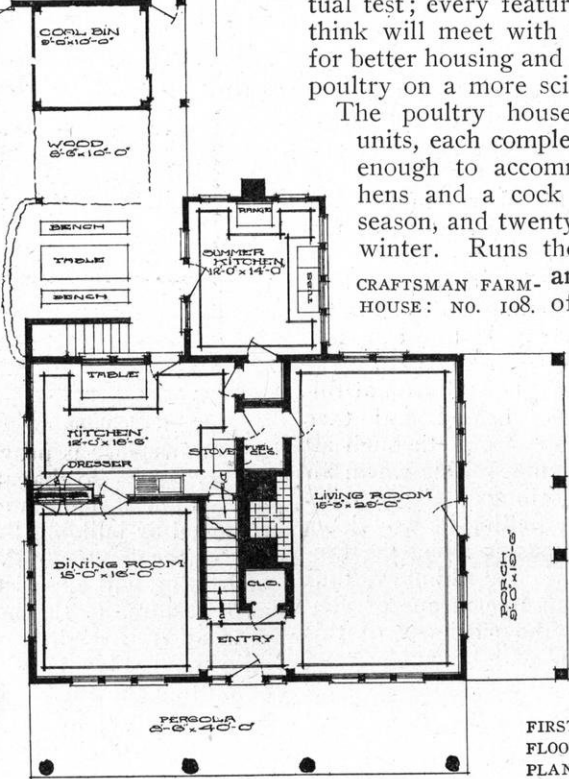
scraps and waste grain, and housed with other stock in tool sheds or wherever they can find shelter. Fowl need much fresh air, and no doubt this feature of the present method of letting them "shift for themselves" has produced such an enormous industry under such adverse conditions. The plan we are giving this month for housing poultry is the result of several years of actual test; every feature is practical and we think will meet with the growing demand for better housing and easier handling of the poultry on a more scientific basis.

The poultry house is a succession of units, each complete in itself, and large enough to accommodate eight or ten hens and a cock during the breeding season, and twenty-five fowl during the winter. Runs the width of the units

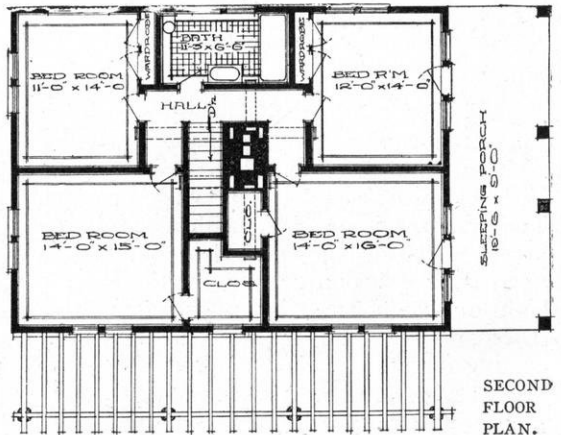
CRAFTSMAN FARM- and 75 feet long, made HOUSE: NO. 108. of 5-foot wire, will give the fowl all the outdoor freedom necessary, and will enable the owner to keep his breeding stock separate so as to secure the highest efficiency. A row of peach or plum trees should be set out in each run to provide shelter for the fowl. The run will become very fertile and the fowl will destroy

the insects that attack the trees so that the owner is assured a large yield of fruit.

A southern exposure is best for this par-



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

TWO CRAFTSMAN FARMHOUSES

ticular house, with the ground sloping away from the front. Where it is not possible to have a hill or woods in the rear of the house it would be best to set out fruit trees so as to afford shelter from the north winds.

The simplest and most inexpensive construction consistent with durability is recommended. All frame, including rafters,

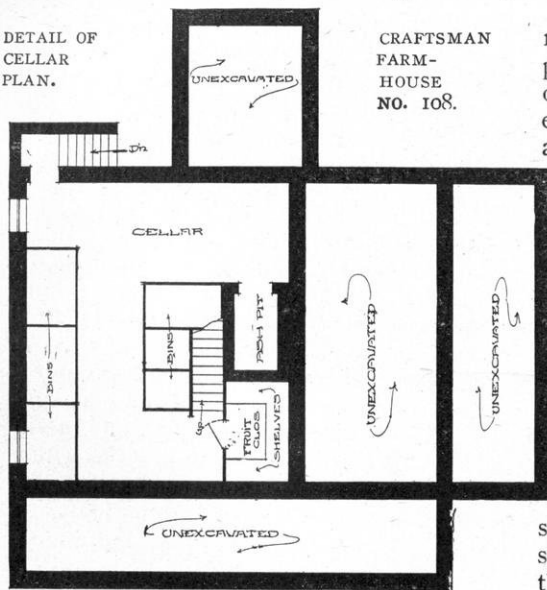
layer of tar paper between. Solid partitions are made between the roosting rooms, but wire is used as partitions for scratching sheds, except that every fourth partition is solid to prevent the wind from blowing through and forming a draught. The front is wired in for convenience in feeding and handling.

The building of the nest room back of roosts affords additional insulation, and as planned will be dark. It is accessible from outside so that the tender can gather the eggs without disturbing the fowl. The roosts are made of 2x4s rounded on the upper edge, set in brackets at either end of the room and are movable. Two small entrance doors, the clean-out door and the canvas door, constitute the entire front of the roosting room. When both are opened the sun will flood this room with sunshine, drying out the dampness formed and rendering the room fresh and sweet for the night. The floor of this room is raised about 12 inches above the grade of the scratching shed. This will lighten the labor of gathering the eggs as well as cleaning, and reduces the size of the roosting room to a mere hover so that the heat given off from the body of the fowl will prevent freezing of combs and insure a good circulation of air.

The circulation of air can be controlled by the "air outlet" doors, and a little experience will enable one to know just how to adjust the openings for various kinds of weather. The open scratching shed is the most important feature of the house. Here is an abundance of sunshine all day, and it is seldom too cold for the fowl to stay out and feed. One should be careful to keep about a foot of straw on the scratching floor at all times. We scatter the grain in this straw and the fowl are kept busy and warm.

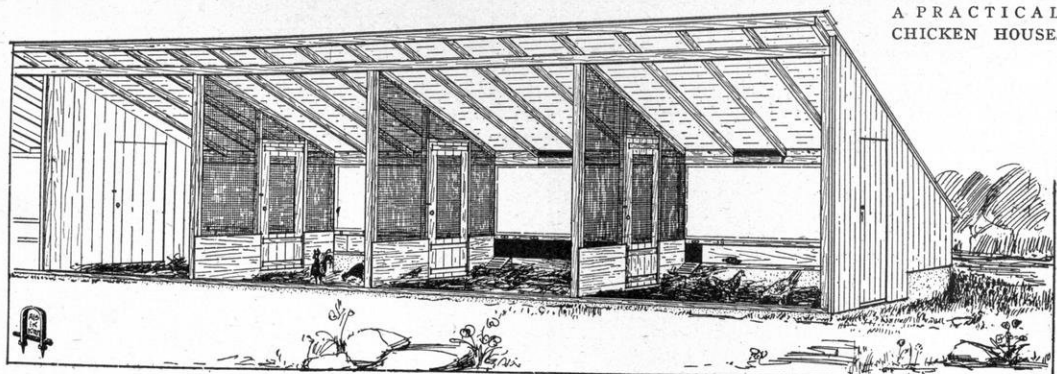
DETAIL OF
CELLAR
PLAN.

CRAFTSMAN
FARM-
HOUSE
NO. 108.



is made of 2 x 4 scantlings. The roof, walls and partitions are boarded with $\frac{7}{8}$ -inch shiplap. Ruberoid or any of the various ready-made roofing should be applied over the roof boards to insure a tight, warm building.

We have shown the foundation of 4-inch concrete, built down about 18 inches below the grade to prevent rats, weasels, and other animals from burrowing under. Dry earth should be filled in and leveled off with a few inches of sand and gravel for the floors. The outside walls are double thick with a



A PRACTICAL
CHICKEN HOUSE.

TWO CRAFTSMAN FARMHOUSES

This prevents them from getting overfat, and insures a good egg yield.

There is no prettier sight on the farm than one of these scratching sheds, alive with a dozen or more singing, scratching hens.

This open air method of housing fowls we have found by experience to be practical in this climate, and we believe would be equally so for almost any section of the United States. The fowls are in the open during the day, subjected to the changes of

best suited to produce colds and other kindred diseases so troublesome to handle, and so disastrous when once started, because contagious.

The question of fresh air at night for the roosting room is just as important and has been just as carefully considered in the design of this room, as has been done in the planning of the scratching shed. Ample provision is made to circulate the air as fast as it is used, by bringing in fresh air at the bottom, and releasing the stale air at the top of the room. This will afford ventilation, prevent drafts and at the same time permit securely closing the house at night.

So much attention is required in the successful raising of poultry whether one is growing stock and eggs for his own use, or is conducting it as a business, that the simplest and best methods should be used in either case. This house, we believe,

will meet both requirements as it is just as successfully built in single units as when constructed in rows.

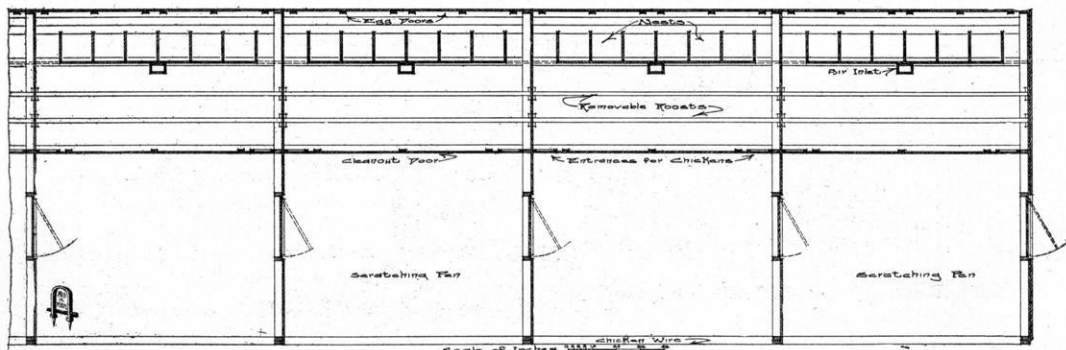
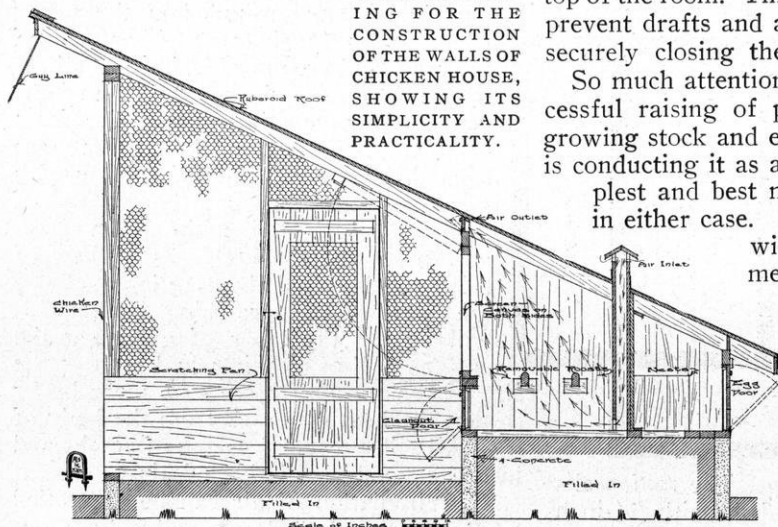
A good house is the first requirement, then with careful attention to details the poultry business may be developed into

temperature—yet always in the sunshine—which produces strong, hardy stock, insuring a larger egg yield, greater percentage of fertility, stronger chicks, with less disease and fatalities.

Contrast this method of housing with that where much glass is used. In the latter the heat of the sun's rays is intensified by the glass, the fowls become overheated and inactive, the air stale, just the condition

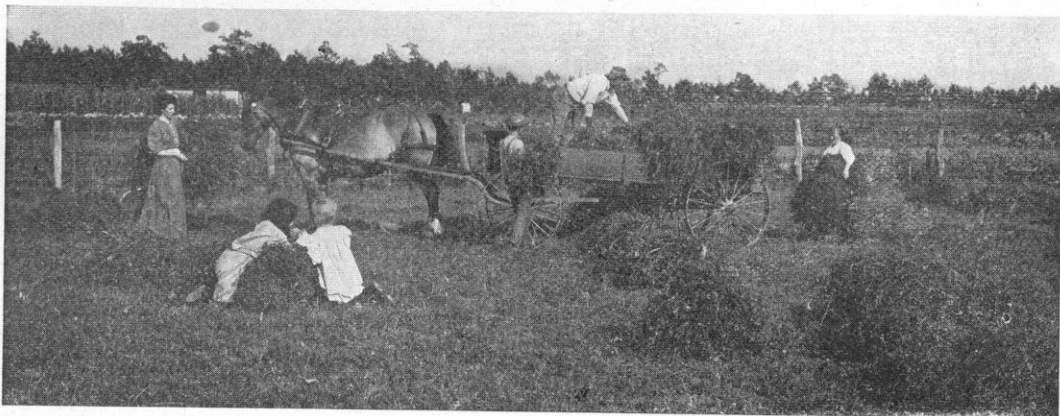
one of the most profitable of the farm industries; and certainly there is no more interesting occupation than the raising of fowl under scientific housing and management. This interesting occupation is showing such good profits that there is springing up in all parts of the country poultry plants designed to accommodate large numbers of fowl. This will soon place poultry raising in the front row of American industries.

WORKING DRAWING FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE WALLS OF CHICKEN HOUSE, SHOWING ITS SIMPLICITY AND PRACTICALITY.



DETAIL OF PLAN FOR SCRATCHING SHED IN CHICKEN HOUSE.

GROWING ALFALFA IN THE EAST



THE WHOLE FAMILY HARVESTING ALFALFA.

CAN ALFALFA BE GROWN TO ADVANTAGE IN THE EAST? BY H. B. FULLERTON

GENERATIONS of the inhabitants of the old world, so called, have set great store by this big yielding, hardy, easily grown blue-blossomed clover, called Lucerne by botanists, but known to practically all the rest of mankind as Alfalfa, its Arabic name. Scientists tell us that this plant's original habitat was Arabia, and from thence it was distributed throughout Europe. And so great has been its value as a food for animals and even birds that man the world over has sought the secret of its cultivation. Practically all agricultural races have long possessed fields of this forage, for it is apparently influenced but slightly by altitude, climatic conditions or soil variations.

Cortez, who knew it in Spain, found it growing most thriftily in the valley of Mexico at an altitude of a mile and a half, and where the water level is seldom much below a foot from the soil's surface. It is common in many sections of South America. It thrives in the high and dry sections of Arizona and New Mexico, as well as in the interior of the United States.

It grows luxuriantly on the salt-water girt peninsula of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia. It thrives in the sea-washed sand of southern New Jersey, and in New Jersey's heavier, higher portions to the north.

On the rocky heights, in the heavy clays and in the rich lower lands of Pennsylvania it is a thoroughly satisfactory crop. Upon Long Island, whose surrounding bodies of salt water furnish nightly, even in the driest summers, abundant moisture, alfalfa has proven in the past four years particularly

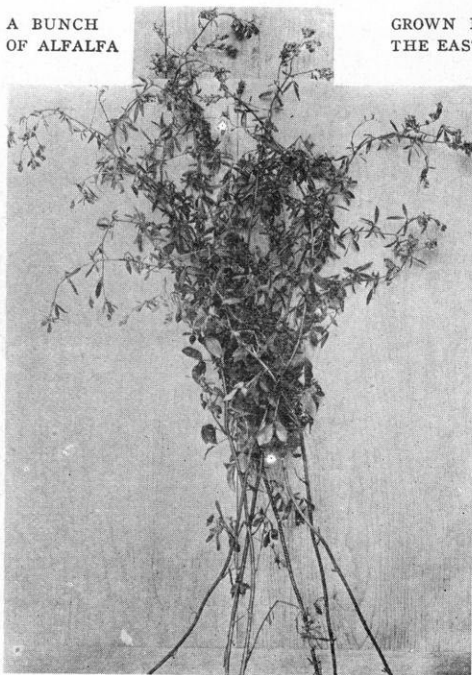
successful, whether it is planted on the lighter soils of the south or ocean side, in the "pine barrens" or central section or on the higher, stronger soil along the Sound shore in the north.

Within a decade attempts have been made in various sections of the Eastern States to start alfalfa fields. The proportion of failures was so great, however, that slight headway was made, the reason really being that alfalfa, at that time, had not received sufficient scientific study to bring to light the prime requisites necessary to assure a vigorous catch and a paying crop.

In 1905 it was decided to make it one of

A BUNCH
OF ALFALFA

GROWN IN
THE EAST.



GROWING ALFALFA IN THE EAST

the crops to which the Long Island Railroad's Experimental Station would give special care and study. At this time the very comprehensive book on alfalfa by Neighbor Coburn had not been published, and available detail was not at hand, yet the practical experience of Western growers and Western agricultural institutions furnished sufficient data upon which to formulate a plan of campaign.

Boiled down, there were just three absolute necessities, a "sweet" or alkaline soil, plenty of humus or decayed and decaying vegetable matter, and the rather mysterious and comparatively newly discovered bacteria.

It was asserted that even though the soil was alkaline and filled with humus, alfalfa would fail in many sections of the United States, because that particular family of bacteria recognized as an absolute necessity for a permanent field of alfalfa was lacking.

To those in charge of Long Island's Experimental Stations this point seemed astonishing, to put it mildly, for knowing that practically all clovers,—the low-growing, dainty, white-flowered plant, the tall, coarse, red-headed fellow, the superb plant of medium stature, with its oval-shaped crimson glory, the near-shrub, with long delicate spikes and sweet-scented white flowers, the tall juicy-stalked blue, violet, and occasionally purple-flowered plants, with leaves and stalks and honey-filled flowerets, and roots weirdly decorated or distorted by curious knobs, knots and pellets (in which scientists say reside the bacteria, that either force this plant to draw nitrogen from the air, or are coaxed by the plant to perform this wonderful operation for its benefit), knowing, as we have said, that all varieties, white, red, crimson and sweet clover, grew with vigor in all sections of Long Island, we never doubted for one moment that the blue-flowered member of this family would do likewise.

Experience has forcefully demonstrated to us that a mighty important item to be considered was the seed, so having always pinned our faith on the United States Government we appealed to its Department of Agriculture. The seed sent us showed ideal germinating qualities, and was planted in accordance with the plan originally laid out. The soil selected had but the fall before been cleared of oak and chestnut stumps and sweet fern and huckleberry

bushes. It had been plowed and roughly harrowed far too late in the season to attempt fall planting; as fall had gone, and in spite of the oft-repeated statement that fall was the only time for the planting of alfalfa we decided to plant it as early in the spring as possible.

On testing a handful of the soil by means of litmus paper, it was found to be acid. This we felt sure would be the case, for the sun's rays had been withheld from it by the wild growth covering it. We had spread upon the field, as evenly as could be done by means of the fork, for at that time we owned no manure spreader, ten tons of manure, and this, of course, had been turned under.

When spring opened we found by experiment that six hundred pounds of hardwood ashes was sufficient to counteract the acid and give us an alkaline soil, therefore we had the humus and the alkalinity, and part of the field was planted without any attempt to introduce the particular strain of bacteria said to be necessary for alfalfa growth, yet lacking in the Eastern States.

One plot was seeded without any attempt at bacterial inoculation; next to it we spread soil from an old alfalfa field we found Upstate. Another section we attempted to inoculate with bacteria from laboratory cultures, and still another had laboratory culture—inoculation of both soil and seed. In three days after the seed was sown alfalfa was up above the ground on both the plot inoculated by alfalfa field soil, and upon the plot which had received no inoculation whatever, being simply newly cleared Long Island soil. The growth and color of the plants in both these plots appeared identically the same. There was a difference, however, in the stand secured, it being irregular or splotchy on the virgin soil, and very even and heavy where alfalfa field soil had been sown.

On the plot which had received the laboratory culture inoculation, and upon the plot where *both* soil and seed had been inoculated artificially, there appeared no growth whatever, hence, the very beginning of our work had presented most interesting problems, and a solution was, of course, a necessity.

As time passed common sense demonstrated to us the fact that while alfalfa could be grown upon Long Island soil without inoculation of any description, the yield would be about one-fourth that obtained from the same seed where natural soil in-

GROWING ALFALFA IN THE EAST

oculation had been practiced. As a matter of fact it required four years to bring the uninoculated plot up to that which received natural soil inoculation at planting time, while our barren plots demonstrated the fact that, for some reason, where inoculation by laboratory culture was tried we had failed utterly.

Our many experiences since that time have invariably resulted in the selfsame failure, there being but one exception, this exception occurring when the laboratory cultures were forwarded in a carrier of swamp muck or humus.

Cultures received by us in water, gelatin, and other artificial carrying mediums have, up to the present time, shown absolutely no effect on the various plants upon which they have been tried.

Investigation by scientists of our barren plots proved that instead of developing a benign bacteria these laboratory cultures had developed another low form of life which was absolutely harmful to plant growth.

We had two alfalfa fields, and some of the alfalfa on both of them, at the first cutting, had reached the height of thirty-nine inches, the average, taking the field as a whole, being thirty-six inches. This first year three cuttings were secured, and we found the yield to be four and three-fourth tons to the acre, and this magnificent forage was selling, at that time, in New York City at \$22.00 a ton. It has sold since as high as

\$30.00, and its use is growing as Americans are realizing its value.

In the past two years we have sent from the Long Island Railroad's Experimental Stations enough alfalfa field soil filled with bacteria to establish on Long Island something over one hundred and thirty alfalfa fields, and again established dairying upon Long Island, which once supplied from the neighborhood of Westbury the milk and butter used in New York and Brooklyn.

As a milk and butter producer, a ton of alfalfa is equal to three tons and more of hay. Horses will touch nothing else as long as a sprig of alfalfa remains in the rack. Swine devour it greedily, and pork built up on an alfalfa diet brings as high as two cents a pound above the corn or swill fed article.

Fowl are very fond of it and its use invariably increases the egg yield, hence, no acreage possessor can afford to be without an alfalfa field, even if no stock is kept except chickens.

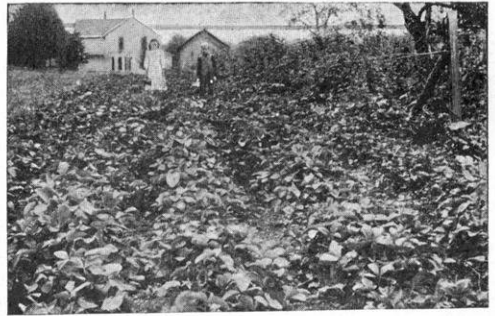
In spite of the drought of 1910 three crops of alfalfa were secured without irrigation of any description, but where a portion of the field was irrigated by the overhead system continuous cuttings were secured, and from one-half an acre all the green food to keep two cows and a yearling heifer in good condition was obtained, and best of all, a foundationless theory that alfalfa could not be grown successfully on Long Island or elsewhere in the East, was most thoroughly and practically exploded.



KNEE DEEP IN A LONG ISLAND ALFALFA FIELD.

A LIVING FROM A THREE-ACRE FARM: POSSIBILITIES OF HEALTH AND HAPPINESS FOR THE MAN WITH SMALL MEANS: BY W. H. JENKINS

A TRUTH or principle I would state is that the natural life of man is the country or suburban life, when this life is rightly lived by those who are fitted to make the most of its opportunities. There is one class I have more especially in mind in writing this experience in home making,—the intelligent class of city laborers, having families and some capital, in the shop or office, who are dissatisfied with their present life and its limitations, because of the visions of rural life they see, and who are looking for an opportunity to work out these ideals. The rich man, when he goes to the country to make a home, can afford to make mistakes, but a man with small means cannot. His success depends on doing things rightly. A few serious mistakes use up his little capital, and his hopes end in disappointment and failure. Those who most value health, a feeling of security and the enjoyment of living close to nature, are the ones who should go to the country. Better health, and the best success in the coun-



THE CHILDREN'S STRAWBERRY PATCH.

try there was a good house, old-fashioned, but very substantial, that with some repairs and vines, has been made very comfortable and homelike, and also a large barn. The place is located near a village. It was sold at a low price to settle up an estate. It contains three acres, and the price paid was \$2,000. The soil is almost ideal,—a deep clay loam, naturally drained, and there was a home market for produce. These are conditions I consider essential. With these, the problem can be worked out.

I wanted to make the enterprise profitable in a financial way, as well as to furnish pleasure and recreation. I am not a good salesman, and could never peddle truck. I had some experience in gardening and small farming, and knew there were two commodities I could sell quickly for cash,—fancy strawberries and eggs. Celery, followed by onions, gave me large returns per acre for a few years, but I finally gave them up for they required too much of my time to prepare them for market and sell them.

For those who wish to grow celery, I will describe briefly the plan I have worked out that gave me very large returns,—on some small fields at the rate of \$2,000 per acre. I planted on a loamy, deep soil, made very rich with manures. The soil was deeply and very finely pulverized, then leveled. Golden Self-Blanching celery for the main crop was set in rows 12 and 24 inches apart, alternately, and 6 inches apart in rows. The average distance apart of the rows was 18 inches. Forty thousand good plants should be grown on an acre. When the celery was 6 to 8 inches high, the 24-inch space between the rows was mulched with coarse manure which made a moist place for the roots to grow in, and took the place of handling. Sixteen-inch-wide boards were



THE HOUSE OF MR. JENKINS IS OLD-FASHIONED BUT COMFORTABLE.

try, do not come from doing our work mechanically, from a sense of duty, but from a love and enthusiasm for it.

A few years ago I found I was not capable of close application to brain work all day. How to relax from this work so as to maintain my health, was the problem I had to solve. An opportunity came for me to purchase a few acres of land, on which

A LIVING FROM A THREE-ACRE FARM



GATHERING GRAPES IN THE JENKINS' VINEYARD.

then set along the plants so two rows were boarded together, i. e., two rows of celery between two rows of boards. The boards were kept apart with stakes until the celery had grown above them a few inches, when they were brought together, which completed the blanching. Irrigation by city water was used when needed.

Cabbage and cauliflower were also safe money crops, but like most of the other vegetables, they were too bulky to handle, and the sales too slow, so I finally settled on the plan of selling eggs and strawberries for my main money crops, and growing a large supply of all the fruits and vegetables for family use, and so have the best living possible, and sell or give away the surplus.

I began to buy the fruit trees soon after coming into possession of my place. Not wishing to give space for them elsewhere, I planted along division fences, roadways, etc., 300 pear, plum and cherry trees. I also bought some small ornamental trees, evergreens, etc., and planted in nursery rows for later transplanting. Old apple trees on the place were grafted to choice varieties. All this was a cash outlay of at least \$100. Some of the fruit trees died, but many are coming into bearing now, so we are having an abundance of all the fruits. A little vineyard of many choice varieties of grapes, now coming into bearing, is giving our family great satisfaction. Begin-

ning with Winchell as earliest, we have a great abundance of Delawares, Wordens, Niagaras, Moore's Early and Concord in their season, and large quantities for preserving. Our large plot of Cuthbert and Golden Queen raspberries furnish the table with fine dessert berries immediately after strawberries are gone.

The live stock I keep, besides the poultry, is one or two Jersey cows and a horse. These furnish about all the fertilizer used. From an experience in buying milk and butter, I learned that if you want the best you must keep your own cow, and that it is more economical, if you have land on which to grow part of her food. Alfalfa is solving the problem of feeding live stock on the small farm. One acre of my rich garden soil grows from six to eight tons of alfalfa hay, and with alfalfa the grain ration for all my animals can be reduced more than one-half. It is especially valuable for hens kept in the confinement of yards. I have some plots of alfalfa growing in drills, 18 inches apart, which I cultivate like my other garden crops. The alfalfa is cut in short lengths with a feed cutter, and fed to the hens in slatted boxes, and they eat it as readily as grain. Because of its large per cent. of protein, I regard alfalfa as the best food for all farm animals, and after I have obtained the largest possible production of



BOY OPERATING A CELERY-PLANTING MACHINE.

milk and eggs with grain and other food, I can further increase the production with alfalfa, and animals leave all other food uneaten when they have plenty of alfalfa. Three things that I am now learning to do is to keep a strain of White Leghorn hens that will give me the largest white eggs, and so feed and care for them as to get the largest profit; to grow fancy strawberries that never sell for less than 15 cents per quart, and to grow alfalfa successfully.

A LIVING FROM A THREE-ACRE FARM



A VIGOROUS PLUM TREE GROWN IN SEVEN YEARS.

I want to get my whole living from my little farm of only three acres of cultivated land, and the above makes the cash income. With an abundant supply of vegetables and fruits in their season, and with the home supply of eggs, milk, butter, cream, etc., the living expenses are so reduced that a smaller cash income is needed.

For the last 15 years we have planted, each year, for home use, the best vegetables and fruits, and now we begin the season with rhubarb and asparagus, and green peas and strawberries follow.

Strawberries have been grown for village markets and sold by men from the wagon. I now grow mostly Marshall, Brandywine and Wm. Belt, by a narrow system that is about equivalent to the hill culture. The plants are set 20 inches apart each way. All the runners are cut until July, when one runner on each plant is bedded between the hills one way, so the plants stand 20 x 10 inches. The most of the cultivation is done with the horse-wheel and hand-wheel cultivators. The plants are kept in hills, as above, the rest of the summer, and then they should be well mulched. I am almost sure to grow fine berries on a clover or alfalfa sod, with a little manure.

Tools have been purchased year after year, until I have the outfit for the garden.

Think of having a pint at each meal of fully ripe, sweet strawberries, that money will seldom buy. Then later, in the season, cherries, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries, grapes, plums, pears and apples, and all these of the highest quality, and besides these all the edible garden vegetables, and having all you want of them. Think of living on your own soil,

where each year you can plant ornamental trees, shrubs, and flowers, that make your home beautiful, and a good place to live. Think of living in the pure air, and in the sunshine, and the freedom of this life. Think of the æsthetic and moral influence that comes to you, living with your plants and flowers, away from the city street. These are some of the compensations in owning a country home.

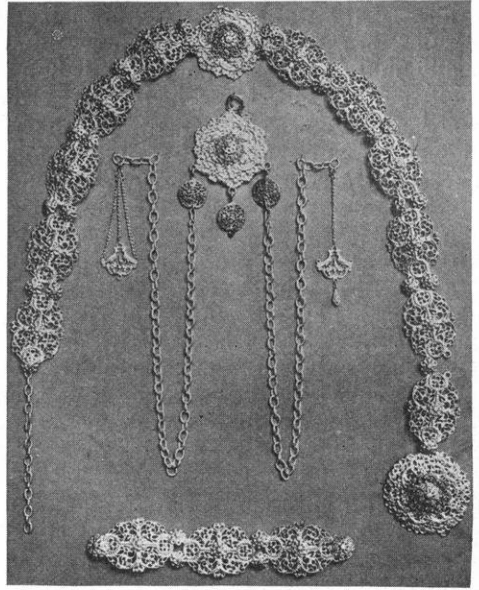
My little place of less than four acres, has cost less than \$3,000. The income in an average year, when I worked the land in garden crops, has been, for celery, cauliflower, cabbage, raspberries, blackberries, grapes, apples, and other fruit, eggs and dairy products, about \$1,300. Expenses, hired help, grain, fertilizer, etc., \$600, leaving a profit of \$700. In eight years an indebtedness of \$1,500 has been paid, and \$1,000 spent for permanent improvements, trees, live stock, tools, repairing buildings, etc. For the last few years, when a part of my time has been given to other occupations, more thought has been given to home-making, planting, ornamentals, etc., and enjoying our home.

Trees, shrubs, flowers, etc. are being planted, a summerhouse is built. We find it a great pleasure to own land, and make plans for landscape and ornamental gardening. Groups of trees are started, and flower beds made on the home grounds just as we want them. The children have their own garden and domestic animals, and having work at home, escape the education of the street. Those who wish to build up a country home, as we have done, will succeed only by close study, and hard work, and they should avail themselves of the help of the best farm and garden literature, and State agricultural institutions. Good agricultural and horticultural journals are worth many times their cost, and a short or a long course in an agricultural college is time and money well invested. Whatever success I have attained in getting a good living from the soil, I feel that I owe it to the agricultural press, and my contact with the educators in our State agricultural institutions. One needs a good deal of scientific knowledge to buy a country place,—knowledge of soils, plants, animals, and the conditions one must meet in country life,—granted these, men can go back to the soil, in the right way, without failure, disappointment, and reaction.

MILITARY INFLUENCE ON DRESS AND JEWELRY

ANCIENT SWISS JEWELRY: THE INFLUENCE OF A MILITARY UNIFORM ON COS- TUME: BY J. VAN SOMMER: PART TWO

BEFORE continuing the story of ancient Swiss jewelry, it may be well to refer to the article published in the January issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, because there is really a very well defined sequence in the development of this art, which is perhaps best explained by recalling what may be classified as the axioms of jewelry, stated at length in the number referred to. The first of these was that the highest use of ornamentation through jewelry is to set off the dress; the second that originality of design in this ornamentation alone leads to its perfection, and that the combination of these two conditions must



SILVER ORNAMENTS OF A SWISS LADY OF 1650.



A SWISS COSTUME, THE ORNAMENTS OF WHICH CAN BE TRACED TO THE UNIFORM OF THE BLACK HUSSAR.

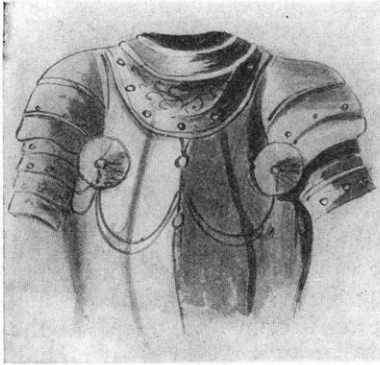
inevitably achieve ideal beauty in dress. We explained in the previous article that as the art of Swiss jewelry progressed mosaic and enamel were combined with jewels, but from the very beginning each interesting phase of craftsmanship showed the beautiful silver filigree work as a setting, until finely wrought filigree, whether with mosaic, enamel or jewel became recognized as the popular phase of this art in Switzerland. When ornaments of this nature were worn in clusters, strung together with fine hand-wrought silver chains, there could be no question of the decorative effect given to the picturesque clothing of the canton, the highest purpose of jewelry. A Swiss costume ornamented in this fashion is one of the illustrations of this article, and it would be hard to imagine anything more attractive in design and in the final decoration of dress. It also suggests what is most interesting to the writer, the influence of military costume in the dress of the Swiss canton. This particular costume, for instance, seems to be an adaptation of the uniform of the Black Hussar.

The Swiss Confederation is one of those countries that has been through the stress and storm of fighting for liberty, and the impress of those stirring times has unquestionably remained in various details of the high note of color which it gave, and the added note of dignity. It was the inevitable completion of a woman's dress, which is the

MILITARY INFLUENCE ON DRESS AND JEWELRY

costume of the women. It is noticeable in the color, in the outline, in the jewelry, especially in the chains, the heavy belt and the silver rosettes, all of which are derived from the familiar accouterments of soldiers. In the result, however, there is nothing military; it is an adaptation, not an imitation, and an adaptation carried far enough to bring about an intrinsically feminine effect.

In Appenzall, one of the Swiss cantons, there is a distinctive head dress which has unquestionably survived the influence of the helmet of the Roman soldier. Through this canton the soldiers of many nations have marched, and at times when they have been overcome by the fighting mountaineers they were forced under the yoke of the oxen, and the women of the canton took as their vantage of war the plumes of the vanquished



THE ORNAMENTS OF THIS PIECE OF ARMOR UNDOUBTEDLY SUGGESTED THE CHAIN AND ROSETTES OF THE SWISS COSTUMES.

soldiers. It is interesting to contrast the helmet of the Roman soldier with the head dress of the women of Appenzall.

It is, however, the knightly armor of the sixteenth century that chiefly influenced the cantonal costume, especially in the development of the jewelry. It is interesting to notice the decorative rosettes that are worn by the women, which were so inevitably a part of the armor to protect the shoulders. Any young lieutenant of that time wearing his shoulder belt and chain with the lion rosettes could recognize his counterpart in the Zurich woman with the red belt across her breast and the rosettes and silver chains passing under her arms. And to me, at least, it seems that these girls gain an added consciousness of dignity and erectness of bearing, almost a military precision in their carriage when adorned with this dignified and beautiful jewelry. The French use a word *porter*, to carry, as the equivalent of our word to wear, and it is also applicable in relation to such jew-

COSTUME OF A LADY OF APPENZALL; BOTH JEWELRY AND HEAD DRESS SHOW THE INFLUENCE OF MILITARY ACCOUTERMENT. NOTE THE HEAD-DRESS OF THE ROMAN SOLDIER GIVEN BELOW. ALSO IN THE PICTURE OF ARMOR THE IDEA IS GIVEN FOR THE SILVER JEWELRY WORN ON THIS BODICE.



elry as is worn by these Swiss women.

In one of our illustrations we show the silver ornaments worn by a lady in Switzerland in 1650. Beside the brooch is shown the heavy silver girdle, which was worn quite loose or else with a supplementary chain, from which depended the chatelaine with an array of household articles in silver. In the National Museum at Zurich there is an old oil painting of a knight, with his shoulder belt and sword belt, and in an adjoining room there is a figure of a lady in the costume of the early part

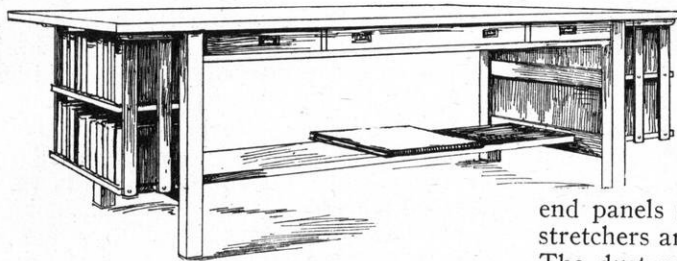
the seventeenth century. The two paintings have no connection in time whatever, but in comparing them it is easy to trace the resemblance in dress, even the belts, one leather and the other silver, are worn in the same manner, but in one picture the chatelaine takes the place of the sword.



And it seems but natural that the women of a fighting country who were proud of their men should in a measure dress to show their appreciation, and in the long continued period of war time adapt their dress on gala occasions to the dress of those who were battling for them.

CRAFTSMAN LIBRARY TABLES AND NEWEL-POST LIGHTING FIXTURES

THE designs for cabinet work shown this month are rather more ambitious than any we have planned for some time past, and they offer an opportunity for the worker who has practiced on smaller and simpler articles and wishes to test his skill on a larger and more important piece of furniture. The main consideration in the carrying out of these designs is, of course, care and accuracy in the workmanship, but any amateur cabinet-



CRAFTSMAN LIBRARY TABLE: NO. 1
WITH BOOKSHELVES AT EACH END.

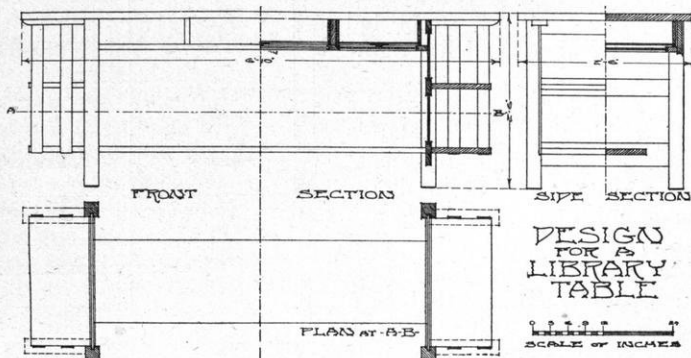
maker who has had a fair amount of training in his avocation ought not to experience much difficulty in the finishing of any of the pieces published in this number.

Table No. 1 has the regular library table construction and is very strongly made. An unusual feature is the addition of the bookshelves at either end. These are roomy enough to hold a number of reference books, and are sure to be extremely useful. The top of the table is unusually long and extends 12 inches over either post and completely covers the bookshelves. The overhang at the sides is 2 inches. A cleat is mortised into each post and the rail under the top, and is then secured to the top with table clamps. The strips supporting the bookshelves are mortised into this cleat and fastened with dowel pins to each shelf below. The shelves are also doweled to the rail that extends across from post to post. The stretcher under the table extends the entire length of the table and is mortised into the lower stretcher that extends crosswise between

the posts. Three drawers $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep are placed between the posts, two narrow ones on either side and a wider one in the center. These drawers are made in the same way we have so often described, and are furnished with a dust panel underneath. The heavy top of the table is fastened to the posts and the top stretcher in the usual manner with table clamps, which we can furnish anyone who wishes them upon request. This table stands 2 feet 6 inches high; it is 6 feet 10 inches long at the top and measures 2 feet 6 inches wide. The posts are $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches square and the top is $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches thick. The stretcher is almost as heavy as the top, and measures 1 inch thick. The bookshelves are each $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick and are $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. The slats for the sides of the bookshelves are made of strips of wood 2 inches wide by $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. The end panels are $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, and the end stretchers are 1 inch thick by 3 inches wide. The dust panel underneath the drawers is made of $\frac{3}{8}$ - or $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch paneling, with 2- or 3-inch frames. The lower ends of the posts should be, of course, chamfered or beveled to avoid splintering the edges.

Table No. 2 is constructed more plainly than Table No. 1. It is simple to a degree in line and finish, and has neither drawers nor side bookshelves to perplex the worker who is not sure of his ability. The stretcher in this case is used as a bookshelf and is fitted with a solid back and end partitions in order to keep the books from being shoved off the shelf. Two skids 2 inches thick and beveled at the ends are mortised to the tops of the posts. The solid ends are also mortised to the posts and extend 1 inch below the shelf or stretcher. The stretcher

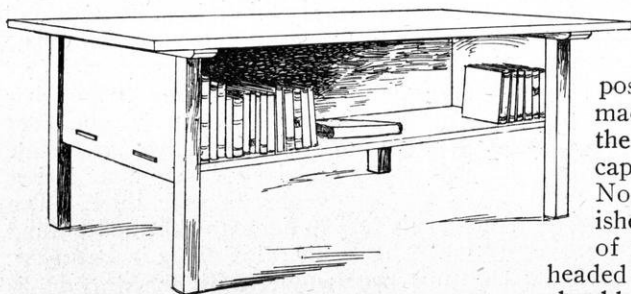
Table No. 2 is constructed more plainly than Table No. 1. It is simple to a degree in line and finish, and has neither drawers nor side bookshelves to perplex the worker who is not sure of his ability. The stretcher in this case is used as a bookshelf and is fitted with a solid back and end partitions in order to keep the books from being shoved off the shelf. Two skids 2 inches thick and beveled at the ends are mortised to the tops of the posts. The solid ends are also mortised to the posts and extend 1 inch below the shelf or stretcher. The stretcher



CRAFTSMAN CABINET AND METAL WORK

is mortised into these ends and fastened from underneath with dowel pins. This table is only 4 feet 6 inches long at the top and is 2 feet 6 inches wide. It stands 2 feet 6 inches high. The posts are 2½ inches square. The top is made 1⅞ inches thick. The stretcher that runs lengthwise of the table is made of a board 1 inch thick and 19 inches wide. The partitions are 15 inches wide and 1 inch thick. The top of the table is fastened to the skids instead of to the posts, but the regular table clamps are used. The ends of the posts are chamfered in the usual way.

Table No. 3 is the simplest of all in



CRAFTSMAN LIBRARY TABLE; NO. 2:
A SHELF FOR BOOKS UNDERNEATH.

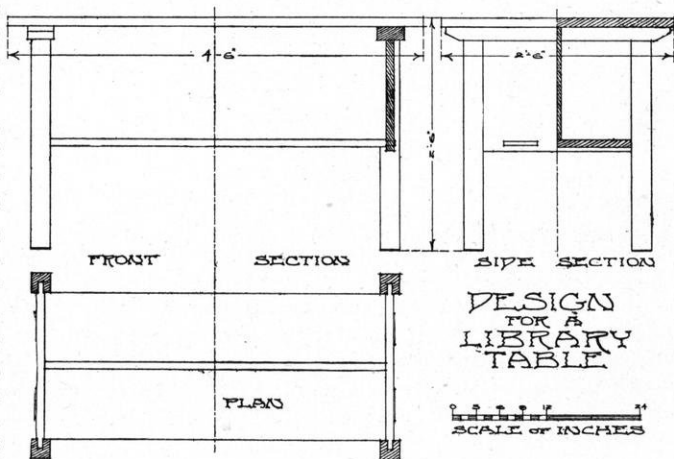
construction shown here and is easiest to make. The four posts are held together by the stretchers under the shelf. These stretchers are mortised through the posts and dowel pins are put through the mortise. The tops of the posts are mortised into the skids, and the skids are fastened to the top with table clamps. The stretcher under the shelf is made in two sections, each one of which is notched out half its width on opposite sides, and the two notches locked together. The notches should be carefully cut so that the stretchers fit together tightly and are flush at top and bottom. The shelf is supported by the stretchers and fits tightly between the posts. The bottoms of the posts should be chamfered. This table stands 2 feet 5 inches high and measures 3 feet 4 inches in diameter at the top. The posts are lighter than in the other two tables and are only 1¾ inches square. The skids that are used under the top are 1½ inches by 3 inches. The shelf

is proportionately lighter than the top and is ¾ of an inch thick, and the stretchers under the shelf are 1 inch thick.

THE designs published for the use of metal workers this month show two unusual ideas for newel-post lights, and are neither of them difficult to make. They are simple and graceful in contour and either one would be a most harmonious and fitting finish for a hall built on the sturdy Craftsman lines. These pieces can, of course, be made of any metal that the worker prefers, or one that harmonizes best with the color scheme employed in the decoration of the room.

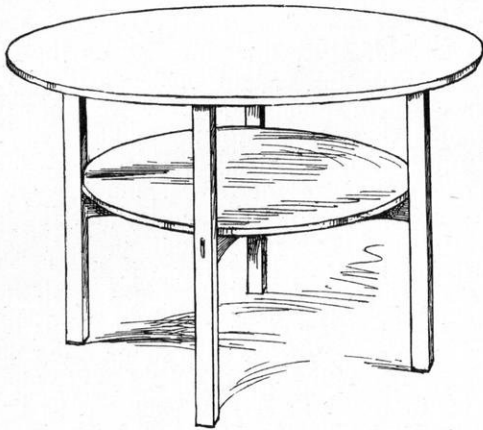
To make Design No. 1, which is a candle fixture fitted to newel post, a square canopy or cap should be made to fit the top of the post on which the candlestick is to be fastened. This cap should be made of either No. 18 or No. 20 gauge metal, and should be finished with holes to allow the fastening of the cap to the post with square-headed nails or screws.

Then a candle cup should be built up of the metal, No. 20 gauge, and fitted to the top of the canopy. A ring of metal is placed between the candle cup and the canopy, and is used as a seating for the cup to rest in. Care should be taken to make the candle cup exactly the right size, so that the candle will fit into it very tightly. Then a band that tapers slightly toward the top should be made to fit over the top of the candle, and from this band should project the three prongs which are to support the shade. No. 20 gauge metal should be used for the shade, which is made of a flat disc of metal with four ob-



CRAFTSMAN CABINET AND METAL WORK

long openings pierced into it. The top and bottom of this shade are finished by rolling over a wire, in the way we have described so often. In the design shown here mica is used for the openings in the shade. This material is undoubtedly the most desirable for use in a lighting fixture in a hall, where sudden draughts are apt to cause the candle to flicker, and therefore might damage a shade lined with more combustible material. The mica may be held to the shade with little lugs that are riveted to the inside of the shade. These lugs can then be bent against the mica in order to hold it firm. We can



CRAFTSMAN TABLE: NO. 3; ESSENTIALLY CONVENIENT FOR TEA, SEWING OR MAGAZINES.

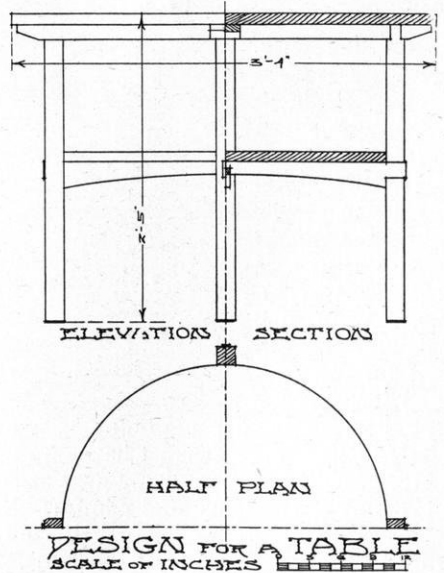
send the pattern for this shade to anyone requesting it.

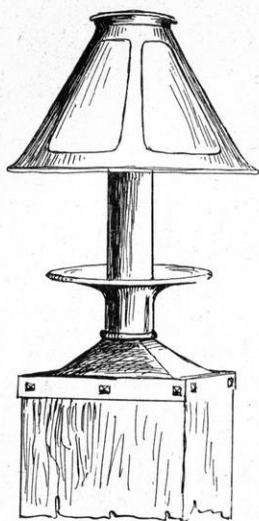
Design No. 2, an oil lamp fitted into a newel-post fixture, is rather more elaborate and therefore a trifle more difficult to construct than the candle fixture just described. This design is suitable for a hall of large dimensions and, of course, will throw more light than the candle. The metal canopy that fits over the newel post is exactly the same as the one described for the candle fixture, and should, of course, be made of No. 18 or No. 20 gauge metal. The bowl that holds the fount is made of two pieces of metal, which should be spun or beaten into the desired shape and joined together at the top with a band about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide to cover the joint. The top of this bowl should be left open so that the fount may be placed in it. A fount about 4 or $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter would be best for this purpose. We have founts suitable for this design, and will be glad to supply them to anyone for \$2.50 apiece. With this fount is furnished a ring which will hold the frame that sup-

ports the shade. For this lamp a wire frame with a flat ring at either end is best. The lower end of the frame should fit tightly into the ring on the fount. An overhang of metal to support the shade should be made to fit the upper end of the frame. Four straps of slightly ornamental design should be hammered out of heavy gauge metal and will act as a support for the bowl. These straps are to be fastened to both the bowl and the canopy with rivets that also lend a slightly decorative touch. No. 12 or No. 14 gauge metal is best to use for both these straps and for the band that fits around the bowl of the lamp. The canopy should be, of course, firmly fastened to the newel post with square-headed screws or nails, exactly the same as that for the candle light fixture. We can furnish these screws, if desired, as well as the details for the shade of this lamp.

The value of these newel-post lights is threefold,—beauty, convenience and comfort. For many years we have grown accustomed in our country houses either to stumble through the dark halls, to carry lamps or candles or to finish up a newel post with some elaborate cheap construction which was neither graceful nor interesting, and usually very difficult to light. We have not stopped to think what an opportunity we were losing, for the newel post really has a purpose in its construction and it is meant to support just the right kind of light.

It is not necessary to have electricity in





№ 1

CANDLE LIGHTING FIXTURE FOR NEWEL POST.

a house in order to secure the most practical lighting arrangements for a newel post. An oil lamp or a candle will accomplish all that is desired in diffusing a soft, friendly glow over the hall or staircase. And often in the evening when, instead of working or reading, the farm folks want to rest before the open fire, no other light in the room will be necessary than that given from the newel post.

It is also, if well managed, distinctly decorative, for either the candle or the lamp fixtures furnish an appropriate finish for the post in the daytime and at night are decoratively picturesque, especially if some soft glow has been achieved by the use of color in the construction of shade. Where a hall or stairway light is burned all night a lamp fixture is to be preferred; but merely for evening use, especially when the stairway is in the sitting room, a candle is most effective, simple and inexpensive. The use of one of these candle fixtures is shown in the interior of Craftsman farmhouse No. 107, on page 503. The charming simplicity of the arrangement is worth studying, it is in such perfect harmony with the fitting of the room, and suggests at once the greatest convenience and comfort.

These fixtures are well worth the effort of making for oneself or one's friends.

WORK VERSUS A PENSION

AFTER working forty-six years on one job an old freight checker in Chicago wept the other day because he had to give up his work and take a pension. He did not want to resign and live on other people's money; he wanted to carry his own dinner pail. Idleness had no charm for him. He did not feel old or incapable. He had learned to meet his own responsibilities, to balance his own ledger with life; to him *work was life*. The man on a pension was "out of it." "Why, I can still work," he said to the pension agent. "I am able to do just as much as I ever did. Please let me stay on the old job. Why, the freight house is the only place where I am happy. I won't know what to do if I have to stay home all day."

But he was seventy-two. He had reached the age limit in the yards, and hereafter his dinner pail will be taken to him, and he will feel superannuated and useless, and little by little lose his interest in life.

For here lies the important fact in the story, that food and clothes and a roof were not enough to satisfy the soul of the old man. Through his work he found something more. By years of endeavor he had established his own reasonable connection with life; by giving heartily for what he received, by creating through his own labor a fair medium of exchange he had found that further intangible peace or joy or contentment that can only come when life is well balanced, and yet that the soul of man craves beyond all material blessing.

To be fed, to sleep, to have that good possession called a home cannot satisfy the man whose nature has been stirred to desire to be in some sort of intimate harmony with life,—a harmony some seek in prayer, some in philanthropy, but the essence of which is only to be found in achievement, humble or great. To accomplish with hand or brain, to add to the world more beauty, more power, more opportunity to achieve is to prove one's right to space below for the resting of feet and above for the flight of the spirit.

The old freight checker through years of good service, with his power for work, his ability to give full value, had achieved more than material well being,—the something no pension agent could supply, which he probably could not have explained to the pension agent or even to himself.



№ 2

LAMP LIGHTING FIXTURE FOR NEWEL POST.

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THE PLACE OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

IN our modern civilization a tendency which is sufficiently disturbing to dominate the thought of the people for a time is bound to awaken friends and foes, violent partisanship and bitter criticism. This is equally true whether the tendency is put forth in art, music, science or religion. Whatever stirs the emotions of the human race inevitably calls forth the fanatic. Any man or woman with *one* idea, self-confidence and personal magnetism can achieve a following, more or less hysterical, more or less permanent, and often the same people are to be found in the procession of each new spiritual whim. We acclaim our heroes, or stone them, according to our mood, but our interest is unailing, dramatic, sweeping, whether in praise or condemnation. Unhappily, it is not wisdom but adjectives that we most often indulge in in characterizing our national spiritual upheavals. We do not bring a large encompassing thought to bear upon a new movement in our civilization, rather our personal taste, often undeveloped and fleeting. What we fail to realize is that any tendency which thrives until it becomes nation-wide has established its right to be considered seriously; has, in fact, become a part of the social history, and the real interest in its force as a movement lies in the conditions which gave it birth, and which account for its continued vitality and influence.

The student of life does not seek for opportunity to praise or challenge, but to *understand*. When a faith healer rises out in the mountains in the West and thousands follow in his pathway and kneel at his feet for blessing, the reasoning person does not scoff, but investigates. Also, when a woman, uncouth, untrained, without knowledge of the world or influence, captures the imagination of men and women, rich and poor, weak and strong, until a continent is honeycombed with her loyal disciples, the man of judgment does not sneer or minimize her attainment or ignore it as a force to be reckoned with—he humbly seeks its solution in the needs of the world of her generation. For the establishment of a new creed is either the forerunner of a change of heart in the people or a reaction from a dead established theory. The world prepares the way for its own periods of

emotional excitement, and the dogma of one age becomes the spiritual opportunity of the next. The world made morbid by Puritanism furnishes exactly the soil needed for a theology of health and good cheer, such as in essence was preached by Mary Baker Eddy. And if we look back through the history of New England we find that the real cornerstone of Christian Science was the rock on which the melancholy Pilgrims landed in the chilly New England harbor back in sixteen hundred and eighteen.

For centuries the descendants of these Pilgrims have lived in the belief that daily suffering led to heavenly rest, that sorrow was a form of virtue, self-abnegation a means of salvation, and so sincere was the belief that goodness sprang from misery that the population of our whole nation—French, English, Spanish, Dutch—became inoculated with the microbe of pessimism. The wings of our spirit have trailed in the dust. Joy has been earned and paid for with sin and sorrow. Out of this condition sprang that terrible phrase, embodying the spiritual poverty of a nation, "enjoying poor health." It was in this soil, of the utter misconception of the beauty and the truth of life, that the seeds of Mrs. Eddy's doctrine fell—a barren soil that brought strange and rich harvests.

The Reverend Charles F. Aked, in a sermon preached soon after Mrs. Eddy's death, declared that "it was a part of reasonable belief, to try to understand the truth about Christian Science and to learn the lesson it could teach—" not as a religion, but as social history. "The most interesting thing about this 'Science' is the condition of American life," he said, "which made its astonishing success possible. The analysis is fascinating. Religion brought from the Old World with the seeds of decay already germinating, breaking down here; a generation growing up with no accepted, adequate philosophy of life; and an eager, restless, intellectual curiosity, stimulated by the new life as well as by our more electric atmosphere—prepared the ground. The drug habit of the American people, greater than that of any other nation, amounting sometimes to a superstition and sometimes to slavery, gave to a revolt against drugs and doctors the chance of a huge success. While, at the same time, humanity's everlasting need for a religion asserted itself with strength. It was time, too, for a reaction against the gloomy tenets of a theology

WHY "BACK TO THE FARM"?

grown morbid. Splendidly seizing upon the fact of the conquering power of gladness and courage, Christian Science met a need of human nature, and succeeded because it found a work to do and could do it.

"In the providence of God, Christian Science came into existence to remind the world of great but neglected truths; that men have bodies as well as souls; that religion is good for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come; that it is not necessary for us to be wretched on earth in order that we may be happy in heaven: that the spiritual, not the material, is sovereign and supreme, and that for the follower of Christ death is swallowed up in the victory of immortality."

WHY "BACK TO THE FARM"?

IN a recent issue of the *New York Times* Dr. Josiah Strong announced complacently that "Back to the Farm" is a false cry. We have come to an age of metropolitan life, he says, and we should concentrate on the development and betterment of our cities. There is practically no end, he asserts, to the possibility of using the products of our factories, however much they may increase; but we can only eat a certain amount no matter how many farmers there are and how rich we may become. And he seems to feel that we ought to get rich in order to buy as much as possible of the output of our manufactories, regardless of their value to us. Dr. Strong sees no tragedy in the idea of country life as a vanishing state of existence, something to be escaped from. He is absorbed in the melodrama of a fresh unexplored idea, which would indeed be vastly interesting if true. One can but wonder how well he knows the country or the heart of man turned with longing toward the country. For in this question of back to the land there is more indeed than mere statistics.

We find in a careful review of Dr. Strong's argument that he seems not only to have forgotten the spiritual side of the question, but that he also has chanced to build up his arguments upon what seems false premises. In the first place he assumes, or so it seems in his article, that the final number of inhabitants for the United States is settled once and for all. There are, and always will be, so it is indicated, just about so many people here to be fed, making no allowance for natural increase by birth or forced increase by immigration;

in the second place he suggests that this fixed number of human beings is mostly well fed. Those that are not, he indicates, would not be were a greater proportion of farm land cultivated. The vast question of exporting superfluous agricultural products and the enormous increase to the nation's income by helping to feed countries worse off than our own, Dr. Strong ignores totally. Apparently we must eat all we produce, and we are now producing all we can eat. Also he seems to feel that it is more or less an obligation with us to avail ourselves of all the incredible articles our manufactories are producing. The value of these products he does not in the least take into consideration. The fact that possibly fifty per cent. of them are put out solely as a mere money-making scheme, to *create* a demand, not to *meet* one, apparently does not seem to occur to him.

Perhaps we should say right here that we are not questioning Dr. Strong's statement that we *are* tending toward an essentially metropolitan civilization. This is true, but it is a civilization that is being fed most indigestible commodities from colossal department stores whose purpose is, so far as one is able to find out, wholly a money-making one, just as the gay lights that flood Broadway at night have a commercial significance, just as the metropolitan stage has become a gigantic money-making scheme, just as from one end of the average great city of this continent to another there is a definite purpose to induce people to part with their money for the least possible return. One has only to step into the popular department stores to realize the truth of this statement. The aisles of these shops are crowded with people ready to buy millions of dollars worth of articles without knowing why they buy them, without investigating the value of the purchases made, without in any way deciding that these purchases are useful and beautiful for their lives. At present it seems that the American public can be hypnotized by the commanding mind more easily than can any other nation. By hundreds of thousands it does exactly as it is ordered or cajoled by advertising picture and pen. Through these methods it reads the magazines and pictures that pervert its intelligence; it wears the clothes that render it ridiculous and miserable; it buys food that is adulterated and furniture and ornaments that are a degradation to art and a mockery to

WHY "BACK TO THE FARM?"

comfort. And so the factories flourish and increase, as Dr. Strong seems to feel they should.

But, says the Thoughtful Man, why in the name of all that is beautiful and valuable in life should this state of affairs be accepted as permanent, as a condition to bow down to, to adjust our lives to, to harbor, to increase, to praise? And again, why should we be asked to decry the one escape from it,—the *right kind of country life*? Why accept this monstrous condition of commercial prostitution instead of seeking to develop the kind of farm life which must lead to agricultural prosperity,—the best success that any nation can achieve? And yet Dr. Strong seems to feel that if people can be tricked into buying the products of our factories, however useless they may be, however complete an extravagance, why then the building of more factories is to be advocated, in order that we may produce more fake stuff to be sold by shops to masses of people who earn their money in other shops creating other fake conditions, and so on in an endless chain. And furthermore he seems to deride the idea that there are people in the city who would appreciate the value of rural life in wholesome surroundings.

THE CRAFTSMAN does not advocate consigning the unwilling farmer to a life which he has grown to feel sad and unsatisfactory. Many farm people are ready for the false lure of the city because through isolated conditions and an unprofitable economic environment enthusiasm has died out of what in the long run we must concede as the best life. But it does advocate the taking up of farm life by the city person who has grown to realize the worthlessness and the unwholesomeness of the average metropolitan existence, for the man who has studied and understands questions of social economics and scientific farming, who would take to the country with him the power to develop the kind of community life which should afford ideal human relationships, to whom work out of doors in building up his own home would furnish growth for soul and body, not forgetting a bank account, for the man who knows that no life lived in spiritually depressing conditions can possibly succeed, and especially for the man who has enthusiasm for this kind of life, and who has the vision of complete happiness in a country existence. For that which a man pictures in his own imagination long enough

to accept as a standard of living, he will eventually be able to achieve. Of course, he must have patience and courage and be willing to work, but he must have these qualifications for success in the city, unless he is to live on the edge of the slums and break his heart with envy. A man's vision is, after all, only his capacity of seeing the ultimate truth, in which every human being is entitled to share.

And to suggest, as Dr. Strong does in his article, that henceforth a man's outlook is to be limited to the purely metropolitan phase of existence, that he is expected to aid in supporting and extending our manufacturing of useless wasteful products, that the range of his vision is to be the height of the nearest skyscraper, that all the wide interest and beauty of country life is only for poor unfortunate "imprisoned" ones who cannot escape to the gaiety of the city. To suggest this is to predict that we shall end by commercializing our souls, as we have so widely our bodies, that the splendor of nature shall be veiled in smoke, that sooner or later we must all bare our breasts to any knife, if at the same time we are patted benevolently on the head.

Yet *it is true that the drift is toward the city*. Dr. Strong is right about it. All his facts on this point are complete and convincing, substantiated by the recent report of the Census Bureau at Washington; but do these facts furnish a guarantee that the condition which they represent is an *acceptable* one? A fact of social evolution or revolution is not a fundamental truth in life, carrying with it its own guarantee. Our city slums are filled with starving, untrained, often undeserving poor, but we do not accept this state as a wise tendency of the age to praise and support. Suicide is daily on the increase in Germany, but we have not yet decided that it is a panacea for all the petty ills of labor and love. At present throughout the country our political systems are showing a terrible increase in graft and cunning. The little rulers of the land have acquired ideals far removed from the founders of the Union, yet the thinking person does not regard this tendency as admirable because it is so widely established.

Thus it would seem to us that the existence of this tendency toward metropolitan life should be the very inspiration for an organized effort *away* from the city back to the land. The more we realize the pos-

sibility of "one woman wearing a million dollars' worth of diamonds," as Dr. Strong suggests as conceivable in a rich enough metropolitan existence, the more it seems to us necessary to hasten the day when that woman and her rich neighbors may desire to learn the value of labor and the kind of joys which are not bought and worn.

In America the main difficulty in convincingly presenting country life is that so many are ready to accept the point of view expressed in Dr. Strong's article. We have allowed ourselves to acquire a false standard. "The lure of the city" is the way we phrase it, and the man from the farm has been made a byword. It is but natural that these men who have been left on the isolated farm without social intercourse or participation in the progress of the world should have lost heart, and more tragic than all, should have lost the vision which would open for them the gates of development. But this kind of American farmer is rapidly passing out of existence. He is either to the West where there seems hope for him, or to the nearby city where nine cases out of ten he lives in a state of poverty on the edge of the immigrant tenements. And holding these men in the country would not avail. No man can gain aught from his surroundings without giving enthusiastically. What the country today needs and is beginning to get and is bound to get more and more increasingly, is the interest of the intelligent man, the man who has lived in the city and has found it out, who has a vision in his own heart of what country life can be made, the man who knows scientific methods and dreams of the upbuilding of rural conditions with congenial friends, with beautiful, simple, comfortable homes, with municipal playhouses, with municipal music, with art born and bred in country environment, with health achieved through the understanding of the right relation of work to life, and with achievement grown splendid through the power of vision to fructify labor.

BY the will of the late Charles F. Simons of San Antonio, vast tracts of Texan lands have been set aside for division into self-supporting garden-farms, to be occupied free of charge by aged ministers and their families. The executors applaud the plan for its practicability in every detail.

REVIEWS

NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPHS: BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN: INTRODUCTION BY H. G. WELLS

MR. Coburn's photographs make one realize how completely beauty is a point of view, the point of view which comes through seeing the truth clearly and the harmonious relation of all phases of truth.—A few workmen loitering around the pillar of a great bridge might seem an ordinary unrevealing situation to most people, but it is a rare study in light and shade when shown in Mr. Coburn's photograph, "Williamsburg Bridge." The pillar looms up ominously in the foreground, shadowing the men, and the bridge stretches, vague, remote and fairylike through the background. There is a stir for the imagination in it, a sense of beauty almost beyond belief in the swing of the bridge, an exquisite grouping and composition in the foreground; in other words, a point of view which has found beauty. Again, Broadway at night is not a very splendid sight to the casual observer. There are lights to trick the imagination, one would say, and people going up and down to be tricked, and shops mainly tawdry, and noise that drowns thought, but beauty—where? Yet Mr. Coburn finds it and shows it in his photograph of "Broadway at Night," the old street, the old lights, the old people come through his camera transformed. A strange light glimmers over the pavements and shadows with light quivering through them make mysterious the tall buildings, and people are vanishing into the mystery, and all about there is such a contrast of gold and black, an atmosphere shot with flickering light, and back through the light gruesome posts and closed doorways. Dumas would have sketched an unfading romance from such a picture.

So one turns page after page of Mr. Coburn's beautiful "story" of New York. The story is told without words. There are twenty vivid pictures which show you the great city, which, as Mr. H. G. Wells puts it in the introduction, "has a whole continent back of it for expansion, yet with land values the highest in the world. It is a strange thing." Mr. Wells continues, "this vehement crowding of so much of the commerce and people of vast territories upon the margin of the sea . . . But I suppose New York must always remain a great

center of gathering and interchange between the two hemispheres of the world." It is machinery and enterprise, Mr. Wells thinks, that must forever prevail in this new land.

And so it is the terrific pressure upon New York for growth up and out that Mr. Coburn reveals in his pictures—the skyscraper passing up through the clouds, the tunnels reaching down under the feet of man, the bridges soaring from city to city, streets crowded and restless, harbors panting for breath, everywhere activity, power, material achievement. The capture of rude forces by science is the theme of practically all these Coburn pictures; but the photographs, though presenting adequately the very essence of modern new world conditions, are most poetical in quality. They present Mr. Coburn's attitude toward his art quite as well as his point of view toward our civilization, and he thinks photography is a serious matter, an opportunity to express beauty in a most subtle and convincing fashion. To him a photograph is a work of art, and his book "New York" helps you to understand this belief. All the photographs are from plates prepared by him and printed under his supervision, and the paper on which they are mounted and the binding which gathers up the prints, are all exquisite in quality and in tone, absolutely suited to the opalescent tints of the pictures themselves, a beautiful piece of bookmaking worthy of expressing the art which it presents. (Published by Duckworth & Co., England. Imported by Brentano's, New York. Price \$6.00.)

THE EARTH CRY: BY THEodosia GARRISON

THERE seem to be no heights or depths of joy or sorrow that Theodosia Garrison has not touched in this little volume of tender human poetry, "The Earth Cry." All that lovers, glad or broken, may feel; all that woman, her heart filled with joy or dead with the misery of renunciation; all that life holds or that death takes, all that love gives or barrenness withdraws is told in simple words and exquisite phrase. Those who have loved and known the kind or heavy hand of fate will read with shining eyes or quivering lips; those who have lost little children will weep gentle tears; those who have mourned with empty arms will find the song of the voiceless mother;

those whose hearts have grown warm to urgent lover's phrases, or those whom fate has marked, whose eyes have seen only the vision of other women's gladness, all will find the note of sympathy sounded in this little volume. And whatever the note, glad or tragic, it is sounded with gentle lyrical quality; it is poetry that carries from the first to the last line the voice of the universal mother, sweetheart, child; the cry of the human, singing, mourning, struggling Earth. I cannot picture any woman reading it without a sigh of compassion, a tear of memory, and without receiving from it a greater hope and a finer courage. One or two of the shorter poems will illustrate the truth of this opinion:

THE RETURN.

"Long, long he stood and watched alone
Her lighted window-pane,
As though it were Love's face that shone
Upon his grief again.

A vagrant in the village street,
One with the rain and night,
Birdlike he felt his wild heart beat
And burn against the light."

TWO SINS.

"The sin I did for Love's sake
Lies in the soul of me,
And lights me far as some white star
Whose strength is purity.

The sin I did for Hate's sake—
Ah heart, that this should be!—
Has bound the feet that would be fleet,
The eyes that fain would see."

(Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 159 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)

THE TOWN DOWN THE RIVER: BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

THERE has come to **THE CRAFTSMAN'S** desk a volume of poems that deserve a review, that deserve it because they *are* poems, and because it may be that some true lover of poetry will have missed "The Town Down the River," as Edwin Arlington Robinson has named his book.

Some of the shorter poems will be recognized as having been published in past issues of *Scribner's Magazine*, but one is glad that they have been included with the new ones.

There is always a sense, throughout Mr. Robinson's poetry, of the sincerity of his

attitude toward experience as it has come to him, as he has sought it, or as it passes him in review, a quality which one may suppose made a strong appeal to the man to whom Mr. Robinson dedicates this volume—Theodore Roosevelt. Balzac long ago hinted that a book's true worth was to be measured by what it brought out of one; surely poetry must be measured in some such way. Therefore it is to be expected that there are some to whom "When Annandale Went Out" might mean little and to whom "Calverly's," much-recited, might arouse concurrent approbation. However, it is difficult to conceive the repression of a hearty appreciation for "Miniver Cheevy," and who could not, or would not understand its inimitably phrased poignancy need not trouble himself about poetry at all, not that "Miniver" is epic, or lyric, or pastoral, or yet heroic, but it is a poem for people:

"Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons."

Of course, Mr. Robinson's readers will feel that Browning's diction had much to do with "Doctor of Billiards," with "How Annandale Went Out," whether it did or not, just as he will imagine a gleam of Wordsworth's early years here and there. Nevertheless, Mr. Robinson is very much himself, and it only needs "Vickery's Mountain" to show it; that is one of the finest poems of the sort we have, a poem worth the trouble of understanding. Then there is "Shadrach O'Leary," who was a poet for a while, and who afterward forgot the ladies and the lyre of the small ink-fed Eros of his dreams. In such poems as "Exit," and "But for the Grace of God," there is something biographical that might, perhaps, easily be connected with memories, but they stand by themselves without that, and it is better so. As for the longer poems, much discussion of them will ensue from the reflex of the personalities with whom they come in contact, but they are poetry, and Mr. Robinson is a poet worth while, worth everyone's while. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 129 pages. Price, \$1.25 net.)

WITH STEVENSON IN SAMOA: BY
H. J. MOORS

THE impressions of any person's contact with a man of note, especially if intimate, as they are shown to have been in

Mr. Moors' book on Stevenson, cannot but prove of interest and importance if they are as faithfully carried out as they are here, even though their writer may not have claim to high literary expression. "Stevenson's sojourn in Samoa," writes Mr. Moors, "with the happy companionship it brought me, is one of the pleasantest memories of my life." Some readers may think that Mr. Moors perhaps might have done better by omitting mention of the part he tells one he had in Stevenson's literary work,— "Most of what he wrote in Samoa I had the privilege of reading in manuscript; indeed I supplied him with some of the material for his stories." On the other hand Mr. Moors tells the reader that in his pages he has endeavored "to give a true and faithful account of Robert Louis Stevenson as he appeared to us common folks on the island," and that he seems to have done, if ungracefully at times, still with a fidelity to things as they appeared to be to him. Therefore one will find a live interest in this latest volume to be added to the many on Stevenson. The volume is copiously illustrated with excellent reproductions of photographs, the one facing page 50, the family group, being of unusual interest. There is so much of worth about Stevenson in Mr. Moors' book that one will not find recorded elsewhere that everyone holding dear to memory the master of Vailima will be glad to read it carefully. (Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Illustrated. 230 pages. Price, \$1.50 net; postage, 12c.)

WESTOVER OF WANALAH: BY GEORGE
CARY EGGLESTON

IT takes a Southern writer to give the real flavor of life in the South in the romantic, happy days before the war. Every true Southerner looks back to that halcyon period with something of the same feeling that the Royalists of England had when they secretly toasted "the king over the water" and inwardly cursed Cromwell and all his works, and stories of the old time are told and read through the glamour of an imperishable ideal. Especially is this true of the stories of Mr. George Cary Eggleston, a Virginian of the old school to whom the word "Virginian" means gallant men and fair women, above reproach in matters of honor; frank, generous, handsome and unimpeachably well-bred under any and all circumstances. It is just this faith in the characters he depicts that makes

Mr. Eggleston's books so charming, for an ideal that is reverently cherished and sincerely expressed always carries conviction, no matter if the people in the book seem almost too good to be true.

The story tells the experience of a typical young Virginian of the old school. Wrongfully accused of an ignominious crime, he is condemned to the penitentiary, and his innocence is established just in time to save him from actual imprisonment.

The stain on his honor affects him more seriously than even the prospect of the penitentiary, so he goes to the mountains to live it down out of sight of his fellowmen. While there, his cause is espoused by *Judy Peters*, the mountain dictator with whom Mr. Eggleston's readers are already familiar, and through her instrumentality he is nominated as Senator from Virginia. Of course there is a love story running through the book, and a very pretty one, carried on with ante-bellum decorum and a due regard for Virginian conventionalities of fifty years ago. (Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. Illustrated. 451 pages. Price \$1.50.)

THE FRESH-AIR BOOK: BY J. P. MÜLLER

IN response to the present interest in health culture, both mental and physical, books that give systems for the training and development of the brain, nerves and body are pouring from the presses of this country and of Europe like corn from a hopper. Each one has something to suggest that differs a little from the others, but all are more or less on the right track,—provided always the amateur health-culturist remembers that extremes in any direction are seldom beneficial, and that the originator and teacher of any "system" is bound to be an extremist,—or he would never have had the enthusiasm to develop the system.

One of the most radical and uncompromising of the recent books on this subject is Lieut. J. P. Müller's "Fresh-Air Book," a small volume that is intended to be supplementary to the author's former work entitled "My System." Like most enthusiasts for physical development through a more normal way of living than is customary under the conditions of modern civilization, he takes as his model the ancient Greek, but in attempting to reproduce the physique of this superb race, he recommends methods of living that the average citizen would be apt

to find rather inconvenient if applied to everyday modern existence. The main principles of Mr. Müller's teachings are admirable, for anything that will induce the men and women of today to live as much as possible in the open air, to take plenty of brisk physical exercise, and to eat wholesome food and less of it than the pampered appetite demands, is bound to be beneficial. But one may live healthily and well without sitting in the woods, clad only in a pair of sandals, when the thermometer is below zero, or deeming it necessary to go down to the office clad only in a pair of bathing trunks. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes, New York. Illustrated. 152 pages. Price 85c. net.)

PORCELAIN OF ALL COUNTRIES: BY R. L. HOBSON

THIS is a book written by a connoisseur of porcelain and pottery for the benefit of other connoisseurs and collectors. The author is an assistant in the British Museum, in which capacity he has written the admirable catalogues of the collections of English porcelain and pottery in the Museum, and has made an exhaustive study of the rare examples of porcelain of all countries, which he has had such exceptional opportunities to study. He makes no attempt to deal with the subject on a large scale, his object being to give in compact and inexpensive form all the facts really needed by the collector, and as many practical hints as can be compressed in a book of convenient size.

After a short historic review of porcelain from the time of its invention in China over a thousand years ago, Mr. Hobson gives a clear and succinct account of the various periods and schools of pottery in China, drawing attention to the distinguishing marks and characteristics of the different wares, and briefly outlining their history and meaning. He follows this with a similar account of the various Japanese wares, and then takes up the question of porcelain and pottery in the several countries of Europe. The book is admirably illustrated with color plates, half-tone reproductions from photographs of famous pieces, and drawings of the different potters' marks which have such significance to the collector as aids to identification. This is essentially a book of reference, but the subject is so charmingly handled that, even to the person who

knows little about porcelain, it has a definite historic interest. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Illustrated. 245 pages. Price \$2.15 net.)

THE STORY OF SPANISH PAINTING: BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN

SINCE the exhibitions in America of paintings by Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida and Ignacio Zuloaga, we have awakened to the fact that there is a vital modern art in Spain. Consequently Mr. Caffin's book will be, and should be, warmly welcomed. It is not only an excellent guide to the Spanish Galleries, but gives a comprehensive historical treatment of the development of art in Spain. The book opens with a review of the political and religious history of Spain, always with reference to the influence of the various crises and regimes upon the artistic expression of the people. Mr. Caffin devotes a long chapter to each of the great masters of painting, reviewing the sources of their inspiration, the limitations that the conventionalisms of their time placed upon them, and gives a careful analysis and appreciation of their greatest works. The study of this book offers excellent preparation to anyone starting on a trip to Spain, the wonders of whose galleries are less generally known than those of France, Holland and England. (Published by The Century Company, New York. Illustrated. 203 pages. Price \$1.20 net.)

THE SKETCHER'S OIL COLOR MANUAL: BY P. E. BODINGTON. THE DRAWING BOOK: BY H. MACBETH-RAEBURN

THESE two little booklets are valuable additions to the number of those already intended to aid self-instruction. "Of course," as the author of "The Drawing Book" remarks, "it is not claimed that such drawing as is presented in a book would exhaust the subject. A book containing the whole art of drawing would exhaust the student, if anything." Nevertheless, it is an excellent and complete little treatise, and exactly suited to an amateur with an uncertain taste for drawing which he would like to test before committing himself to a more expensive course of study.

"The Sketcher's Oil Color Manual" is a neat and convenient tabulation of the necessities required by the oil painter, suggestions for compositions and several pages of lists of subjects to be found at every turn, with the color combinations which

give the best results in representing them. (Published by Winsor & Newton, Ltd., England. Both books are illustrated. 64 pages each. Price 50c. each.)

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE: BY WALTER TYNDALE

IN the preface to this charming book the author offers an apology for contributing more literature upon a people so thoroughly "written up" as the Japanese, but after a prolonged stay in Japan he was evidently so impressed with the beauty of the land and the hospitality of the people that he could not refrain from expressing his appreciation. For this reason the book has a spontaneity which gives it individuality and interest, despite those numerous other volumes which trouble the author's conscience. The text, however, is really only a setting for the thirty-two illustrations in color taken from water-color paintings made by the author. These are beautiful representations of street scenes and gardens, and are an interesting expression of the author's vast enthusiasm for the Land of Flowers. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated. 317 pages. Price \$5.00 net.)

DRY FARMING: BY WILLIAM MACDONALD

THE eminent agronomist, William MacDonald, has written an excellent book on this theory of farming and its processes. Mr. MacDonald sets forth carefully the practical results so far obtained, together with information concerning the crops best adapted to this method of cultivation. What American farms need, the author says, is more tillage. The land is not exhausted and there is enough of it. We have fallen into spendthrift ways, having been blessed with naturally rich soil, and it is the inefficiency of the farmer rather than the unwillingness of the soil that has caused the diminution of crops in America. The nucleus of the book is the Campbell Theory, which is very carefully explained and demonstrated. This book is useful and full of valuable ideas for even small farmers; it would also be most helpful to the raiser of flowers, in no matter how small a way. There are vast stretches of land in this country which can only be made available to the agriculturist through dry farming scientifically practiced. (Published by The Century Company, New York. Illustrated. 290 pages. Price \$1.20 net.)

NOTES

EVERETT SHINN'S NEW NOTE IN MURAL DECORATION

WITHOUT question the virile originality which the work of Everett Shinn exhibits in his mural decoration, is bound to exert a marked influence upon modern mural painting in America. To Mr. Shinn's thorough command of brush and pigment is added a strong refinement and refreshing selection of subject that lends it a permanence which bizarre or commonplace conception could never have assured.

Mr. Shinn has just completed a series of eleven wall paintings destined to adorn the Georgian hall in the beautiful home of Mr. Warren Salisbury at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. These decorations are *en grisaille*, that is to say in graduated blue and brown grays touching from the depths of deepest shadow to the high lights of almost clear white, the whole mellowed by the varnish of the canvases.

The Italian artists of the early eighteenth century, especially those of southern Italy, employed the same tonal scheme, as did the makers of early pictorial wall-papers (in imitation of them). However, Mr. Shinn's work displays none of that coldness common to this early work. He seems to have transmitted to these panels for the Salisbury house a sense of fluent color that impels the beholder to forget they are monochromatic. Not only in this has Mr. Shinn departed from early tradition, but his work combines the pastoral feeling one might have found there, the *esprit* of Watteau, the humor of Pater, and the vivacity of Fragonard and still retains the originality of his own genius, a quality which gives it a distinction peculiarly its own. Indeed, a hundred years from now the critic will exclaim, "Ah, that is by Shinn,—twentieth century," and *not* "That is a work in imitation of the seventeenth or of the eighteenth."

Eight of these great panels will adorn three walls of the balcony of the hall, and three will find their place upon the stairway. A molding of rubbed gold will separate them from the exquisite gray carved walls. At the end of this gallery a great pipe organ has been placed. This is encased in a superbly carved dark Chippendale screen above which rise the organ-pipes, finished in rubbed gold.

Into this organ-screen Mr. Shinn has introduced panels, wonderfully rich in color, yet as soft and harmonious in tone as a masterpiece of an old Venetian, and he has also painted a remarkable fire-screen which will be seen at the end of the room below, opposite the organ. Thus one may look down from the rail of the balcony upon a hall rich in perfectly chosen color, as one might look down from the gray clouds of a mountain-top upon an autumn landscape. Truly Mr. Shinn's mural work proves him an artist with notable achievements back of him, and the greatest promise ahead of him (for he is still one of our young American painters).

GORDON CRAIG AT THE PHOTO-SECESSION

DRAWINGS and etchings by Gordon Craig, the talented son of Ellen Terry, attracted many visitors to the Photo-Secession Galleries, New York, during January. Mr. Craig concerns himself much with his dream of an ideal theater, and the twenty etchings exhibited are connected with the ideas which Mr. Craig believes were at the roots of the ancient theater, and will ever remain the very essence of the art. He feels that we must translate movement through the medium of inanimate forms and thereby produce once more an impersonal art which shall take its place by the side of its two sister arts—music and architecture.

These twenty etchings, then, are suggestive of the atmospheric setting Mr. Craig would see on the stage to convert it into his ideal of what the theater of today ought to be, an ideal, it is interesting to note in passing, toward which Eleonora Duse believes we should strive to approach.

Mr. Craig's work, whether it be in the drawings and sketches and etchings shown at the Photo-Secession will always appeal to a cultivated aestheticism, and remain "quaint," or not understood, or bizarre to the layman. It is fortunate, then, that the lovely little Kentish country, and cottagenooks of Suffolk, Essex and elsewhere comprise the selection of drawings, for these form an excellent introduction to Mr. Craig's more varied, more original, more individual and more entertaining work, known to collectors through the pages of *The Page* and of *The Masque*. Mr. Craig has produced an extraordinary number of drawings, engravings and etchings of dis-

tion, and yet his work remains little known outside of its immediate circle of enthusiastic appreciators. It is a pity that this is so for its value to art is great and it will come to occupy an important place in the study of the art of the modern illustrators. No one in England or America since Aubrey Beardsley has expressed himself through illustration with so much force of originality, poetry and imagination, and so agreeably, avoiding both the matter and the manner of Beardsley's offenses, if one may call them that, against good taste in subject selection and poetical expression. As music should be interpretative of itself and of its own art one may say, with all fairness, that Mr. Craig's ingenious little sketches, "Peer Gynt," "Grieg, Op. 16," "Beethoven—Ninth Symphony," etc., will probably carry to another's comprehension only the reflex of his own, and not evoke a feeling that the artist has interpreted with his pen and pencil the message one has received himself through the sense of hearing the works which seem to have inspired the titles Mr. Craig has chosen for these sketches.

THE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE-PLAN COMPETITION AWARDS

THE following awards have been made in the recent House-plan competition of THE CRAFTSMAN, the judges being Messrs. Charles R. Lamb, Frederick Squires and Joel Barber.

First Prize—Fifty Dollars: Le Roy A. Davidson, 1 Livingston Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.; *Second Prize*—Twenty-five Dollars: W. G. Dorr, 1132 Lumber Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn.; *Third Prize*—Fifteen Dollars: Paul F. McAlister, Danville, Illinois; *Fourth Prize*—Ten Dollars: Carl A. H. Jaeger, 41 Rector St., Newark, N. J.

To the following architects of the ten next best plans submitted were awarded prizes of two dollars each:

John Calvin Leavell, 1149 E. 61st St., Chicago, Ill.; Durand Chapman, 1787 Columbia Rd., Washington D. C.; E. J. Berg, Utica, N. Y.; W. E. Kapp, 717 Yates St., Toledo, O.; Mrs. P. L. Haworth, Box 28, W. Newton, Indiana; John Hudson, 197 So. Avon St., St. Paul, Minn.; Janette Butler, 1902 Ames Ave.; Omaha, Neb.; E. F. Miller, Glenside Ave., Scotch Plains, N. J.; Frank Helmer, 1320 34th St., Des Moines, Ia.; M. H. Lafon, Clayton, St. Louis Co., Mo.

Over one hundred and eighty plans were

entered in the competition, the first announcement of which competition appeared in the August, 1910, number of THE CRAFTSMAN. The judges have awarded the prizes in accordance with requirements there outlined,—for plans that embody the main principles of THE CRAFTSMAN idea of house building. The successful plans and drawings will be shown in an article to appear in the March number of THE CRAFTSMAN.

PORTRAITS BY ELLEN EMMET AT MACBETH'S

TWENTY-THREE portraits from the brush of Ellen Emmet were on exhibition from January 5th to January 18th at the Macbeth Gallery, New York. Miss Emmet's work on this occasion displayed great unevenness, although none of it can be called unpleasant. One pauses in astonishment at a realization that the conditions under which the various canvases were undertaken (all faithfully, let it be said) seem to have been divulged by the portraits themselves. In this one you feel the sitter has been "hurrying" the painter, in that one a perfect harmony between artist and subject instantly asserts itself and so on. The portrait of Levi P. Morton, though not the best in painting stands forth, perhaps, as the best study of character exhibited in the group. The portrait of Dr. John Billings here appeared to far greater advantage than when it has been elsewhere exhibited. The "Portrait Sketch of J. de K. A." is the only canvas that lends a jarring note to the ensemble, and one is glad to turn from it to the lovely gray-eyed portrait of "Miss Eleanor Peabody," a little light-haired girl holding a black cat, seated before a great mirror that rests on the floor and reflects the painter at work on the picture in her studio. This picture is a masterpiece and exhibits Miss Emmet's sympathetic tenderness for childhood, just as the "Portrait of Mr. Alexander James" is indicative of her kinship to the spirit of youth. This latter canvas deserves much more attention than it has received.

LANDSCAPES BY WILLARD METCALF AT THE MONTROSS GALLERY

WILLARD Metcalf has been exhibiting a fine series of sixteen enchanting landscapes at the Montross Gallery, New York. These paintings are pulsant with the very heart of nature. In depicting the country of the Berkshires

through their loveliest seasons—spring, summer and autumn—Mr. Metcalf displays a mastery of technique, which if strongly appealing to his brother artists, no less arouses an enthusiasm in the layman, in whom it produces no sense of confusion or misunderstanding. That is a very happy thing for any artist to achieve,—to portray and to interpret his subjects without the oppressive falsity of seeming to seek, through ingenious artifice, to imitate nature. In "The Woodland Brook" one beholds a truly remarkable arrangement of greens, and yet the foliage remains fresh, light and separate, in no sense heavy and partaking of the spread-on quality so disagreeable in some modern landscape painting. "The Golden Carnival" is, indeed, a carnival of out of doors, inviting the beholder to its mountains by the alluring skill of the painter's mastery of the mysteries of the loveliness of hill and dale. When Mr. Metcalf approaches springtime it is with a well-tempered restraint, a restraint that does not splash a canvas with unrelated tones, under explanatory labels; instead, this painter shows spring in her dainty dress, the soft pinks of apple blossoms, the cream white of the plum, the deep color of the peach and the snowy drift of the pear or the fluffiness of the cherry. It is this ability to understand Nature's textural differences that is at once apparent in Mr. Metcalf's painting, as an example of which one may point out his painting of evergreens in "Blossom Time."

PAOLO VERONESE AT KNOEDLER'S

TWO paintings attributed to Paolo Veronese (which have passed through the collections of the Queen Christiania of Sweden, Duc d'Orleans and Lord Hope), "Wisdom and Strength" and "Man Fleeing from Vice to the Arms of Virtue," have been on exhibition at Knoedler's Gallery, New York, the past month. In addition to these a study from the Darnley collection attributed to Rubens and canvases from the collection of the Earl of Beauchamp, attributed to Rembrandt, as well as several good portraits from the brush of Raeburn and of Hopner, though not of unusual interest, were shown.

PARIS IN ETCHING

MR. F. Weitenkamp, Curator of the Print Department of the New York Public Library, has announced an exhibition in the galleries of the old Lenox

Library, 890 Fifth Ave., of "Paris in Etching." As no city in the world has received so much attention from the *aqua fortists* this exhibition will enable its visitors to make an admirable study of the points of view of the different famous etchers in their interpretations of the appeal Paris has made to them. Méryon, of course, will occupy the place of honor. The prints chosen are representative of the artists from Callot's time to our own, and not only of Paris architecturally, but of every phase of the Parisian at work and at play.

THE NEW DIRECTOR OF THE ALBRIGHT GALLERY, BUFFALO

AFTER the death of Mr. Kurtz, the director of the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, Miss Cornelia Bentley Sage was practically in full charge of the direction, and her great ability has won her the honor of being chosen to succeed Mr. Kurtz. Miss Sage's thorough training and remarkable capacity assure success to the museum's future.

THE NEW CARNEGIE ART SCHOOL FOR PITTSBURGH

IT is stated that Pittsburgh is to have an art school for which the Carnegie Technical Institute is to erect a new building with special studios and equipment, as the new school, to be under the direction of Mr. A. W. Sparks, is the outgrowth of certain of the Institute's classes.

CONSOLIDATION OF CEMENT AGE AND CONCRETE ENGINEERING

THE publishers of *The Cement Age* make the interesting announcement of the consolidation of *Concrete Engineering* with their publication. *Cement Age*, which was established in 1904, has been issued from that time under the editorship of Mr. Robert W. Lesley, Vice-President of the American Society of Testing Materials, and an Associate of the American Society of Civil Engineers. The consolidated magazines will retain the title *Cement Age*, but will be somewhat enlarged in format and extended in matter, while a two-column make-up will be a further innovation. Mr. Allen Brett, who, for the past two years has been editor of *Concrete Engineering*, will become Associate-Editor of these consolidated publications. In its enlarged form *Cement Age* will be able to cover the entire field of cement activities.

INVESTMENTS AND THE DUTY OF INVESTGATING THEM FOR ONESELF

THERE is a problem that often confronts the home-maker, a problem that cannot receive too much thoughtful consideration; that is the question of making one's savings secure by a well-chosen and sound investment. The provident man and woman inevitably takes care to plan for the years that may find them inactive or incapacitated. That makes it a particularly pathetic matter when unwise, hasty, or ill-considered investments prove worthless. And yet one cannot but admit that those who go into foolish ventures have when all is said and done only themselves to blame. This is an age when common sense in all matters may take wing and fly to the heights of understanding, when every man and woman has an opportunity of looking into business propositions with perfect freedom to reject any that are not conservative and based upon a firm foundation of reliability. The investor must be urged not to permit an imposition upon his credulity by seemingly extraordinary get-rich-quick and stay-rich-always schemes which at best are but the phantoms of financial quacks.

Let this fact be always in the mind of everyone who makes an investment or who contemplates making one:

Whether you put one dollar or one thousand dollars into anything with the expectation of receiving an income therefrom investigate the matter thoroughly and assure yourself that the investment is based on a sound, secure and sensible property value, otherwise you will probably be helping to inflate a bubble.

It is true that the average investor has had neither the time nor the opportunity to acquire the wide experience necessary in judging such matters. If that is so he need only to turn to someone who has had this experience, just as he would seek to consult a reliable lawyer on a point of law, a physician for medical advice, or an architect when planning to build a house. Indeed, every community has within it business men of experience and integrity in investment matters or firms of established responsibility to whom one may turn for advice without the necessity of depending upon personal inexperience.

Had investors taken the trouble of this

simple precaution of seeking advice from those whose position in the financial world and experience entitles them to the confidence they command, the vast horde of unscrupulous promoters would not have reaped their harvests of ill-gotten dollars, filched from the pockets of those who, for the most part, could not afford to sustain any loss.

Why the public persists in putting money into scatterbrain schemes remains an enigma of the century. It is a pity that the small investor does not realize that he must not take a chance. Unless his investment is absolutely secured by the strength of the property back of it his earnings will be sunk in a gamble and will prove no investment at all.

Instead let every man and woman take into earnest consideration the placing of a sum of money in stocks and bonds that are absolutely safe, always negotiable and certain in their ability to produce certain definite income year in and year out. Real estate and public utility securities afford investments offering securities that one may rely upon absolutely, always paying the highest rates of interest and constituting themselves at all times good collateral for loans. Securities of this class are to be sought where based upon properties located in prosperous and growing communities and projected and managed by men who command confidence and respect in the business world.

These then are matters every investor must look into or have looked into for him by reliable authority. Indeed it should be clear to everyone that investments must not be gone into in any haphazard manner any more than the buying of a piece of land from Tom, Dick or Harry about whom you know nothing, not even having taken the trouble to assure yourself of the abstract of title. The man who reads of a project to turn the heart of the giant cactus into peanuts, and who rushes to invest his savings in the enterprise by return mail may merit one's pity, but his rash credulity is inexcusable, and one almost feels that he ought to suffer for his folly if the experience will teach him in the future to investigate thoroughly anything he goes into and be willing to content himself with a thoroughly safe investment insuring him good, dependable returns instead of a wild-cat one promising a mythical fortune for nothing. Let the home-maker ponder long and carefully over these things.

