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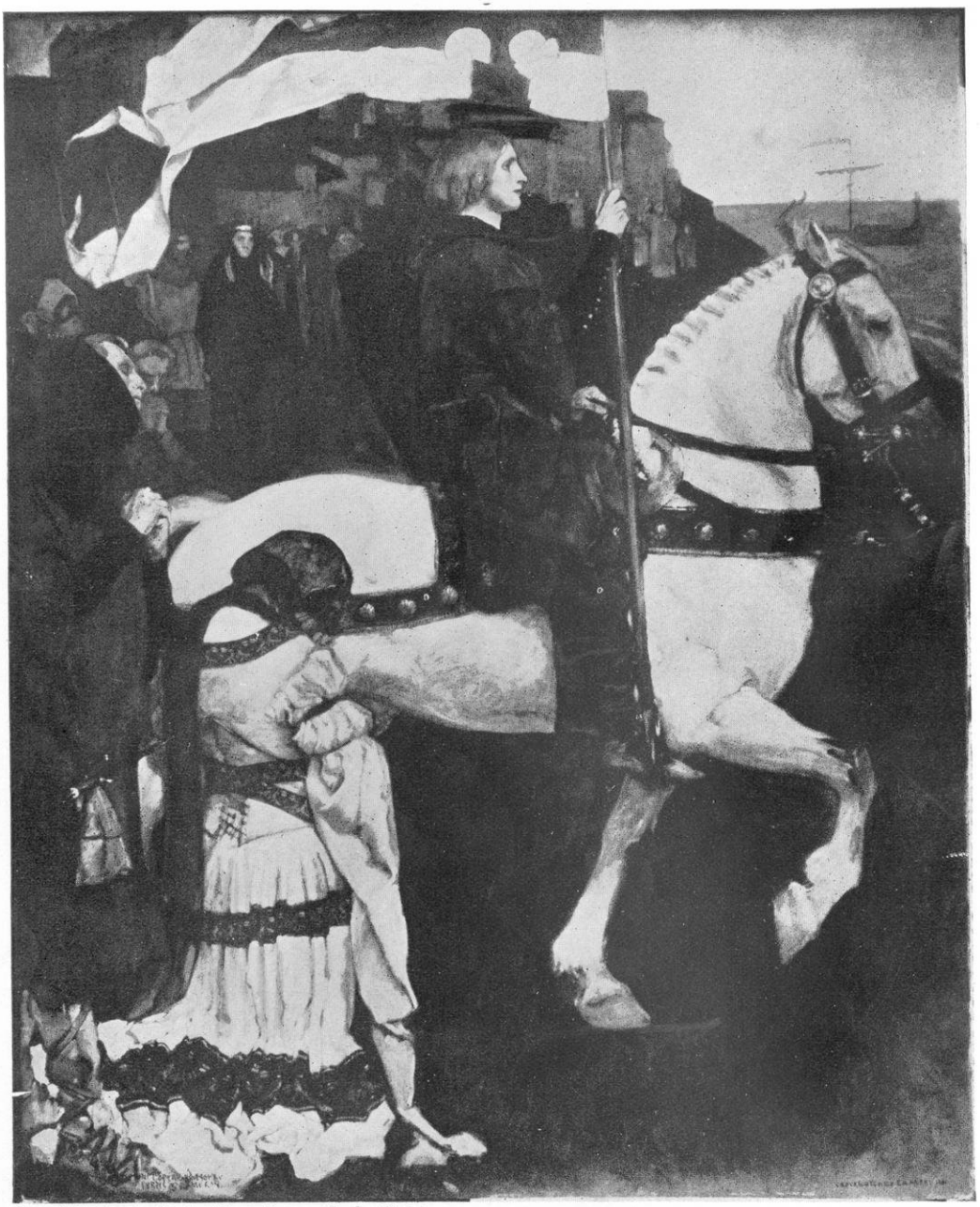

See Page 11.

"THE DELIVERER," ONE OF THE SERIES OF THE HOLY GRAIL PAINTINGS BY E. A. ABBEY IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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THE CRAFTSMAN

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WHAT AILS OUR BOYS? BY JACOB A. RIIS

WHAT is the matter with our boys, that the hoodlumism we thought we had done with has broken out afresh? Broken out, too, with savage brutality as if to make up for time lost. In New York we hear of organized raids, in automobiles at that; of regular battles in the street between gangs and the police in which the reserves of an entire precinct hardly availed to wrest the victory from the hoodlums; of laws made by the gang and "dead-lines" which the police were forbidden to cross. Patrolmen who have dared to disobey have been shot down on their beats. The new Police Commissioner has had to organize a "Strong Arm Squad" to protect peaceful travelers on cars and ferry-boats against drunken young ruffians, and the utmost rigor of the law has been invoked in the courts against this new scourge. And New York is the barometer of the country. What has brought all this about?

Doubtless trifling with the patrolman's night-stick has had its share in it. Every now and then some gentle soul comes along who thinks it hits too hard. So it does, sometimes. But in the street after nightfall there is a lot of righteousness in the end of a night-stick. Byrnes, when he was chief of the New York police, warned the Board to let it alone, for he had pounded the pavement himself in the old days and knew. But the commissioners did not take his advice and ordered the men to hang up their clubs when they went out on patrol. There followed a reign of ruffianism that grew and made whole neighborhoods unsafe, until one day Chief Byrnes called his captains to headquarters and told them bluntly: "Tonight, when the men go on post, give them their sticks and tell them to use them. Let them take no prisoners, unless they bring them in on a shutter." That night there were "doings" on Cherry Hill and in Hell's Kitchen. And after that the town could sleep.

The night-stick has its uses, and while the police force is the football of politics it is not safe to discard it. But, after all, for every ruffian born in a great city, a hundred are *made*. What makes them, is the question that demands an answer, and how are we to stop the manufacture? Average human nature tends instinctively to order, if cause can be shown. Whence, then, the disorder? The boy would rather be good than bad. Why is he bad, then?

Successive tenement house commissions in the Metropolis have shown us how the wicked home surroundings of the poor are bidding for the corruption of their children, and we know it is so. The tenement without privacy or touch of home, that spews forth the boy to the street and to the saloon with its gambling and its license; where the brazen prostitute goes out and in, defiant of law that says she shall not, flaunting her tawdry finery before the tired girls whose bitter toil hardly suffices to feed and clothe their half-starved bodies. Their souls—I can hear yet the mother of one when I stood at her window and looked out upon a dark air-shaft that was *her* daily outlook, all there was of it: "Mary does not like to sleep here." Mary had gone on the street. That was her story, and, standing there, judgment died upon my lips. The reformers are right who strive with might and main to make better homes. There is the tap-root of the mischief.

THE street and the gutter do their worst. The lack of rational recreation is their faithful ally. "Crime in our cities is largely a question of athletics," of a chance for the boy to blow off his steam in an orderly way. If the chance is denied him, he will blow it off as he can. The gang has ways of its own. Mary's young heart longed for some vision of which the tenement with its dark air-shaft, and the stuffy workroom where she spent the long days, gave her no embodiment. When the official garbage collectors, in a laudable desire to rob the day of one of its terrors, took to doing their work at night, they merely added one to her life that had enough already. Her one breathing spot in the interval between work and sleep, the sidewalk where she met her friends to gossip and stroll in the cool of the evening, became burdened with the foul garbage can. It was the last straw, and Mary gave it up. Other young people have done the same. Preach to them as we please about being good, we must give the good a chance by putting it in their way. The republic without sunshine, without grass and flowers, without fun and frolic in the young years, is a fraud on the face of it.

Hence the settlements and their propaganda of "sweetness and light." The settlements will have fulfilled their mission and in their passing will have given birth to the ideal they strove for, when the schools take their place; when every public school becomes a neighborhood hall in which the people's activities center; when it is the children's playground, and the Mothers' Club, the men's meeting-place for social intercourse, for industrial and political discussion, the forum of organized labor, the hall where the citizens come to cast their votes on election day. Why should the city pay a for-

tune every year for the hire of barber shops and candy stores for polling places, when in every street the schoolhouses stand with ideal equipment for just this service—ideal in every way, for who can think of slugging and cheating in a schoolhouse? Or, if it did happen, how quickly would it come home to us with all its evil meaning? The proposition has been made to the present Mayor of New York, and already a number of settlements and churches have offered room for polling places, to help out where no schoolhouse is convenient. If common sense prevails, there will soon be no such thing as the present-day hired polling place, and the city will be the gainer in four ways: it will have saved money, it will have raised the standard of citizenship in its concrete expression, it will have put the gang to rout in one of its strongholds, and it will have opened the door wide to the use of the schoolhouse as the neighborhood hall—the old town-meeting come back, the very fount of our freedom.

We say that the public school is the crux and the key of our democracy, and we work ourselves into a state of mind over the question whether school boards shall be paid or not, which is well; we learn something about the schools while we are discussing them. And there is a lot to learn. The most learned pedagogue does not know it all; sometimes it seems as if the more he knows the less firmly does he grip the fundamental idea of our public education, namely, that it shall send forth the young fitted to do the best that is in them for themselves and for the country. Does it, as a matter of fact, do that? The overwhelming mass of our children leave school at fourteen to go to work. Does the school do its best to fit them to do *their* best in life with that handicap? We make them stand in line and salute the flag: "We give our hearts and our heads and our hands to our country," and then we send them to their classrooms to make the gift worth while. Do we do our best for them there, not as an academic theory, but in real sober fact? Perhaps the answer to that question will put us in the way of finding one to the other that was asked: What ails our boys, anyhow?

LAST June I went through the great Durham tobacco factory in North Carolina. I stood by a machine into which the cut tobacco was poured through a chute and came out packed in the familiar little bags, all ready for the store counter. While it was on its way, at one point a pair of steel fingers reached down, plucked a revenue stamp from somewhere, pasted it on and then reached for another. It was the very perfection of mechanical skill. Where the bags came out sat a colored boy who caught them as

they came and with a single twist tied two little cords that closed them up. He did it once every second, never anything else, day after day, year after year. That was the other end of our industrial scheme as it has developed; the hopeless pauperization of the human intellect. It is an old story, this change from the day of our grandfathers when everything was made by hand, when every member of the family saw the process of the raising of the crops, the spinning of wool, the making of candles, and had his place in it, his duties. All that is gone and we cannot bring it back; but we can prevent our children becoming senseless automatons in the industrial grind, like the boy with the tobacco bags. If we do not, we shall be paying too much for our prosperity. We need men rather more than millionaires.

"I was amazed," said Mrs. Henry Parsons, when she first tried to make little gardeners out of the tenement-house children of the West-side in New York City, "to find how helpless they were when it came to doing any work requiring thought and steady hands. With all the excitement of a great city constantly going on about them, they were like thistle-down before a breeze." Yet they were, one and all, schoolchildren, for the public school at all events sees to it in our day that its authority is not flouted. They had learned to read and write. What else had they learned? Sums, geography, history, physiology, such as it was. Very likely they could tell how many bones there were in the human body—all in the books, of course, and good as far as books go. But how far had they gone to fit these children for the tasks that were coming to them so soon? They could dig in the dirt and carry bricks and stones for walls; to build it they were helpless. They were not dunces as events showed, for they learned quickly under her teaching. They were just on the "scrub level." They had not been fitted for anything and therefore they were not fit for anything—except to sit and tie knots like the boy at the machine. Predestined to be wage-earners, every one of them, their plastic years had been spent at school tasks that gave them no hint for their real life, gave them no initiative with which to confront the world that awaited their coming to take up its work. They approached that work without interest or anticipation; worse: with positive repugnance. Who has not been struck by the growing aversion of our young people to manual work? Rather be a "counter-jumper" and wear a boiled shirt at six dollars a week, than a mechanic with soiled hands at twelve or fifteen. How long is it since any one has seen a lad who loudly proclaimed that he was going to learn a trade, and was glad of it?

But public schools cannot be trade schools! They might be

worse, but that is not what I have in mind here. I will not even put in a plea for the vocational education to which we are coming nevertheless. My claim is that if a false emphasis were not laid upon head work in our schools—if real training of hand and eye went with the book learning as an equal partner—the result would be a wide-awake and competent lad, instead of the chap who can only fetch and carry and does not think for himself. We are not honoring the flag when we fill the land with young men who are unfit to meet its tasks and who at middle age clog the social machinery, an inefficient horde earning starvation wages. Were we not told a little while ago by authority which no one arose to question, that in all the vast bulk of exports from the United States *there was not a single article that found a market abroad because of its superior workmanship?* That was an arraignment of something vitally wrong somewhere. To find where we have to go back to the school.

EVERY schoolhouse in our cities should have its workshop that should share the boy with the classroom, and the girl too. All children should be taught how to use tools, not to make mechanics of them, but men. They all want to learn. Why is Robinson Crusoe every normal boy's hero? Why are the Scouts so popular? Because to him they both mean doing things. Making mud pies is good for children because it is a first lesson in manual training. We do not expect them to become bakers, but as they pound their little piles of sand we see initiative growing in them, individuality, the very thing our age of machinery is doing its best to kill. Take his scout's trappings from him, try to choke off the budding interest in life, and see how quickly the lad escapes to the street, if he can, and joins the gang. There at least he can be himself; he can choose his own leaders; he can do something, and if he does the wrong thing, who is to blame? That is one reason why his play is so important: it gives him a chance to express himself. So do the tools he works with. The world comes to mean something to him. The very things his books tell him of become real. Thoughts are translated into action, and with experience comes self-reliance. We think of the skill of the mechanic as being of the hands. We err; it is in the brain which guides the hand that the skill resides. Manual training is, in fact, mental training. The boy finds himself, and knows what he wants to do. In Worcester, Mass., they made Dead Cat Dump into a garden; the children were the gardeners. "They did thirty per cent. better work at their books for it" was their experience.

The gang had owned the neighborhood before. "Thou shalt

not steal" had been a good joke there; to the police it was a running fight. Eight hundred youngsters cultivated six hundred gardens the second year and raised twelve hundred dollars' worth of truck. Mischief and stealing ceased altogether. The police took a long breath and owned that respect for law and property had succeeded the old order of things. "The business instinct received a new impetus in doing something."

That was manual training out of school. New York has the same story to tell in the region just north of Hell's Kitchen where Mrs. Parsons has been at work this half-score years. The boys there "stole all they could lay their hands on" and went gaily to jail as on an excursion to "Larry Murphy's Farm." They called themselves the Sons of Rest. The police buckled their belts a little tighter when they heard there was going to be a garden in Hell's Kitchen. To them it meant some new kind of trouble. And there could not have been a worse beginning. They had only clam-shells for tools the first year, and the city owned no plow strong enough to break that soil in which generations had deposited their refuse. That was then; last year Mrs. Parsons marshalled eleven hundred young gardeners, one hundred and fifty of them cripples. Not a tool was stolen. No marauder invaded the garden, not even to dig worms when a school of sunfish came down the river and bait was as scarce as hen's teeth. The destructive forces of the neighborhood had been harnessed by so simple a thing as a garden patch, and made constructive. And "a sense of the dignity of labor" had grown up in that of all most unlikely spots, that made the young gardeners willing and anxious to work for the general good as well as for themselves. Their little "common" was their chief delight. The Sons of Rest disbanded.

THE neighborhood organized itself on a social basis. That is what the school does when manual training takes its proper place there. In the competition of mere lesson-learning, John Dewey has pointed out, we stray so far from the social ideal that the very act of helping another becomes a school crime—relieving the neighbor of his proper duty and so pauperizing him; while in the manual training class the standard of competition that develops is not how much you have learned, but how well, and helping a neighbor becomes the natural thing: helping him to help himself. When there is an honest carpenter shop, a practical kitchen for domestic cookery, and a sewing room in every public school we shall not only turn out better workmen in better homes, and a healthy respect for toil that has the man behind it; we shall have clearer heads as well for

the work *they* have to do. A man is not a poorer doctor or lawyer, or preacher, because he can hit a nail straight. And we shall have less ruffianism in the streets, better citizenship all around.

The school holds the master key to the riddle of the gang, and we are reaching out for it. It is sometimes slow work, for educational machinery is mostly cumbersome. In New York City it has forty-six heads before it comes down to the superintendent and his staff of professional educators. And yet in a dozen years the hoary tradition of the Metropolis that books alone were "educational" has been completely overturned. Play has held its triumphant entry into the school. More than two hundred play centers were under its care this summer vacation. We are ready for the next step. In the past the street has set a trap for the boy. Why not enlist it for good, and take the experience of Worcester and Hell's Kitchen for our guide? Why not use the countless vacant lots in our cities that are not needed as playgrounds for profitable gardening, instead of handing them over to waste and ugliness and deviltry? Pingree did it in Detroit to the great good of his city, though they laughed at him and dubbed him "Potato Pingree." Out in the boroughs our national wastefulness fairly stares at one. From where I sit writing this, I can see an acre lot that, with its rank weeds, is the one hideous blot on a landscape of pretty homes. It has been so all the years I remember. Right behind it is a church, the Sunday School of which might raise potatoes in it to pay for its summer outing, or else to give to the poor instead of depleting Mamma's larder on Thanksgiving Day with a rank pretense of being charitable. It would do the school good in a dozen ways and the town, too, for it would be doing something real instead of pretending. Besides, it would be no end of fun, and when you provide fun for the boy you give him the chance of being good that prevents his being bad. Perhaps they thought of that in France when they made it law that every country school shall have a garden. The children work in it, have a good time together and help support the teacher by their work, the while they learn the thrift that has made the French peasant prosperous and contented.

PHILADELPHIA has for fourteen years carried on the cultivation of vacant lot gardens, wherever land can be borrowed of the owner. Last year more than a thousand men and women out of work earned there sixty thousand dollars at an outlay for plowing and planting of about six thousand dollars, that is, they took ten dollars out of the soil for every dollar they put into it. That was truly bringing the land and the man together. They

did more: the "vacant lotters" carried the idea into their homes, and every bit of idle soil there acquired possibilities. The children as well as the grown people were "inspired to greater industry and self-dependence." They faced about and looked away from the slum toward the country. There were four or five times as many demands, last spring, for admission to the National Farm School near Philadelphia, as they had room for. The Superintendent of the vacant lot gardens is a young farmer graduated from that excellent institution. A dozen cities have tried that plan. Chicago, Baltimore, Rochester, Buffalo, Reading, and other communities have found it profitable. New York has opened a second Children's Farm School in Little Italy. It has room for a hundred. Why should it not have them?

A mother who sent her family to the Children's School Farm at the Jamestown Exhibition bore this testimony: "It has excited in my girls an almost unbelievable interest in the housekeeping of their own home." In Chicago the ex-hoodlums called a favorite tree in a plot that was given to them for their own, after the police lieutenant, who had been their sworn enemy, and night-sticks went out of business there. Thirty years ago Miss Ellen Collins bought half a dozen of the worst houses in Water Street, New York, and made them decent; or the tenants did, when she showed them how. They made gardens of the filthy old back-yards, and the children of the whole block came there to play, never molesting a flower. From mean little savages they became wholesome human beings.

There are thousands of dirty, discouraging tenement yards in our cities that could be made to appeal to the good that is in all children, just as Dead Cat Dump did in Worcester, instead of calling loudly with their weary desolation, their rusty tin cans and rubbish heaps, to the instincts of destructiveness and disorder. The proposition was made once in New York that they should be turned into block gardens by removing all the fences. In Frankfort, last year, I saw that done. Rather, there had never been any fences. What would with us have been dreary, repellent yards, was there a luxuriant garden in which the tenants raised all their vegetables, and flowers besides to gladden the eye. It is still to me the most cheering recollection I took home with me from Europe. Why might we not do the same in our cities, in New York City, for instance? And who will be the leader in such a movement? For like everything else, if it is to succeed it must have a leader with the vision of a great faith in his fellowman. Only such a one can unlock the door that leads to the redemption of our cities from gang rule. It is either that, or the night-stick. Which shall it be?

EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY: THE MAN AND HIS WORK: BY LOUIS A. HOLMAN

IT WAS at a dinner of the Lotus Club in New York that the late Edmund Clarence Stedman said: "Although there is no frontier to the field of art, it has many provinces, and every province would be glad to claim Mr. Abbey as its own." Abbey had essayed work in one province after another: the province of illustration, pen and wash drawings, the province of paintings, water color, pastel and oil, the province of mural decoration, historic and symbolic. In each province he had attained conspicuous success. Yet when at that same dinner he was referred to as "the master workman," he said with that genuine modesty which was his always: "I have achieved very little. The fields of art stretch out in boundless leagues where I have worked. I am but a beginner." And in this last sentence I think we find the key to the career of Edwin Austin Abbey, the most talked-of artist before the English-speaking world today. His career was marked by one success following hard upon the heels of another with almost miraculous precision.

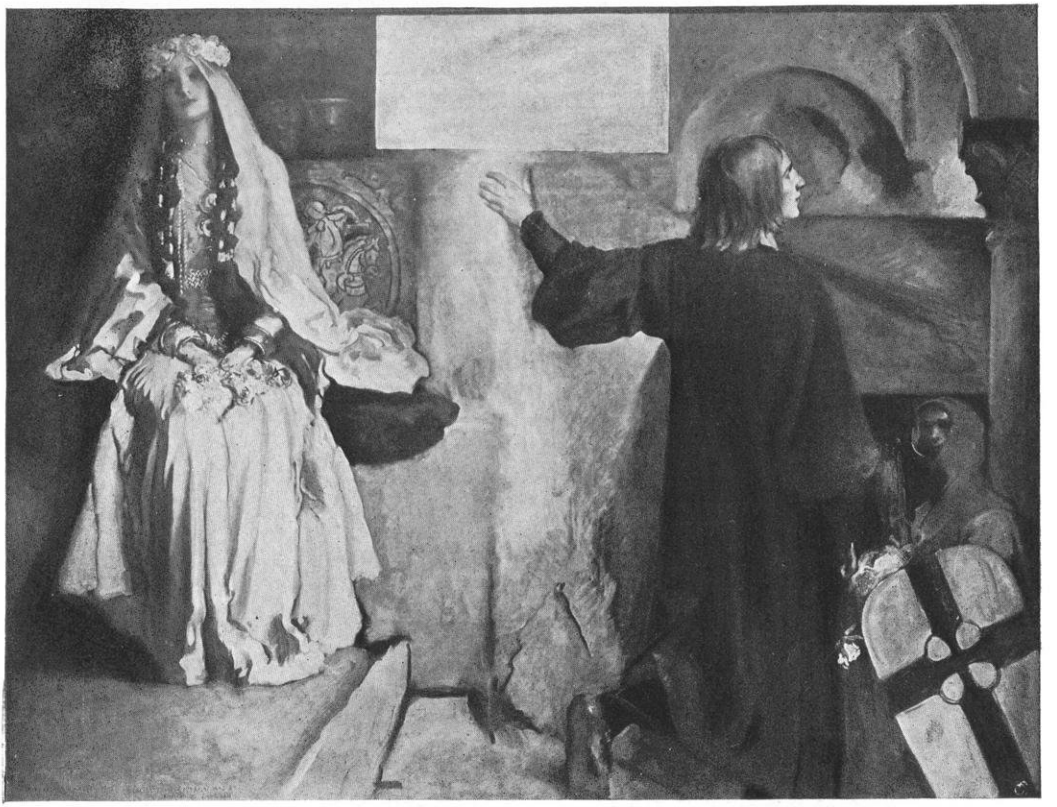
Close student and hard worker as Abbey proved himself, he found time for his friends and for play. I question whether there ever lived an American artist who had a greater host of intimate friends. Why? It is hard to put down in cold type just why this is so. Perhaps little more can be said than to repeat the words so often heard of late: "Abbey was a most lovable man." If we question further, one will say that he was "the soul of generosity." And this trite phrase is not to be taken as referring only to material things. He gave away sketches and drawings with a lavish hand; he spent quite all the fifteen thousand dollars received for "The Holy Grail" in models and costumes and research work, and every manner of thing, that the paintings might be worthy the place they were to occupy; the extent of the plan for the Harrisburg decorations was enlarged at his request so that it was virtually a gift to his native State of work, measured by the rest of it, worth thirty thousand dollars; but there was something greater and more unusual than these acts imply when Abbey was called "the soul of generosity." Artists will say that when he criticised their work he always searched for something encouraging to say, that he was exceedingly considerate of everybody's feelings, that he would forgive any fault in a friend, and in short that there was found in him an excellent spirit, wonderfully generous in its opinion of all his fellows. Another friend will tell that he was instinctively refined, and that he had a manner which would have won him his way into palaces even if he had

started life as a hod-carrier. Another friend will call attention to the fact that although Abbey did practically all of his work in England and frankly said he could do it better there, he never considered himself an expatriate, never lost his American accent or manner. Some other friend will say that the reason Abbey was so popular was that he had such a keen love for all good, clean sport. He loved baseball, for instance, with the devotion of an American boy. Because he could not, in England, easily bring together enough men to play this game he took up and enthusiastically followed the next best thing—cricket. He had a ground prepared at his Gloucestershire house, and himself became president of the club. Other friends will tell of his infectious smile, of his ardent democracy, of his lively sympathy, of his reliance upon work rather than upon genius.

Perhaps, however, there was nothing about him which made such a universal appeal as his alert sense of humor. Abbey's nickname in his New York days was "Chestnut." It was from one of his stories that this designation for a long-drawn-out or an old story came. Edward Strahan in "A Book of the Tile Club" gives the facts.

"ON HIS first presentation among the people on the other side of the ocean * * * he had been immediately asked what stories he knew. He gave them unpublished Mark Twains, recondite Artemus Wards, and Lincolns before the letter, in exchange for their Blue China Ballades and Blaydes of the college period. Then he bethought him of his chestnut story, a time-honored jest of his Tile Club days. Taking his courage in both hands he poured it out with an air of conviction and good faith before a large dinner-party. Now the Chestnut Story is one of those interminable, pointless humbug narratives which the French call a *scie*, eternally getting to the point and never arriving there; exciting vast interest and calculation in regard to the chestnuts on a certain tree; promising a rich and racy solution in the very next sentence; straying off into episodes that baffled the ear and disappointed the hope. This tale could be prolonged by him when he was at his best for a good part of an hour, without ever releasing the attention or satisfying the expectation. As time wore on, the more solemn and practical of the guests would look at each other gravely; * * * At a given moment the tableful would perceive the crux and burst into horse laughs. * * * And there would be one delicious, venerable Englishman who, when all were roaring, would confess that he was always slow at catching the point of American humor, and would ask his neighbor to oblige him by telling what it was all about. * * *

EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, R.A.: AMERICAN PAINTER, DECORATOR AND ILLUSTRATOR



"BLANCHEFLEUR:" A DETAIL FROM THE DECORATION OF THE HOLY GRAIL, BY E. A. ABBEY.

"CORDELIA:" FROM ONE OF E. A. ABBEY'S STUDIES FOR "LEAR."

"DEATH OF AMFORTAS:" A DETAIL FROM THE DECORATION OF THE HOLY GRAIL, BY E. A. ABBEY

English literary men, * * * began to use the title in their writing as a type of an endless or unsatisfactory yarn. And the word Chestnut, crossing the sea, returned again to the land of its birth, and became the accepted definition of what is tedious, old and interminable."

In conclusion, Strahan quotes Abbey as saying:

"Boys, * * * what do you think? I gave the Chestnut last Wednesday week to a tragedian, a proctor, a bishop and a baronet. And they swallowed it for thirty-seven minutes by my watch."

Born in Philadelphia eight years before the Civil War broke out, Abbey was in school at the time when men's thoughts were chiefly on the great struggle. His two years' art training were over before the paralyzing effect of war had passed. He was in a very real sense a self-made man, as severe a critic of his own work and as exacting as any master could have been. He, however, always gave the credit for his success to his merchant grandfather, a man of fine artistic feeling, who like Abbey's own father spent many a day at his easel. A friend who called on Abbey while he was at work on the coronation picture has recently recalled some of the conversation.

"Abbey," said the caller, "it is a great work and a great chance; but tell me, how did you get it?"

"Through my grandfather," said Abbey.

"I see by the papers that you are also to decorate the new capitol of Pennsylvania. * * * Did your grandfather get that commission too?"

And Abbey gravely replied: "If I do the work he will be the cause."

I have seen a photograph of Abbey taken when he was eight years old. With dreamy unconsciousness he had posed himself at a table, not with a toy but with paper and pencil. When he was but fourteen, it is said, "Oliver Optic's Magazine for Boys and Girls" published a rebus of his designing. He began drawing on wood for a wood engraver when he was sixteen. During this period he was studying art at night with Isaac L. Williams and in the Academy of Fine Arts, under Christian Scheussch. A sketch called "The First Thanksgiving" submitted to *Harper's Magazine* was accepted. This brought him a pleasure that the great commissions of later years never equalled. (If the sketch was ever published, it has escaped me.) This triumph eventually resulted in eighteen hundred and seventy-one in his joining the staff of *Harper's Magazine*, and coming under the direction of Charles Parsons, a water-colorist of prominence, then chief of Harper's art department. Parsons was a stimu-

lating man. Not only Abbey, but many another famous in American art owes his success to walking in the way Parsons pointed out. Here, too, he came in contact, among a dozen others, with W. L. Sheppard, then one of Harper's best men, now almost forgotten, and Charles S. Reinhart, who then and for several years after gave much greater promise than did Abbey. In New York at this time, too, were Harry Fenn, beginning his brilliant and unique career, and Alfred Fredericks, one of the best illustrators of the time. A little later came other men who have attained unusual prominence in art: W. T. Smedley, John W. Alexander, A. B. Frost, Frank Du Mond, Howard Pyle and Joseph Pennell; and each one counted Abbey as his friend.

Great and strongly characteristic as were these men, one looks in vain for record of their influence upon Abbey. Some have said that the work of Fortuny had great effect upon him, but he himself told a friend, from whom I have it, that the style of his pen-and-ink work was the result of a close study of some of Adolph Menzel's published about eighteen hundred and forty-two.

THE New York engravers complained bitterly of Abbey's work. It was "dirty," it contained too many little lines, impossible of reproduction. So indeed it has always been with Abbey. He never "drew for reproduction." When the mechanical processes came in, it was the same old story. The rough paper which he liked and used, and continued to like and use, gave a broken, soft line, in the drawing artistically beautiful, but for purposes of reproduction very bad. On this account I doubt if we have ever seen the full delicate beauty of any pen-drawing by Abbey except perhaps the large reproduction in Joseph Pennell's "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen."

Hopkinson Smith puts into the mouth of one of his characters these words about the youthful Abbey: "He was a clean-cut, manly, lovable fellow, winning friends for himself wherever he went. It was delightful, I remember, to watch him in those days. He was like a child over his prices, unworldly to a degree. It had been *the love of doing the thing* that had held and impelled him, not the money he got for it,—and it is so still."

In the July *Harper's*, eighteen hundred and seventy-one there is a poem accompanied by a number of illustrations done by several of the staff. Among them is one signed by Abbey. After this his work appears frequently. It is almost painful to think of the man who became the greatest illustrator of Shakespeare, and the acknowledged authority on Mediæval costume, having to illustrate articles

such as "The New York Post Office," "The Yale Expedition of Eighteen Hundred and Seventy," "The United States Treasury," "North Bolivia," etc.

In eighteen hundred and seventy-three Abbey was *Harper's* humorous artist, and illustrated the "Editor's Drawer." To have his name appear as the illustrator of an article in those days, one had to be a good deal of an artist. So far as I can find, "Porte Crayon" (David H. Strother), whose name appeared at the head of an article and in the index of the April *Harper's*, eighteen hundred and seventy-two, was the first person to be so honored by this publishing house. Imagine a publication using illustrations by Howard Pyle, Charles S. Reinhart, W. A. Rogers, Harry Fenn, W. T. Smedley, William Small (the Englishman) and Edwin A. Abbey, and never calling attention to the fact! The number and titles of the illustrations were always painstakingly given, but the men who made them were ignored. I think it was the middle of eighteen hundred and eighty-one before *Harper's* awoke to the fact that it was hiding several lights under its bushel. Since then its artists have shared honors with its authors.

Abbey's illustrations in the *Harper's* December, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, give, I feel, the first distinct promise of what was to come. Next year the Herrick drawings began to appear. They showed Abbey no matter-of-fact illustrator of another man's ideas, but one who himself walked in heavenly places seeing with the eyes of a poet.

He drew all his figures from life and his backgrounds and accessories from nature. This constant study and comparison of his work with nature itself was the reason for his rapid advance. In just ten years from the appearance of the first Herrick illustration, Joseph Pennell, than whom there is no better judge of illustrative work, deliberately and with emphasis, pronounced Abbey the greatest of living illustrators.

He had gone to England the year before to make the Herrick drawings, and, except for short visits, he never returned to America. He found life in England more stimulating. "I don't mean to imply," said the artist once in speaking of this, "that all talk you hear abroad is a continuous and dazzling feast of intellectual joy, but * * * I should say that students in special lines are more numerous. Although one might not see much of the world of art and letters for months, that world is easily accessible. I lead a very quiet life: am obliged to do so in order to get through the amount of work I have under way and in contemplation. Living being less expensive, I can allow myself much more time over my work, and

can spend money for materials of study that would be swallowed up in rent, taxes and wages in very short order in New York."

ENGLISHMEN soon forgot that this genial, brilliant man was a foreigner, possibly because he was supremely happy in the land of his adoption. He was everywhere held in high favor, and honors showered upon him. He became one of a notable group of American artists: Sargent, Millet, Boughton, Shannon and Whistler (if we may call Whistler an American), who found in England a sympathetic artistic environment. Abbey materially aided in increasing the esteem in which his fellow countrymen were held.

To one who is familiar with the parish churches, the manor houses, the lanes, the hedgerows and flowers of Herrick's country, it is easy to understand the spell they cast over Abbey. There is a story that he once tried to break away from the witchery of it, but after his household goods had reached America he weakened and the unpacking was not done until they got back to England.

At Broadway, in Worcestershire, Abbey found friends and there he lingered, gathering material for his drawings. A friend of his told me that in the wonderful garden of Russell House, the home of Frank Millet, he had often seen, on the same morning, each painting from his own model, Abbey, Sargent, Millet, Alma-Tadema and Alfred Parsons. It was at hospitable Russell House that Abbey first met Miss Mary Gertrude Mead, of New York, who later became his wife. Here, too, he had the good fortune to meet Alfred Parsons, and Alfred Parsons had the still better fortune to meet Abbey. Then and there began that wonderful collaboration, the result of which for many a year charmed the artistic world.

Successful, from every point of view, as were the illustrations for Herrick, and Goldsmith, and Shakespeare, all of which came from Abbey's hand as spontaneously as fruit from a tree, he yet longed to be a beginner again in other fields of art. It was not that he might make a fortune or win applause, but that he might have the joy of wandering in a new region, which to him looked as inviting as did the delectable mountains to Bunyan's hero. He bought an ancient house at Fairford, Gloucestershire, some fifty miles south of Broadway. Here he built a large studio and entered the lists as a painter of English romance and history.

In eighteen hundred and ninety-one he began the famous "Holy Grail" series for the Boston Public Library. Five years later his "Richard, Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne" won him his A.R.A. In two more years he became a full Academician. The work, however, which brought Abbey his greatest recognition in

England was his painting of the coronation of Edward the Seventh, by "command" of the king. It is interesting to find that the painter of Queen Victoria's coronation was Charles Robert Leslie, who was brought up as was Abbey in Philadelphia and studied at the same school. We recall, too, that Benjamin West, also from Pennsylvania, was the court painter to George the Third. The honor to Abbey was a distinguished one and he appreciated it. At the coronation itself he was given a point of vantage from which, for a few moments, to view the ceremony which he was to picture for all time. He was equal to the task. The painting was a success, but the making of it was a painful process for the artist. The King and Queen gave him no trouble, but many of the peers and peeresses were exasperating beyond words in their utter disregard of appointments, in their vanity and ignorance,—some of the ladies, for instance, insisted, not only on full portraits, but on their long trains and all their jewels showing. We are reminded that in the days of Rembrandt the members of the so-called "Night Watch" gave a like exhibition of petty human qualities when they quarreled with Rembrandt over just such points.

Securely fastened to the walls of the Boston Public Library are fifteen beautiful panels, too well-known to need description here. "The Quest of the Holy Grail" shows, as many persons believe, the work of Abbey at its zenith. Further than this, the paintings are not more securely attached to the walls than are these same persons attached to their conviction that here is shown the greatest and best that American mural art has produced. In the State Capitol at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, are eight mural decorations by the same hand. The New York *Tribune* contends, and it is not alone in this contention, that at Harrisburg, in his native State, "Abbey builded the monument to himself, as an artist, into which he poured his best devotion and his highest abilities." Who shall say which is the greater monument? Surely it cannot be decided now with four of one lot not yet in place.

All Abbey's drawings, paintings, pastels, practically everything he had done, played its part in developing his hand, his mind and his soul for the task of visualizing the great legend of the Holy Grail, which, although symbolic in itself, was treated realistically and clothed in the garb of the Middle Ages. On the other hand the work already at Harrisburg is of such a widely different character, being wholly symbolic subjects treated in a modern manner, that he was compelled to leave the well-worn road and blaze out a new one. This was what he delighted to do, but are we reasonable in expecting that he would meet with immediate and permanent suc-

cess? Perhaps so, for he was no ordinary man. Yet some of our editors are saying that Abbey was "not a great artist, but a conscientious worker, who met with a measure of success!"

On one of the decorations at Harrisburg, Abbey has put this quotation: "Art deals with things forever incapable of definition and that belong to love, beauty, joy and worship, the shapes, power and glory of which are forever building, unbuilding and rebuilding in each man's soul and in the soul of the whole world." With these words in mind it seems hasty to try now to pronounce judgment on even the Boston paintings. When the "building, unbuilding and rebuilding" of our ideas of art has gone on for a few years we shall see all of Abbey's work by a truer light and in a saner way. In the meantime I feel confident Abbey will hold his place as one of America's foremost colorists, as one of her rarest draftsmen, as the most poetic painter of Mediæval subjects in his time, and as the greatest illustrator that America has yet produced.

TO THE DONOR OF SUNDRY APPLES

MAY every day that makes the year
As luring to your eyes appear
And fragrant to your sense, as those
Your apples streaked with gold and rose:
Like them in beauty manifold
Be curved and exquisite to hold—
All flavored with the wind and sun,
And brimmed with sweetness every one.
Could ordinary mortals know
The western orchard where they grow,
And watch the artist hours put on
New saffron and vermilion,
How master a more delicate art
For joy to ripen in the heart?
Or who could covet after these,
Mere gold from the Hesperides?

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

AN IRISH FABLE: BY M. NORMILE

S FINE a wedding as ever happened in a far-down county was Honora Lavelle's to Barney Callan. And small wonder—that it should be. For the Lavelles were rich and could give Honora a fine feast becoming to so great a dower. Three cows, her dower was, no less. But three cows or ten, she was a lucky piece to be wedding Barney Callan, poor as he was. For he was a sweet-eyed, smiling-faced boy, with a merry word for everybody straight out of his kind heart, and no one, not even the greenest-eyed backbiter in all Connaught could have it that the three cows it was caught Barney and not Honora's black twist o' hair and her hard and shining eyes.

But if Barney had no mind for the three cows, Honora never forgot them at all, at all. The first Sunday the pair stepped out to go to Mass, and a fine looking pair they were, too, Honora carried her black head as high and swung her silk as if she had brought her young husband a herd. But before they had gone far, she had a frown on her; for Barney would stop to poke his head in the bush to listen to a thrush, or whistle some blackbird trilling on the hedge. Who could blame her when she knew that every cabin door would be a bit ajar to note the figure of the bride and groom. But sure it was anyway, that Honora frowned easy. And she had a dark scowl when at the first crossing they came on an old woman resting herself by the road.

"Pass her the time o' day pleasantly—she's a lonely thing," Barney whispered. But as they came up to her, it was himself that spoke.

"A fine morning, dear woman," he called, "and tell me, how does your son be faring of late?"

"It's not rich he's getting; but rich or no, he's happy with his fine wife, a good woman that made me this scarf," and she fingered a bit of lace that crossed her lean shoulders.

The bride had an eye for lace, and seeing it was a rare web, she took the frown off her face, and smiled, passing the time o' day with the old woman.

"May I live till I have the chance to put me wish on your first born!" she answered, speaking to Barney.

And he said: "Dear woman, may ye live to be a hundred year!"

At the very next cross-road, before another frown had time to darken Honora's face, they came on another old woman, resting herself by the roadside.

"Pass her the time o' day very pleasantly—she's lonely and very old," but it was himself who spoke.

"A fine morning, dear woman!" he called, "and how is your son of late?"

"Happy in the love of God—a good priest he is—and a good son," and she held up a prayer beads that gleamed in the light. "He sent me these, blessed by himself."

The gleam of the beads pleased the bride and she passed the time o' day pleasantly. But the old woman spoke to Barney, crying, "May I live to put my wish on your first born," and Barney answered:

"May you live to be two hundred, dear woman!"

A black, black brow had Honora when they reached the church gate. For Barney had briars and brambles stuck all over his corduroys, from poking into a thorn to see what bird trilled so sweet. And Honora was still frowning when at the church gate they came upon an old, old woman, bent and ragged, leaning her poor bones on the gate post.

"Pass her the time o' day pleasantly, if ever you did, for she's lonely, old and pitiful poor."

But the bride looked at the rags and turned away, frowning.

"A fine morning dear, dear woman," Barney called, helping her through the gateway, "and how is your son these days?"

"Not a rag to his back, nor a pick on his bones, but happy with his fiddle and his singing, so thank God for his blessings to all."

The old woman had caught the bride's black look, and with her keen old eyes on the dark averted face, she spoke to Barney:

"May I live to put my wish on your first born!"

"May you live to be three hundred, dear woman," he answered.

Before the year was over, there was a feast in Barney's cabin. It was a christening and all the far-downers within walking distance were there. On a pillow, all ruffled with hand lace, lay a tiny, yellow-topped chicken of a thing, and beside him sat Honora, her people and the two old women who had come to put their wish on the boy.

Barney, smiling and merry was mixing with the poor far-downers who were shy of Honora's rich, dark-browed silent people. At the foot of the cradle sat an old woman with a fine lace scarf on her lean shoulders; at its head sat an old woman with a gleaming rosary in her hands.

"Put your wish on the boy," urged his mother, to the first old woman.

The old woman looked at the mite and thought and thought. The company crowded round to hear. At last she spoke. "May he have the love of a good woman," she said, fingering the lace on her shoulder.

Honora sat silent—she had hoped the crone would wish riches on him. Well, it was not a bad wish. She saw herself in her honored old age wearing a scarf made by her daughter-in-law, who would have a dower of three cows, likely.

"And your best wish, now," she urged the old woman who sat at his head.

The old woman thought and thought. All the company pressed near to hear—it would have to be a fine, fine wish. At last, lifting her hands that held the gleaming rosary, she cried, "May he have the love of God in his heart!"

Honora sat silent—still it was not wholly a poor wish. Perhaps she would be the mother of a priest—a worthy end for the son of a mother dowered with three cows.

At that moment a wild figure darkened the door. At sight of the old, old woman, bent, tattered, the company drew back. So she had come to put her wish on the boy? They knew she had hard words for Honora and her pride, and besides she was powerful in her wishing. Who had bidden her to the feast? Barney, the fool, they knew; he was not afraid of her wishing and pitied her lonely, poor old age.

She hobbled to the pillow, looked down on the mite, then at the frowning face of its mother. The women, watching her, crossed themselves—her wish would be dark.

Barney himself looked troubled. But to make the old woman one of them and pay her honor, he asked:

"Put your wish on him now, dear woman!"

But Honora hid her face, stricken with terror, in her trembling hands.

The old woman thought and thought. She smoothed her ragged shawl and thought of the bride's cold pride. She looked at Barney, and his pleasant words and strong arm came to her; still she thought while the stillness in the cabin lay like a thing on them all.

At last she spoke: "May he have the love of song!"

Honora wailed suddenly and softly. She saw herself the poor mother of a wandering minstrel, one that had his bite in the shade of the thorn, his sleep beneath the stars. This an end for the son of a mother with three cows.

But Barney was laughing for joy. "Dear, dear old woman," he said, "a blessed soul he is. The love of a good woman, the love of God, the love of song!"

The three old women crooned praises over the yellow head on the pillow. But the mother, the mother of Ireland's happiest poet, sat sullen and fearful, with her rich people.

A VITAL EXPRESSION IN GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC ART: ILLUSTRATED BY THE WORK OF RUDOLF DÜHRKOOP

ODERN photography puts forth every month new achievements which emphasize the validity of its claim to be ranked among the arts. And while recognizing the inherent limitations of the medium, the world has been obliged to throw aside its prejudices and to acknowledge that the man behind the camera is steadily proving his worthiness to rank both in spirit and in artistry beside his brothers of the brush, as an exponent of natural truths and beauties.

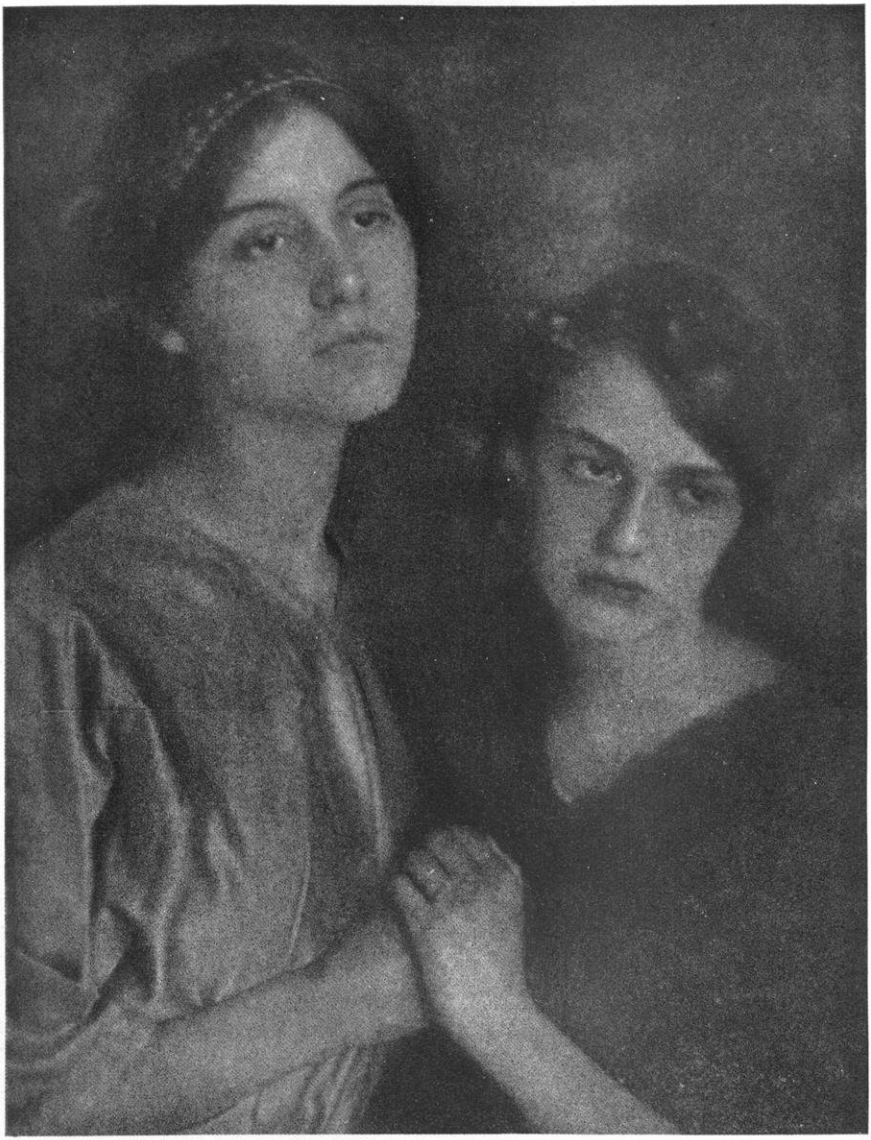
But underlying this fact is one of even greater significance. For not only is photography coming to be accepted as an additional and welcome channel of expression, but the wide range of its subjects—most of them essentially modern—has opened up new avenues of beauty which heretofore had passed almost unnoticed. In its application to our every-day life, in its finding of adequate subjects among the actual material and even commonplace things of today, it has shown us unsuspected wonders, unlooked for possibilities of beauty in those things which we were apt to regard as unworthy. It has proved to us that there is no need for art to hark back to the days of Mediæval romance in quest of material. It has taught us that truth is revealed to those who seek it just as clearly in the varied aspects of our modern industrial civilization as in a more picturesque past. And in opening our eyes to the material and spiritual beauties directly around us it has laid stress upon the necessity for the right development of these surroundings, for present and future accomplishment rather than reliance upon outworn traditions and ideals.

Glancing back over the history of this phase of scientific art, it is interesting to note how, with the gradual perfecting of the process and its results, there came about a different attitude toward this new invention—a more sympathetic appreciation of its place in civilization, of its message to the world.

Since that great day when Daguerre first revealed his secret, the most remarkable and significant changes possible to a mechanical device have taken place in the position held by photography. It was invented in the late-romantic days when the swift victorious course of the new-found natural sciences caused unlimited astonishment to the European peoples. Half in wonder and half in fear they regarded these discoveries as belonging to neither the every-day world with its concrete powers and values, nor to the world of

Courtesy of Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY: BY
RUDOLF DÜHRKOOP OF BERLIN.

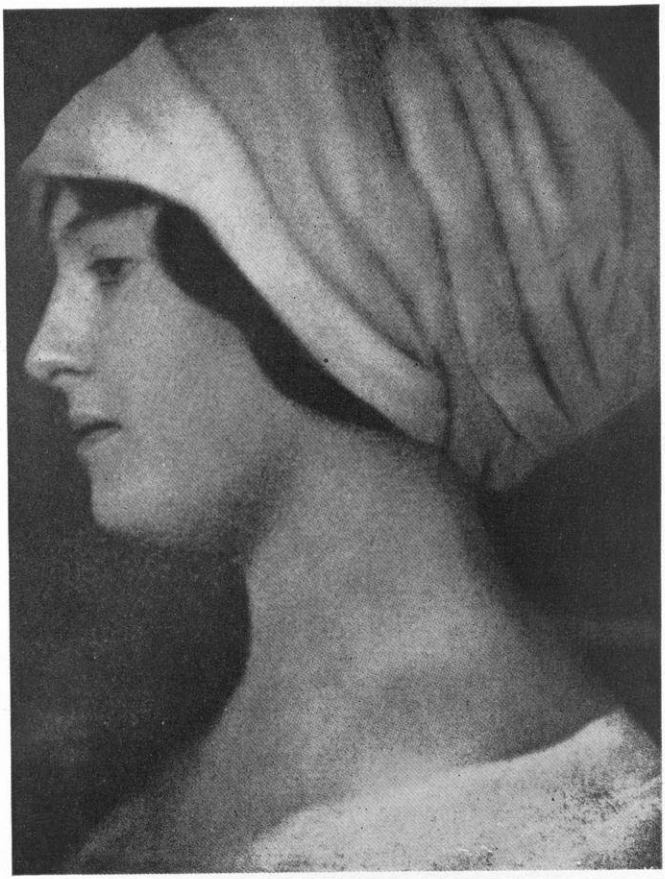


Courtesy of Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration.

PORTRAIT-PHOTOGRAPH
BY RUDOLF DÜHRKOOP.

Courtesy of Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY IN SUNLIGHT: BY RUDOLF DÜHRKOOP.



Courtesy of Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration.

PORTRAIT-STUDY BY
RUDOLF DÜHRKOOP.

the fine arts—which was considered as entirely foreign to the world of everyday, something which had its place only in the past or in the imagination. Never, according to them, should art be sought or found in the present or in real things. It was entirely extraneous. People were blind to the fulness of novel esthetic elements that lay everywhere at hand ready to be used. Photography was regarded as one of the modern works of the devil, like the railroads, steamships and telegraph,—valuable for convenience, but meaning nothing to cultured taste. The main idea of the followers of art, whether free or applied, was that they must devote themselves to something quite foreign to themselves or to daily life.

IN THE year eighteen hundred and forty-four Friedrich Hebbel in his diary made a wrathful attack upon all these "products of crafts that aspired to art." "The nearer they approach to the semblance of art," he wrote, "the more they nauseate me; it is actually repugnant to me that things which surely were intended only for bare utility should inveigle themselves into the sphere of beauty by deceiving the senses with their flattering semblance to art, and who knows that they will not crowd all higher truth out of this sphere?"

Even photography belonged to the "things that were intended only for bare utility," and the visionary who was farseeing enough to regard it with friendly eyes would surely have been laughed at.

Octavian Hill, the Glasgow artist of the early forties, who today is regarded as a pioneer in photography and whose reproductions are so admired, no doubt did not regard his pictures as possessing any artistic charm. He used them rather as a means to an end, for the help they gave him in gaining the effect of his pictures as a whole. The broad shallow effects of the photographs themselves probably meant nothing to him. Hill used his paper negatives merely as an aid in judging effects of grouping for his finished group pictures, and if the rough paper negative suppressed details of heads he was photographing, he saw in this suppression only a weakness of the materials on which he was dependent, never realizing that from this very weakness would grow strength, that the peculiarly fine effects of his remarkable photographs had their origin in these same limitations of his medium.

Then came the time when the photographer became more accustomed to the technique of the mechanical apparatus, and was no longer awed by the many novel surprises that were constantly occurring in the work. The attempt was made to reconcile photography with art; but in this a wrong method was chosen. Formal

foreign elements that were denied to the creations of human hand and brain were added to the products of an impersonal machine. Cast-iron objects were so treated that they were made to resemble the hand-hammered and hand-wrought; machine-carved woodwork was made to look like hand carving; papier maché was made to appear like hand-executed stucco work, and so on. Photographs were made to deceive and cheat, offering the temptation that Hebbel meant when he grew so excited about the "useful" things "that inveigled themselves into the sphere of beauty."

Very much later, but with the same consequences, followed the kind of photography which in the first days of the "reform" movement—now more than twenty years ago—sought to rise from the "barren trade" in which it was sunk, by the use of heterogeneous foreign techniques, free-hand drawing and other methods that never belonged to the practice of actual photography.

AMONG the many merits of Rudolf Dührkoop, one of the greatest of modern photographers, is that from the beginning he never took part in this fake "reform." He was one of the first in Germany to understand that the art of photography did not need any such masquerade, that in itself it possessed power enough to win success without any petty dishonesty, that it had no need of strange feathers with which to adorn itself. He had confidence in its own natural resources, and it is through these that photography has finally been able to take its position within the restricted sphere of the fine arts. The very severity of its limitations has guided him in the honest fulfilment of a given purpose. He has used with open mind the materials at hand, solving each problem as it comes with straightforward logic, basing each solution on the ethical and intellectual values that are involved, and the esthetic qualities inherent in each.

As the value of an iron structure depends upon the security and mathematical exactness of each part; as the charm of cabinetmaking depends not upon ornament but upon the right use of the material and the beauty of the wood; as even the wheels, pistons, cylinders and belts of a machine in action, turning out with mechanical precision some difficult piece of work, present a new kind of beauty, so also has photography shown us a beauty wrought with infinite care from the fundamental principles that underlie its materials, out of whose very limitations a virtue has been made.

Dührkoop's pictures in each instance show his respect for the restrictions of his art,—and that, after all, is one of the duties of photography, which is essentially the result of a mechanical pro-

cedure. He makes no use of the "expedient cheat," does not attempt to make the work of the camera resemble the work of the hand, whether the picture is a portrait or a landscape. But within the boundaries drawn by the laws of his technique he moves with the free gestures of an accomplished artist, striving to give every product of his studio an individual note without sacrificing the quality of the picture as a whole. And this surely is the only way in which to bring out the highest possibilities of a mechanical device, of which the photograph is a product. Would not any other method merely overshoot the mark?

Such work as this calls for the clearest, finest and sharpest understanding of art possible,—an unerring taste in determining the position and attitude of the subject, the choice of the lighting, the gradation of light and shade, the silhouetting of the portrait work, the meeting of every condition given, so that the finished picture shall be convincing. And it is in this way that Dührkoop manages the various nuances that are possible in the art of photography. In this keen sympathy and understanding of his work lies his inspiration, and in the way that he respects the restrictions of his materials he shows his craftsmanlike training. For only by combining keenness of inspiration and thoroughness of technique is it possible to achieve genuine works of art.

TWO SIERRA CHAIR-MAKERS: BY CHARLES HOWARD SHINN

LD Buckingham was once the most famous chair-maker in all the mountain land between Tahoe and Kern. He had a ranch on the Fresno River—a good piece of land which might easily have supported quite a family; he never ploughed it, for he liked better to make chairs. Anybody is "old" in that region if his hair is gray or absent; Buckingham was still hale, active, and a very popular neighbor, but he had been "Old Buckingham" for many years. He would prowl about the woods for weeks till he found a rock-grown oak that suited his ideals. This he sawed down, cut into pieces that could be handled with block and tackle, and hauled them to his shed, where he had a little machinery run by water power.

No one paid much attention to what he did afterward with such logs. It was vaguely understood, however, that he spent years over them as logs and as six-inch planks or timbers, before he sawed them into still smaller pieces and began to spoke-shave parts which went to the creation of his mountain chairs.

Little by little his supply of seasoned timber increased, till he could pick out just what he wanted, for he knew the history of every log and fragment. He had bought a few tools, but he preferred those made by the village blacksmith under his oversight, for together they had tempered the steel.

Under these circumstances it is no wonder that Buckingham chairs had a character of their own. Behind the increasing skill, too, was a growing genius for expression in wood. So solid and so direct were his methods that natural-finish Buckingham chairs can be recognized anywhere, even under later atrocities of paint and varnish; they are still good for several centuries.

No two of his chairs were ever quite alike, but the general outlines of all were much the same, for the mountain people wanted "Missourian raw-hide chairs." He never cut his raw-hide into strips, though.

"Weavin' I despise," he said. "Also, strips is wearin' on overalls."

The Buckingham chair-bottom, therefore, was made of whole hide with the hair left on; the colors were always harmonious, and the skins were stretched with exquisite judgment.

"No spots for me," said the old chair-maker, "nor no wrinkles."

The sum total of all this was that he sold his chairs everywhere for a dollar apiece, in those primitive days, long before the Civil War. Not only did he sell his chairs, but he had offers to enlarge

his business, hire helpers, put in more machinery and send chairs out to the Valley towns.

That amused him. "Chairs made that way can't last as long, and aren't so much fun to make. I like to shape up a chair, and think about the wood while I make it. No two oak trees alike, you know. Some of them are reel contrairy; then on a sudden they give in, and get friendly. That sort makes the best chairs."

THE longer old Buckingham lived, the more determined he grew not to let anyone help him make chairs. People wanted all he could possibly furnish, but very few of them realized at all what a work of art, in its own rude, strong way, a Buckingham chair was, at its best, with its lovely natural grain, its beautiful proportions, its marvelous durability.

A famous judge of Mariposa, a college man, once looked a long time at a chair that Buckingham was finishing.

"Do you know," he said, "a chair like that ought to be famous and perhaps something will make it so. And you tell me it takes years to season it. First you say you soak out all the sap in running water. How do you know when that operation is finished?"

Buckingham chuckled. "I smell it, Jedge, an' then I taste it, an' I feel of it. The tannin goes out, an' my little test-chips get silky; then I know the log's water-ripe. Then I air it, an' turn it over and let the out-of-doors shade dry it awhile, an' I keep right on watchin' an' smellin'—yes, an' tastin'—till it's just right, and its own color comes out."

"Does every tree have a different color?"

"Every tree, Jedge? Sure it does, an' every log in that tree from root to top tones in together. Each separate tree has a different grain, an' sometimes there's a little difference in the two sides of the same tree."

"And what comes next after the shade drying?"

"Then I cut the log into slabs an' finish the seasonin' in the sun, turnin' the slabs every day. That sun-dryin' warms it, brings out a deeper color, makes the wood sparkle.

"That chair you're handlin', Jedge, is out of three logs of the same tree. Here it begins, butt-log here; here it ends, top-log here. I used to take chips off an' bring them into the cabin an' study over the grainin' of all three logs before the fire, an' think out that chair."

The Judge looked at the chair-maker, deeply interested. "As always," he thought, "the real man works out somehow; his soul finds expression and companionship."

"My friend," he said with his stately courtesy, as to another

judge sitting by his own fireside on the western slope above old Mariposa, "my friend, I understand it. You work, and listen. At last you put these chairs in tune, and so they remain. When you make a chair and send it out, the very best of you goes with it. As you work, you see pictures of children and mothers sitting in your chairs, and of some old pioneer women who crossed the plains by ox team, and of sturdy young men making homes in our pines?"

"Oh, yes Jedge, sometimes I see things like that, but mostly I see the color an' the grain of the oak, an' the curve of the chair back. That's why I like to know who's a chair for before I make it. Now, if it's for Bud Taylor's house, I make it with a curve to fit old lady Taylor's back. She is a mighty fine woman, Jedge—worked hard after the old man died, to bring up all them children, an' she deserves a comfortable chair that will have just the right bend. I'd ruther make chairs for them't I know, than guess at the right shape for them that's comin' later."

The judge smiled, just as he smiled at those rare times when he had been able to make up a bitter quarrel between neighbors or between husband and wife "out of court."

"I must go now," he said, "but I want you to make me some chairs for my wife and my little girls and me to use, and to leave behind us up there in my Mariposa cottage.

"But now, Buckingham," he went on, "before we part, let me hope that you can find someone else that can share your feelings about chairs. Of course you must not get in any more machinery, or hire men. That is nonsense. But you must charge two dollars instead of one. And let me pay you five dollars for that chair you are making out of the three-log tree, for my wife to sit in."

"I can't do that, Jedge. I was goin' to send it over extra."

"Yes, I half thought you were, from the way you looked a minute ago. You mustn't do that. But suppose you carve my wife's initials somewhere?"

"I never carved none, Jedge."

The judge sat down and drew three initials on the chair with loving skill. His whole expression softened, as if a dear face was before him as he drew. He took his pocket knife and tried it on a chip.

"This is the way you cut out, with a firm hand. First cut leaves like this,"—and he drew several on chips. "Then cut anything you like for a while. Then try the initials. You can get lots of pleasure out of this kind of whittling. And so good-bye. Only remember that you ought to find someone to work with you."

"Somebody to work with, somebody to care for, I suppose,"

said the old chair-maker. "I wish the Jedge had never put that fool-notion into my head. There's nobody of the sort around here —nor anywhere else."

"SAY," said young Fillibron of Hardscrabble Valley a short time after as he drove cattle past Buckingham's, "I hear you charge two dollars a chair these days. Bad time to raise prices. 'Nother chair-maker over the ridge, Coarse Gold way."

"Poor oak down those canyons. Too hot, an' sudden like," said Buckingham indifferently.

"His chairs don't look like yours, but he sells 'em for a dollar. He needs the money too, right bad. Wife and seven kids. He took up some land awhile ago, and built him a cabin. Nobody knew till this winter that he could make chairs."

"I hope he does well," said Buckingham.

"You take it light, old man!" responded young Fillibron, as he rode off.

Now that the tale was once started, everyone cast items at Buckingham. The new comer was old Amos Pender, formerly of Estrella, somewhere in the Coast Range, two hundred miles away. He made very good chairs, too.

But the most remarkable thing about him was told by the stage driver a few nights later:

"There was a woman died down the road last week," said the driver to Buckingham. "She was a scandalous bad woman and she'd done lots of harm. When she was dyin' of some sort of catchin' disease, nobody went near her cabin 'ceptin' her Indian girl. Pender he hears of it when he comes after his mail.

"'She must be taken care of,' said he. Just then the Indian girl comes over the hill and Pender speaks to her. Then he turns to the boys: 'The poor thing is dead,' he told 'em. 'Now I want some of the good women to go to her cabin and you boys see about the grave and tomorrow I'll preach at the funeral.'

"It came over all of us then that he was more like a preacher than a chair-maker, and we did just what he told us. I hired a half-breed to drive the stage that day.

"The old man read out of the Bible, and talked about the 'poor thing,' as he kept callin' her. Then he said that most of us were some to blame about it, and that some one man was most to blame. It was an awful good talk. The women went up and looked in her poor face, and cried. Then Pender said there would be preachin' in the schoolhouse next Sunday.

"Someone asked him after the funeral what denomination he

belonged to. He said 'I don't exactly know. I suppose I come pretty near being a Methodist.' Then he added, 'Seems to me that one of the disciples was a chair-maker too.'"

Buckingham went home and took up his work, but with a divided mind. He could not think in terms of chair-rungs that day.

So Pender was an old preacher, and a good man, and made chairs, and—had—a—wife—and—children. Then he must make a different sort of chairs. They might be better, they might be worse. (Coarse Gold oak was no good!) But surely they were made in a different spirit from his own.

"When my chairs go wrong," thought Buckingham, "I pick up my old fiddle, and sit in the sun by the spring, and fool with it awhile. I suppose that Pender reads a chapter in his Bible, and maybe he and the family sing a hymn. That might help, like a fiddle; couldn't be better; might be as good."

SUNDAY came and Buckingham lifted up his top-mattress, took out some silver, saddled up very early, and followed the cut-off trails across the rocks to the Coarse Gold schoolhouse. He had not heard a sermon for twenty years, but the things that his mother had taught him came back as he rode. He wondered too, if he could manage to see one of Pender's chairs around Coarse Gold.

The schoolhouse was crowded. Pender was at the preacher's desk. Buckingham liked his looks. He rose and said in a perfectly simple, childlike way: "Neighbors, when I came here I had to get something for my family to eat, so I couldn't preach just then. My family isn't here today, but we'll have a wagon after a while, and then my wife will be a good helper.

"Now, neighbors, I am a plain man, but the Bible has taught me some good things for all of us. The text is: 'Freely ye have received, freely give.'"

The sermon which followed was full of homely illustrations, familiar to everyone, and used with exquisite, untaught skill.

When the talk ended, the stage-driver pulled his hat from under the bench, dropped in a quarter, and started to take up a collection for the preacher. Mr. Pender stopped him with gentle decision.

"My friend," he said, "we are just neighbors here, taking the same road through life. Let us get along without any collections. But I thank you for the good will."

He raised his hands in benediction: "May the peace of the Almighty, who built these mountains for our homes, be with us, neighbors. Amen."

Buckingham, deeply moved, had listened to the sermon and

fitted it to his own needs. After the benediction he went up and shook hands heartily.

"Ye thought all that out while ye was makin' chairs," he said. "I understood ye clear through. First ye took the seasoned slab; then ye sawed it up, like, so as to handle it. Then ye shaped it some with the axe and the spring knife. Then ye tuk the spoke-shave. Last of all ye hammered it together, an' it was a good chair."

Pender's face lit up from within. "You are my work-fellow; you are Buckingham of Fresno Flats, the chair-maker. Come right home with me to dinner and meet my wife."

"Yes!" said Buckingham, "and I want to see your chairs."

Pender smiled on him. "I can't possibly make such a chair as you do. When I saw yours in Uncle Jones's cabin, I wanted to meet the man that made them. I was coming over some time."

Everyone shook hands, everyone talked, everyone thanked Pender. But as they left, many wondered in their hearts how long he could live on that new doctrine of "no collections." One big fellow, a rich cattleman from down the river who had once been a preacher, was loud in scorn. "There's another text," he said. "'The laborer is worthy of his hire,'—worthy of his hire. So is a preacher. He'll come to it."

Little Mrs. O'Brien, hearing this, whispered to Mrs. Wrenn: "It depends just a little on the mintage. I think Mr. Pender has his wage, but it isn't earthly gold; it isn't cattle."

BUCKINGHAM and Pender rode up the canyon together, two old chair-makers. They talked about the oaks and the chair-making; the mountains and their people. They reached the little rough cabin built of split-pine shakes and axe-shaped timbers. Not a sawed board had gone to its making. A bright-eyed, but wan woman, the mother of the seven children, looked out, with a smile that grew serious when she saw that her husband had brought an unexpected guest.

"The stew will soon be ready," she said, and the men went on to the workshop by the creek.

Here Buckingham met with a severe disappointment. The chairs were not remarkable in any way whatever. They were solid and honest—that was all.

He could not keep the disappointment out of his face, and Pender laughed at him.

"I told you so, Buckingham. I have to work too long and hard making chairs to dream over them. Now you live alone, and all that I give my wife and children and my preaching, goes into your

chairs. At bottom I have the same feeling for wood that you have, but circumstances prevented me from bringing it out. I couldn't make one of your chairs, and I'm sorry for it."

Here Mrs. Pender called them to dinner. Again was Buckingham surprised, though he gave no sign of it. In the center of a bare table stood a stew of venison. At each place was a big thick slice of bread and a cup of water. That was all. Parents, children, guest, dipped together into the stew. But the wife's was the only troubled face, and that worry wore off as she saw Buckingham's matter-of-course and perfectly-at-home air.

"It's Bible times over again," said Buckingham to himself. "My mother told me about this once. 'They brake bread and ate.'" He looked at the healthy and cheerful children, and at the chair-making preacher, and wondered whether Pender could not learn to make better chairs.

This was the beginning of a rare friendship. Buckingham finally took his horses, borrowed a light wagon, and brought the Penders over for a week. They camped under his oak trees and the men made chairs together. They fell easily into calling each other by first names.

"George," said Pender one day, "you teach me something new about wood every day. I can shape a chair now as well as you can up to a certain point. There I'm through, and you know it. You soar beyond that. You get the tune started."

"Yes," said Mrs. Pender, "that is true. Words and thoughts are your chair-rungs, my husband."

"AMOS," said Buckingham, "you listen here. That darned old rock pile of yours is no good of a ranch,—no water and mighty thin dirt. Why don't you move over here? I've got nobody belonging to me. I'll deed this here good river-bottom claim to your children. We'll turn some water out now, and grow alfalfa and raise things. Mainly though, you an' I'll make chairs. You shape 'em up to your point, an' I'll finish them. We can manage better than we could working apart, and keep up the style, too. Sometimes I'll fiddle one out an' make it all myself. But we are partners from today."

"I can't let you do that, George."

"I need ye, Amos, more'n you think. I need your talk. I need the children round. I've found out that maybe—I have—been rather lonesome, an' didn't know it myself." And with this the new arrangement was accepted on both sides.

A few weeks later the Mariposa Judge drove up, and took in

the scene. "My wife and I thought we'd come and bring you a little box of fruit. She simply had to meet the man who made the three-log chair, Buckingham. Yes, I've heard of the Penders and their useful work. I wish we had more such men and women.

"Now, Buckingham," he went on, "show us the partnership chairs. I've got a big order from Mariposa. The new town hall must have Buckingham and Pender chairs. Put your company sign up today, right out there on the gate. Start the thing."

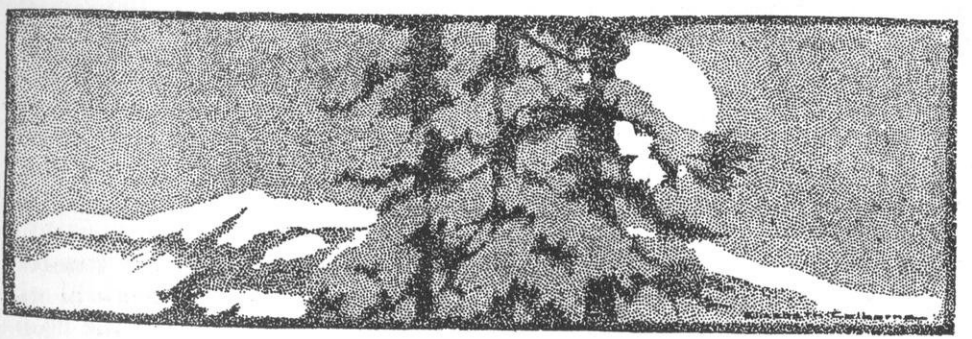
Amos Pender set his face hard. "That will not do. It is Buckingham and Co. I am the Co., and when George can't longer fiddle our chairs into shape, the firm goes out of business."

"I think you're right," said the judge. "Nothing is gained by false pretense. Buckingham is the born chair-maker, but you are a good second to him.

"Pender, can't you come up to Mariposa and preach for us? Bring your wife. I'll send a team over. Let one of the neighbors look after the children. Do it right off—next Sunday. Come to my house. Preach about that Bible fellow that made chairs. I understand you say there is one."

Amos Pender hung his head. "We will come," he said, "but I was mistaken about a chair-making apostle. I read in my Bible for weeks about that matter. Don't know where I got the idea. The nearest to it is St. Paul the tent-maker." He looked heart-broken.

"Amos," said Buckingham, "the Bible is a very big book. Now ef you'd a' hammered in a crooked rung in Mis' Beason's rockin' chair you'd 'a' had a right to feel sore."

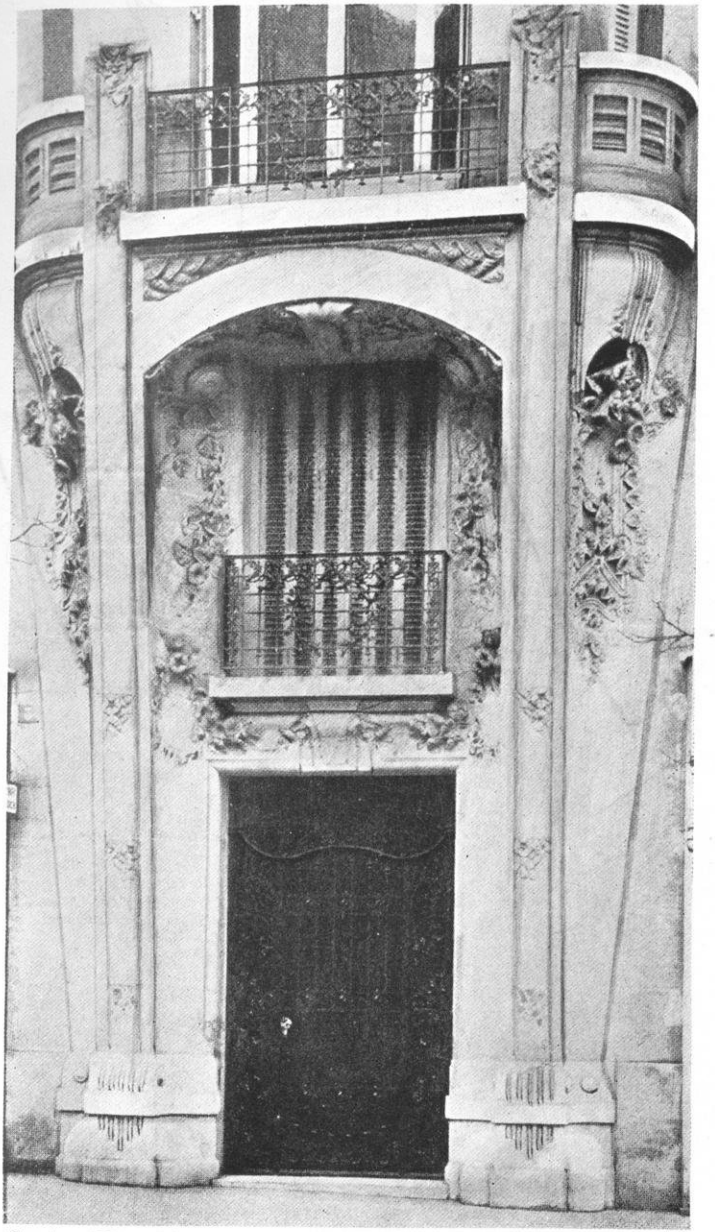


A REVIVAL OF SCULPTURAL ORNAMENT IN FRANCE: ITS IMPORTANCE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF BEAUTY IN ECCLESIASTICAL AND DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE

THE ornamentation of public and private buildings in Paris has become a matter of serious and vital consideration. Those of us who have thought at all about the use of decorative sculpture in architecture must realize that all over the world it has passed into a period of utter decadence, and that when employed at all it has been presented in a cowardly fashion that has revealed neither beauty nor purpose. Architectural sculpture has no significance unless it is a continuation of the purpose of the architect and a revelation of associated beauty. Its great purpose is to rivet the eye of the beholder on a certain significant portion of the building, and to do this through the power of the chisel to gather light. But not only do our modern architectural sculptors lack courage in their use of the chisel, but they have lost all sense of the intimate relation that must exist between building and ornament, between architecture and sculpture if anything like harmonious permanent beauty of effect is to be achieved.

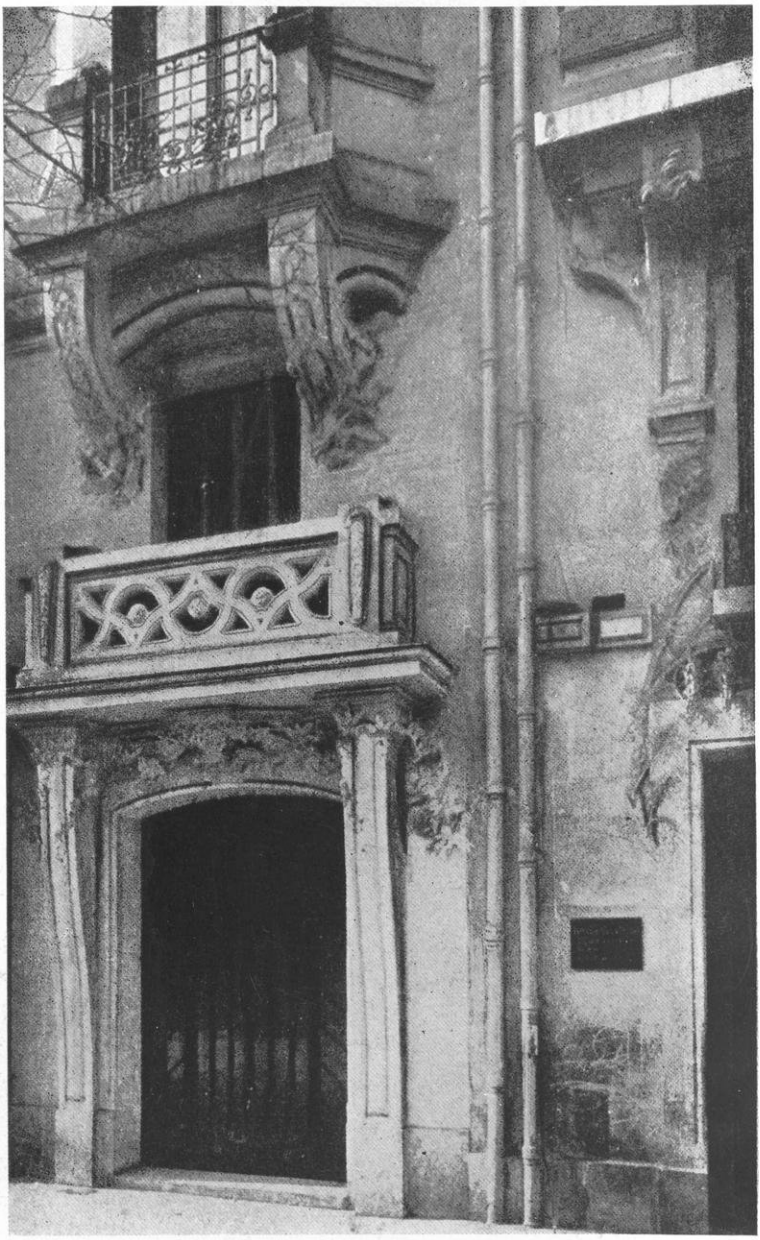
Today the average architect plans his building with the forms necessary for utility only. Here and there he may humbly suggest the kind of ornament that would carry out his ideals; but the sculptor regards his work as something quite apart from the purpose of the architect. The ornamentation which he supplies need not, from his point of view, necessarily relate to the architecture. Its purpose is rather to show how well he handles the chisel, and how idealistic his theories are. The result is that instead of gaining an impression of harmony the spectator is antagonized and irritated. The decoration seems to mar the architectural thought and shows little of the quality of the sculptor's.

And the final result is that less and less do we employ monumental decorations for our architecture. The sculptor has gone so long his independent way that the architect no longer considers his work necessary. And no matter what argument the sculptor may advance in favor of this independence, it is fatal to that wonderful atmosphere of beauty and harmony revealed in the old religious and civic buildings of the Moyen Age, when the word of the master-builder was law from the beginning to the end of architectural expression,—a law which made ornament an intrinsic part of the complete beauty of the architect's ideals, and established standards which brought about an epoch of beauty.



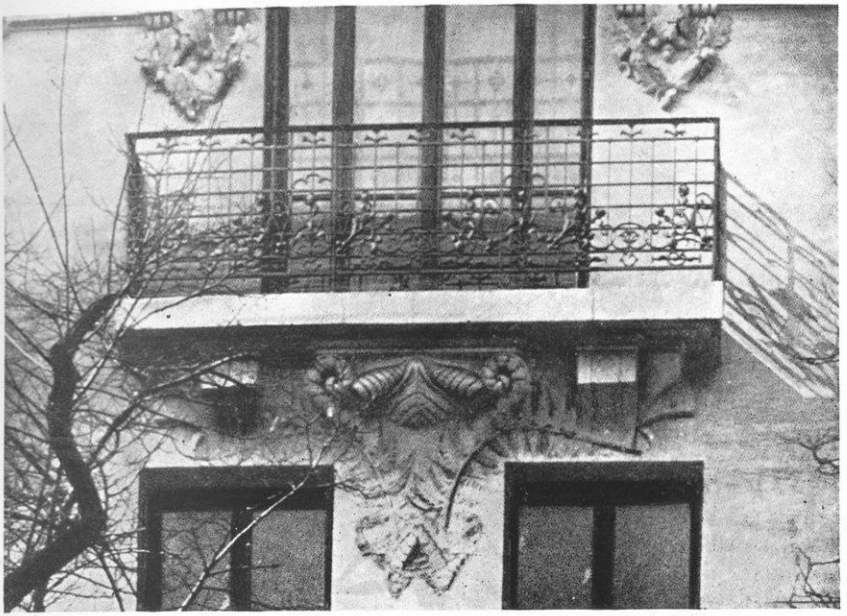
Courtesy of L'Art Décoratif.
M. du Bois d'Auberville, Architect.

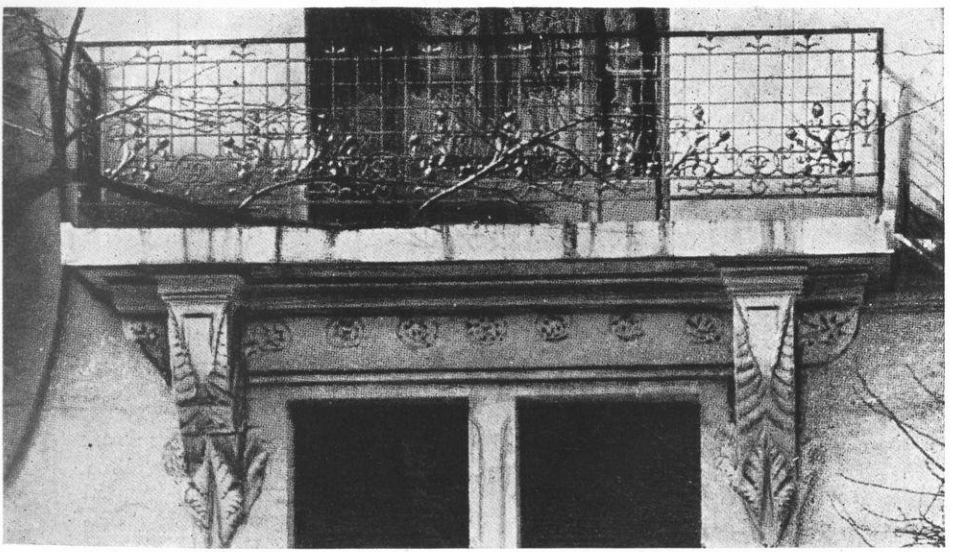
MAISON DE RAPPORT, RUE MOZART, PARIS
ENTRANCE CARVED IN MODERN STYLE,
WITH MODERN WROUGHT-IRON RAILING.



Courtesy of L'Art Décoratif.
M. L. P. Marquet, Architect.

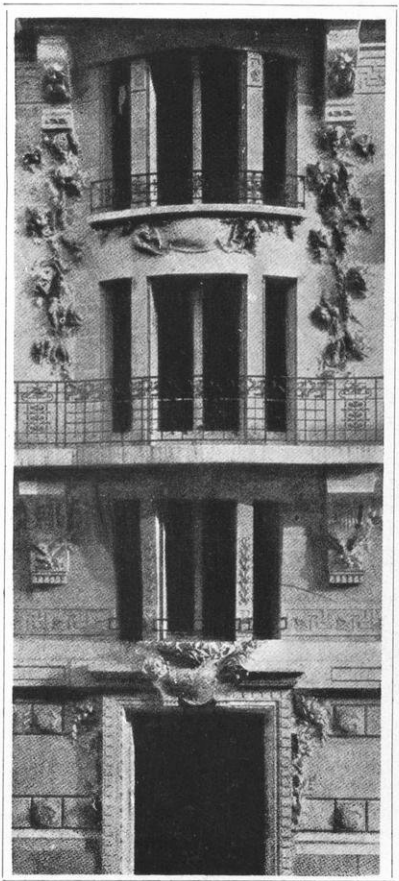
MAISON DE RAPPORT, AVENUE DES GOBELINS, PARIS: SHOWING CARVED ENTRANCE AND WINDOW BRACKETS.



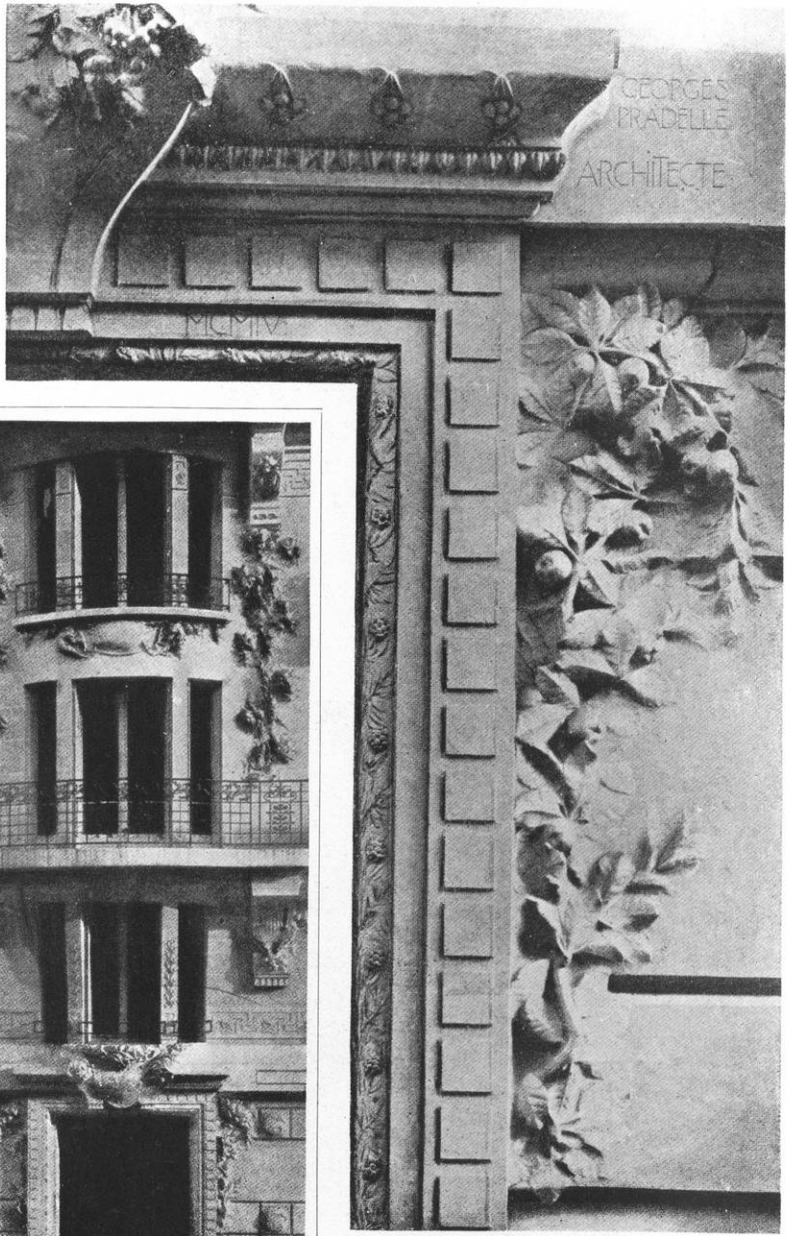


Courtesy of L'Art Décoratif.

DETAILS OF CARVED BALCONIES WITH WROUGHT-IRON RAILINGS OF THE MAISON DE RAPPORT ON THE RUE DES GOBELINS.



FRONT ELEVATION OF THE MAISON DE RAPPORT, RUE DE LUYNES.



MAISON DE RAPPORT, RUE DE LUYNES, PARIS: DETAIL OF CARVED ENTRANCE.

A REVIVAL OF ARCHITECTURAL CARVING

MODERN buildings in France and Germany are almost as far from any expression of architectural ideals in the combining of design and decoration as we are here in America. I do not recall an instance of it in Germany, and only within the past decade has the subject of right ornament of buildings and dwellings received serious study in France. The first really beautiful carved house of any significance in Paris was the home of M. Lalique on the Rue Cœur de la Reine. The entire design for the carving was made by Lalique himself, and we understand that much of the carving was done at least under his supervision. A pine cone design furnishes the repeated motif for all the carving, as well as the ironwork,—a design so simple, so realistic that only the imagination of Lalique could have adapted it to the various materials in which it is used with such rare effect, to the decoration of lintel, façade, column, arch, rail and corbel. And the result furnishes such surprising beauty as to interest practically every passerby, from artist to bricklayer. Straight to nature went this incomparable artist to find inspiration for imperishable beauty,—not to the Greek or to the Renaissance or to times of Gothic splendor, but simply out to the woods. And there no long search for beauty was necessary. A path down a wooded space, a glory of blue overhead, a branch broken from a pine tree, and a new idea—so far as we know—in house decoration was begun.

Since the adornment of this really simple dwelling by Lalique, Paris has awakened to the decadence of her sculpture, the cowardice of her artists, the great need of remembering the Moyen Age in decoration. And at last here and there, in domestic dwellings as well as in cathedrals, and even in the commercial quarter of Paris a fresh, vital, young expression has sprung up in the art of architectural carving. The names of new sculptors who are developing a new school of ornament are becoming familiar, and a period of greater beauty in architectural decoration has begun. It is the purpose of this new school of decoration to relate its work intimately to the building forms to be ornamented. It is fearless, strong, simple. It is a lure for light, yet holding soft shadows in its depths. These new workers with the chisel have ceased to imitate the weak, confusing technique of the eighteenth century sculptors. They, like Lalique, seek their inspirations from nature. Flowers, leaves, branches and occasionally animals, faintly humorous, are the subjects of their design.

This ideal of decoration holds good not only for stone and concrete but for wrought-iron work. Indeed, all along the line of the ornamentation of buildings there is a freshening of ideals, a simpli-

fying of technique, a looking out to nature, not in and down through traditions. And inevitably the decoration is planned to relate as closely as possible to the architectural idea, so much so that often the carving detail, the vines and clusters of flowers, seem but a continuation of the form of the bracket or pilaster or pedestal. So that whatever is beautiful in form in the construction of the building is accented in the decoration and the impression of a coherent artistic whole is inescapable.

And what release is this for the sculptor, to find opportunity to express freshness of thought, to find his imagination taking strong young flights, at the same time to realize that all the vigor and originality which it is possible for him to put into his work must be subjected to the test of close relationship to construction, so that at once he is made free for originality yet held back from pure whimsicality or eccentricity. In other words, his fresh young liberty must be put to right and beautiful uses and never allowed to degenerate into vanity and artistic self-indulgence.

FORTUNATELY for the encouragement of this virile young art in France there is now being erected in Montmartre the cathedral of Sacré Cœur. After the death of Charles Garnier the supervision of this great building was happily entrusted to the architect Lucien Magne, who has been assisted from the beginning by his pupil, Seguin, to whom more than any other sculptor in Paris is due the honor of reviving the art of ornamental sculpture in all its beauty and picturesqueness. The return to nature for inspiration for design originated with Seguin, and all of the capitals and the corbels and the most beautiful of the buttresses of this new cathedral in Paris are ornamented with flowers or leaves or branches or charmingly humorous figures of animals. So sincere and so beautiful is this fresh art of Seguin's that his influence is being felt throughout Paris not only in the carved ornaments of the cathedral and in some of the most beautiful of the modern houses, but in the decoration of many of the shops and civic buildings.

At present practically all his time and effort is being concentrated in the work on the cathedral of Sacré Cœur—a work which he is accomplishing with a spirit so fine, so courageous, so young and vital that the result is animating even the older school of sculptors and touching their designs with quickening power. And not only is this decorative work of Seguin's strong and young and sincere but it is eminently suited to the architectural theory of the new cathedral. He is helping to realize the ultimate beauty of the architect's ideal.

A REVIVAL OF ARCHITECTURAL CARVING

In a recent article in *l'Art Décoratif*, M. Emmanuel Thubert makes the following illuminating statement in regard to the relation of sculpture and architecture:

"The sculptor," says this eminent critic, "can only succeed as he has the power to cut in the stone which he handles the thought of his architect. His chisel must be used to illuminate the ideals to which the architect desired to call attention. It is in the sculptor's power as he draws down the light to the edges of cut stone, to accent every point in architecture which it is essential to make significant. And in addition to this power of illuminating the ideas of the architect, the right use of the chisel imparts a gentleness and a grace to what otherwise might be too definite and formal an art. In proportion as the carving mollifies the rigor of the stone it also gathers the light and creates further interest in the purpose of the architect. * * * Skilful manipulation is not enough for the architectural sculptor. The success of his work which is to arrest the attention of the onlooker must depend upon his ability to lure to his design the light that might otherwise escape that portion of the construction. Every leaf and flower must gather light for him until each illuminated curve becomes the revelation of the supreme purpose of the builder. Hence the first step for the sculptor is to study nature —nature in relation to light. And not nature in one mood but in a dozen moods brought about by the changes of light from morning to nightfall. For every form in nature presents many different aspects through the increase and diminution of the light to which it is subjected. And so when our sculptors borrow forms from nature it is essential that they should be reproduced with so much verisimilitude that light will affect the sculptured object as it did the original form from which the design was taken.

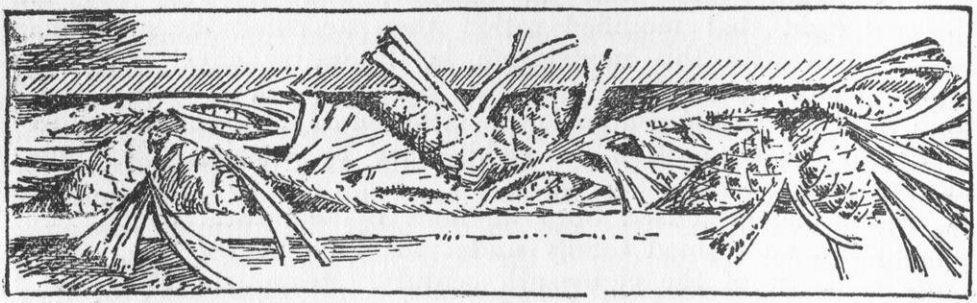
"All the old sculptors of the Moyen Age knew the secrets of illuminating their carving. They knew how to work for brilliant results. But the men of the eighteenth century grew somber, working more and more in shadow, content with the flat diffused light that modified rather than accented the architect's ideas. And with this moderation in decorative effect came the separation of the sculptor from the architect. The former grew more and more self-centered, the latter more and more indifferent, until the decoration of architecture by carving fell almost into disuse."

Seguin has practised both methods of sculptural effect. For some years he seemed totally under the influence of the delicate evanescent art of the eighteenth century. Happily, however, his knowledge of the work of the Moyen Age and his opportunity for

practising, in his work on the cathedral, the redoubtable technique of that vigorous period, has saved his art and enabled him to stimulate throughout the country an interest in brilliant vital sculpture. Fortunately for the art of France, Seguin has drawn his inspiration for all his modern work from nature, with such simplicity, such sincerity that his most recent sculpture is more like the beginnings of a primitive virile art than a return to a departed glory. Indeed the more one studies into this phase of sculpture the more one realizes that without sculptured art, used in its right sense, architecture is incomplete, formal, rigid, lacking a final grace and tenderness, lacking the power to inspire sympathetic understanding.

The wrought-iron work used by the architectural sculptor is brought into the closest relation with both architectural ideal and decorative effect, so much so that it has brought about a rebirth of the fine craft of iron work, and the most beautiful of realistic natural designs are wrought by the craftsmen in the balustrades, the gateways, the fences, the rails of iron which are employed in this new domestic architecture. And sometimes so beautiful is the result that even in midwinter these railings and fences seem draped with beautiful flowering vines, exquisitely real and graceful.

Just how much this work of Seguin and his contemporary artists will mean in the beautifying of our city streets in the future it is hard to say. Paris has already profited to an extraordinary degree in an impression of dignity and beauty. How eagerly Berlin and London and New York will follow this wide lead out into a greater opportunity for civic improvement cannot be prophesied, but the more closely the work of these new sculptors in France is studied, the more our architectural sculptors take to heart what has been accomplished there in house and cathedral, the sooner shall we in America hope to achieve a civic beauty that is at once vital and splendid.



COÖPERATION TO RECONCILE TOWN AND COUNTRY: BY THE EDITOR

THE census bureau tells us that farm lands in the United States have doubled in value during the past ten years. Yet our political economists are still troubled by a vision of bronzed faces turned city-ward—a ceaseless procession, recruited from a million farms and pouring its human units into the already congested centers of population. And this troubling vision is something more than the "baseless figment of a dream." Our cities have been developed at the expense of the country until there is no blinking our rural problem, as evidenced not so much by a few farms actually abandoned as by the numberless others which are occupied and worked in a half-hearted and ineffectual way. It is reflected in every department of the farmer's life. "How can we vitalize the country church?" is a question which troubles the religious conferences. "What can be done to increase the efficiency and value of the rural school?" ask the educators. But both of these problems are in a sense secondary. Underlying them is the real rural problem, and when that is solved the answers to the other questions will not be far off. And this main problem, while it has spiritual and psychological bearings of the utmost importance, is primarily the economic question: "How can the farm be made to pay?"

Statistics for the country at large show that the cost of food products is more than doubled in passing from the producer to the consumer. According to the figures published by the National Grange the farmer receives about thirty-five cents of each dollar that his produce earns, while the remaining sixty-five cents are absorbed by the various handlers of his product. "As long as this situation exists," exclaims one indignant commentator, "we are not a civilized people." In a recent address before a farmer's congress in Dallas, Texas, President Yoakum of the Rock Island Railroad system offered slightly different figures, naming forty-six cents out of the dollar as the farmer's share under present conditions. Whichever figures are correct, it would seem that in common equity they ought at least to be reversed, and that the lion's share of the money paid for farm products ought to go to the farmer rather than to the middlemen and distributors. At any rate, as a consequence of the present system we have on the one hand the farmer complaining of the low prices he receives and on the other the ultimate consumer groaning under the burden of the high prices he has to pay. If by some device the farmer and the consumer could come closer together, so that the farmer could charge twenty-five per cent. more for his

products than he now charges and the consumer could pay twenty-five per cent. less for those products than he now pays, ninety million people would be benefited. We believe that in coöperative organization such a device exists.

COÖPERATION, it would seem, has even more to offer the farmer than an increase in his profits. It increases and renews his contacts, it links him up with the stream of people and events, it supplies a needed stimulus, and by developing a community interest and facilitating an interchange of ideas it enriches him spiritually as well as materially. In it will be found the answer to those who emphasize the spiritual and mental isolation of the farmer's life. It can allay the unrest and discontent from which our rural communities are now suffering, thereby going far toward solving the basic problem of the nation's life—the problem of its food supply. And economists of late have been emphatic in their warnings that unless the cityward march of our population could be checked the day when this problem would become acute is not far distant. Industrially and commercially we are overdeveloped, while agriculturally we are undeveloped. The professions are overcrowded, the channels of commerce clogged with the greedy nonproducers and the producers of luxuries or worthless commodities, while tillable land lies idle and the price of food goes up. All of this spells waste, our national iniquity. "The malemployed, that is to say, persons doing things not needful, are a burden on civilization, and cost the people more than a standing army," declares Congressman William Kent of California.

In THE CRAFTSMAN for July, nineteen hundred and eleven, we touched on this question of waste and its proposed elimination from the industrial field by means of the new science of "efficiency engineering." Far more serious is the problem of waste on the farm. Forty-two per cent. of the materials used in manufacture in the United States are from the farm, which also contributes seventy per cent. of the country's exports. Hence waste on the farm is waste at the source. But here different elements enter in, and a different remedy is available. Among the things which unite to make the life of our average farmer wasteful and therefore meager and unsatisfying are inadequate methods of farming, inadequate facilities for marketing his products, and the lack of that stimulus and incentive which are born of a developed community spirit. The claim that all these deficiencies can be supplied by scientifically organized coöperation is not based on theory but on experiment. And the lesson loses nothing of its force from the fact that its demonstration

has been carried farther in Europe than in America, because the principles it emphasizes are of universal application. It is agricultural coöperation that has lifted Denmark in forty years from being one of the poorest nations in Europe to the position of one of the richest lands, *per capita*, of the world. In Denmark prosperity for the farmer has gone hand in hand with lower prices to the consumer. The message is for us also. And in this connection, it is interesting to recall that in Great Britain at least agricultural coöperation was originally a defensive move, made necessary by the entry of cheap American farm products.

In the beginning of this article we mentioned the doubling of the value of farm lands in the United States during the past decade. To give exact figures, their average value per acre has leaped in ten years from fifteen dollars and sixty cents to thirty-two dollars and fifty cents, an increase of one hundred and eight per cent. The number of farms has increased by one-tenth, and the acreage by one-twentieth. This must not be hastily interpreted as meaning that the rural problem is already virtually solved, or that agriculture has at last come into its own. What it really means is made clear by Mr. Clifford V. Gregory, editor of the Chicago *Prairie Farmer*, who uses for purposes of illustration the figures for Iowa, a typical agricultural State. Iowa's farm lands are worth one thousand five hundred and forty-three million two hundred and seventy-three thousand dollars more than they were ten years ago. This certainly looks like prosperity for the farmer, but "wait a minute," says Mr. Gregory, who then marshals his figures to show that even in Iowa "the farmer's returns on the money invested in his land are often nearer two than five per cent." The money that the Iowa farmer has invested in land is fixed capital, and since he gets no larger crops from his land than he did ten years ago the increase in land value may be regarded as "extra capitalization to pay dividends on." Another authority, who extended his investigations to the farmers of the nation rather than of any one State, found that nearly a third of them have an income which is insufficient to pay five per cent. on the capital invested, to say nothing of remuneration for their time and labor. Mr. Gregory concludes that a great many farmers "are working for a wage that means a bare living, and are making only enough interest on their investment to pay their taxes," and he warns us that "the best interests of the nation demand that the farmer be allowed a dividend on his investment and a wage for his labor that shall not be greatly inferior to dividends and wages in other lines of business." Mr. Gregory stops there, but he might well have gone on to show that coöperation offers an answer to this demand.

COÖPERATION TO RECONCILE TOWN AND COUNTRY

THE fundamental weakness in our civilization, it has been pointed out, lies in the lack of a properly balanced organic relationship between the city and the country. Until this fundamental readjustment, this reconciling of urban and rural forces, has taken place, thinks no less an authority than Professor L. H. Bailey, all our "back-to-the-land" movements will bear scant fruit. But there is reason to believe that the day of this reconciliation and adjustment is not far off, and coöperative organization among the farmers will do much to hasten it. The organization of the Grange thirty years ago was a tentative recognition of the advantages of coöperative endeavor among the farmers, and this association still exerts an influence in certain localities. But while the social features of the Grange were immensely valuable, promoting acquaintance and leading to the interchange of farming ideas and farming experiences, on the economic side the plan of the organization presented advantages in purchasing supplies rather than in marketing the products of the soil. By coöperative buying the farmers of many sections now save thousands of dollars annually, since by getting their farm and household supplies in bulk they not only pay wholesale prices but are able to negotiate cheaper shipping rates. The growth of the dairy industry is largely due to coöperative organization, and the West is filled with coöperative creameries. Farther west, in the States of Washington and Oregon, coöperation has resulted in the practical rediscovery of our country's best fruit, the apple. Not only have these Western orchardists eliminated the middleman, but they have so improved and standardized their product by the utilization of all the latest discoveries in scientific fruit culture that there is a constant and clamorous demand for their apples in the big Eastern market and in London. There are orchards in Washington for which the price of four thousand dollars an acre has been offered and refused. And the methods which have produced these seemingly fabulous conditions when applied to apple raising can produce results of far greater aggregate significance when applied to the staple products of the farm. Speaking of general farming, Professor S. A. Knapp of the United States Department of Agriculture is quoted as saying: "It would be easy to double the crops and halve the cost of production if the farmers only knew how"; and another expert declares that from a business standpoint there never was a better time to try farming, since coöperative ideals are gathering headway and the time is drawing near when the Federal Government will be compelled to establish a parcels post, which means a direct and convenient channel between the farmer and the consumer for his perishable products. In England and Europe the

parcels post carries such commodities as fish, fresh meat, fruit, butter and eggs, at a low cost, direct from the producer to his customer in the city, who orders what he wants by postal card or letter.

It will be found that in a countryside where the spirit of coöperation has replaced the old short-sighted individualism it is possible for even a city-bred man, if he begins in a small way and with a fair working capital, to win at least "a home, health, and a fair competence, with independence and peace of mind" on a farm. And the theory that small farms pay relatively better returns than big ones is rapidly gaining acceptance. Thus we are assured by close observers that among farmers themselves the inclination to own more land is diminishing, and the methods of intensive agriculture are gaining favor. Thus the great Western ranches that covered thousand of acres are being disintegrated and subdivided, with the result that the volume of production is greatly increased. And even in Florida and Texas, where fertile land is cheap, the new settlers or home-seekers are purchasing small farms instead of large ranches. This means a recognition of the fact that one acre under intensive agriculture will yield as much clear profit as four acres under the old régime of land cultivation. It also means the practical evasion of one of the large farmer's most difficult problems, that of finding an adequate supply of farm laborers. But chiefly it means the unconscious gathering of the units in readiness for the work of the coöperative organizer—for coöperative organization, to be promptly and fully effective, needs to be at least inaugurated under the guidance of an expert.

In the beginning of this article we quoted figures which indicated roughly what the farmer might hope to gain in the way of prices by any system of coöperative selling which could eliminate the profits of the middleman. Some idea of what his gain in production would be, under a coöperative arrangement which brought expert advice to bear upon each farm in the community, may be gathered from the fact that in certain European countries, with soil naturally no better than ours, similar methods have produced yields per acre which would be considered little less than miraculous here. Thus in the United States the average yield of potatoes per acre is eighty-eight bushels, while in England and Germany the yield sometimes runs up to one thousand bushels per acre and in Belgium has reached sixteen hundred bushels. That intensive methods would double the productivity of the American farm seems on the whole a temperate statement.

President Roosevelt's famous Country Life Commission found among the farmers in every part of the United States, even in the

most prosperous regions, "more or less serious unrest." Here was evidence of a rural problem, and Mr. Roosevelt's ready formula for solving it was "better farming, better business, better living." A British student of the same problem offers an amendment of this formula, putting "better business" first. The towns have flourished at the expense of the country, declares Sir Horace Plunkett, because they have utilized the business devices of organization and coöperation. "It is a get-together age," declares a leading financier recently connected with the banking house of J. P. Morgan and Company. But the farmer has suffered through his failure to recognize this truth as quickly as did those forces of the city which were waiting to exploit his labor. As long as he refuses to organize, the farmer is defying an economic tendency of the age which is so strong as to be almost irresistible.

ROAD SONG

THESE to be thankful for: a friend,
A work to do, a way to wend.
And these in which to take delight:
The wind that turns the poplars white,
Wonder and gleam of common things—
Sunlight upon a sea gull's wings,
Odors of earth and dew-drenched lawns,
The pageantry of darks and dawns;
Blue vistas of a city street
At twilight: music: passing feet;
The thrill of Spring, half joy, half pain,
The deep voice of the Autumn rain—
Shall we not be content with these
Imperishable mysteries,
And, jocund-hearted, take our share
Of joy and pain, and find life fair?
Wayfarers on a road where we
Set forth each day right valiantly;
Expectant, dauntless, blithe, content
To make the Great Experiment.

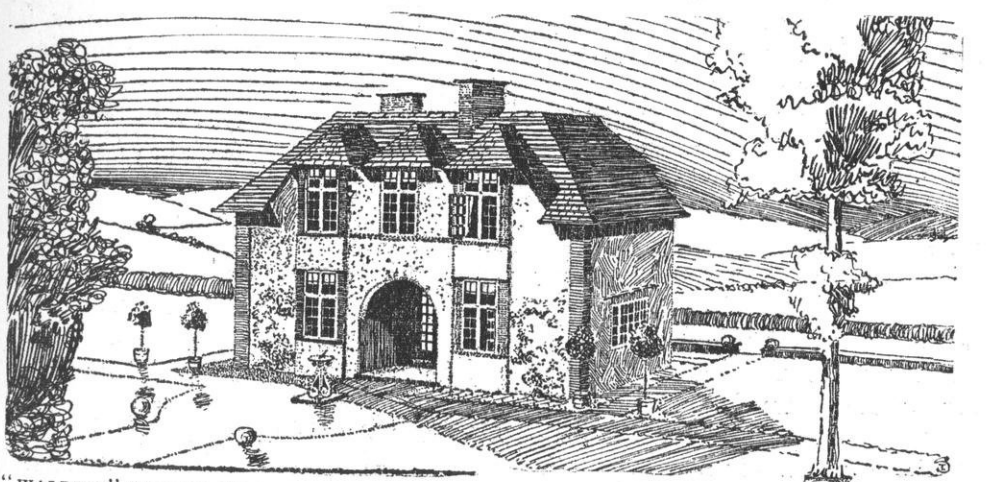
CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY.

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

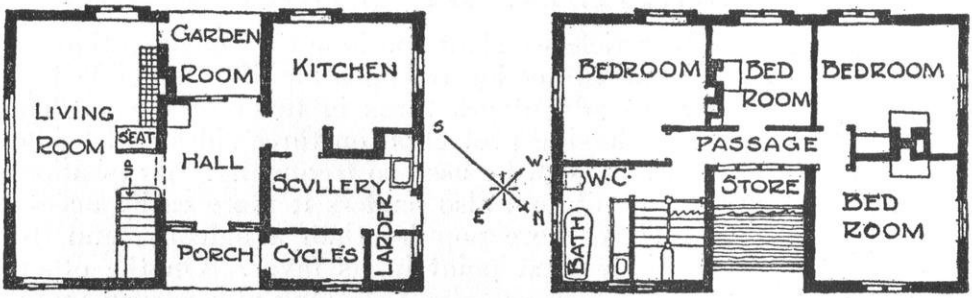
N THIS article we shall continue the consideration of shelter and protection for open-air life. Possibly the balance of advantages turns in favor of the garden room, for having protection on three sides and being covered-in, it can be used so frequently. Its position on the ground floor also renders it more easily accessible and so more popular than a balcony, and its availability for meals is a great point in its favor. On the other hand many who would be nervous about sleeping in a garden room will have no fear when sleeping on a balcony, and, as I have said before, others value very highly the sense of privacy and elevation a balcony affords. So this question of where open-air facilities should be is one for each home-builder to consider carefully and settle for himself.

I have sometimes heard it argued that these arrangements for outdoor living should be on the north side of a house, on the ground that it is in hot weather one wants to use them, and that therefore places provided for sitting or for taking meals out of doors should be in a shady situation. I, however, regard the provision of loggias, verandas and balconies from a different point of view, for I look upon them as mainly desirable in proportion to the extent to which they increase opportunities for living in the sunshine and fresh air, rather than as places in which to sit when one would be out of doors in any event.

But the garden room and loggia have another advantage which the architect always appreciates and which the veranda and bal-



"WALDEN," MELLOR, CHESHIRE, ENGLAND: BARRY PARKER & RAYMOND UNWIN, ARCHITECTS.



GROVND FLOOR PLAN

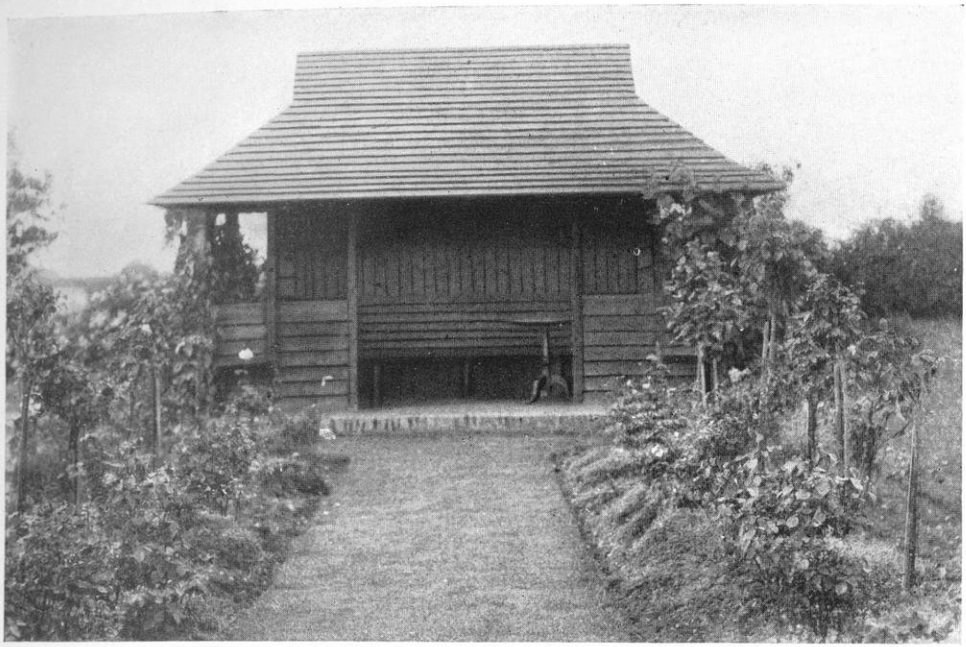
BEDROOM FLOOR PLAN

FLOOR PLANS FOR "WALDEN."

cony do not possess. Namely, they often help materially in creating those vistas which, being partly within the house and partly within the garden, help so much to link house and garden into a unity.

The reader will readily understand this point by glancing at my sketch for the garden at "St. Brighid's," Letchworth. The main vista down the center of the garden is carried right through the house by means of the garden room with its glass doors at the back coming opposite to the glass front door, so that on approaching the front door from the north the view through the lobby and garden room, down the garden, meets the eye. Perhaps this advantage in a garden room comes out more clearly when my sketch of the approach to "Letchworth," Horsted Keynes, is taken in conjunction with the photograph of the front door of that house, showing how the trees in the orchard beyond are seen through the lobby and garden room, and how these terminate the vista of the approach. Or again the reader may see how two important vistas in the garden of "Orchards," Steeple Morden in Cambridgeshire, form, by means of the loggia, continuations of vistas within the house passing through the French casements leading on to the loggia and being terminated in the one case by the hall fireplace, in the other by the west window of the living room. Of course the most important vista in this house is that which is made possible by the little entrance court and is a continuation of the main approach, under the fruit trees, through the front door, across the hall and away out at the hall window. It is obviously only possible to arrange such vistas in a limited number of houses, but the value of them can scarcely be overestimated. The garden room at "Walden," Mellor, Cheshire, makes a vista of a similar nature possible.

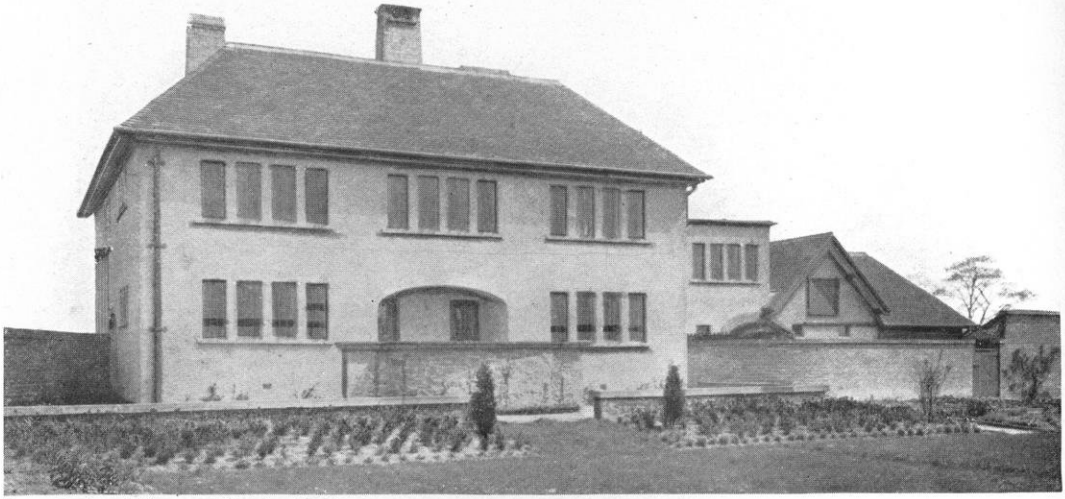
Entering a number of houses in an exhibition recently, I was struck by the great advantage possessed by one which presented such an entrance vista in contrast to others in which this was lack-



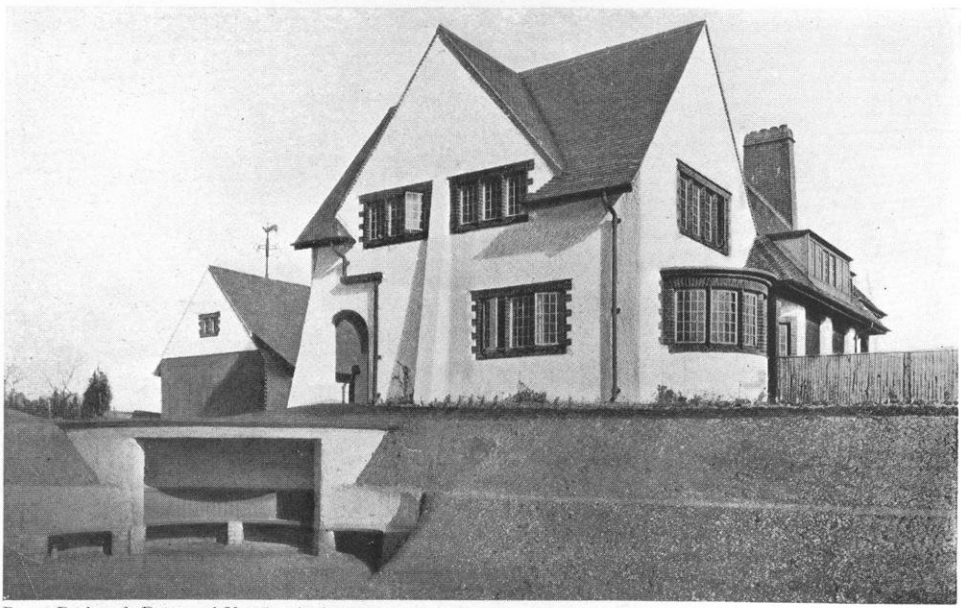
Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

NEAR VIEW OF SUMMER-HOUSE AT "GLAED HAME," LETCHWORTH, ENGLAND.

FLOWERING PATH TO THE SUMMER-HOUSE AT "GLAED HAME."



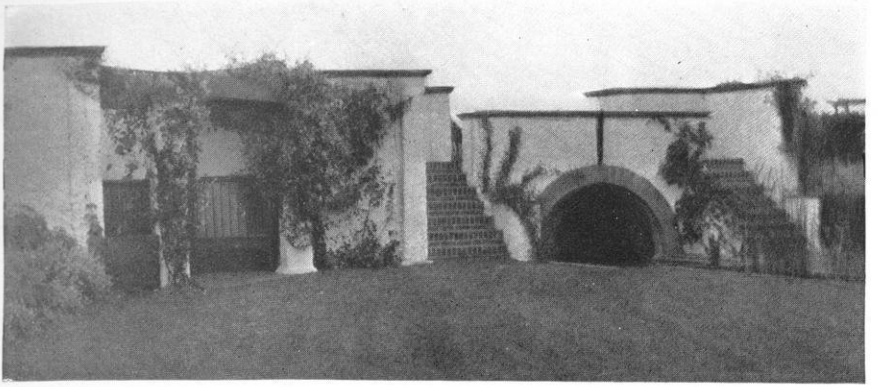
Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

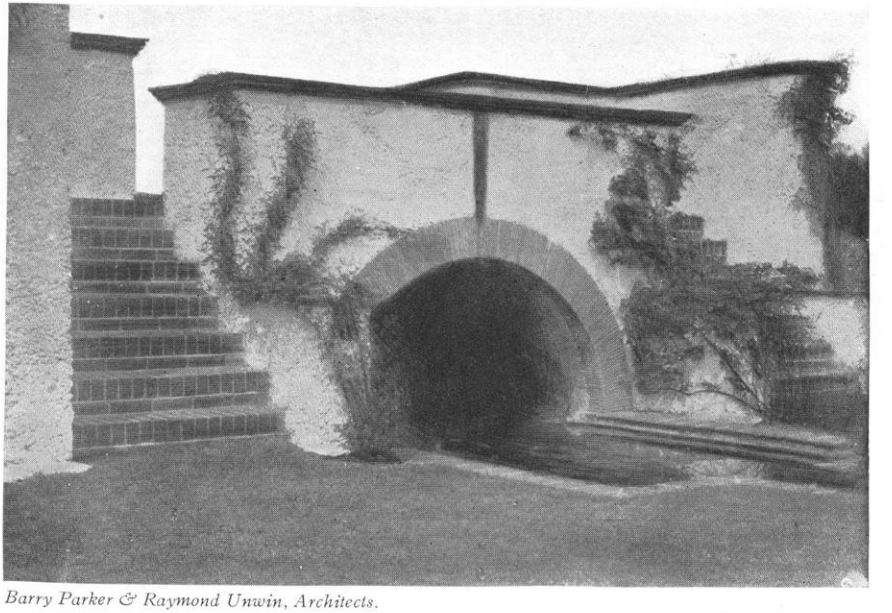


Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.
See page 61.

HOUSE IN ROSSETT DRIVE, NEAR HARROGATE, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

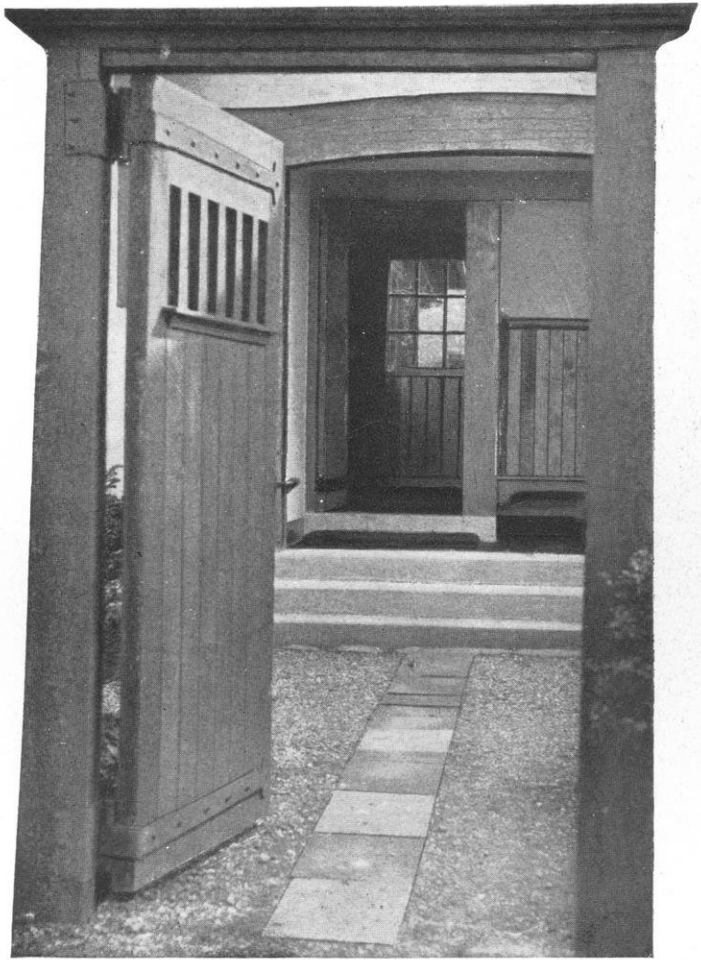
"HILL TOP," CATERHAM, SURREY, ENGLAND: FIRST VIEW.



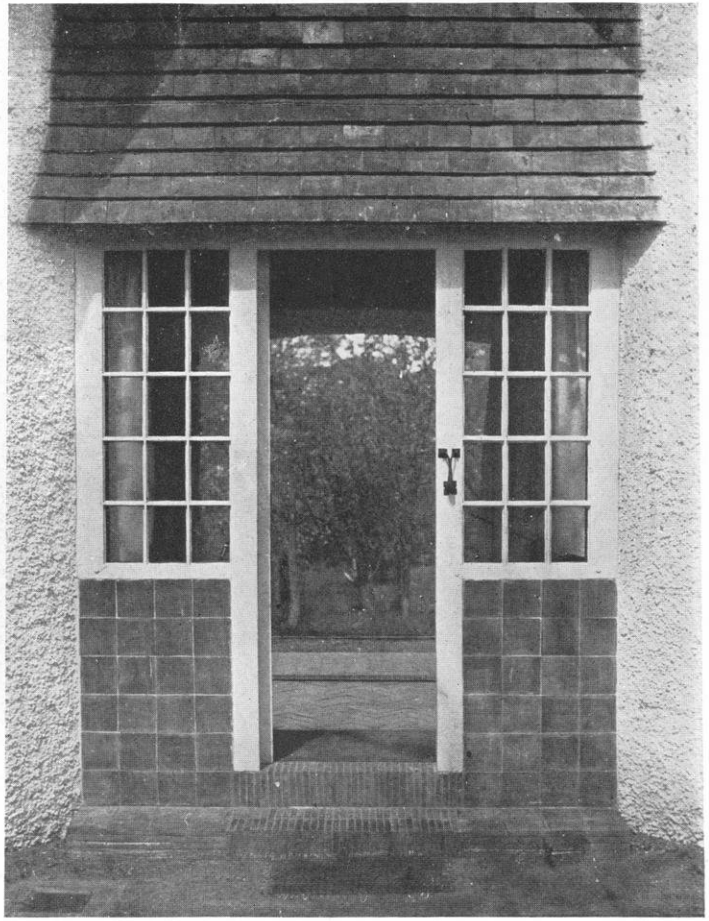


Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

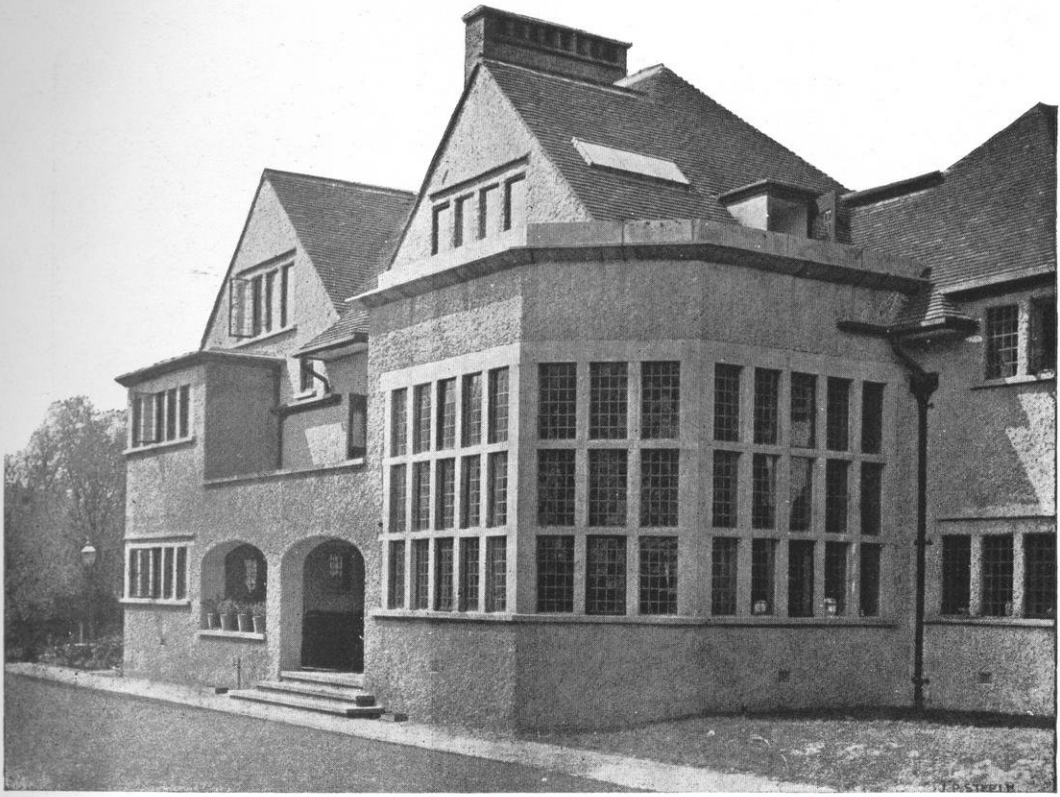
THREE VIEWS IN THE GARDEN AT "HILL TOP," SHOWING CONCRETE TERRACES AND VINE TREATMENT.



APPROACH TO A HOUSE NEAR STOKE-UPON-TRENT, STAFFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND.



THE FRONT DOOR OF "LETCHWORTH," HORSTED KEYNES, SUSSEX, ENGLAND.



"THE GABLES," HARROGATE, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND;
BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN, ARCHITECTS.

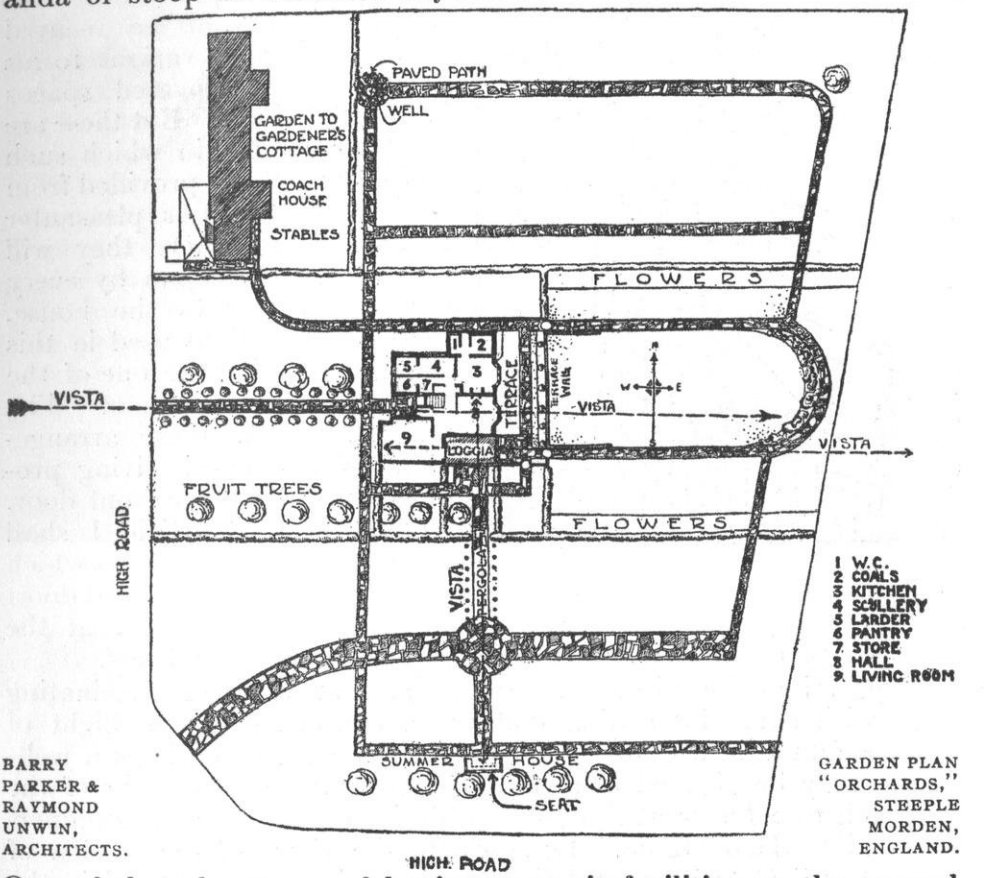
Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

"ORCHARDS," STEEPLE MORDEN, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, ENGLAND.

THE LOGGIA, "ORCHARDS," STEEPLE MORDEN.

ing. The whole feeling was different, brighter, more hopeful and hospitable.

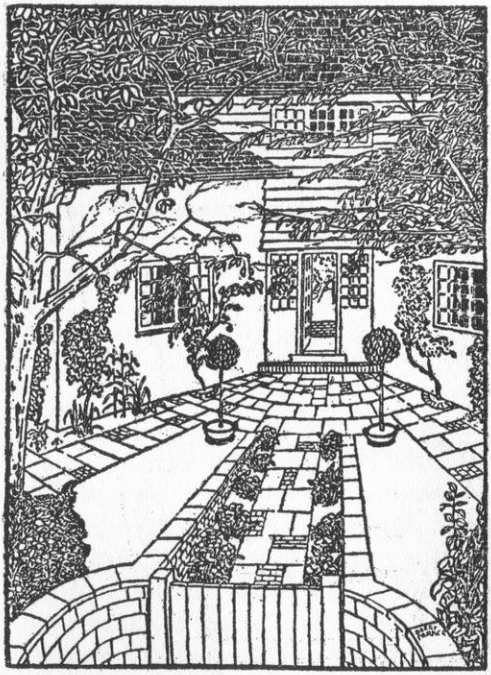
In many instances the gain is considerable if the floor of a veranda or stoop be extended beyond the area which is under cover.



BARRY PARKER & RAYMOND UNWIN, ARCHITECTS.

GARDEN PLAN "ORCHARDS," STEEPLE MORDEN, ENGLAND.

One of the advantages of having open-air facilities on the ground floor is that it is more often a simple matter to carry the floor area beyond the roofing than it is where the arrangement is on an upper floor. Just as some people like part of a balcony covered and part uncovered, so others like part of a veranda floor roofed over and part left open. Also where the veranda or stoop must necessarily be small, its availability is considerably increased by extending the floor out beyond the roof. The photograph of a house in Rossett Drive near Harrogate shows how the extended floor of the stoop may be enclosed by a parapet wall to gain additional protection and privacy, so that one feels it is part of the stoop though not under cover.



GARDEN AND ENTRANCE TO "LETCHWORTH," HORSTED KEYNES, SUSSEX, ENGLAND: SEE PAGE 62.

In many instances in which economy must be considered and of course, particularly in quite small houses, opportunities for life in the open air are secured by increasing the various forms of porches or covered spaces around the doors. But these are not the positions in which such facilities would be provided from choice, because it is pleasanter to have them where they will not be intruded upon by every one who comes to the house. All the illustrations used in this article, including the one of the stoop or garden room of "The Gables," show these arrangements for open-air living provided away from the front door. But in the next article I shall show many smaller houses which have them around the front door, and some larger ones in which such places are provided at the doors supplementary to others arranged with greater privacy.

Suggestions for vistas in gardens and of ways of terminating them with some interesting feature—a summer-house, a flight of steps, a fountain, a door leading into the house, or perhaps a well-head,—may be gleaned from the accompanying photographs of the approach to a house at Stoke-upon-Trent, the path to the summer-house at "Glaed Hame," Letchworth, the views of the garden of "Hill Top," Caterham, and the way in which the well-head in the garden at "Orchards" is made to terminate a vista opening to the right and left of the path up to the front door.

The photographs of the garden at "Hill Top" may also perhaps suggest treatments for terraces, lily ponds, summer-houses, arbors and steps. When designing lily ponds it is important to secure, if possible, many points from which they may be viewed from above, and from which can be seen the beauties of fountain, tree or flowers, or of a sunset reflected in the water. For the value of water in a garden is greatly diminished if there are no points from which one may look down upon its sparkling, ever-changing surface, which is after all its great charm. When possible, of course, water surfaces

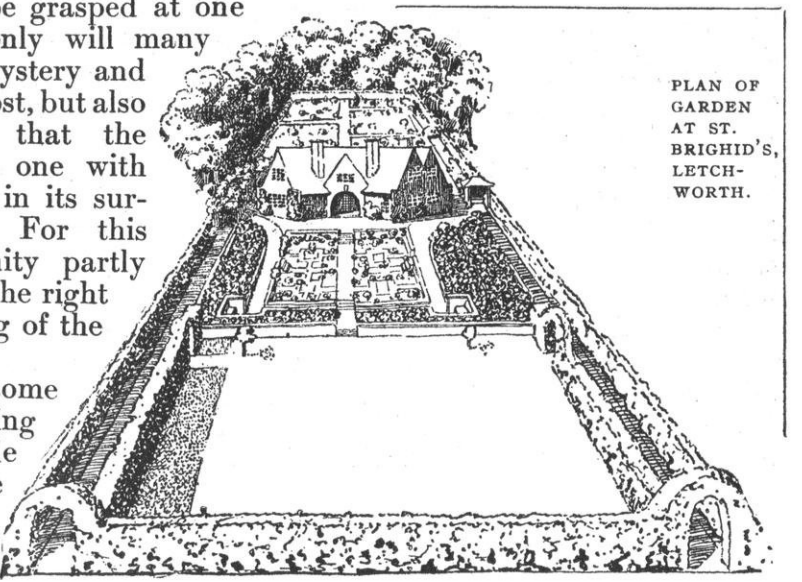
should be placed below the windows of the house from which they can be seen.

Though taken during the formation of the terraces, the first view shown here of the garden at "Hill Top" may give some idea of a summer-house recessed into a bank. A summer-house should welcome one by evincing that it was built for shelter and shade; if it seems to do this merely by chance it will be less charming. It should seem to have been created for that purpose and to offer you these blessings gracefully. I hope the summer-house at "Glaed Hame" does this, and also the one by the steps at "Hill Top."

Summer-houses should be retreats and so placed that they offer you quiet seclusion and peace; but these are matters which must be left until the next chapter.

By designing house and garden together we greatly reduce the risk of falling into the initial error of not maintaining a due sense of scale between the various parts of each. Just as in a square, a place or a quadrangle or court, success depends on a right relationship between the size of the enclosed space and the height and proportion of the buildings which surround it, so in a garden much depends upon the spaces into which it is divided bearing a happy rerelation to the dimensions and proportions of the façades of the house.

Every garden must be divided into a number of sections—small gardens or outdoor apartments as it were—and the size and scale of each of these must be in pleasant proportion to the size and scale of the house and its parts. If a garden presents a single panorama which can be grasped at one view, not only will many charms of mystery and surprise be lost, but also the feeling that the house is at one with and at rest in its surroundings. For this sense of unity partly comes from the right proportioning of the parts.



PLAN OF GARDEN AT ST. BRIGHID'S, LETCHWORTH.

Possibly some of the foregoing may be made clearer by the plan for the garden of

"Orchards." The terrace which is to form a base for the house and one of the parts into which the garden must be divided would seem to need certain dimensions of length, width and height in order to produce a feeling of right proportion. While another little separate court-like garden, as a completion of the loggia on its south side seems to fall into the general scheme so naturally as to appear almost inevitable.

I have purposely not divided the garden in the usual way into "vegetable garden" and what is called "ornamental garden," because I cannot see that Nature divides plants into ornamental and useful. Does she not make those plants which are useful to man also beautiful? By this does she not perhaps teach us the lesson that our lives too would run on better lines if our aim were to make our useful and necessary things beautiful as well?

What is more lovely than apple-blossoms or cherry-blossoms? The form of the potato flower and the scent of broad beans are among the most delicate we know, and a field full of blue cabbages is often a sight of surpassing beauty. As Mr. Baillie Scott points out, were it not that the scarlet runner produces bean pods, good for food, it would be one of the most valued clinging plants in our flower gardens.

The great principle underlying all good design—which is before all things the art of finding that form which best fits a thing to fulfil its purpose,—is none the less true of garden design because many of the purposes of a garden are not the most obvious and utilitarian. An important function of a garden is to offer pleasure to its user, and its layout is happiest when it suggests this purpose. Provision for affording shade and shelter is pleasanter when it evinces kindly thought for our needs than when it appears to be the result of chance. Beds which invite us to revel in the loveliness and scents of flowers because they present them simply and accessibly for our enjoyment have some of the charms of true hospitality, and walks which seem from their position and form to have been designed to invite us to an evening stroll will have a grace which would be lacking in any which do not bespeak a desire to add to our happiness.

We all derive so much enjoyment from the suggestion of *possible* pleasures that it is the business of the garden designer not to omit this factor as well as the pleasures themselves, and a successful garden will always owe its achievement partly to its power to invoke at the first glance a lively anticipation of pleasures prepared for us.

SOCIAL REFORMS SUGGESTED THROUGH POETRY: BY MARJORIE SUTHERLAND

(Poems definitely quoted have been written by Englishmen since 1890.)

T IS a suggestive, if somewhat trite observation, that Plato, in the tenth book of his Republic, speaks with disparagement of poets. He says that they are fantastic imitators of life. It is not my purpose to disprove Plato's statement. I intend only to point out the fact that poets, whatever their virtues and shortcomings, have in many instances been of incalculable value to society in that they have been the first to recognize the injustice of certain social and industrial institutions. It is often the poet who calls to action the scientist, the inventor and the legislator.

The poet's sensitive nature detects abuses which hasty civilization has created. The psychologists tell us that men act long before they reflect. Consequently the reflections are often sorrowful. They pile up troubles with infinite pains in the name of property, patriotism, or orthodoxy, and then they stop a moment to look about them and they discover that their toil has been productive of social complications.

Of recent years it has been noted that the significant phase of the teachings of Jesus is poetical rather than theological. The parables that he told, the conversations in which he was engaged, the events of his life, were all poetic. They all protested against hatred, war, greed. They stood for personal, and hence social improvement. The social ills of twenty centuries have resulted to some extent from the misunderstanding of his unique poetry.

But to turn to more immediate times: the nineteenth century, for instance. A period of peculiar social importance, because it witnessed the birth of the factory system, the rise of the evolutionary theory, the abolition of slavery in America, and the mitigation of war and human suffering. Poets of real power seem always more or less sensitive to injustice, hence their protests often lead indirectly to amelioration. They are seldom *formers*, in the social sense, that service which is higher than all others, but they sometimes lead *re*formers.

In eighteen hundred and forty-three a British commission officer made a report of the number of children employed in mines and factories. The prosaic report touched the heart of Mrs. Browning and she wrote "The Cry of the Children." The factory system was upon England in cold blood. Invention had overtaken adjustment, so that immature persons were thereby exploited. It was left to a

poet to really assault the comatose public by voicing the shameful condition, while the children continued to cry and die until eighteen hundred and eighty-six before any adequate action was taken to correct the evil. Child-labor legislation in regard to hours and ages was enacted in eighteen hundred and fifty, eighteen hundred and sixty, eighteen hundred and sixty-one, respectively.

Mrs. Browning was among the first to notice the abuse of insanitation. She speaks of this in eighteen hundred and forty-two in the "Cry of the Human" at a time when city planning and the Department of Public Works were non-existent.

Thomas Hood wrote "The Song of the Shirt" in eighteen hundred and forty-three, probably the first outcry against the sweatshop. England, however, did not consider the sweating system a particular menace until eighteen hundred and eighty-four. In eighteen hundred and forty-four came Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," a vivid though undidactic arraignment of social neglect. For nearly sixty years men have been stirred by the subtle pathos of this piece, its staccato lament and gripping brevity, but it is only within the last ten years and even later that we in America have taken any interest or action in regard to the leprous power of white slavery.

There seems to be a marked element of despair in the expression of modern English poets. They seem unable, as all sensitive people must be unable, to reconcile themselves to the theory and practice of the survival of the fittest. Davidson, Hardy and Buchanan wail unceasingly at the pain and social defeat of life. Watson is bolder and asks where benevolence is—not in Nature, not in God, and surely not in man. Stephen Phillips speaks exultingly of sin and death, and tries to bring us resignation since we cannot escape the facts. Kipling is keenly conscious of social burdens. His virile, rollicking, military spirit often gives one the impression that at least the anti-climax of life is a wonderful thing, and that we ought to be glad for the experience of sweat, war, disease and death. Henley's and Stevenson's forced joy of life is inspiring beyond words. They *felt* the defeat—Stevenson confesses it a dozen times—but they refused to baldly acknowledge it; just as George Eliot felt the defeat and still left us "The Choir Invisible."

The social abuses set forth by poetry since eighteen hundred and ninety were found chiefly to have interfered with the efficiency of (one) the home, (two) the church, and (three) the state.

The "Cry of the Mine" by Robert Buchanan is both a lament and a protest against the fact that the industrial system demands the labor of children in underground mines:

"Deeper we crawl than the graves of the dead!
Sisters and brothers whose fires burn so cheerily,
Fed by the coal that we work for so wearily,
Give us, in God's name, our wages of Bread!"

Again, Buchanan in "Vox Populi" cries out to God against the greed of the competitive system which is evident in poverty, opulence and pernicious custom. "How long, O God, how long" is the refrain of his lament. In "These Voices" Buchanan condemns himself to destruction if he does not heed the voices of the city which wail unconsciously even against injustice. In "Sisters of Midnight" and "Lost Women," both by Buchanan, the protest against the social evil is clearly implied. He draws the vivid picture of the poison of the dregs of humanity reaching at last the lives of protected women and paying them with compound interest the price of their indolent ignorance. Buchanan's expression along social lines consists often of fanatical harangues rather than true pathos. His fire is that of a rhetorical clergyman, not a divine poet. But with all his crudeness one cannot accuse him of insincerity. He had capacity for love if not for imagination.

John Davidson revealed both sincerity and power in kicking against the pricks. In "Saint George's Day" he says:

"The present is a dungeon dark
Of social problems. Break the goal!
Or bid the splendid future hail.
* * * * * *
I see from where the slums may rise
Some unexpected dreadful dawn—
The gleam of steeled and scowling eyes,
And flash of women's faces wan.
I hear the idle workman's sigh."

In eighteen hundred and ninety-eight (Eclogues) Davidson speaks of the human cost of civilization—a favorite theme of modern sociologists:

"Men, as they multiply, use up mankind
In greater masses and in subtler ways * * *
* * * Electricity and steam
Have set a barbarous fence about the earth
And made the oceans and the continents
Preserved estates of crafty gather-alls;
Have loaded labor with a shotted chain,
And raised the primal curse a thousand powers.

* * * God! the hourly waste
Of Women in the world since time began!
* * * And the waste of men
In war—pitiful soldiers, battle harlots."

Davidson's conclusion is effeminately vague and illogical. He says that the waste "in some way" will gladden the world as the moon gladdens mountains and spacious sea.

There is an astute suggestion of the inequality of opportunity in Swinburne's "Cry of the Outcasts":

"How shall we as ye,
Tho' you bid us pray?
Tho' you call, can we
Hear you call, or see,
Tho' you show us day?"

There have not been many direct accusations of the church. The English people seem to be inescapably orthodox. Perhaps this is due to the fact that it is considered bad form by cultivated Englishmen to criticize an established creed and institution. Religion that is theological and political rather than humanitarian strikes fire in the heart of William Watson:

"It is the birthday of the Prince of Peace.
The dead rot by the wayside; the unblest
Who live in caves and desert mountains lurk
Trembling. His foldless flock shorn of their fleece
* * * Famine hurries to her work.
It is the birthday of the Prince of Peace."

"Thoughts—On revisiting a center of commerce where a vast cathedral church is being erected:"

"City of festering streets by Misery trod,
Where half-fed, half-clad children swarm unshod,
While thou dost rear thy splendid fane to God."

In the estimation of the poets the state is the playwright of many social tragedies. There are many protests against war. Watson is prominent here. He watched the Armenian troubles and poured forth his indignation in a slender volume of sonnets entitled "A Year of Shame." In the introduction to this collection the author says:

"'How much is a man better than a sheep?' but our modern diplomacy seems to say the very opposite, as it sits guarding material interests and leaves a helpless and innocent people to perish in slow agony."

The "Plague of Apathy," "Leisured Justice" and "How Long" express the crime of unscrupulous power in a nation.

Buchanan describes the patriot as one

> "Who strideth sword in hand
> To reap the fields he never sowed,
> For his own Fatherland!
> Who, sweeping human rights aside,
> Sets up the cross-shaped Tree
> And while the Christ is crucified,
> Bids all the thieves go free."

Hardy attacks the state and the church in his "Christmas Ghost Story":

> "And what of logic or of truth appears
> In tacking 'Anno Domini' to the years?
> Near twenty hundred liveried thus have lived,
> But tarries yet the Cause for which He died."

In the "Departure" and "Going of the Battery," he comments upon the insane waste of war which is carried on by so-called civilized nations.

Kipling's expression of war can scarcely be called a protest. None understands better than he the incompatibility of war and social welfare, yet the effect of his understanding is not always in favor of peace. His satire is too fascinating. We seem to catch the lure of the bugles and the awesome masculine tread of the regiments—notwithstanding his vivid picture of crushed red bones and sea-foam of corpses. Kipling makes us feel—I am so bold as to use the editorial pronoun—that while war may be hell, some of us, at least, have a surreptitious wish that it might have fallen to our lot to have witnessed the grandeur of the pageant. The "Widow of Winsor," "The Song of the English," "Young British Soldier," express the human cost of power.

> "Take up the White Man's burden—
> Send forth the best ye breed—
> Go bind your sons to exile
> To serve your captives' need."

David Starr Jordan has used this last piece,—taking the line, "Send forth the best ye breed," as the theme of a very interesting lecture on biological heredity called "The Blood of the Nations." Jordan's theory is that war destroyed the flower of humanity and left an inferior stock to be the progenitors of succeeding genera-

tions. In the *Forum* for January, nineteen hundred and eleven, Jack London has attacked Dr. Jordan's theory. London cites Henley's "Song of the Sword," and says that the only reason that the rest of us are here is because swords and famines have kept down population so that there was enough food to go around. Jordan, the scientist, uses some verses to illustrate social maladjustment; London uses other verses to disprove Jordan's theory. The interesting part of the discussion is that the lines which uphold London's theory—that the sword solves the economic problem—are dedicated to the author of the lines which support Jordan's theory—that the sword increases the economic and social problem.

Kipling's "Sons of Martha" is a unique statement of the problem of the productive agent and of the basis of socialism—equality of opportunity. If some economist were brave and clever enough to insert this poem in his textbook it would save hours of harangue and make living tissue of a dead problem.

"The Sons of Mary are the lords of the land—the Sons of Martha do the work."

"They (the Sons of Martha) do not preach that their God will rouse
them a little before the nuts work loose;
They do not teach that His Pity allows them to leave their work
whenever they choose.
As in the thronged and lightened ways, so in the dark and the desert
they stand,
Wary and watchful all their days, that their brethren's days may be
long in the land."

Davidson's "Aristocrat" is a socialistic snap by one who probably was unable to be an aristocrat:

"I lay my yoke on feeble folk
And march across the necks of fools."

Oscar Wilde has surpassed all modern statistical investigators of jails in his "Ballad of Reading Jail":

"In Reading jail by Reading town
There is a pit of shame."

The insanitation of air, food, water, plumbing, etc., of his place of incarceration is described in harrowing detail. The lament for the shame of the institution is, however, more personal than social.

Thomas Hardy and Fiona Macleod have voiced in poetry a condition which seems to be practically untouched by other writers. The condition is psychological rather than sociological, and their

theme is the sexual penalty demanded of women. A modern German scholar (see "Sex and Character," Otto Weininger) has written a glibly assertive treatise on the mystery of sex, in which he calls attention to the well-known fact that women have been denied the power of expression through all the ages. Their achievements have been meager, so he says, juvenile—nothing compared with the material and intellectual activities of men. They have not even revealed themselves in any art or religion or science, and all that we know of their mystery has been interpreted by men. From his point of view with women, biological creation has usurped the place of artistic, philosophical, and political creation. The man in Henry James' "Velvet Glove" says to the beautiful woman who is ambitious to write a novel—"you cannot create romance, *you are* Romance."—One may deny or lament the situation as one chooses. The sole opponent is biology—implacable, inescapable. That the physical situation has brought about most of the social, economic and political differences between the sexes is a trite fact. Abuses have resulted from the physiological decree and if women have been conscious of their limitation and consequent subjection they have usually prayed and cursed and died in their sorrow. Even the songs of their deepest grief and joy have been best expressed by men. Hardy and Macleod stand almost alone in expressing the penalty, while Kipling's "Mary Pity Women" belongs to the same class. Is such expression sacrilegious—unpoetic? Then is all protest against pain and death sacrilegious and unpoetic?

The most recent and interesting example of poetic suggestion was made by poor John Davidson who suffered so keenly from poverty and misfortunes of various kinds; who railed so unceasingly against waste and pain. Few men I suppose would seriously place John Davidson and Sir Francis Galton in the same category of usefulness. Yet John Davidson nicely stated Galton's theory of Eugenics in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five. Just as Byron stated the substance of Christian Science in his dramatic piece called "Cain," and just as Hamlet voiced in five lines William James' chapter on Habit.

In nineteen hundred and four Dr. Galton initiated in a meeting of the Sociological Society of London his new branch of science which he called Eugenics. This was the formal introduction of the science to the public. In the words of the scientist Eugenics is "a study of the agencies under social control, that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations either physically or mentally."

This pet theory of the very modern sociologists was voiced by

a world-weary poet, Davidson, nine years before Galton publicly used the term. I do not mean to assert that the poet influenced the scientist in any way—perhaps neither of them knew of the theories of the other; I only wish to point out that poets can be a pertinent, vital issue in the welfare of the state and that they are not always fantastic imitators.

In "Lammas" Davidson gives the imagined despair of a child who asks why he was not well born:

> "My heart is second hand.
> Where is my birthright—beauty and strength."

Davidson seems to express in some degree the old idea of hereditary taint, but his idea of selection is strictly abreast of modern thought:

> "I impeach the smooth conniving world,
> The bland accomplice that has made and makes
> A merit of defeat, a cult of woe,
> Sowing exhausted land with seed that's foul,
> To harvest tares of madness, impotence,
> Uncomeliness in wasteful granaries—
> I mean asylums, prisons, hospitals.
> If only nineteen hundred years ago
> A gospel of the pride of life had rung
> Our doleful era in; if the device
> In Nature's choice of beauty and of strength
> Had then been shown to man, how had the world
> Approved the excellent expedient,
> With voluntary euthanasia
> Welded humanity at once, and made
> A race of heroes in a golden age!
> * * * * * * * *
> So let us think we are the tortured nerves
> Of Being in travail with a higher type."

Again he says:

> "Upon the bridge
> Some human lumber loafed, a dozen men
> Incompetent or drunken; all unfit
> For everything except survival."

He expressed here the very kernel of the nineteen hundred and four publications and discussions of the London Society.

There is a question to be sure as to whether all this expression of social abuse is poetry or not. The propagandist element usually

burdens art unless the propagandist is an instinctive lyrist like Burns or a cultivated technician like Swinburne, and it may be no consolation to the Anglo-Saxon to remember that real poets do not need to be reformers. That a protest has been made in verse against social wrongs is significant to both sociologists and readers of poetry. The verse referred to may have a deep emotional throb like Hood's, or it may be just common sentimentality, but it is, however, a distinct product of the Nineteenth Century. The Greeks were immortally objective. They developed the flower of their civilization to a degree that has been the wonder of all men since. They paid no attention to the defective, to the mutilations of life; they simply let Nature attend to that, while their artists and philosophers gathered richness for all the world. The Mediæval Christians, on the other hand, were introspective. They did their best to suppress science, to ignore Nature and all that she revealed to stumbling, suffering men. It was the Mediæval idea to reach God by controversy, by self-holiness rather than natural activity. The Anglo-Saxon has received nurture and knowledge from the Golden Age of Greece and he has learned some lessons from Mediæval civilization; he has also developed a personality of his own with a social cast to his conscience. The Greeks were everything but psychologists; the schoolmen and militant saints spent their energies in saving men after death rather than attempting to make their lives bearable. In fine, the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have been conscious to some extent of waste and abuse; they have taken some thought of Cain's searching query, and they may yet lay down their arms to truth demonstrated rather than conjectured.

If the ancient philosopher of the plane tree had read the modern English poets he might have conceded that they were observers of life as well as imitators, that their social conscience was keen and unafraid; that they have often run far ahead of legislators and unwieldy states and quite abreast of teachers and scientists.

MR. R. M. BOND'S HOUSE IN FLORIDA

THAT environment has much to do with the shaping of character is universally acknowledged, for everyone can look back to their childhood days and trace their profession or tastes to events or things that impressed them strongly in that critical period when the mind receives the indelible mark of first impressions. Because the mind is shaped permanently by all the influences surrounding youth, "bend a twig in the way it should grow" should be not only the motto for all gardeners interested in producing beautiful flowers and trees, but for all parents who desire to give to the world the supreme gift —fair and noble men and women. To start a child in the direction of good taste, love of beauty, desire for knowledge, is to develop him in accordance with Spencer's theory of the "continuity of motion."

When a child comes to the building of his own home he consciously and unconsciously selects his materials, exercising the good taste inherent in him, be it great or little. Birds who waited in nests made of sticks while their wings were gaining strength for flight made their own nests later on of sticks. Those who first saw them made of bits of moss, grass or hairs, or with feathers woven prettily in and out of them, make nests for their own young in the same way.

Man does not, of course, build of brick because his ancestral home was of brick, or of stone because it was of stone; nevertheless the influence of his first home upon his judgment is permanent. He should build it as the birds do, of materials that let it rest unobtrusively in the chosen spot, and of materials near at hand and of his own choosing. Since environment acts upon character and character shapes environment in endless progression, making ever toward the goal of perfection, too much care cannot be given to the building of a home.

We have many evidences throughout our country of homes built according to the suggestions of their environment, the selection of the design, color, materials, being governed by the individual taste of the maker.

A garden of flowers, grasses, weeds has the same soil, sun and rain from which to draw the shape, color, perfume of leaves and blossoms; the different results are brought about by individual selection and rejection. Even so does the beauty of a home lie in the builder's taste in selecting and rejecting. Side by side are houses made of the same material and of the same approximate cost, yet one is beautiful, the other ugly,—one a flower, the other a weed.

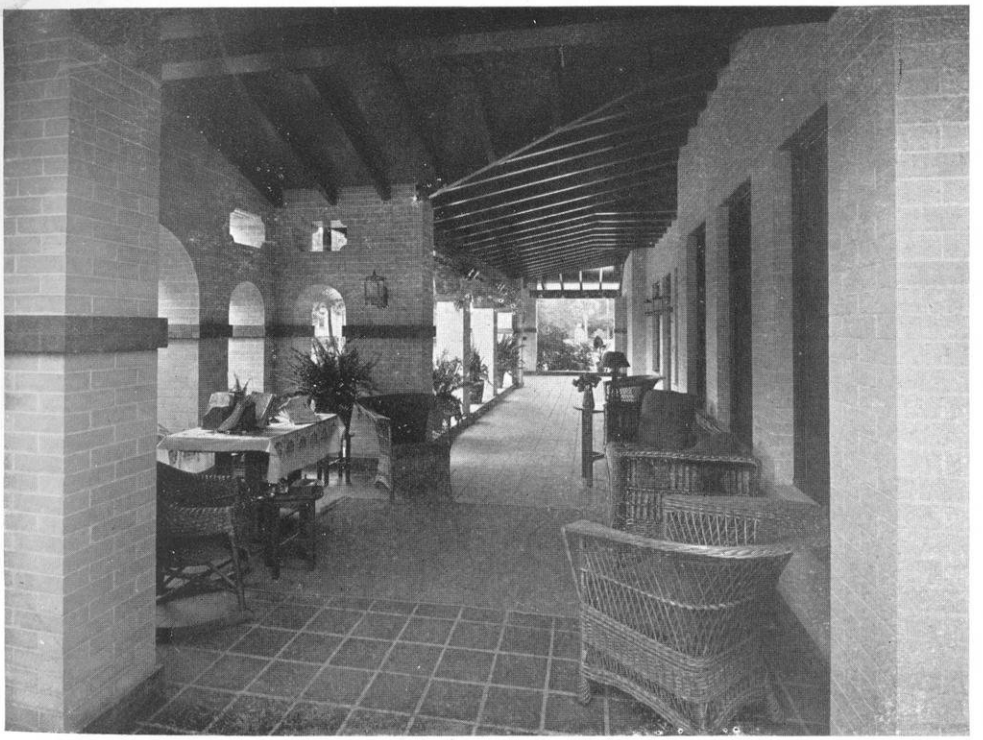
THE CRAFTSMAN endeavors to place before its readers homes that embody beauty and permanence, those that will assist in forming a child's ideal and also those of his children, for intrinsic beauty does not change with each generation.

A house recently built at De Land, Florida, by R. M. Bond, embodies many of the ideas that we believe should be in all homes, and it is no small pleasure for us to know that Craftsman principles have been studied and incorporated, yet in no wise slavishly adhered to at the expense of the builder's individuality.

Simplicity is evident in every line. As a good soldier seeks to see how much he can do without when on the march, so a home-builder should see how much he can dispense with, how much he can condense his needs, how much space can be left to add a sense of largeness, generosity. No room is so confusing and uncomfortable to live in as one that is "cluttered up" with unnecessary articles of furniture,—tables, chairs, ornaments, doilies, etc. A small house with only a few things in it partakes of the dignity of a king's palace, but when it is filled to overflowing with furniture, when every bit of space is obliterated by details, then it seems small indeed, petty, frivolous.

We are showing this month the home of

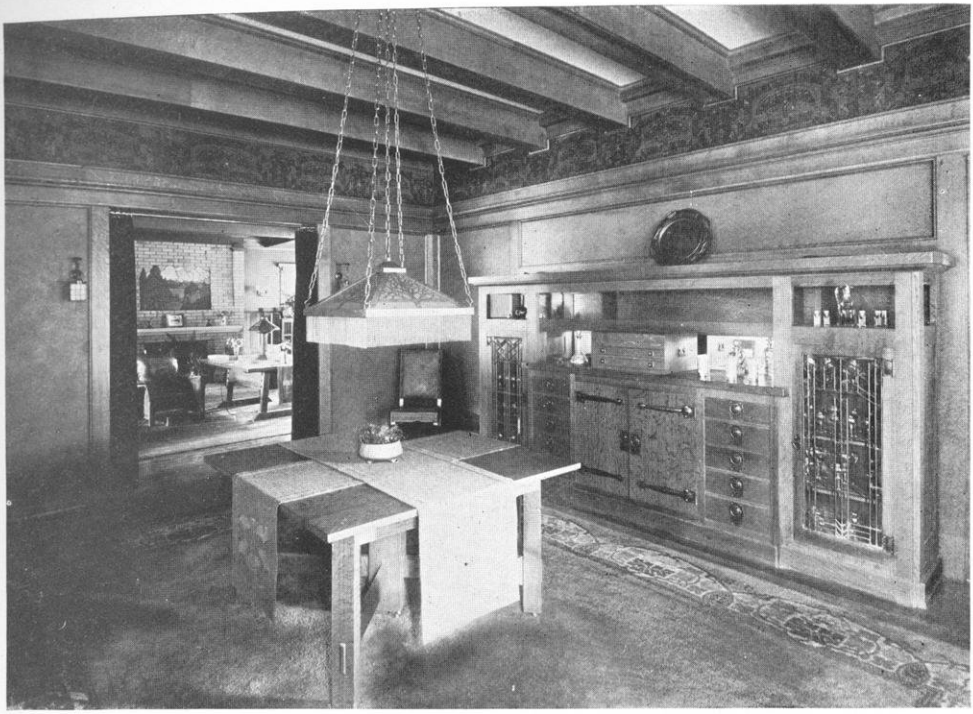
W. B. Palley, Architect.

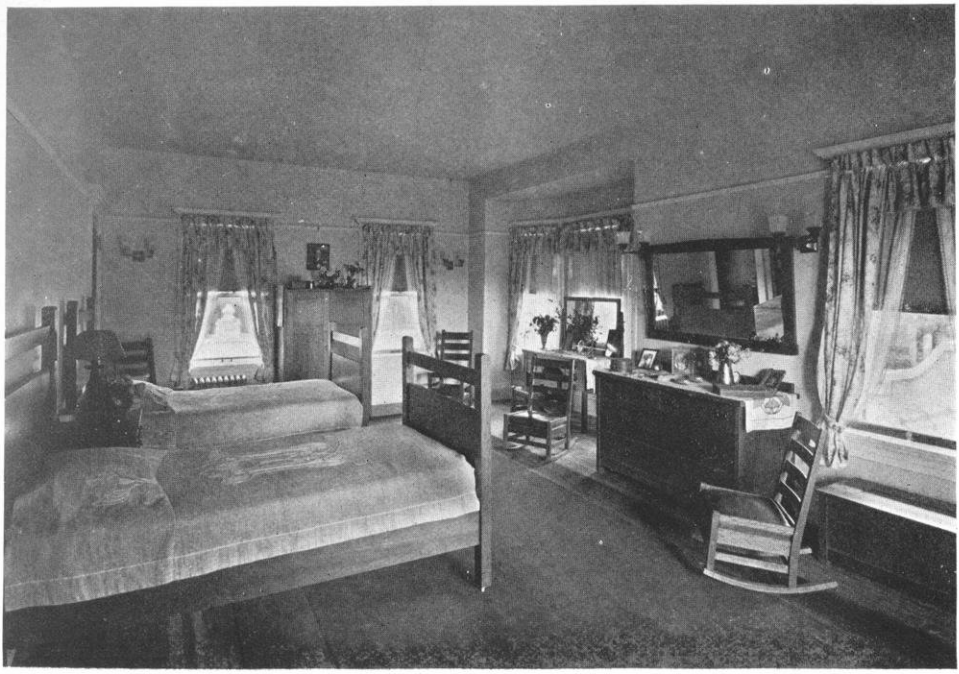


THE HOME OF MR. R. M. BOND, DE LAND, FLORIDA: AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF SPANISH ARCHITECTURE SUITED TO WARM CLIMATES.

A VIEW OF THE VERANDA WHICH RUNS AROUND THREE SIDES OF THE HOUSE.

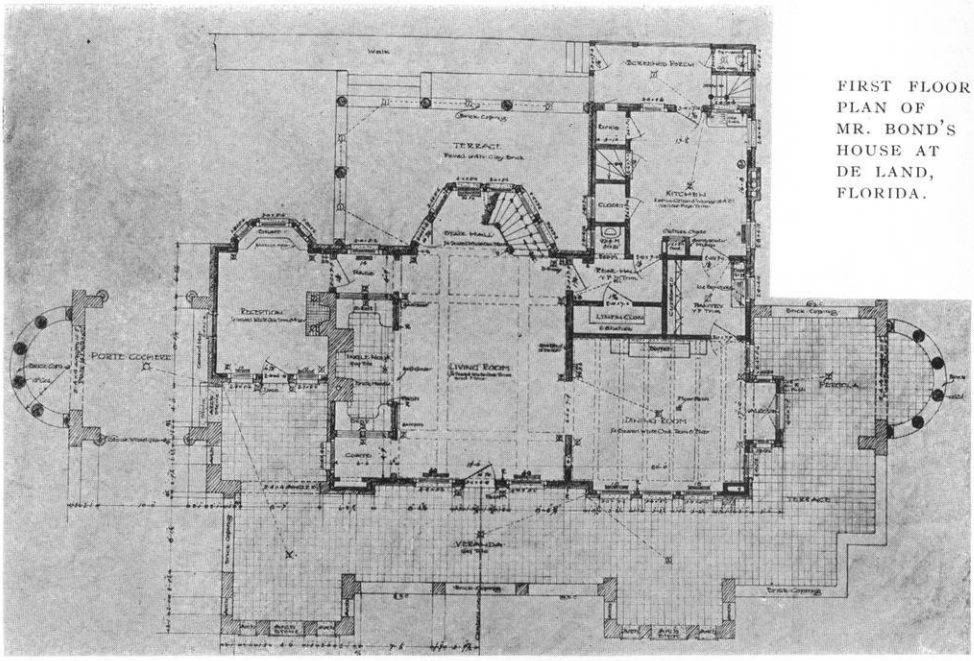
TWO VIEWS OF THE LIVING ROOM OF MR. BOND'S HOUSE: THE FITTINGS AND FURNITURE OF THIS ROOM ARE CRAFTSMAN.



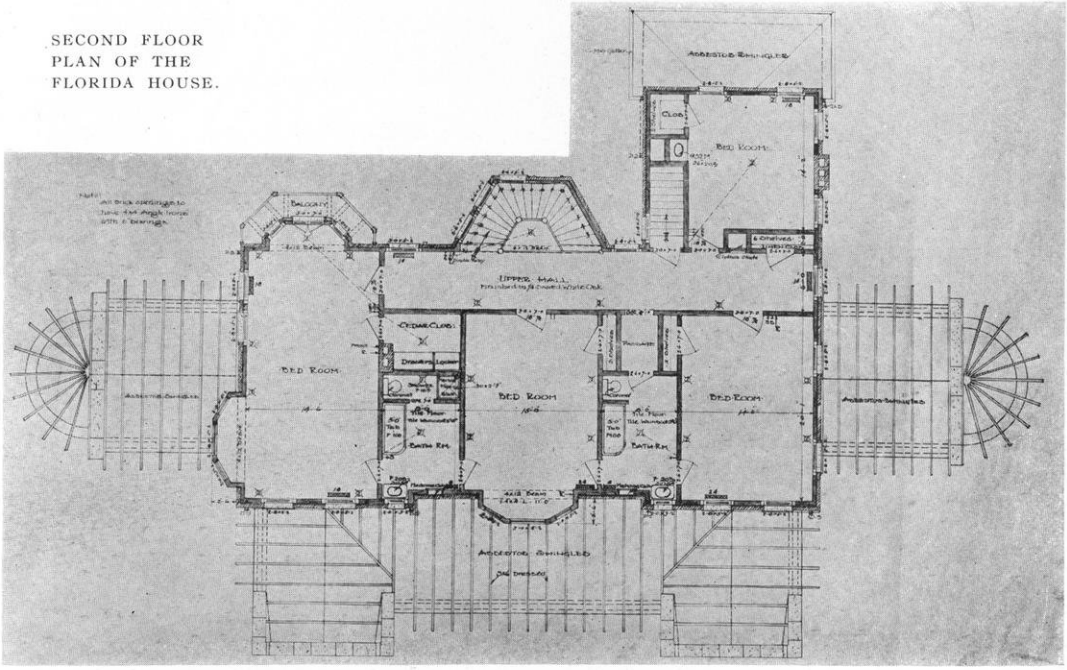


A CRAFTSMAN DINING ROOM IN MR. BOND'S HOUSE.

A BEDROOM FITTED WITH CRAFTSMAN FURNITURE AND FABRICS.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF MR. BOND'S HOUSE AT DE LAND, FLORIDA.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF THE FLORIDA HOUSE.

Mr. Bond rather than the usual ones of our own designing. The photographs of the interior of the house show how admirably Craftsman furnishings fit in with any home built on simple lines. They would not look well in homes filled with "what-nots," gilt chairs, frescoes of cupids,—homes that seem built to display every possible type of furniture and every possible expenditure of money. But in this house of large free simple lines they are at home. A few articles are enough to furnish comfort, a few pictures enough to decorate the walls. A sense of cheapness goes with a multitude of things, a sense of distinction with a few well-chosen ones.

The old Spanish architecture is in admirable keeping with the semi-tropical land of Florida. It carries a flavor of romance about it, and the color is restful to the eyes —which is of great importance in such a sunny land. It provides opportunity for much outdoor living, for meals in the open air, and for walking. The large lawn holds the house as plain gold holds a jewel, magnifying the beauty of the stone rather than detracting from it, centering the interest where it should be centered. A few trees along the walk curtain it from the too prying eyes of strangers and soften the outlines as if they were vignetted.

The interior space of the house is not cut up unnecessarily but is well planned for comfort, light and air. The whole interior can be kept clean and wholesome easily, for the floors are hard wood and the rugs removable. The treatment of the walls and the absence of fruitless ornament or hangings aid materially in simplifying housework.

The whole house is a most interesting example of modern homemaking, for everything about it and in it is of the simplest and the best, so it is able to defy sun, storm, time, and a daily use of it will but mellow, not destroy.

We are giving a detailed description of this home for we feel sure it will be of interest to whoever wishes to build permanently, beautifully. Again, it is a fine example of how admirably Craftsman furniture and materials fit in homes built along lines of architecture other than Craftsman if they are simple rather than ornate, if they tend toward practicality rather than show.

The approach to the house is most interesting. The generous lawn fringed with live oaks, palms, bamboo, camphor trees, gives protection and seclusion from the street and contributes to the feeling of richness. There is ample space in the grounds for the house and ample space in the house for large rooms, with no feeling of smallness or cramped quarters anywhere. Wide porches, verandas, pergolas, extensive gardens at the rear, also add to the sense of generosity everywhere apparent.

The house itself is an adaptation of the Spanish Mission, long and low, fitting in admirably with the landscape. The walls are of gray sandstone brick laid in white mortar with struck joint, the sharp relief of the white mortar joint combined with the slightly varied shades of the soft gray bricks giving a surface most pleasing to the eye, and is an especially satisfactory method of construction for this land of sunshine, both esthetically and practically. Bedford stone of a buff shade is used in pleasing contrast with the brick for the sills, coping and carved cartouches and finials over the entrances. The roofs are covered with Spanish tiles selected to give an even light red color. All timber construction left open is of yellow pine stained a soft brown. The rafter overhang is very heavy, the facia being formed by a copper gutter some ten inches wide.

The most noticeable feature of the exterior is the veranda which runs around three sides of the house, forming on the east an outdoor dining room connected by a pergola in intimate way with the building. The main entrance and porte cochère are on the west, and on the south the veranda extends into a fine terrace which overlooks a formal garden filled with roses and tropical plants of all descriptions. The living room provides easy access to this garden terrace as well as to the long open veranda on the north. The terrace and veranda floors are all laid in red Welsh quarries.

The large veranda, pergola and terrace make outdoor living rooms, dining rooms, promenades and are a charmingly decorative part of the home. They are furnished with rugs, willow couches, chairs, hanging seats, tables for reading or sewing, and are well lighted with lamps and lanterns. Flowers and vines are in all available places.

The interior of this luxurious home, both as to color and convenience of plan, is noteworthy. The walls throughout the house are finished in oil, the woodwork of the first floor and the upper hall is of quarter-sawed white oak, fumed to different shades.

It is in the interior of the home that the Craftsman influence is strongly felt, the living room being a typical Craftsman room. The walls are finished in oil of plain brown shade with a conventional design stenciled between the massive beams of the ceiling. The Craftsman furniture was carefully matched in the woodwork (No. o fumed oak) so that great harmony was obtained. The fixtures of dull hammered brass give flashes of light in keeping with the general color scheme of the room which is of browns, yellows, greens. A fireplace of Tapestry brick with a large Grueby tile panel emphasizes again the color scheme. Donegal rugs in browns and greens, écru net curtains, heavy hangings also in browns and greens adhere closely to the prevailing plan of color harmony.

The stairway is an original feature both of this room and the house, for it influences the line of the exterior walls, making a pleasing bay effect.

The color scheme of the dining room is sage green and yellow carried out by the Donegal rug, the yellow sandour hangings, écru net curtains. Craftsman fixtures of hammered copper are used, and the woodwork, buffet and beamed ceilings are finished in No. 5 light oak. The walls are broken into panels and the chairs are high-backed with solid leather panels.

A decorative note of interest is the frieze of conventional orange-tree design. The built-in buffet, the furniture, hangings, fixtures and color scheme of this room are distinctly Craftsman.

The morning room trim is of light-colored fumed oak. A Nile-green tile fireplace with hammered brass hood of peacock design graces this room. The Donegal rug is of Nile green and old rose, the furniture is of silver gray wicker upholstered in Nile green, so that all is in agreeable accord.

The plan of the upper floor is simple, commodious, convenient in the extreme. All the rooms on this floor are finished in white enamel with mahogany doors and glass door knobs, the inside closet doors being cheval glass.

The large west bedroom is abundantly lighted, sun and air coming in through seven windows and the two French doors. These doors open onto a balcony that overlooks the garden in the rear of the house. Gray and lavender tones prevail in this room, emphasized slightly in the conventional frieze running along the walls.

The furniture, bedspreads, dresser scarfs, etc., are from the Craftsman workshops; the room, therefore, well represents a Craftsman bedroom, though it is in no sense designed with this idea in view.

This house shows that it is one to be lived in, not just dwelt in now and then. It is attended by a generous garden, there is plenty of room everywhere for the coming and going of the different members of the family without disturbing all the household.

The choice of colors make it peculiarly harmonious and restful within, for a home should embody peace. It must be a refuge, a place where one can flee for quiet, where one can recuperate from the stress of business life. It is a home that can give such rest to the older members of the family and at the same time provide the younger members with the surroundings that they so need to develop them, to form their ideals.

There is no artificiality or cheap show, but everything that makes for sturdiness, integrity of character, love of beauty.

A PLACE WHERE WORK MEANS HAPPINESS

AN interesting and radical improvement over old methods of schooling is being worked out at Vineland, N. J., and although a "Training School for Feeble-minded Boys and Girls" it is one which any educational institution would do well to study. At this school children are given individual not wholesale instruction. The personality of each pupil is considered, his likes and dislikes, his aptitudes and tendencies, his shortcomings and defects are all studied and made the basis from which to work. And by incentive instead of penalty, by persuasion, not compulsion, his education is guided.

Nothing could be more optimistic than the motto of the school—"We believe in happiness, all else follows." Play in its varying forms, with ample choice for healthy outdoor sports, forms an important part of the curriculum, and the school Zoo, the gardens, fountain and woodland camping ground are some of the pleasant features of this wholesome educational system.

Here "parrot" study gives place to genuine personal interest, and each topic, handled in this vital fashion, awakens the child's curiosity, stimulates his imagination and develops his powers of discernment, judgment and understanding. It is "education" in the truest sense of the word.

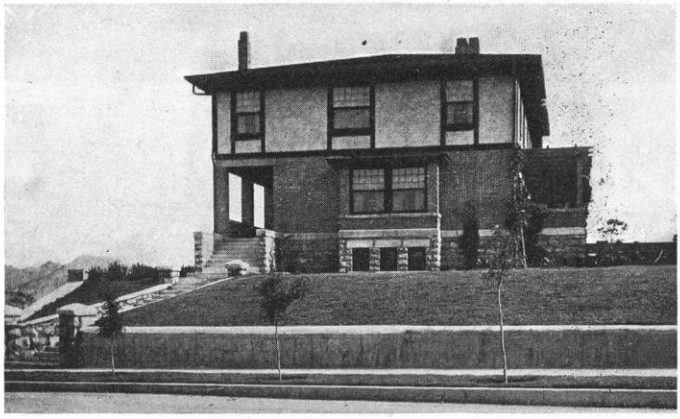
HOUSE AT EL PASO, TEXAS, INSPIRED BY CRAFTSMAN IDEAS

DEGENERATION is the goal that people unconsciously travel toward when they blindly imitate, when they are content to use the results obtained by another's concentration rather than their own. Escaping the responsibility involved by exercising their own choice, their own taste, they gladly purchase the art of another and are pleased at getting something beautiful by so easy a process. It is by constant personal discrimination that a true sense of beauty is developed, and this opportunity for growth cannot be relegated to another without a deep loss.

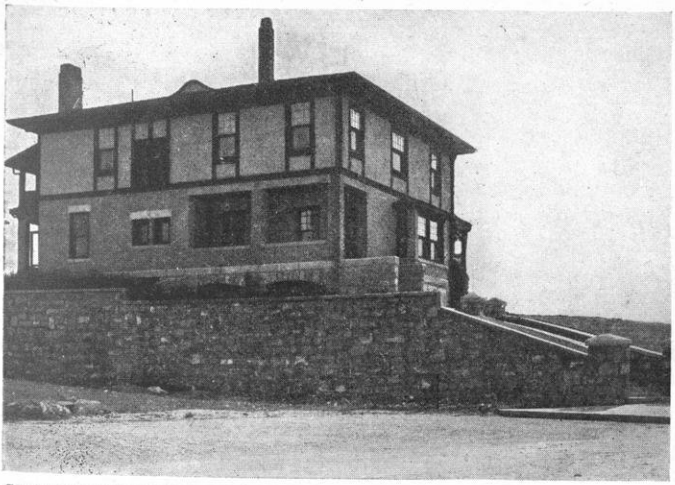
Craftsman houses are not intended to be blindly copied, detail by detail, for this would tend toward destructive rather than constructive work. But because they prove that simplicity and durability are desirable both for beauty and economy of labor, others have turned toward these standards and worked out for themselves the adaptation to their own needs. The goal and the trail to it have been pointed out, but they are not deprived of the joy, the growth that comes of personally treading, step by step, the road that leads to achievement.

Many homes have this note of simplicity dominant in them because of the influence of Craftsman ideas, but the homemakers have personally adapted the plans to their own needs, carried them out as they preferred, so that their home is stamped unmistakably with their own individuality. This is as it should be, and we take pleasure in seeing and showing a house of this character recently built by Fred J. Feldman at El Paso, Texas.

Substantial, simple, beautiful are the first words that come to mind when looking at this dwelling. The pure simplicity of its lines gives a feeling of dignity that is most pleasing. No unnecessary ornament, useless fretwork or idle decoration mars the solid worth of it. It appears to be a house practically as well as poetically built upon a rock, and the fact of its being raised about 14 feet above the street level adds to its charm, and gives a feeling of privacy.

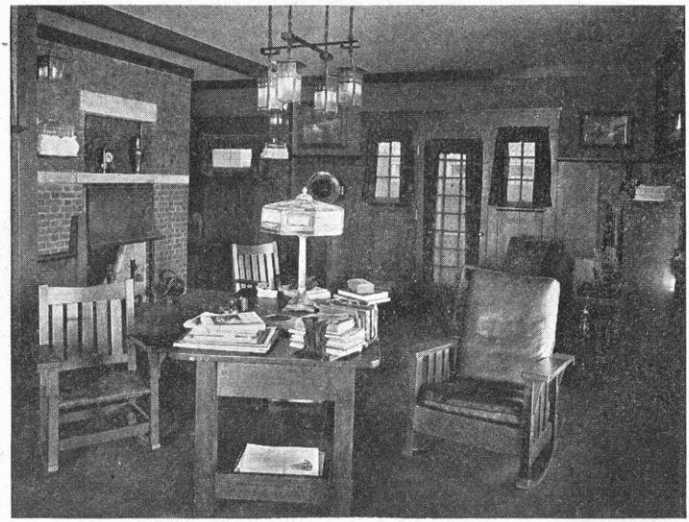


FRONT VIEW OF CRAFTSMAN HOUSE AT EL PASO, TEXAS.



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE AT EL PASO· FRED J. FELDMAN, BUILDER.

The house was built after Craftsman plans, modified and enlarged by E. Kneezel under the direction of the owner to suit his individual needs and wishes. The foundation is of graystone, the same stone of which the retaining wall is built. Mottled red steam-pressed brick is used for the first story, and the second story is of common brick covered with cement stucco. The roof is of shingles stained a tile color and the rest of the wood used on the exterior is stained brown. At the end of the stone wall in the rear of the lot is to be built an underground garage with servant's



LIVING ROOM IN EL PASO HOUSE FURNISHED WITH CRAFTSMAN FURNITURE.

room above. The treatment of the windows is noticeably decorative, the recessed entrance porch invites hospitably and the pergola at the side gives a gracious effect, preventing any thought of severity.

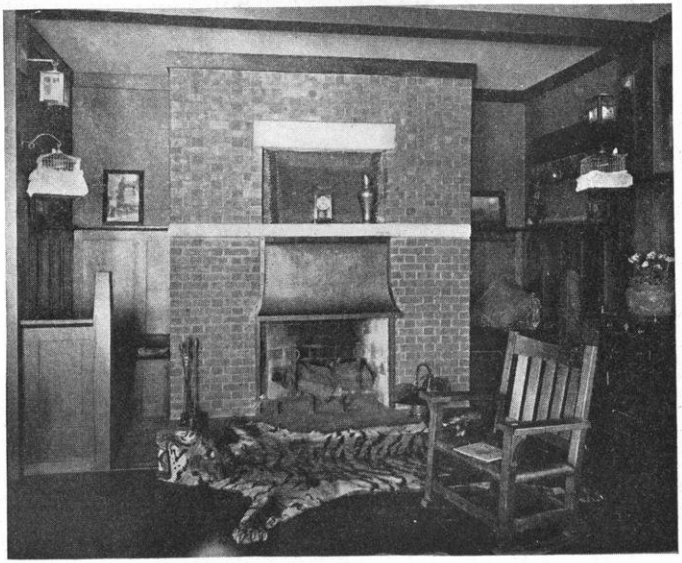
The interior of this home seems to comprise all that could be desired in the way of comfort. All the wood used as interior finish is of red oak, stained a dark brown in the halls and living room and a lighter brown in the dining room. The wall treatment is especially interesting, for it is of linen crash throughout the house. The upper and lower halls are a tan color with stencil design in terra cotta and green.

Photographs are reproduced here of the living room that show the beauty of finish and arrangement; the harmonious color of it unfortunately cannot be given. But it can be imagined, for the walls are green with a stenciled design in deeper tones of green and a touch of yellow here and there. The hangings are of Craftsman material and design and the copper electric fixtures and the copper hood of the fireplace are from our workshops. The brick of the fireplace is the same as used in the exterior first story. With a Donegal rug upon the floor the effect is warm, rich and harmonious to a most satisfying and remarkable degree.

The dining room is an arrangement of color that is unusually beautiful and attractive. Gobelin blue predominates here, for the linen crash wall-covering is of this shade with a stencil design of deeper blues and greens. This stencil design should be especially noticed, for its grace and beauty of line and the well-chosen motif give pleasant finish to the room. Another of the Donegal rugs adds its wonderful color, texture and richness to the dining room. Craftsman hangings prevail here also at window, door and on the table. The shapely copper hood over the fireplace is from the Craftsman workshops, as well as the electric fixtures and hanging lamps. Craftsman doors and windows are seen, and built-in sideboards and cupboards.

This influence is again felt in the hall, in fact throughout the interior and exterior of the house the Craftsman note has predominated.

The first and second floor plans which are given here show careful thought, especially in the placing of the porches so that the kitchen, dining room, living room and two of the bedrooms have easy access to them. Three bedrooms, a sitting room, two

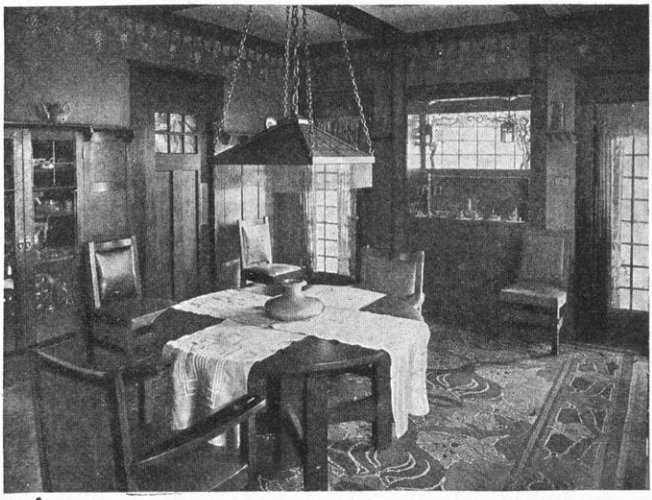


FIREPLACE AND COZY SEATS IN LIVING ROOM.

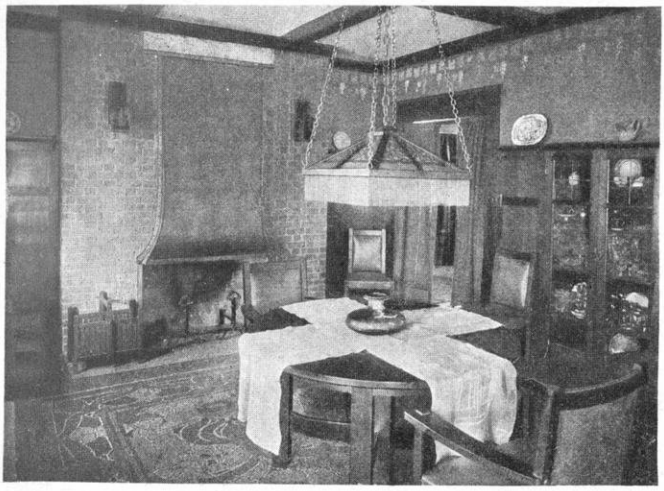
bathrooms and numerous closets make up the convenient plan of the second story. The house is rich in open fireplaces, one for breakfast cheer in the dining room, one for the evening hour in the sitting room and another for all-round comfort in one of the bedrooms.

A basement with concrete floor is under the whole house, containing the boiler room, coal room, cellar, laundry and billiard room.

This house, which is constructed of durable material and which is a model of comfort, convenience and beauty within, was built on a lot 60 by 150 feet at a total cost of about $15,000.00. This price includes the garage and servant's quarters at the rear, which have not yet been completed.



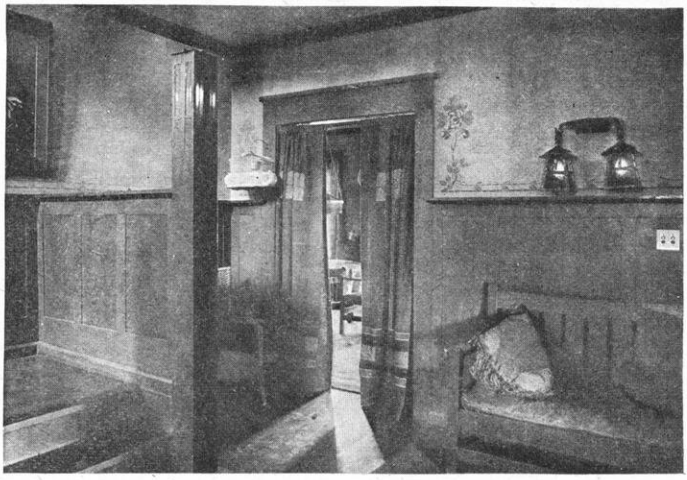
DINING ROOM IN EL PASO HOUSE, WITH CRAFTSMAN FITTINGS AND FURNISHINGS.



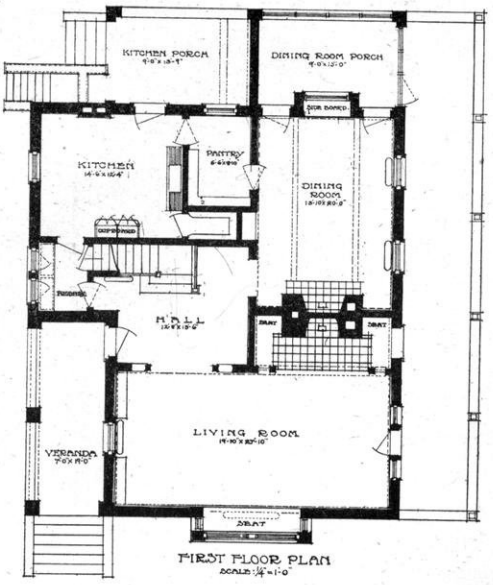
FIREPLACE IN DINING ROOM WITH CRAFTSMAN HOOD.

The sympathetic and artistic way in which the interior of Mr. Feldman's house has been handled furnishes an unusually convincing illustration of what can be accomplished by the use of the right colors, textures and designs. It shows what atmosphere of homelike charm can be attained by thoughtful planning and understanding arrangement of the innumerable materials and objects that go to make up the furnishings of a modern dwelling. The distinction and dignity of the whole effect proves how much real loveliness can be obtained through the use of fittings that are wrought with sincerity, skill and definiteness of purpose. What pleasant contrast such an interior presents to the meaningless elaborations and ornate confusing details that mar the rooms of so many of our modern homes.

Surely such a place as this must be not only a continual pleasure and comfort to those who live in it, but a source of



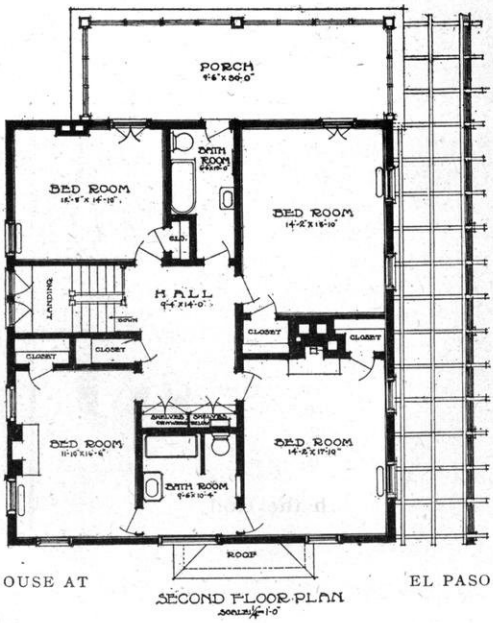
STAIRWAY AND ENTRANCE TO DINING ROOM.



FLOOR PLAN FOR HOUSE AT EL PASO.

inspiration to all those who enter its doors. And any home that can boast as much character, beauty and honesty of intention in its building and furnishing helps to raise the standards of American architecture.

For after all national architecture is largely an index of national character. Every environment reflects the taste or indifference of those who create or endure it. And the greater the sincerity of a building, the greater we may assume is that of the builder.



HOUSE AT EL PASO.

SWORDS AND PLOWSHARES: WHAT SOME ENGLISH SOLDIERS ARE DOING

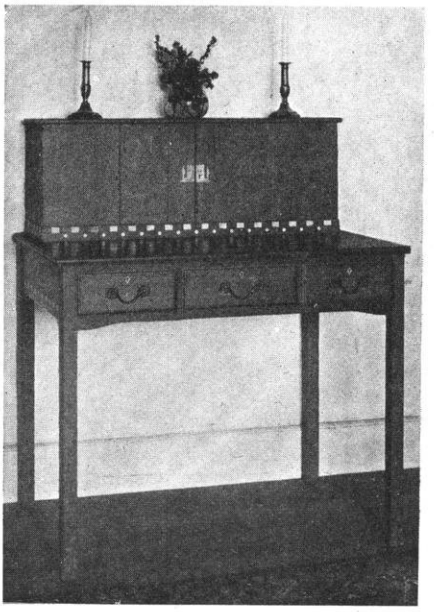
BELIEVERS in the justice and sanity of International Peace will no doubt join hands with "back-to-the-land" enthusiasts over a recent development among British military circles. Word comes to us from London that the men at Caterham Barracks have found a pleasant and profitable occupation for those idle hours which usually hang so heavy on soldiers not in active service. They have taken up the cultivation of fruits and vegetables! Gardening, we are told, "has become one of the chief features of the place," and their recent annual flower, vegetable and industrial show, in spite of the recent drought, was something of which any "gardening soldier" might reasonably be proud. Corporal Holt of the Coldstream Guards, who is said to be "not only the tallest man in the army, but the champion vegetable grower of the service," won nine firsts this year for his vegetables and a first prize for the "best kept and cropped garden." The Commandant, Major G. D. Jeffreys, and his officers take much interest in the show, which is also quite a social event.

Surely this delightful variation of military life is one which other barracks might adopt with good results. It would be hard to imagine a healthier or more sensible pastime for a regiment of idle soldiers. The pride of knowing you have raised the finest tomatoes or the tenderest asparagus at the post must be infinitely more satisfying than the thought that you have dealt sudden death to an unknown foe against whom you had no personal cause for enmity. To dig holes for plants and seeds must surely be more pleasant than making a gap in some distant home circle with a well-aimed bullet. And transforming of a plot of barren ground into a productive garden seems more grateful labor than the trampling of an enemy's crops or the besieging of a starving garrison.

In fact not only does this Caterham experiment show how easily a group of idle soldiers may find normal tasks and pleasures, but it also serves to bring home, by the vividness of its contrasts, the insanity and cruelty of war and the logic and beauty of peace—the difference between constructive and destructive forms of energy.

MODERN FURNITURE, THE WORK OF ENGLISH CRAFTSMEN: BY EDWARD W. GREGORY

IN reviewing the condition of English craftsmen's work in furniture as it exhibits itself today, it is necessary to remember at least a little of the history of the Arts and Crafts movement during the past twenty years. It was in the autumn of 1888 that the first exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society was held in the New Gallery, Regent Street, London. Since then the Society has had a show about every three years, the ninth (perhaps the last) being held in 1910. Most observers of the movement date the commencement of public interest in craftsmanship to the time of the first Exhibition when the influence of William Morris was still a living and vital force. Since that time there have been the most violent changes in taste. The pendulum has swung in extraordinary fashion from one extreme to another. We have had a volatile epidemic of Art Nouveau spreading itself over all European countries, and



WRITING TABLE IN OAK, INLAID WITH PEAR: DESIGNED BY CHARLES SPOONER.

even now showing itself alive in many of the art centers of France, Germany and Austria. Side by side with this manifestation, but developing a trifle later, has been a remarkable increase of interest in old and historic furniture, which shows no present sign of dying out. For a short time there was a mannerism in modern furniture (which some authorities dignify into a distinct style), consisting for the most part in a denial of every legitimate form of enrichment whether constructional or applied, permitting only the use of the barest boards put together in the rudest and most elementary fashion. This, no doubt, arose as a reaction from the strange decorative contortions of Art Nouveau.

These new developments had, however, the effect of putting a much needed lesson into the stiff conservatism of the British furniture trade which has had to revise its methods pretty considerably from time to time in order to meet the demands of the public taste. Another most important influence which should be noted has been the change from art to craft shown by the work of the principal schools of art and technical colleges. There is scarcely a school of art in England today which does not look upon its craft work as at least as important as its art.

Even as late as ten years ago the only attempt in many schools at recognition of anything outside purely historical art was

CABINET IN BURR ELM AND EBONY: DESIGNED BY ERNEST GIMSON.

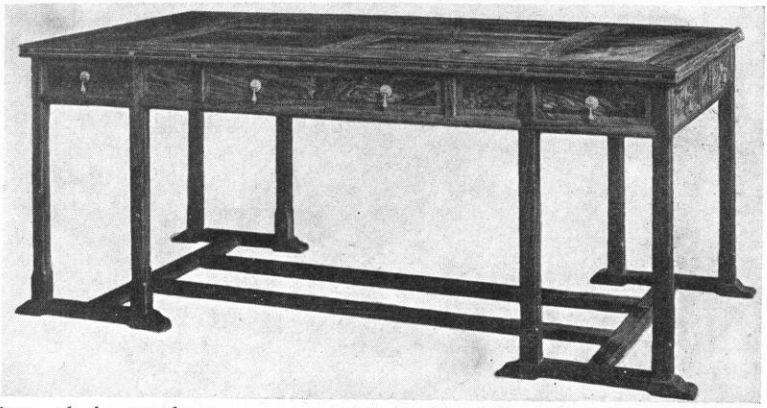
SOFA-BED, AS SOFA: DESIGNED BY CHARLES SPOONER.

an interest in making patterns. The reason for this will easily be understood if one remembers what the English Government established art schools and museums for in the first instance. The idea was to improve the appearance of British manufactures by educating designers to make patterns good enough to compete with those turned out by other countries. The British Government knew nothing whatever about hand work and craftsmanship and cared less. But it was keenly alive to trade, and it knew that many of its greatest manufactures depended largely upon pattern design for a position in the world's market. Hence it was that the study of ornament as a subject in itself was taken up by nearly all the Government schools. Only within the last generation has craftsmanship and a realization of the educational value of hand work been recognized by the education authorities, and this has been through pressure from outside, chiefly from the group of craftsmen associated with the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society.

Now there can be not the slightest doubt that the best furniture made in England today is that which depends for its character upon the evidence it can show of having been made by hand. Even though machinery may be brought into play, in the cutting of large veneers for instance, the vital form, the usefulness, the constructive qualities, which go to make character are determined largely by the handling of the wood by the craftsman. The best furniture is not thought out in a drawing office and then transmitted to a factory to be executed. It is designed by the man at the bench. This results in at least one very useful safeguard. A man who works in wood and originates his own ideas instinctively thinks according to the limitations of his material. The forms he makes, whether they be beautiful or ugly, will always at any rate look as if they were intended to be executed in wood. He could not be guilty, as so many drawing office designers are, of inventing shapes for woodwork which would be more suitable for metal or stone. In connection with this point, notwithstanding the debt which modern furniture owes to architects, it is a fact that cabinets, sideboards, piano cases and so on have been designed by architects as though they were designing houses; the architectural basis is apparent. There was a walnut sideboard shown at a public exhibition of arts and crafts in London in July of this year, which indicated in its lines such features as door and window openings, lintels, cornice molding, and pilasters. The main features of classical architecture had been reproduced. Now this is not woodwork. It is stone interpreted in wood. It

SOFA-BED, AS BED: DESIGNED BY CHARLES SPOONER: ORIGINAL MADE IN TEAK.

is true that a great deal of furniture of the Renaissance — particularly in Italy—has this characteristic, but it is none the less reprehensible and is inexcusable if copied today. The classical tradition, as far as furniture is concerned, was best used in England during the 18th century, and many—not all—English craftsmen have been brought to admit into their work a distinct flavor of Chippendale, Heppelwhite, and Sheraton. Whatever may be said against the production of these Georgian furniture designers, they at any rate were



AN ENGLISH DRAWING-ROOM TABLE OF WALNUT: DESIGNED BY AMBROSE HEAL.

SHOVELBOARD EXTENSION DINING TABLE IN ENGLISH WALNUT, ENRICHED WITH ROSEWOOD: DESIGNED BY HAMILTON T. SMITH.

workers in wood. The more elaborate designs of Chippendale as shown in his well-known book were never made at all. Probably they were included for purposes of publicity, to advertise the name of Chippendale. Neither Heppelwhite nor Sheraton went so far in decorative enrichment as Chippendale, but in all the work of this period the classical tradition was secure. There was no hint of anything at all savoring of Gothic influence, and only in the designs of the brothers Adam—who were architects, not craftsmen in furniture—was there any sign of an architectural basis.

Among English craftsmen of today who appear to have linked themselves with this 18th-century tradition is Mr. Charles Spooner, examples of whose work are shown here. It should be recognized at once that Mr. Spooner is an originator in woodwork, not an adaptor. There is no sign whatever in his work of servile imitation. He appears to have achieved the remarkable feat of forgetting the 19th century. Picking up the threads of tradition as they were dropped by Sheraton's nerveless fingers he seems to be developing still further the art of furniture making as left before machinery came to shatter craftsmanship a hundred years ago.

Mr. Spooner is one of the group of craftsmen who established the Arts and Crafts

OAK DINING TABLE, DECORATED WITH CHIP CARVING AND CHAMFERED SUPPORTS: DESIGNED BY A. ROMNEY GREEN.

DRESSER IN BROWN ENGLISH OAK: DESIGNED AND MADE BY A. ROMNEY GREEN.

Exhibition Society and his sympathies originally may not have inclined so strongly toward the Georgian period as his later work indicates. But the criticism leveled at English craftsmen some fifteen years ago, that they appeared unable to originate anything except furniture fit for the kitchen, never applied itself with force to the work of Mr. Spooner which from the first always showed a delicacy of handling and treatment usually associated with what one may call the more decorative rooms of the house. There are, of course, today craftsmen whose creed will not permit them to bend in the slightest toward the recognition of distinct style in houses for which they may be asked to design furniture. But in Mr. Spooner's work, particularly in some examples made for South Africa, one can see how an original outlook may well be maintained with a due regard for architectural environment. Readers of THE CRAFTSMAN will scarcely need to be reminded that the Dutch, as the first colonists at the Cape of Good Hope, imported into the country in the 17th century, a great deal of the architectural character of the Low Countries. They brought their ideas with them from their homes of dikes and ditches. They took advantage of the periodical visits of sailing vessels which went to and from Holland and the Indies and China to replenish their houses with furniture, metal work, and china, conveyed both from the East and the West. Now until recently there has been very little recognition of this small legacy of old Dutch work at the Cape. But with the coming of modern prosperity to South Africa, the influence of the late Cecil Rhodes and others, attempts were made to build houses which should possess more indigenous character than is usual in a new colony. So the old Dutch farmhouses were sought out and examined, their characteristics studied and the reasons for their planning discussed. New houses have now been built at Johannesburg, Pretoria, and other places (chiefly inspired by Mr. Herbert Baker, the designer of the new Union buildings at Pretoria), which are a modern development of the later 17th-century Dutch Colonial style.

To design furniture for such houses exactly suited Mr. Spooner's attitude of mind, and an examination of the examples depicted here will show with what reticent charm he has accomplished the task of constructing modern craftsman's furniture with a flavor of Dutch character. Teak, of course, is the wood chiefly employed, as being more suitable for the climate. All the old Dutch furniture and house fitments at the Cape were of teak with occasional inlays of ebony. In the cabinet of

SIDEBOARD IN ENGLISH OAK: DESIGNED BY ERNEST GIMSON.

drawers, a piece of furniture will be recognized which was fairly common at the close of the 17th century in Holland and also in England during the reign of William and Mary. Mr. Spooner's interpretation of the idea, however, is simpler than that of the old cabinetmakers who used to delight in curvilinear forms. It will be noticed that in the writing table (made for a South African house) there are no curved lines whatever except those resulting naturally from the turning of the legs.

The tendency toward greater simplicity in furniture making in England during recent years has had the effect to some extent of ousting the carver, whose services are not now required so much. Only about six or seven years ago wood carving was the most popular of the crafts. Everybody carved. The craft was looked upon as a means of providing a fine opportunity for acquiring a sound technical training. To take chisel and wood and carve out ornamental patterns in relief was regarded as the surest way of training hand and eye. In all probability this point of view was right. But as the taste for plain, undecorated furniture grew, carving was less and less employed and there is very little carved enrichment on craftsmen's furniture today. Even the furniture trade was affected and carvers are now employed chiefly on interior fitments. Carved furniture, on the whole, is out of favor in England. Not so long ago dealers would buy genuine old oak bureaus, chests of drawers, and dressers of the late 16th and 17th centuries, and carve their panels as an additional attraction to customers. Nowadays the more carving there is on furniture the more difficult it is to sell. No doubt this indicates an improvement in public taste, but carving is a perfectly legitimate craft for the embellishment of furniture, if very carefully used. Of course, in the formation of constructional members carved detail is still to be seen. A good and very original example of this is to be seen in the dresser by Mr. A. Romney Green shown here, the legs of which illustrate an interesting development of chamfering. The chamfer, indeed, has been exploited to the utmost by Mr. Green in a great deal of his furniture, stout material being employed in the first instance and then broadly chamfered away with the result that decorative quality is obtained without any applied enrichment. Mr. Green's furniture is not consciously ornamental yet it becomes ornamental through the interesting way in which supports and rails are treated. Obviously this springs straight from the work at the bench.

In the work of Mr. Ambrose Heal, who has been represented by beautiful pieces of furniture at all the important exhibitions of art and craft in England for years past, perhaps the most important quality is the sense of fitness shown in its construction. Mr. Heal's cabinets, tables, bookcases, wardrobes and chairs always seem to have discovered just what utility requires of them. They are never too heavy and certainly never too flimsy. What one may call a knowledge of the science of furniture construction is manifest in every detail of the work. I remember no example in which there is an exaggerated feature. This shows uncommon restraint, for artists are very prone at one time or other to accentuate little mannerisms which they seem to think distinguish and single them out from their fellows. It is probable that Mr. Heal has stripped furniture making as cleanly of its encumbrances of misapplied material and ornamentation as any designer in England. He appears to have got right down to the bare essentials of the craft, and whatever he designs shows unmistakably how much value he sets upon elementary form. It is conceivable that a craftsman might make—indeed, there are many examples of this—a cabinet or other piece of furniture of outwardly charming proportions and design but whose material was actually too heavy and cumbrous for its purpose. On the other hand he might use too flimsy material and have to strengthen it in hidden places. Now, Mr. Heal appears to have the insight into furniture construction which enables him always to strike the happy medium. He seems to think that it is worth finding out exactly whether an oak board should be an inch thick or half an inch or somewhere in between, where another man would not trouble. His cornice moldings, the beadings around door panels, and other projections never seem too big, never look mean and poor. It is common enough to see inlaid ornamentation applied to furniture to relieve the effect of too heavy construction, to lighten the appearance of the piece, or to bring together the different parts of ill-proportioned "carcase" work.

A maker may have constructed, for instance, a sideboard in which the upper part,

owing to faulty proportion, looks separate and distinct from the lower. It looks foolishly like one piece of furniture on top of another, instead of all one piece. Now he can often correct this, successfully enough, by introducing lines of decoration, inlaid, carved or painted, of uniform width and ornamental character, which run through both upper and lower parts. This has the effect of gaining unity and relief. But in Mr. Heal's work this is never done. Whatever ornamentation there is appears to be the direct result of the mechanics of construction, and the satisfactory appearance of the whole is due in a very great measure to true proportions and a scrupulous regard for economy of material. Many people a few years ago learned the art of carving by copying the gouge cuts in old panels without knowing anything of construction, and their only course when they had completed their work was to send it to a joiner to be "made up." This lack of method is referred to as typifying a proceeding which is the very antithesis of the reasoned thoughtfulness of Mr. Heal's cabinetwork, in which there is not the slightest sign of casual improvisation.

Mr. Ernest W. Gimson, who is also one of the craftsmen closely associated with the history of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, holds, of course, with his fellow workers that hand-made furniture is superior in every way to that made by machinery. No one will go far in dispute of this, though there are some who still think that machinery is capable of producing pieces of work, under right direction, with which no fault can fairly be found. That this is true can be seen by the influence which the best craftsmen's work has had on commercial production which has become much less elaborate. One would naturally expect that if machinery can execute complicated cabinetwork passably well, it should be able to produce a piece of furniture on simple lines. As a matter of fact there is plenty of furniture made by machinery, the best of it in adaptation or imitation of 18th century models, which is perfectly good as far as it goes. But, of course, it lacks individuality and character. However plain and unpretentious it may be, however reticent in its ornamentation, however skilfully it may imitate hand-made pieces, it always bears the unmistakable stamp of mechanical accuracy and "slick" finish. More than this, a craftsman can turn out work from his bench by hand which would be utterly impracticable for machine construction.

When it comes to decoration in inlay or by carving, machinery can quarter the cost of production and add vulgarity to cheapness at the same time. If the constructional parts of a piece of furniture are scarcely tolerable when made by machinery the ornamental parts are clearly impossible.

It appears to the writer that Mr. Gimson's furniture, of which examples are shown, has in some cases almost exhausted the possibilities for legitimate finish which so plain and straightforward a style of design as his presents. The cabinet in burr elm and ebony shows a most careful even elaborate system of drawers and cupboards, within a case which is simply a plain rectangle. Every part of the work is constructed of selected woods, full of beautiful, varied figure, and the metal mounts are designed and made for their special purposes. In a cabinet such as this the quality of preciousness which one might criticize in a dresser or table is of value as being in harmony with the purpose of the piece, which appears to suggest the locking away of valuables or at any rate of intimate possessions, notwithstanding its obvious use for secretarial purposes. Mr. Gimson's work frequently finds expression in such pieces, and he has made many cabinets, beautifully made cases of a dozen or more small drawers and cupboards, placed for convenience of reach on stands which can scarcely be regarded as belonging to the chests they support. A characteristic feature of his work is to be observed in the raised panels of drawer and cupboard fronts, a very pleasant way of varying an inevitable constructional item. Mr. Gimson has also studied the making of simple chairs of ash, oak and elm, sometimes stained black with turned rails and rush seats.

Some architects argue that the best result in furnishing is obtained when the same mind which designs the house also originates the furniture. Several English architects have designed furniture for the houses they build, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Edwin L. Lutyens, Mr. C. F. A. Voysey, and Mr. Barry Parker. It is a debatable point whether the architect should press forward his claims so far; but where, as in the cases mentioned, the individuality of the architect is very strongly shown in the building, it certainly appears that in order to avoid incongruity the furniture should come from

the same source as the house. Looking back, however, in the history of British furniture it is easy to point out that notwithstanding the fact that the brothers Adam, who were fashionable architects in the 18th century, designed much furniture for the houses they built, it is nevertheless true that Chippendale, Heppelwhite and Sheraton, not one of whom was an architect, also contributed to the furnishing of Adam houses without the slightest appearance of incongruity. It is partly the business of the craftsman in furniture to make his productions harmonize with the environment in which they will ultimately be placed; but of course, he frequently has no information, and not all furniture makers care actually to sink their individuality in that of even the greatest architect.

A SCRAP-BOOK FOR THE HOME-BUILDER

IF you are planning to build—whether it be a barn or a cottage, a house or a bungalow, in town or suburbs, mountain or shore, you will find that a carefully posted scrap-book will prove a very material aid. In nearly every art or architectural magazine you glance at there is almost sure to be at least one or two clever and interesting features along your own particular line. You make a mental note of them perhaps, and tell yourself that you well remember this or that idea when the time comes to use it; but you won't. It will slip your memory along with a dozen other hints, suggestions and designs, or perhaps you will recall it just too late. The only way is to keep a scrap-book. After all it is not much trouble, and its undoubted usefulness will more than compensate.

And then,—the task itself is so enjoyable! What can be more delightful and encouraging than the keeping of a neat, systematic record and collection of all the pleasant thoughts that those before you have had in regard to the important and—as yet—difficult problem of building and furnishing a home?

Technical notes, advertisements of various promising materials, measurements and proportions, floor plans, perspectives, sketches of interior and exterior arrangements and furnishings, photographs, memoranda of articles and text-books on the art; even samples of wall-coverings, fabrics, color schemes for paint and paper,—anything, in short that has a direct and practical bearing on your plans may find a place within your portfolio.

By a little careful study and forethought, by a ready system and index kept up-to-date, a really valuable reference book may be compiled, one that may be easily turned to in moments of perplexity with perhaps very gratifying results. Then when the time is reached for action, instead of searching in a vague bewildered way for what you think you want, and placing yourself at the mercy of agents, architects, builders and contractors whose thoughts are more apt to be centered around their own pockets than your desires, you will be able to map out your course with some assurance and precision, with a definite object and ideal in view.

Of course, there are plenty of architects who would be only too glad to save you the trouble of planning your house, and plenty of interior decorators who would rejoice at a chance to exploit in your rooms their own ideas of color schemes, wall treatment, furnishing and ornament. But what a waste of opportunity to let other people do your thinking! How much pleasanter to plan your own home for your own convenience, to think out all those delightful details, those innumerable problems upon the right solution of which depends the successful embodiment of your ideal. Who would relegate to an outsider the loving forethought, the careful selection that might be so pleasantly expended on the planning of a future home?

And even if you have no definite plans as yet for that little home of which you sometimes dream, may it not be worth while to indulge in the pleasant pastime of outlining somewhat specifically your hopes and wishes and ideas,—incidentally adding to your fund of general information on one of the most fascinating subjects in the world? For who knows when success and a kind opportunity may reward your efforts and bring with it a chance to realize what must surely be one of the most cherished ambitions of anyone who has the "home-instinct" implanted in his heart!

Whether you are looking forward to the future building of a new house or the reorganizing of an old one, you can find a foretaste of pleasure by gathering material in advance, by visualizing as clearly as possible the ideal on which your heart is set.

AN ABANDONED FARM AS A VACATION SCHOOL FOR BOYS

WHEN the two little boys began to go to school the problem of their vacation time became an almost constant subject of discussion, for their war-whoops of delight in life generally, their superabundant energy, their excessive interest in investigating whatever was to be seen on both sides of their yard fence could not be restrained and adjusted to the entire satisfaction of the boys and the neighbors! Such rampant enthusiasm needed wide fields and steep hills for its safe expending—it could not be confined to the narrow sphere of a city lot.

Now the father of these lads had spent his boyhood on a farm and years of life among the books, piles of gold, silver and greenbacks of his bank only intensified the sweetness of his memory of it, his love of it and hungry desire for it again. His fondness for the country and the need of his boys for a place in which they could grow strong and self-reliant and where their ceaseless investigations into the wonders of the universe would result in knowledge instead of mischief, led him to hunt for a small farm. Through inquiry among the young men of the bank he heard of a little hamlet in Vermont that sunned itself in comparative idleness in the midst of a fertile valley, for many of its outlying farms that had been as its life blood had been abandoned through the lure of the West.

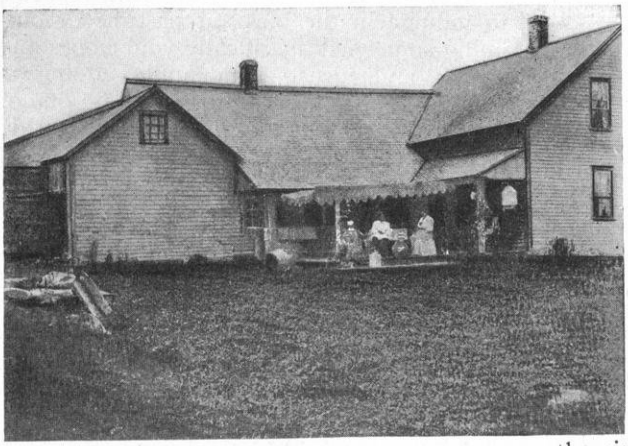
While yet the snow lay thick upon the ground he went to this village, saw that it had beauty of surroundings to recommend it, and even though it might later be found to be lacking in fertility, his heart was satisfied with it all and he engaged board for the summer for his wife and boys and returned home rejoicing in the belief that some farm nearby would be found within the reach of his check book.

The long summer gave his wife leisure to search the country all about for a home that must be beautiful first of all and fertile. They wanted one that would give them a view of the setting sun, a bit of pasture land, a wood-lot, an orchard, a spring and a little brook.

THE REMODELED FARM IN WINTER, WORTH $2,000.

They bought a horse for $20.00 (which later because of the good care given it sold for $25.00) and an old spring wagon and drove happily about the country locating every salable farm within a radius of six miles; but as often happens the jewel of greatest worth lay near at hand. One mile from the village lay a farm of thirty acres with wood-lot, pasture, view perfect as heart could desire, but no orchard and only a wretched, tumble-down, impossible looking house upon it.

Many times the wife walked around and around the decrepit house searching for possibilities and the circle of her walk seemed to have magic in it (do not the fairies draw a circle

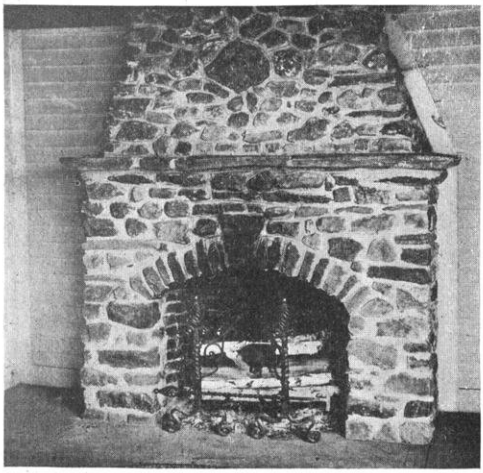


THE ABANDONED FARM AS IT LOOKED AT THE BEGINNING, WORTH $450.

three times around whatever they wish to influence?), for one day she saw clearly how the house could be restored.

A cow shed with friendly intent joined the dining room, the well had been sunk in the stable yard, the windows had long ceased to let in or shut out the sunlight or the storms, but the timbers were hand-hewn, the view perfect, a spring bubbled up not so very far away. The father was rich in resources, so plans began to fairly drip from his mind, tongue and fingers! He bought the thirty acres with the house for $450.00, and excitement and joy were intense as they tore down the cow shed, cleaned and sweetened the yard, filled up the well, piped the clear water of the spring into the kitchen. Here was unlimited outlet for boyish energies, and the love of destruction and construction balanced evenly for a time; but finally the joy of bringing order out of chaos, the supreme bliss of actually making something that would add to the pleasure of the whole family, swayed the balance on the better side—the "joy of construction" drove to complete rout the "joy of destruction."

CORNER OF SITTING ROOM IN FARMHOUSE SHOWING STAIRWAY.



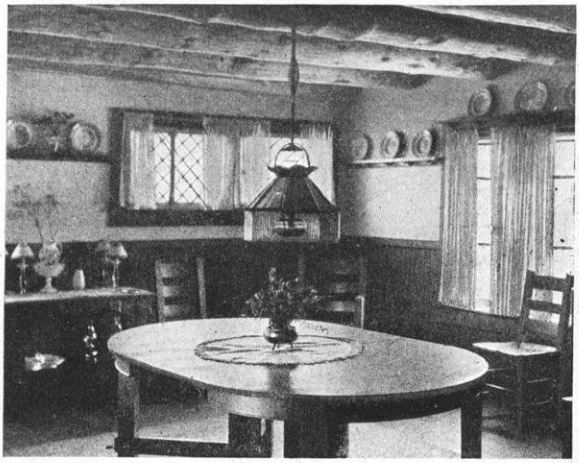
STONE FIREPLACE WHICH WARMS THE OUTDOOR SLEEPING PORCH.

The stairway was remodeled, a large double fireplace was made so that one opening was in the sitting room and one on the large porch. These two fireplaces were built of field stones and lined with brick from an old charcoal kiln and the gathering of these stones and brick provided many a picnic trip with pleasant purpose and enhanced the value and pleasure of the fireplace immeasurably.

The porch with the fireplace proved to be the central point of interest and usefulness. The open fire was the next best thing to a camp fire, and many a tale told before its cheery blaze made impress of lasting worth upon the minds of the boys, forming so rapidly by whatever touched them into fineness rather than coarseness, nobility rather than pettiness.

The roof of the new wing (which took the place of the old dining room) extended over this porch so when canvas curtains were put up to keep out rain or wind a delightful sleeping room was made which could be occupied 'way into the fall.

With the added space provided by the wing, two large bedrooms and a bath were added which raised the number of bedrooms to five and permitted school friends to join with the boys in trying their very best to



DINING ROOM WITH RUSTIC BEAMS.

deplete the trout streams of their speckled denizens. Needless to say they were defeated utterly yet were happy and well satisfied with their vacations.

The beams for the dining room were cut from their own wood-lot, the cutting again providing excuse for merry picnics which were sandwiched in with practical lessons in forestry and use of the axe.

Of course, all this was not accomplished in that first summer, nor yet in the next; it would be a pity to crowd so much joy into one short season! The pleasure of gradually making a delightful summer home had a twofold advantage, for it resulted in what may well be called a profitable financial undertaking.

A little maple-sugar grove started the boys on their first business venture. They must hire capable neighbors to draw the sweet sap and make the sugar, for schooldays cannot be spared for this work, pleasant as it would be. But they can sell it to all the city friends and neighbors, who not only like the pure syrup for their breakfasts, but delight in the bright eyes of the salesmen, their businesslike promptness of delivery and their struggles with the bookkeeping!

An orchard has been started that will yield a college education if all goes well, for Vermont apples scientifically raised have no superior. While the apples are growing, potatoes are planted between the trees, which are as so many rows of silver pieces to be dug up and put into the bank. And there is hay from the meadows and wood from the forest to add to the revenue.

The boys are growing strong, capable, self-reliant; the knowledge gained in the vacation school of the outdoors is as valuable a part of their education as the knowledge of books gained in the schools of the city. Body and mind are developing together, making for poise, common sense, culture.

Without their realizing it, the frolic of camping in their wood-lot is teaching them observation, sympathy with the woods creatures, love of beauty.

They built their camp with their own hands on a site of their own choosing and cook the trout caught with a pole of their own making. Their minds are being filled with the romances of the forest and field, with experiences that will sweeten and enrich their whole lives. They have squirrel friends who are at home upon their hearthstone, they know the ways of the forest animals and the haunts of the wild bee. Trees and flowers have been their teachers in this vacation school. One boy's ambition is to be a forester; the other can make anything or mend anything that can be made or mended with hammer, saw, nails, string or wire, for he has had Necessity for his vacation teacher.

The little farm could easily be sold for $2,500.00 because of its improved condition, and the comfortable, roomy house set back from the road with its wide porches and beautiful sweep of roof commands the attention of all passersby.

Could any expenditure of money produce better results? Could any abandoned farm be put to wiser use?

Many such abandoned farms can be found all through New England that would solve the problem of vacations for many families. The cost of putting them in order is slight, the pleasure of doing it is great and the benefit to both parents and children incalculable. The economic wisdom is also an important item, for the land which through neglect or misuse has not yielded a profit for many years can now be made fertile again. Now that people are realizing that the wealth of our country depends largely on the productiveness of the land, they are discovering many ways of restoring it by feeding, stimulating and enriching it. Sour bog land can be made sweet, hard land mellow, barren land fertile.

Farm land, having increased in value all over our country during the last ten years, will continue to advance.

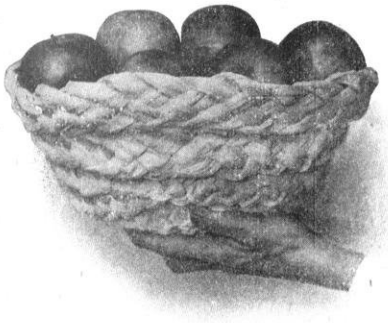
CORN HUSK WEAVING: BY ELIZABETH PARKER

SINCE the increase of interest in country life and the things of the farm of late a great deal of intelligent comment is being made about a side of life that was getting sadly into a rut. All manner of interesting possibilities have been discovered in farm life, not the least interesting of which is the utilization of corn husks in making attractive and useful objects, and corn husk weaving has become a fad among the young folks in rural districts.

The husks used for this purpose are dried and plaited and then sewn into shape with strong linen thread.

An infinite variety of objects may be woven and the work is fascinating, because of the opportunity it furnishes for adding to beauty and comfort in life.

The husks of any kind of corn may be used, but they must be large and long or the work of joining the many ends not only becomes tedious, but the result is an ugly, bulging braid or plait.



A FRUIT BASKET WOVEN OF CORN HUSKS: FIG. 3.

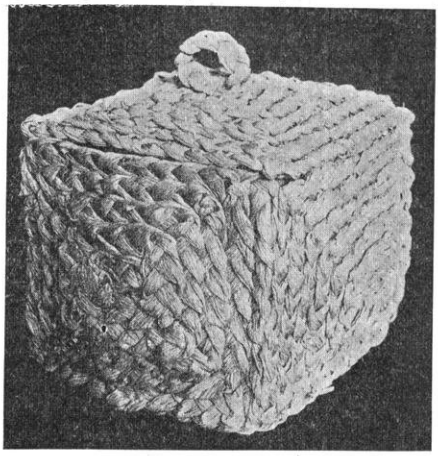
The husks are stripped apart and laid smoothly in the sun to dry, for if used green the result is unsatisfactory. The very bulky, wood-like ends of the husks are cut away a little with shears and when they are being plaited these ends are joined by overlapping, and care is taken to tuck in any obtruding bits as one proceeds in order to keep the plait as smooth as possible, although a certain attractive unevenness will exist in spite of all one's care, and this is really desirable. It is impossible to make a perfectly smooth, even plait, although some very fine braiding can be done with the soft pliable inner husks.

A CORN HUSK SCHOOL BASKET: FIG. 2.

One may plait as many strands as one desires, but the five and three strand braids have been proven the most practical, as the frequent joining of the other husks makes a braid of more strands very ugly and unwieldy.

For braiding one selects husks of a uniform width, the very wide ones may be stripped apart and made the correct width. Then one proceeds as one would in plaiting anything else. The farmers' wives do it very easily as nearly all of them are accustomed to braid rags for rugs, and the process is the same.

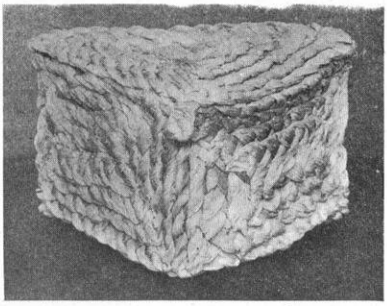
When the braid is woven into the form desired, the edges are slightly overlapped and sewed through securely with linen thread waxed. These corn husk objects are firm and durable, and may be given hard daily usage, and as the work may be done with great rapidity the country housewife finds herself in possession of innumerable useful things at practically no expense. All kinds



A COVERED BASKET OF CORN HUSKS: FIG. 1.

of baskets may be made, and mats for the table and floor, hats of many shapes, trays and hampers and waste-baskets, picture frames, brush-broom holders, and knife boxes. There really seems no end to the things that may be fashioned out of the husks that often are regarded merely as waste or at best bedding in the stables. As even the smallest farm has its corn patch there is always an abundance of material to be had for the making of the husk braids.

Photographs of a few corn husk objects are given here to show the method of work. All these are of simple design and easy to



A THREE-CORNERED BASKET: FIG. 4.

make, giving an idea of what may be done in this line.

Fig. 1 shows a square covered box or basket, each side measuring seven inches in diameter, and consisting of six square pieces of the same size, made up separately and then sewed together at the edges, with the cover attached at one side only, with tapes for hinges and having a ring of the husk braid attached to the top as a handle. A basket like this may be made in a short evening and is a very useful thing to have about to hold various household things. It is, moreover, very ornamental and attractive, makes an excellent handkerchief or collar-box.

In making it, start each square from the center and work outward. The photograph is so clear that one can easily see how the work is done. Small, close stitches are taken with the waxed linen thread as they must not be allowed to show. The braid is made in the three-strand style.

Fig. 2 shows a flat basket made of husk braid in five strands.

To make this, a base is first fashioned in the shape of a long slender oval of about two rounds of the husk braid. When this is finished the sides are made by sewing the braid to the edge of the base at an angle of 45°, and so building on and on till one has

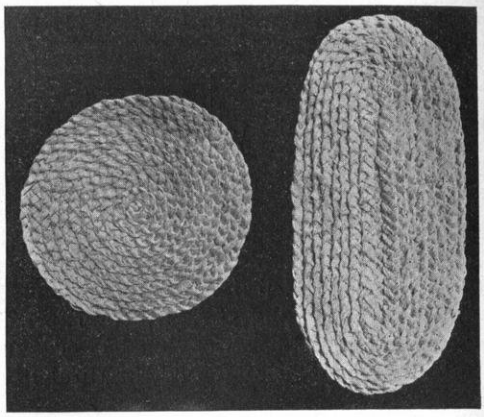
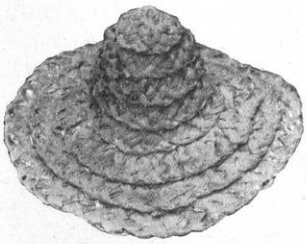


TABLE MATS OF FINE HUSKS: FIG. 6.

one's basket high enough. At the top an extra row of the husk braid is laid on like a band, to strengthen the edge.

The handles are made of a close, firm braid in three strands, that is almost like a rope. This crosses the sides of the basket



HAT MADE OF CORN HUSKS: FIG 5

in two rows and passes beneath ending on each side in a loop for the handle.

Fig. 3 shows a basket for fruit, made of a very heavy braid, plaited in five strands of the heaviest of the husks. It is, in fact, a coarse basket for service.

It is made by forming the braid into a small-sized flat mat at the base and then gradually widening outward and upward. One gets to be expert in this charming art of forming the objects from the husk by a little practice. It may seem at the first trial to be a difficult thing to do, but it is really very simple and a child can learn to do it with a little

POUCH-SHAPED BASKET: FIG. 7.

help at the start. The braid is woven looser or tighter in proceeding according to the shape desired. If one wants the object to spread larger at a certain point the braid is loosened; and to decrease the size of the object the braid is woven more closely.

Fig. 4 shows a charming three-cornered basket of husk braid. It consists of three side pieces and a triangular shaped cover and base.

This is a very easy model to follow, and when finished is very pretty as well as useful. One proceeds in the same fashion as with the square basket in Fig. 1. Each piece is fashioned separately and then joined together at the edges with linen thread. This model has a little flat loop of the husk attached to the point in front by which to lift the cover.

One may line such a box with silk or cretonne and thus make a charming work basket of it. It may be made in any size desired and in a five strand braid instead of one of three strands. This one measures six inches the length of each side, and two and a half inches high.

Fig. 5 shows a hat made of corn husks. It is only one of many shapes and styles that may be formed out of the husk braid with ease. It is of a five strand braid and the lighter, more pliable husks are selected to give comfort. It is bell-shaped and is started at the center of the crown, shaping from that point. Trimmed with a soft scarf it is very attractive and almost elegant. When such hats are trimmed with clusters of oats or wheat ears they are very charming. One farmer's daughter made pompons of dried thistle tops, a very graceful trimming indeed.

These hats may be made for men and boys as well as women; and automobile bonnets of the fine husk braid are very popular.

Fig. 6 shows some table mats made of very fine husks that have been bleached almost white in the sun. Only the oval and circular shapes are shown here, but one may make these mats square and oblong and diamond-shaped or rectangular.

Larger, rougher mats for the floor may be made of the coarser, heavier husks. These have, in fact, been made for years by farmers and their wives, and from them grew the idea of making more varied objects.

In Fig. 7 is shown a rather fascinating basket, made in a round pouch fashion, with a cover like a top. The husks here have been stained with dark green by mixing some green paint with varnish and staining them. This method gives a variety to the corn husk objects. Some prefer to dye the material before braiding with common cold dye stuffs, not the hot kind, as they would shrivel the husks and spoil them.

THE QUEST OF THE PICTURESQUE

FOR most of us the tyranny of circumstances has placed the pleasures of traveling out of reach. The wonders of Europe are familiar to us only at second hand. Venice is but a dream city whose canals and palaces we may read of but never see; the Orient, a modern version of the "Arabian Nights" which we cannot visit save through the magic of imagination.

But even in our New World setting, with all its crudeness, its commercialism, its lack of much historic background, those who have "eyes to see" can still discern the presence of the picturesque.

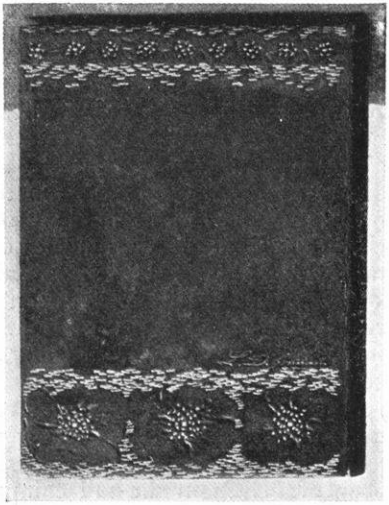
In the crowded streets of the metropolis, in the fantastic roof lines, the cañon-like vistas, lurk a thousand possibilities of composition, color and design. The giant network of the bridges, the confusion of the wharfs, the glimpse of mast and funnel and passing sail, or the myriad colors of a marketplace where every fruit and vegetable seems like a dab of color on an artist's palette,—who can fail to feel their poetry, their power of suggestion, their possibilities for beauty? Even in the tall chimneys of a modern factory with grimy halo of smoke one feels the symbolism, the tremendous force of modern industry in which the magnificent and the sordid are so closely allied.

And in the country, where nature has not yet been dethroned, how can one help finding picturesqueness? Our hills, woods and meadows may lack ruined castles, historic legends and other Old World charms, but they still have the endless pageant of the seasons, the perpetual miracles of night and day, those subtle mysteries of the atmosphere whose magic veils can beautify the most prosaic landscape.

So every day and everywhere, if we only walk with seeing eyes, we may cultivate the artist's vision, and in the changing world about us, in summer or winter, in sunlight or shadow, through mist or rain, we may find some glimpse of loveliness, some fragment of the picturesque.

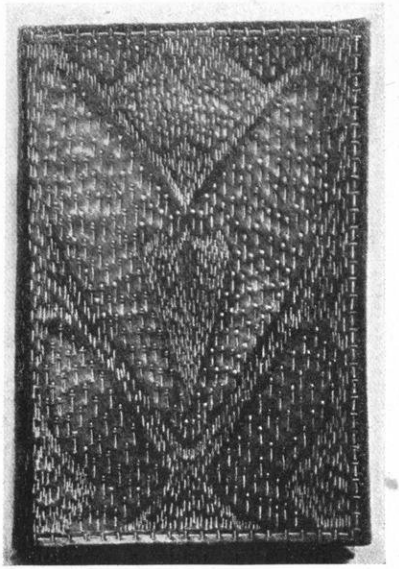
A FRENCH CRAFTSMAN IN LEATHER

A SPIRITUAL note in book-binding is certainly as surprising as it is unique. Especially does it seem remote to American ideals, where in our crafts as well as in our arts we have been Belascoing all the details of expression. Our one ideal in the last decade seems to have been a crude, brutal naturalism, on the stage as well as in the studio. If we present a military play, horses, cannon, wounded soldiers fill the stage; but there is not the slightest effort to create an impression through subtle harmonious stage setting (the right line, color and composition) of the surpassing tragedy of war.



GRAY LEATHER BINDING ENCRUSTED WITH SILVER.

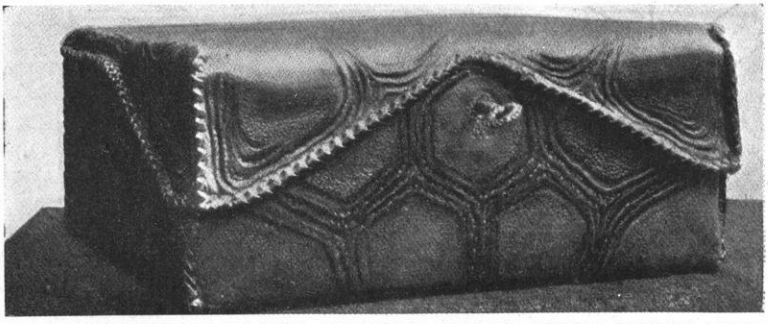
There is not the least appeal to the imagination. There is no stirring memory for the horrors of war; there is no awakening of the mind to the devastation that leaves a country shadowed in black. All that is required is plenty of red paint and fireworks, and then we feel that we have done great stage setting. This banal attitude toward art is manifest in our picture galleries, all too often, in our literature, even in our opera. As for our crafts—think for instance of the binding of an average book. If we have some delicate subtle story of



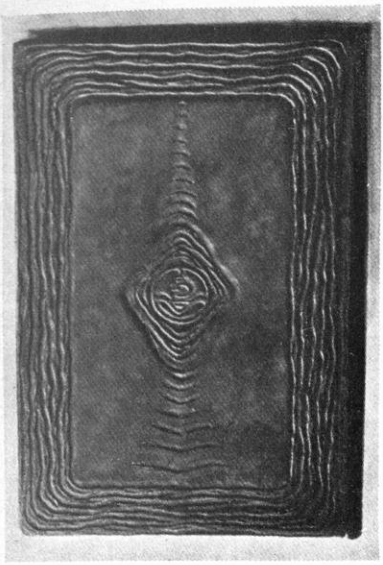
MAETERLINCK'S "WISDOM AND DESTINY" IN BROWN LEATHER BANDED WITH GOLD PLATES.

a garden to present we put a pink rose on a green cover. Or if we have a love story and there is a broken heart therein the chances are that we put a weeping willow on a violet tint. Who can recall an effort here in America to bind a volume that would bring about in the reader a state of mind which is really a proper approach to the subject matter of the book—joy, melancholy, surprise, humor, enthusiasm; yet all this can be done by the right understanding and use of line, space, color and proportion.

A remarkable young French woman, Louise Germain, has discovered that by a searching analysis of the idea or ideals or purpose of a book to be bound and a consummate knowledge of the subtleties of artistic expression in binding, it is possible for her to clothe books so that by color, design and ornament she can awaken a sentiment in harmony with the



LEATHER JEWEL BOX, HAMMERED AND ORNAMENTED WITH GOLD.



BOOK BOUND IN CHESTNUT STAINED LEATHER, SIMPLE DESIGN.

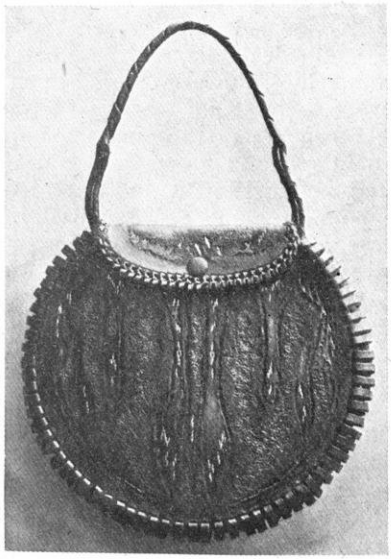
purpose of the text. To accomplish this she never descends to the obvious tricks so common today to her craft in all countries. She uses no trite symbolism. Her methods are simple, almost primitive. Her art lies in the rare realization of the tremendous power to awaken human emotion which is held in the right relation of line, color and space to each other and to the universe.

None of her colors is flamboyant, neither does she startle in her selection of leather, wood, metal or jewels. She uses any material that can produce a desired result. For her ornamentation she employs simple carving, fine hammered work, embroidery, embossed effects, encrustation with jewels, whatsoever will create in the mind of the beholder the sentiment she wishes to engender. She selects the best leathers and dresses them herself, usually employing a rich mellow chestnut stain.

Her understanding and love of leather are so great that she seems to be able to bring out the utmost beauty this material is capable of showing, and her hammering of the surface or her carving always produces an additional beauty in closest harmony with the material used and the purpose in mind. Her handling of ornamentation of leather is equally exquisite whether the adornment is for a casket to hold precious

HANDBAG IN HAMMERED LEATHER, WITH PEARLS INSET.

jewels or whether she is decorating a hand bag to be sold at a moderate price. Her use of embroidery is as inevitable as an intimate ornament as are her bands and clasps of silver and gold; while her method of incrusting surfaces with jewels held in metal settings is as intrinsically perfect as the brilliant plumage of a tropical bird. The dignity and nobility of this work are inescapable. One feels always in the presence of Miss Germain's productions that she has used her material and work to express a development of her own soul.



LEATHER BELT BAG HAMMERED AND EMBROIDERED

JAPANESE SCREENS FOR AMERICAN HOMES

THE Japanese paint a panel for a screen as if it were a picture to be hung upon the walls of a salon, so that a screen of three panels is really three pictures standing in the room on easels as it were, instead of hung upon the wall. The simplicity of Japanese designs, the perfection of their drawing are nowhere better seen than in the making of screens. Their art seems especially perfect whenever it touches panels, for they understand so well the handling of upright spaces.

The flowers of their land that appeal to the artists most are those that grow tall and slender like the iris or bamboo, or those that are pendant like the wistaria. Whether they love these flowers because they need no adapting to fit them for a place in their panels, or whether they love the panels because these flowers can be so happily drawn upon them, is immaterial. The important thing is that they lovingly, skilfully, arrange flowers upon panels in infinite variety of design and put the results to an infinite variety of uses.

A single paneled fire screen of gold leaf on tough paper, set in a black lacquer frame, and bamboo stalks painted with a few simple, rarely beautiful strokes in black upon the gold background is so charming to look at that anyone passing it with a hasty step is constrained to pause a moment to contemplate its beauty. This screen can be used to advantage in a library, reception or living room, for it is rich in effect and decorative to an unusual degree.

With Japanese cleverness they have made the back of this screen of a light colored cloth with a sketchy landscape painted upon it, so that it is suitable for bedroom, tea room or nursery. Thus one can have a screen that can be used in different parts of the house, two screens, as it were, one rich, the other delicate, both painted admirably, and the price but $10.50.

Or they set together four panels, 30 inches in height, or three panels 5½ feet high, of gold leaf, paint branches of pine trees upon them, mount them in cherry lacquer frames and back them with figured paper. These beautiful little screens can be purchased from $10.00 to $22.50 each, according to the elaborateness of design and skill of painting. Or still another combination of the gold leaf and lacquered frames is one of four panels, 5½ feet high, decorated with gracefully drawn bamboo stems or pine branches. These screens can be put to use in a studio, a hall, large dining room or in fact almost any part of a house, and the room be the richer and better.

They have four-fold cotton screens whose panels are 5 feet in height, in all the light colors. The frames match the groundwork of the cloth and a border of cut chintz runs around the inside of the frame. Floral designs of every description are painted upon them,—cherry-blossoms, iris, wistaria, etc., and now and then a landscape. These decorative, pretty screens are but $5.50 and are an ornament to any room.

Another screen of four panels 5½ feet in height is made of black cotton or satin heavily embroidered in gold thread with back of figured chintz. These screens run from $4.50 to $30.00 in price and when the frames are elaborately carved and the embroidery especially heavy the cost can run to $250.00 Sometimes these panels display landscapes by the best Japanese artists and the price is then set upon them as upon paintings.

In some of the fire screens the central panel is taller than the two outer ones giving pleasing variation, but whether the panels are even or uneven in height, for use before a fire, doorway, or tea table, of one thing you may be sure—their beauty. Wistaria, cherry, iris, chrysanthemum, bird, butterfly, landscapes or figures, all are set forth with charming decorative effect, delighting the purchaser and flinging him into bewildering confusion of choice.

The Japanese leather screens 6 feet in height, both sides alike, with fascinating figures, butterflies, flowers painted upon them will prove suitable for libraries.

One of Komo matting with geometrical pattern in red and green, both sides alike, mounted in hard wood and made of four panels bound together, is to be used in summer homes in rooms where matting or grass rugs are on the floors. The price of these Komo screens is $5.00.

These are but a few of the styles that can be obtained in this country without the delay or trouble of sending to Japan for them, and with the pleasure and satisfaction of choosing them oneself. There is a constant delight in the possession of one of these screens, and the simplicity of the designs upon them has a wholesome influence upon a room, keying it to quietness and restful beauty.

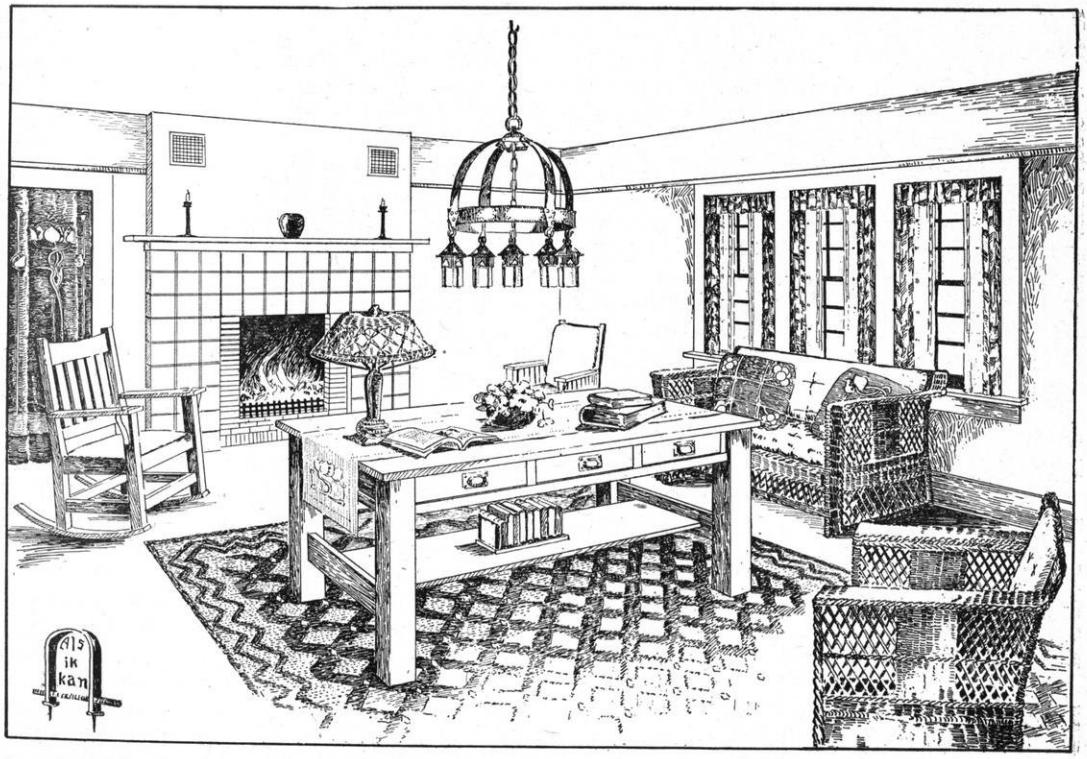
DISTINCTION AND CHARM GIVEN TO THE ORDINARY ROOM BY CRAFTSMAN FURNITURE

WE find among the people who are interested in Craftsman furniture, that sometimes they have the impression that it is only effective if used in Craftsman houses with Craftsman interiors. Of course, there can be no doubt that Craftsman furniture is particularly suited to the Craftsman house, because they both spring from the same motives of simplicity, permanence, durability, and beauty born of right construction. On the other hand, it is quite possible so to arrange the most ordinary plain square room that Craftsman furniture will add charm and distinction as well as comfort to the environment.

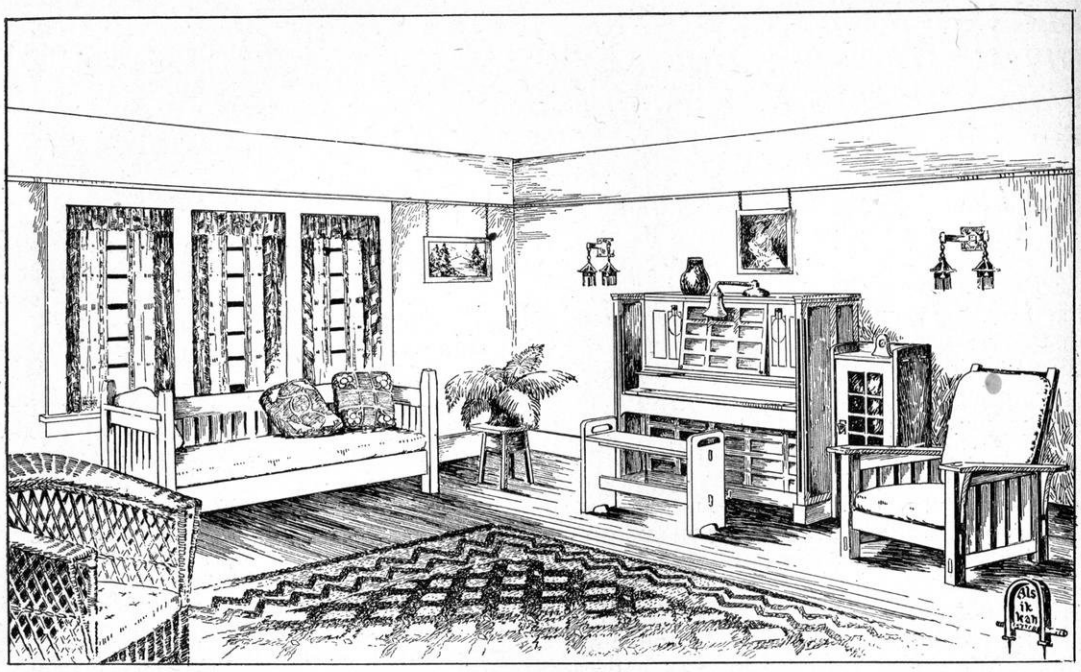
The majority of houses built in America lack picturesqueness of effect in the interiors. We are apt to have in most houses or apartments a good many fairly small square rooms and rather long narrow halls. Of course, this is not inevitable, and more and more our builders are considering beauty of arrangement in designing the floor plans. Yet the greater proportion of American houses still provide the square-room problem, and it has to be met in fittings and furnishings.

Now, as a matter of fact, Craftsman furniture is especially adapted to working out homelike results in these very rooms. To begin with, it is simple, it permits of a large range of interesting color schemes, and its construction is so honest and sincere that it is bound to give a suggestion of intimacy in any room in which it is placed.

Of course, where the original purpose of a room is to give the impression of extreme elaborateness or exceeding delicacy and fragility, we do not recommend Craftsman furniture, for the background of such a room would demand imitation "Period" products, and Craftsman furniture, with its sturdiness and homeliness and sheer comfort would seem out of place. But where a room is fitted up for the average person who wants all the real luxury and actual comfort and permanent beauty that can be secured in an ordinary room by a moderate



AN ORDINARY SQUARE LIVING ROOM FITTED WITH CRAFTSMAN FURNISHINGS: THE COMBINATION OF CRAFTSMAN WOOD AND WILLOW FURNITURE IS ESPECIALLY INTERESTING.



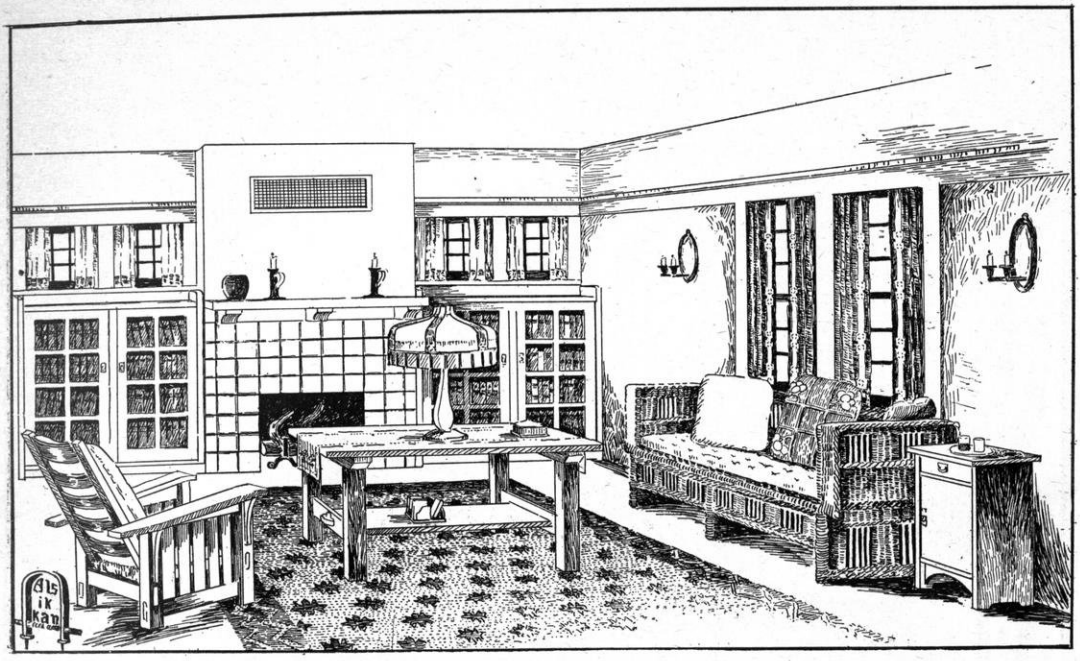
SECOND VIEW OF LIVING ROOM FITTED WITH CRAFTSMAN FURNISHINGS.

expenditure of money, Craftsman furniture seems to give the greatest satisfaction both as to beauty and use. By Craftsman furniture we do not mean merely the oak, which, of course, is best known, but with the oak our willow furniture is very attractive. It is harmonious with all Craftsman fittings and is especially luxurious in the home living room and in the Craftsman bedroom.

A very great point to be considered in purchasing Craftsman furniture for a person of moderate means is its durability. Here in America we have grown accustomed to expect to refurnish our rooms and houses every few years. We actually *do not expect our furniture to last.* Now, with the signed pieces from the Craftsman shops a totally different point of view is brought about. A house or a room once furnished with these pieces is furnished for a lifetime, and if the walls are in harmony, what greater comfort to the busy man or woman than to feel that the home place is beautiful and comfortable permanently, that the worry of decorators and color schemes is over for years to come. After all, why should we redecorate our houses constantly? Why should we demand variations of color when we can secure an infinite variety with perfect harmony and have it permanent? As a matter of fact, a room fitted with Craftsman furniture is more beautiful as the years go by. The tones grow more mellow, not more tawdry; as a rule the affection of the owner for the room increases with the age of the furniture.

Of course, in planning to outfit rooms with Craftsman pieces, it is advisable when possible to do over the walls and woodwork; not to put in Craftsman woodwork, but merely to work out the color scheme in wall covering and wood stain. And this is necessary in almost any refurnishing that is done. The background must more or less relate to the furniture used. This can, however, be done most economically, and when furniture is ordered from Craftsman shops a color scheme including the fittings of the room, the fabrics, etc., will always be furnished on application. And some very interesting ideas of wall coverings and window fittings will be sent along, with samples of fabrics, papers, etc. In the end these will be found not more expensive than the usual wall papers and wood finishes that often are not in harmony with the general scheme of the room and cheapen the effect.

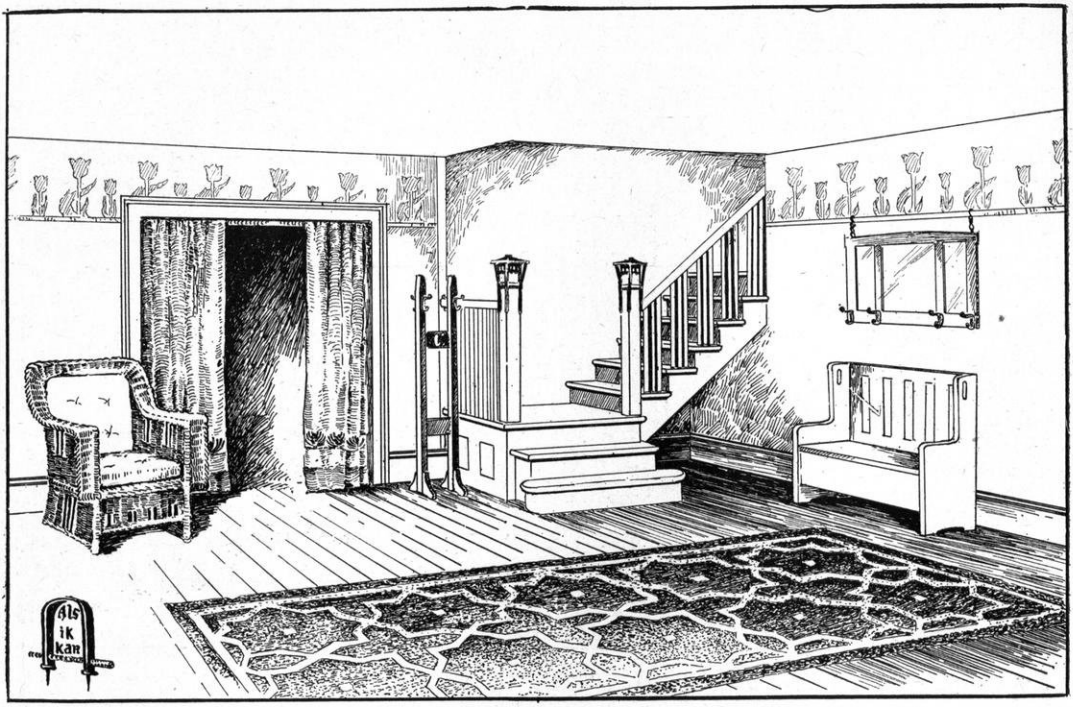
Let us take, for example, the color scheme of the living room, illustrations of which are given with this article. Various shades of brown are used in the carefully related color harmony. The walls could either be covered with a Japanese grass cloth in golden brown, or if a more economical



A LIBRARY IN AN ORDINARY HOUSE FITTED COMPLETELY WITH CRAFTSMAN FURNISHINGS.

covering is desired, with English ingrain paper, which comes in self-toned stripes. Craftsman woodwork is not used, but old woodwork in the rooms can be stained in good brown or can be enameled white; the latter would be particularly effective. On the floor is a large rug (9 x 12, $57), one of the beautiful India druggets which the Craftsman imports from India. This is in shades of brown with the figures in the center and a border outlined with black. We find these India druggets especially beautiful in relation to Craftsman furniture and quite as durable. The large library table ($56) in the center of the room is of brown oak, with copper handles on the drawers. The large rocking chair in the corner ($29) and the Morris chair beside the piano ($37) have cushions of soft brown leather. The small rocker ($12.50) has a seat of brown sole leather put on with copper nails. The music cabinet ($24) is in oak the same tone of brown as the rest of the furniture, with amber tinted hammered glass in the mullioned doors. The wicker settle ($43), large wicker chair ($22.50) and small wicker chair ($12) in this room are stained brown and fitted with brown Craftsman canvas cushions. The Craftsman piano is finished to harmonize with the Craftsman furniture. The piano bench ($10) and plant stand ($4.75) are brown oak. The very interesting Craftsman electrolier ($50) in the center of the room is of hammered copper. It carries five Craftsman lanterns with amber glass globes. The wall lights ($14), which will be noticed either side of the piano, correspond with the center electrolier. The frames supporting the lanterns are of hammered copper. The portable, electric reading lamp ($12) on the table in the first view of the living room has a standard of wood with copper band at the top and copper shade supports. It is furnished with three electric bulbs, and a wicker shade lined with green silk.

The groups of windows in this square room are fitted up with typical Craftsman curtains, and it is perhaps wise to mention here that windows of this nature are often found in the ordinary square room and that no better window decoration can be suggested than the net (70c. a yard) with silk over curtains in design ($2.25 a yard) with narrow valance of the same silk. If it is desired, a pattern for the embroidery of this net will be furnished when the net is purchased and, of course, samples will be sent at any time. The silk for the over curtains can be had in any color which would harmonize effectively with the dull brown. Dull blue would be very attractive, or copper color or a dull old rose (plain silk, $1.00 a yard), and these tones can be re-



SHOWING THE CHARM OF A SQUARE HALLWAY FITTED ENTIRELY WITH CRAFTSMAN FURNISHINGS.

peated in the pillows ($5) used on the settle ($90).

The library, which is shown also in these illustrations, is carried out in brown and blue colors, with copper tones here and there. For the walls a pale tan ingrain paper or Japanese grass cloth can be used, or any pale tan and blue toned paper which can be secured by the person furnishing the room. On the floor is an India drugget with the Nile design. This Nile rug (9 x 12, $57) comes with a natural toned background and the design is carried out in soft tones of copperish browns and dull blue. The settle in this room ($68) is of Craftsman wicker work. It is toned a soft green and finished with a delicate green Pompeian cloth. All the furniture, including the bookcases ($41), is stained a soft brown. The smoker's cabinet ($12) and the bookcases have copper handles. The long table ($35) which is shown in the middle of the room is excellent for reading. The Morris chair ($37) has spring seat cushion, with loose cushion in the back of soft brown leather. On the table is a Craftsman lamp of hammered copper with panels and dome of hammered amber glass. To supplement this light copper sconces ($5 each) are hung on the side walls either side of the windows. The embroidered pillows on the willow couch are of the Orange Tree design on a green Craftsman canvas with russet bloom linen for appliqué and golden brown floss for working. At the windows a copper colored linsell is used with a rose design of russet bloom linen. The embroidery is in shades of gray-green and copper color with a touch of black in the center. Of course, the materials for these window curtains can be purchased by the yard and made up very economically.

Occasionally it is the good fortune of the home maker who has not built a house but rented one, to discover therein a square hall, and the furnishing of this is a real joy. No matter how plain and simple the hall, how barren in the first place, if it has any space charming effects can be achieved by the right color scheme and a few pieces of Craftsman furniture. The hall which we have illustrated was in a very ordinary house, but the space chanced to be square, with a staircase turning above the third step, which is always a picturesque feature. The color scheme of this hall was brown and gray-green. The walls were done in Kraft-Kona cloth in shades of wood brown. The woodwork was stained wood brown and the two newel posts were fitted with Craftsman electric lights ($12 each). These lights are

copper with hammered amber glass and the effect of these lighted in the twilight is very beautiful. The panel hall mirror ($21) and costumer ($12) are both fitted with copper hooks; and the hall seat ($32) is stained a soft brown. For real convenience the top of the hall seat lifts, forming a box for rubbers or wood for an open fire. The willow chair ($24.50) shown in the illustration is stained a soft brown with cushions of gray-green Craftsman canvas. Craftsman portières ($18) are also used, and these are of the same gray-green canvas trimmed with a band of brown on which our Pine Cone design is worked out in shades of the brown cone with gray-green needles. The rug ($28.50) is an India drugget with homespun background and a scroll design of green which harmonizes beautifully with the other touches of green in the hall.

From the foregoing description and illustrations it will be readily seen with what effective results Craftsman furnishings can be used in the interior of an ordinary house. These examples, of course, are merely given by way of general suggestion; the actual details of arrangement and selection of the various pieces must be left to the taste and needs of the homemaker. The color schemes, the choice of fabrics and designs, all these must be guided by the special needs and requirements of the case, modified by the limitations and restrictions of the rooms themselves and the purse and wishes of their owner.

But from the preceding pages, from our catalogues and from our book of "Craftsman Homes" innumerable hints can be gleaned that will be of practical value to anyone contemplating this delightful and absorbing problem. While for those who are within reach a visit to our show rooms will give to the uninitiated a clearer idea of the beauty and dignity of the various products of the Craftsman workshops, and will furnish help and inspiration for the task in hand.

It is really amazing how a plain, uninteresting room can be transformed into a place of comfort and loveliness simply by the introduction of the right furnishings. One who appreciates the rare atmosphere of hospitality and peace that can be brought about by the harmonious arrangement of beautiful things can derive a true artist's pleasure in the work. As the painter fills in his colors upon the empty canvas and gradually gives life to his vision, embodies it in tangible form, so the homemaker brings to the bare walls and spaces of each room comfort, warmth, beauty, transmuting with patient loving alchemy the base metal of the commonplace into the precious elements of interest and charm.

To bear in mind the practical details and essentials of utility and convenience and at the same time to work toward a general harmony in the final result—this is by no means an easy task. But in the thoughtful wedding of truth with beauty, in the uniting of usefulness with joy, lies the secret of a successful home.

And if by the products of our workshops or the columns of our magazine we are able to stimulate a deeper interest in home life and environment, if our work can help to encourage a wider appreciation of what is beautiful and sincere, we shall feel that we have accomplished something that is worth while.

TEAZLE: THE GYPSY'S COMB

WHEN man confines himself to the use of Nature, the harnessing of her powers for the accomplishment of his will, then most wonderful things take place, but when he attempts to equal or improve upon her creations the futility of his effort is quickly revealed to him.

An interesting proof of this statement can be found in a common little plant that grows along roadsides and in waste places, called teazle (*Dipsacus fullonum*). Its flower stem attains a height of about 4 or 6 feet, the large, stiff, lanceolate leaves are united at the base, the flowers are small, purple or lilac, in compact cylindrical heads about 4 inches in length and 1 inch in diameter. The florets are separated by scales, which become very hard when ripe, and these scales are furnished with sharp horn-like spikes turned downward at a right angle to the apex.

These little spiked heads have long been valued by fullers in the manufacture of woolen goods, for no mechanical contrivance yet invented can equal them in bringing up the nap of fine cloth. Many attempts have been made by manufacturers to displace these little teazle heads, but all to no purpose. Man cannot make a steel point that is perfectly smooth, but the teazle point even under great magnifying power is fairly polished. Under the microscope it reveals a fineness impossible to appreciate with the naked eye, so perfect is Nature's handi-

work, whereas the steel point of man's best workmanship becomes coarser and coarser under the penetrating power of the microscope. Teazle springs or breaks at any serious obstruction so that the fine material is not injured, but the steel points resist and tear the fabric.

After the florets wither the stems are cut about 8 inches in length and stripped of prickles, to provide a handle. When well dried they are fastened to cylinders and the cloth is passed over them as they rapidly revolve, the goods only touching the tips of the teazle points. The extreme toughness and elasticity of the teazle, its fineness of point and the fact that it does not rust, give it great value to fullers.

It has been called the Clothier's Brush, Draper's Thistle, Gypsy's Comb, because of its service to cloth manufacturers.

The bases of the upper leaves grow together and form quite a little basin where dew or rain is held for a time, and this feature has won it the names of Venus' Cup or Bath, and Water Thistle. The water collected in this natural receptacle is said by country people to cure warts. The name *Dipsacus* (thirst) was probably given because of this trick of holding water as in a cup. The names Wood or Church Broom, Shepherd's Staff, no doubt have interesting origins if they could be traced.

This plant has been known to botanists from their earliest records and has been grown commercially in England and other parts of Europe for many years. It was introduced in New York State by John Snook, who brought the seed from England, and in Oregon by Mr. Sautell, who brought seed from Belgium. There is quite a teazle industry in Skaneateles, Onondago Co., N. Y., the growers receiving 10 cents a pound for it ready for market. When Oregon teazle is grown in New York State an excellent quality is produced, for greater toughness is gained and thus it is worth 50% more in English markets than any other kind.

It is a biennial, the stem arising the second year, bearing the flower head that is ovoid at first, then cylindrical, and the heads are of best quality in damp seasons. About 15 species are found in the Old World. *Dipsacus sylvestris* is an introduced plant in America, and *Dipsacus fullonum* is not found wild here except as an escape. These two grow as roadside weeds throughout the Bay region of California, and will no doubt be cultivated there some day as a profitable industry.

Back in the fourteenth century we find in "The Vision of Piers Ploughman" these quaint lines:

"Cloth that cometh fro the wevying
Is nought comly to were
Till it be fulled under foot
Or in fullying stokkes
Wasshen well with water
And with taseles cracched,
Y-touched and y-tented
And under taillours hands."

Our wise ancestors in old Colony days used to gather the teazle and with it scratch the cloth they wove. When the cloth came from the loom it was rough and uneven; the greatest inequalities were clipped or pulled out by hand, then it was kept under water that had fuller's earth in it, pounded with heavy oaken mauls, and the nap was raised on it by scratching it patiently with the teazles. These beloved, heroic, wise, capable women of pioneer days did their own spinning and weaving. They walked through field and forest and collected teazle for the teazling of their cloth, and sassafras, sorrel, barberry, oak, walnut, maple, sweet leaf, night-shade for the dyeing. Then they cut the cloth into garments for their husbands, their children and themselves, and sewed it together by hand. And nature also gave them rushes and waxy berries for their candles that they might see to sew it neatly and well.

The teazle should be cultivated as a garden plant, for the heads when dry have a decorative quality that ought to be better known. The curious conical spurred heads set stiffly upon tall straight stems resemble the pine cones somewhat in the shiny brown surface of them, and are strikingly ornamental. They are especially effective when arranged in a brass or copper vase hung against a wall, and if put on the market by florists would be eagerly sought out by homemakers who would delight in getting such a choice and charming effect in their rooms. The teazle is especially appropriate in a Craftsman home, for its simple lines and rich brown coloring seem designed to harmonize with just such surroundings.

We would suggest that this plant be introduced in our flower markets as well as in our gardens, for used rightly it is a charming decoration for a home during the long season when flowers are hard to obtain.

A KIND WORD FOR THE AUTOMOBILE BY A COUNTRY WOMAN

I HAD read that the only way to be rid of an enemy was to turn him into a friend. He could not be safely killed, he would not politely cease to annoy because he was requested to, he would not change his plan of life that he might remain out of sight and so keep his hated face from turning a bright day into a sour gloomy one. The only safe, sure plan was to hunt for some one trait of his that could be admired, and from that point perhaps other admirable, perhaps lovable traits might be found.

Such alchemical skill seemed as difficult as to turn iron into gold, at first sight, but on the whole it is really a charmingly interesting experiment.

Being a country woman, loving the quiet seclusion beyond reason almost, I was incensed at the intrusion of city people who pushed noisily into dells that were sacred as cloisters to me, pulled up the delicate flowers and left papers, bottles, wreckage and ruin behind them. The wicked dragon that enabled the town folk to invade these sanctuaries was the automobile who snorted, roared and bellowed his way to the gates of my temple and deposited his passengers who ruthlessly, thoughtlessly desecrated its beauty.

I could see no good in them, thought they were enemies to the country generally. They cut up the roads, flung dust in the faces of the ones who loved to loiter in its shade, usurped our hallowed domain, laughed as our horses, chickens, even ourselves plunged madly down banks to escape death at their hands.

But he who laughs last laughs best, as we of the country have found to be true. One evening a dusty, humble little trio walked wearily into our yard beseeching food and shelter. Their motor had broken down some distance up the road, they could not fix it that night, would we kindly take them in until morning?

It is impossible to hate people who meekly ask us for aid, and the wicked laugh of glee because the dragon wouldn't or couldn't carry them back to their unknown castles soon turned into a patronizing smile of hospitality, and the very best that I possessed of everything (even my new clothes line to tow them back to town) was soon laid at their feet.

I found them most lovable, entertaining people. They were like a traveling opera or vaudeville troupe—told us merry tales, sang rollicking songs and with my choler well annihilated by this time, I admitted to myself that the whole episode had done me endless good. They had awakened me from the lethargy of monotonous living and thinking—the tonic of fresh outlook quickened me as spring quickens sleepy trees.

When they had departed the next morning I found myself looking forward to the next time I could see them, which they had promised should be soon. And before the summer was over I had flung the white banner of peace, had capitulated utterly, had learned to love instead of hate, could see a thousand virtues where formerly there was none.

The automobile has brought together the very best of the country and the city. The city people have widened their lives by just so much as they understand, love, sympathize with the country. The country folk have been quickened and bettered just as much as they have allowed old walls of prejudice to be broken down.

When the city and country pull together, wonderful things will happen. There has too long existed an imaginary line of separateness between the two. The violent see-saw of inharmony between us is being quieted as we each get closer together, nearer the center.

What the world needs is unity—unity of interests, of understanding. The city man does not look down on the farmer because he wears overalls and has horny hands and intimate acquaintance with the dust. For the man who drives his own car quite frequently prefers his flannel shirt and khaki trousers to all the rest of his wardrobe, and he has gained a personal respect for dust, for he has so often been laid low in it while fixing his car!

Trivial differences disappear upon near acquaintance, enemies prove charming friends and even benefactors when you get close enough to them to feel the warmth of their hearts. The city folks are growing more thoughtful about leaving a trail of papers, boxes, destruction behind them, for they now love the country. The country no longer scorns the city people who own automobiles for they have plowed deeper and sowed more wisely that they might get enough money to buy a beloved one for themselves!

ALS IK KAN

A MESSAGE FROM CRAFTSMAN FARMS

WHEN Father John of Kronstadt, widely known and loved because of his great wisdom and kindness, was asked a question, he always prefaced his answer by "It has been my experience," and then told of what he knew. If he did not know from experience, then he simply said: "I do not know." And what advice is of value in this world that is not given from the observations of a man's or woman's experience? We may be sure that if there is merit in the life of a friend it is because he has balanced the greater and the lesser in the scale of his experience, tested them, weighed them, so that his decisions, his statements have authority, can be trusted. No one else is fitted to advise; he may say, "I think," but he cannot say "I know" until he has tested his thought and found it to be good.

It is fitting that with this October number which marks the beginning of another year we should talk a little about the purpose with which we started this magazine and relate something of our experiences.

In an early number of THE CRAFTSMAN we used this quotation from John Ruskin: "It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy." This statement made such a profound impression upon us that it became father to all the thoughts and hopes with which we have carried on our work. All our efforts have been, as it were, in the quest of this ideal. We wished to say "it has been our experience" that this philosophy of Ruskin is true. We have not only advocated the blessing of labor, the great joy that lies in it, but we have while laboring tasted of this deepest of joys. With every atom of our body and mind we can testify that labor of body brings health and sanity of mind, and that the joy that wells in the heart while at work is one of the purest of joys that can be experienced by mankind—free from all bitterness, free from gnawing regrets, free from the fear that makes one cringe.

Ruskin also says that "It may be proved, with much certainty, that God intends no man to live in this world without working; but it seems no less evident that he intends every man to be happy in his work. It was written: 'in the sweat of thy brow' but it was never written 'in the breaking of thy heart.'"

There is something terribly wrong when work is considered as something to flee from, something in which happiness cannot be found. The star that leads the way to happiness will rest hovering over the workers of the world,—those who are contributing to the welfare of mankind, who are creating beautiful and useful things—those who delve in the mine of science and bring forth jewels of truth that lighten the labor of the world. The idea that joy is to be had by ceasing work and pursuing the whim of the moment, is a tricky Will-o'-the-wisp that flashes intermittently, decoying into marshes, into slime, into destruction.

The heart's desire of a man is fulfilled in his work. In some flash of inspiration he sees a vision of his work, his pathway, his home, his way of rendering account of the talent given him. The ecstasy that lifts him into realms never to be forgotten, wonderful though it be, is only of short duration; but the steady pleasure of carrying out the vision never leaves him. It requires Herculean work to manifest our ideal, slow, patient hours when apparently little is being accomplished though so much is intended. It is not all ecstatic like the joy that accompanied the vision, yet the memory of it stays with us as a dear secret that we are always aware of, like the sweet consciousness of the child that is yet unborn which gladdens a woman's heart.

Work that is so necessary, so absolutely necessary in this world was never intended to be done in the breaking of one's heart, but in the fulfilling of the heart's deepest desire.

We have based the work that has been done and that is being done on the Craftsman Farms on this belief—that work and joy are one. We have endeavored to relate these two in everything accomplished, to raise the status of those who toil, that they may feel the dignity and honor of their labor.

We believe that back-breaking, ceaseless labor is not necessary. If instead of toiling and straining blindly with eyes on the ground man would pause and look up at times, he would see a simpler, much better way of doing the work, he would accomplish more work without misusing his body, breaking it before it has finished its work.

Inspiration has been drawn from the fields from time immemorial. The greatest teacher who ever blessed this world, who

kindled an inextinguishable light, who left a fountain of pure water from which all who thirst may drink, would go to the fields for inspiration, for the parables through which he could reveal eternal truths. Through our love and familiarity with the homely things of everyday life He led us on to understand inner truths; we were led from the outer court of the temple to the inner court, and then into the holy of holies —when we could bear it.

Believing deeply in man's need of nature and of nature's marvelous powers of healing, restoring, teaching, illuminating, THE CRAFTSMAN has steadily advocated country living. It has been our hope that people of wide experience, men and women of physical and mental maturity would bring the force, the weight of their influence to bear upon the "back-to-the-land" movement.

Whoever has lived much out of doors knows that marvelous energy is accumulated there, energy which somehow becomes lost by continued life in a city. This precious elixir quaffed when walking through the fields and over the hills of our land, becomes quickly dissipated by city life. The city drains without mercy, without refilling; it continually exhausts our storehouse of vitality, mental and physical. We need to go often to the treasury of Nature that we may restore, renew the magnetic force that makes us valuable to ourselves, to others. Nature gives so generously to those who go to her. Our least knock is heard, our smallest petition answered, and she gives beyond our ability to request, continually adding gift after gift. She heals and enriches, never drains or impoverishes, and is always trustworthy, reliable.

In the work at Craftsman Farms we have carefully thought out and talked over with experienced men—practical farmers, soil experts and scientists—how the land can be made most profitable. In considering the second growth timber we have weighed the expense that would be incurred by sending men to cut out undergrowth, burn stumps, etc., against the advisability of turning sheep or hogs into it that they may root up the ground which has become hard through long disuse. We have considered what fruits or vegetables can be grown in the ground where the charcoal left from burning the stumps has sweetened and put new vigor in it.

We want to find out how the timber land may be made profitable while waiting for the trees to grow, and also how the farm can support itself while the fields are being made fertile again. We have to decide whether this should be done by raising green crops, then plowing them under so that in decaying they may furnish the much needed humus or bacteria; or by heavily manuring the land, which method, though good, is so expensive that it would take the proceeds of the first year's crop to pay for it.

We have planted orchards and will raise vegetables between the rows while waiting for the trees to bear fruit. We are building a cow stable and a chicken house, testing a new method of warming and at the same time ventilating the buildings so that a constant stream of warmed fresh air will be pouring in instead of the cold drafts that are so fatal, so provocative of tuberculosis among cattle and various diseases among the chickens.

We are constructing these and other buildings so that work will be simplified to the utmost degree. There is to be no lifting and drudgery in the stables; one man can quickly walk down the 200-foot chicken house, clean it, remove the eggs without disturbing the chickens and attend to the brooders. This is brought about by economy of space in the arrangement and planning of it all, and at the same time the buildings are being constructed as economically as is consistent with permanency and attractiveness.

As soon as we have obtained results, have reliable statistics, we purpose to give our readers the benefit of them. From time to time we will show plans of the cow stable, garage, chicken coops, etc., and tell of our ventures in making abandoned land profitable. A description of the farmhouse that is now completed will be published next month with photographs of the exterior and interior. It is constructed of logs—"In each the strength that made a forest tree"—so it is a most suitable and practicable form of architecture for a farm's need. This large farmhouse, augmented by several cottages erected near it, provides room for many guests, so that we are now able to entertain visitors who are interested in watching the development of this experimental center, and herewith extend them a cordial invitation. Craftsman Farms as it now stands is as Whitman said of his life, "An acme of things accomplished, an enclosure of things to be."

BOOK REVIEWS

THE OUTLOOK TO NATURE: BY L. H. BAILEY

THE growing interest in nature and country life, and the unmistakable reaction from city to suburb on the part of an increasing number of thinking people, ensures a welcome to any guide-post in such a direction, but particularly when erected by such a well-known authority on the subject as Professor L. H. Bailey. There is a significance, too, in the fact that this book of lectures, first published in 1905, is equally, perhaps even more applicable in its new and revised edition in 1911.

As a companion to Professor Bailey's other volume, "The Country-Life Movement," a review of which appeared in the August issue, it is especially interesting. "The Country-Life Movement" deals with the more serious, practical and sociological side of the question, and suggests methods of solution for the various problems that confront our civilization. "The Outlook to Nature," on the other hand, deals with the equally important but more imaginative side. It is psychological rather than technical, philosophical rather than scientific, spiritual rather than material. But through it all you feel the prose and poetry of rural life interwoven. You realize that there is a great ethical meaning back of this reaction, and that in any attempt to direct this movement, the spiritual phase of it must not be overlooked. You realize the interdependence of the mental and physical, the action and reaction of man and his environment upon each other, and the necessity for giving each factor due consideration. And you are impressed, too, with the truth of Professor Bailey's statement, "cities cannot build cities. The country builds the cities. The cities only handle and transform what the country produces." And he goes on to predict a day when "There will be cities of all lesser degrees, and villages, and quiet hamlets, and rural communities, and isolated farmers, and poets living far out in the center of the world."

The book is a refreshing one to read. It is full of the breath of the outdoors, invigorating, helpful, soothing. It is simply put, with an evident and genuine interest of the author in his subject, and the personal element throughout is rather pleasant than otherwise, and lends a flavor of authority to positive remarks. There are four general topics: The Realm of the Commonplace; Country and City; The School of the Future; Evolution: the Quest of Truth. Each of these, Professor Bailey has discussed with much insight, common sense, kindness and a tinge of humorous sarcasm. Every chapter is full of little unimportant touches big with meaning, which show how well their author realizes the significance that underlies those things which we are in the habit of labeling "commonplace." Listen to this:

"Yesterday I saw hundreds of persons on cars and ferries eagerly reading the 'news.' I bought a paper resplendent with photography and colored ink. The first page had articles, seven of which were devoted to cases of divorce, common rascality and crime, and unimportant local incidents, all displayed as if it would advantage a man to read them. Only one article dealt with public affairs, and this was hidden underneath small headlines. The newspaper had no sense of proportion. All the detail of a divorce case was given with as much circumstantial minuteness as if it were of equal importance with a debate in Congress or the deliberations of the international peace conference."

And this: "Do you wish to study botany? There are weeds in your dooryard or trees on your lawn. You say that they are not interesting: that is not their fault. We have made the mistake all along of studying only special cases. We seem to have made up our minds that certain features are interesting and that all other features are not. It is no mere accident that many persons like plants and animals but dislike botany and zoology. It is more important to study plants than special subjects as exemplified in plants. Why does the weed grow just there? Answer this, and you have put yourself in pertinent relation with the world out-of-doors."

All through there is a note of optimism that is very helpful to those of us who need to have our courage heartened now and then by reminders of forgotten truths, and on the whole the book is one which cannot but be welcome at a time when city folk are awakening to the need for saner modes of living, and country folk to the fact that country life is capable of the noblest and happiest development that civilization has to

offer. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 195 pages. Price $1.25 net.)

HANDWORK INSTRUCTION FOR BOYS: BY DR. ALWIN PABST: TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY BERTHA REED COFFMAN, A.M.

NOW that both educators and parents in this country and abroad are awakening from smug satisfaction or vague discontent to a fuller realization of the many and radical defects in past and present methods of instruction, and are seeking by various changes and innovations to reorganize our educational system into a genuine factor of national efficiency, the above work of Dr. Pabst's forms a contribution to the data on this subject which is at once timely, welcome and significant. The author has traced the history and development of handwork instruction and its bearing upon society and the individual, emphasizing the importance of such practical teaching as a means of mental and spiritual growth. Both for the value of its philosophy and the interest of its facts and comparisons of the various modern methods which are being tested with such encouraging results in European and American classrooms, the book is one that should be known to all those interested in the right instruction of the young. (Published by The Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Illinois. 142 pages and 11 plates. Price $1.00.)

CRAFTSMANSHIP IN TEACHING: BY WILLIAM CHANDLER BAGLEY

CERTAINLY new ideals in teaching are coming to the fore. Every month brings in for review fresh volumes on modern education,—not dry dissertations based on the old pedagogic standards or prejudices, but vital, interesting ideas and suggestions, and studies of the achievements of men and women of many nations in the task of guiding the mind and hand of youth into the best possible channels of development. The attainment of the highest efficiency, the greatest capacity for utility and happiness—that, briefly, may be considered as summarizing the goal toward which the wisest educators of today are earnestly striving. The discarding of useless, obsolete methods and subjects formerly chosen for their abstract cultural value, and the substitution of practical and technical training along lines that will lead to both expert and all-round development; the broadening influence of non-sectarianism and of co-education; the growth of the vacation school with its significant demonstration of the advantages of voluntary study over the old compulsory system; these and many other phases of the movement are being brought through the press into the light of public interest.

Very much in line, therefore, with the broadening tendencies of modern schoolcraft is this volume of Mr. Bagley's. You feel at once the author's very real interest in his subject, an interest that rises frequently to the height of enthusiasm and yet always seems to retain its hold on the practical, the sane. Throughout the book there is a fine optimism, a simple picturesqueness of style, a readiness of humor and a reinforcing of points and arguments by apt anecdote and incident from the writer's own experience that is as interesting as it is convincing. His discussions of such vital problems as the attainment of the greatest efficiency in the teaching force and in supervision, the training of children to study, the new attitude toward drill, and other equally definite and important branches of the subject are all set forth with a clearness and breadth of outlook that shows a mind willing to sacrifice pet doctrines and preconceived theories to the wisdom of a larger truth. There is a practical idealism about the book that is very wholesome. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 247 pages. Price $1.10 net.)

HOME DECORATION: BY CHARLES FRANKLIN WARNER, Sc.D.

HERE is a practical and helpful volume, full of interest to children and teachers, dealing with the many delightful crafts which may be included in the decoration of a home. Not only is it a record of what has been actually accomplished by boys and girls themselves in the planning and making of the various objects, but it is full of useful suggestions and working instructions for the carrying out of the designs shown.

The illustrations are as numerous as they are interesting, and cover the ground of the building and decorating of a house, the making of furniture, the mounting, framing and placing of pictures, flower arrangement, the decorating of fabrics, principles of dress, hand weaving, pottery, leather and metal work. (Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York. 374 pages. Profusely illustrated. One of a series of ten volumes. Price $17.50 a set.)

MATERIALS FOR PERMANENT PAINTING: BY MAXIMILIAN TOCH

AS a technical manual for manufacturers, art dealers, artists and collectors, this volume, compiled by a chemical authority, should prove of practical value, the data it contains being the result of many years of experiment and research into the chemistry of colors—a subject which seems to have been strangely neglected in modern times. (Published by D. Van Nostrand Company, New York. 190 pages. Illustrated. Price $2.00 net.)

ANTI-MATRIMONY: BY PERCY MACKAYE

A "Satirical Comedy" this is indeed, the satire and comedy being in about equal proportions, skilfully mixed and most provocative of laughter. Plot and counterplot with their delightfully humorous situations keep up amused appreciation from rise to fall of curtain, and the keenness of the satire and subtlety of the allusions throw witty flashlights on the would-be imitators of certain ultra-modern philosophies.

The attempt of an overesthetic, mystic-minded young couple to impose their own interpretation of Nietzsche, Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Shaw upon the traditions of a New England household, with unexpected result, forms the theme of the play, and through the timely satire is implied an underlying philosophy. There may be touches of caricature in the drawing—but after all, how else can we be made to recognize our inconsistencies and defects? (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 160 pages. Price $1.25 net.)

MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY: BY OWEN WISTER

EASTERNER and Westerner alike to whom the author's name brings pleasant recollections will welcome these tales from the plains and mountains—tales in which the *Virginian* and *Scipio Le Moyne* and other "members of the family" greet us again with their dry humor, their reminiscences of adventure and escapade.

The stories are told in blunt, colloquial fashion, with here and there a bit of word painting that throws the scene vividly on canvas; but the lack of polish only serves to heighten the reality, while under the unaffected sentences lurks a current of unconscious drama. You feel the grim intensity of a life shorn of all civilized trappings; you watch the testing of human values and powers of endurance in a world that brings men face to face with the primitive facts of existence, with those stern necessities of nature from which a more cultured civilization shields. You see the tragic comedies and comic tragedies of the life of ranch and village, camp and trail; and the humor twinkles out at you, slyly or grimly, at every turn. Yet throughout the book you feel that the picturesque has not been overdone, that after all these events and characters all belong inevitably to their environment.

For those who know the country and its people the tales must be full of familiar, vivid touches; while to the uninitiated dweller of the East it holds the glamor of wide unknown spaces and daring life—the sort of interest that is sufficiently absorbing to make you forget a dinner hour or carry you past your station on the "L." (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 317 pages. Illustrated. Price $1.25.)

THE SOVEREIGN POWER: BY MARK LEE LUTHER

NOW that science has spread her wings and soared upward into a hitherto unconquered element with such confidence that the mastery of the air seems assured, a new field of material is open for contemporary writers, and we may expect many more novels along the lines of "The Sovereign Power." This has the usual ingredients of the modern romance of Americans abroad—charming young heiress, self-made uncle, adventurous fatalistic Prince shadowed by the mystery of international complications, the inevitable blunt, sincere young man from "home," and a background of aviators, fashionable dames and diplomats. The book is cleverly written but with no more serious purpose than its pleasant motoring predecessors that have "honked" their way into literature ever since gasoline became the fashionable perfume. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 324 pages. Illustrated. Price $1.30 net, by mail $1.41.)

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION

WE have received from the Department of the Interior at Washington, Volume 2 of this Report for the year ended June 30, 1910.