The craftsman. Vol. XV, Number 4 January 1909

New York, N.Y.: Gustav Stickley, January 1909

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"EVA GREEN:" ROBERT HENRI, PAINTER.

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XV JANUARY, 1909 NUMBER 4

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All manuscripts sent to THE CRAFTSMAN for consideration must be accompanied by return postage. A stamped addressed envelope is the most satisfactory plan.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GUSTAV STICKLEY, 41 WEST 34TH ST., NEW YORK

25 Cents a Copy : By the Year, $3.00 in United States; $3.50 in Canada; $4.20 Foreign

Entered June 6, 1906, at New York City, as second-class matter

THE CRAFTSMAN
GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XV JANUARY, 1909 NUMBER 4

PROGRESS IN OUR NATIONAL ART MUST SPRING FROM THE DEVELOPMENT OF INDIVIDUALITY OF IDEAS AND FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION: A SUGGESTION FOR A NEW ART SCHOOL: BY ROBERT HENRI

THERE has been much discussion within the last year on the question of a national art in America. We have grown to handle the subject lightly, as though it were a negotiable quantity, something to be noted in the daily record of marketable goods. And the more serious have talked much about "subject" and "technique," as though if these were acquired, this desired thing, a national art, would flourish quickly and beautifully; whereas, as a matter of fact, a national art is not limited to a question of subject or of technique, but is a real understanding of the fundamental conditions personal to a country, and then the relation of the individual to these conditions.

And so what is necessary for art in America, as in any land, is first an appreciation of the great ideas native to the country and then the achievement of a masterly freedom in expressing them. Take any American and develop his mind and soul and heart to the fullest by the right work and the right study, and then let him find through this training the utmost freedom of expression, a fluid technique which will respond to every inspiration and enthusiasm which thrills him, and without question his art will be characteristically American, whatever the subject. For through his own temperament, coupled with the right power of utterance, he will, all unconsciously, express his own attitude toward life in whatsoever he creates, and his picture or statue or sonnet will testify to his nationality. For a man ceases to imitate when he has achieved the power to fully and freely express his own ideas; and every man with imagination who has given the best of himself to work, who has learned to think honestly and see clearly, can no more escape the possession of ideas than of ideals, and so the American painter, with brain and brush liberated by the greatest possible self-development, is just as certain to express the

quality of his country as he is in himself to present an American type or speak the language of his native land.

Thus it is not possible to create an American art from the outside in. Art does not respond to the whim of the millionaire who would create art galleries as he does libraries. It is quite impossible to start out with a self-conscious purpose of springing a ready-made national art on the public simply because we are grown up enough to realize the value of such an expression. Art is too emotional to respond to coercion or discipline; and it cannot successfully become a whim of the rich, even in America. For successful flowering it demands deep roots, stretching far down into the soil of the nation, gathering sustenance from the conditions in the soil of the nation, and in its growth showing, with whatever variation, inevitably the result of these conditions. And the most showy artificial achievement, the most elaborate imitation of art grown in France or Germany, are valueless to a nation compared with this product that starts in the soil and blooms over it. But before art is possible to a land, the men who become the artists must feel within themselves the need of expressing the virile ideas of their country; they must demand of themselves the most perfect means of so doing, and then, what they paint or compose or write will belong to their own land. First of all they must possess that patriotism of soul which causes the real genius to lay down his life, if necessary, to vindicate the beauty of his own environment. And thus art will grow as individual men develop, and become great as our own men learn to think fearlessly, express powerfully and put into their work all the strength of body and soul.

For long years we as a nation have felt that all which was required of us in art was novelty and skill. First, novelty in discovering other people's ideas; second, skill in presenting them; later, the novelty of discovering a quality of picturesqueness in our own land with skill in presenting that. And undoubtedly there is a great deal to be said in America that has never been said in any other land, but does the growth of our art so much depend upon skill in saying as upon the weight of the statement? What is truly necessary to our real progress is sufficient skill to present a statement simply and then to use the skill to show forth the great fresh ideas with which our nation is teeming.

A MAN once came to me and said, "What do you think I had better do with my son?" And in telling him, it seemed to me that I somewhat embodied my feeling about the question of the art student. "Your son," I said, "undoubtedly has some talent for art, start him in art if you like, but first of all, I'd make

a *man* of him because he will then do well what he pleases." For it seems to me that before a man tries to express anything to the world he must recognize in himself an individual, a new one, very distinct from others. Walt Whitman did this, and that is why I think his name so often comes to me. The one great cry of Whitman was for a man to find himself, to understand the fine thing he really is if liberated. Most people, either by training or inheritance, count themselves at the start as "no good," or "second rate" or "ordinary," whereas in everyone there is the great mystery; every single person in the world has evidence to give of his own individuality, providing he has acquired the full power to make clear this evidence.

To what wonderful extent Millet did this; yet to the people of his time and the art ideas of his century, Millet was one of these second rate or ordinary people. His contemporaries failed to recognize his individuality; they were looking for the art they were accustomed to, for the certain note of the day, and they failed to understand the greatness of the individuality before them. For Millet, instead of using his gracious medium in the expression of such subjects as the public were accustomed to, of goddesses and heroes of war, had a vision of the greatness in the life all about him, in the groveling peasant of the fields; and whereas to the public he seemed to be debasing his mode of expression to low purposes, in reality he was finding in the muck and the dirt of the miserable peasant existence the tremendous significance of all life; he was portraying the great ideas of his country with the most absolute freedom of expression. Millet had learned how to think and had trained himself to express his thoughts, and was great enough to know that the big forces of the world were not *solely* among the rich or on the boulevard; he found them out in the French fields, close to the soil, down in the humblest life of the nation. In the merest peasant he discovered the beauty and the tragedy of the human soul; in spite of the sordidness of toil, in spite of the peasant's ignorance, in spite of the wide meanness of the peasant's existence, he still found evidences of the vital elemental conditions and expressed them in the most perfect colors and lines, in the simplest way. And for this reason we find a love and a wonderful caress in the work of Millet, whereas in the equally or even more skilled draughtsman like L'Hermitte we find more the expression of education than of deeper individuality, that is all. He could not by himself see the things that made such lines and colors and forms as dominated the vision of Millet. That is why art is so individual, because there are men who have the vision and the freedom to express it. And a man can only paint what he sees, and he can

only see according to the individual development which liberates the vision within him.

Twachtman was one of the men in America who could see the greatness of life about him. It chanced that he lived much in Connecticut and saw it there, but he would have found it in Spain or France or Russia, and had he gone to paint in those countries his art would have still been American. To me Twachtman is one of the giants in America. Of course, you could prove that he had a whole lot of weaknesses, just as you can prove that Edgar Allan Poe was incompetent and no good, but there stands the evidence of their work in spite of all the defects, defects which were surmounted and which leave these men great in the history of America. They found the meaning in life; they got at the essential beauty of their environment; they developed for themselves a matchless technique, or a variety of technique to express these ideas, and being Americans their point of view was American. And it is thus that the art history of a nation must grow. There is no one recipe for this making of American artists, beyond affording to the men who have the gift the opportunity for supreme development and the right expression of it.

For instance, contrast the work of Twachtman and Winslow Homer. The same scene presented by these two men would be not an identical geographical spot but an absolutely different expression of personality. Twachtman saw the seas bathed in mists, the rocks softened with vapor. Winslow Homer looked straight through the vapor at the hard rock; he found in the leaden heaviness a most tremendously forceful idea. It was not the sea or the rock to either of these men, but their own individual attitude toward the beauty or the force of nature. Each man must take the material that he finds at hand, see that in it there are the big truths of life, the fundamentally big forces, and then express whichever is the cause of his pleasure in his art. It is not so much the actual place or the immediate environment; it is personal greatness and personal freedom which any nation demands for a final right art expression. A man must be master of himself and master of his word to achieve the full realization of himself as an artist.

AS A RULE I find artists divided into two classes: those who are willing to be caught making any kind of technical error, provided nevertheless they say the thing they have to say as well as they can, willing that their work should be open to any criticism so that they can invent a direct and able expression of the thing they wish to say. They choose to use a technique which will show their grasp of the subject, even show the insufficiency of their grasp, if

that is necessary, only so that it honestly tells the thought they have, its greatness or its inadequacy. Then there is the other class which is not willing to be found making any fault of deportment, but will gladly change or tamper with an idea to make it fit a more glib and secure technique already learned. Cleverness and skill are what they seek. The significance of expressing the truth and of developing themselves to express it is of no importance to them. Everywhere students are divided in this way, and the first class is much the smaller of the two. There one finds the frank men one has to deal with, who want their art to express their progress as far as there is progress, no farther. If there are frayed edges, the frayed edges must be manifest, until mind and technique can combine as one force to obliterate them.

If this spirit could but prevail in all our arts, in music, in painting, in sculpture, in writing, we would have a fundamentally greater and more interesting expression, a fundamentally greater appreciation. If we could only cultivate in our students the desire to search and find for themselves the value of their thoughts and the power to utter them, we would have courageous action, we would find people rushing forward to grasp the means of expression; we would find new means of expression, we would find men inventing new techniques, techniques that would just suit them for whatever they have to say. What would be perfect for one mode of expression would be thrown aside for another mode, and men would grow as they devised this infinite variety of power of expression. As they developed in creating technique for their special thought they would gain in thought, for always they could express better and better what they had to say. Instead of becoming blabbers of pat phrases, they would have fresh phrases for fresh ideas; they would borrow from every source possible, but they would borrow only to invent.

Why, here in America we have a country filled with energetic people. We are a distinct race; we have tremendous ideas to express, and often it seems to me that I cannot wait to hear the voice of these people. And the voice must be beautiful, and the content of the voice, the thing that we have to say as a nation, that will be a wonderful thing to utter! It is a great encouragement that already fine and strong notes of this voice have come to us. We have had it, as I have already said, in Whitman, in Winslow Homer and in Twachtman, in others less well known. Sometimes we find partial evidences of it in a man's work, and the least expression of it makes one feel that it is almost impossible to wait for the fulness of the voice and the great things that it will utter. It is a healthy thing to think as much of this as possible, to help to prepare for it, to make our schools a means for such

utterance. It has been said that our art schools are of no value; that they should be obliterated and recreated in craft schools. This does not seem to me to correspond with the practical ways of the American people. Why acknowledge failure in our art schools; why not reconstruct better art in schools which would develop first the man and then the artist, first the power to understand the quality of the nation, and then the capacity to express that greatness? It seems to me that this is essential for the development of art in this country. A man must have an opportunity to achieve technical excellence in order to express the utmost possibilities of his nation through his own individuality. What is essential to our art students is a more vital interest in work. The development of a strong personal art in America is possible through stimulating in students a profound study of life, of purpose of art, a real understanding of "construction," "proportion," "drawing," stimulating activity, mental and physical, moral courage and invention in expression to fit the idea to be expressed. I think here is one of the essential points,—the *purpose of the work*, the presentation in art of ideas of value. There is religion to explain; there is philosophy of life to explain; there are great conditions in life to be expressed. Men who have achieved great art felt the tremendous need of raising their voices for or against the condition of life that existed, for out of a full heart comes this desire to express. That necessity is the mother of invention is true in art as in science. There is the invention of the exact specific technique that each idea requires. To express well conditions there must be the creation of specific technique—not the use of stock technique—but a method which belongs to the *idea*, and the idea must have weight, value, and be well worth putting forth in such permanent medium. In the development, therefore, of individuality, search for the just means of expressing the same simply and fully. This development will mean artists of mind, philosophy, sympathy, courage, invention, taking their work as a matter of vital importance to the world, considering their technique as the medium of utterance of their most personal philosophy of life, their view of the subject one that must be important and worthy of their powers of seeing and understanding. That is extremely important, that the student beginning today believes that the work he is doing is of vital importance to the world, and his view of the subject one that must be important and worthy of his powers of seeing and understanding. Drawing that is solid, constructive, fundamental, inventive, specific, adapted to the special needs of the idea to be expressed, such drawing as can only come from one who has decided and special purpose, profound understanding, a realization of the importance of his word and the evidence he has to give. We don't want drawing that will come from

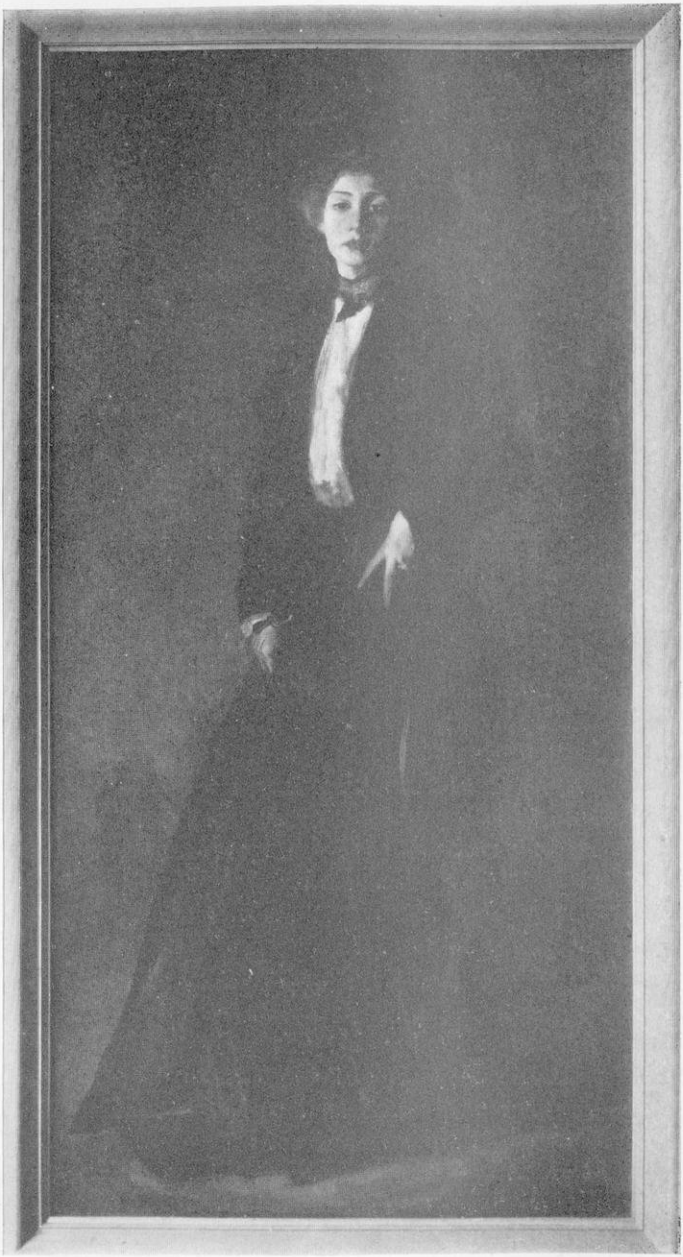
the man turning himself into a machine, with sharpened eye and sharpened hand, the man who is a technician because he is told how other things have been made. We want a man whose purpose is so strong and whose desire is so strong that every nerve of his body, physical and mental, is concentrated on the thing he desires to express in such a way that his wits are quicker, and then with what sort of knowledge he has he gets everything; that is, he achieves everything that he is. Few people say fully what they think; few people are bright enough to use the thought of yesterday. And yet we must not make warehouses of thoughts of yesterday. We want to have the genius to use these thoughts at the time of necessity.

We need schools where individuality of thought and expression is encouraged, a school and instruction which offer to the student the utmost help in the building of himself up into a force that will be of stimulating value to the world. And in the use of the school, its facilities, its instruction, the worker should know that the instructors are back of him, interested, watching, encouraging, as ready to learn from him as to teach; anxious for his evidence; recognizing in him a man, another or a new force; giving him the use of knowledge and experience, but never dictating to him what or how he shall do, rather shoving him away from too much leaning; only demanding of him that he work both mind and body to the limit of his endurance to find in himself whatever there is of value; to find his truest thoughts and find a means, the simplest, straightest and most fit means to make record of them, to be the deepest thinker, the kindest appreciator, the clearest and simplest, frankest expressor he can be today. For by so doing he becomes the master of such as he has today, and that he is master today is the only dependable evidence that he will be master tomorrow. That he has dignity, worth, integrity, courage in his thought and action today means that he is today a student worthy of the name in its fullest meaning.

IT IS a question of saying the thing that a person has to say. A man should not care whether the thing he wishes to express is a work of art or not, whether it is literature or not, he should only care that it is a statement of what is worthy to put into permanent expression. In addition to what I have said, I believe that the people who would be brought strongly under the influence of such philosophy as would be manifest in a school like the one I have described, would be prepared to go into the world, and a school that does not prepare the student to face life is a school that does not realize its own purpose. If the student cannot go into the world he is not going to express the great ideas of the world.

The thing today is to take our art schools and make them useful. There is no reason to give up our churches; make them useful. When they are no longer useful, do them over again. Let them keep pace with the necessity. They must always be active or else they are useless. The constant argument against such a school as this is that it is all very well for the strong ones. But what greater kindness can you do to anybody than to bring him right face up against the thing that he cannot do; we may see if he has the stuff in him or not, instead of cheating him into believing that he can do something that he cannot? I treat a man as if he were a man, and let him think and encourage him to think. Back in Julian's Academy there were men who received the highest awards from Julian's and the Beaux Arts, and they believed because they were getting the highest awards that they were becoming great artists, and the one who is getting the greatest awards should feel that he has accomplished the greatest things, but these men were generally helpless. They could not paint an original picture. All they had to learn was to make a life study according to the dictates of Bouguereau and others. Those who have become distinguished have not been the men who were distinguished students in the schools. That does not mean that a man should not be a good student in the schools. I propose that a man shall be a good student, not a lump of putty. He should use the school for the purpose that he has in view; that is, his personal development and the finding of the thing that is necessary for his kind of expression. We do not expect a Corot to draw like Michael Angelo. The drawing of Ingres was perfect for his type of mind, but it would not do for Rembrandt; but Rembrandt's did quite well for himself, and which do you like the best? Which one is the greater draughtsman? The one you like the best. Rembrandt paints the miserable, dirty beggar, but the beggar seen through a wide vision of life is present to the thought of Rembrandt; and Rembrandt was a man who *could* think and whose thoughts were valuable, and his painting is a record of his personal thought, the thought of a man of great strength of mind, great appreciation and great philosophy. The beggar, like the paint and the canvas, is nothing but medium to him.

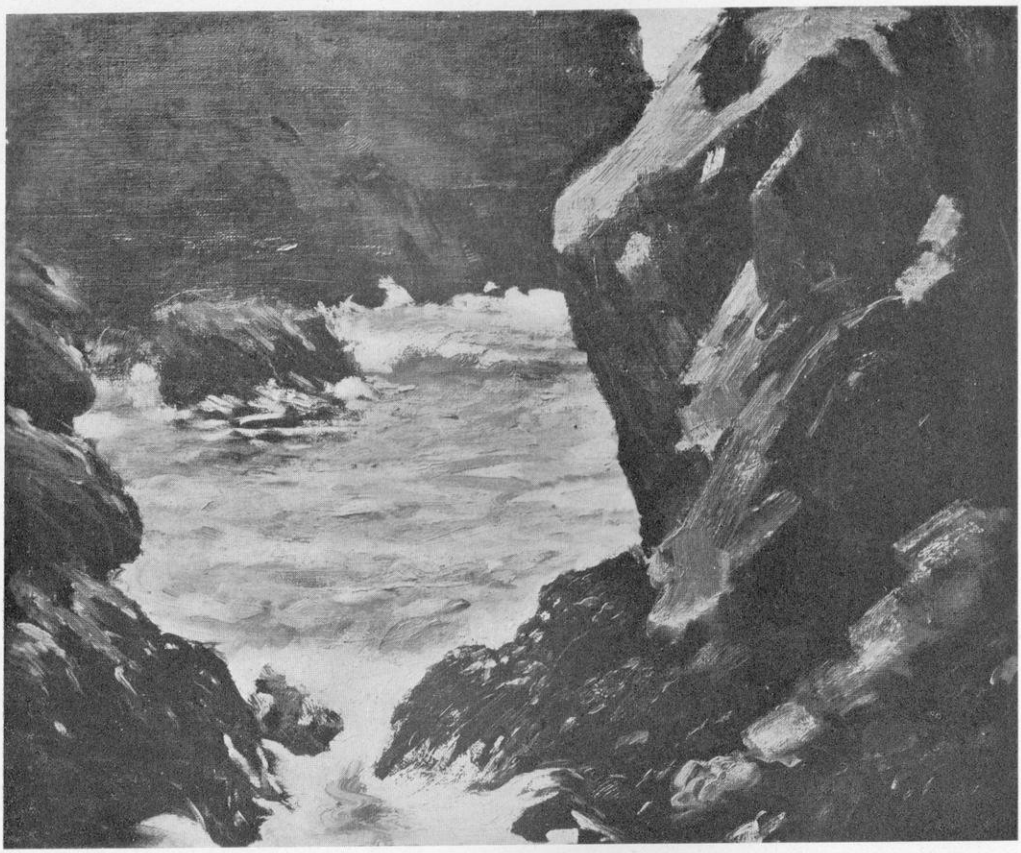
In my understanding of color, there is absolutely no such thing as color for its sake. All colors are beautiful and all lines are beautiful and all forms are beautiful. Colors are beautiful when they are significant. Lines are beautiful when they are significant. It is what they signify that is beautiful to us, really. The color is the means of expression. The reason that a certain color in life, like the red in a young girl's cheek, is beautiful, is that it manifests youth, health; in another sense, that it manifests her sensibility. We have grown to



"YOUNG WOMAN IN BLACK:"
ROBERT HENRI, PAINTER.

"EL TANGO:" ROBERT HENRI, PAINTER.

ANTONIO POÑAS (CALERO), EL PICADOR: ROBERT HENRI, PAINTER.



"ROCKS AND SEA:" ROBERT HENRI, PAINTER.

look at it as beautiful for that reason. There are certain shades of yellow that are horrible to us because they relate to sickness, and if we search all the way through, we will find that all of the color that we declare as beautiful is only beautiful because it is the manifestation of the thing we most desire, the thing that we like most. Of course, the thing we desire is not always comfortable. A person takes pleasure in the color of a destructive flame. It is one of the mistakes, one of the big mistakes that is made, this idea of regarding color in itself as beauty. Color is no more beautiful than a line is, and the face of a woman is beautiful because of what it expresses. If it does not express a thing that we greatly like, why then it is not beautiful.

IT SEEMS to me that it is a healthy thing to think as much as we can not only of art but of all great possibilities in our nation, of all great achievement that we have before us. Take, for instance, just the recent success of the flying machine. I am sure that there have been people all over the world whose hearts have jumped with delight at its first real achievement. Down in Spain I picked up a paper and read an account of the actual accomplishing of this thing. And when I got hold of a French newspaper and found out that the Wrights were Americans, I felt my national pride spring. The first thought was that it had been done, and the next thought was that it had been accomplished by one of *our* people. To create and to express this is in its way also a great work of art.

And then, I could not help but look at those poor bull fighters coming into the ring, into terrible danger. (I have seen so many of them gored that all the time I am expecting to see a man injured.) And yet I said to myself, we can afford to have Orville Wright killed, even so valuable a life as his might well be lost in progress of our development. I was struck by my very difference of feeling regarding the death in the bull ring, the death without value. I felt sorry for the bull fighter, very sorry; but I would feel as if a national disaster had occurred if anything happened to the Wrights; yet if it should it would not be pathetic, for death would come through achievement, through invention. We want inventors all through life; the only people that ever succeed in writing, painting, sculpture, manufacturing, in finance are inventors. And it is the inventor in art who expresses the valuable idea. He creates his idea; he considers that the idea is important; he desires to express it; now he must invent the expression of that idea which is new in itself from the same old vocabulary that all other things have been expressed with. He may use some of the phrases if they will fit in, but no matter, he must invent, and

even, at times, like Shakespeare, rearrange other people's thoughts to his own picture of life.

Twenty years ago there were art schools in this country, numerous art schools, numerous students in each school. There were also the great schools of Paris. Julian's twenty years ago was at its height. Every country had its art schools. Every big city, every little city, and all of them studying under the *régime* of Paris. There were thousands and thousands of people being trained in these art schools. Now where are the artists? We will admit killing off through death or non-continuance, but then what of that great number who must have continued and worked years and years? Nine years after I left Julian's I went back there and saw one who was a strong man in the school when I was a student—and I found him doing about as good work as he had done nine years before. What has become of all these people that have gone through that training? There must be something the matter with the training. It seems to me that there are three things essential to art training, the man must have the idea, he must have the freedom, he must create to express it. The need of inventing the necessary technique of the thing you have to express today, the technique that must be beautiful, that must be perfect because it is the only thing, the fittest, the shortest, plainest, *the* way of painting the idea in hand, and then the understanding that what has been invented must immediately be put aside. People say, what, throw away this precious thing? Use it and use it over again. But it must never be used again. The next day, even painting from the same model, under the same light, the conditions are different. The thing cannot be born over again. It must be a new thing that is to be expressed. It may be very close, but new conditions demand a new medium. You cannot just begin at the same place that you did yesterday. Conditions are always different, so that a new order of things must be invented, so that the real art student, the real writer is one who is so in the habit of taking from all the sources he can get, and with all his experience inventing a new expression, specific; nothing else would do, and even it will never do again. Suppose you get a school of Americans studying that way, what does it mean? It means that there is a school of people studying with their minds instead of simply sitting there and drawing lines of which they do not understand the meaning.

I think that the people should have an opportunity to study art, but in the art school there should be something more profound, something that would mean an encouragement to the student to develop himself with a respect for the profession that he intends to enter, to realize that he has got to be a great man mentally, a philosopher, be-

fore there is any excuse for him to practice art, and that in order that he may develop both as a practiser of art in that means of expression and become a great philosopher, he must develop both sides of himself personally as a man and then see to it that each day his medium as far as possible expresses his manhood, expresses his personality, his ideas, his philosophy.

THE CHRIST

ABOVE the lonely washing of the tide,
Where sea-gulls wing their way, a pillar stands,
Bearing a Christ with bleeding feet and hands:
A pious artist-fancy crucified.

Time goes; and storms have burst and raged and died;
The noon sun burns; the moonlight's silver bands
Draw coolness; and beyond the silent sands
The restless waves are never pacified.

Against the dazzling sunset's bloody gold;
In silver dawns; for months and years untold;
In happy springtimes, summertimes of flame,

In gentle autumns, winter's rough alarms,
With wasted feet that cold wave-kisses maim,
The stone Redeemer opens his black arms.

By Maurice Donnay. Translated by Roy Temple House

IS OUR ART A BETRAYAL RATHER THAN AN EXPRESSION OF AMERICAN LIFE? BY LOUIS H. SULLIVAN

IT IS futile to seek an understanding of architectural conditions in America without a prior survey of social conditions. For, little as we Americans believe it, social conditions are basic—all else superficial thereto. If, therefore, I were asked to name the one salient, deeply characteristic social condition, which with us underlies everything else as an active factor in determining all other manifestations, I should without the slightest hesitation say *betrayal.* It is so clear that no one can avoid seeing it who does not take express pains to shut his eyes.

That the first and chief desire, drift, fashion, custom, willingness, or whatever you may choose to call it, of the American people, lies in this curiously passionate aptitude for betrayal is, I am aware, a startling statement; but it is nevertheless as startlingly true.

This, therefore, being my thesis, I purpose to develop it briefly but with care, with the end clearly in view and near at hand of showing that a non-betraying architecture can no more be expected of a betraying people than figs can be expected of the proverbial thistle; and that a genuine architecture—that is, an architecture which does not betray but really expresses—can begin to appear only when the American people shall begin to right themselves in their fundamental social position, and seek not to betray each other but to *express* each other. This should seem an elementary and axiomatic statement. But it is not accepted as such by us—for we good and simple Americans have a horror of simplicity and efficiency, just as we practical and sensible Americans, as we like to term ourselves, are the most visionary and impractical of any people on earth.

The proof that we are impractical and super-sentimental lies in the fact which at once confronts us, that we have no social scheme, view, theory or method that is practical, clear and efficient. We are, in fact, mere grown children, and unruly children at that. A really practical and sensible people would seek to understand itself and the conditions essential to its social health and functioning; we do not.

The truth is we are not American in our thought, but Mediæval European. And our civilization is not democratic, as we fondly suppose, but utterly feudal through and through. We have not glimpsed the simple nature of Democracy and there is no hint of such glimpse even in university, college, public school, church, text books or the public press. For the fundamental of Democracy is that *man shall not betray.* This is a truth of such simplicity and force that it

has never occurred to us that it could be real. It is perhaps, therefore, asking too much of us as a people that we develop a sensible and beautifully expressive architecture, germane to ourselves; while we have not even as yet developed a science and art of living.

IT IS a remarkable fact that eighty millions of people, living together as one political aggregation, are without a philosophy—that is, without a real reason for living. The spectacle is startling enough, to be sure; and yet it does not startle us, for we do not see it. We are so busy, foolishly betraying each other, that we see nothing real—not even the betrayal and the folly of it, and our thoughts are so saturated and deeply dyed with old-world feudalism that we do not even see the feudalism and what it means, what its tragedy is in everyday fact. No, we do not see and we do not listen. Now, a people which neither sees nor listens is not practical, and cannot, therefore, be expected to produce a practical and fitting architecture, which architecture must of necessity be based on seeing and listening.

The reason we do not see is simple; *we do not look.* The whole vast spectacle of ourselves is right before our eyes; but we do not look at it. Hence, of course, we do not look at our architecture. The absence of clear vision amongst us is astounding. It follows thus that we are the victims of mountebanks and demagogues of every grade, shade and kind, architectural and otherwise, and everywise. Because we will not be effectively simple, we pay the price of complication and inefficiency, and we do not perceive either the real nature of the complication or the real nature of the price—*because we do not look!*

Were we to look, we would see how extraordinary and how tragic is our betrayal of each other, and to what friction and consequent unhappiness it leads. We would see that the prime evil lies not so much in the betrayal itself as in the basic fact that such betrayal prevents the expression of a people by and for itself; and that social health can come only with expression; that suppression of function always means disease; and disease, in practice, is simply another name for inefficiency.

Now, social inefficiency is in itself a convincing symptom of betrayal; and, *per contra*, efficiency is the requirement for health. And if it be asked, efficiency in what? the answer is clear; efficiency in social expression: that is to say, in the expression of our real lives, our real beliefs, aspirations and hopes as a people; in other words, the real art of living, the true contact with nature and with man, and the true response to such contact.

Between ourselves and nature and our fellow man we now allow

curious fogs, phantasms and abstractions to intervene. On account of these our contact is not clear and our responses are unkind. That is, we are not our real selves, because we suppress ourselves in favor of fantastic traditions which are not ourselves.

A really modern architecture can, of course, come only from a really modern people, And this we are not.

A truly modern people could not betray—would not think of such thing as entertainable.

And this, therefore, is the indictment: that we betray our true selves; that we are not modern.

This, of course, will shock your good American who thinks he is as modern as the clock, and who will be aghast to hear that he has no clear notion of things social.

THE TOUCH OF BEAUTY

WHAT is that magical strange quality
That gives to all the words and ways of you
Something supernal? Others are as true
Expressions of the inner thought, maybe,
But they are prose, and you are poetry.
You merely look at me—and something new
Calls me to give it form, some faint, far clue
Touches me from a world I cannot see.

And sometimes when the beauty is not so high
It overpowers me, I am moved to sing.
But, O Beloved, how mere words belie
The wonder of that half-embodied thing!
It merely brushes me in going by,
But leaves me all alive and quivering.

ELSA BARKER.

NATIONALISM IN OPERA: CHARACTERISTIC RACIAL EXPRESSION OF THE THREE OPERATIC COUNTRIES: BY KATHARINE ROOF

PERA—unacknowledged by the austere devotees of absolute music—designated by them as "hybrid" and "entertainment" rather than art—marks none the less a significant fusion of the arts of drama and music. Wagner speaks of the drama as "raised to the ideal by the influence of music," yet Wagner's theories, passionately rejected at the time, subsequently accepted without reservation by his followers—have proved not to be entirely tenable. That is to say, the result comparatively seldom achieves that apotheosis of the arts that Wagner dreamed, because of the limitations imposed by its constituent elements. For as the possessor of a voice is infrequently a dramatic actor, the assembling of an entire company of singing actors—unlike the gathering together of a first-class orchestra—is almost an impossibility. Also Wagner's theory of the oneness of gesture, speech and musical measure practically demonstrated often fails to accomplish a spontaneous effect. The musical dramatic sense that can achieve it, for one thing, is infrequently allied with the phenomenal voice. It must be a special sense and inborn; even then the scheme of action may be so prescribed as to be artistically hampering.

"Die Meistersinger," however, the opera in which the action is most closely allied with the music, is also the best adapted to the achievement of that effect. Of this opera Wagner said, "Every step, every nod of the head, every gesture of the arms, every opening of the door is musically illustrated." Of the singers of the heroic rôles familiar to this generation Ternina and Gadski have been most successful in achieving Wagner's intention without too literal an adherence to the letter. David Bispham and Albert Reiss both possess the musically dramatic rhythmic sense to a marked degree; also Bresslar-Gianoli, formerly of the Manhattan company, has it, but the production of the effect is a far simpler proposition in her rôles. Mary Garden has it—recall her *Mélisande.* Lina Abarbanell, a former member of the Metropolitan company now in light opera, has it in its subtlest development. Indeed with Abarbanell physical expression seems an actual part of the musical. But these instances are not in the majority, and it is only a few times at most in a season that we can expect the whole to be perfect. Therefore it must be conceded to the exclusive adherents of absolute music that opera is not a perfect musical system as such. Yet with even a proportion of the principals satisfactory, so rich an effect is produced, so over-

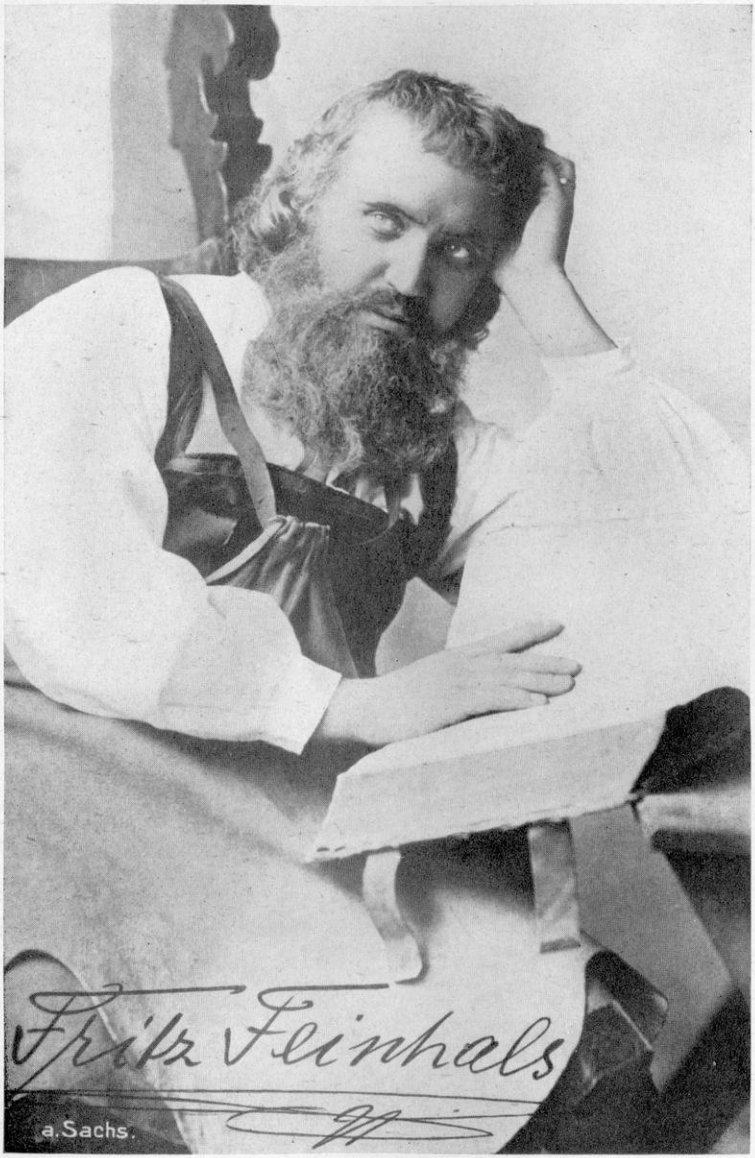
whelming an appeal to the imagination and the æsthetic sense, that it is safe to say this hybrid form of entertainment will survive the disapproval of its critics.

THE three established operatic nations are, of course, Germany, Italy and France—in order of their importance. Yet the Russian composers have produced some operas,—Glinka, Tchaikovsky, Rubenstein, Rimsky-Korsakow and others. The Polish Paderewski has written an opera with a theme of gipsy life. The Bohemian Dvorak composed several operas, and some American and English operas have been written. One, the work of an American composer, has been promised production at the Metropolitan this winter. And no doubt, since the announcement of the offer of a prize and production for the best opera by a native-born American composer, we may expect a great increase in their number.

While there is a wide difference in the character of Latin and Teutonic music, and a very perceptible difference between the French and the Italian, all opera originally started from the same center in Italy. The earliest operas by French and Italian composers did not differ in character—indeed it has been said that French and Italian opera up to the time of Meyerbeer's death was composed by Italians and Germans. Certainly until Gluck's time and after Italian opera fashions dominated the world and the style had deteriorated more and more into that of purely vocal ornamentation. Indeed there is still a large demand for this sort of entertainment (and this is really entertainment rather than music) as is proved by the sale of seats when Melba and Tetrazzini sing. Gluck, who rescued opera art from this flowery decadence, stands in musical history as the first great operatic reformer, the progenitor of modern opera. Yet before the Titan Wagner came upon the stage of the world's musical history Beethoven had written his "Fidelio," the divine Mozart had transfused the simple melodic spirit of Germany into his operatic scores, and poor unappreciated von Weber had wrought into his operas his country's folk songs and the fairyland that dwells invisibly in the atmosphere of Germany's poets, artists and children. We do not hear them in New York, but in Germany, where musical taste is more catholic and universal and people have more reverent memories, von Weber's operas are included in each year's repertoire.

Nationalism in music began in the legitimate (not the hybrid) musical forms, and although it has been a latter-day development, its beginnings were more than a century back, for themes from the national folk songs and dance rhythms are to be found in Haydn's pages

MARY GARDEN AS *Louise* IN CHARPENTIER'S OPERA OF THE PARIS SHOP GIRL.



FRITZ FEINHALS AS *Hans Sachs*
IN "DIE MEISTERSINGER."

JOHANNA GADSKI AS *Eva* IN
"DIE MEISTERSINGER."

BELLA ALTEN AS *Gretel* AND LENA ABARBANELL AS *Hänsel* IN THE OPERA OF "HANSEL AND GRETEL."

as well as in those of Beethoven and Schumann; and Chopin's music is full of Polish and Hungarian color. Dvorak has not only infused something of the characteristic quality of his own country in his compositions, but has also written a New World symphony utilizing the themes of the negro melodies. Tchaikovsky and a number of "young Russians" have developed the folk songs of their country into a national music, and Grieg has immortalized the melodies of Norway. The late Edward MacDowell, America's greatest composer, was, if I am not mistaken, the first to utilize the themes of the American Indian in music. Now a number of young composers—among whom Harvey Loomis ranks as the most distinguished—are making use of the themes of Indian music. In short "local color" (shop-worn banal phrase!) if not nationalism, bids fair to run riot in music.

WHILE opera should in its twofold character of drama and music offer a most effective opportunity for the characteristically national in music, yet it has really been expressed less often in that form than in orchestral composition. There is only one opera among the great musical compositions of the world that would come in this class, and it is in a wide general sense, rather than a literal one that has the national character—I refer, of course, to "Die Meistersinger." There have been operas written, however, embodying to a considerable extent the atmosphere of the country they deal with, although not written by a native composer. When Verdi, the great Italian master of melody, at the turning-point of his career, wrote "Aïda," he studied the ancient melodies of Egypt with the result that, however unrealistic the book of the opera, the music, especially the Nile scene, is fairly saturated with the sense of Egypt. Recall the strange exotic effect in that act of the combination of strings, wood wind and voice! It brings images of the desert, the tropical night and all the mystery and color of that strange land. "Carmen," although fairly realistic in its Spanish effect, does not give a very positively Spanish impression in its music. But Giordano's "Siberia," intended as a dramatization of that terrible country, does succeed in imparting the atmosphere of the subject, especially in the second act. The curtain is raised upon the unspeakably desolate snowswept wastes of Siberia, with wild wailing sounds in the orchestra that might be the fierce whirls of icy winds or the despairing cries of exiles. The prelude, in itself atmospheric, is played in connection with this landscape devoid of figures and action, and if it falls short of expressing the inexpressible tragedy of Siberia, it certainly creates as much effect as the hearer desires—for Siberia is in the realm of things that won't bear thinking about. The dominant

theme in this prelude is a Russian national song. It is by far the most interesting opera of Giordano's that has been heard in America, and in spite of the fact that the leading rôle was sung by a soprano with an antipathy to the pitch, a most excellent performance was given at the Manhattan last season. Eugen d'Albert's opera "Tiefland," recently produced at the Metropolitan, is a characteristic drama dealing with the peasants of the Spanish mountains, somewhat similar to "Cavalleria Rusticana." The music is in the modern Wagnerian style and dramatically descriptive of the story.

While Verdi's "Otello" is probably the most beautiful of the modern Italian operas, Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" is perhaps the most characteristically national—most characteristic, that is, in the combination of music and story, for it is of course lower in the artistic scale than the master works of Verdi and the finished art products of Puccini. The music is typically Italian in that it resembles the songs of the people rather than the exaggerated coloratura effects of the preceding musical generation. Without employing, as Puccini does, the Wagnerian leading motives, it is nevertheless a result of the influence of the Wagnerian ideal which caused dramatic melodic opera to replace the vocally pyrotechnic in Italy. The story is a typical, hot-blooded Italian incident,—a girl whose lover has tired of her through her jealousy brings about a duel in which he is killed. The action is intense, moving inevitably to its tragic climax and furnishes as simple a dramatic opportunity for the characters as a play. I suppose Emma Calvé more than any other artist is associated in the mind of the American public with the role of *Santuzza*, although it seems to me that the most moving and artistic interpretations have been given by Ternina and Gadski. Emmy Destinn, a Bohemian singer somewhat of the Calvé type, now in the Metropolitan company, made her first appearance in Berlin in this rôle, and was engaged there upon the strength of her success.

IN FRANCE a characteristically national quality is discernible in the composers of opera from the time of Herold (eighteenth to nineteenth century) to the present period of Massenet, Debussy, Charpentier and the French Wagnerite, Bruneau, including Bizet, Gounod, Delibes, Thomas and the great Berlioz—who did not however exert a very great influence upon the history of opera. Among them all, it remained for Charpentier in this decade to produce in "Louise" the most characteristically national opera of France. Bruneau, it is true, had put Zola to music,—hollow Wagnerian shapes of music seemingly with little substance or invention, but "Louise" if not a national expression of France is a true dramatiza-

tion in story and music of the sociology of Paris. It is a little stronger dramatically than musically perhaps. The modern French tendency seems more toward the theatric than the musical side of opera—but it is a vigorous work. We are told that Paris is not France, yet it is futile to deny that Paris is a concentration, an epitome, of the conditions of the country, even if the shadows are more strongly marked there than in the provinces. "Louise" is a story of the working girl of Paris—not an "exposure" of the evils of the situation, for the French artist does not preach, he reflects. The drama of consequences is, however, sufficiently clear for the spectator eager for the moral—the lamentable consequences attendant upon the French marriage laws and the conditions of life among the working classes. It is interesting to note that while the uninformed sentimentalist about Paris passionately contends that *Louise* is not typical, the Paris working girl herself, far from resenting the portrait, has made an idol of Charpentier and a special performance is given each season at the Opéra Comique for these girls.

Louise is a sewing girl whose lover, an artist and a Montmartre Bohemian, is disapproved of by her parents. She is in love with the artist and perhaps more in love with the joy of living; yet under the French law marriage is not possible without the parents' consent. So finally yielding to her lover's entreaties, she goes off with him to live the gay Bohemian life of Montmartre. She returns to her home when her mother brings news of her father's illness, but in the end is goaded to revolt by her father's reproaches and her mother's taunts. "*Ce qu'il appelle l'amour libre, il n'a qu'un but equiver le mariage,*" the mother says. *Louise* raves of her lover and of the joys of Bohemia, then in an outburst of despairing anger her father drives her from the house, and she goes out to the beckoning lights of Paris. He calls her back, but it is too late. A squalid tragedy perhaps, but real,—the pleasure-loving girl, the termagant mother with her ideal of respectability, which however is associated in the girl's mind only with ugliness and sharp words; the futile loving father, the inability of both parents to understand that the girl is an individual who must live her own life, and the inevitable result,—the girl, refused legitimate happiness, drawn by spell of life and love—making away from the dreary home of disputes and quarrels. *Louise* may not be an elevated type, but she is a true one, as indeed are all the characters in the drama, and they all make their appeal to the sympathy, for all are only victims of their social order, even the mother seeking with the ill-advised weapon of a bitter tongue to bring about the result that seems best to her mother heart; *Louise*, after all, only craving the rights of her youth, however spiritually

unenlightened she may seem to the idealist. Many sympathizers in the American audience—judging by the comments one hears about one—think of *Louise* at the end as withheld from the arms of a loving husband by a bad-tempered mother and a selfish father, and sympathetically rejoice when she escapes, with what they apparently conceive to be that popular sentiment of melodrama—"My place is by my husband!" Although a beautifully-gowned woman behind me, recording audibly all the doings on the stage, did placidly comment, "Drunk with sin," as *Louise* raved of Paris, life and love. Well—after all, both of these misapprehensions—each characteristic in its way of the naïve majority in our audiences—do no harm and in this case at least they go to prove the cheering fact that the situation of the working girl in America is happier than that of her sisters in Paris.

The music of "Louise," while constructed according to the Wagnerian scheme of orchestration, does not employ to any extent his system of leading motives but aims rather at atmospheric effect. The Paris street cries are worked into the harmonic design in a most effective scene upon the heights of Montmartre. And while it seems as if something more vividly interesting might have been done along this line—for the intervals of some of the Paris cries are eerie in their strangeness—it succeeds in being both picturesque and virile.

Mary Garden has observed the type of the Paris working girl and reproduced it. Individuals undiscerning of type and only superficially observant of Paris, may explain to you that details of her make-up and impersonation are not realistic, but anyone who has happened to observe the type knows that it *is* realistic, the only difference being that the typical French girl is a far less attractive person than Mary Garden's *Louise*. It is true that the part of *Louise*, unlike *Mélisande*, demands more voice than Mary Garden has to give, nevertheless her performance from the dramatic standpoint disarms criticism. Gilibert gave a wonderful portrait of the father,—a typical French father of that class, with something of a woman's tenderness for his children, tyrannized over by the typical French wife of that class,—masculine, abusive, dominant, forceful. Nothing superior to Bresslar-Gianoli's impersonation of this mother has been given here in the operatic drama. No beautiful young mother with prematurely silvered locks and a face untouched by years such as we are familiar with in the operatic mothers of Gerville-Reache, but a harsh, unlovely, untidy old French *ouvrière*. Through long periods of silence she lives and moves in the story, with all the effectiveness of speech.

Another French opera to be given at the Manhattan this season, "Le Jongleur de Nôtre Dame," by Massenet, while of less musical significance than "Louise," reveals in its touching story the most

delicate and charming qualities of the French mind. Too much must not be expected of the music, for Massenet at his best achieves little more than drawing room excellence. He is smooth, saccharine, spirited sometimes, sometimes passionate—as a lover might whisper in his lady's ear behind her lace fan. He never touches the depths. The story of this opera is of a little juggler who becomes a monk, and being sorrowful because he has no gifts or talents like the other monks to offer to the Virgin, is found playing his tricks before her shrine in the cathedral. An exquisite little fancy and very French in the sense that we use the word when we mean to praise. The opera was originally written without a woman in the cast, but the music of the title rôle has been rearranged for a woman's voice, so that Mary Garden can play the part. When a master transfuses into music some such theme as this we will have an example of a more admirable phase of French life to stand beside "Louise" as a typically French opera. Yet "Louise" is the more, not the less, interesting for its realism. It is not an idealized working girl (the ideal of the general public in America) that we crave, but rather some more ideal expression of the French genius. Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" is as ethereal and as poetic a thing as one could imagine—such stuff as dreams are made of—but it could hardly be called typically French in either subject or musical treatment, in spite of some characteristically French mannerisms in the score.

IT IS not surprising that Germany, the country that has given the greatest musicians to the world, should have produced the greatest national opera. Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" is not only an expression of the very essence of Germany and of all that is most simple and lovable in the German character, it is one of the world's greatest musical compositions, an epoch-making work of genius, of which it has been said that the score contains enough new things in musical invention to furnish ideas for an entire musical generation. A comic opera, Wagner called it,—a lesson, certainly, as to what comic opera may be. To be sure, the desire to write a "Die Meistersinger" is not all that is required in order to accomplish it, but Wagner has proved that comedy may inspire as true an art in music as tragedy. It is seldom that the world's laughter has been the theme of the composers. The great operas have been concerned principally with bloodshed and tears, or in their more cheerful subjects with the poetic or fantastic. Mozart's "Magic Flute" and "Figaro" are exceptions, but in both cases the humor is confined to the music. "Die Meistersinger" has its deep human truths, yet laughter predominates, even if sometimes it is on the edge of tears. The delicious humor of

music and dialogue, the irresistible play of beauty, is over the surface of depths. For the whole pageant of the life of the people is in this opera, concentratedly expressed in that tremendous march of the guilds in the last act. "Die Meistersinger" is concerned with that picturesque period in Germany when the arts of poetry and song were taken up by the artisans,—the goldsmiths, the cobblers, tailors, weavers, shoemakers. It is rich, Mediæval, full of the color of the life of the free cities with their guilds and master workers; yet it is not only Mediæval, it is humanity, the humanity of today. It is Nürnberg, but it is also the soul of Germany; and all that is finest in the national character is embodied in the beautiful and touching figure of one man, Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, a simple man, yet with the vision of the poet. "Thoroughly German is my Hans Sachs," said Wagner of his own creation—although a real Hans Sachs lived and worked and wrote and was beloved and died in Nürnberg,—indeed all the names of the master singers are those of real men, master workers of Nürnberg. "Die Meistersinger" is an allegorical expression of the necessity to break away from artificial musical forms and receive the lesson of nature in order to achieve true beauty. It is a fable for critics who cannot see the jewel at their feet, yet it parodies the world at large as well as Germany in dramatizing this tendency to be blind to the revelation of genius while genius lives.

Beckmesser is often made up in a caricature semblance of Meyerbeer, the facile Hebrew who wrote for his generation and won his tribute from it. Yet the character stands rather as Wagner's humorously satirical perception of his critics and of Meyerbeerism in music, than as a caricature of the German-Hebrew composer of French opera. "Take as your model any captious critic," he wrote to a singer about to learn the rôle. But when the music of Meyerbeer is forgotten his memory will survive in Wagner's immortal caricature—oh, irony of time! for was there ever more irresistible caricature written in words or music than the parody of the soulless Italian trills and roulades in *Beckmesser's* song! Then on the other side recall the inevitable evolution of *Walther's* song, the song of nature, that opened the ears of *Hans Sachs* to the possibilities of music. "When the fields were free from the frost in the woodland . . . there I learned my song," *Walther* replies when questioned as to the origin of his music. And when he is preparing for the prize contest of song in which he hopes to win *Eva*, the goldsmith's daughter whom he loves, and *Beckmesser*, his rival, cries harshly, "Begin!" *Walther*, breaking into a flood of divine melody, repeats "Begin! So cries the spring in the wood——" And in *Hans Sachs*' conclusion when he

recalls afterward the wonderful music,—"He sang because he must" —lies the simple explanation of all genius. It is difficult to avoid hyperbole in recalling the music of "Die Meistersinger,"—the delicious gaiety of the *Johannistag* round, the beautiful choral at the beginning of the opera, the music of *Hans Sachs'* reminiscence of *Walther's* song, as he leans out of his window at the close of his day's work, into the elder-scented night—and the perfume of the flowers is in the music ;—then the exquisite love music of *Walther* and *Eva*, the famous quintet, the greatest quintet ever written; the touching little legend that *David* sings, "*Am Jordan Sankt Johannes stand*"; then the humorous weaving in of the cobbler's tapping on his shoe with *Beckmesser's* absurd serenade, perhaps the most delectable bit of comedy in the world of music. Again, the tremendous polyphonic marvel of the scene of the street riot, and the picture of it, all the little apprehensive curious candles appearing at the high windows of the narrow street, then when the trouble is over the disappearing of the lights one by one, and the figure of the watchman coming around the dark corner from among the shadows of the houses with his cry, "Praise the Lord of Heaven," then the long note of his ox horn fading into the distance. Wagner insisted that it should be a real ox horn in G flat for its tone color is peculiar and blends in indescribable beauty with the soft harmonies of the close when the moonlight steals into the little street.

New Yorkers are fortunate in having beautiful memories of "Die Meistersinger" and some that are present privileges as well. The *Hans Sachs* of Emil Fischer is likely to stand always as the real *Hans Sachs* for those who remember it, even if that memory is an immature one. Van Rooy's *Hans Sachs* has many admirers, but it lacks the Teutonic flavor and his voice has many disagreeable tones. Also he does not suggest the type which is large, benignant, poetic, tender. It is an intelligent, but never an inspired performance. Fritz Feinhals of Munich, who will sing the part this year, has a fine voice and it seems safe to expect a satisfactory impersonation of the character from him—after all it should be sung by a German. With Gadski as *Eva*, Schumann-Heink as *Magdalene*,—such a warm concentrated humor as she infused into that short part—Reiss as *David*, and several excellent *Beckmessers*, we have been exceptionally fortunate in the cast of this opera. *Walther* has been a changing quantity; the best impersonation vocally, at least of recent years, is that of Heinrich Knote. No one ever can or will be more essentially *Eva* in voice or personality than Johanna Gadski—it was, by the way, the first part she sang in America. She has all the sweet human spontaneous young German quality of the part. The *David* of Reiss is a

work of art, deliciously funny, yet touching, too, as he stands before his beloved master to sing his song, the St. John's legend of Nürnberg, and receives his freedom. It is a scene that can bring tears to the eyes—not the tears of sentimentality of which we may be sometimes shamefacedly guilty in the theater—but of a direct, simple human appeal that goes to the heart. The same appeal is in Gadski's voice as she gives her cry of joy at the sight of *Walther*. All the thrill and passionate self-oblivion of young love is in it.

The *Beckmesser* of David Bispham was a study. He looked like an Abbey picture—for Mr. Bispham is more than one kind of an artist—and it was inimitable in the humor of all the small touches. Goritz gives a lustier, perhaps a grosser, interpretation, but it is amusing and convincing and leaves one without the impulse to criticize.

THERE is another opera too essentially Teutonic to be passed over without mention,—the fairy story opera of Humperdinck, "Hänsel und Gretel." It is only the old folk tale familiar to every German, for they have all grown up with it in the nursery, but it is set to the most exquisite descriptive and characteristic music. There is the cruel stepmother, and the wicked old witch who steals children in order to bake them into cakes, and who is baked into gingerbread in her own oven in the end—and we were all so afraid we would not have the satisfaction of seeing that gingerbread effigy come out of the oven! And how eminently satisfying to the childish, not to say grown up, sense of justice is the nemesis of that conclusion! It has the inevitableness of the Greek drama! Louise Homer, who disguises her wholesome beauty under the guise of the horrid witch, always refused to come before the curtain after this catastrophe. But a friend who was escorting the singer's small son to a children's matinee of the opera, feeling apprehensive lest the child should burst into tears at the thought of his beloved mother converted into gingerbread, persuaded her to come out at the conclusion of the opera. But instead of feeling reassured by the sight, he exclaimed, "Why does she come out when she was all burnt up?" "You see," his mother said afterward, "he knew better than we did," and she never afterward came out at the close of that act.

The performance of "Hänsel und Gretel," given the year of its first production at the Metropolitan, was beyond criticism. Goritz as the father, and even Marion Weed as the mother, were both entirely in the picture, while Mme. Homer's witch was the most convincingly wicked witch conceivable. And the *Hänsel* and *Gretel* of Bella Alten and Lina Abarbanell had all the freshness and the naïveté of childhood; the result, no doubt, of the temperamental

child-likeness and simplicity of the two young artists. They were real German children wandering in a fairy wood, and presented such an illusion of childhood as is scarcely ever achieved on the stage. Bella Alten as the good little girl, Abarbanell a real little boy—not a girl in masquerade—half material little *Bube*, half fairyland elf blowing about the wood picking flowers and eating berries. The delicious little duet sung by the two children as they sweep the hearth is one of the many musical episodes that linger in the memory. And the scene in the wood when the angels descend to guard the sleeping children is one of tender and appealing beauty. It is more than a pity that neither Bella Alten nor Lina Abarbanell are in the company now to play these parts. Miss Matfield, who took Abarbanell's place the second year, was a most colorless and inadequate *Hänsel*, neither childish nor boyish.

A fairy story, a children's opera, one might think perhaps, not having heard it. Yet it is a musical work of genius, full of the indescribable spell of childhood and fairyland. Neither is it in any sense imitative musically, although it is built upon the modern Wagnerian plan. Another opera of the same type by the same composer,—"The Children of the King," is to be given at the Metropolitan this winter.

To conclude—the question of nationalism in opera is the same as the question of type in all art. It becomes art when it is first of all music and drama, and after that national opera.

RICHES

POOR is the man that seeds his fallow soil
With heavy over-yields of grain and grass,
And never rests a moment in his toil
To smile upon the abundance that he has.

But rich is he, that having naught of gold,
Nor roods of tilth, nor power nor priceless gem,
Yet has them all—if his the gift to hold
A happy heart that never covets them!

ALOYSIUS COLL.

THE GREAT MAN: A STORY: BY GEORGE MIDDLETON

THE crape on the bell reassured him. Just at the moment his mother had 'phoned he had been so very much occupied with his own thoughts that he feared he might have incorrectly copied the street number on his blotting-pad while promising mechanically to go to the funeral. Only the fact of his old nurse's death and the necessity of going within the hour had pierced his mind, and he had fortunately hooked up the receiver before his sweet-voiced mother could detect his anger. Since illness had prevented her from going herself, he would not for worlds have hurt her by refusing, and then somebody simply had to go. None the less he had been extremely vexed.

It had been the one time when he desired nothing external to turn aside, even temporarily, his determination; he had suspected its strength. For nights he had been struggling with himself, but now that he had made up his mind to do the "thing," and had been expecting "them" at any moment for his final answer, he had not wanted the slightest slanting incident to interfere. It was true some people might have thought it a dishonest thing, and so had he at first; but as he had examined it more closely in the light of its real advantages to him, he had accused himself of overnice quibbling. Besides, it would make certain his reëlection, and once back in Washington, he would continue to do as much good as ever for his constituents. It had not been for himself, then, that he had resolved to do the wrong—if that were the word. But he had not been anxious, either, to linger with his state of mind; it made him strangely uncomfortable; and though he was positive it was not his conscience which bothered him, he had been convinced he would be more at ease once his determination had been translated into the visible action. Then there would be no retreat; that would force him to look only ahead. Still, in spite of all this, it was possible "they" might be a trifle late in arriving, and perhaps he would not be over long either. So glancing at his watch he had left his study quickly, seeing he had barely time to cross the Bridge before the service would begin.

As his machine had begun to nose inquiringly amid the crooked streets the fear that he might not find the number after all had gradually distracted his mind from the "thing." Suddenly remembering he had brought no flowers, he stopped before a small unostentatious shop with wire molds and animated mottoes bulging in the window. At his request the old florist had immediately begun, with twisted nail-nipped fingers, to sort the frail white flowers of grief. He had started to sound the florist about the political situation in that

district, but was shocked at his lack of interest in a thing so vital. He had been a bit hurt also that the old man had not recognized him. Even though he had thrown out pointed hints about the many events already in his young career, and even though he had suggested discreetly that he was the coming man, still, unimpressed and disinterested, the weak-eyed storekeeper whose life lay amid flowers and not in the world of big events, had only mounted the delicate blossoms into a long plaintive sheath. He questioned whether the recent hard times had depressed the business of flower selling, but the old man only answered that people always bought flowers; they were the language of joy and of sorrow, of greeting and of parting, of life and of death. He had instinctively been glad to leave the shop. He hated the sentimentalist,—people who maundered in emotion and never did anything—as he did.

When he had discovered the crape on the bell he had breathed a sigh of relief, and left his machine. Now as he pressed through the calicoed and ginghamed children, who, clustered about the door which hid the event, were staring at him in open-eyed interest and thumb-mouthed wonder, it struck him how kind it was of him to go to all this bother over his old nurse. She could never know what he was doing, but it was a pretty bit of devotion to her memory, and then perhaps some reporter might learn of the episode. So as he walked up the red-carpeted steps, he stifled the last bit of remaining anger at its interruption in his scheme of things.

They greeted him at the head of the stairs; somebody must have told the others who he was, for he immediately saw they were correctly effusive. They took his hat and the flowers which were such damp and drippy things to hold. They ushered him into the front room. There were no shutters on the windows; the half-lowered shades were white and made no attempt to keep out either the light or the puffy summer breeze. As he was led ceremoniously to the place where she lay so quietly, he wondered whether the children in the street were dancing now to the organ which was incongruously grinding out its jigging tunes. Someone lifted the covering with a touch of pride, he thought—for it was all their own. He looked at her through the well-polished glass. She had changed.

He was glad when he could sit in the large imposing chair near the corner to wait for the service to begin. He should like to have been left entirely alone with his emotions, for he felt them adapting themselves nicely to the situation; but the family would buzz about him and formally present their friends. They were all in black and for the first time he realized he had not changed his suit, as he should have, of course. It did seem a little out of keeping that under the

circumstances he should be the obvious center of attraction, but he had long since learned to accept attention and he supposed that would always be his lot. There were only a few, however, seven or eight, to be precise, besides the family, and he thought of the family. There was the daughter, and the son and the daughter's husband—that was all. Only three who really belonged there.

The thin-lipped daughter sat beside him at first and told with infinite detail of her mother's last few days, of how often she had thought of him and of his mother and of her long years in his family. He dimly began to see he had meant something to the old nurse—and he was glad he regretted for a moment that he had resented coming. Her son came up, too, and greeted him with a firm grip. He liked the keen eager eyes and the aggressive point to his chin, but he was surprised to see in neither one of her children the slightest trace of the humbleness of their origin. He had remembered the nurse had been common—the face of the nurse, he meant, as he had known it in the past. She had never used the most correct grammar, and she had never actually learned to read or write. But her children had. He recalled from the scraps his mother had told him at odd times in his relaxed tolerating moments, of their progress and their success in the world. He could see, too, very clearly, from their speech and manner, they were quite different from the mother. He could not help recording these things, as he was saying appropriate words of sympathy and impatiently awaiting the minister.

The minister came after a time and as he saw the white-surpliced man standing in the doorway hesitating, he vaguely felt the rivalship in the attention the others would give. A frail sallow-faced woman with deep-set nervous eyes passed about some prayer books, and he took one, which opened ironically enough at the baptismal service. He would have liked to have moralized over this, but the minister had entered the room, and had begun to read in a sing-song voice. Somehow the voice was different from what he had expected; it did not seem to fit the much-lined bad-toothed countenance. It was also without spontaneity—its quaverings were so automatic. It jerked along like the phonographic needle rising and falling on the wax record. He tried to pay attention, but his mind would wander; besides, he never liked to hear other people talk.

He began to take in the room. It did not fit in with his preconceived idea, either. It was so clean and measured. Save for the slight rumple on the rug where the minister was standing and a gaping tear in the orange wall-paper above the mantel everything was in order. The pictures on the wall lacked some uniformity, but one of them at least, an engraving, showed taste; it was a Venus de Milo.

He smiled to himself that they should own that common picture. But then, as his mind slipped on, he remembered he himself had sent it as a wedding present to the daughter. There was a silent haunched piano in the corner, too, near some camp-chairs which yawned emptily, and he asked himself who it was that played.

And then his mind was startled. Far in the alcove he saw a folding bed—a nice, open bed with brass designs and an inviting top. The past swooped down on him, for it was the bed he had tossed in as a young man. His mother must have given it to the old nurse when the home had been broken up after his marriage. Yes, it was the same faithful bed—perhaps it was the one in which the sick woman herself had lain. He did not like to think that; it grated his social sense. Yet near it, too, he recognized the odd low caned-back chair in which he had so often lolled and dreamed of his future greatness. It seemed a trifle different; it had been recolored, and the cushions were of cheaper grade, but he could not mistake its peculiar attitude. It brought things back, and as he slowly removed the veils of his past few tumultuous years, the sharp outline of that younger man strode forth. He had affectionate regard for that younger man, almost as he would have for a younger brother. For he was so honest and upright. Not that he had ever changed, oh, no,—only life had brought so many problems—the soft fuzz had had to go and knowledge itself had dulled the thin edges.

Gradually, as he also allowed a warmth of pathos to creep into his soul and he let the reserves and defences, the strains and tensions of the older man melt away, his little hand once again trustingly sought the old nurse, and he walked with her gently through the sunny days of the long ago. How good she had always been to him! How she must have loved him! He realized that now, and he was not ashamed to acknowledge it gladly to himself. When his parents had gone away she had tended him herself for weeks at a time, guiding his scattered impulses, admonishing his inquiring tendencies. Small fragments of the forgotten danced before him; the holes in his long stockings which she would always mend, the secret slices of sugared bread she would give him after school, the cup of cold water his hot lips would cry for in the night. As he looked back he saw there had been a note of love, not the metallic return of bought service.

And later when he had grown beyond her need and she had still lingered in the old home in one capacity or another, because there was always something she alone could do, even then he would talk with her and confide his little secrets of battle or sentiment. In all the years he had never heard her complain, never consciously rebel

against the many bleeding things life had brought her—the drunken husband, or the two fatherless children and the old crippled mother she had cared for. She had managed to do it somehow, as she had managed to do everything.

Once after her mother had mercifully died, he remembered seeing her smiling with satisfaction before a pile of bank-notes which her foresight had gained from the insurance she had held on her mother's life. Now as he minutely recalled, he had detected, too, the unconscious, unknowing sadness back of the smile, the tired lines that were drooping her forehead and the growing stoop to her shoulders. It was strange that he should be thinking of that. Then illness had come—incessant operations, and completely useless, she had had to leave after so many years. She had evidently gone to her daughter. Quite often, however, she would come over to see his mother. She had been lonely apparently, and he wondered for a second whether his mother had been lonely, too, since he had left her.

A sniffling sob repointed his attention. They were making responses from the black books. He searched out one woman who seemed to lead the rest. Her answers were quick and ready, almost chopping the minister's questions. It was her trifle perfunctory manner which suggested that she must be the minister's wife. She was helping things along amid the diffidence of those to whom grief of this sort was an occasion and not a habit.

He found himself singularly acute to all impressions. He objected to movement of any sort; the flapping of a window shade bothered him, and the regular beat of the wife's fan. The entrance of the frock-coated assistant with a thin glass tube disturbed his mood frightfully. There was apparently to be no service at the grave, for he noticed the minister sprinkling earth over the casket—he wondered where they got that earth. It floated in an irregular pool on the blackness and some irreverent flies settled to investigate. Then he observed for the first time that the casket did not have silver handles. He had always thought they all had silver handles, but these were dull, resentful, leaden strips, narrow, though strong.

Near it were four pathetic masses of flowers. He counted them; his was the freshest. The others had visiting cards savagely clinging and proclaiming their sympathy. He tried to read what was written on them. Four friends who remembered and eight or nine more who were sitting listening to the service trailing off. He could not grasp the pathos of it. He suspected it was supreme pathos. This woman had touched so few in her life. And now at the end, in the little clean flat on the fifth floor she was lying amid the fragrance of four bunches of flowers. Vaguely he felt the existence of some-

thing unvoiced, something bigger than even his fine mind had grasped. But he knew his emotions were moved as they never had been before.

He had sat there for some time before he saw the service was over. The others were waiting for him to leave first. He rose and went out into the hall. They gave him his hat. He missed the flowers he had brought with him. They thanked him for coming. It was a great compliment. It was then the daughter proudly brought up her husband in whose flat he had been. He felt the fineness of the man; he started to feel he must do something for him, yet he resented just a trifle the equality with which he was greeted. Her husband did not seem to feel the difference in their stations.

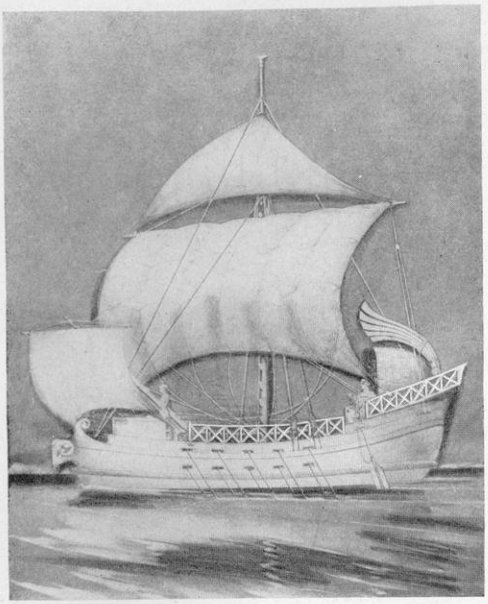
As he started down the stairs he saw this last incident had suggested the answer to the old nurse's life. This was the thing for which he had been groping. He did not try to descend quickly. He was alone, too, with his thoughts. They were very sacred to him at that moment. He understood now a great many things. He saw the simple eloquence of her life. This simple woman, following no impulse but the unquestioning one of her womanhood, with everything against her, had done her part grandly in the world. She had faced all the jagged facts of life with dignity, with sweetness and with beauty. She had brought up a son to stand alone, clear-eyed and unafraid. She had raised a daughter to goodness and virtue. She had married her daughter to a man with a firm grip, a man who acknowledged no superior, who felt himself the equal of the best. There was the proof of greatness before him, the son and the daughter. They were the reason of her life,—the answer to it all. She had reached greatness higher than most men who mold events and move nations. Clearly he recalled all the silent signs of her honesty, the unconsciously spoken words of uprightness she had brought to him as he had sat in the little odd low caned chair. Yes, she had touched his life, too, she had helped in the making of a great man, she had been an influence. He would never forget her, never! He was glad he had come. And she lay upstairs with only four bunches of flowers.

He found himself seated in the machine. He saw the children scrambling to close the door. Then its slam aroused him. The chauffeur was awaiting the word. He told him to drive home. The machine jerked him away from the door, and as it passed the old florist shop with its animated mottoes and wire molds he smiled at the old sentimentalist within who maundered in emotion. The machine seemed to be going very slowly; he leaned forward and ordered the chauffeur to hurry. He did not desire to be late. Besides since he had made up his mind to do the "thing," he wanted to get it off his mind.

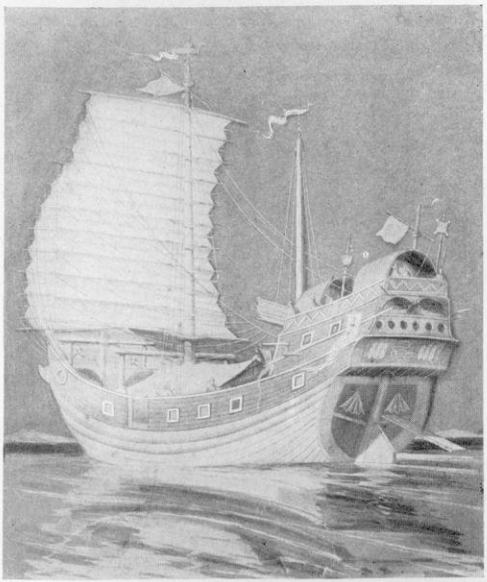
THE SHIPS OF ALL AGES IN F. D. MILLET'S MURAL DECORATIONS IN THE BALTIMORE CUSTOM HOUSE: BY LEILA MECHLIN

R. F. D. MILLET, in his recent decorations in the Baltimore Custom House, has avoided the conventional allegorical themes and employed instead a complete representation of the ships of the world from about one thousand B. C. up to the present time ; these he has set forth with artistic feeling and historical accuracy. A record has been made in the simplest language and the most straightforward manner, which, presupposing the permanency of the medium, must prove of value to succeeding generations, but it has been made primarily to serve a subordinate object by lending dignity and beauty to the room in which it has been placed. Furthermore, these decorations manifest inherently that they were designed for a particular purpose and not merely fitted to a chance need. They obviously belong where they are, and could no more be removed and replaced without loss of effect than, let us say, the walls and ceiling whereon they are set forth. And of how few mural paintings can this truly be said! Of Puvis de Chavannes' beautiful paintings in the Pantheon, in Paris, to be sure; but, as we all know, they are brilliant exceptions. The great trouble has been that the majority of modern mural paintings have been merely pictorial canvases fastened to a wall, and that painters and architects generally have not sufficiently appreciated the interdependence of their arts. This may explain a good many things,—why, for instance, we have today, comparatively, so little good architectural sculpture, as well as so few really noteworthy mural paintings; and, to a great extent, why the decorations in the Custom House at Baltimore are so eminently successful.

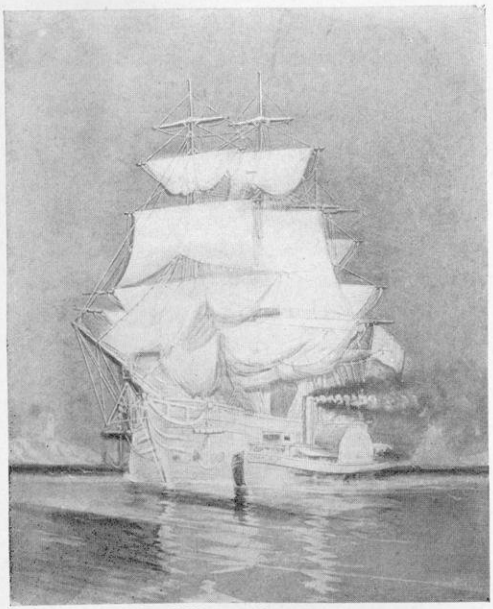
It was the architects of the Custom House—Messrs. Hornblower and Marshall—who gave Mr. Millet the commission for this work, and it was in order to have the benefit of their suggestion that he took a studio in Washington and executed the paintings there. In other words, in this case, the architects and the painter worked together, respecting each others' prerogatives, but striving for the same end. In this way Mr. Millet was able to comprehend the spirit of the building which he was asked to adorn, and found it possible to take up and carry on the work from the point where the architects had left it to completion. This was, of course, a tremendous factor in his favor, but that he recognized its importance, and made excellent use of it, is, at the same time, worth noting. And what is still more, it should be known, that Mr. Millet was not simply asked to design and



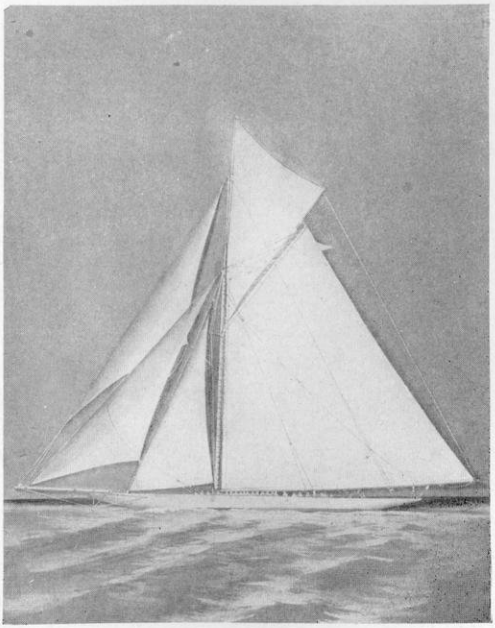
A ROMAN GALLEY.



A CHINESE JUNK.

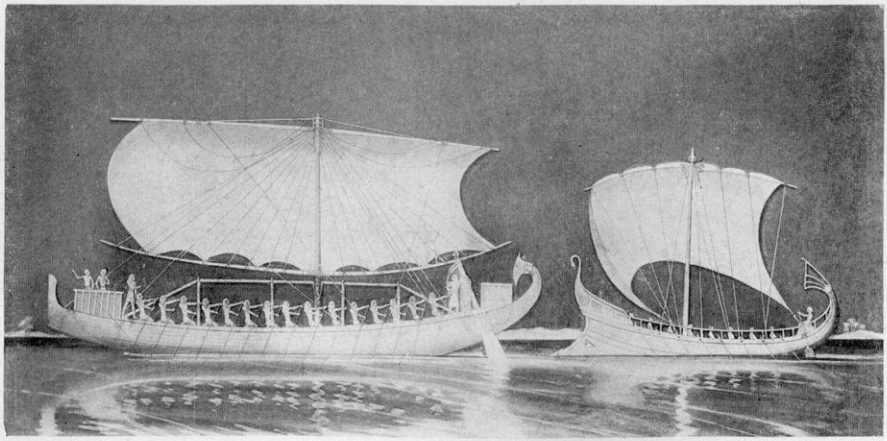


A LIVERPOOL PACKET.

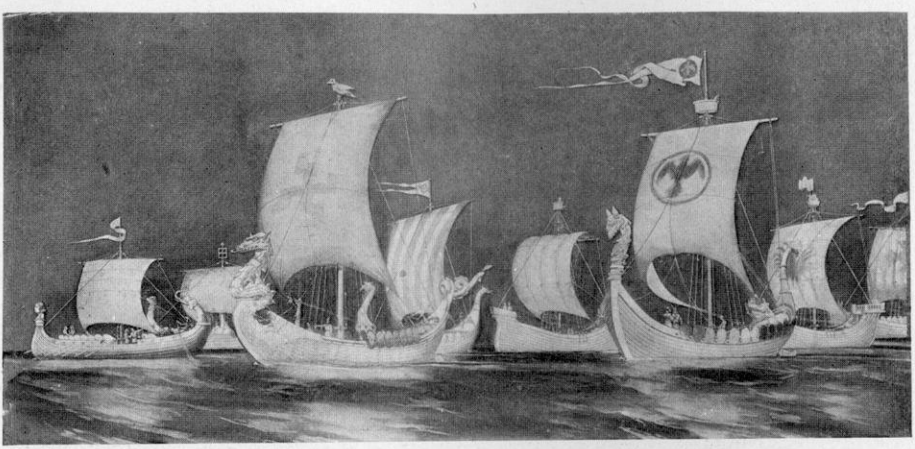


THE RELIANCE.

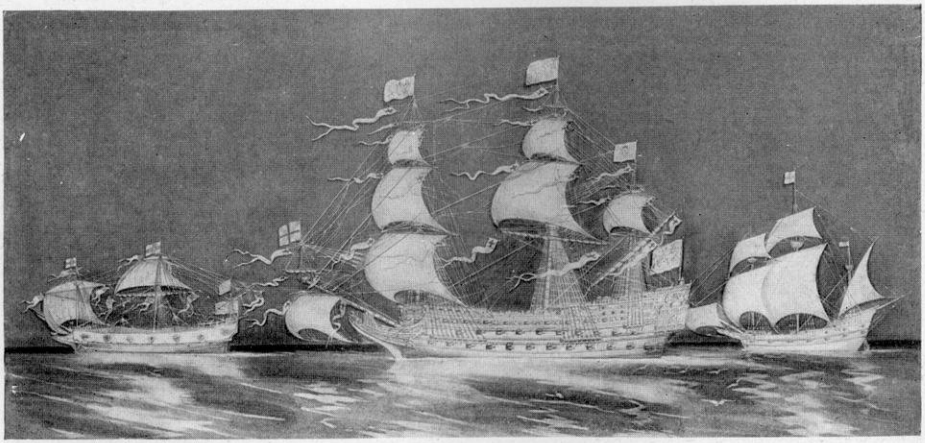
PANELS IN THE COVE FRIEZE OF THE BALTIMORE CUSTOM HOUSE: DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY F. D. MILLET.



EGYPTIAN AND GREEK GALLEYS SIXTEEN HUNDRED B. C. : THREE HUNDRED B. C.

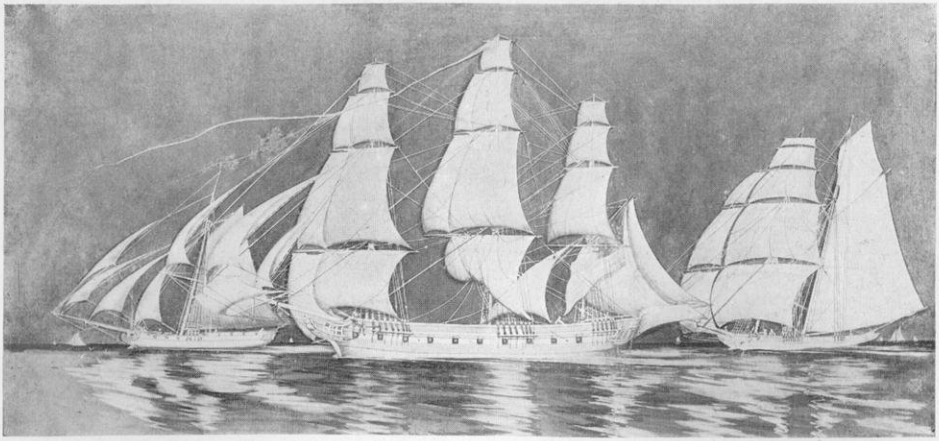


SAXON, DANISH AND NORMAN VESSELS: FOURTH TO TENTH CENTURIES.

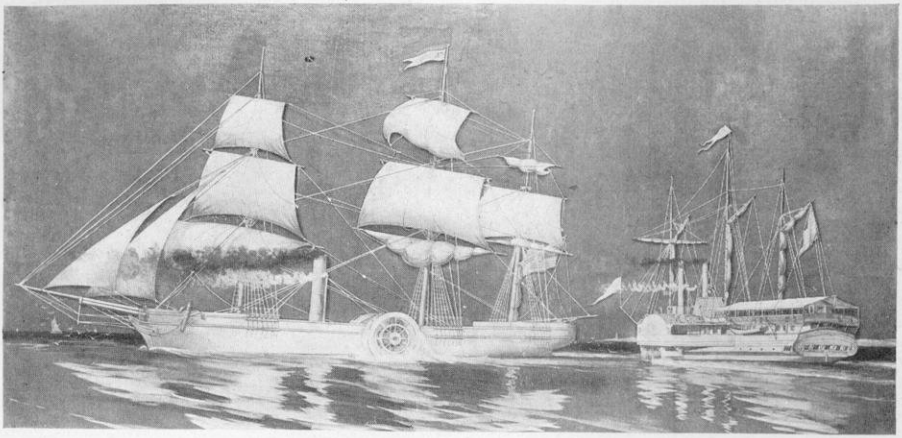


ENGLISH WAR VESSELS OF SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

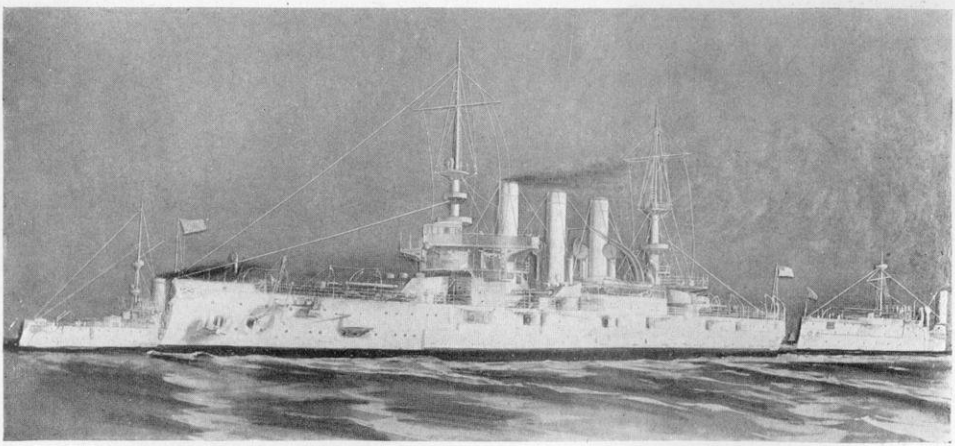
THREE PANELS FROM THE COVE, THE LARGEST AND MOST IMPORTANT DECORATION.



AMERICAN WAR SHIPS: LATTER PART OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

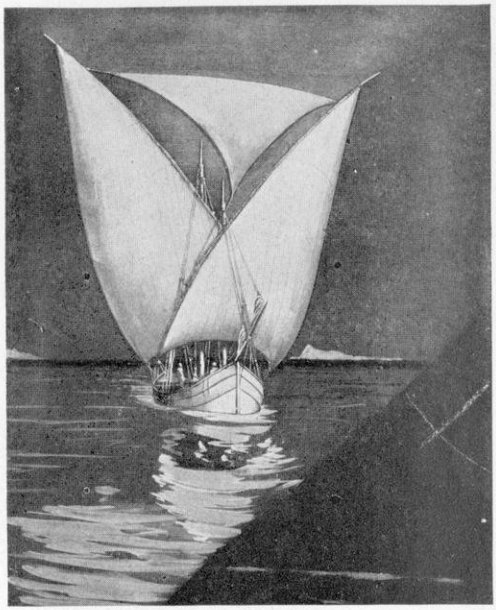


AMERICAN WAR VESSELS OF THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY.

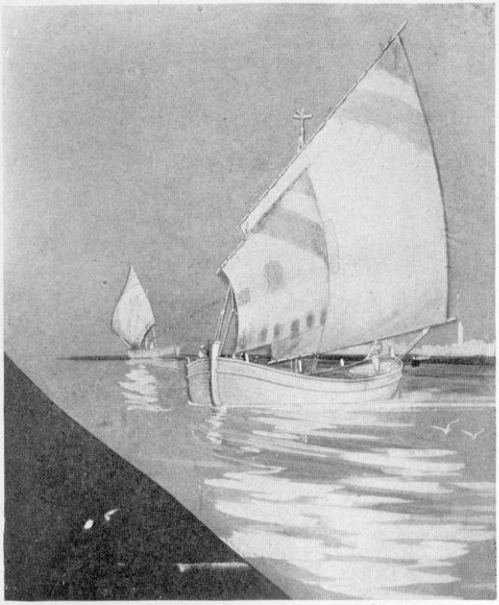


MODERN UNITED STATES WAR SHIPS.

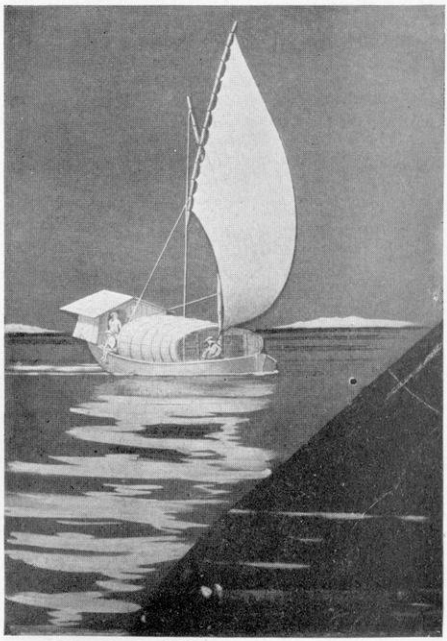
ADDITIONAL PANELS FROM THE COVE: AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL SEQUENCE.



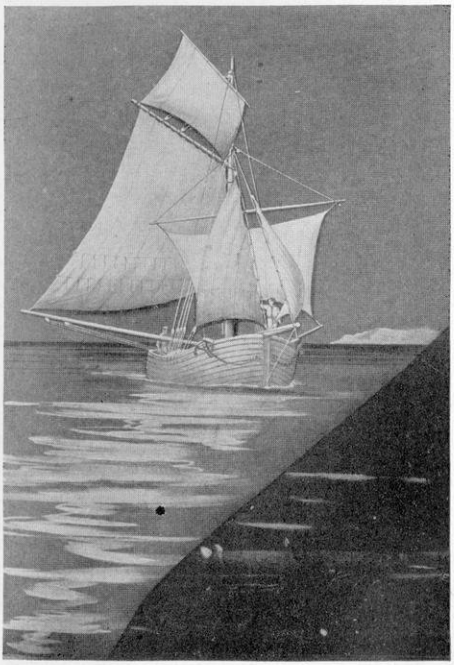
THE SPANISH FELUCCA.



A VENETIAN FISHING BOAT.



A CHINESE RICE BOAT.



A NORWEGIAN FISHING BOAT.

DECORATIONS IN THE SPANDRILS OF THE BALTIMORE CUSTOM HOUSE.

execute a certain number of paintings to occupy certain spaces, but to completely decorate one great room and evolve a color scheme for an entire building—to make, as it were, a finished composition, and provide for it suitable setting.

THE "Call Room" in which Mr. Millet has set forth the history of the ship is on the main floor of the Custom House in the center of the building, its doorway facing the principal entrance. In form it is rectangular, and in appearance it does not differ materially from a banking establishment, its floor space being divided off by screens, and the center occupied by writing tables similar to check desks. It is to this room that all must come who have custom-duties to pay, claims to be adjusted, bonds to sign—all, in fact, whose business is primarily with ships and shipping. It seems, therefore, peculiarly fitting that the history and evolution of seacraft should have been chosen as the theme for its decoration. The character of this room, architecturally, was determined by a series of large windows, extending around its three sides and recalled on the fourth by inset panels, which form a regular wall arcade, against the piers of which are coupled Ionic pilasters supporting a paneled and bracketed frieze surmounted by a dentil and medallion cornice. Above this cornice is a depressed cove of considerable width which gently merges the wall into the ceiling—a single panel strongly enframed. There are no great wall spaces, no broad subdivisions—all the opportunity for decoration is afforded by the cove, the frieze, and the ceiling—or so it would seem. In fact, however, the entire space not occupied by the windows, the pilasters, and the moldings, has been utilized, and each inch cleverly. There are ships in the lunettes which form the arch of the inset panels; ships in the tiny little spandrils that peep not only over their shoulders but over those of the windows similarly shaped; ships in the frieze, in the cove, in the border panels, and finally on the ceiling—dozens of them in all and yet none too many. The eye is not confused nor the senses bewildered, for the composition as a whole has orderliness and unity. And the way all these many motives have been tied together and properly related is this—they have been treated not realistically but semi-conventionally, decoratively. Because the moldings and ornaments which serve as frames for these paintings were frankly plaster, Mr. Millet made his decorations manifest the inherent quality of this medium. For the cove, the frieze, the spandrils and the border-paneling, he selected flat tints of blue and green and on these as backgrounds wrought his designs in white like cameos cut in chalk or alabaster. This gave latitude for historical accuracy and yet insured

decorative effect. The combination of the blue and green in juxtaposition lent variety, and the uniformity of treatment prevented confusion of interests. Mr. Millet went to no end of pains to get correct data, searching records at the Navy Department, looking up old illustrations, examining coins, in fact, making as careful research as for a written history; and when it came to execution no detail was slighted, no spar or rope forgotten or misplaced. But not once does it seem that the decorator has yielded to the chronicler, or the historian got the upper hand of the artist.

A SHIP is always fascinating to the beholder, and in this room, as the eye passes from the transcription of one to another, and another, on and on, there is a pervasive consciousness of keen delight. In each set of illustrations the scale is so well adjusted, the color so nicely placed, the effect so gently merry. And each ship shows such clear cut, graceful lines, such fine construction, such sensitive modeling! One need not study them out singly, and yet if the temptation to scrutinize proves strong, how interesting they are! In the tiny spandrils are all manner of small craft, from a Chinese "sampan" to a Chesapeake Bay "skipjack;" in the narrow panels over the arches are little boats of various periods, among which will be discovered a Dutch scallop, East India barge, Western river flatboat and Alaskan canoe; in the cove, on alternate large and small panels, the largest and most important series of all is found, an historical sequence, beginning with an Egyptian galley and ending with the transatlantic steamship St. Paul; while in the border around the ceiling is illustrated the origin and development of the steamer up to the year 1845, and in the five lunettes are set forth special types influencing the evolution of shipping.

The ceiling, however, is the consummation of the whole—that to which the eye is purposely led and upon which it willingly lingers. Here, covering the entire area, is a great picture showing a fleet of ten sailing vessels—ships, barks, a barkentine, a brig and a schooner—entering a harbor on a hazy summer morning. Like huge birds with their wings outspread they seem to be drifting in through a curtain of mist scarcely troubling the glassy surface of the silent harbor. Soft, cumulous clouds cross the sky diagonally, lazy gulls hang in the air, and long, tranquil reflections rest upon the water. Here are suggested all the poetry and mystery of the sea, all its witchery and none of its awe, and one gazes upward and onward as though looking afar, realizing a fair dream. To produce this effect the work has been done broadly and simply. The treatment is naturalistic, but by no means usual. The drawing has been done with accuracy but color

has been sparingly used. Soft browns with ivory tints prevail, and through them all a violet note, more rose colored than blue, asserts itself. The illusions of atmosphere and distance are admirably given; there is no suggestion of paintiness, no tightness of technique, no evident limitation of medium. Perfectly does the color scheme accord with the cornice decoration; excellently does its spirit accord with its style. It was a daring experiment, putting ships of this size on a ceiling, and, if truth must be told, the painter and his assistants were probably the only ones who were sure of its success, but if any still have doubts let them see for themselves—one visit to the Custom House at Baltimore will assuredly be sufficient.

AN EMINENT pedagogist has said, "a child can be taught anything if it is taught in the right way," and, after all, is not this equally applicable to painting? Cannot, most truly, anything be painted if it is painted in the right way? Too much the painters of our day have feared a fact; too often do they get lost in a maze of uncertainty and symbolism. Mural paintings that signify without being inherently literary are far to seek, and until the end of time, no doubt, the majority will go on retelling the same old, stupid story. To be sure the day when a pictorial language was necessary for the enlightenment of the people is long past, but still it has its uses, and as there are always new truths to be told, why not tell them? If the art of this age is to survive it must reflect, if unconsciously, the spirit of our time though built on tradition. This, it appears, Mr. Millet has realized. He has ventured a new thought and happily; he has recorded history decoratively; he has artistically combined fact with fancy. Indeed, even the smallest detail in his Call Room decoration will be found to have some special significance. The plant forms in the border paneling on the ceiling are those native to Maryland—the Indian corn, the magnolia, dogwood, pine and oak. Seahorses and scallop shells are used as motives in the little frames inclosing the pictures of early steamboats, and the borders of the panels in the frieze, if examined closely, will be found to simulate ropes. And yet all this, which in the hands of a less skilful painter might have been insufferable nonsense, is here made subservient to effect, dignified and pleasing. One has to seek it out, and so, upon discovery, shares, as it were, the laugh with the painter. To be sure it might be considered trivial, but again, it is all in the way it is done.

Passing out of the Call Room and before leaving the Custom House it will reward the visitor to take note of the general color scheme employed for the office rooms and corridors—of the environment created through the medium of journeyman-painting. The

walls of the stair hall, from the main floor to the roof, have been tinted a gray-green, and given, above the marble dado, in darker color, a stenciled border of little conventionalized dolphins. The walls of the corridors, on the first and second floors, have been painted a vibrant vermilion, on the third a burnt orange, and on the fifth, gray; the borders on each being varied but deriving their motives from sea forms. The walls of the office rooms have been finished in gray-green above the chair rail, with green dados, the one used by the Collector of Customs, which is decorated in rich shades of metallic blue and green, being the only exception. No gold has been used save in the Sub-treasury where the light was inadequate and the walls and woodwork were painted white. The effect throughout is delightfully harmonious—the decoration simple, unpretentious, and appropriate. Indeed, some persons aver that the paintings in the Call Room demonstrate no more patently the genius of the designer than do these flatly tinted walls for which the color has been so wisely chosen and so skilfully combined.

BUT there was still another factor which contributed to the success of this work. Mr. Millet was given plenty of time in which to do it. Whereas Mr. LaFarge was allowed just four months to design and execute the decorations in Holy Trinity Church, Boston (the only other important building I can recall which has been intrusted to a single mural painter), Mr. Millet was able to take two years for his work for the Baltimore Custom House. This meant time for study and experiment, for historical research, for painting in and painting out, and it is not, I am sure, a betrayal of confidence, to say there were plenty of both. No work, no matter how brilliant, is accomplished, as the world commonly thinks, offhand, but is wrought with patient labor in addition to inspired zeal, art merely erasing the traces of struggle. The *modus operandi* of mural painting is much the same in all studios, and not very different today from what it was in the time of Michael Angelo, or of Paul Veronese. Small sketches are made first as experiments, and from these, when satisfactory, full-sized drawings are executed on huge sheets of manila paper, from which, in turn, the outlines of the composition are finally transferred to the canvas, or wall. There is no hit or miss system, everything is accurate and definite, and only when these steps have been taken does the actual painting begin. Often great surfaces have to be covered mechanically, and this commonly is done not by the painter but his assistants, he superintending the work and putting on the touches that tell. The small panels for the Baltimore Custom House were painted with little technical difficulty, but the great ceiling panel

was a big proposition. After careful consideration it was determined to do it in three sections which, when completed, could be perfectly joined, and thus it was accomplished. Each of these sections was in reality a huge piece of canvas and all three received their first painting stretched on the floor, the artist and his assistants working upon them on their hands and knees. This has to do more with craftsmanship than with art, I am aware, but after all are not the two necessary one to the other? Is not much of the trouble with modern art due to the unwillingness of the "gifted few" to labor—to serve an apprenticeship—to master their "trade?" Because I believe this, I have been tempted to tell not only of the finished product, which in itself seems more than commonly notable, but of the several factors contributing to that end; namely, the sympathetic cooperation of the architects, the privilege of designing the decorations not for one room alone but for the whole building, the generous allowance of time, and the unstinting gift of toil, not forgetting, of course, the skill and experience of the painter. Truly, indeed, may Baltimore be proud of these decorations, and well may they serve as a mile post in this particular field.

CONTOURS

I AM glad of the straight, downward lines of the rain;
Of the free, blowing curves of the grain;
Of the perilous swirling and curling of fire;
The sharp upthrust of a spire;
Of the ripples on the river
Where the little wave marks quiver
And sun thrills;
Of the innumerable undulations of the hills.
But the true line is drawn from my spirit to some
infinite outward place . . . .
That line I cannot trace.

ZONA GALE.

REFORM FOR THE TRUANT BOY IN INDUSTRIAL TRAINING AND FARMING: AN EFFORT TO IMPROVE EXISTING LAWS AND LESSEN THE EVIL: BY CHARLES HARCOURT

HERE is something very human about the derelict, and while, of course, we admire the man who is faithful to duty, it must be confessed that we rather like to catch him napping now and then. Most of us would own to a certain sympathy with Antony in his fatal dallying at the Egyptian Court, nor are we precisely displeased to find Drake playing bowls when he should have been aboard the *Revenge*, or Wellington waltzing while Napoleon approaches within cannon shot. The picture of Hamilton romping with his children while his colleagues patiently await his attendance at a critical Cabinet meeting is of far more interest to us than the possible effect of that Cabinet meeting upon the political history of the day. In fact, all the world has a soft spot in its heart for truants, great or small, because the world is full of them. Truancy is by no means confined to the red-headed, snub-nosed, bare-footed, freckle-faced boy who steals an afternoon's fishing or follows the circus parade when he should be at school; the *genus* truant includes equally the statesman or soldier who helps himself to a play time once in a while, the business man who sends himself a telegram as a subterfuge for securing a surreptitious holiday at the race-course and the salesman whose grandmother's funeral always happens on the day of the big ball game.

Because of this touch of human irregularity, we find it difficult to contemplate truancy from the coldly impersonal standpoint of the law. Naturally, if one is a tax-payer and possibly the parent of one or more of the half-million children enrolled in the schools of the city of New York, one has a theoretical disapproval of truancy. But in the main we are fairly indifferent about the enforcement of the Compulsory Education Act. It is only when we come into direct contact with the extensive organization maintained to enforce this law and realize the serious difficulties and complications involved in the work and the far-reaching consequences of its neglect, that we begin really to comprehend its importance, and also to understand that the tendency to play truant, while natural to all humanity, does not originate so much in the child as in his environment.

In the forty-six school board districts of New York, the Compulsory Education Law is enforced by twenty-three district superintendents, under whose direction work eighty-three attendance officers,—

a number far too small for the purpose. An increase of this force would be justified on the mere score of economy, for it would facilitate the checking in its incipiency of the career of many truants who develop into "incorrigibles," and whose reformation after this point has been passed necessitates extraordinary expense and trouble. In the course of the last fiscal year the officers of the Board of Education investigated about two hundred thousand cases of children illegally absent from school and caused the arrest of nearly five hundred persons for violation of the Compulsory Education Law. Thousands of these cases were turned over to the school authorities by the officers of the United States Labor department, when they found children of school age,—that is, under sixteen years—employed in factories.

THE Compulsory Education Law is in many respects a defective piece of legislation. It was framed and enacted, in the main, by rural representatives who had little understanding of the needs of the city of New York and less regard for them. The verbal construction of the Act is so faulty as to operate against its enforcement. A Philadelphia lawyer would hesitate to interpret the fifth section, and it is not at all surprising that magistrates frequently fail to find a definition of their duty in it. As a result, only one-fourth of the delinquent parents or guardians brought before the courts receive the punishment which they deserve. To attempt a comprehensive analysis of this Act would be altogether beyond the scope and purpose of the present paper, but it may be well to draw attention to two of its most patent defects. One section is entitled "Persons Employing Children Unlawfully to be Fined," and after much tortuous verbiage and tedious recital of conditions and circumstances the section ends by providing a "penalty" for its violation. Now a penalty is recoverable only by civil action, usually involving uncertainty, vexation and delay. Consequently, in many cases, the Board of Education is compelled to forego further action in the matter after a conviction has been secured.

This law prohibits the engagement of a child in any form of labor, —other than domestic, of course,—during the period of enforced instruction, and includes in this prohibition the long months of vacation. The restriction undoubtedly had its origin in a laudable motive, but it works unnecessary hardship on a number of needy parents and is often detrimental to the welfare of the boy for whose protection it is designed. In the country, where a youngster is apt to spend his holidays in a helpful environment and under moral influences, the measure may have a salutary effect, but its operation in New York tends to force many thousands of children to pass the greater part

of their time upon the streets during the vacation months,—with the most undesirable consequences. It would be better in every way for the child of poor parents in the city that he should be usefully employed out of school hours and during vacation,—always, of course, under special conditions as to the hours and character of his labor.

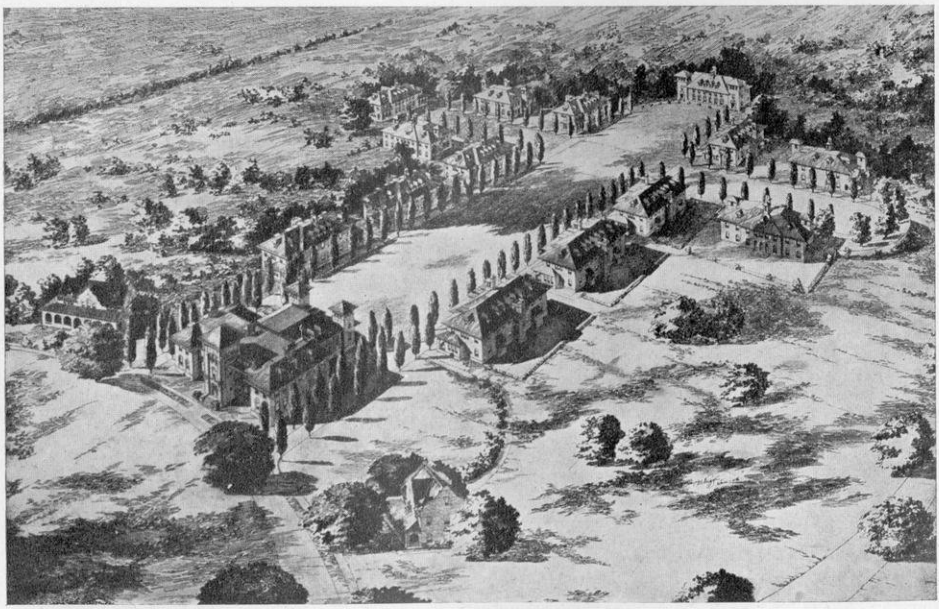
On account of these and other defects, much thought and study have been given by the principals and teachers of the New York schools to the revision of the Compulsory Education Law, with the result that an admirable amended form has been presented to the Commissioner of Education. These amendments should be passed by the legislature with as little delay as need be, for in no city of the United States is it so difficult as in the city of New York to compel attendance at school, and the task should not be rendered harder by a defective law.

OF THE various causes of truancy none is so troublesome or difficult to counteract as that which lies in the indifference or opposition of illiterate parents to the education of their offspring. We have in the city of New York something like one hundred and fifteen thousand foreign born children of school age, representing about seventeen per cent. of the entire public school enrolment. In addition to these are many more who, although born in this country, are the children of parents only in slight degree Americanized and who have not as yet assimilated either in physical characteristics, sentiments or habits, the standards of the land of their adoption. Such parents have little idea of the worth of education, while they have the keenest appreciation of the value of the child as a money-getting agency, and would much rather see him selling newspapers or polishing shoes than attending school. Therefore, they resort to every kind of subterfuge to avoid the required attendance and seek by every means to instil in the mind of the child a dislike for study. Antagonism to the Compulsory Education Law is not, however, confined to foreigners, but is found in many Americans who, while not indifferent to the advantages of education, are driven by stress of poverty to attempt to evade the requirement of the law. In one year, almost one thousand children were found who were unable to attend school because their parents were too poor to afford them sufficient clothing to permit of their going out upon the street.

In numerous cases the operation of the law entails unquestionable hardship. Here are two typical illustrations. A widower has five children of whom the eldest is a girl of thirteen years. The man is industrious and thrifty, but his wages are barely sufficient to support

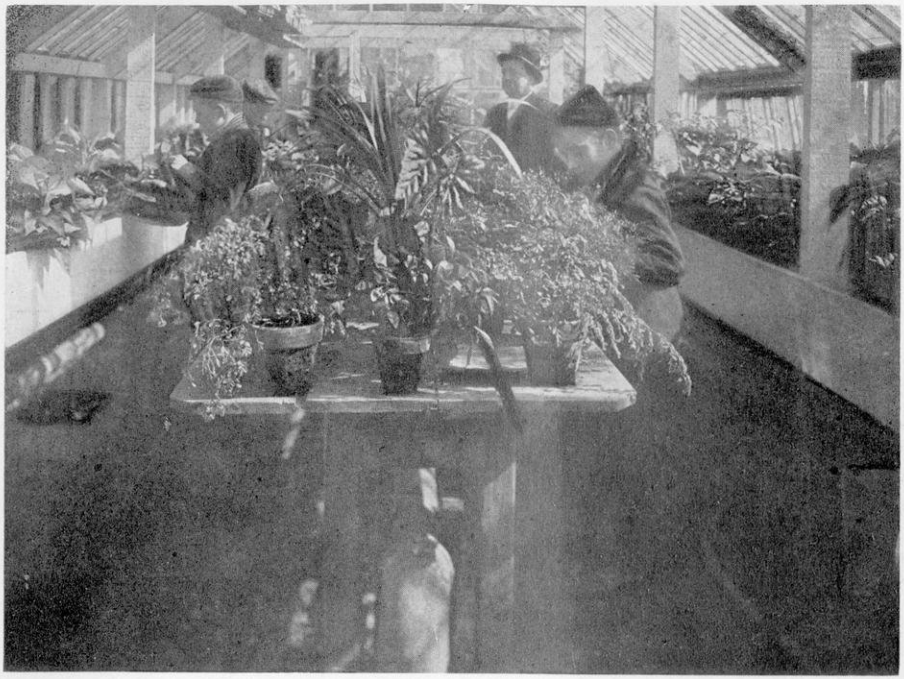
THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING OF THE PARENTAL SCHOOL FOR TRUANT BOYS.

SOME OF THE COTTAGES OF THE PARENTAL SCHOOL WHICH ARE ARRANGED AROUND THE CAMPUS.



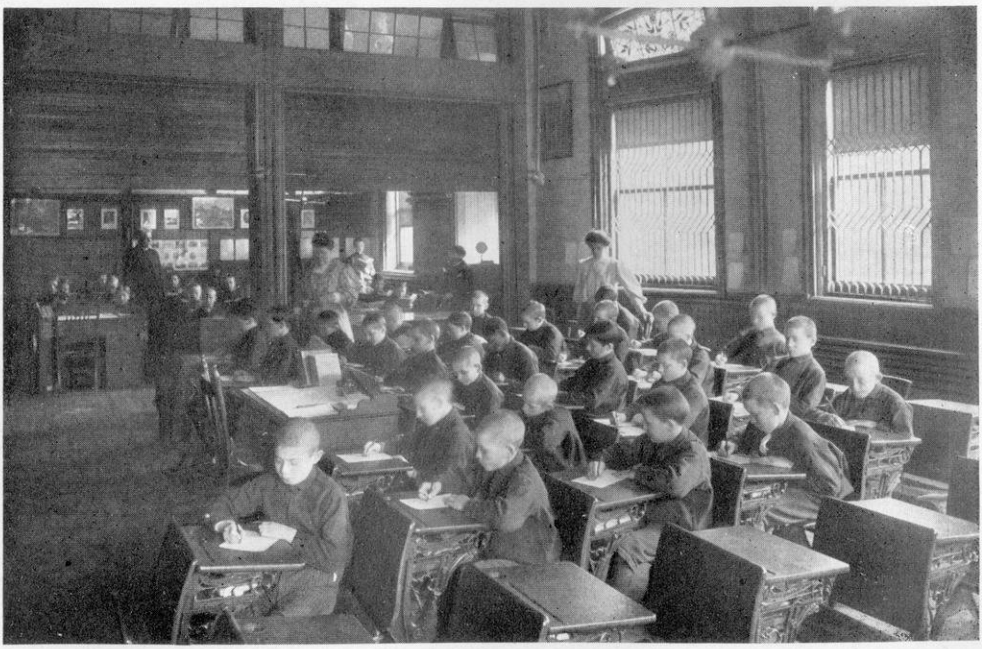
THE CAMPUS OF THE PARENTAL SCHOOL ABOUT WHICH THE BOYS' COTTAGES ARE GROUPED.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE PARENTAL SCHOOL, SHOWING INDUSTRIAL SHOPS AND OUTLYING FARM LAND.



TRUANT BOYS WHO ARE LEARNING TO BE FLORISTS AT THE BROOKLYN TRUANT SCHOOL.

HITCHING UP FOR THE FIRE DRILL AT THE BROOKLYN TRUANT SCHOOL.



THERE IS NO DIFFICULTY IN SECURING PROMPT ATTENDANCE AT THE WORKSHOP OF THE MANHATTAN TRUANT SCHOOL.

AND THE BOYS FIND THAT STUDY HELPS THEM IN THE WORKSHOP.

the family and will not allow of his hiring a caretaker to look after his little ones during his absence. He wishes to maintain his home, such as it is, and loathes the thought of placing his motherless infants in a charitable institution. Three of the children attend school, but the youngest is only four years of age. The eldest girl is quite capable of playing the part of "little mother," caring for the home and looking after the baby in the absence of the others; but the law forbids such an arrangement. There is no compromise possible, even though the girl may be unusually advanced in her studies.

Again, we have a widow with a family of small children, the eldest being a boy of thirteen, who is exceptionally bright and would have no difficulty in earning five or six dollars a week. In his case, too, the same prohibition operates. The mother makes a pitifully scanty livelihood by washing or such other work as she may be able to do at home; her boy is not permitted to add to the income, although the family may be, much against their will, the recipients of charitable aid. These illustrations are not advanced as an argument against compulsory education, but as a suggestion that the law in its present form may be too rigid and that some degree of elasticity might be imparted with advantage to its operation. Our present-day tendency toward paternalism is often attended by a great deal of hardship with regard to individuals.

A CONSIDERABLE proportion of the truancy is attributable to the part-time classes, which have a distinct tendency to increase this evil. A child who is not permitted to commence his school day until afternoon has many temptations to play truant in a city like New York and many opportunities to fall into bad company. The "penny theater" is another agency for causing absence from school. The attendance officers have found hundreds of children in such places during school hours. The proprietors profess to exclude them, but they seem to have no difficulty in obtaining admittance to these places which are as much a menace to the morals as they are an obstruction to the education of our children.

In the great majority of cases of truancy it is not found necessary to resort to extreme measures. A system of probation which seems to have produced excellent results was adopted several years ago. Of a total number of nearly thirty-five hundred truants subjected to this system last year, two-thirds improved steadily. When truants, as first offenders, are brought before district superintendents, they are usually placed on probation, transferred to another school and required to report weekly, or more often, to the district superintendent. When these mild remedies fail, resort is had to the courts.

Parents are summoned and when found guilty of negligence or more deliberate violation of the law they are subjected to a sentence which sometimes entails imprisonment. The child who fails to mend his ways under probation is finally committed as an "incorrigible" to one of the truant schools.

The casual truant is of little account, except that his sporadic lapses from grace must be prevented from developing into habit; the chronic truant demands the greater attention and also presents the greater possibilities of reformation. It takes a good boy to make a bad boy. Only your positive character is pronouncedly bad and he might have been as pronouncedly good under different conditions. You never find a neutral character among the "incorrigibles,"—the thing would be a paradox. The bad boy always possesses some fundamentally good traits which afford workable material to the reformer. These may be wholly uncultivated and difficult to discover, but they are invariably there and often in a surprisingly plastic state. This fact is the keynote and foundation of the work of the truant school.

THERE is a truant school in Manhattan and another in Brooklyn. The former, by excessive crowding, will accommodate seventy-five boys. It is, of course, very inadequate to the needs, and fifty per cent. of the children committed to it have to be transferred, for lack of room, to private institutions, where their board and tuition are paid for by the city. The Manhattan Truant School is managed by Miss Mary Leonard, whose official title is Matron-Superintendent. Miss Leonard is a motherly lady with the necessary degree of firmness. She has surprisingly little difficulty in controlling her charges. It seems that these "incorrigibles," when subjected to discipline and the influences of a good environment quickly become rather exceptionally good boys. They apply themselves diligently to their studies and many of them not only overtake, but pass the grades appropriate to their ages. The school day includes an hour in the workshop, which is eagerly looked forward to by all the boys. Also, they are required to spend a considerable portion of each day in the yard, engaged in play, gymnastics or military drill, but are not permitted to leave the establishment except on Sunday, when they are taken to church under charge. They are required to clean their rooms and perform other work of a domestic nature, the matron's object being to keep them busily employed from the time they rise at six o'clock until they go to bed, healthfully weary, at eight. They are well fed and sleep in airy dormitories. Some difficulty is found at first in inducing these youngsters to bathe and to wear a nightgown next to the skin, but not the slightest compromise is permitted in either mat-

ter, and it is never long before an inmate shows the good effect of the unaccustomed cleanliness and regularity in his living.

The parents of the inmates of the truant schools are permitted to visit them on one Sunday of each month. Strange to say, very few of these fathers and mothers find any disgrace in the situation of their sons. On the contrary, they are generally proud of the fact that the boy is in "boarding school" at the expense of the city. The institution is commonly styled "The College" by them, and relatives abroad are informed that Ludovic or Yakob is "going to college,"—but the writers carefully refrain from any mention of commitment by a magistrate. There is also a tendency on the part of most parental guardians of inmates of the truant schools to shift the burden of their support to the city, and there is a conflict of opinion among magistrates as to their authority in these cases to compel those who are able to do so to contribute to the cost of maintenance. Aside from the question of relieving the tax-payers of an unjust charge, it is desirable that the law should be amended so as to convey specific authority in this direction, for undoubtedly, under present conditions, many parents deliberately aim to have their children sent to the truant school.

UNFORTUNATELY, lack of proper accommodation necessitates the premature discharge of many boys in order to make room for newcomers. This difficulty will, in a considerable degree, be overcome by the new Parental School which is nearing completion and which will be ready for occupancy early in the present year. It is situated in the Borough of Queens on the road leading from Flushing to Jamaica, and will consist of a farm, upward of one hundred acres in extent, and fifteen buildings in the modified Mission style of architecture. Eleven of these are cottages designed for the accommodation of the boys and arranged around a spacious campus. Each cottage is divided in the middle by a fireproof wall, either half providing apartments for a group of thirty boys. Each group will be in charge of its own master and matron and will constitute a distinct unit for administrative purposes. In the basement of each half cottage there will be a playroom, a lavatory and store room for clothing. On the first floor will be a living room, a dining room, a pantry, reception room and matron's room. On the second floor is provided a dormitory with thirty beds and individual lockers. In the power house, which is located about three hundred feet from the nearest cottage, there will be steam and electric generators, a bakery, a laundry and a kitchen, from which food will be conveyed to the cottages through a subway. The farm buildings will be placed at a distance of about fifteen hundred feet to the rear of the power house.

When all the cottages are built and equipped, they will afford accommodation for six hundred and sixty boys. These boys will have facilities for education equal to those afforded by any of the public schools of New York, and the teachers employed will be the best available. A special feature will, of course, be made of industrial education. Shops will be equipped and run for the purpose of teaching, in a practical manner, tailoring, carpentering, printing, plumbing, tinsmithing and gasfitting. Agriculture and horticulture, as well as manual training, will be included in the course of instruction. Book study will occupy the time from half-past eight until noon, and the afternoon will be devoted to work in the shops or on the farm.

The most pronounced advantages will be enjoyed by the new Parental School. It will not only have facilities for accommodating a much greater number of truants than can at present be taken care of, but it will also possess extraordinary agencies for their improvement. The quarters in the city schools are cramped and open air exercise is restricted to a small shut-in yard. At Jamaica the boys will find themselves in an entirely new and healthy environment. Their play and much of their work will take place under the wholesome and inspiring conditions of the countryside. Instead of one hour daily of manual training in a little shop with exceedingly limited facilities, they will have the opportunity for learning a useful trade under practical conditions and with the fullest equipment.

If the ordinary city truant school is attractive to parents, the new Parental School is calculated to be doubly so, but the boy who may go there with the idea of having an easy time is doomed to disappointment. Mr. Edward B. Shallow, Associate City Superintendent, who has spent many years working for the enforcement of school attendance, will be in charge of the Parental School, and it is not in his mind to coddle his future charges. He purposes keeping the boys constantly active in mind and body. There will be plenty of diversity in their work and a fair admixture of play, but no room will be left during the day for an idle minute. Wherever it seems to be desirable, an inmate will be retained at the Parental School for the term of two years. During that time he will be taught, if possible, to love work, but in any case he will be forced to do a proper share of it. The boy who, from habits of truancy, is tending toward criminality and indolence will be shown the path of upright citizenship and honest industry. He will be given the fullest chance possible and one who fails to reform under such conditions must be hopeless indeed.

IBENESE, THE PROVIDER: A STORY: BY FREDERICK R. BURTON

T HAD been a long and dreary winter in Mitigwaki—the village in the forest—and spring, with the sap running in the maples and the hibernating animals coming forth to offer the hunter a lean chance for food, was yet a long way off. A brief thaw in mid-January had done no more than crust the heavy white blanket that covered Ojibway land from Manitoulin to far west of Lake Superior, and all the world besides so far as the Indians had knowledge of it.

Lucky were they who had hunted early in the season, before the snow lay in a dead level as high as a tall man's waist, for after the cold set in no sign of deer, or moose, or caribou had been reported, and sorry work the hunter would have had even if game had been abundant; for the wind blew incessantly, weeks at a time, filling the air with the dust of ice whipped off the drifts, heaping great mounds to the very vent holes of the wigwams, obliterating landmarks, and so light withal that not the broadest snowshoe availed to hold the wearer above the surface.

The Indians suffered little from the cold itself. Within the wigwams, banked high with protecting snow, fires blazed continuously, and the conical rooms were like so many ovens. When men or women ventured forth it was merely to face the elements to which all the people were inured. There was no hardship in that, and nobody complained of the weather severity, save as it threatened to bring gaunt famine upon the land.

There was the peril and there the distress. Already had the more provident families dipped into their stores to help the luckless and improvident, and the wise old men were beginning to fret for the running of the sap. Let but the sugaring season come, no matter how deep the lingering snow, or how depleted the supply of pemmican, all would be well. The old men reminded one another of that winter a long age back when the whole village and all the people they could hear of in many days' journey lived for more than two moons on maple sugar, and lived well. But the trees were yet stiff with cold, and the sap lay asleep in the ground.

Ibenese, one of the sons of Megissun, laid aside his pipe and set himself to mending a pair of snowshoes. For a time his father and Sibequay, his mother, watched him in silence. The children plied him with questions, but to them he gave no heed. When he reached again for his pipe to solace the monotony of the task, and caught Sibequay's inquiring glance, he said sulkily, "Tomorrow I go out for deer."

"We have no lack of food," said Megissun.

"There are those in the village who need it," Ibenese muttered, half defiantly.

"I know," said the mother.

Her thoughts turned instinctively to the wigwam where dwelt Wabigon, the widow, and her half-paralytic brother, Agasons, and, what was more to the point, her comely daughter, Segwunequay—Girl of Springtime—named from the season of her birth, now almost seventeen springtimes gone.

Sibequay knew in a general way of her son's unsuccessful wooing there, and, with maternal loyalty, she had been resentful toward Wabigon and somewhat impatient with Ibenese for not loftily scorning the widow's daughter and making a better match in the family of Kabeyun. For it was Wabigon, the widow, and not Segwunequay who had rejected Ibenese. The young man had paid his court in the customary way before the first snows fell, and the maiden had given him a sign of her favor; but when it came to negotiating with her mother, he was taken wholly aback by her opposition and the mortifying grounds for it.

"Where are your gifts?" the widow demanded, sharply, after he had made known his wishes.

Ibenese pointed to a chain of beads that he had put over Segwunequay's head; it circled her neck three times and fell in a long, graceful fold upon her bosom.

Wabigon laughed contemptuously. "How long will they keep her?" she asked. "She cannot eat them. Little good they will do her when the north wind blows and the lake freezes."

"My wife will have food and clothing enough," Ibenese began, but the widow interrupted:

"Where will she get them? Who will give them to her?"

"I will," replied the suitor. "I shall take her to my father's wigwam——"

"You will leave her here!" the widow broke in again. "Segwunequay shall not marry a man who cannot hunt for himself. Your father has plenty, yes, but he has another son who will some day bring a squaw to his wigwam. Is he to go on forever hunting that you may have shirts and pemmican? Megissun is an old man now. It is time Ibenese, his son, did something for himself. Why have you not brought me a pack of skins? Why do you not bring at least one deer to my wigwam? Have you forgotten the customs of the Ojibways? No! Your mother has taught them to you, but you are an idler, a lazy, do-nothing Indian, and Segwunequay shall not risk her life with you. Better that she should live childless."

For a moment the torrent of invective overwhelmed Ibenese. Then he faltered an apology for not bringing a pack of skins to his sweetheart's mother: it was an old custom, the Indians did not always observe it, he had not supposed it would be necessary in view of his father's prosperity. And Wabigon had stormed again, berating him for aping the barbarous manners of the invading new people, with the snow faces and straw hair,—would that the *manitos* might drive them back to drown in the bitter water over which fable said they had come!—Let him ask his own mother about the proper way for an Ojibway to court a maiden; it might not be too late to learn so much, though she was sure that a full-grown youth who cared nothing for the hunt never would amount to anything. No; she would have none of him. Segwunequay would not lack for suitors, and her mother would see to it that the favored one was a sure provider.

Returning at length to the village, he had sulked away the evening, and the next morning, unable to endure the humilation that would ensue when the gossips set to work on his case, he journeyed to visit some cousins in a distant village, vowing spitefully in his heart that he would bring a maiden home from there, and thus give Wabigon and her daughter lifelong cause for regret.

Yet Ibenese did no courting in the distant village. Maidens were there in plenty, and good to look upon; but there was none whose cheeks were as round as Segwunequay's, none whose color was so red, none whose step was so graceful.

So, morose, unsociable, or unreasonably hilarious, he idled the moons away, and departed homeward only when shame would let him stay no longer in a household at whose door gaunt famine had given a warning knock. He toiled anxiously over the almost indiscernible trail, having no fear for himself, but wondering apprehensively how it fared with Segwunequay; for he knew how difficult it was for Agasons, her uncle, to hunt, and how slender were the widow's other resources for battling with the hungry winter.

And he had learned from Segwunequay herself two mighty things: Want was a stubborn guest in her mother's wigwam; and loving faith in him, Ibenese, was in her own young heart. He could not have told which of these two facts stirred him the more deeply, but he did at last honestly and unequivocally condemn himself for an idler, a worthless, lazy dependent. In the secret chamber of his own thoughts he admitted that Wabigon was right, and before the judge who ruled there he vowed that he would redeem himself and save his sweetheart from distress.

None of these things did he say to Sibequay, his mother, or Megissun, his father. Silently he mended his snowshoes, but he listened

with all attention when the old man discoursed upon the most likely haunts of the deer in such a season.

Before the sun was up next morning he had set forth. The crust had hardened well, and while his unprotected foot would have broken it, his broad shoes never sank. His way led him at first through the forest, where all was white save for the trunks of trees and the under sides of branches which stood out sharply black against the snow on ground and foliage, for every tuft of green needles now was heavy with the fruit of winter; a silent, trackless course, the turbulent streams invisible and slumbering. Nature, it seemed, had finished her work and put on the garments of death.

After the forest, came a long stretch of the lake where the snow, as firm as the earth itself, lay in tiny furrows, wavelets molded by wind and sun and fixed in their apparent motion by the frosty hand of winter.

Ibenese left the dazzling lake to follow the windings of a watercourse until, some time after midday, he came to a half-bare hill, one of the places his father had mentioned as a possible haunt of deer in a deep winter. There, to his great satisfaction, he found a beaten path lying along the base of the hill. He knew that it continued all around the hill, for the deer in the cold season travels in a circle, the curve broken only in spots where the animal's memory tells him there is succulent gray moss on the rocks beneath.

The Indian went straight over the hill to reach the path on the other side, hoping, if he started a deer, to drive it toward Mitigwaki rather than further away from the village. In this he was entirely successful, and his heart beat triumphantly when, before sundown, he found himself following the tracks of three deer in a direction that promised an easy "pack" home when he should have dispatched his game.

He was not armed with the loud-voiced implement of murder introduced by the paleface, he had not even the ancient bow and arrows of his people; his only weapon was his knife, for this was to be a foot race between the fleet deer and the Indian, a trial of endurance between the forest beast and the human being. No need for him to see his game at the start; time enough for that when the exhausted animal should drop in his tracks and await the merciful knife to end its terror and fatigue.

Ibenese was well content to observe that the three tracks kept together when they left the beaten path and made across the open ground for the forest. All would surely be well with him after this, and no sharp-tongued old woman would venture again to rebuke him for his laziness, or scorn him for a bad provider. Three deer

at this stage of the season would be abundant store till the sap ran; the whole village might have a feast and plenty to spare for the hard days yet to come.

When night fell and he could no longer follow the tracks with certainty he was deep in the forest and there he camped. He broke through the crust and burrowed in the snow where a long drift indicated a fallen tree. He hacked away the branches and made a pile of them where a ledge rising abruptly gave shelter from such wind as might blow from the west. From his light pack he took rolls of birch bark, a fragment of flint and a piece of punk hardly larger than his thumb nail. With the back of his knife he struck a shower of sparks upon the punk until it smouldered. Then he blew the smoking coal into a flame, touched it to a roll of bark and set the torch thus made to his pile of brushwood; and presently the sleeping forest crackled and roared with such life as it had not known for months. While the fire was making its own headway, the Indian cut balsam and hemlock boughs and fashioned a couch upon the snow. This done, he had resort to his pemmican and his pipe, and dozed the long night away, arousing himself at intervals to freshen the fire.

As soon as he could see the snow in the morning, he set forth again, perfectly satisfied with the appearance of the tracks. Rarely was the crust strong enough to sustain the weight of the deer. Their narrow hoofs broke through, and now and again he saw red stains upon the surface, showing that their slender legs were beginning to bleed. "I shall wear them out," said Ibenese, confidently.

Along toward midday he came to a wide expanse of open, hilly country, and there the tracks divided. Two held together still, making straight across the open, but the other struck off on rising ground as if with conscious intent to lure the hunter on a difficult journey. Ibenese followed the pair, and now he scanned the country eagerly for sight of his prey. A little way before him was a high mound from which he believed he could see the entire expanse of the open. The deer had gone around it, but even now they might be resting on the other side.

Ibenese, therefore, ran, exulting in the probably speedy end of the chase, and quickly gained the summit of the mound which he supposed to be an outcropping of ledge; but he had no more than gained the top, and had not yet swept the view for sight of the deer, when the snow suddenly gave way. He tried to leap from the treacherous spot, but he tripped on something just below the surface and fell full length. The crust broke beneath him and he plunged head down into the drift.

To his infinite surprise he found that this was not a solid mass;

there was a hollow beneath the surface, and, but for the very circumstance that caused the mound he would have gone straight down twenty feet or more to the ground. In fact, he did not fall much further than his own length, for the mound had been made by the snow drifting over a mighty tree that some tempest of the early winter had uprooted, and Ibenese's snowshoes had caught on the spreading branches and held, so that he hung by his toes and clawed helplessly at the limbs within reach, trying vainly to break the hold of his broad shoes on the branches now quite six feet above him.

He understood his situation and its peril at once. He could breathe, but unless he could disentangle his feet he would grow dizzy with the rush of blood to his head, and then—well, when the spring had come and melted the snow, the hungry crows would find him.

For a moment he was in a frenzy of despair, not alone for his own life, but for the Maiden-of-Springtime, the faithful, loving, —and starving Segwunequay. What would happen to her if he could not pack to her wigwam at least one deer to tide over the lean weeks before the sap should run? Ibenese groaned in his agony of disappointment and apprehension. The one thing he might do before the fatal dizziness came on did not occur to him until he was panting with the vain exertion of tugging at the limbs below him to force his feet free from those above.

Then he desperately pulled his reeling thoughts together, hanging motionless for a moment to consider the possibilities. There was the knife in his belt. He could reach that, and he shuddered with fresh fear as he perceived the consequence of dropping it! With infinite care he drew the knife and stretched his arm upward toward his feet. At first this device seemed hopeless, but presently and without haste, he pulled with one hand upon a branch until his body was nearly doubled, and sustaining himself thus, he cut the thongs that bound the shoes to his ankles.

Ibenese dropped quite suddenly at last. His hands and face were scratched by the branches, but they broke his fall. He lay for quite a minute, gasping both from exertion and relief. Above him he could see a patch of blue sky through the hole he had made in the thin crust of snow over the fallen tree. How to get out of his prison was now the question. He solved it eventually by clambering up a giant limb, breaking a new hole through the crust and crawling flat on the ground until he could reach his snowshoes. Then, with these firmly clasped in his hands, he rolled down the mound to the bottom.

It was a sorry wreck he had made of his shoes, but they could

be repaired, and for an hour Ibenese sat on the snow and mended. At length he put on the shoes again and resumed the chase. Within two bowshots of the mound that had so nearly been his undoing he came upon the pair of deer whose tracks he had followed since the day before. One floundered away at his approach, breaking painfully through the impeding crust at every step, but the other awaited the knife in the unresisting misery of exhaustion.

The Indian paused to give the tired beast its finishing stroke and then sped on across the snow to overtake the other. It was a race soon run. The paleface sportsman outreaches the fleetest denizens of the wild with the hissing bullet and kills for the love of conquest; the unlettered Ojibway matches human endurance against the beast's, and kills unemotionally for the sake of food and clothing.

Ibenese dragged the body of the second deer back to the spot where the first lay, and took account of the sun. His mishap in the fallen tree had whetted his ambition, and he was the more unwilling now to pack home less than the three deer he had set out to kill. So he retraced his course to the tracks that had turned aside, and before darkness came on he had the three deer together.

He almost regretted his good fortune, for he could not possibly pack all three in one journey, but regret was only momentary. Eagerness to prove himself at a certain wigwam in Mitigwaki impelled him to all necessary exertion. With one deer on his shoulder and dragging another behind him, he toiled through the forest, and across the frozen lake, and through the forest again, till he came to the sleeping village. He left the deer at the door of Wabigon's dwelling and returned at once to the distant open land where lay the third. This he packed home before another nightfall, and when he arrived again at Wabigon's wigwam, Segwunequay came forth shyly to meet him.

"My mother bids me ask you in," she said.

Within, the widow and her invalid brother awaited him.

"Ah!" croaked Agasons, "when I was young and strong, that is what I used to do. I followed a herd of deer for a week once. The snow wasn't so deep then, and they could travel farther. But I got three of them and packed them all home, one at a time."

"You've been more than a week since I spoke to you about it," said the widow, a ghost of a smile softening the hard lines of her mouth, "but you've done it in good time at last. Eat with us, and if Segwunequay still thinks well of you, she may follow you whereever you wish to go."

Ibenese, weary but contented, looked his inquiry, and for answer the comely Segwunequay crossed the wigwam and sat beside the guest.

THE RECLAMATION SERVICE: OUR GREATEST AGENCY FOR HOME MAKING: BY FORBES LINDSAY

EDITORIAL NOTE.—This is the first of a series of articles which will deal with the work of the United States Reclamation Service and describe its principal projects in detail. The supplementary articles will also treat these projects from the point of view of the settler, and give information as to soil, crops, transportation facilities, markets, etc. The author will be glad to answer any inquiries that may be addressed to him in care of this magazine.

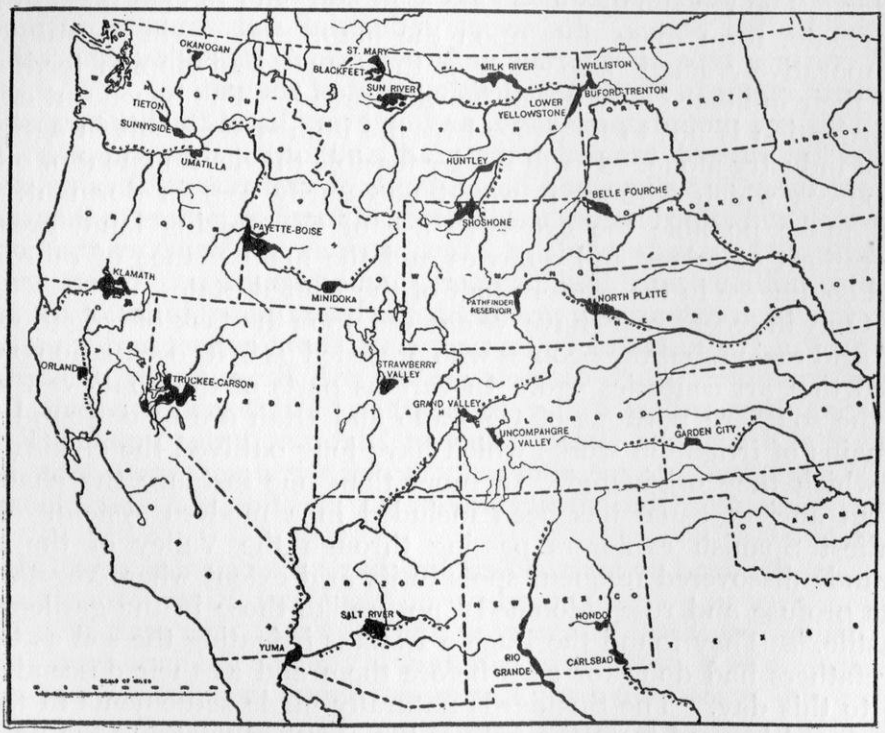
HE arid region called the Great American Desert comprises about two-fifths of the entire area of the United States. It is a land where, on an average, less than twenty inches of rain falls annually, and which is scarcely cultivable without the artificial aid of water; while under irrigation its soil is more productive than any other in our country. This territory beyond the Mississippi, the development of which has hardly yet begun, is destined to support a population of two hundred millions. Its seventy-five million acres of reclaimable desert and its four hundred million acres of grazing lands, together with its mineral deposits, will ultimately produce wealth in excess of the total present production of the United States. Its social, industrial and climatic influences will create a type of vigorous and industrious American who will be a potent factor in the future development of the nation.

This is a mountainous land, and on every hand the horizon is curtailed by rugged ranges, forest-clad and often snow-capped. Between these lie valleys and bench lands of vast potential value, some of which will afford homes to hundreds of families, others to thousands or tens of thousands, while in a few, such as the Valley of the Sacramento, millions may find prosperity and happiness. Where irrigation has been extensively practiced, the latent possibilities of the land are strikingly illustrated by its marvelous development and wonderful transformation. Such districts are the Salt River Valley of Arizona, the San Bernardino Valley in Southern California, the Salt Lake Valley of Utah, the Boise Valley of Idaho and the Yakima Valley of Washington,—to mention but a few of the many spots that have been converted from dreary desert to prolific field and blooming garden.

Elwood Mead, in his excellent brochure on irrigation, says "Mount Union rises in solemn grandeur in the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming, south of Yellowstone Park. From this peak flow three streams, which, with their tributaries, control the industrial future of a region greater than any European country save Russia, and capable of supporting a larger population than now dwells east of the Mississippi River. These streams are the Missouri, the Columbia

and the Colorado. The first waters the mountain valleys on the eastern slope of the Rockies and the semi-arid region of the Great Plains; the second, the Pacific northwest, including part of Montana, all of Idaho and the major portions of Oregon and Washington; the third, the Southwest, embracing much of Utah and Western Colorado, parts of Mexico and California and all of Arizona.

"In this vast district, when reclaimed, homes may be made for many millions of people. To effect this result is a task inferior to no other in statesmanship or social economics. This district is the nation's farm. It contains practically all that is left of the public domain, and is the chief hope of a free home for those who dream of enjoying landed independence, but who have little besides industry and self-denial with which to secure it. As it is now, this land has little value. In many places a township would not support a settler and his family, and a section of land does not yield enough to keep light-footed and laborious sheep from starving to death. This is not because the land lacks fertility, but because it lacks moisture. Where



PRINCIPAL IRRIGATION PROJECTS IN THE WESTERN UNITED STATES.

rivers have been turned from their course, the harvests which have resulted equal in excellence and amount those of the most favored district of ample rainfall."

BUT the resources of this wonderfully rich region are by no means restricted to its soil. It contains the greater part of our remaining forest area and its water powers are practically unlimited in extent. Its beds of precious metals, coal and building stone are immeasurably greater than is generally supposed. With the extension of railroad facilities and the development of agriculture, these will yield ten times the present annual value of their products. The farm, however, will be in the future, as, indeed, it is already, the chief source of the wealth of this region. Colorado is the leading State of the Union in the output of precious metals, but the value of the product of her farms is double that of her mines.

From the results obtained in the very infancy of irrigation we may gain a faint idea of what will be realized when every rod of reclaimable arid land shall have been subjected to the magic baptism of water. The reclaimable areas are scattered, and though large in the aggregate, form mere dots upon the map. They will constitute a comparatively small proportion of the trans-Mississippian territory, but their influence over it will be widespread. The beneficent effect of irrigation is not to be gauged by the immediate result in agricultural industry alone. It will render feasible the development of other resources which without it would necessarily remain dormant. It will make possible the extensive use of the grazing land, greater operations of mines and quarries and the maintenance of railroads and commerce in the western half of the United States.

Only in recent years have we entered upon the task of irrigation in the arid region, but the peoples who preceded us in its occupation practiced that art centuries ago. In various parts of the Southwest and in the southern portions of Colorado and Utah are to be found the remains of irrigation works which have long outlived the civilization in which they originated. In more than one instance the channel of an ancient canal has been included in a modern system. The earliest Spanish explorers passing through the Valley of the Rio Grande discovered frequent spots in its arid extent where vegetation was profuse and roses bloomed "not unlike those in the gardens of Castile." They found the Pueblo Indians irrigating the soil as their forefathers had done for ages before them and as their descendants do to this day. The Spaniards naturally made settlements in these oases and learned from the natives the secret of vivifying the barren but fecund earth. Missionaries from these settlements went

out in various directions spreading the knowledge of irrigation among the Indians.

The history of irrigation by our own people has its beginning in the efforts of the Mormon pioneers to stave off starvation by turning the waters of City Creek upon the alkaline land of Salt Lake Valley. This was sixty years ago, and ever since the Latter Day Saints have been accounted the best of irrigators. It is a common saying in the West that "a Mormon can make water run up hill." The early leaders of the sect soon realized that only by irrigation could they retain their hold upon the territory which they had preëmpted, and they made the canal the basis of their industrial organization, which was largely communistic. The irrigation works were necessarily the creation of coöperation because no other means of constructing them existed. They exerted a deep influence upon the industrial and social institutions of the Mormon community from the first. It may be said that there have been fewer failures in the construction and operations of irrigation works in Utah than in any other arid State.

The establishment of the colony of Greeley in eighteen hundred and seventy furnished the second stage of advancement in the evolution of the present system of irrigation and also marked the beginning of a new industrial development in Colorado. Previous to this, settlers had been attracted solely by the mines and the ranges. Greeley represented the effort of an intelligent body of home-seekers to secure landed independence added to the social and intellectual advantages of the towns from which they came. A public hall was among the first of the buildings erected and a lyceum among the first of the organizations formed. Coöperation was adopted as a basis of organization and management of public utilities, and of these the irrigation canal was the earliest and the most important.

Contemporaneously with this development in Colorado, a similar movement took place in California, with Anaheim as the exemplar and mother colony. Here the irrigation system was coöperative at its inception, as was that at Riverside, which followed a few years later with an even higher ideal in view. But the spirit of speculation, in which the State had its birth, soon infected the work of irrigation and the project fell under the control of corporations that issued stocks and bonds with a free and reckless hand.

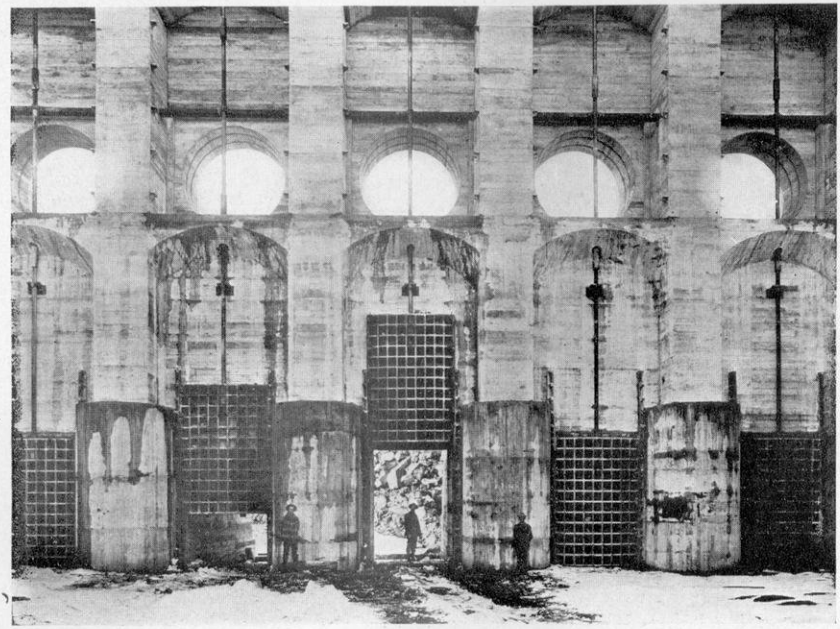
THE speculative investment of capital in canals, begun in California, rapidly spread through the Far West. It was a natural, and, perhaps, an inevitable step in the evolution of the system. Previous to its introduction, practically all the water capable of easy diversion had been turned to account. It was beyond the power of

the individual, or of any combination of persons lacking capital, to utilize what remained. In European countries it had been proved that the Government was the best agency to employ at this stage, but in America, at the time in question, neither the individual States nor the Federal authorities were prepared to undertake the task. Its accomplishment, therefore, depended upon corporate enterprise and, despite the abuses connected with it, great credit is due to that agency for the development of irrigation at a period when no other means of promoting it were available.

During the past thirty years private corporations have expended upward of one hundred millions of dollars in the construction of hundreds of miles of canals, by means of which hundreds of thousands of acres have been reclaimed. Previous to the organization of the Reclamation Service all the large and costly works depended upon such agencies, and could not have been built without them. But a long train of evils followed in the course of their extension. Water-right complications arose from the building of almost every corporate canal. Under the coöperate system it mattered little whether the right to water was attached to the ditch or to the land, because the ownership of both was united in the same persons. But when companies were organized to supply water to land owners who had no interest in such companies the question assumed an important aspect. The laws of practically all the Western States make the ditch owner the appropriator, thus dividing the ownership of the land from that of the water. This condition has been a constant source of irritation to the farmers and has enabled some of the water companies to charge exorbitantly for their service.

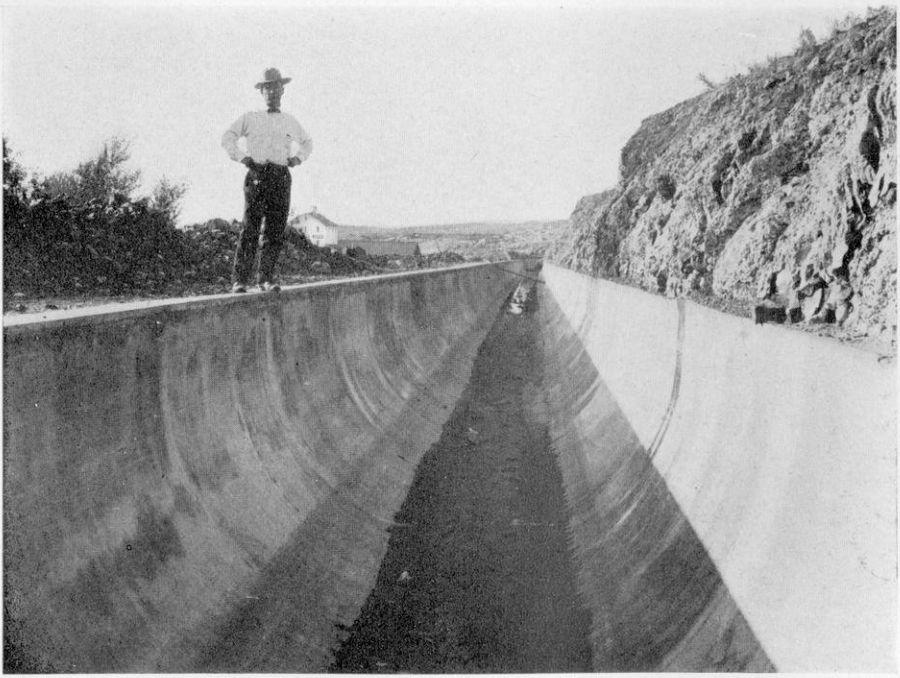
Notwithstanding the favorable position of the companies in the matter of absolute ownership of the water, nearly all the large canals have proved losing investments. Numerous instances might be mentioned of losses exceeding a million dollars. These are not attributable to mismanagement, dishonesty or faulty construction. In nearly every case the works have been of great benefit to the sections in which they were built. They have benefited the public while entailing heavy loss upon the investors. Among the many causes contributing to this result may be mentioned the difficulty and long delay in securing satisfactory settlers for the land to be irrigated; the large outlay involved in the works and the long years during which the capital sunk lay unproductive, the acquirement of the lands to be reclaimed by speculative holders who demanded high prices for them while refraining from making improvements, and the heavy expenses of litigation which seem to be unavoidably connected with every step of such an enterprise.

AT WORK IN THE CORBETT TUNNEL,
SHOSHONE PROJECT.



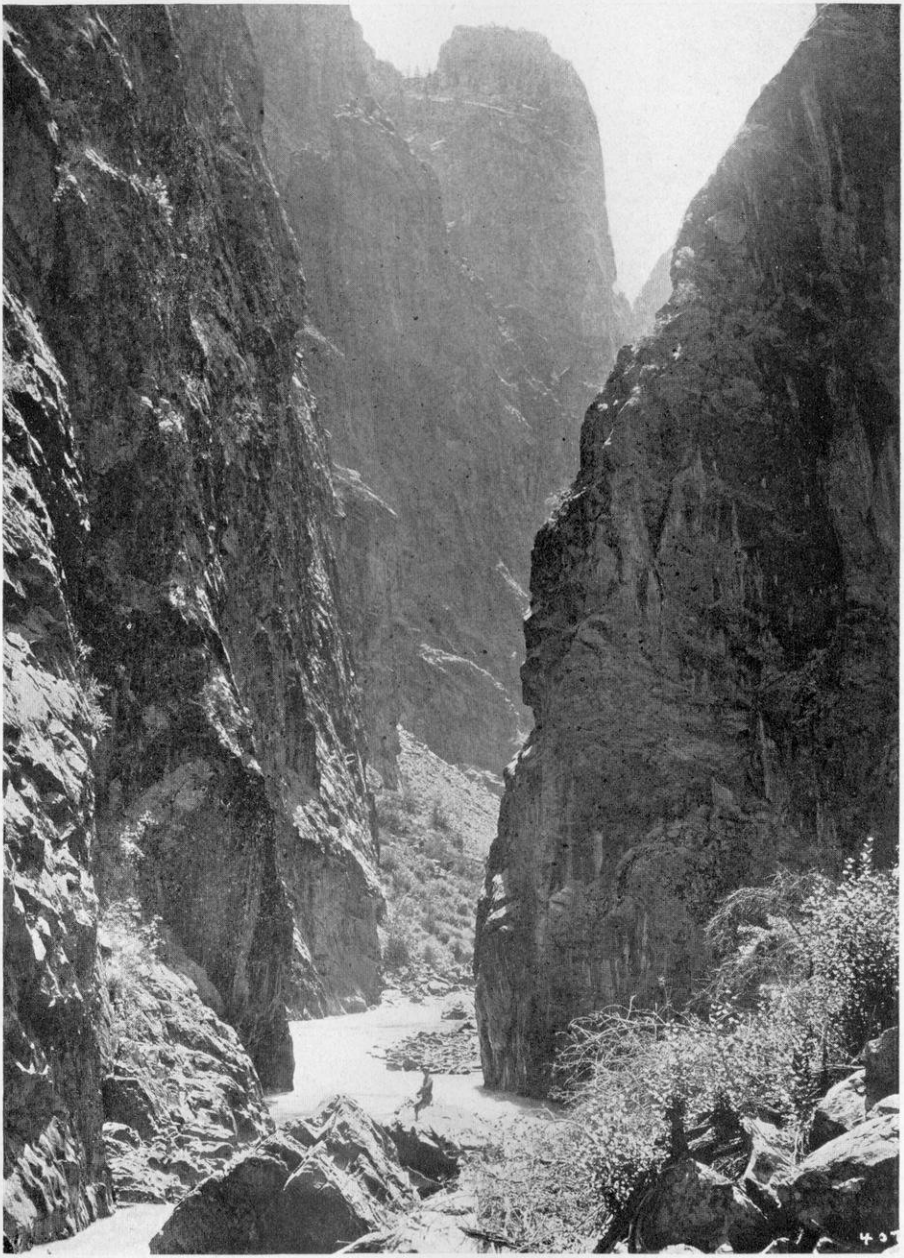
DAM AND DIVERSION CANAL, MINIDOKA PROJECT.

THE GREAT COFFIN GATES, MINIDOKA PROJECT.



DAM AND WATER GATES, TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT.

CONCRETE-LINED SECTION OF CANAL, UMATILLA PROJECT.



SCENE IN THE GUNNISON CANYON,
UNCOMPAHGRE PROJECT.

The record of corporate canals unmistakably pointed to the desirability of Governmental control of such utilities and led to the passage of what is popularly known as the Carey Act. This law, which emanated from the National Legislature, extends to each State the right to segregate one million acres of public land and to control both its reclamation and its disposal to settlers. The object of the Act was to secure better management in the construction of the works and in the settlement of the land. A few States have taken advantage of this Act with varying results. In some cases, notably at Twin Falls, Idaho, the Carey Act operations have been a pronounced success. In others they have been decided failures, even involving scandal and dishonesty. The States have no machinery with which to carry out such an enterprise and the method followed is to contract with a private corporation for the construction of the system and the sale of the land. This arrangement has obvious disadvantages, and the beneficence of the Carey Act depends very largely upon the knowledge and good faith of the State officials under whom the operations of a company acting under it are carried on.

IN JUNE, nineteen hundred and two, Congress enacted one of the most important laws of the present generation. This was the National Reclamation Act, providing that the money received from the sales of public lands in fourteen States and two Territories of the arid region should be used as a fund for the construction of irrigation works in the States and Territories from which it should be derived. The Reclamation Act restricts settlement upon the lands reclaimed by the Government to actual home-seekers and confines their holdings to such an acreage as is considered sufficient to support a family in comfort. It requires that the settlers on each project shall pay for the perpetual right of water at a rate per acre which will suffice to return to the Government the full amount expended upon the work. The cost of reclamation is found to be about thirty dollars per acre and this amount, extended without interest over ten payments, is the average cost of a water right upon the Government land. The return of its expenditure to the Government in this manner permits of an unlimited extension of the work without any call being made upon the tax-payers to contribute to the cost. When any particular system shall have been completely paid for, it will be turned over to the land holders who own water rights under it, and the money will be applied to the construction of works elsewhere.

At the present time the Reclamation Service, which is the administrative bureau intrusted with the work, has twenty-five projects under way. These, when in full operation, will add more than

three millions of acres of the most fertile land in the world to the crop-producing area of our country. Thirteen additional projects, which will bring the reclaimed acreage up to six and one-half millions, will be proceeded with as soon as funds become available.

One of the first projects entered upon by the Reclamation Service was the Truckee-Carson, located in Nevada, and designed to render habitable the Forty Mile Desert, which, with the exception of Death Valley, is the most barren and desolate district on the continent. The chief feature of the engineering operations here consists in lifting the Truckee River from its natural bed and canting it into a great canal which will convey it into the Carson Reservoir. Thence it will be conveyed through long miles of laterals over the parched land. This project will cost nine millions of dollars, but it will irrigate four hundred thousand acres of land now worthless and create a value of at least thirty millions of dollars. In the canyon of the Salt River, two thousand men are at work on the erection of the Roosevelt Dam which, with the exception of that at Shoshone, another of the structures of the Service, will be the highest in the world. Several hundreds of Geronimo's Apache warriors, who once waged relentless war against the white invaders of their hunting grounds, are now engaged on this project under a foreman who was a famous scout and had the reputation of having killed a great number of their tribe.

The Roosevelt Dam will rise to a height of two hundred and eighty-five feet. It will create a reservoir larger than any artificial lake in existence. The site of this lake is at present occupied by a town consisting of permanent stone buildings and having a population of twenty-five hundred. When the dam is completed and the river, now running through a diversion channel, is permitted to resume its natural course, the inhabitants of Roosevelt will desert it and it will become submerged beneath two hundred feet of water.

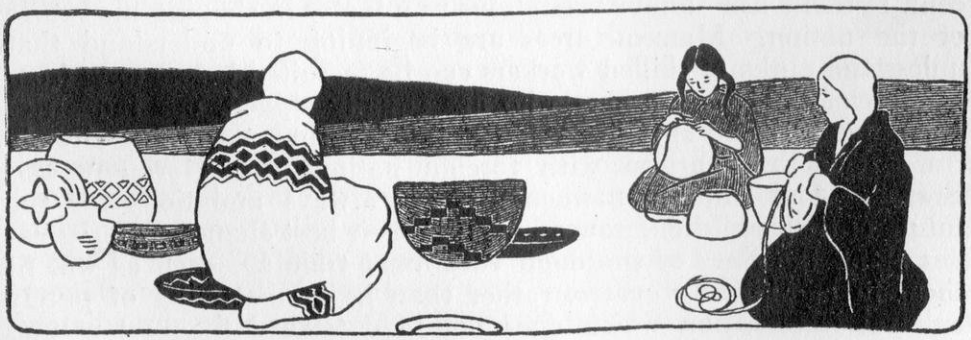
Perhaps the most difficult problems which the Service has had to encounter have been connected with the Uncompahgre project in Colorado. In the first place, the survey necessitated the exploration of a canyon through which no man had ever succeeded in passing. An engineer and his assistant accomplished the task under extraordinary hardships and hazards. Almost as great were the trials through which the topographers were compelled to pass. Then a road into this fearful canyon was constructed, heavy machinery hauled in, and a power plant installed. A village was immediately formed and the work of tunnelling six miles through a mountain began. The Gunnison tunnel will soon be completed, but the story of the difficulties met and overcome in its construction will always live in the annals of American engineering.

A POTENT FACTOR IN HOME MAKING

The Yuma project, in southern California, involves some remarkable engineering features. Across the Colorado River an enormous dam of the East India weir type is being thrown. In default of a solid foundation the vast mass of masonry will rest upon the sand. It will be nearly a mile in length and will extend four hundred feet up and down stream. Its weight will be six hundred thousand tons and its cost three-quarters of a million dollars. Another extraordinary operation in connection with this project is the carrying of the Gila River, through a steel and cement syphon thirty-three hundred feet long, underneath and across the Colorado.

In the Black Hills country of South Dakota a gigantic earthen embankment is in course of construction. It will be one hundred and fifteen feet in height and more than a mile in length and will act as a retaining wall to a lake twenty miles long by five broad and in many places over one hundred feet in depth.

During the five years following its organization, the Reclamation Service has dug twelve hundred miles of canals, some of them designed to carry the entire volume of rivers; has excavated ten miles of tunnels and erected nearly one hundred large structures. The head-works, flumes, etc., completed approximate seven hundred in number and three hundred and seventy miles of wagon road were constructed in mountainous country. As the immediate result of these operations eight new towns were established, one hundred branch railroads built and ten thousand persons found homes in the desert.



OUR NEED FOR INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION: WHAT IT WOULD MEAN TO HAVE VOCATIONAL SCHOOLS ADDED TO THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM: BY M. IRWIN MACDONALD

HEN the American public awakens to the necessity of reform in any direction, it is a foregone conclusion that within a very short time the awakening will crystallize into action. Just now there is no question as to the general awakening of the people of this country to the fact that the elaborate and costly educational system of which we have been so proud is in the long run fatally defective in that it has little or nothing to offer in the way of practical training to boys and girls who must bear their share in the real work of the world. Also we are beginning to realize that, with all our energy and progressiveness, we are so far behind a number of European countries in the matter of industrial and vocational training that even now a large percentage of our skilled workmen are foreigners, and that, unless we take active measures to train our own children for the work which must be done if we are to maintain our position as a great industrial nation, within another generation we shall be obliged to import practically all our skilled workmen from abroad. Statesmen and economists see in this negligence one of the chief causes for the army of unemployed, consisting chiefly of unskilled workmen, which increases in numbers with every period of commercial depression. Liberal minded educators are becoming very much alive to the fact that a public school system which provides for all our children only to the age of fourteen years and after that has little or nothing that is of practical value to offer to ninety-five per cent. of them has serious limitations as a factor in shaping the future of the nation. Manufacturers are beginning to understand that unless the ranks of skilled workers can be recruited before long from a body of younger workers who are equally skilled, our industries will inevitably and speedily suffer even more than they have already suffered by comparison with foreign nations like Germany and France. And intelligent wage earners, always ambitious for the future of their children, now admit that their best chance for progress lies along the lines of thorough vocational training, such as will fit them to be skilled workers, rather than in a smattering of purely cultural information which does not tend toward the best mental and moral development and which in most cases is forgotten during the two years that intervene between graduation from the grammar school and the taking up of actual work.

A large part of the now general realization of our national de-

ficiency in educational matters is due to the efforts of the National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education,—an organization of educators, manufacturers and progressive labor leaders which was formed a little over a year ago and which has already done most effective work in calling the attention of the people to existing conditions and in suggesting a line of action which bids fair to end in the establishment of a complete system of industrial training to be carried on as a part of our public school system. The first annual convention of this association was held a year ago in Chicago, and at that meeting the scope and character of the work which the Society has set itself to do was clearly outlined, and the task of giving the widest possible publicity to the need in this country for better industrial training was energetically taken up.

A Committee of Ten, made up of prominent educators and manufacturers from all parts of the country, was instructed at this first convention to look into the subject thoroughly from all points of view and if possible formulate a type of industrial school that could be adapted to the needs alike of city and country. The report of this Committee was given at the second annual convention of the Society, which was held last November in Atlanta, Georgia, and it speaks well for the earnestness of its members and the honesty with which they have grappled with the immense problem before them that the recommendations they made were suggestive rather than definite in character,—forming a basis upon which a more or less elastic system of industrial education could be built rather than outlining any definite plan. The majority of the children to be benefited by a public school system of vocational training are, of course, those who leave school at or before the end of the grammar school period, so it was decided that the first necessity was for vocational schools which would be directly connected with the grammar school, and which would carry on along technical lines a course of training already initiated in the grammar school, where pains would be taken to have each study taught so as to bring out its application to life in general, and particularly to the skilled vocations, although providing no preparation for any particular trade. To bring this preparatory training into line with the more advanced vocational work, it was recommended that the grammar school should emphasize elementary industrial training in some form or other that would be directly applicable to the needs of the pupils, such training to be substituted for something else in the already overcrowded curriculum. Happily, the general sense of the Committee was that the way to an adequate industrial education lies not in adding more work to the complex curriculum in existing schools, but in a larger variety of schools, each

one having a simplified course of studies and each seeking to do well the work it sets out to do.

THIS much for the preliminary or grammar school training. As for the kind of school recommended as continuation schools for vocational training, these would be more or less local in their character and would seek to serve the needs of local industries. The boy educated in one of these schools would not be made a skilled journeyman in any trade, but would receive a fundamental training that should enable him to become a skilled journeyman within a short time after actually beginning work in the shop or factory, and at the same time would promote him to a higher form of vocational efficiency than he would be likely to have under other circumstances. In short, the industrial training school as suggested would have much the same relation to the preparation of a skilled journeyman as the high grade engineering school has to the preparation of a practical engineer.

With regard to the more advanced technical schools for workers already engaged in some form of industry, it was the conclusion of the Committee that such schools must necessarily take the character either of the industrial improvement school or of the actual trade school. The industrial improvement school, which would be carried on for the benefit of the actual worker, would probably continue to be, as it is now, an evening school, in which would be taught the fundamental sciences upon which a trade rests, together with such technical information as could be given in a physical, chemical, or mechanical laboratory. For example, men who are employed by an electric railway, either as motormen, as electricians, or as linemen, could learn in such a school the fundamental theory of electricity, and the best methods of insulation, of electrical measurements and of the transformation of energy. All of these principles would be illustrated for them in the electrical laboratory, where it would be possible for ambitious workmen to acquire a foundation of knowledge which would enable them to become in time foremen, managers, or possibly inventors. A number of such schools are already in existence, and although they appeal only to men who have more than the usual amount of ambition or energy, the preliminary industrial training suggested for grammar-school pupils would inevitably tend to increase the number of such men and make necessary a considerable increase in the number of industrial improvement schools. The pure trade school, of course, undertakes to teach not only the fundamental processes of a trade, but also their technical application. Naturally, such schools emphasize continuous practice in the work-

shop, seeking to reproduce, as nearly as possible, the conditions of actual work, so that students may be brought up to a point of expertness as close as possible to that of the skilled journeyman.

In recommending that the types of schools described here be used as a basis for a general system of industrial training, the Committee of Ten wisely based its conclusions upon experiments, that, to some degree, have already been tried in various parts of the United States, instead of branching out upon new and necessarily theoretical lines. All the types of schools mentioned are now in existence, and are considered as experiments that have a vital bearing upon the general problem which the nation must solve. The researches of the Committee evidently led it to the sound conclusion that success in industrial training does not depend upon the adoption for general use of one or another type of school or of any hard-and-fast system of training, but in the utilization along general lines of experience already gained, and the seizing of every opportunity to further a natural development. The thing it chiefly insists upon is the necessity for energetic and intelligent coöperation, on the part of educators, employers, students and the Government, to bring about the adoption of industrial schools into the public school system of the country, because sporadic efforts at industrial training, however good they may be in themselves, are not sufficiently far-reaching to affect the national life as a whole, and no system of specialized schools can survive which does not relate itself to the national public school system.

THE example set by Germany, and particularly by the little kingdom of Bavaria, has had a marked effect in bringing about a realization of the need for more thorough industrial education in this country. Bavaria, with only six million inhabitants, has now two hundred and ninety trade schools holding day and evening sessions and giving instruction in twenty-eight different trades and crafts to pupils from the first to the fifth grades. In this country, with its population of something over eighty-five millions, there are fewer trade schools than in that one little German kingdom of less than one-fourteenth part of our population. Furthermore, the rest of the German Empire, with its population of sixty millions, is very nearly as rich in industrial schools as Bavaria.

These elementary technical schools for apprentices in the trades and in business include every kind of trade and craft. In Munich alone there are thirty-eight different kinds of trade schools, all of which have been established since nineteen hundred. These schools represent the chief industries of the city of Munich, and the children

who must leave the grammar school at about thirteen or fourteen years of age are sent directly to one of the technical continuation schools, where they may be well trained for any calling they wish to enter. By this means, all school children are kept under supervision and instruction until they are at least seventeen or eighteen years of age, when they are able to enter the shops and factories as skilled workers. Not only does this method increase by many degrees the industrial efficiency of the nation, but the moral effect of the combination of a good general education and thorough technical training is to give young people an excellent conception of the rights and duties of citizenship,—a course that tends not only to a higher standard of life and work for the individual, but also to the general welfare and efficiency of the citizen body as a whole.

One of the greatest difficulties with which we have to cope in this country is the question of a right disposal of the two or three years intervening between the time of graduation from the grammar school and the age at which a boy is expected to enter upon his life's work. For those whose parents can afford to send them to a good technical or business school, the problem is solved, as well as for those who are fortunate enough to be taken on as apprentices in some of the large industrial concerns which carry on the apprenticeship system in their shops. But the great majority of boys drift about, picking up such odd jobs as they can until it is time for them to begin to learn a trade. The consequence is that it is only the exceptional boy who finally becomes a skilled worker through the sheer force of his own energy, persistence and ability. The rest remain unskilled workers, never earning more than a laborer's wage, and consequently are the first to be thrown out of employment during a period of industrial depression.

SUCH manufacturers as have associated themselves with the Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education are strongly in favor of some system of apprenticeship. The old system, of course, has become obsolete under present commercial and industrial conditions and does not apply to present-day needs. But a new system of apprenticeship, or of industrial training, that will give to students the experience of the school and workshop together, is acknowledged by manufacturers and educators alike to be the most practical way of meeting the difficulty. The wage earners, as represented by the union men, were at first inclined to oppose a system of training that could be used to make the power of the employer more absolute than ever, but as they have acquainted themselves more thoroughly with the subject, a number of the foremost

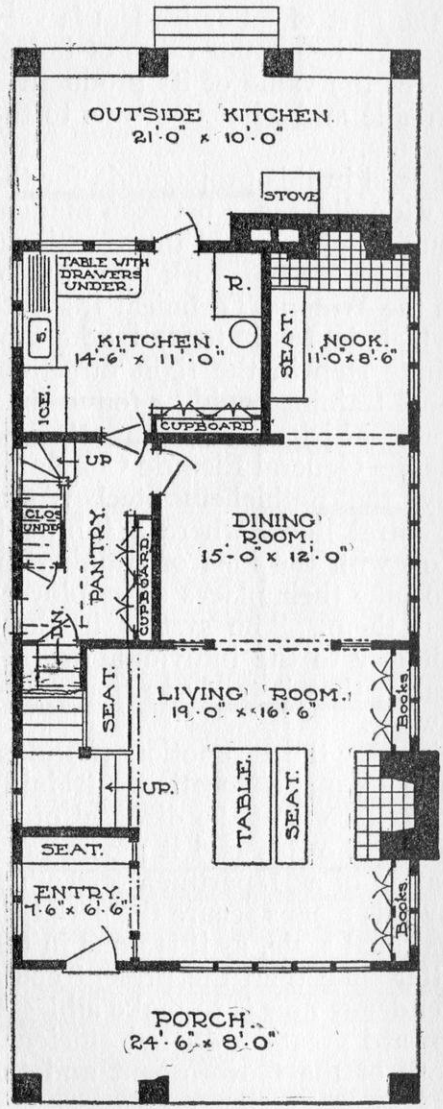
union men have expressed their willingness to lend all the aid in their power toward bringing about a general public school system of industrial training. As one of them expressed it at the Atlanta Convention, the intelligent and ambitious wage earner wants his children taught not merely dexterity of hand, but also the theory of mechanics, reading of blue-prints and the use of tools, as well as the history of commerce and of the ancient guilds, the origin and growth of trades-unionism and something of what it means to the workers of today. The significance of this attitude on the part of labor leaders is very great, because, while the educator sees in theory the value of industrial training and the manufacturer sees the value of its productiveness, the wage earner sees its human side and what it means to the boys and girls who are to be his successors.

One point that is strongly emphasized in this propaganda for the spread of industrial education is the wide difference between manual training as it is now taught in the public schools and the vocational training that actually prepares the student for the work he is to do. The work of such training schools as the Winona Technical Institute in Indianapolis, the Worcester Polytechnic Institute and others of the same sort, is regarded as a definite step in the right direction. No better examples of purely vocational training could be found than in the industrial training departments which have been attached to several large establishments such as the General Electric Company, the Westinghouse Electric Company, the Bethlehem Steel Works and the shops of the New York Central lines, where a thorough system of apprenticeship is carried on with the idea of training up skilled workers who are ultimately to take their places as employees of the company which has educated them. The system in these schools is excellent; but a certain danger to the individual worker lies in its very perfection for the reason that it tends to make him entirely dependent upon specialized work.

Therefore, the work that the Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education has set itself to do is to make vocational training general throughout the country and to place it at the disposal of all children who attend the public schools. To this end it purposes to use every endeavor to secure the creation of a Department of Industrial Education at Washington and by this means secure the certainty of the work being carried out on a national scale, as it is done in the Department of Agriculture. No better time than the present could be chosen for such a move, for the tendency now is to make all legislation constructive and any move toward greater national efficiency is sure to secure the coöperation both of the Government and the people.

TWO CRAFTSMAN HOUSES: A PLASTER DWELLING THAT IS SUITABLE FOR EITHER TOWN OR COUNTRY, AND A FARMHOUSE

TWO Craftsman houses are here shown,—the first one a plaster house that is desirable for building either on an ordinary lot in a town or village, or in the open country, as the case may be,—the other a farmhouse that is definitely planned to meet the requirements of country life. The first house is modeled very closely after a design which we published some time ago and which proved to be one of the most popular of the Craftsman house plans. Modifications and improvements, however, have been suggested by the different people who have built this house, so we have considered it best to incorporate these various suggestions into a new set of plans which we publish herewith for the benefit of the Home Builders' Club. The farmhouse is one of our latest designs.



PLASTER DWELLING: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

The first house as shown here has plastered or stuccoed walls and a foundation of field stone. The design, however, lends itself quite as readily to shingled or clapboarded walls, should these be desired. And of course any coloring may be chosen that is found in harmony with the surroundings. If the plaster walls are used, some surroundings might demand a warm tone of cream or biscuit color verging on the buff, with a roof of dull red; or a dull green pigment brushed over the rough surface and then wiped off so that the effect is that of irregular lights and shades instead of smooth solid color, might be more attractive where a cool color scheme is permissible. In this case the shingles of the roof would better be oiled and left to weather to a natural brown tone.

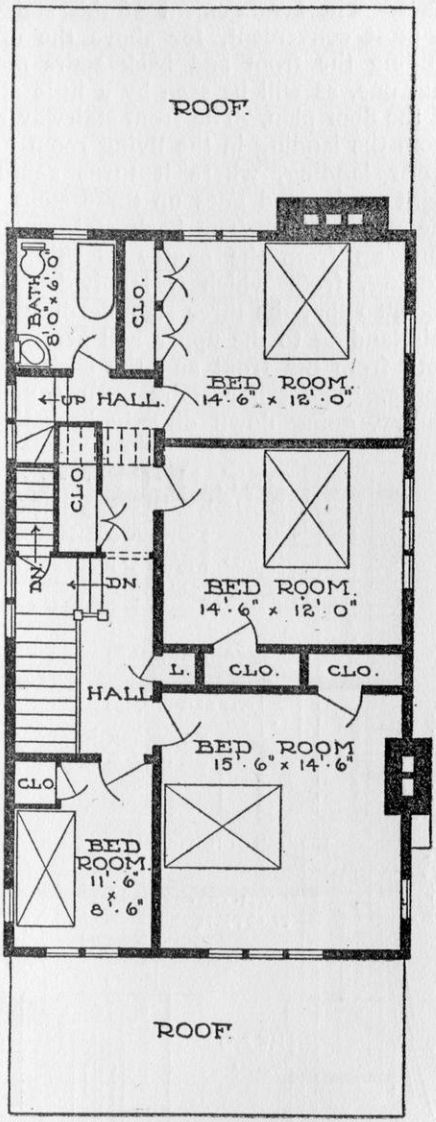
The front porch is very simple in design and is almost on a level with the ground. If it should be decided to use shingles or clapboards instead of plaster for the walls, the square pillars of split field stone would naturally be replaced by heavy round pillars of wood, either left in the color of the other exterior woodwork or painted white. In a plastered house the beams, window frames, etc., would be best in a wood brown tone; but if the walls are shingled or clapboarded, the woodwork would naturally harmonize in tone, care being taken to have it dark enough to give the needed

accent to the color scheme of the house.

The outside kitchen at the back is recommended only in the event of the house being built in the country, because in town it would hardly be needed. In a farmhouse such an outside kitchen is most convenient, as it affords an outdoor place for such work as washing and ironing, canning, preserving and other tasks which are much less wearisome if done in the open air. The position of the chimney at the back of the house makes it possible for a stove to be placed upon this porch for the uses mentioned. The porch might also be glassed in for winter use, because an outside kitchen is almost as desirable in winter as in summer. Or, if it were not needed as an outside kitchen, it could be used with advantage as a cool-room or milk room. The house is so designed that this outside kitchen may be added to it or omitted, as desired, without making any difference to the plan as a whole.

The plan of the lower story shows the usual Craftsman arrangement of rooms opening into one another with only suggested divisions. The entrance door opens into a small entry, screened by heavy portières from the living room, so that no draught from the front door is felt inside. On the outside wall of the living room is the arrangement of fireplace and bookcases, as shown in the detail illustration. The chimneypiece is built of field stone laid up in black cement and runs clear to the ceiling, preserving its massive square form to the top. A bookcase is built in on either side and above each one of these are two small double-hung windows. The tops of the bookcases serve admirably as shelves for plants.

In the center of the room is a large table with a settle of exactly the same length placed back to it and facing the fire, so that it affords an ideal arrangement for anyone who wishes to sit facing the fire with the light from a reading lamp falling over the shoulder. The back of the seat would be on a level or a little below the top of the table so that the two seem almost to be one piece of furniture. This

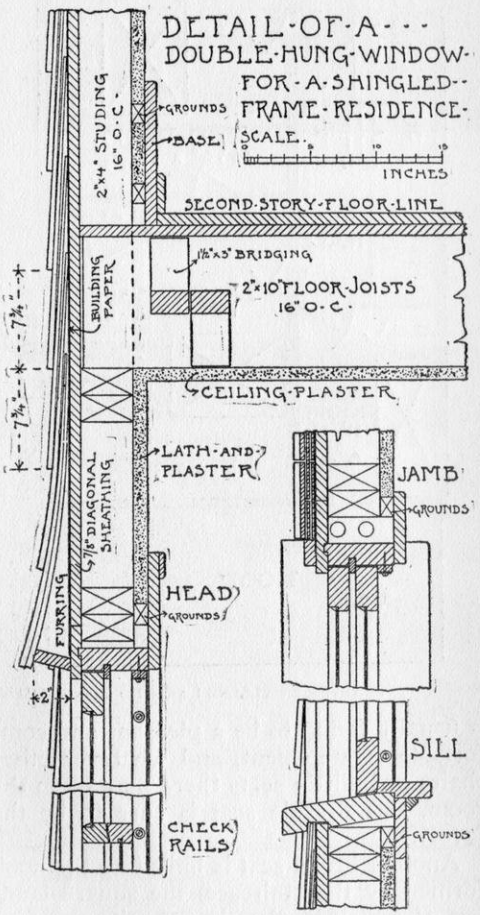


PLASTER DWELLING: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

is usually found to be a pleasant and comfortable arrangement, and whatever other chairs or built-in seats there may be in the room, this fireside seat is sure to be the favorite.

Another broad seat is built into the nook formed by the staircase, the square landing of which is directly opposite the fire-

place. The arrangement of this stairway is most convenient, for above the upper landing the front and back stairs merge into one, as will be seen by a little study of the floor plan. The front stairway runs from the landing in the living room to an upper landing, where it turns again at right angles and goes up three steps into the upper hall. The back stairway also runs up from the pantry to this upper landing, from which it is divided by a door, so that the three steps leading from this landing to the upper hall are utilized both from the front and the back of the house. The cellar stairs open from the pantry, going down directly beneath the front stairs, so that no space is wasted.

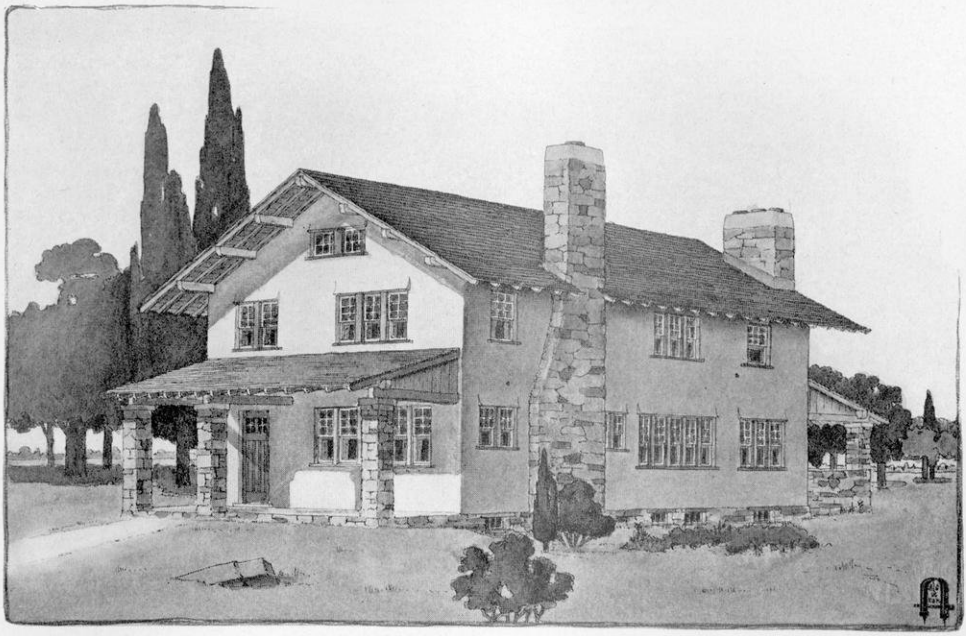


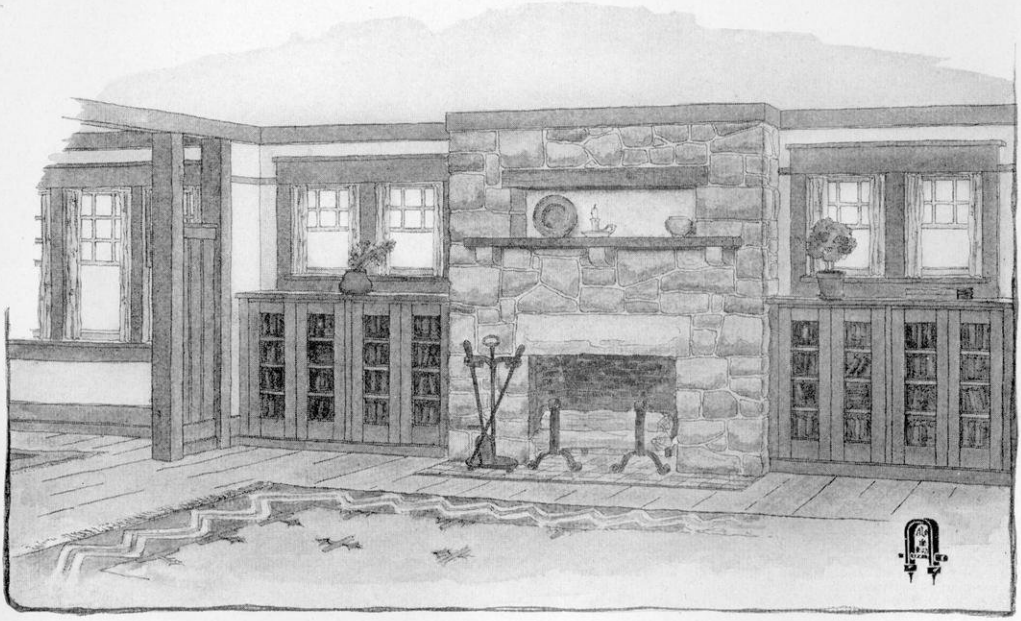
The dining room is simply a continuation of the living room, from which it is divided only by posts and panels with open spaces in the upper part, as shown in the illustration of the fireplace. Beyond this dining room again is a nook, the end of which is completely filled by a large fireplace which uses the same flue as the kitchen range and the stove in the outside kitchen. The seat in this nook is not built in, but a broad bench or settle would be very comfortable if placed as suggested in the plan.

The kitchen has a built-in cupboard on the side next the dining room and a broad work-table with drawers below at right angles to the drain board of the sink. It is not a large kitchen, but is so compactly arranged that there is plenty of room for all the work that is to be done,—which work is greatly simplified by the small space and convenient arrangement. Upstairs there is the same economy of space and an arrangement that results in plenty of closet room without any apparent diminishing of the size of the bedrooms.

THE design of the farmhouse is one of the most satisfactory that we have ever gotten out, not only because the building, simple as it is, is unusually graceful in line and proportion, but because the interior is so arranged as to simplify greatly the work of the household and to give a great deal of room within a comparatively small compass.

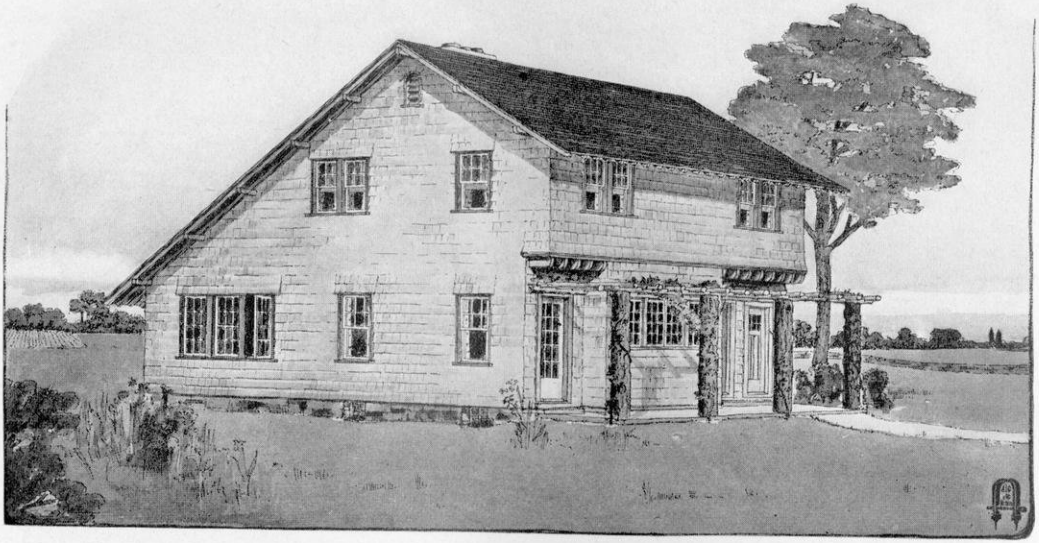
The plan is distinctly and definitely that of a farmhouse, and in this frank expression of its character and use lies the chief charm of the dwelling. The walls are covered with shingles or clapboards, according to the taste or means of the owner. If the beauty of the building were more to be considered than the expense of construction, we should recommend the use of rived cypress shingles such as we have described in detail several times. But the ordinary sawn shingle oiled and left to weather, or stained to some unobtrusive tone of green or brown, would give a very good effect.

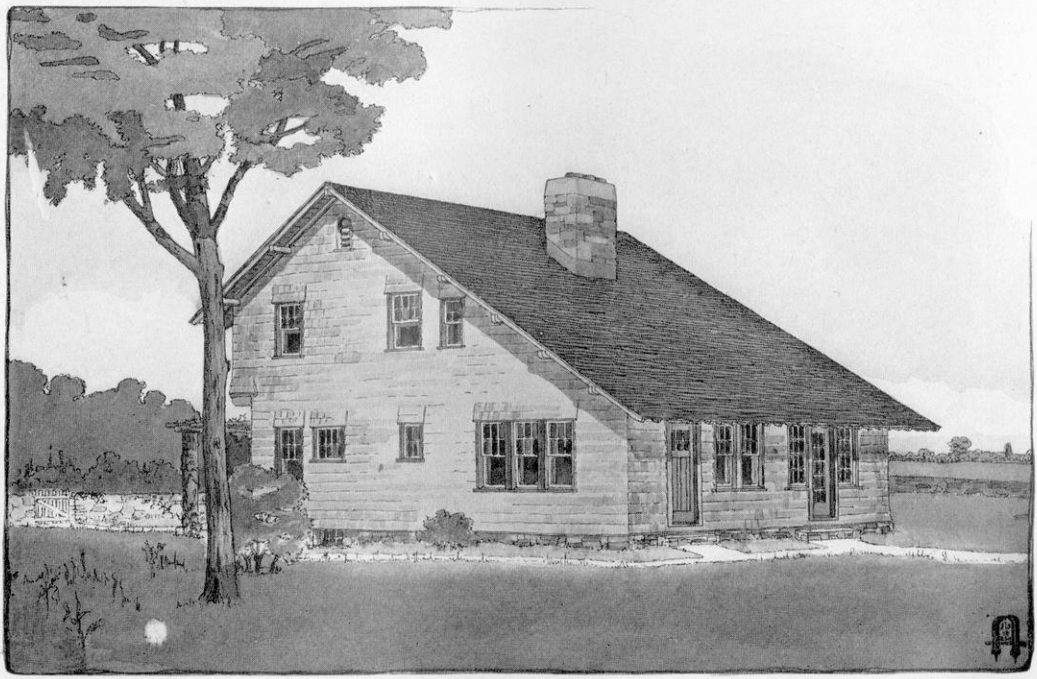




CRAFTSMAN HOUSE FOR TOWN OR COUNTRY.

FIREPLACE AND BOOKCASES IN LIVING ROOM.

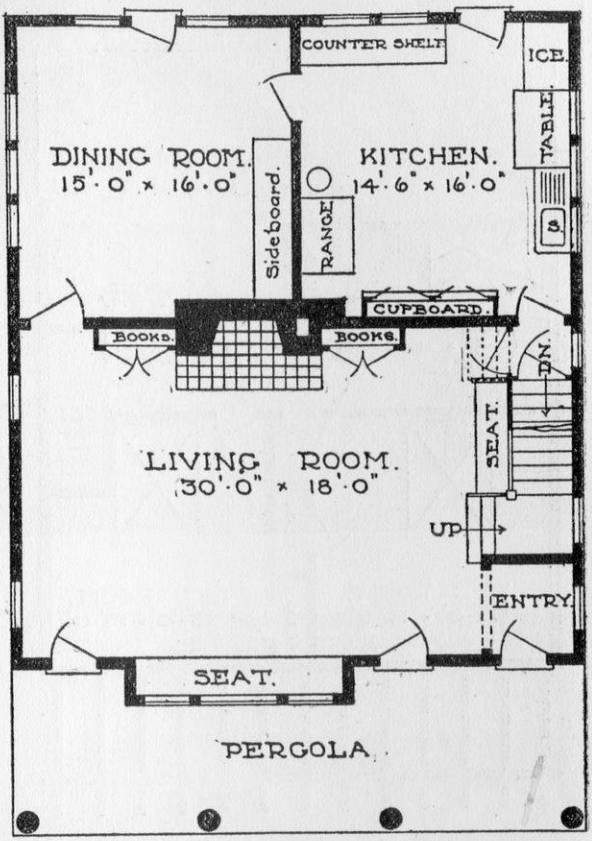




CRAFTSMAN FARMHOUSE: VIEW SHOWING FRONT AND PERGOLA.

REAR VIEW OF CRAFTSMAN FARMHOUSE SHOWING BROAD SWEEP OF ROOF.

The roof, of course, would be shingled, and for the sake of durability, would be painted rather than stained. As the construction of the house in front is such that a veranda would be rather a disfigurement than an improvement, we have supplied its place by a terrace covered with a pergola. The terrace, of course, would be of cement or vitrified brick, and the construction of the pergola would naturally be rustic in character, especially in the case of a shingled house. One great advantage of the pergola is that the vines which cover it afford sufficient shade in summer, while in winter there is nothing to interfere with the air and sunlight which should be admitted as freely as possible to the house. We have allowed the roof to come down in an unbroken sweep toward the back because of the beauty and unusualness of this long roof line as compared with the usual square form of a house with the lower roof of a porch or lean-to at the back. Furthermore, by this device there is considerable space for storage left over the kitchen and dining room.



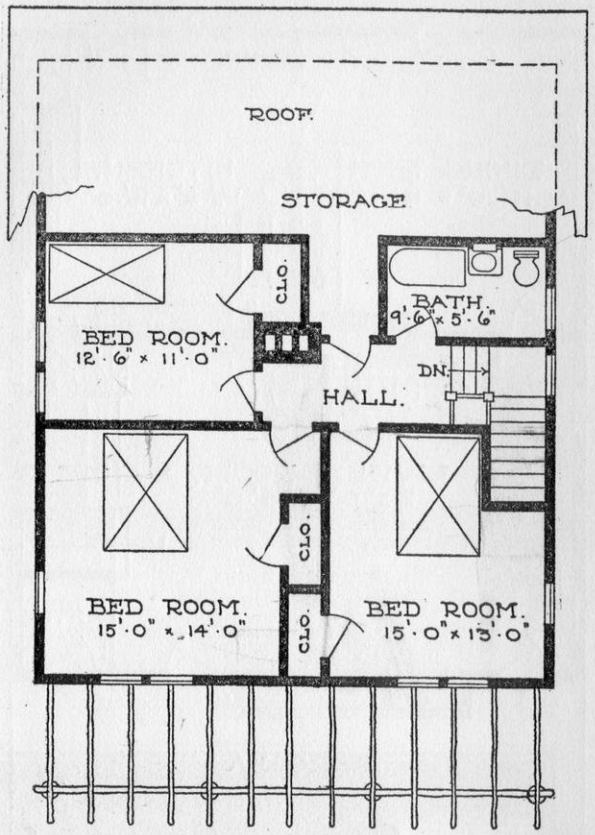
FARMHOUSE: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

We give a detail drawing of the construction of the windows, which are all double hung. The slight projection in the shingled wall that forms a cap over each window, or group of windows, not only affords protection, but is a very interesting feature of the construction. The way in which this projection is made will be fully apparent to anyone who will give a little study to the detail.

The entry opens into the living room very much as it does in the other house, and the arrangement of the stairs is much the same excepting that there is only one staircase for the whole house instead of front and back stairs, as in the other. The big chimney being in the middle of the house, the fireplace in the living room is connected with it on one side and the kitchen range on the other. The fireplace has a bookcase built in on either side, and these bookcases with the two built-in seats form the nucleus of the furnishings.

The dining room is separated from the living room by a door of the usual width. A built-in sideboard that will be described later is the chief piece of furniture in this room; and a door communicates directly with the kitchen. This kitchen is fitted not only with a counter-shelf that serves as a work-table, but also with a large cupboard counter-shelf which serves the purpose of storeroom and pantry, so that there is every convenience combined with the greatest economy of space.

On the second story the arrangement is as convenient and economical as it is below. The upper hall that communicates



FARMHOUSE: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

with all three of the bedrooms, bathroom and the storage place under the roof is made small, so that all the space possible may be utilized for the rooms. The big sweep of the roof at the back affords a large place for storage, though the walls are not high enough to permit of its being used for any other purpose.

We feel that these floor plans are well worth study by anyone who has it in mind to build a farm home, for never before have we succeeded in an arrangement of space at once so convenient and so economical. There is absolutely not one inch of wasted room in the whole house and it is all so arranged as to make the construction good, yet as inexpensive as possible.

FOR the benefit of homemakers who like to have a hand in furnishing as well as building their homes, we give detail drawings and descriptions of three of the pieces which are shown as part of the furnishings of the farmhouse. They are all so planned that they may easily be built by an amateur who has a fair knowledge of tools and knows how to read a working drawing. Each piece is made of V-jointed boards of moderate width, so that the necessity of building up wide boards for panels and the like,—the most difficult part of the work,—is done away with. This is no disadvantage because the use of these V-jointed boards is in its own way very decorative and the pieces may be as carefully made and as beautifully finished as if the finest of paneling were employed.

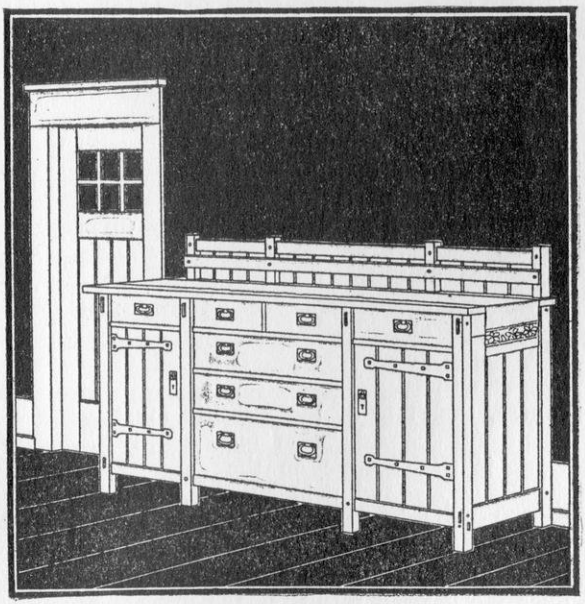
The sideboard is of ample size, being eight feet in length and provided with good sized cupboards and seven drawers, large and small, for silver and table linen. It is made somewhat after the design of one of the Craftsman sideboards which we have found very commodious and useful. The back extends nine inches above the top and a rail is fastened across it in such a way as to afford support for plates and platters which may be stood on edge at the back. The doors, which are strengthened inside with chamfered cleats, are ornamented on the outside with long strap hinges of wrought iron. These, with the door and drawer pulls also of wrought iron, form the only touch of decoration. Nevertheless, the piece may be made exceedingly beautiful by using carefully selected oak or chestnut,—or any other wood that is rich in color and hard enough for cabinet making purposes—and finishing the wood so that its full quality of color and grain are left revealed. While of

course it may be given a surface tone to harmonize with the color scheme of the room, this tone should be carefully chosen with reference to the innate color quality of the wood. The best way to treat almost any wood is to use, as we do, a chemical process to deepen and mellow the natural tone and then, if any further modification of color is needed, give it a very light surface tone of gray, green or brown which will be hardly perceptible and yet will bring the natural color of the wood into harmony with the color scheme demanding any one of these tones. With some woods, wrought iron is by far the most effective for hinges, pulls and escutcheons; but for others, copper is more in keeping, and still others demand dull natural brass. The metal chosen, like the color given to the wood, must be in accordance with individual taste and with the character of the surroundings.

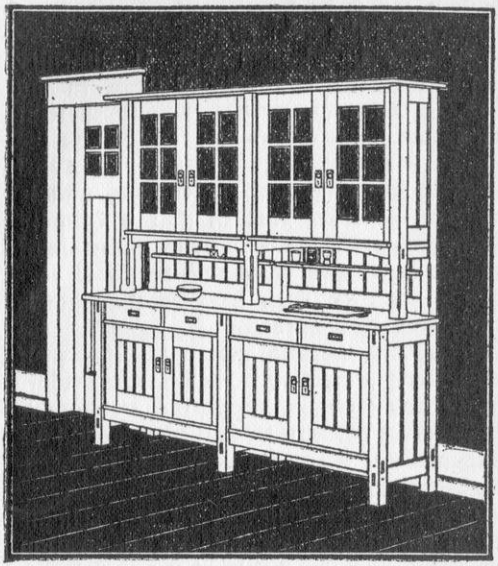
The cupboard is a kitchen piece and is made large enough to serve practically all the purposes of a pantry. This is made throughout of V-jointed boards, but in the lower doors the boards are used in the form of panels. The upper cupboard is shelved for the accommodation of kitchen dishes and supplies and would better be made with glass doors as shown in the model. There are two large cupboards below, each supplied with one shelf for the storing of the larger kitchen utensils and more bulky provisions. Each of these cupboards has two doors opening from the center to allow the most convenient access to the shelves. Above these cupboards are four good-sized drawers and then a top shelf that affords a working space twenty inches wide. The upper cupboard is sufficiently raised above this shelf to allow it to extend to the full width, and in this recess a small shelf five inches wide is placed across the back to hold spice cans and such small matters.

The counter-shelf is placed directly below the kitchen window and conveniently near the sink. It is raised six inches from the floor so that the space beneath may be cleaned without difficulty and has an ample supply of drawers and cupboards below the broad work-shelf at the top. This work-shelf overhangs the lower part sufficiently to allow plenty of room for anyone working there, and is supported on brackets so that it is quite strong. This shelf is used in the place of a work-table and would be better if covered with zinc, both because the zinc is easier to keep clean than wood and because such a covering would make the shelf much easier to build at home, as there would not be the necessity for the wide boards and careful joining that would be demanded if the wood were left exposed.

SO much of the beauty of any scheme of furnishing or interior decoration depends upon the finish of the woodwork that we are going to give here, for the benefit of home builders and home cabinet makers, the process we use in The Craftsman Workshops for mellowing and deepening the color of such woods as



SIDEBOARD FOR DINING ROOM

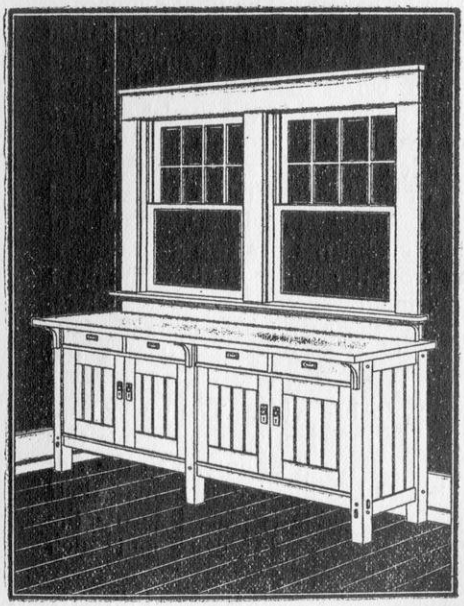


CUPBOARD FOR KITCHEN

pine, California redwood and cypress. but not oak or chestnut.

This process is simple, as it is merely the application of diluted sulphuric acid directly to the surface of the wood. The commercial sulphuric acid should be used rather than the chemically pure, as the first is much cheaper and is quite as good for this purpose. Generally speaking, the acid should be reduced with water in the proportions of one part of acid to two parts of water, but the amount of dilution depends largely upon the temperature of the weather. Conditions are best for the work when the thermometer registers 70° or more; if it is much above 70°, the sulphuric acid will stand considerably more dilution than it will take if the air is cooler. Of course, the state of the weather must be taken into consideration only when the work is to be done on the exterior of the house, as with interior work it is possible to bring the temperature to the required height by means of artificial heat. Sunshine is not necessary to produce the desired result, as the process of darkening is not oxidation, but corrosion.

It is best to experiment upon small pieces of wood before putting the acid upon the woodwork itself, as it is only by this means that the exact degree of strength to produce the best effect can be determined. The acid application should be allowed to dry perfectly before putting on the final finish. For interior woodwork, this last finish should be one or two coats of wax; for the exterior, one or two coats of raw linseed oil. If the wood threatens to become too dark, the burning process can be stopped instantly by an application of either oil or wax, so that it is largely under the control of the worker. A white hogs-bristle brush should be used for applying the acid, as any other kind of brush would be eaten away in no time, and great care should be taken to avoid splashes on the face, hands, or clothing. This is the process of which we have so frequently spoken as being the best finish for the exterior of a house when sheathed with clapboards of pine or cypress, or with rived cypress shingles.



COUNTER SHELF FOR KITCHEN

A MISSION BUNGALOW IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: BY HELEN LUKENS GAUT

THERE is, perhaps, no type of modern architecture that shows wider variation under the influence of environment and surroundings than what is known as the bungalow. The difference between the crude thatched bungalow of India, from which we derived the first inspiration toward the building of this most comfortable and commodious form of dwelling, and the modern American bungalow with its widely varying beauty of form and its many comforts and conveniences, is as wide as that which exists between the national life and ideals of the two countries. In India the sole idea is to provide a shelter that will serve to temper so far as possible the fierce heat of summer, but in this country there are a hundred requirements to be fulfilled, and each part of the country seems to have evolved a form of bungalow that fulfills them to its own satisfaction.

The bungalow shown here is typical of Southern California, and its plan and construction are both derived directly from the form of architecture originated by the old Spanish *padres* as being best adapted to the requirements of the climate and the mode of life. That their judgment was unerring has been shown by the event, because more and more the architecture of Southern California tends to a use of more or less modified forms based on the pure Mission architecture.

This is distinctly a modern house, fitted to supply all the comforts and luxuries of modern life as well as to satisfy its demands for beauty of home environment. The walls are of cement construction and the widely projecting roof is covered with metal tiles painted a dull red. The construction of the walls is rather interesting, for they are built first with a framework of two by four studding, sheathed with rough pine boards an inch thick. On these boards are nailed wood lath ten inches apart and on these again are nailed the steel lath that holds the cement. The cement itself has been given a deep warm cream color by means of a patented process, by which the coloring matter is mixed with the cement in a way that renders it waterproof. The eaves are five feet wide and this wide overhang of the roof is supported by heavy projecting timbers which form an essential part of the structural decoration of the house. The square iron eaves troughs are painted black and are held in place by black iron brackets with an eighteen-inch spread.

The square entrance porch at the front is singularly attractive in design. Its wide-eaved gable roof is supported by heavy round pillars of cement, and between these pillars and the wall on either side is placed a high-backed settle which not only affords a comfortable resting place but adds a charmingly decorative feature to the house. The front door is rather more definitely ornamental than is usual, but its effect in relation to this style of house is particularly good. It is made of dark oak with long panels of beveled glass leaded in a simple tree design.

At the southeast corner is the octagon porch, which is used as an outdoor living room and which is one of the pleasantest places in the house. This porch is partially enclosed by the walls of the house and the open part is protected by a parapet three feet high and by adjustable hanging screens of beads and bamboo. It is furnished as an outdoor room in a land of sunshine should be, with a comfortable couch, roomy wicker chairs and a cool looking Japanese rug spread over the cement floor. A broad French window filled with square panes opens from this porch into the den, which is really its indoor complement.

The dining room, which is placed at the opposite end of the house from the outdoor living room just described, is also octagonal in shape. At the rear of the house is a small court, and extending from this to the kitchen garden is a beautiful pergola with roof timbers made of shaggy eucalyptus trunks eight inches in diameter, raised upon supports made of round

cement pillars founded on cobblestone squares. Honeysuckle, wistaria, asparagus fern, bignonia, heliotrope and climbing roses have been planted so that they will twine around these columns and clamber over the roof timbers, and at the rate flowers grow in Southern California the place should be a wilderness of bloom by the end of the first year.

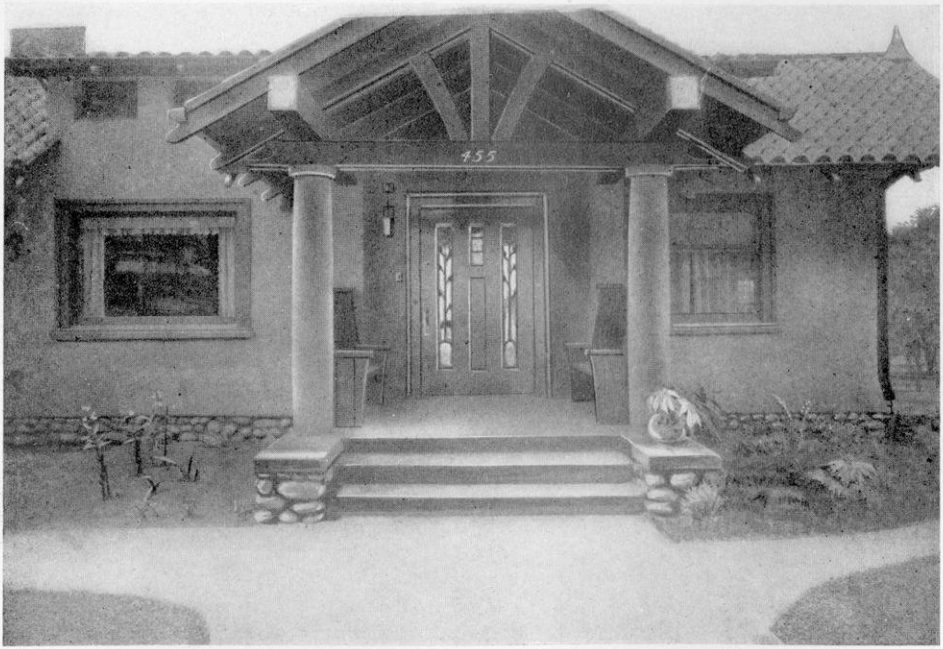
Like all properly designed bungalows, the lower floor of this one is practically one large room, as the wide openings that serve in place of doorways are more in the nature of decorative structural features than actual divisions. A little triangular vestibule with the apex pointing inward is just inside the entrance door, which forms the base of the triangle. One wall forms a corner of the octagonal dining room and the other is nothing more than the wide opening which serves to make the vestibule a nook in the corner of the living room. Directly opposite the vestibule is a projecting triangular closet, which serves on the one side to preserve the octagonal shape of the dining room and on the other cuts off the corner of the living room in a line that balances the opening from the vestibule. There are practically no divisions between the living room and the dining room and den, and only a suggested division between the den and the large bedroom just back of it. Another bedroom occupies the center of the house, and opening from the dining room is a perfectly fitted kitchen that leads out upon a cement porch and thence into the court and pergola.

In these California bungalows it is the usual custom to have the interior woodwork, and very often the walls and ceilings, done entirely in one or the other of the California native woods, left so far as possible in its natural state, but in this case the scheme of interior decoration is more conventional and elaborate. The walls in the living room are covered with satin-finished paper in tones of green, and verdure tapestry is used in the dining room. The ceilings throughout are done in deep cream. The fireplace in the living room is also conventional rather than rugged in effect, as it is made of red pressed brick with an elaborate mantel above, showing fanciful paneling of redwood strips and an elaborate cabinet in the center of the mantel shelf. Most of the furniture is of black oak and dark brown leather and shows the heavy plain forms that seem so essentially to belong to a California house.

The floors in the living room, dining room and den are all of polished oak, and the rest of the floors are maple. The woodwork in the living room, dining room, vestibule and den is all done in selected redwood, highly polished. The woodwork in the bathroom and bedrooms is done in white enamel, while in the kitchen, pantry and kitchen closets it is of Oregon pine left in the natural color.

The cost of this house was approximately $6,000, this amount including the cost of furnace, plumbing, electric and gas fixtures, water heaters, wall paper, shades, cement walks, pergola; in fact, everything about the house. The design could be duplicated for much less money without losing the general effect by substituting cheaper glass, pine floors and woodwork, tinted walls and plain cupboards in kitchen and pantry, and by dispensing with the cellar and furnace, which are by no means necessities in Southern California.

In fact it is by no means certain that the cheaper house would not be even more charming because it would be more in harmony with the accepted idea of a bungalow. The finishing and furnishing of this house is more in accordance with the ideas of the East than of California, and the construction and appointments are such as would withstand the severity of an Eastern winter. In California, especially near the coast, there is no need to prepare for climatic extremes and this fact gives a wide opportunity for the building of beautiful houses at comparatively small cost. While it is desirable, of course, to have all the luxuries, effects quite as beautiful are within the reach of a much slenderer purse.



See pages 481 and 482

A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW FOLLOWING THE ARCHITECTURAL STYLE ORIGINATED BY THE SPANISH PADRES.

DETAIL OF ENTRANCE SHOWING AN INTERESTING SIMPLICITY OF STRUCTURE.

See pages 481 and 482

WIDE CEMENT PORCH AT SOUTHEAST CORNER OF MISSION BUNGALOW.

PERGOLA EXTENDING FROM THE REAR OF THE HOUSE TO THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

M. Stillman Dutton, Architect, see pages 487 and 488

"NAGAWICKA" (NESTLE DOWN), THE COUNTRY HOME OF MR. GILLETT, GATES MILLS, OHIO.

See pages 487 and 488

"THE CHIMNEYS ARE OF RAGGED BOULDERS SPLIT TO SHOW THE NATURAL CLEAVAGE."

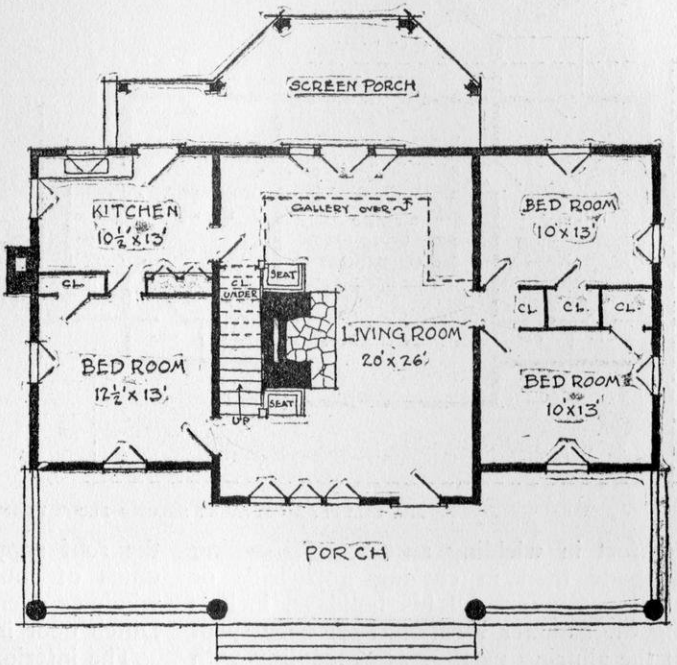
SHOWING HANGING BALCONY AND CORNER OF SCREENED PORCH.

A SUMMER COTTAGE IN THE OHIO WOODS: BY EDWARD A. ROBERTS

ONE of the chief compensations for city life in the East is the possibility of possessing a summer home in the woods. A house that is lived in all the year round, while it soon takes on the character of an old familiar friend, fails to give that delightful sense of novelty which comes to us afresh each year when we return to the little bungalow in the woods, where we can throw off all the conventions of life and play "keep house" all summer.

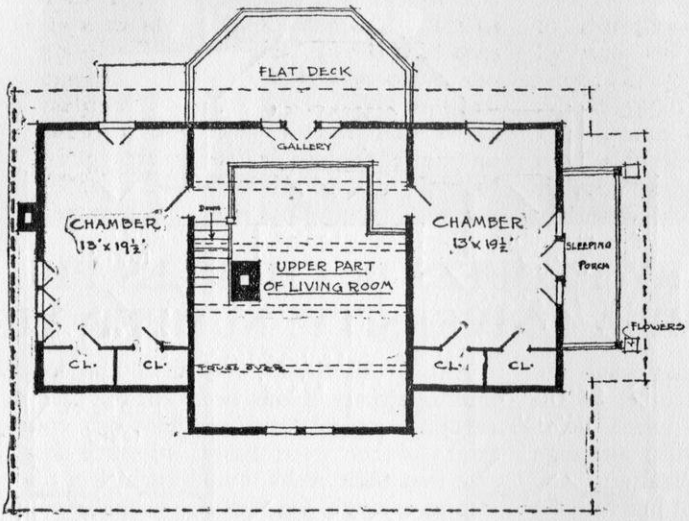
One of the most delightful of these cottages or bungalows is "Nagawicka," a country cottage planted among the rocks and woods on a hillside near Gates Mills, Ohio. Gates Mills is the home of quite a large suburban community, but although there are many charming country places there, none has quite the individuality of Nagawicka. The name means "Nestle Down" and was borrowed from an Indian lake of the same name in Wisconsin, Mr. Gillett's native State. The house, which was designed by W. Stillman Dutton, a Cleveland architect, and built by George B. McMillan, was the result of a study of numerous illustrations of bungalows published in THE CRAFTSMAN.

When Mr. Gillett, a Cleveland business man, looked about for a favorable location for his summer home, he passed by the level open country intervening between the city and Gates Mills, and purchased twelve acres of virgin forest on the high westerly slope of the Chagrin River, fifteen miles from the Public Square. Here he built the rustic cottage, which was designed to conform with the natural environment of woods, for maples, elms and beeches were growing over every foot of his land. The



MR. GILLETT'S COTTAGE: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

site itself was thick with trees, underbrush and grape vines and its surface was rough with projecting roots and stones. In less than one year the owner has cleared and thoroughly drained the site, erected his house, improved the immediate surroundings by the artistic arrangement of native shrubs and flowers, smoothed out grass plots here and there among the trees, discovered and walled up a fine spring, and constructed a driveway and a winding Indian trail through the forest. In addition to all this, he has felled trees and grubbed out hundreds of stumps and stones for a garden plot from which he harvested a good crop of vegetables for the summer's use. These feats of pioneering were accomplished with the aid of a considerable crew of workmen and teams employed during the springtime and by the further employment of help during the summer. Mr. Gillett is an enthusiast in outdoor work, finding greater pleasure and



MR. GILLETT'S COTTAGE: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

comfort in wielding an ax and handling a spade than in chasing golf balls or playing tennis. All his holidays, including the summer vacation, have been spent in the alluring pastime of "meddling with Nature." To him, a trip to the Adirondacks had no special attraction, for in the spot he has chosen for his summer cottage he finds much of the seclusion and wildness of the rugged woodlands among the mountains. The owls hoot for him at night, the squirrels romp about his doorway, the song birds waken him in the morning, and occasionally a friendly snake crosses his pathway, or a rabbit, coon or woodchuck scampers by.

A screen of thickly growing trees and bushes hides the house from the road several hundred feet distant. The driveway enters between two large maples and is also marked by boulders of immense size. This drive is overhung with branches and vines and has a number of rustic seats along its course. The dimensions of the house are approximately forty-six feet each way over all. For the exterior walls, pine boards are used in the lower story, laid as siding, surfaced on the inside and left rough on the outside to receive a stain of sepia tone. The gable ends and upper story are paneled and plastered rough cast. The roof is laid in random lines of moss green shingles, with a tilting strip at intervals of three or four feet, forming strong horizontal lines. The ridges and roof ends also are shingled, the shingles being thrown up by tilting strips. The chimneys are of granite boulders split to show the natural cleavage. A hanging balcony is a charming feature at the northern end of the house, while a screened porch on the western side makes a large and airy dining room. Across the entire front of the house is a wide porch, the roof supported upon four large columns of rough cast plaster. Casement windows opening inward are used, and a Dutch door is placed at the entrance.

The interior of the house is open to the roof over the large living room, which is warmed and cheered by a fire of logs in a huge fireplace built of split hardheads and extending full height to the roof. On the ground floor are the living room, three bedrooms, the kitchen and the open-air dining room. A wide stairway back of the fireplace leads to a gallery which extends around the western end of the living room and gives access to two large bedrooms on the second floor, so that a number of guests may be accommodated. A sleeping porch leads from one of these bedrooms, giving the appearance of a nest among the trees. All of the interior framework is exposed and the whole is stained in a light tint of brown that harmonizes with the exterior. No part of the interior is plastered.

With its old fashioned furnishings, its trophies and mementos distributed here and there, the bungalow is not only in complete harmony with its woodland surroundings, but expresses the comfort and enjoyment which it affords.

DYEING SILKS: BY PROFESSOR CHARLES PELLEW, OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY: NUMBER VII

SOME of my readers may have noticed that in the last article, on the Acid Dyes, no details were given about the dyeing of silk, although this fabric, along with wool, feathers, and other animal fibers, is almost universally dyed with colors belonging to this class. But silk is such an interesting and important textile and so unlike, in composition and character, all the others, that it has been thought advisable to devote a special article to its preparation and structure before touching on the dyeing.

DEFINITION—VARIETIES OF SILK:

Silk has been defined as a "smooth, lustrous, elastic fiber of small diameter and of animal origin." As is well known, the ordinary silk of commerce is secreted or "spun" by the silkworm, the caterpillar form of a moth known as Bombyx Mori, the moth of the mulberry tree. These silkworms have been cultivated for thousands of years, but there exist in different parts of the world, notably in India and Japan, wild or uncultivated silkworms, derived from nearly related but not identical families of moths, and whose silk is collected in the forests by the natives, forming what is known in commerce as wild or tussore silk.

Of course, the silk from silkworms, cultivated and wild, is the only one yet produced on a commercial scale. But silk can also be obtained from other animals, notably from spiders, and from a peculiar shellfish, the pinna, found in the waters of the Mediterranean.

Silk from Spiders.—For a couple of hundred years it has been known that in certain tropical and semitropical countries spiders were found of such large size that their webs would furnish a fiber strong enough for textile purposes. In Paraguay and in Venezuela silken fabrics have been made in this way on a small scale for a long time.

During the last few years a similar industry has been started in Madagascar by the efforts of a French missionary, who invented a simple apparatus for confining the spiders and for extracting silk from them in fairly large quantities. The large spiders used for this purpose are extremely abundant in the forests and parks on that island.

The factory, as it was finally fitted up on the very edge of the forest, contains workshops for the spiders in the form of a large number of little pigeonhole cells, in which each insect is carefully shut in by a wooden guillotine-like holder, which fastens around its body, exposing the abdomen and separating it from the legs and head. The operators (native girls with very delicate, light fingers) then proceed to tap these spiders, drawing the silk from them by pressing them until the gummy mass exudes, and then drawing it off in fine threads and joining it to others which, together, are reeled off by a small wheel until the supply from the individual spider is exhausted. It is claimed that if carefuly treated the spiders are not injured by this process and

if well fed can be tapped four or five times a month, giving some thousands of yards of silk each time. The thread thus formed is of a bright yellow color, extremely strong, and very brilliant and lustrous. It has been woven into cloth, making very beautiful material; and at the Paris Exposition in 1900 a piece of spider silk was shown, 18 yards long and 18 inches wide. Unfortunately, on the side of a commercial success, to produce this cloth some 25,000 spiders were required and it is estimated that the silk cost from $30.00 to $40.00 a pound. It is hoped that with experience the cost may in time be lessened until this silk can compete with ordinary silk on fairly equal terms.

Silk from the Silkworm.—As before mentioned, this can be divided into two parts, according to whether the silkworms are the cultivated or the wild varieties. In each case the silk is produced by the caterpillar spinning a covering or shroud, the so-called cocoon, around itself to protect it when in the form of the chrysalis or pupa, awaiting its transformation into the moth. The silk of commerce all comes from the worms of the moth known as Bombyx Mori, which during thousands of years has been studied and grown for this purpose. These worms feed upon the leaves of the white mulberry tree and cannot be successfully cultivated without that plant. The somewhat similar worms producing the various wild silks, or tussore silks, of commerce, live upon leaves of the oak, ailanthus, elm, castor oil plant and others.

History.—So far as we can tell, silk was first discovered and manufactured in China about 1700 B. C., a date corresponding in Biblical history to the time of the patriarch Joseph. From China it was exported to the great and wealthy empire of Persia, and from there was first brought into Europe by Alexander the Great after his defeat of the Persian king. Its origin, although known to and described by Aristotle, was for several hundred years a mystery. During the Roman Empire silken garments woven in Europe from Chinese silk imported by way of Persia were important and very highly prized articles of luxury. About 555 A. D., while commerce with Persia was interrupted by warfare, two monks in the pay of the Emperor Justinian smuggled eggs of the silkworm and seeds of mulberry trees from China to Constantinople.

This was the origin of the European silk industry. Its cultivation spread rapidly to the various countries bordering on the Mediterranean, and by the 17th century was firmly established not only in Spain and Italy but also in France. Efforts were made to introduce it at this time into England, but without much success, and in 1622 King James I started the industry for the first time in the colony of Virginia in this country. Since that time numerous attempts have been made to develop the American silkworm industry, but with very little success, owing to the large amount of hand labor necessary to produce the material.

At the present time the very finest raw silk in the world is produced in the South of France, and next to that comes certain brands of Italian silk. The Japanese silk is more variable in quality, although steadily improving, while the Chinese silk, as a rule, is less satisfactory and more apt to be light and fluffy.

With regard to the consumption, it was estimated that in 1907 Europe used some twenty-five million pounds and the United States fifteen million pounds of raw silk, which at an average price of nearly $5.50 per pound amounted to over two hundred and eighteen million dollars.

It is universally agreed that the United States consumes more silk than any other country in the world. In 1906 the importations of raw silk into the country amounted to nearly sixty-five million dollars; of spun silk, over three million dollars, and of waste (cocoons, etc.) over one million dollars, making a total

of sixty-nine million dollars. Besides this there were imported of manufactured goods over thirty-four million dollars, making the total importations for the year well over one hundred million dollars.

Preparation, Manufacture of Silk.—The full process of manufacturing silk, from the silkworms to the shop, may be divided into the following steps:

(1) Raising of the cocoon,
(2) Reeling or filiature.
(3) Throwing the raw silk,
(4) Stripping, weighting, dyeing and finishing the skeins,
(5) Weaving and finishing the fabric.

Raising the Cocoons.—The eggs collected from the moth are spread out on cardboard, kept warm and damp, and in 10 to 12 days hatch out into minute worms. These are freely fed with mulberry leaves and grow very fast, until at the end of four or five weeks they are full grown and ready to spin. They are then transferred to wicker baskets, and proceed to fasten themselves to the walls at convenient places, and then to gradually enshroud themselves in a fine, closely woven web or cocoon by continuously pressing from the silk glands in their heads a thick, gummy fluid which hardens in the air.

This operation takes about five days, after which the worm changes to the state of pupa or chrysalis, and rests immovable inside the cocoon until after some fifteen or twenty days it changes to a moth. It then proceeds to eat, or rather dissolve by means of an alkaline secretion, its way out of the cocoon, cutting through the threads to such an extent that the silk is useless for reeling purposes, and can only be used for carding and spinning. Accordingly, only enough cocoons are allowed to ripen to furnish a new crop of eggs; the rest are carefully baked, so as to destroy the pupæ contained in them.

Reeling the Raw Silk from the Cocoon.—The amount of silk obtained from each cocoon is but small, and much of it is in the form of floss or waste, useful only for spinning. So it takes from two thousand to three thousand cocoons to furnish one pound of raw silk. The silk is reeled off by hand, after soaking the cocoons in warm water to soften the gum which fastens the fibers together. The threads from several different cocoons are combined by the operator into one continuous fiber, which is reeled off gradually, and as fast as one thread breaks or comes to an end another one is thrown in from another cocoon.

This furnishes the raw silk of commerce and consists of two different compounds. The most important is the fibroin or silk fiber, which is strong, elastic, with brilliant luster, insoluble in water and dilute acids, but readily soluble in alkalies, especially if hot and strong; but besides this, it contains from 30 to 45 per cent. of sericin, or silk gum, which is stiff and brittle, without luster, and, while softening in warm water, dissolves readily in hot soapsuds or warm alkaline solutions.

Throwing the Silk.—Silk differs from cotton, wool, linen and other textile fibers by being made of one continuous thread and not of a series of short threads which have to be twisted tightly together before they can be woven. So, instead of a spinning process, the raw silk is subjected to what is known as "throwing," in order to make the thread suitable for dyeing and weaving. For this purpose the raw silk is softened in hot water and soapsuds and several threads are combined together by twisting and supposition and reeled off into one thread of thrown silk.

Two main varieties of thrown silk are universally recognized in the trade, namely, organzine and tram. The organzine is the thread used for warp. It is very strong and tightly twisted, with, as a rule, considerable luster. In some kind of weaving the luster of the material depends entirely upon the warp. The tram, on the other hand, constitutes the filling. It is usually more loosely woven, of thicker thread, and need not be either so

strong or so lustrous. It is usually made of from two to five threads of raw silk and, of late years, has been generally greatly adulterated.

While this thrown silk has lost some of its original gum, it still contains some 20-30 per cent. of sericin, or gum, which prevents it from having any luster, makes it hard to dye, and causes it to be too stiff for weaving.

Stripping or Degumming the Silk.—To extract this gum, the silk, still in skeins or hanks, is heated for some hours in a strong solution of (neutral) soap, and then washed well in other soap baths and in hot water until it is perfectly soft and has gained the proper luster. The soap containing the gum thus extracted, called "boiled-off liquor" or "soap gum," is carefully kept and used in dyeing colors.

After stripping, there are two lines of treatment, according to whether the silk is to be "piece dyed" or "dyed in the skein."

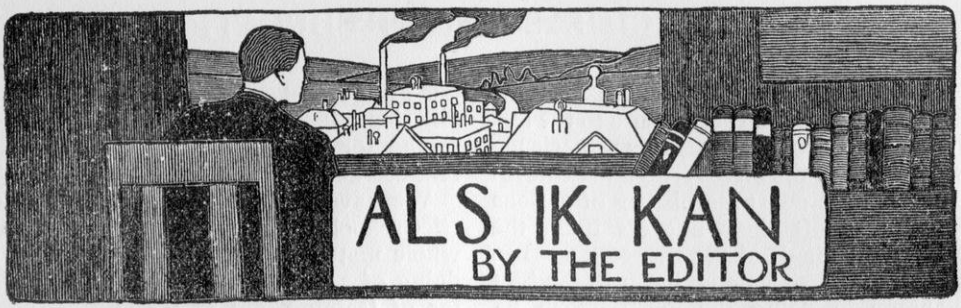
In piece dyeing the stripped silk is passed through a weak bath of acid, usually acetic acid, and then woven into goods of the desired quality. These goods are then dyed in the piece by being run through the dye bath until they are of the proper shade. The dye bath (for colors) is made by stirring the proper quantity of acid dyestuffs, the same as those mentioned in the last article, into a bath of boiled-off liquor, which is faintly acidified, or "broken," as the technical phrase goes, by the addition of some sulphuric acid. This boiled-off liquor has the property of laying the dyes on the silk evenly and thoroughly and is better for that purpose than any other medium. For amateur work, or where boiled-off liquor cannot be obtained, very fair results can be obtained with a strong bath of olive oil soap (Castile or Marseilles soap), made acid with dilute sulphuric acid.

The term "breaking" the soap bath is very significant. The acid should be added drop by drop to the frothing soap bath until the bubbles disappear and a thin iridescent film of fatty acid rises to the top of the liquid.

After the piece goods are brought to the proper shade, they are then finished, usually by carefully rinsing in water to take away all traces of free acid, then by passing through a cold soap bath, often with a little olive oil emulsified in it, to increase the luster, and finally through a bath of weak organic acid, like acetic acid, to develop the so-called "scroop" or "feel" of the silk. When silk is washed in soap, or, especially, in even a weak bath of alkali, it becomes soft and clammy to the touch, and has no "life" or "snap" to it when dry. The passage through even a weak bath of acid develops the characteristic stiffness of the silk fiber, and causes it to give the peculiar rustling sound when pressed.

Skein Dyeing.—The silk dyers proper, who dye and finish their silk in skeins before weaving, consider the above process as very inferior, in skill and in results, to their own art. It is true that piece-dyed goods are usually rather light and thin in quality, and not, as a rule, as lustrous as the others, while they can only be produced in solid colors, or with patterns stamped or printed upon a background of solid color. On the other hand, it is much more difficult to heavily adulterate and weight piece-dyed goods, and hence the lack of weight has compensating advantages.

The treatment of silk in skeins has been developed to a high art by the skill of dyers and chemists throughout the world, and is not infrequently referred to as one of the triumphs of modern science. Whether the chemist who makes two pounds of silk appear from one, or far less than one, pound of raw material is entitled to quite the same rank, as a benefactor of the human race, as the scientific agriculturist that we have so often heard about, is perhaps open to question. But the products of his skill and labors are met with everywhere and I propose in the next article to discuss his methods with some detail.



DANGER OF TOO MUCH SYSTEM IN EDUCATION, AS OPPOSED TO THE REAL TRAINING THAT COMES FROM DIRECT EXPERIENCE

INDUSTRIAL training, such as will fit our boys and girls to bear their full share in the work of the world, is a question that is now being brought very definitely before our people. Our own backwardness in this respect is contrasted most unfavorably with the progress made by certain European nations, and it is prophesied that our commercial prestige will inevitably suffer diminution if we do not take some measures to bring up a new generation of workers as highly skilled as those of the foreign countries which are held up to us as examples. Also, the need for greater interest in farming and for more energy and intelligence in the pursuit of agriculture is urged upon us at every hand. The Government, through the manifold activities of the Department of Agriculture, is placing at the disposal of the farmer the results of all manner of scientific research, and the plan for establishing a national system of agricultural schools keeps pace with the plan for adding industrial training schools to our present public school system.

All these efforts are unquestionably in the right direction, and the investigations and experiments carried on by some of the most able men in the country cannot result otherwise than in a better understanding of present conditions and, ultimately, in a great improvement of our educational methods. Nevertheless, it seems to me that one point is in danger of being neglected, namely, that in the effort to perfect our present system of education up to the last degree of practical efficiency, we are apt to lose sight of the fact that too much system is a hindrance rather than an aid to natural growth and development and that where there is an abundance of education there is apt to be a paucity of real learning. We all know what the primitive district schools a generation or two ago did toward the development of the nation. But do we know just why the little red schoolhouse, with its meager equipment, turned out leaders of men, while our present elaborate educational system fails, in the vast majority of instances, to give to the student that mental stimulus which induces him to seek knowledge for its own sake and to apply it to all the affairs of life?

To me the answer is plain. The more primitive schooling that our fathers had was almost entirely suggestive in its nature. There was just enough of it to whet the appetite for more, and both boys and girls—especially those brought up on the farm—encountered in daily life problems that they were eager to solve. It was considered a privilege to go to school and many a boy worked hard all summer and did chores for his board and lodging in the winter time in order to gain the coveted winter's schooling. That boy did not go to school because he was compelled by his parents or the truant officer to do

so. He went because he wanted to know things; because he wanted to add to the lessons learned from his own daily experience a knowledge of the discoveries and achievements of great men; the history of nations which have left their impress upon the world, and enough of the exact sciences to enable him to use his own brain to the best advantage in doing the work which he himself had to do. Therefore, although the curriculum was but meager in comparison with that of today, it gave the essentials of learning and—which is much more important—cultivated the habit of study and investigation that resulted in the practical alertness of mind which has come to be one of the distinguishing characteristics of the American.

This was what happened when few things were done in our schools and done thoroughly. Education now, in spite of all the pains taken to make it suggestive, is almost entirely imitative, but under the more primitive conditions that prevailed in those days, it was genuinely suggestive in its relation to life. We talk learnedly of the efficiency of this system or that, and balance industrial or vocational training against that of a purely cultural nature, but we lose sight of the fact that the main purpose of any kind of education is to teach children how to live. That, in doing this, it should teach them how to work goes without saying, for work—by means of which we sustain life and without which there would be no growth—lies at the foundation of everything and should be the first object of any kind of training.

While it must be admitted that work now is a very different thing from what it was a generation or so ago and that methods must change with changing conditions, yet it would seem that to pile system upon system and to train skilled workers to machine-like perfection, at the expense of individual development, is hardly the way to bring about a healthy national development. Nature demands room for growth, and growth comes only as the result of actual experience in the overcoming of obstacles and the conquering of circumstances. If the obstacles are all cleared away and the problems all solved for us, what becomes of our self-reliance and our power of initiative?

We have gone far beyond the old district school, it is true, yet the crux of this whole matter of education lies, not in the doing of a multiplicity of things as a matter of training, but in the doing of each thing as well as it can possibly be done and in keeping just ahead of us the ideal of something better. We talk much about the need of giving a boy the opportunity to "find himself," but we lose sight of the fact that we are not dropped into our environment by accident and that the best way for a boy to "find himself," and to gain the best possible equipment for life and for his future work, is to do what lies next to his hand and to do it as well as he can.

I am aware that this theory of education does not fit in with our worship of system and that it will be urged that simpler conditions such as I have hinted at are impossible in this age of progress and enlightenment. Nevertheless, I urge that the educators and theorists who have taken up the task of giving us a better system of education should keep in mind that the best results to the individual and the nation will be likely to follow a departure from formalism rather than its further elaboration. It is right and wise that our schools should be amply able to supply what learning is necessary, but the main thing is to bring about a condition of life which will make that learning as eagerly sought as it was in the days of the old district schools, instead of being endured as a tiresome necessity which is one of the drawbacks of youth. In this country we are not yet so far away from this healthful condition that we cannot return to it. The greater part of teaching, after all, consists in setting forth as a theory the result of someone else's experience, and we are not far enough away from the primitive not to know, if we only stop to think of it, that what we learn of past experiences and achievements does little more for us than

to give us tools with which to work; that it is only through our own experience that we progress and that the best way to gain this experience is not to trouble about theories and methods of education, but to teach each youngster to go to work and do something and to regard each thing done as the stepping-stone to whatever comes next.

We have been so proud of our rapid growth, our great achievements and our borrowed culture that I am aware that it is a large undertaking to convince the American people that the simpler conditions are, after all, the most genuinely and permanently progressive. To hold such a point of view would involve nothing less than the entire revolutionizing of our attitude toward life; but I have faith to believe that this revolution will yet come to us and that our national common sense will lead us, not in the direction of ironclad system such as prevails in Germany, for example, but in the direction of individual development such as belongs to a youthful and vigorous national life.

NOTES

MRS. Fiske is a great woman,—unquestionably the greatest upon the American stage today. And in "Salvation Nell" she has a great play,—a play that shows humanity in the raw, and human passions, struggles and weaknesses stripped of every merciful veil of convention, tradition and the self-control which comes from knowledge and fear of what people will say. It is the kind of play of which the average theater-goer will say: "What is the *use* of it? It is not amusing; it is not pretty; it is not instructive,—and when I go to the theater, I go for recreation or for instruction. I can see this kind of life any time that I want to go over to Tenth Avenue or down around the docks, and it is the kind of life about which I would rather my womenfolk knew nothing." All very true,—one would not go to see "Salvation Nell" for the purpose of gaining an hour's amusement or receiving a "moral lesson" that is handed out in obvious phrases suitable for easy consumption without too much expenditure of thought. But anyone who is genuinely interested in life, and who regards great dramatic art as the most complete means of expressing the protean human quality which alone is vitally significant, will lose much if he neglects to see this play. It is daring; it is brutally realistic; it shows a side of life that is not pleasant or pretty, but it also shows that in the lowest depths of human nature there is the living germ of the desire for good,—not perhaps the highest good, but the best of which undeveloped man has any conception and which he follows blindly because of the human instinct,—so deeply ingrained that no vice or misery can choke it out,—that makes for growth.

This upward striving has, of course, its clearest expression in the character of *Nell* herself,—the poor forlorn little drudge who, through following the best instincts of her own nature, had come to dire trouble and who yet has the strength simply to go on following the best, as far as she could see it,—trying to live a decent life, trying to bring up her child to be a good man, trying to give what help she can to those in deeper trouble than herself, and—most hopeless task of all—trying to redeem to some semblance of manhood the fascinating, graceless ruffian whom she loves.

It is the strongest evidence of Mrs. Fiske's understanding of her art that she does not give to *Nell* any quality which would be foreign to the nature of just such a girl as she is. Womanly love, mother love, the instinctive desire to live decently and to do right so far as she knew,—are all there; but she is nevertheless a girl of the slums,—a creature of feeling pure and simple, with little of the mentality that would reason from cause to effect and so choose and adhere to a certain line of action for the good it would ultimately bring her. Mrs. Fiske's portrayal of this character is convincing throughout because it is so unwaveringly true. She resists

every temptation to exalt and idealize *Nell* out of key with her surroundings, and so makes clear from first to last the quality of innate simplicity, honesty and loyalty which enables the girl to pull herself out of the depths into which life had cast her, and from which she first escaped through a natural emotional reaction from brutal abuse and a childish grasping at any relief which was offered.

In the first act,—where *Nell* is thrown off by her drunken lover in a fit of rage and jealousy which made him nearly kill another man who had approached her, and is turned out into the streets by her employer, the saloonkeeper, because she was the cause of the trouble which threatened to cost him his license,—she is simply a desperate creature, seeking any refuge from starvation. When the gaily clad woman of the underworld urges her to become an inmate of the house which has just been raided and from which this woman had fled barely in time to escape the police, she grasps at the chance because it promises immediate relief. But when *Hallelujah Maggie* of the Salvation Army implores her to come with her, the poor bewildered thing simply bursts out crying and turns blindly to the stronger woman, who seems able to offer the safer refuge and whose appeal of religious emotionalism strikes a responsive chord in her own nature. It was not a conscious turning to good from an insidious and intentional temptation to evil, because the question of good and evil was not a burning one with *Nell* just then, and besides, the gay spangled creature had not meant to tempt her, but, with the warmheartedness that almost invariably characterizes her kind, had simply offered what she considered the best means of escape from drudgery and starvation.

And so it goes throughout the play. *Nell* goes to the Salvation Army, first to the Rescue Home and then to the barracks as a recruit. She is successful as an exhorter and rises to the rank of captain. Her boy is born, and for eight years she lives comfortably and at peace, striving to bring him up decently. Then *Jim Platt,* her lover, comes back from the penitentiary,—where he has been sent for the attempted murder of the man he considered his rival. After the manner of his kind, he seeks out *Nell,* tries to make love to her in his crude, primitive way, and abuses her as brutally as ever when his jealous suspicions are aroused. His half-sheepish interest in "the kid" shows another and softer side of the nature of undeveloped man, yet he is quite willing to abandon the child to its fate if he can induce *Nell* to consent to a big project for robbery which he has on hand and to go with him to Denver in case he is successful in "pulling off the job."

That *Nell* resists him is partly due to the mother love for her child and partly to that instinct for the right which the teaching she has received has developed into a settled moral conviction. A subtle emotional pitfall,—the desire to believe that by taking *Jim* back she can save him,—almost undermines her resolution, but the very strength of her own longing to yield frightens her truthful nature, and she draws back in time. This act comes closer to melodrama than either of the others, but the real contest of undisciplined instincts on the one side with moral stamina and great unselfishness on the other overpowers the action of the play so that the subtler elements predominate. The rush of mere events might easily swamp all the underlying meaning, but it does not, and that it does not is a triumph not only for Mrs. Fiske, but for Holbrook Blinn, who plays *Jim Platt.*

In the last act, where, freed for the time from the force of his physical attraction, *Nell* pulls herself together and finally renounces *Jim,* she shows the power of control over herself and him which she has gained through trouble and through the teachings of her friends of the Salvation Army. Her renunciation is a moral victory, and here again the psychology is unerring. *Nell* is exhausted with the battle, but exalted above herself and spiritually triumphant. She goes straight to a Salva-

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MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE AS *Salvation Nell*
IN HER NEW PLAY BY THAT NAME.

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"INDIAN CHIEF" AND "CHARGING PANTHER":
A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR, SCULPTOR.

Courtesy of Harper's Magazine

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LINCOLN: HOWARD PYLE, PAINTER.

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"COWBOY": FREDERIC REMINGTON, SCULPTOR: ERECTED AT FAIRMONT PARK, PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1908.

tion Army meeting, where she gives an exhortation that stirs everyone. *Jim,* still hanging around on the outskirts of the meeting, reluctant to give her up, hears and is stricken with a sense of his own unworthiness. With his weak emotional nature moved to easy repentance he comes back and implores to be saved,—and, with that appeal, hope for his final redemption flares up in her again. Rejoicing in the victory of good over evil, she consents at last to take him back and give him another chance, nor has she the insight into human nature to make her see that for him there could never be anything more than emotional impulse and reaction. Yet one feels that if she did see it she would still take the risk, so mighty is the woman-instinct toward forgiveness and protection of the grown up child which is man. Love and the dim, persistent desire for good runs like a golden thread through the whole sordid story, as it does through life. Yet no miracles are worked and there is no obvious moral beyond what is conveyed in *Nell's* final exhortation.

Also, Mrs. Fiske shows herself a great artist in the way she subordinates her own part to its place in the story, instead of making everything else a mere setting for the character of *Nell.* The play as a whole is a marvel of well balanced work. Each one of the principal characters is a type in itself, with all its salient characteristics emphasized, but not exaggerated, and even the minor parts are well nigh perfect as parts of the picture. No detail of action or stage setting seems to have been too small to have escaped accurately realistic portrayal, and the result is a most satisfying sense of completeness that tends to put one in an optimistic mood regarding the possible future of the drama in this country.

ONE of the most important exhibits of the season, held at the Montross Gallery from November twenty-first to December fifth, was a significant and unusual exposition of the work of A. Phimister Proctor. Sculpture, bronzes, water colors and sketches were shown, illustrating Mr. Proctor's work and methods of work, through each phase of development, from the detached drawing of heads and paws to the final sketch of motion or repose with suggestions of color, which is as necessary in the preliminary work of sculpture as for the most vivid painting. For to carry the suggestion of color to his audience, the impression of it must be vividly before the sculptor, and while he is hammering away on snow white marble he is seeing yellow plains, tawny hides or green jungles, as the case may be.

And this illusion of color is particularly manifest in Mr. Proctor's work, in his marbles as well as in the more subtly expressive bronzes. Mr. Proctor's animals seem alive and unsentimental. The sculptor knows animals intimately, and although he has hunted them, he is their friend; he has lived with them, studied their individuality, played with them, observed their fun, their essential humor, their domesticity, their rage. He knows how they amuse themselves and each other, how they love and fight; and above all he tells you these things simply, with dignity, with incisive intelligence. Apart from his great gift of understanding, it is undoubtedly these qualities of simplicity, accuracy and intelligence which have placed so many of this sculptor's bronzes and marbles in museums and public places.

In this issue of THE CRAFTSMAN we are reproducing two of Mr. Proctor's most famous bronzes, "The Indian Warrior," and the "Prowling Panther," which is considered second to no other bronze in its vivid suggestion of swift stealthy action.

THE annual exhibition of Frederic Remington's paintings was held the first of this month at the galleries of M. Knoedler & Co. The many people sincerely interested in Mr. Remington's work have, for the past few years, felt that he was making rapid strides in the development of a variety of new and interesting methods of expressing what he had to say. He is either forgetting or purposely

putting aside the recollection and influence of the color and technique employed by his first art heroes, de Neuville and Detaille, and is achieving a manner that has been evolved out of the subjects which he paints, so that his color is more and more inevitably related to his ideas, as if Nature herself had spread his palette. He has grown to think through his paint so freely and fluently that in some of his more recent work he seems to have used his medium unconsciously, as a great musician does his piano and score.

And very wonderful indeed are some of the colors which Remington has seen visions of in the West and dared to paint on his canvases—strange water-green moonlights that are fundamental to our great Western plains, vast spaces of whirling glittering yellow dust through which horsemen and horses glow in red and gold tones, as though caparisoned for some gorgeous tournament. And the men that he paints, almost without exception, are definite types of human beings, men who have lived through unique phases of our American civilization; and his Indians are of the old dignified race of the prairies, a people of fine presence and poetical imagination. The emotions of these people, their poetry and their material lives, with the surroundings of cowboys and ranchmen, Remington has placed on his canvases truthfully, fearlessly and with a supreme understanding of his art. Among the most significant paintings in what might be called his new method are: "The Water Hole, Navajos," "With the Eye of the Mind," "Night Halt of Cavalry," "The Stampede," "Apache Scouts Listening," "The Snow Trail."

AN interesting showing of Howard Pyle's work is the first significant exhibition of the season at the Macbeth Galleries. As one steps into the farther gallery where the small canvases are shown, one gains somewhat the impression of a room lighted with stained glass windows, there is such a wealth of color, such a repeated splendor of tone from picture to picture. And it is this first impression, after all, that gives you the true Howard Pyle, the man of glowing imagination and Mediæval color quality. I can recall but one other such impression of gorgeous tones, aside from an autumn wood, and that was in the cathedral of St. Laurenz in Nürnberg, where the light flows through the most wonderful jeweled windows in the world. Imagination and color, these are the two overwhelming characteristics of this work, which ranks among the achievements in American art. And oddly enough, as a nation, the qualities we most widely and steadily lack in art are just these two. We paint the real, not the ideal. We forget there are fairies and study our immigrants. We put our great men on canvas as they live, Lincoln in shirt sleeves; Roosevelt in hunting boots. Usually our paintings are delicately and dully keyed, we—those who are essentially American in feeling—record in our art the more material things in life, not the passing joy of the moment. Perhaps it is still the Puritan in us that makes us so shy about revealing happiness of our own or others.

But to return to Howard Pyle's work; it is well that imagination and color reach one first and so strongly, because after the thrilling appeal of tone and the romance of fairy days which he brings almost invariably to his work, one finds on closer study that his composition is vague and not inevitably satisfactory and his drawing often weak and unconvincing, leaving the purely technical side of his art unsatisfactory. Yet in spite of this, so great is the charm of color and romance that we find elation in his painting and an exhilaration which the merely excellent technique could never supply. Take, for instance, "The Wood Nymph," in the first glance one is drawn away into a world of poetry, where there are deep green woods and romance down every pathway, and, perchance, there are fairies, and, of course, many lovers and always beautiful colors

and a joy in living. In the midst of all this fairylike beauty you face the most extraordinary horse, much like a mechanical Christmas toy, and with legs moving quite after the manner of a clever ballet dancer; a horse that a brave knight would never ride to rescue, because he would be thrown at the first ditch. And then you leave this picture and pass into another wonderful canvas which is called "The Princess and the Pear Tree," a strange fairy tree with a live princess all in red about to do magic things for tender maidens or dear children. And nearby is a "Magic Minstrel" and a lonely princess clad "In Yellow and Black." How full these pictures are of richness of feeling and the songs of old troubadours and the stories of crusading lovers, with the exalted ideals of boyhood and the tremulous happiness of young maidens.

One of the few modern pictures in the exhibit is Mr. Pyle's portrait of Lincoln. Such a human portrait, full of the most rare and exquisite tenderness. One sees a lifelike Lincoln, replete with steadfastness, strength, weariness, sorrow, heroism, and yet what is actually painted is a lanky figure in a dreary room near an open window—an extraordinary presentation of greatness and the manner of doing it one of surpassing simplicity.

THE song recital, while it is classed as chamber music, has also in the case of such accepted favorites as Mmes. Sembrich, Gadski and Schumann-Heink and Mr. Bispham a markedly social character. The element of personality enters in. While each of these singers has his or her particular following, each has a very definite niche in the musical world and in the affections of the public. Schumann-Heink is a sort of world mother. She is *Erda*. She is big, human, elemental. It is a quality that everyone must feel. There is the sense of the broad earth and the wide sky in her God-given voice. When she sings "Du bist die Ruh" the quiet of the earth at twilight is in it. Years and the wear and tear of operatic and domestic life have not robbed her phenomenal organ of its beauty. But we will not have the pleasure of hearing her this season, as she is filling engagements abroad. The annual recitals of Mmes. Gadski and Sembrich have already taken place. Mme. Gadski's voice was very wonderful the day of her recital. No one of the singers of this generation has sung the "Erl King" as she sang it that afternoon, with all the thrill and wild eerie quality the immortal song legend contains. Schubert's "The Young Nun" was another memorable performance, also Franz's beautiful "Wonne der Wehmuth" and "Verlass mich Nicht." Grieg's "Mutterschmerz" was sung with exquisite feeling and art.

The quality of Mme. Sembrich is something definite and undefinable. She is not beloved for her beautiful art alone. Many who love her and would not on any account miss her recital appreciate that but dimly. She is not recognized by musicians as the greatest singer of her class because of her endearing gay little ways. The wide and loving tribute that she receives includes both Sembrich the woman and Sembrich the artist. Her little mannerisms of coming upon the stage and leaving it, of receiving her Titanic tribute of flowers, are things that might seem artificial in another singer. They are part of a more artificial operatic age, we admit, but they are no more artificial than a minuet in one of the operas of the great composer with whose name she will ever be associated. They are all part of the perfume of a personality lovable and sincere. As for her singing, it did not upon this occasion, it is true, compare favorably with that of the recitals of preceding years, but the art was all there and the interpretation. "Nussbaum" was delicious as always, and "Hark, hark the Lark." The Strauss song, "Night and Morning," was exquisitely done in spite of some false intonation, and the two subtle and beautiful Debussy songs were painted in the most delicate values of her art. But these things go without saying, like the insatiable encores that must end in the

Polish song to the singer's own accompaniment,—a little ceremony that must always be delayed for the overflowing bubbles of applause to simmer down into anticipatory silence. Each of these recitals leaves a warm spot in the memory. We cannot miss one. But fortunately we do not have to.

THE nineteenth annual exhibition of the New York Water Color Club was held in the month of November in the Fine Arts Galleries. Coincident with the opening of the exhibition, Mr. E. A. Blashfield showed in the Vanderbilt Gallery his finished mural decoration for the new State Capitol at Madison, Wisconsin.

Three hundred and thirty-four water colors meant a smaller exhibit than usual; but the sense of outdoors in the pictures shown, of green fields and gardens, of hills and valleys which predominated markedly gave a most delightful impression of the wholesomeness and fresh beauty of this phase of American art. Among the most agreeable of these poetical nature scenes were Miss Deming's "Moon Shadows," which took the Beal prize; Alethea Hill Pratt's "Old World Garden" and "Cottage —Moonlight"; Charles Warren Eaton's "Coast Scene by Moonlight"; a refreshingly cheerful landscape by E. N. Bicknell; a tender low-keyed Holland scene by C. M. Gruppe; a vividly painted "Autumn" by Cullen Yates; a California scene by C. L. A. Smith; a sweep of Arizona by G. A. Beach. There were some distinctive portraits in pastels and some interesting crayon sketches by Mr. Squire.

It is to be questioned if the showing of so sumptuous and important a work as Mr. Blashfield's decoration was advisable in connection with a water color exhibition, where the essential quality of work is light, delicacy and intimacy.

THE National Arts Club, Gramercy Park, New York City, is preparing to hold early in January its second annual exhibition of advertising art. The exhibition will open January fifth with a reception, at which talks will be given by some one who has had special experience in art applied to advertising purposes, upon the relation of art to advertising, and its development in the past few years. The exhibition will consist of designs prepared and used for advertising purposes. These designs will be accepted and exhibited on their merits as art, to prove that real artistic merit can go into an advertising design and enhance its value as advertising, and to show that good art has its place in making advertising commercially more successful, just as such ideas add to the success of interior decoration, furniture making, textile weaving, architecture, jewelry and other fields of work which have their commercial as well as their artistic side.

The National Arts Club is anxious to take a broad and catholic position on the question of applied art, and it holds this exhibition of advertising art in the same spirit that it holds its exhibition of applied design in December.

FISHEL, Adler & Schwartz gave the first exhibition of the collected paintings of Mr. J. Dunbar Wright at their Fifth Avenue galleries the beginning of this month.

With most of us the wider cultivation we have achieved the more varied and interesting life becomes, but I question if the same advantage accrues when a man decides to express his personality in one of the arts after the first flush of youthful enthusiasm and self-esteem, which pervades all thought and counts so tremendously for individuality, is past. It seems to me that if Mr. Wright had been a less devoted lover of painting all his life and a less sincere appreciator of genius he would be a greater artist. As it is, one sometimes fails to see or forgets to register the real beauty and charm of his work, remembering Thaulow and Daubigny and others of his art heroes. Mr. Wright has found his subjects the world over, from California to Holland, and has the rare wisdom to adapt technique to

subject as few of even our older artists have discovered the necessity of doing.

THREE memorial windows that were recently completed for Old Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, were on exhibition for three days in November at the studios of J. & R. Lamb, New York. The subjects of the windows are "Henry Ward Beecher Speaking at Exeter Hall, London," "Abraham Lincoln" and "Harriet Beecher Stowe, Emma Willard, Mary Lyon and Catherine Esther Beecher." The windows showed that rare beauty of color combined with simplicity of subject and treatment for which the "Lamb Brothers" are so widely and justly known.

THE annual exhibition of the work of George Rufus Boynton, portrait painter, was held in his studios December seventh and eighth, both afternoon and evening. The best examples of Mr. Boynton's latest work were shown, including portraits of Rear-Admiral Joseph B. Coghlan, Gen. Anson G. McCook, Gen. George Moore Smith, Gen. James Grant Wilson and Gen. Stewart L. Woodford. The portrait of Gen. Smith is soon to be presented to the Seventh Regiment.

IN November a meeting of the members of the Brooklyn Armstrong Association and their friends, in the interests of the cause for which Hampton Institute stands, was held in the Pratt Casino. Miss Natalie Curtis spoke of her experiences among the Indians and her studies of their poetry and music, which she illustrated by singing some of their native songs, and Mr. Ray Stannard Baker spoke on the general subject of negro conditions in both the North and the South.

EARLY this winter a panel and a collection of landscapes by Gustave Cimiotti, Jr., were exhibited at the Bauer-Folsom Galleries, New York. "The Ornate Panel" is most beautiful in color and easily held the center of interest in this showing. The landscapes were delightful bits of valleys and mountains in mist or sunlight and shadow with wide stretches of bright blue sky, but showed little variation of either subject or handling.

AN exhibition of much interest to lovers of miniatures was held the middle of November at the Knoedler Galleries, when some of the work of Miss Laura Coombs Hills, comprising fifty portraits in miniature, was shown. Miss Hill's miniatures rank among the best work of the modern miniature painters. Indeed by the more realistic school she is sometimes spoken of as the most significant American miniature painter.

LATE in November Mr. Frederick Monsen held an exhibition at the Salamagundi Club, New York, of his enlarged photographs of the Indians of southwestern United States, among whom he has lived for many years. The photographs were not only beautiful but widely interesting, showing the Indians in their daily life, busied with many of their arts and ceremonies, and in their homes. Mr. Monsen also lectured about the Indians as he knows them, and spoke with rare sympathetic insight about the customs, life and work of these people, whose history he is holding for posterity in his vast collection of photographs, which are greater in number and importance than any other record of this group of native Americans.

H. O. Watson & Co., New York, are exhibiting in their showrooms some rare and lovely Persian pottery. These examples of the skill of handicraftsmen of other days are of unusual artistic value and should be of distinct interest to artists and craftsworkers of the present, or, indeed, to any lover of beautiful things.

THE second exhibition of Contemporary American Oil Paintings was opened to the public at the Corcoran Gallery December eighth and will continue until January seventeenth. The first prize

has been awarded to "The Island," by Edward W. Redfield; the second to "The Guitar Player," by Joseph De Camp; the third to "The Open Fire," by Robert Reid, and the fourth to "Marcelle," by Drieseke.

FREDERICK Keppel & Co. are showing in their Fifth Avenue Galleries some interesting "painter-etchings." A number of landscapes by Adolphe Appian are shown; some very lovely bits of Germany and Italy—mostly Venice—by Otto H. Bacher, and a number of bird studies and a portrait and landscape or two by Félix Bracquemond.

IN these days of many exhibitions of modern work it is interesting to see in one place the work of a great artist of a past century, and the showing this autumn by Frederick Keppel & Co., New York, of engraved portraits by Robert Nanteuil, gave keen pleasure to the many who viewed them.

ALL during December H. Wunderlich & Co., New York, are showing in their galleries the work of S. Arlent-Edwards in an exhibition of mezzotints printed in colors. Many of the pictures shown are as rare as they are beautiful.

THE question of true generosity as opposed to the sort of giving which is sentimental self-indulgence is the most significant feature in the play of Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer's "A Dinner of Herbs" which was produced at the Empire Theater recently by the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and Empire Theater Dramatic School. The play centers about art life in New York, real art life, full of sordidness, sadness, joy and achievement. Although a love story, as plays must be for a metropolitan audience, the vital thought is not in the love scenes, but in the moment when the wife of the great artist discovers that his first large cheque has gone to make pleasant the life of a fellow artist—a *roué*—instead of giving a glimpse of comfort to the sordid lives of wife and daughter, who have worked and sacrificed to make his art possible.

It is the first time we have noticed this subject dramatized. Yet where greatness and poverty dwell how often we find this same quality of melodramatic generosity, the supremest sort of egotism in which the impractical mind indulges, and which almost unvaryingly meets with the applause of the unthinking. Although this is Mrs. Meyer's first play, she has achieved the distinction of presenting a new and vital idea to a New York audience.

A SPECIAL course on practical dyeing, expressly arranged for handicraft workers, is now being organized by the Department of University Extension of Columbia University, to be given by Prof. Pellew. The course begins on February second, 1909, at three P. M. and continues every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon until March twenty-third.

Besides studying the ordinary textiles like cotton, linen, wool and silk, instruction will be given on the dyeing and finishing of artificial silk, leather, straw, raffia and feathers. Special attention will be given to stencil work and block printing, both in color and resist, on cotton, linen and silk.

REVIEWS

IT is now acknowledged that Western thought is becoming largely permeated with the profound yet simple philosophy of the East, and those who are interested not only in the teachings of the great Oriental thinkers but in the possible effect upon the Western spirit of a more or less general acceptance of them will always welcome any significant addition to the literature that deals with this subject.

"The Creed of Buddha," written by an anonymous author who so far is known only by a former book entitled "The Creed of Christ," is remarkable in that it daringly departs from the generally accepted interpretation of Buddhism as a religion of negation and endeavors to prove, by means

of a logical argument deduced from conclusions arrived at after a close analysis of the teachings of Buddha, that there is no essential feature in Buddhism that a thoughtful and open-minded Christian would find in conflict with his own belief.

This viewpoint is the more interesting because it brings the subject of ancient Eastern philosophy out of the field of mere speculative study into that of practical utility. The author approaches his subject, not as an Oriental scholar, but as a thinker who has utilized as a basis for his own research the mass of materials provided by recognized authorities, and he draws his conclusions with the assurance of one whose sympathetic understanding of his topic amounts almost to intuition. He holds that the teaching of Buddha, far from being in opposition to the ancient Indian philosophy, which was a spiritual idealism of a pure and exalted type, is founded in its entirety upon the teachings of the Upanishads and that its purpose was to lead men from ceremonialism and a too close observance of the "letter that killeth," back to the high level of thought and aspiration that is found in the Vedas.

Beginning with a comparison of the dominating thought of East and West, and the effect which the Western dualistic belief has had upon the spiritual development of the race, he declares that the very materialism of the West has been, in a sense, its salvation, because the intense interest which the Western mind takes in the outer world has caused it to devote itself with whole-hearted energy to the study of physical science,—a turn of thought that makes directly for spiritual growth and so for the ultimate reception of the subtle and profoundly contemplative philosophy which brings the whole of human life under the dominion of natural law and places before man the highest and truest of all ideals,—that of utter selflessness.

The author takes up in detail the teaching of Buddha, showing where, in his opinion, the commentators have seriously misinterpreted him. Especially is the point made that his silence concerning the ultimate realities of life was due, not to negation, doubt or atheism, but to such profound knowledge of the life of the individual spirit as a part of the Universal Spirit that it was not to be put into words. The recognized authorities and Oriental scholars who have endeavored to interpret Buddhism are quoted frequently, but almost invariably for the purpose of taking issue with their conclusions and showing where these have been largely due to the limitations of Western understanding when applied to the subtleties of the ancient Oriental thought.

The book is one of absorbing interest, and, whether the reader is familiar with books treating of Oriental philosophy or whether it is all new to him, the viewpoint of this writer is well worth serious study, involving not one but many readings of his argument. The fact that he has been so largely successful in his effort to bridge the gap that has existed between the teachings of Buddha and the teachings of Christ, and has so clarified the subject that the Western mind is able to grasp it as a whole, gives a value to his presentation of the subject that is far beyond that of a mere speculative treatise. ("The Creed of Buddha." By the author of "The Creed of Christ." 297 pages. Price, $1.50 net. Postage, 10 cents. Published by The John Lane Company, New York.)

WHEN we see the name of May Sinclair upon a new book, we look, as a matter of course, for keen and subtle psychology and for a delicately relentless exposition of the faults and frailties of human nature. "The Immortal Moment" is no exception to this rule, although it might better be entitled an episode than a story. The English title of the book, which is "Kitty Tailleur," is rather more expressive than the name it is given by its American publishers, because the whole story is about *Kitty Tailleur,* a most attractive young woman with an all too well defined "past."

Kitty comes to a quiet seaside hotel in England, accompanied by a particularly

unattractive companion,—the type of woman who is at once a foil and a bitter antagonist to her own peculiar temperament,—and it is there that everything happens. Two of the guests at this hotel were a brother and sister of the delicate, unworldly, high-bred type which seems set apart from the workaday world, so little does it show any signs of contact with the wear and tear of life. Although every one else in the hotel looks upon the fascinating *Mrs. Tailleur* with suspicion and avoidance, these two young people throw themselves energetically into the task of championing her against her detractors, and cultivate her energetically, with the result that the young man asks her to marry him, and she, having fallen as deeply in love with him as he has with her, throws prudence to the winds and consents.

Then the gentleman who pays for her beautiful frocks and meets practically all the expenses of her extravagant living, appears, and although he does not actively interfere with her intention of marrying and living a more conventional life in the future, he succeeds in awakening her conscience to such a degree that she looks the situation squarely in the face and finds it not so desirable as she had imagined. Young and innocent as he is by force of the circumstances of his life, the man to whom she has engaged herself is a widower with two little children. The children are brought to see her, and the thought of the responsibility she is about to undertake in assuming the position of their mother completes the awakening. Her "immortal moment" comes when she at last gathers up her courage and renounces all her chance of happiness by telling her lover the plain and brutal truth. Then she goes out for an evening's stroll and ends the story by throwing herself from the cliff.

While the book is not Miss Sinclair's greatest work, it is vividly interesting, especially in the masterly handling of the inconsistencies and contradictions which go to make up the character of *Kitty Tailleur*. It is said that the book is being dramatized. If so, and the character of *Kitty* is adequately interpreted, it will be a play worth seeing. ("The Immortal Moment." By May Sinclair. Illustrated. 315 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.)

IN view of the present widespread movement toward the establishment of industrial schools where boys and girls alike may receive some definite vocational training to fit them for future work in any line, a little book, entitled "Beginnings in Industrial Education," will be found very valuable both as a summing up of what has been done and as a suggestive outline of the way in which such schools might be carried on.

The author is Paul H. Hanus, professor of the history and art of teaching in Harvard University and a member of the Commission on Industrial Education appointed two years ago by Governor Guild of Massachusetts to carry on an active propaganda in the interests of industrial education throughout the State. Half of the book is devoted to lectures and essays upon the kind of industrial education that is needed in this country for the training of men and women who shall not only be skilled and efficient workers but intelligent and substantial citizens. There is a highly interesting chapter upon the Industrial Continuation Schools of Munich, where vocational instruction in thirty-eight different trades is given to boys and girls alike during the years that immediately follow their graduation from the elementary schools, which in this country would be termed grammar schools. These continuation schools appear to be as practicable in their working out as they are attractive in theory and it would seem that they offer a model well worth studying by our own progressive educators. The remainder of the book is more or less academic, containing a paper upon the professional preparation of high school teachers and another upon the disadvantages of school instruction in religion. ("Begin-

nings in Industrial Education and Other Educational Discussions." By Paul H. Hanus. 199 pages. Price, $1.00 net. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York.)

THE children of today are flooded with story books until it would seem that their capacity for genuine enjoyment and appreciation would be swamped. A generation ago it was not so, and yet the books we did have when we older folk were children were of a quality that is never forgotten. That publishers realize and appreciate this is shown now and then by a new and beautiful edition of some of the beloved old tales. One of the best of these new editions is that of George Macdonald's two classics, "The Princess and the Goblin" and "The Princess and Curdie." The child who is unacquainted with the adventures of the little *Princess Irene* and of *Curdie,* the brave miner boy, has missed a great deal, because not only is the story itself one of the most enchanting of fairy tales, but the allegory that it masks carries an irresistible appeal to the best instincts of any child and almost unconsciously brings with it a keener appreciation of honor, courage, loyalty and affection.

In the new edition, both books have beautiful illustrations in color and in "The Princess and the Goblin" the delightful old wood cuts so suggestive of enchantment and the mysteries of fairyland are also used.

("The Princess and the Goblin" and "The Princess and Curdie." By George Macdonald. Both illustrated in color and line. About 320 pages each. Price of each volume, $1.50. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

EVERY child likes animal stories, and a tale of animal life that is rightly told carries with it many a well hidden lesson in humanity, fair play, and incidentally, natural history. "Tan and Teckle" is a story which Mr. Charles Lee Bryson has written in memory of some of the experiences of his own boyhood, for he avers in the introduction that he was a personal acquaintance of the two little field mice who are the hero and heroine of the story and that he knew well the *Golden Queen,*—the great bumble bee that drove poor *Tan* and *Teckle* out of their snug nest under the rail fence,—and the *Bald Queen* of the hornets, whose subjects they afterward became and whose clouds of warriors defended them right gallantly against human and other foes.

The book is full of exciting adventure and one grows very fond of the tiny wild things whose lives are in such constant peril. *Old Croaker,* the disgruntled toad whose dignity had been sorely damaged by the devices of his natural enemies, the boys; *Cousin Gray,* the gossiping grasshopper, and the whole little group of friends and foes which made up the world of *Tan* and *Teckle* become distinct individualities, partly because they have so much individuality in the mind of the author. ("Tan and Teckle." By Charles Lee Bryson. Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull. 238 pages. Price $1.25 net. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company.)

ONE praises a poet anxiously, for poetry is so essentially personality, and there are so many kinds of it. There is the poetry which stimulates and excites to action and that other gentle kind which soothes and consoles; there are gay measures and melancholy lilts, and who shall prescribe for another's poetical mood? And yet just as there are people who are always welcome through a certain quality of tender sincerity, through truth and kindness, so there are poems that carry the universal message alike to the gay and the sad, to the winner of the Marathon race and to the woman near the cradle. And thus it seems of the little book called "The Quiet Singer," by Charles Hanson Towne. In these poems there is so much that is tender and kind and sincere in thought, and so exquisite a lyric quality of presentation that the appeal comes near that great universal appeal which makes poetry per-

manent. For we have all loved and been lonely and sacrificed, and who of us has not thrilled to the summer rain at night and smiled to the brave song of the merry hurdy-gurdy; and who has not said with broken heart to some dear vanishing love, "I do not need you now."

The poem of "The Quiet Singer," from which the book is named, is a most sympathetic appreciation of Francis Thompson, that poet of gentle melody. And second to this rare understanding of the charm of Thompson's poetry is a most beautiful poem, "To a Mother," full of suggestion of courage and patience and self-immolation and utter unconsciousness of sublimity—that wonderful mother we all know, "who loved and toiled through day and night, and never thought the skies were gray." Indeed, the whole book thrills to a rare spirit of courage in daily life, the courage that makes the unconscious hero and the sure friend and lover. ("The Quiet Singer." By Charles Hanson Towne. 132 pages. Price, $1.00. Published by B. W. Dodge & Company, New York.)

WE are always fond of casting forward into the future, especially into such an interesting and exciting future as we are usually promised by Mr. H. G. Wells when he takes it into his head to show whither the world is tending and what is likely to happen to us. In his latest novel, "The War in the Air," he has shown us the age of the airship, which, he declares, lies only a few years ahead. He also shows us the outbreak of the great European war against which all the nations are even now arming, and not content with that, mixes it up with the Yellow Peril and the complete collapse of our modern, machine-made civilization within a space of five years.

The book is undeniably thrilling, the more so because the story is so well told as to have an air of possibility, if not of probability. The voyage of the German air fleet across the ocean, the destruction of New York by bombs from the skies, and the ensuing devastation of all the great cities in the world by battling air fleets and raiding parties equipped with flying machines, are of the kind to make one forget his usual bedtime and to go on reading far into the night. The war in the air as described by Mr. Wells would certainly be an interesting pageant; but we hope nevertheless that our poor old civilization, with all its faults, will escape yet a little longer from the death-dealing aerial monsters. ("The War in the Air." By H. G. Wells. Illustrated. 395 pages. Price, $1.50 net. Published by The Macmillan Company.)

STORIES of adventure are common enough and love stories are always with us, also combinations of the two are frequently offered us by the writer who believes that any kind of a story, to be interesting, must have a "love interest." But in "Joan of Garioch," the love interest is so thoroughly subordinated to the action of the story that the heroine never appears. *Joan* is but a name and a description from the first page to the last, but the fact that the book purports to have been written by her lover, who had come home from South Africa in the beginning of the story to find that *Joan* had been sold into marriage with a supposed French count, affords a good basis for all that happened afterward.

The lover might have accepted the situation had not the French count written to the family of his wife that henceforth she was dead to them and forthwith disappeared, taking her with him into oblivion. To find *Joan* and, incidentally, kill the husband was the somewhat arduous task mapped out by the returned lover. He meets with many obstacles, but persists through war and revolution in Russia, where he has followed the only clue which seems reliable, and through many adventures and hairbreadth escapes encountered in his career as a special war correspondent of a London newspaper. Ultimately, he does kill the elusive count and recovers his *Joan,* so that the very exciting

and well told story ends as well as could be expected. ("Joan of Garioch." By Albert Kinross. Illustrated. 350 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

EVERYBODY, old and young, who is given to mental and moral housecleaning at the beginning of the new year would do well to get a little book called "Mind and Work" and read it carefully. It makes one acquainted with oneself in a way that at times is merciless, but is most wholesome. It is written by Dr. Luther H. Gulick, who is the Director of Physical Training in the New York City schools, and, incidentally, is also President of the Playground Association of America. Dr. Gulick once before wrote a book which he called "The Efficient Life," but this new one ought surely to be considered as the best possible preparation for leading an efficient life. It is common sense from beginning to end, and it fully lives up to its dedication "to those who would compel, rather than be compelled, by circumstances; who would drive, rather than be driven, by their feelings; who would be masters of themselves, and so of fate."

The dedication implies rather a large undertaking, but the beauty of this book is that every line of it is hard, practical common sense and there is not one item of advice or suggestion that cannot be taken hold of and turned immediately to practical account. Whether one is bringing up children or only trying to bring up oneself, this little book is a salutary thing to have at one's elbow. ("Mind and Work." By Luther H. Gulick. 200 pages. Price, $1.20 net. Published by Doubleday, Page and Company, New York.)

JUST now with all the interest in the Presidential election and the excitement over sundry changes in the method of balloting, the voter will find much help and comfort in a little book called "Government by the People." It is a handbook on the laws and customs regulating the election system and the formation and control of political parties in the United States, and it gives clear and distinct definitions regarding all the details of government by elections, of qualifications for voting, the identification of voters, primary elections, the nomination of candidates, how to vote on election day, the method of indirect elections, of abuses such as bribery, intimidation and other methods of fraud, together with the safeguards against them and the efforts now being made to secure a fair ballot. The last chapter in the book is devoted to a brief and clear review of parties and their organization. If this book were carefully read through by every voter, the chances are that government by the people would be in this country less of an unattainable ideal and more of an actual fact. ("Government by the People." By Robert H. Fuller. 260 pages. Price, $1.00. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

TO understand the compelling charm that any given sport may hold for its devotees one ought to read "The Breaking in of a Yachtsman's Wife" by Mary Heaton Vorse. This delightful book not only shows the typical yachtsman in the most acute stages of his mania for boats of all descriptions, but also describes, with vivid picturesqueness, the gradual reduction to submission of a rebellious wife who at first was inclined to regard the yacht as a good deal of a rival.

More than the breath of salt seas and mild adventure that the book brings to the reader is the quaint sense of humor that seasons every incident and mellows the viewpoint of the woman who learned how to humor yacht and husband alike and mothered the two of them with almost equal care. The closing sentence in the book is: "I like to think that I shall be like the old lady on the *Mary Ellen,* and that I shall sit placid in the cockpit of my boat, while the sun sets over the harbor, and Phil and Stan quarrel as to which could best take the *Massachusetts* through Hell Gate." ("The Breaking in of a Yachts-

man's Wife." By Mary Heaton Vorse. Illustrated. 276 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.)

ANOTHER charming book of fairy and folk tales, entitled "The Elm-Tree Fairy Book," has been added to the collections of good old stories gathered and edited by Mr. Clifton Johnson. All the thrilling qualities of the stories are kept intact, but the brutality that in sterner times was considered essential has been left out, so that a child may read the tales and experience every delightful thrill of excitement and suspense and yet be free from bad dreams or a terror of the dark when the night shadows come.

This latest of the series of three books has been gathered from many lands, Japan and the other Oriental countries being laid under contribution as well as the Western world. The book is delightfully illustrated in color and line. ("The Elm-Tree Fairy Book." Edited by Clifton Johnson. Illustrated by Le Jaren Hiller. 338 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston.)

WHO does not remember "H. M. S. Pinafore," although more years than we like to count have gone by since *Little Buttercup* came over the edge of the ship with all her wiles and *Dick Dead Eye* interfered with the course of true love? So it is with half a smile and half a sigh that we welcome one of the most charming of Christmas books. The story of "H. M. S. Pinafore" told by no less a person than Sir W. S. Gilbert himself and illustrated with extracts from the music of the opera and with many delightful color plates from pictures made by Miss Alice B. Woodward. The story has all the delicious, absurd humor of the opera; the only difference is that it is in prose instead of the catchiest verse that ever haunted the memory.

Children who have never seen "Pinafore" will rejoice in the book and older people who remember all the furore over the most popular comic opera ever written will rejoice still more, for to them appreciation is made doubly keen by the charm of a pleasant recollection. ("The Pinafore Picture Book: The Story of 'H. M. S. Pinafore.'" Told by Sir W. S. Gilbert. Illustrated by Alice B. Woodward. 131 pages. Price, $2.00 net. Published by The Macmillan Company.)

HOME building has come to be a matter of more serious thought and consideration than it was a few years ago, and in response to the general demand for information, many books are published that deal in a more or less technical way with the requirements of the right kind of a home and are intended to give to the owner sufficient information to enable him to find out for himself just what he wants and to see that he gets it. One of the latest of these books is entitled "Building a Home" and is written by H. W. Desmond and H. W. Frohne. Although it goes somewhat exhaustively into detail and in places seems to be more idealistic than practical, the book is full of good suggestions and is admirably illustrated. ("Building a Home. A Book of Fundamental Advice for the Layman about to Build." By H. W. Desmond and H. W. Frohne. Illustrated with photographs and plans. 222 pages. Price, $1.80 net. Published by The Baker & Taylor Co., New York.)

THE glorification of the modern American spirit is found in a book entitled "The Romance of the Reaper," which tells in a fairly interesting fashion the story of each of the famous different reapers, the development of the manufacturing companies and their success at home and abroad. It reeks with money and machinery and would interest chiefly the manufacturer, the farmer and the commercial traveler. ("The Romance of the Reaper." By Herbert N. Casson. Illustrated. 184 pages. Price, $1.00 net. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)