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MLE. LAPOJNIKOFF: FROM A PAINTING
BY NICHOLAS FECHIN AT THE PITTSBURGH
EXHIBITION OF 1910.

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XVIII

JULY, 1910

NUMBER 4

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THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XVIII JULY, 1910 NUMBER 4

THE VISION OF ANTON, THE CLOCK-MAKER: BY WALTER A. DYER



ONCE upon a time there lived a near-sighted and obscure clock-maker in an ancient town in Flanders. It was in fourteen hundred and something, at about the time when new continents were being discovered, and old continents were being ransacked for whatever might serve to enrich the life of Europe. We call it the period of the Renaissance, and this is the story of the renaissance of Anton, the Flemish clock-maker.

Anton was apprentice to an old craftsman who made clocks to help very rich people to know the time of day. No one but the rich could afford to buy clocks in those days, so the old clock-maker needed but one assistant. They were crude clocks with but one hand, but they served the purpose. Anton, however, had a soul in his body, and he became very tired of bending eternally over his work-bench, making one-handed clocks for people he didn't know. His was a restless sort of soul, but a starved one, and it didn't know how to show Anton the way to better things.

So Anton decided to find out for himself. As he went about the streets of a Sunday he heard of the good gray monks that lived beyond the hill. He was told that they were wise and kind, and that they made sure their entrance into Heaven by many prayers and much fasting. They were so good that they had time enough left from their prayers to engage in scholarly pursuits. In short, they lived an ideal kind of existence and one that Anton thought would satisfy the cravings of his soul.

So one day Anton left the old clock-maker and journeyed over the hill to the monastery of the good gray monks. They took him in as a lay brother and set him to weeding the garden; but soon they learned that he was skilled with tools, and they gave him the task of building the new altar in the chapel.

When the altar was nearly finished, the abbot of the monastery came to Anton and said: "My son, I perceive that thou hast much cunning. Canst thou carve a legend for the front of the altar?"

"I can, Father," said Anton.

So the abbot sought for a legend that would fit the space on the

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front of the altar, and after much searching he brought to Anton this:

“Where there is no Vision, the people perish.”

Anton accordingly selected a piece of hard, close-grained oak, and began to carve the legend. Now Anton possessed enough of the craftsman's soul to make him strive to carve the legend well, and he spent many days and took infinite pains. And as he worked he said the words over and over to himself:

“Where there is no Vision, the people perish.”

He found himself wondering what these words meant, and as he carved his perplexity grew upon him. At last he could contain himself no longer, and he went to the abbot.

“Holy Father,” said he, “I am much troubled to know the meaning of the words thou hast given me to carve.”

Now the abbot had selected the legend without great thought. It sounded well, and it was the right length. So he made answer lightly.

“Those, my son, are the words of a Wise Man of old. They refer to that divine guidance which saves men's souls, and which comes only through prayer and fasting.”

But Anton had prayed and fasted, and no Vision had come to him. He asked his brother monks to explain the words to him, but they could not satisfy him, and Anton nearly went mad in the endeavor to understand.

When the carving was complete and the altar finished, Anton found no more work that interested him. He looked about him, and saw the monks feasting and fasting, praying and working, but he could not discover to what purpose.

“If it be true that without a Vision the people perish,” he said to himself, “shall we not all perish? Not even the good gray monks have a Vision. They know not what a Vision is.”

So gradually he became dissatisfied with the monotonous life of the good gray monks, and their tiresome prayers and fastings to save their souls, until at last he could stand it no longer, and, never having taken the vows, he left the monastery.

It was then that he bethought himself of the old clock-maker for whom he had worked in the town. He remembered how wise he was, and he sought the familiar shop. The old clock-maker was glad of the return of so good a workman, and received him joyfully. Then Anton told his story—how he had longed for something to satisfy his soul, how he had failed to find it even among the good gray monks, and how the words of the legend had perplexed him.

Then spake the wise old clock-maker.

“A Vision,” quoth he, “is something good and lofty and desirable

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which the soul may see, and having not, may reach forth to obtain. Without a Vision the body may live, but the soul is starved. It is death in life. Men may eat, and drink, and sleep, and laugh, and work, and quarrel, and beget children, and die, but all to no purpose. They might as well die in the first place, and so the Wise Man saith, 'Without a Vision, the people perish.' "

"And what may I do to get a Vision, that I may live?" asked Anton.

"He that seeketh, findeth," replied the clock-maker.

"Where shall I seek?" asked Anton.

"At thine own work-bench," was the answer. "Thou hast been to the monastery of the good gray monks and found no Vision there. Thou may'st travel the world over, and no Vision will reward thy search. Look within thy heart, Anton, even into its hidden corners. Whatsoever thou findest that is good and worthy, examine it. Thus wilt thou find thy Vision. Do thy daily work, Anton, and let thy Vision find thee working. Then shalt thou be ready to receive it, and the meaning of thy life and work will be made clear to thee."

Anton marveled at the words of the wise old man, and pondered them in his heart as he went back to work at his bench. And every day he talked with the old clock-maker, and strove to learn, until at last the light broke in upon him, and he understood. For the meaning of the legend appears only through much thought and self-examination.

A day came when the old clock-maker arose no more from his bed, and Anton took his place as master of the shop.

"Now," he said, "I will see if I can find a way to work with a Vision, for I know it is better than to work without one."

Every Sunday he went through the market-place and talked with his fellow townsmen. He found that there were many things good and lofty and desirable that were lacking in their lives, but he could discover no way to supply them. His soul was reaching forth, but it had not yet laid hold on a Vision.

One day in his shop, however, a Vision came to him. It was a little Vision, to be sure, but it was a beginning.

"I cannot give bread to all the poor, or bring happiness to the miserable," he said. "I know only how to make clocks. So I will make a clock for the people, that they may have what only the rich may buy."

So he set to work and built a huge clock, with two hands, like one he had seen that came from the South. Its face was two cubits across, and it was fashioned to run in all weathers. Beneath the face he carved and painted a legend:

"Where there is no Vision, the people perish."

In twelve months the clock was done, and he received permission

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to place it on the tower in the market-place, where all men might see it and read the time of day. Many came and saw, and learned to tell the time from the figures on the dial, and the clock became famous throughout Flanders.

But there were many in the countryside who seldom came to the town, and so never were benefited by the clock, and it occurred to Anton one day that the reason for this was that the roads were so poor. He was now a man of substance and influence in the town, so he went to the burgomaster and told him that he would like to build better roads for the country people to use in coming to town. It took him a long time to make the fat burgomaster see this Vision, but at last he succeeded, and the upshot of the matter was that in a few years there were fine, smooth roads running in all directions.

Anton's fame spread throughout Flanders, and to make a long story short, the King at last sent for him and made him a counselor at the royal palace. This gave him a chance to broaden his Vision. He saw a greater and a happier Flanders, with the people prosperous in trade and industry and art, and when he died, full of years and honor, he left Flanders a better place because of his Vision. Anton the clock-maker was one who did not live in vain.

BECAUSE we are men and not beasts of the field we all have a desire within us, however small and ill nourished, not to live in vain. That is the germ of a Vision, and it is for us to say whether or not we shall give heed to it and live by it. We may be automata, in some respects, but we have at least this birthright to do with as we choose. If we are thoughtful persons, we are asking ourselves how we can make our lives worth living. That is, after all, the great motive underlying human history and individual endeavor. I submit that the way so to live is to formulate and cultivate a Vision. That we are alive and needs must labor to live is a fact so commonplace as almost to escape notice. That our living and working may be in vain is a thought that troubles us when we take time to look eternal verities in the face. And we must take the time; else we are as beasts of the field, for they, too, live and labor to live.

To us alone of all creatures is given the power to enrich our lives by taking thought of the spiritual side, for it is the spiritual in us that makes us men and not beasts. If we neglect the spiritual, we take a step backward toward the monkey and the amoeba; if we cultivate it, we press on toward our divine goal, and open up for ourselves wide vistas of a richer and altogether more desirable life. To realize this is to prepare the way for the definite Vision.

Many men seem to be living and working without any Vision.

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Or, if it may be called a Vision, it is a mean and sordid one. This is one of our American faults. Sometimes we Americans wonder what it is that makes life in the Old World seem mellower and richer. Some of us have stopped work long enough to take a breath and look about us, and we find ourselves wondering what it was that made the Elizabethan period in England a golden age. Let us just consider those Elizabethans for a moment. They seem to have prospered as well as we, and yet they managed to get their noses away from the grindstone, somehow. They found time to live a spacious and varied life. They planted England's finest gardens, built her most luxurious manor houses, wrote her greatest poems and plays, fought great battles on the seas, set out for adventures in the New World—in short, they made their lives worth living, and when they were gone the world found that they had not lived in vain. We are accustomed to think of them as light-hearted pleasure-seekers, but they could not have thus lived and produced results without a Vision.

There once lived a group of later Elizabethans in this country. They were country gentlemen, soldiers, scholars, lawyers, financiers, architects, travelers, men of affairs and culture. They, too, had a Vision, and lived not in vain. Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Jefferson—did they not live the richer life? Were they content to be clock-makers or monks? Rest for a moment from that pressing business of yours and think of it. Did they lack anything that you stand any chance of getting? And did they not have vastly more?

As a people we have had a sort of Vision—a commercial Vision—and we have made the world to stand in wonder because of it. Our material progress has been phenomenal. But our Vision has been a narrow and restricted one. It has not enriched our lives as it should have done. Something is the matter with it.

As individuals we are prone to err in the same direction. Either as clock-makers or as monks we bind ourselves to our little treadmill, and we get nowhere. Only by giving our souls a chance can we find the richer life. Without a Vision we only half live.

Now a Vision does not necessarily mean a wholly altruistic ideal. You and I have our own lives to live, though we realize the importance of living for others as well. Nor are we bound to live for posterity alone. We must take our own lives, as they are, and give them some guiding Vision to make them worth while to ourselves, and through ourselves, to others. We must make ourselves bigger, for little men can do little good.

To take examples that loom large enough to be seen of men, we have all known Presidents of the United States who have had no Vision. They may have been honest and patient and wise. They

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may have discharged the duties of the day ably and conscientiously. But when they passed from office they left small impress. The other sort is too easily recognized to need naming—men who have seen the Vision of a young country growing from helpless infancy to lusty strength, or a sundered country knit together by unbreakable ties, or a too complacent country awakened to insidious dangers within it and the dire needs of posterity. It is easy to pick out the men of Vision from those of no Vision.

Now there is a wide difference between Dreams and a Vision, though they are related. Both are dependent upon that attribute of the human mind which we know by the name of imagination. Imagination is a gift without price. The beasts of the field have no imagination; the Man with the Hoe has little; the great men of all ages, from Abraham down, have been men of vigorous imagination. Imagination has been a mighty force in the development of the human race. Jerusalem and Rome were imagined before they were built. Without imagination there can be no upward striving.

In some people imagination takes the form of Dreams, and Dreams are but the fluttering of the imagination. A Dream makes no far and lofty flight. It vanishes before it is captured. It is the aimless wandering of the spirit. Some poetry has been built on Dreams, but little else.

Now a Vision—a creative Vision—is a pictured goal. There is purpose and vigor in it. It is productive of results. And the loftier the Vision, the higher the attainment.

Some of us have to fight against this wasting of the imaginative force in fruitless dreaming. Dreaming is natural in childhood, while the will is yet in a plastic state. Dreaming of the past is an old man's pleasure. But for the young and virile, there should be a Vision and not Dreams. And if we find we have formed the dreaming habit, we have simply got to learn to harness our Dreams and make a Vision of them. For a Vision is necessary to the highest achievement.

But the stronger contrast appears between the man of Vision and the man of no Vision. It is my contention that a man of no Vision is of little more use in the world than a horse, or, at best, a good dog; and I believe that if we discover our lack of a Vision in time, we can create, or formulate, or cultivate one. And this we must do if we want the richer life.

Now we must bring this thought home, if it is to amount to anything. I can but suggest the thought; you must carry it through and apply it to your own needs and circumstances. I believe that each of us can broaden and elevate and enrich his individual life

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by strengthening whatever Vision he may have, and living with it. It may be only a little Vision, but it will be a beginning.

"Eat, drink, and be merry," is the slogan of the man of no Vision; so is "Work, for the night cometh," unless we have a clearly defined idea of what we are working for. Thoughtlessness and labor bondage are both doors that close out the Vision.

If you are a poet or a preacher, a duke or a doctor, or just a plain, everyday family man or housewife, you have opportunity enough to glorify the day's work by adding unto it a Vision. Then you will try to do good instead of merely maintaining a pastorate; you will deliver a message to the world instead of merely acquiring poetic laurels; you will save lives instead of merely building up a practice; you will make a home happier instead of merely paying off a mortgage. This is what I mean by working with and living by a Vision. Thus only may you grow and enrich your life and that of many about you.

"Where there is no Vision, the people perish."

When the Vision faded, Rome and Jerusalem passed away.

I shall never forget a picture once drawn for a class of students by a keen-minded Professor of Biology. He was trying to explain certain processes of evolution to a group of Sophomores whose thoughts were mostly out on the ball field. He showed how one creature, back in the early ages, was thrown up on land and was forced either to grow legs or perish. And when the legs weren't sufficient for all of his descendants, some of them grew claws and teeth as well. Another creature developed the ability to fly from pursuit, and another preferred quiet, stalking habits and a venomous fang. So different types were developed, as different needs arose, until one creature was at last forced to stand upright and gain greater brain activity and skill with the hands in order to exist amid stronger and swifter adversaries.

But way back near the beginning there was a creature that soon found a safe and easy haven. He grew a hard shell that was proof against all his enemies; he increased the functions of mouth and stomach to absorb food from the water about him; he had no need to run from pursuers, nor to go forth in search of food; he toiled not, neither did he fight. He has lived thus for countless ages, in the soft, luxurious mud, safe, well nourished, contented. He long ago reached a state of perfect economic balance. What could be more desirable? Have we not many of us longed for a state like this?

"But," cried the Professor, leaning far over his desk, and shaking a long, warning finger at us, "who wants to be an oyster?"

And the oyster, I think you will agree, is primarily a creature without a Vision.

AMERICA'S ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTING: BY J. B. TOWNSEND



GAIN this year the city of Pittsburgh, which, for various reasons, would seem to be about the most unlikely of any of the larger cities of the United States to claim the title of an art center, offers not only the largest and best in quality of any of the public picture exhibitions of the year, but the only one that is international in scope and that deserves the title of a Salon.

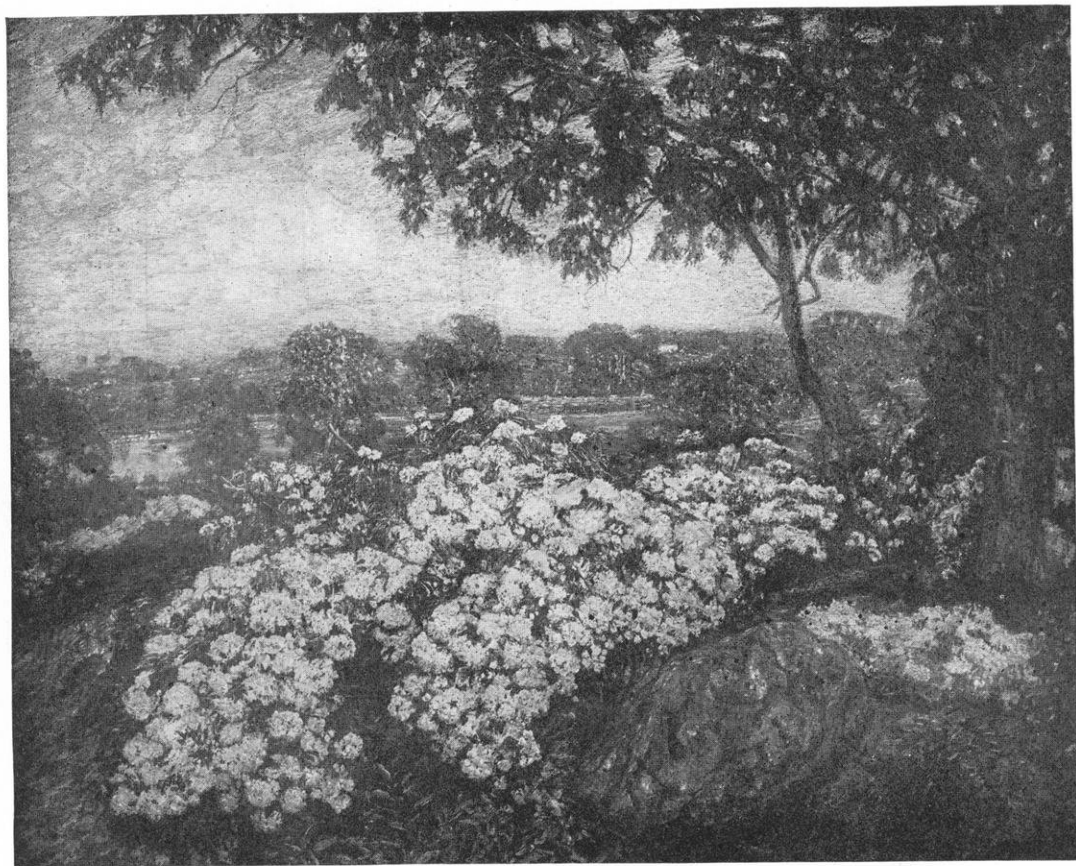
This exhibition is again, as for the past ten years, held in the large and beautiful galleries of the Carnegie Institute, about three miles from the center of the busy manufacturing and commercial life of the western Pennsylvania metropolis, and its organization and holding is due to the enterprise and liberality of the trustees of the Institute, and to the ability and energy of the Institute's Director, Mr. John W. Beatty.

Large money prizes and the reputation of preceding exhibitions brought gladly to Pittsburgh this year not only many of the most representative works by modern American painters shown during the past season at the larger routine public exhibitions in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and New York, but also one hundred and ten oils by some eighty-five of the strongest and best known of modern English and European painters. Some one hundred and fifteen American artists contributed one hundred and ninety-four oils, including thirty-five by Childe Hassam.

It is not alone the quality and representative character of the pictures shown at Pittsburgh that make the exhibition the most notable and strongest of the year in America, but the fact that it affords an opportunity for the study of almost every phase and development of modern painting. The catholic character of the display—the contrast in technique and methods that it offers are not only a delight to see and study, but most educational. With a jury composed of such eminent foreign artists as the French tonal landscapist, Henri Le Sidaner, and the Dutch genre and figure painter, Albert Neuhuys, and such very eminent Americans as William M. Chase, Charles H. Davis, Childe Hassam, W. L. Lathrop, Leonard Ochtman, Edward W. Redfield, W. E. Schofield, and Charles H. Woodbury, it is needless to say that no really unworthy pictures were accepted and that those selected best represented, as said above, the latest development of the art movement both here and abroad. There has been, of course, some questioning of the jury awards, but none of the general selection of pictures by that body. Artists and art lovers have wondered at the passing over of such canvases as Frederick J. Waugh's fine marine, "Outer Surf," the landscapes of Bruce



"APPLE BLOSSOMS": FROM A PAINTING BY
LOUIS BETTS: AWARDED HONORABLE MEN-
TION AT THE PITTSBURGH EXHIBITION.



"LAUREL": FROM A PAINTING BY EDWARD F. ROOK:
AWARDED MEDAL OF THE THIRD CLASS, CARRYING
WITH IT \$500 PRIZE, AT THE PITTSBURGH EXHIBITION.



"GIRL WITH ROSE HAT": FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES COTTET AT THE PITTSBURGH EXHIBITION.



"FARMHOUSE IN WINTER": FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES MORRIS YOUNG: AWARDED HONORABLE MENTION AT THE PITTSBURGH EXHIBITION.

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Crane, J. Francis Murphy and the Russian painter, Krijitzki and such figure work as those by Lillian Genth, Sergeant Kendall and other Americans and foreigners in favor of the outdoor with figures, "Idlers—August," by Karl Anderson, which received the second prize of one thousand dollars and a silver medal, and the flower piece, "Laurel," by Edward F. Rook, which, although technically a good performance, was hardly a prize canvas, and yet which received the third prize of five hundred dollars and a bronze medal.

There was some ground for the bestowal of the first prize, fifteen hundred dollars and a gold medal, to William Orpen, the English painter, for his self portrait in studio—a clever interior with beautifully painted details, an unusual composition and finely painted reflected light in the manner of Vermeer van Delft and the Boston artist, Tarbell. Deserved also were the honorable mentions given to Daniel Garber's strong and typical American landscape, "Hills of Byram," Joseph Oppenheimer's remarkably fine still life, "Chinese Porcelain," Charles M. Young's characteristically strong and true American landscape, "Farmhouse in Winter," and Louis Betts' sympathetic half-length portrait of a child, "Apple Blossoms."

The first prize has now been given six times to a foreign painter and seven to an American painter since its foundation in eighteen hundred and ninety-six. There was no unwritten law or even precedent which compelled or influenced the jury in favor of either American or foreign work in its selections, so that it must be conceded that such selections were conscientious at least.

THE exhibition proved again how much depends upon arrangement and spacing in the general effect of a picture display. In the spacious beautifully lit and handsomely proportioned Carnegie Galleries, the three hundred and four oils that made up the display were so arranged and hung as to appear to best possible advantage. In the two large and the adjoining small galleries there was only one line, and in the smaller gallery adjoining, in which the Hassam pictures were hung, and in all three of the galleries across the corridor there were only two lines. The New Yorkers who visited the display sighed the more after viewing these beautiful galleries and the exhibition for something at least approaching them in the metropolis. There are no such galleries in America and no such exhibition galleries, in fact, in the world, as those of the Pittsburgh Carnegie Institute; for the National Gallery in London, the Louvre in Paris, the Vienna Museum and the two Pinakotheks of Munich house only permanent collections and are not modern in lighting and appointments.

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The whole effect of the exhibition at Pittsburgh is one of light and life, of color and of joyousness. There are some really great pictures in the display, notably the superb marine by Waugh before mentioned, the large figure work by Joseph Bail, "The Communicants," the two figure paintings by the Italian, Caputo, "Between the Acts" and "Tea," Arthur Cope's "Portrait of Mrs. Forster," simple and true in flesh tones and sweet in expression, with finely painted details, Charles Cottet's rich color and tonal work, "Girl with Rose Hat," Augustus John's full-length seated portrait of William Nicholson, the artist, and Gaston La Touche's characteristic "Pont des Arts" from last year's Paris Salon, and "Italian Comedians," both exceedingly strong figure works, with characteristic gold in color scheme.

Some of the cleverest work in the display is undoubtedly contributed by the Russian painters, Nicholas Fechin and Constantin Krijitzki. The portrait of Mlle. Lapojnikoff by Fechin has most dextrous technique and throbs with vitality, while the painting of the brocaded apron is marvelously skilful. The landscapes of Krijitzki, and especially "The Winter Morning," a view at dawn of a deserted village street with snow-covered thatched wooden huts, are remarkable for simplicity and rendering of rosy light on new fallen snow.

It has become the custom for one American painter to be honored at each Carnegie exhibition by the devotion of one gallery to a comprehensive display of his works. Two years ago this honor was accorded to Winslow Homer, last year to Alfred East, the English landscapist, and this year Childe Hassam was the artist selected for the distinction. Some thirty-five of his pictures were shown, ranging from the early "Winter Night Fall," "Paris—Winter" and "Fifth Avenue—Winter," rich in color quality and delightful in feeling, through the period of his glowing "Plaza Centrale—Havana," his later "Inner Harbor, Gloucester" and "Cat Boats—Newport," to his still later clear-aired and brilliant "Isles of Shoals" series. The works of Hassam are too well known to American art lovers to call for or require any detailed description.

EVEN the most hypercritical of art reviewers and frequenters of exhibitions could not find in this American International Salon that monotony of subject and treatment which far too often dulls the effect of American art exhibitions. The mingling of the work of Americans and foreigners, with the wide range in subject and treatment brought new surprises and new pleasure at every step. The contrast, for example, between the work of such modern English painters as Robert Allan, Frank Bramley, T. Austen Brown,

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Fergusson, Stanhope Forbes, Greiffenhagen, Augustus John, Hughes-Stanton, Harrington Mann, H. H. La Thangue, Julius Olsson, William Orpen, Briton Riviere, J. J. Shannon, P. Wilson Steer, with such French painters as Joseph Bail, Jacques Blanche, Charles Cottet, Dauchez, Le Sidaner, La Touche and Lucien Simon, and such older or younger impressionists as Monet, Pissaro, Sisley and Albert André, Loiseau, Moret, D'Espagnat and Maufra was marked. Then also there were works by such noted Belgian painters as Emile Claus, Huys and Gilsoul, by such Dutchmen as Mesdag and Neuhuys and by such Germans as Benno Becker, Franz Grässel, Joseph Oppenheimer, Arthur Kampf, Rudolf Nissl and Schramm-Zittau, while Caputo, Ciardi and Ettore Tito represented Italy and the great Sorolla y Bastida showed his smooth, high-colored and metallic full-length portrait of President Taft.

Clever as were the foreign works shown, on the whole the American painters did not fall behind in excellence; it was a satisfaction to see our national art so well represented. Robert Henri, John W. Alexander, Cecilia Beaux, George W. Bellows, Frank W. Benson, George H. Bogert, Lillian Genth, A. L. Groll, J. Francis Murphy, Bruce Crane, Robert Reid, J. Alden Weir, Irving R. Wiles, D. W. Tryon and Charles M. Young, with others, showed perhaps the best work, most of which had been already seen in the Philadelphia or New York Academy exhibitions.

The development of landscape and figure painting in America during the past few years is well evidenced in the work of these painters and their fellows. They are marked by good draughtsmanship and composition, a sense of color and atmosphere and, above all, by a virility and vitality which makes them stand out and impress themselves upon the visitor. No unprejudiced art student or connoisseur, after a careful and conscientious study of the American works at Pittsburgh, can deny the exceeding strength of the American painting of today.

It is unfortunately a journey to Pittsburgh from the other large cities of the country—even from those of the Atlantic seaboard, and again this year, owing to the lack of coöperation on the part of the museums and academies of other cities, this art feast was spread for the delectation of Pittsburgh alone. But those art lovers who believe in the present and future of American art, and who, at the same time, are desirous of acquaintance with the modern art schools of Europe found the journey well worth the making.

TEACHING BOYS AND GIRLS HOW TO WORK: WHAT WE NEED IS NOT MORE SCHOOLS, BUT COMMON SENSE: BY THE EDITOR



AFTER two years of study and investigation, the Committee of Ten, appointed by the National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education, has submitted its final report. The investigation has evidently been conscientious and painstaking, for the conclusion at which the Committee has arrived is that the problem requires a great deal more study before even the outline of a solution can be formulated. Therefore it recommends that the United States Department of Education should be equipped by Congress with sufficient means and an adequate organization for carrying on a close study of the progress of industrial education here and abroad and, upon the basis of this extended knowledge, finally formulating a definite plan of action that will relate industrial education in this country to the present public system of instruction.

All this sounds imposing and unquestionably will result in the collection of a lot of statistics very interesting from an academic point of view. But will it go even one step toward solving the real problem? As we understand the situation, our great need is for some kind of training that will enable our boys and girls to become efficient workers in some trade whereby they can earn their own living by producing things needed by society. Our schools, to do them justice, seem to be doing their best according to their light to supply this need, and the Committee of Ten has evidently worked straight along the same lines, treating the whole question as one of education instead of simple necessity. We have seen how this point of view has worked out with regard to the manual training and so-called industrial departments of the public schools. The children are given a more or less interesting form of play, which varies attractively as their school life progresses, but when they leave school are they any better able to do real work than they would have been if they had confined their school studies to the three Rs and learned at home how to take care of a garden, look after farm animals and do odd bits of carpenter work, just as their fathers and grandfathers did?

If a system of industrial schools could be established on the same principles as the present industrial improvement schools for adults, it seems to us that the problem would be much nearer solution than it is now. These schools teach theories and principles to the workman who is actually engaged in doing the work, and who wants to know more about it that he may gain greater efficiency and so com-

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mand higher wages and a more secure position. For example, men who are working on an electric railroad as motormen, electricians or linemen, may in such a school learn the fundamental theory of electricity, the methods of insulation, of electrical measurement and of the transformation of energy, thus acquiring a foundation of knowledge which, if they have the required industry and ability, will enable them to become foremen, managers or even inventors. These men know enough about their work in the beginning to have a genuine interest in learning more, and all their ambition and energy is turned in that direction. Such theoretical knowledge as they may get from the school is clear gain, because it rests upon a solid foundation of practical experience.

THE trade school, which undertakes to teach the technique of a trade as well as its fundamental processes, does so by reproducing as nearly as possible the conditions of actual work. This is not so good as the industrial improvement school, because when the work is done at all it should be because there is need for it and not because it is to serve as an educational example to someone who is trying to learn to work. But for the manual training and other industrial departments of the public schools there is hardly a word to say. The tasks set to the pupils are all such futile sort of play work. They study elementary agriculture in little plots in the school yard or an adjacent vacant lot, under the direction of a teacher who has no more practical knowledge of horticulture or farming than they have, and their fathers hire gardeners to plant the flower beds, trim the trees and keep the lawn in good shape at home. The children play around a miniature forge or bench a certain number of hours each week, because their teachers and parents are under the impression that by so doing they are acquiring a skill of hand and brain that will fit them to do good work, while carpenters, plumbers and glaziers are called in every time some little thing needs doing around the house. Of course, we are generalizing very broadly here, because it is only the children of the well-to-do who would have home gardens to work in under the instruction of a practical gardener, or would be given the opportunity to learn how to do odd jobs under the guidance of a competent workman hired by their father for that purpose. The great mass of children have to learn as best they can, but surely it is within the power of all to do the real work that is necessary instead of wasting time and getting false ideas of life by learning to do play work under artificial conditions.

After all, it is not so much the fault of our educational system as it is of our standards of living as a whole. All the educational system

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can do is to represent these as best it may, and if they are artificial we are bound to have artificial methods of training. Right down at the root of the matter lies our reluctance to have our children do anything that looks like real manual labor. The play work that is done at school is all right because under no possible circumstance could it have any commercial value, but when it comes to real work it hurts our pride to think that our children should have to do it and that our neighbors might possibly think they even earn money by it. When we decide that the boy shall become a lawyer we do not send him to school to argue theoretical cases before a mimic judge; we put him into a lawyer's office to learn the routine of the business by drawing up actual papers, serving writs, copying and doing all the rest of the drudgery that must be done, expecting him to get his theoretical knowledge by reading law, attending trials in court or taking up a certain term of study in the law school. If he is to be a doctor he goes right to work in the dissecting room, at the clinic, in the hospital, putting into effect every bit of theoretical knowledge he gains by applying it to actual experience, and making his experience lead steadily to the acquisition of a wider knowledge of principles. Of late it has become the fashion to study agriculture, so the curse is somewhat taken off the actual farm work in connection with the theoretical demonstrations of the agricultural college or experiment station, but even at that we have not got quite down to the practical stage of doing the work first because it has to be done, and learning about it because we want to know how to do it better.

THE carpenter or bricklayer or blacksmith who sends his son to the public school to get a good education, and who approves of manual training because it is part of the system, would scoff at the idea of letting the boy work beside him and learn his own trade. He would tell you that such a thing was not possible under the regulations of the unions regarding apprentices, but the real reason would be that he does not want his boy to grow up to be a workman like himself. He wants him to be "something better," a clerk or a bookkeeper, or perhaps a lawyer or a physician,—anything but the skilled workman he is himself. There is no need to comment on the usual result of this ambition. We see it on every hand in the dearth of competent workmen and the plethora of worthless so-called professional men, or young idlers whose sole ambition in life is to secure a "soft snap" and make money somehow without using their muscles.

The Committee of Ten recommends strongly that local needs and conditions be studied carefully as an aid in the formation of curricula

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for the types of industrial schools best suited to different localities, and finds much encouragement in the fact that a number of communities are now asking what is being done toward the development of industrial schools, and what the community itself may do for its own industrial needs. The answer to these questions seems so simple,—so unavoidable by anyone who thinks directly and along practical lines,—that it is difficult to see how it is going to need a permanent committee and an appropriation by Congress to get together the necessary data to give it. If each community, instead of bothering its brains about establishing industrial schools, will resolve itself into units of families willing to take the necessary measures to give the boys and girls a chance to do useful work at home or in the shop, or anywhere else where work needs to be done, the investigating committees would speedily find themselves out of a job, and Congress would be saved the appropriation. When we come to think of it, there is really no need for an expensive school system to teach our daughters domestic science, when they can so easily learn housework at home and learn the principles of dietetics, household hygiene, sanitation and the like at school, applying them to actual work just as the trained nurse applies the knowledge she receives in the classroom to the work of taking care of her patients. If a majority of the workmen belonging to any union voted in meeting to set aside or extend their regulations regarding apprentices sufficiently to allow the admission of their own boys to learn their trade by actually working at it, the obstacles set up by union regulations would crumble into dust. If the farmer, or any householder who has sufficient land to cultivate, would set both boys and girls to actual work in planting the fields and the garden, hoeing the vegetables, cutting the grass, looking after the corn and potatoes and taking care of the cows, horses, pigs and chickens, the chances are that those children would be interested in everything that could be taught them about farming, and would gain a good working knowledge of physics, chemistry of the soil, plant physiology, biology and kindred topics, so that, instead of an artificially limited course of training, education would be a lifelong pursuit of absorbing interest, and efficient work become a matter of course because it would be a matter of common self-respect.

Apply these principles to all branches of education, and we would never need to bother our heads over evolving a system of industrial training that will apply to all classes and furnish the country with a supply of workers in the skilled trades. The trouble is that they are so simple and straightforward that it needs nothing but ordinary common sense to carry them into effect.

NAMING THE COUNTRY PLACE: BY THOMAS W. HOTCHKISS

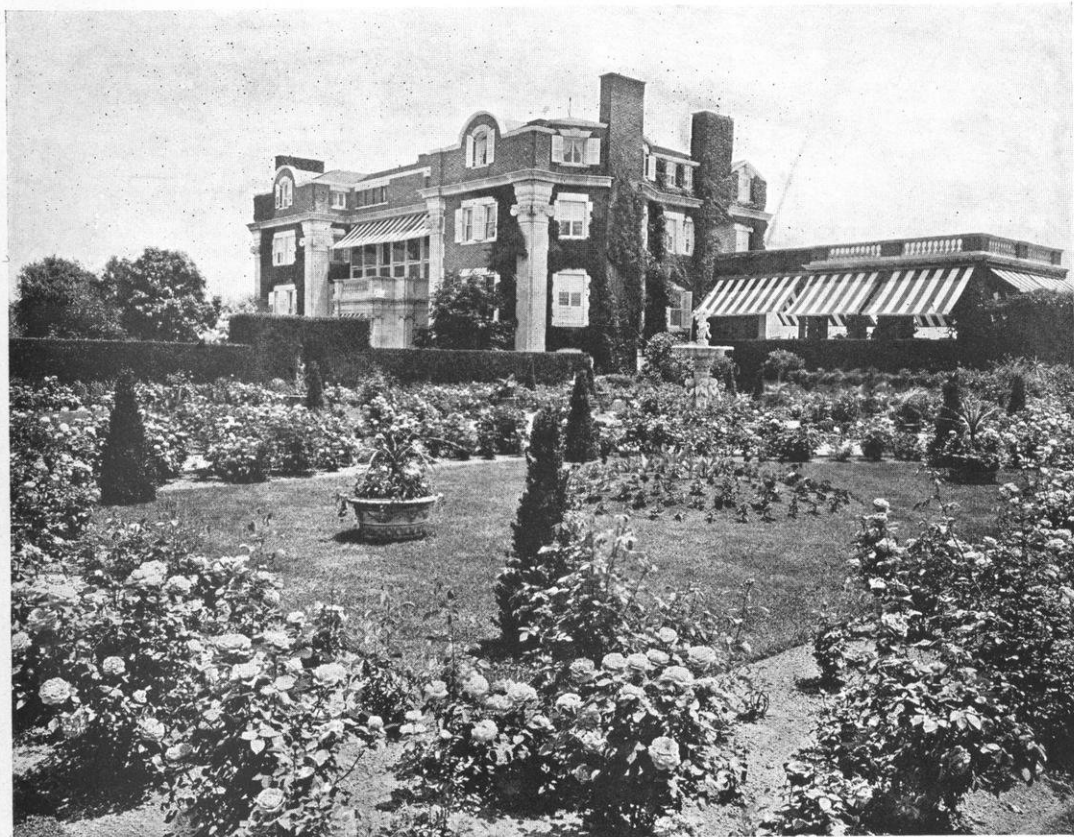


NATURE has prompted the shaping of the great majority of country place names. Inspiration comes from "The hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales stretching in pensive quietness between; the venerable woods,—rivers that move in majesty, and the complaining brooks that make the meadows green; and, poured all round, old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste." We can readily classify into separate groups the names on our list derived from Nature, and by so doing we shall find that those relating to the mountains, hills, knolls and ridges are most numerous; among them—Storm King, The Knoll, Sunny Knoll, High Ridge Farm, The Ridges, Highland Cottage, Hillside, Highland Farms, The Hill, South Hill, Bald Hill, The Highlands and Villa Farm on Hillside. With this group we may place the names of country homes which refer more particularly to the rocks and cliffs, as Stonycroft, Rocklands, Braecroft, The Cliffs, Glen Cottage, Stone Acres, Rock Acre, Rock Hill, Cave Cliff, Glenwood, Gray Rocks, Stoney Wolde, The Ledge, Wild Cliff, Glenmere, Craig Royston, Bluff Head, Torbank, Felsmere, Chrystoberyl Knoll, Underledge, Redstone and Rockroane.

Homes named from their commanding view are Longue Vue, Overlook, Fair View, Far View, Lake View, Bay View, Montview, Belleview Farms, Bellevue Farms, Bella Vista and Buena Vista. Those who prefer the lower altitude often express their preference in the designation of their country homes, as Netherdale House, Crownsdale, Waterslade and Intermont (the name of Mrs. Grover Cleveland's home at Tamworth, New Hampshire).

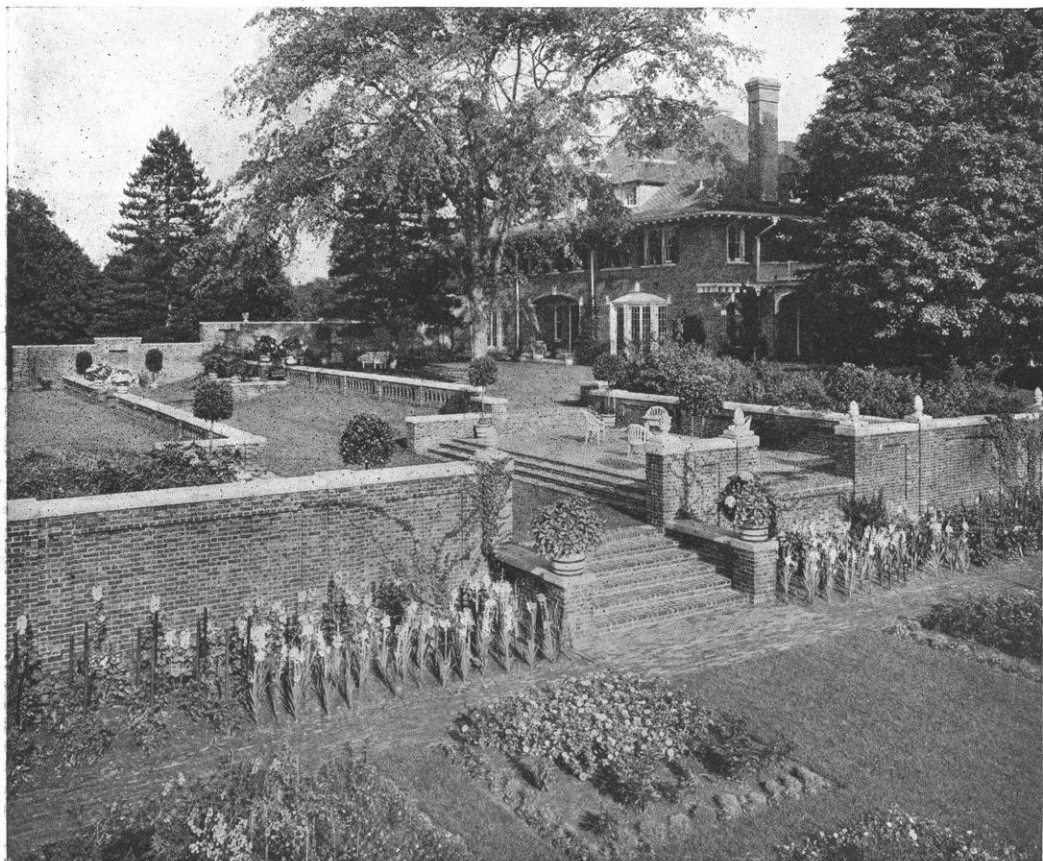
To many persons the woods and trees make strongest appeal. The late Mr. Jay Gould named his estate at Irvington (now occupied by Miss Helen Gould) Lyndhurst, after the English village of that name, the word meaning the gentle forest. The late E. H. Harriman built his home at Arden in a wooded section of Orange County, New York, and named it Arden House. Mr. John D. Rockefeller calls his home in Cleveland, Forest Hill; and others have variously named their country places The Park, The Woodlands, Woodside Hall, Linwood, House-in-the-Woods, Wood Ford Farm, Echo Grove, Waldesbach, Orchard Lee, The Orchards, Old Orchard House and The Tree Tops.

Then we come to the rivers, brooks, springs, and lakes. The summer home of Mr. John Achelis at Seabright, N. J., is appropriately named Invermara, while the residence of Mr. John N. Bowers at Cooperstown, N. Y., located at the foot of Otsego Lake, is called

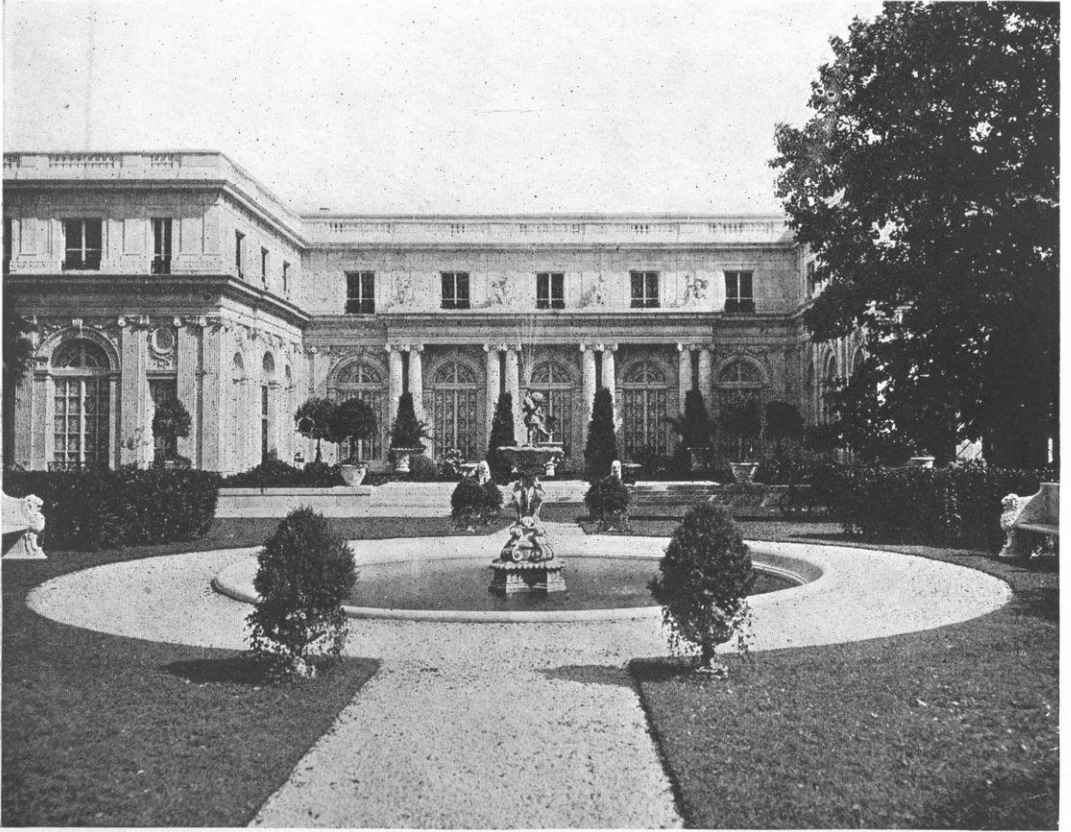


Photographs of Country Houses, by Floyd E. Baker

"ALL VIEW": THE HOME OF MR. C. OLIVER ISELIN AT NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.



"UPLANDS": THE HOME OF MR. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN AT MOUNT KISCO, N. Y.



"ROSECLIFF": THE HOME OF MRS.
HERMAN OELRICHS, NEWPORT, R. I.



"THE ORCHARDS": THE HOME OF MR.
JAMES L. BREESE, SOUTHAMPTON, L. I.

"THE BREAKERS": THE HOME OF MRS.
CORNELIUS VANDERBILT AT NEWPORT, R. I.

NAMING THE COUNTRY PLACE

Lakelands. And one finds other places designated for like reasons: Brookside Farm, Brookridge, Shadow Brook Farm, Coldbrooke, Bendobrook, Brae Burns, Glenburnie Farm, Spring Lawn, Spring Side, Springhurst, Indian Spring, Rivermouth, River House, Millstream Farm, Lakeside, Lake Vineyard, Windermere, Vergemere, Bright Waters, Waternook and Sweetwater Lodge.

MANY have named places from trees of a certain kind, or for those which they have found growing in greatest profusion on the lands they purchase. Thus we find, Maple Terrace, Maple Farm, The Maples, Maplewood Farm, Maplehurst, Maple Cottage, The Evergreens, Fir Tower, Fairpines, The Pine Knoll, The Cedars, Cedar Cove, Cedarcrest, Little Piney Farm, Oakwold, Oak Wood, Round Oak, The Birches, Birch Cliffs Camp, The Poplars, The Elms, Elmshade, Cherrygarth, The Lindens, Linden Neuk, Locusts, Chestnut Ridge, The Willows, Beech Hill, Greenhedge and Boxcroft.

Near a country house there may be trees which cast pleasant shade across the lawn, and beyond an open country with its promise of the season's harvest. There we find such names as Shadow Lawn, Spring Lawn, West Lawn, The Terrace, Faerie Lea, Fair Lea, The Lea, Meadowmere, The Meadows, East Meadows, The Moorlands, Fair Mead, Westmoor, Grassmere, Whitefields, Cornfields, Meadowbrook Farm and Planting Field. The title Heathcote implies a more desolate prospect.

Nearer the house, and perhaps nearer to the hearts of many owners of country homes, are the flower gardens with their fragrant blossoms, the fruit trees and vineyards with their ripened fruitage, and the nuts and berries within convenient distance. Mr. Archer M. Huntington has a residence at Baychester, N. Y., which he calls Pleasance, a word employed by Lord Bacon in his essay "of Gardens," meaning a pleasure garden, attached to a mansion, but secluded and screened by trees, shrubs and close hedges. Pomeroy Place is so named from the King apple, the Pomeroy. Pepperidge is the name of a place where the pepperidge (or common barberry) grows,—a tree having oval polished leaves. So one might go through the rest of the flower-fruit-and-foliage names, and find Rosebank, Rose Hill, Montrose, The Blossoms, Mayflower, The Vineyards, Fern Hill, Woodbine Cottage, Hawthorn Beach, Nutholme and Thorn Field.

Even the birds, the wild game and the fishes are not overlooked. Thence come the titles, Otter Cottage, Hawkwood, The Squirrels, Bass Cottage, Ravenswood, Falcon's Flight Farm, Deerslea, Harebell and Fox Meadow.

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A man may prefer the real wilderness to any suburban or rural homestead. There he builds his lodge and names it after his surroundings: The Wilds, Wildmere, Wild Cliff, Wildwood or Idlewild. The names referring to the ocean are: Snug Harbor, Indian Harbor, Harbour Court, Bytheharbour, Ocean Crest, Nighbrink, Bythesea, Bay Crest, Shore Acres, Bay Bush, Far Haven, Pine Beach Camp and The Breakers.

GO WHERE we will in summertime out of the crowded cities, the things we seek are light and air and elbow room. The names so inspired are The Breezes, Breezy Bank, Belair, Saltair, Windward, Blowmedown, Four Winds Farm, Towindward and Keewaydin (the Northwest wind). So, likewise, does the sunshine inspire warm gratitude in the hearts of Nature lovers, and they have bestowed the titles Morningside, Sunnyknoll, Sunnyslope and Sonnenschein upon their country places where "on woodlands ruddy with autumn the amber sunshine lies."

Of home titles not originating in Nature the most numerous and intimate in character are those constructed from family names. Mr. Poultney Bigelow's place at Malden-on-Hudson has the name of Bigelow Homestead. Mr. C. Ledyard Blair has given the name of Blairsden to his house at Bernardsville, New Jersey. Mr. Robert Bruce Mantell, the actor, calls his place at Atlantic Highlands Brucewood, after his mother's family name which has descended through the line of Robert Bruce of Scottish history. Other titles embodying family names are Adair Place, Maycroft, May Cottage, Appleton Farms, Pellwood, Howlands, Ellerslea, Hammersmith Farm, Edgecombe, Jack's Island, Barrymead, Edgerston, Villa Bondi, Brookemere, Floyd's Point, MacCulloch Hall, Hamilton Park, Camp Longwood, Downesbury, Holt Averell, Clarence, Dudley Place, Power's Place, Cortlandt Farm, La Forge Cottage, Albro Farms, Barclay Brook, and Edna Villa.

The house itself, where the family life centers in summertime or throughout possibly half the year, holds so much of the attention and heartfelt interest of its owners, that it is most natural that many should choose names pertaining in some way to it, its details of architecture, its color, or its building material. We have, therefore, The Manse, Homestead, Bonnythorpe, New Lodge, Hunter's Lodge, Castlewood, River House, Villa Farm, The Bungalow, Tower Hall, The Towers, The Gables, Seven Gables, Ingleuek, Ingleside, Old Blue House Farm, Red House, White House, Marble House, Woodhouse, Queen Anne Farm, Old Brick, Brick House, Cobble-shack, and Quarterfoil.

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The romance of the road is thus expressed in the titles: By-the-way, Wayside, The Crossroads, Westward Way, The Corners, Ye Cornere and The Corner Cottage. Such names as The Bells, Fort Hill, Dial House, Millwood, Woodbridge Farms, Camp Longwood, Kedge (meaning a boat), Arrowhead Farm and Cedar Gate belong to the same classification.

Joy of playtime days is expressed in many whimsical titles given to country places, all more or less descriptive of the free-and-easy, unpretentious ways of living during vacation time. Nirvana, which in the Buddhistic faith means perfect peace, is typical of a group of names, including Idylease, Kill Kare, Idle Hour, While Away, Rest Nest Camp, and Cozy Nook. Mr. George J. Gould owns a place in the Catskill Mountains, at Seager, N. Y., called Furlough Lodge. Brent Lodge is so named from a Scotch word meaning a smooth, unwrinkled brow. One can imagine quiet sociability or good times at summer places whose owners thought of naming them Old Brick, The Hat Box, Nutmeg Cottage, The Nook, The Anchorage, The Roost, The Perch, The Shelter, The Folly, Blowmedown, Camp Paradise Point, Rum Point, and Clattercote Farm. One finds an invitation and a welcome in Kumtoit Point, Wendover, and Bide-A-Wee; and, to remove all doubt as to the location of their abiding places, certain thoughtful landholders have given general directions in such names as Ontherail and Bythesea. Mr. Henry S. Brooks, Jr., whose father owns a summer home at Dobbs Ferry, has named his own residence T'other House; and a man of another family who bears his father's name calls his summer home The Junior House. One modest owner has named his place Justamere House; another, Blair Eyrie, the Eyrie being the old spelling of aery or aerie, which means the nest of a large bird. Mr. Henry M. Flagler, however, caps the climax of whimsicality by giving to his residence at Mamaroneck, N. Y., the name of Satanstoe!

ONE name stands out with unique interest among those selected for this review. It is that given by Mr. James H. Brookfield to his place at White Plains, N. Y.,—Thirlsmere Farm. A thirl is a term used in Scottish law and means a tract of land, the tenants of which are bound to bring all their grain to a certain mill; and the active verb, to thirl, is to bind or astrict by the terms of a lease or otherwise.

Indeed, one has the whole wide world with its literature and learning to draw upon in naming the country place. Geographical names, for example, are sometimes appropriated bodily, as in the case of Dixie Lodge, Montrose, Del Mar, The Oxford, Guilford,

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Portland Place, Castalia, La Rochelle, The Downs and Jericho Farm. The President of Columbia University, Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler, named his place at Bar Harbor after the Scottish river Teviot; and the name of the Chanler homestead at Barrytown, N. Y., now the residence of Mr. Richard Aldrich, was changed from La Bergerie to Rokeby in eighteen hundred and twelve, the year Scott's poem was published describing the Rokeby of England.

One may desire to do honor to some hero of history or romance, as the late Mr. Frank Mayo did when he named his rural home at Canton, Pa., Crockett Lodge after his favorite character, "Davy" Crockett. Mr. Robert Lenox Belknap's home at Murray Bay is named Lorne House after the former Governor-General of Canada, the Marquis of Lorne.

A plan widely prevalent is to express some sentiment or idea in a foreign language, as La Hacienda (a landed estate), La Colina (a hill), The Agrada (it pleases me), and Buena Vista (good view). Mr. Frederick R. Coudert has named his place at Oyster Bay, L. I., La Chaumiere (the thatched cottage); Mr. Ira Barrows his place at Seabright, N. J., from the German Wunderlich (wonderful); and Mr. Arthur E. Bostwick calls his Llewellyn Park place Waldesbach (a forest brook). Winklemere, the name of a seashore home at West Hampton Beach, L. I., seems to be incorrect; the English suffix "mere" (meaning a lake) being used instead of the German meer (the sea), which would conform to the location and to the German "Winkel" (a nook).

But, of all names, the most appropriate in America for country places are taken from the Indian language. Manatuck Farms is the title given by Dr. Bolton Bangs to his place at Stockbridge, Mass., which overlooks a broad open country, the original meaning of the name being an outlook or place of observation. Miramichi, the name of Mr. John W. Auchincloss' home at Bar Harbor, means a happy retreat. Anoka, the name chosen by Mr. Frederick E. Ballard, for his home at Bay Shore, L. I., is that of an old Indian chieftain of Long Island. Keewaydin, which Mr. J. W. Auchincloss calls his place at Darien, Ct., will be remembered in "Hiawatha":

"I shall share my kingdom with you, Ruler shalt thou be thenceforward of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin, of the home-wind, the Keewaydin."

As no dictionary of the Indian language has been compiled, Indian words and their meanings must be picked up from authorities who have reliable knowledge of tribal tongues and folklore. Longfellow gave a short vocabulary of Indian words with his poem "Hiawatha." The master who taught Longfellow was Mr. H. R. Schoolcraft, the

NAMING THE COUNTRY PLACE

agent for Indian affairs on the Northwest frontier, who in eighteen hundred and forty-seven was directed by Congress to procure statistics and other information respecting the Indian tribes of the United States.

The main fact, however, which the builder of a country house should bear in mind in trying to decide upon a distinctive name for it is the significance of the thought he wishes to express, and even with the best of verbal aids, it is originality, both as to the mental concept and the mode of expressing it, which in the last analysis is the real test of a well-named country place.

A LIST OF ENGLISH AFFIXES TO BE USED IN NAMING COUNTRY PLACES

Beck (as in Villa Beck), a brook with stony bed or rugged course; or the valley or patch of ground adjacent to a brook. Brae (as in Brae Burn), the side of a hill or other rising ground. Burn (as in Glenburnie Farm), a rivulet or brook. Bury (as in Downesbury), a habitation; in England, a lord's seat or castle. Cote (as in Clattercote Farm), a cottage or little house. (Referring to the noisy chicken-coops, dove-cotes and sheep-folds of a barnyard.) Crag (or craig, as in Craig Royston), a steep, rugged rock. Croft (as in Stonycroft), any small, enclosed tract of land, especially a small farm. Down (as in The Downs), a high, rolling region not covered by forests (as opposed to dale and vale). Garth (as in Cherrygarth), a garden, close or yard. Holm (as in Fairholm), an islet or river island, or meadow; also a hill (a meaning now obsolete). Hurst (as in Farmhurst), a wood or grove; also a sand-bank near a river, or a shallow in a river. Inver (as in Invermara), a confluence of a river with another or with the sea. Lea (as in Ellerslea or Fair Lea), open, untilled land; level fields or commons; fallow land, pasture land; hence, any field. Mead (as in Barrymead), a meadow. Mere (as in Wildmere), a pool, small lake or pond; also a boundary, or boundary line; also a private carriage road. Neuk (as in Ingleneuk or Linden Neuk), a Scotch form of nook. Slade (as in Waterslade), a little dell or valley; also a glade, or a strip of greensward or open space in a wood or between two woods; also a harbor or basin. Strath (as in Strathspey), a valley of considerable size, often having a river running through it and giving it its distinctive appellation, as the river Spey in Scotland. (The word Strathspey is also the name of a Scottish dance.) Thorp (as in Bonnythorp), a group of houses standing together in the country; an isolated farmstead. Tor (as in Torbank), a hill or rocky eminence. Wold (as in Oakwold or Stoney Wolde), an open tract of country or down; but, in the Anglo-Saxon, a wood or forest.



THE SCISSORS-MAN

AS I was busy with the tools
That make my garden neat,
I heard a little crooked tune
Come drifting up the street.

It didn't seem to have an end
Like others that are plain:
You always felt it going on
Till it began again.

It came quite near: I heard it call,
And dropped my tools and ran
To peer out through the garden-gate:
I thought it might be Pan.

But it was just the scissors-man
Who walked along and played
Upon a little instrument
He told me he had made.

He cut it out of box-wood when
The hours were long at home,
With small round holes to blow into
And make the music come.

BY GRACE H. CONKLING

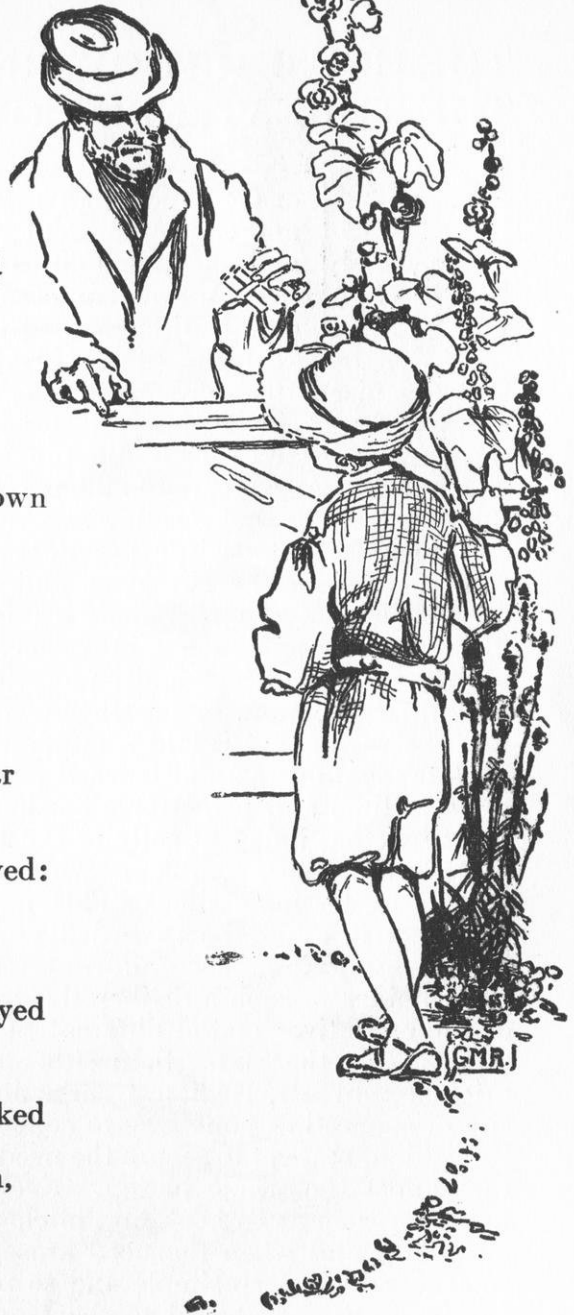
Like penny-whistles in a row
But cut a different way,
The long ones all went slanting down
To shorter ones than they.

Now, if you hope to see a god
As hard to find as Pan,
It's sad when it turns out to be
A plain old scissors-man.

But when I called Her out to hear
The crooked tune he made,
She said his instrument was like
Some pipes that Pan had played:

And I must ask the scissors-man
If he had ever known
Or met a queer old god who played
On pipes much like his own?

He would not tell: and when I asked
Who taught him how to play,
He made that crooked tune again,
And laughed—and went away.



THE HOUSE OF GOVERNORS: A REMEDY FOR THE THREATENED GOVERNMENT TRUST



WHEN President Roosevelt called the first conference of Governors at Washington in May, nineteen hundred and eight, the event was widely heralded by the press, and the possibility of better State legislation arising from future conferences of the same sort was thoroughly discussed. But when in January of the present year the State Governors again met at Washington and organized themselves into a permanent body seeking to secure uniform laws on vital subjects for the welfare of the entire country, the fact was passed over by the press with comparatively brief notices which in no way conveyed to the public the far-reaching significance of this event. The first meeting two years ago could, in the very nature of things, have but little practical result, because it was merely a conference with the President and the constitutional limitations of the Federal Government made it impossible to carry any of the findings of such a conference into effect, while the Governors acting as individuals would be equally powerless in an attempt to bring about uniform legislation. Nevertheless this preliminary conference was most useful in that it laid a foundation for the action that has since been taken, and at an adjourned meeting a committee was appointed to set a time and place for a session of the Governors as a body of peers meeting independently of the President, to work out by united State action those problems where United States action had been proved to be impossible. This meant that when the Governors next met it would be as a deliberative body uniting to initiate, to inspire and to influence uniform laws.

The idea of such a deliberative but non-legislative body, composed of the executives of the different States and therefore more directly representing the States than either of the Houses of Congress, was originated by Mr. William George Jordan, and grew out of the necessity of suggesting some way to cope with the growing menace of centralization, and yet to secure the needed legislative action on questions that affect the whole nation. Every phase of Mr. Jordan's work has been such as to keep him in close touch with social and political questions, and when the need arose he was ready with a suggested solution so clear, so simple and so practicable that, when he sent to President Roosevelt and to the Governors of the different States a little pamphlet outlining it, he met with an instant and cordial response and the prompt calling of the preliminary conference of nineteen hundred and eight. As we know, the result of this conference has been the organization of the House of Governors as a permanent body, and if its activities are carried on along the lines suggested by Mr.

REMEDY FOR A GOVERNMENT TRUST

Jordan, it should give this country a more purely democratic government, by bringing about a more direct representation of the people, than it has ever had.

In writing of the dangers of centralization, Mr. Jordan says: "The Federal Government, following the spirit of the age, is itself becoming a trust—a great government trust—crowding out, and threatening openly still further to crowd out, the States, the small jobbers in legislation. As the wealth of the nation is concentrating in the hands of the few, so is the guidance of the destinies of the American people becoming vested in the firm, tense fingers of a small legislative syndicate." Even under the best conditions, and with the wisest and most patriotic central legislation, this is a danger to the Republic and entirely at variance with the idea of its founders, for it is paternal government instead of fraternal.

MR. JORDAN sketches clearly the slow growth of centralization through a number of administrations, and the growing supineness of the States, which have deliberately left to the Federal Government much needed legislation on the vital problems that confront us at this stage of our progress. There is no question as to the failure of the States to make uniform legislation, but fortunately there is also no question as to their willingness to cope with undesirable conditions if only they knew how. This one man put his finger on the weak place,—the lack of any method by which the States could get together in conference as States. Therefore he proposed to President Roosevelt, to the Governors and legislators and to the American people, the organization of the House of Governors. His proposition was that the Governors of the forty-five States meet annually for a session of two or three weeks to discuss, consult and confer on vital questions affecting the welfare of the States, the unifying of State laws, and the closer unity of the States as a nation. The House of Governors would have no law-making power, nor should it ever aspire to such power. Its force would be in initiative, in inspiration and in influence, for the Governors would merely seek to unite on a general basis of action on great questions to be submitted to the legislatures of the respective States in the Governors' messages.

The need for such a body is evident, as in Congress the Senators chosen by the State legislatures nominally represent their States, but not the people of their States, for the latter have no direct voice in their selection. The members of the House of Representatives do not represent their States, but simply districts of their States. The Governor of the State, however, is elected by the people, is directly responsible to the people, and is in constant touch with the people,

REMEDY FOR A GOVERNMENT TRUST

keeping his fingers close pressed on the pulse of their needs and problems. The fact that the House of Governors cannot make laws gives it its greatest power as an initiative moral influence. In setting forth his idea Mr. Jordan was especially emphatic on this point, holding that if it were possible for such a body to make laws it would be a more dangerous menace even than our present centralization, because legislative rights would be vested in a smaller body. The House of Governors is intended to be merely a focusing point for public opinion, the object being to transform this into a dynamic public sentiment in the interest of self-government, which would mean for the people a larger voice, a vote and a veto in the guidance of their own destiny, and a power that could compel legislation.

If the original idea be carried out, no majority vote in the House of Governors will be binding on the minority. Should even forty-four members of the House in full session agree, the one member not concurring will have absolute freedom of action, with the hope that he or his successor would join the majority side at the next session of the House. The House will determine by vote the ratio of the members present to be considered the minimum requisite for the initial impulse for action toward uniform State legislation throughout the country, on the specific question. Should the number of votes be below the ratio set as a basis of unity, the matter will go over to the next session for reconsideration. The proposed legislation, of course, will be merely suggested to the different State legislatures in the messages of their Governors. The legislatures can pass such a recommendation or not as they choose, but the idea is that the recommendation will have much more effect and a stronger moral influence because each legislature will know that the same matter was under consideration by a number of other legislatures.

THE safeguarding of the people's interests is well assured, for, to quote again from Mr. Jordan's pamphlet: "The House of Governors seems to offer no chance for graft, collusion, combination, pairing off, the working of private interest, bribery, jobbery, corruption, or any of the other diseases to which legislative bodies are liable. This immunity arises from the non-lawmaking character of the House. It is said to be easier to buy State legislatures than to purchase Federal action or Federal inactivity. The House would thus have the dignity, character and poise of the Federal Government. The Governors would be subjected to no pressure, they would not be likely to be carried off their feet by the whirlwind eloquence of one of their members advocating some Utopian scheme or some trust measure masquerading as a plan of public benevolence. But even

REMEDY FOR A GOVERNMENT TRUST

if temporarily captivated they would probably cool on reflection, and there is no chance of the gold-brick fallacy proposed being able to stand the acid test of wide public discussion by press and people, and to pass the safeguarding process of forty-five legislators.”

The principal subjects upon which uniform legislation seems to be vitally necessary are marriage and divorce, rights of married women, corporations and trusts, insurance, child labor, capital punishment, direct primaries, convict labor, prison reform, contracts, uniform system of conveyancing, inheritance tax, income tax, mortgages, referendum and election reforms. As Mr. Jordan points out, the Congress of the United States would in no wise be disturbed in its normal work, as marked out for it by the Constitution, by the institution of the House of Governors. There need be no conflict between Congress and the new House, for the States, quietly working out their own problems by the light of their united wisdom, could not trespass on the specific legislation left by the Constitution to the sole and absolute charge of the Federal Government.

When the spirit of reform is in the air, and men are honestly searching for some way out of the difficulties that confront them, it is inevitable that the solution, when it is proposed, should be so simple, straightforward and reasonable that it is a wonder no one ever thought of it before. That is eminently the case with this solution. There is little comment to make on it; it speaks for itself. The only thing is to spread abroad and keep in the mind of the public a thorough understanding of its significance, for with the coöperation of the people it will inevitably do all that is expected of it, and if met with indifference it will as inevitably fail. The corruption of our national politics has made the campaign of education the order of the day. This seems to be the biggest movement yet proposed in the general education of the people, and the surest means of directing their attention from petty local affairs to the broader problems which affect every State in the Union. Most of the evils in our political system grow out of the happy-go-lucky carelessness of the people, who are willing to submit to the domination of the bosses and to the smooth working of this or that political machine, rather than to take the trouble necessary to secure what they want. Nothing can stand against the force of real public opinion. The trouble seems to have been that public opinion hitherto has been too chaotic to effect very definite or permanent results. If the House of Governors does nothing more than crystallize this vague and futile emotionalism into a force that compels action, it will have more than justified its existence.

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



THE way in which a man may stamp his own personality upon his house by having it, and everything in it, designed for him by one in close touch with him, while at the same time giving the architect an opportunity to create a complete and satisfactory whole, is perhaps more strongly exemplified by the accompanying plans and photographs than by any which have preceded them. The owner of the house illustrated, Mr. W. E. Steers of Caterham, in Surrey, could not have so stamped his personality upon a house, such as he might find ready to hand, nor could the furniture so obviously express his tastes and character had he collected it from various sources. By a life spent in close study of the characters and customs of many nations, perhaps more especially of the Japanese, he has gained that breadth of outlook which much travel alone can give, and has come to feel that we have much to learn from the older civilizations of the East, civilizations which on the other hand, we of the West are beginning to mar.

So when Mr. Steers came to settle in England it was his wish to do this in a home and among surroundings which would make it possible for him to practice and demonstrate to others what he had come to believe in. His position being as follows:—that it is everyone's first duty to society and to himself or herself to be always in the most perfect health possible. He even goes so far as to say that few of us are justified in being ill, and would put no duty before that of keeping in perfect health, claiming that only when this has been accomplished are we capable of our best in any sphere, and that it is our duty never to give anything short of our best.

A wide outlook from his windows was essential to his attitude of mind, so the site chosen was on one of the highest hills of the Surrey Downs,—the summit of the "White Hill" at Caterham, commanding some of the most extensive and beautiful views in England. Believing in the physical and perhaps even greater mental alertness and agility resulting from the practice of the Japanese art of self-defense, jiu-jitsu, he would have it taught in our schools and colleges, to our military, naval and police forces. He holds that its practice gives a physical, mental and moral self-reliance which nothing else can.

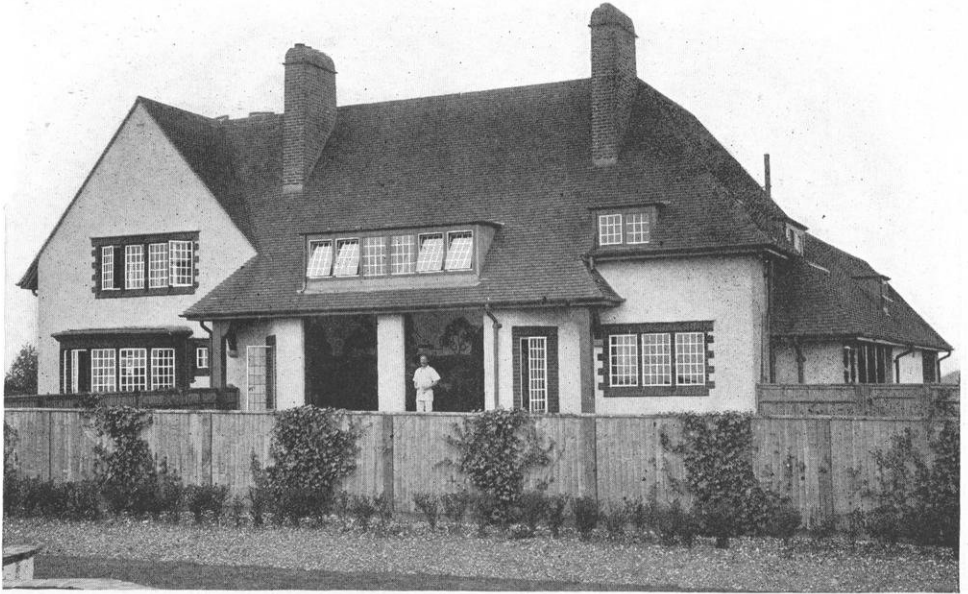
One of the principal rooms of his house had therefore to be so planned as to give ample facilities for the practice of this art, while at the same time it was not to be spoiled for the many other uses to which it might be put. On the accompanying plans this room is called the gymnasium. It is worthy of careful study from both decorator and athlete.



Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

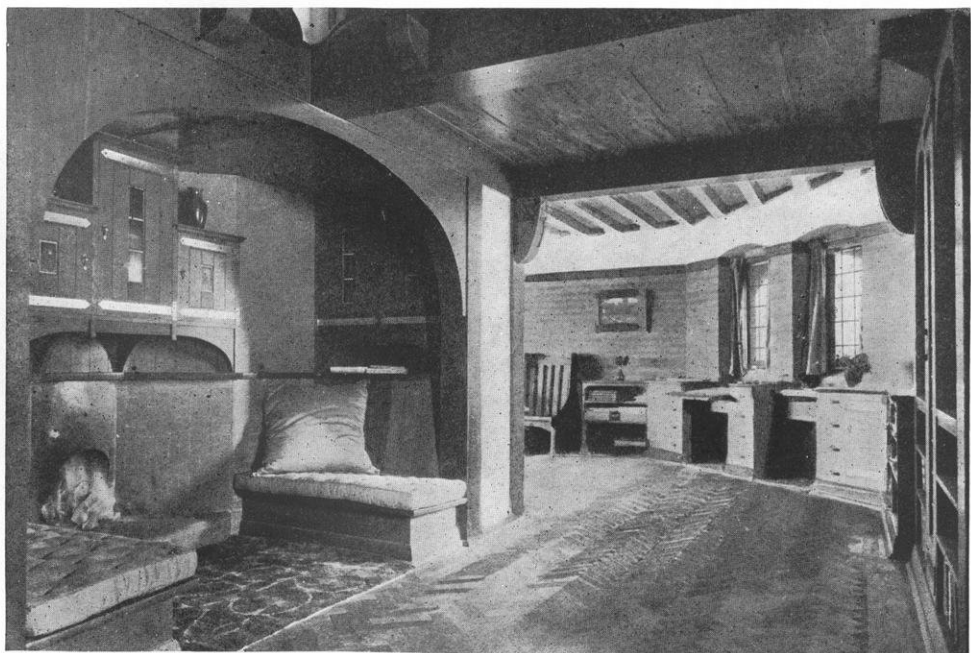
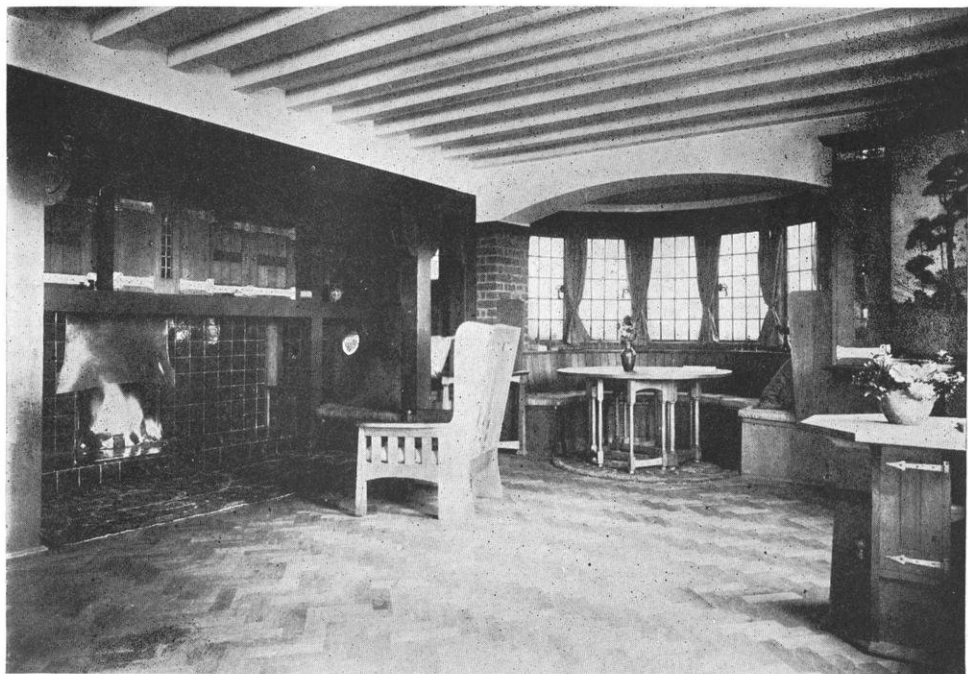
THE HOME OF MR. W. E. STEERS AT CATERHAM,
SURREY, ENGLAND: IN THE GARDEN.

THE MAIN APPROACH TO MR. STEERS' HOUSE,
SHOWING INTERESTING CONCRETE GATEWAY.



SIDE VIEW OF MR. STEERS' HOUSE, SHOWING
ENTRANCE TO JIU JITSU GYMNASIUM.

GOOD ROOF LINES AND INTERESTING GROUPING
OF WINDOWS IS SHOWN IN THIS VIEW.

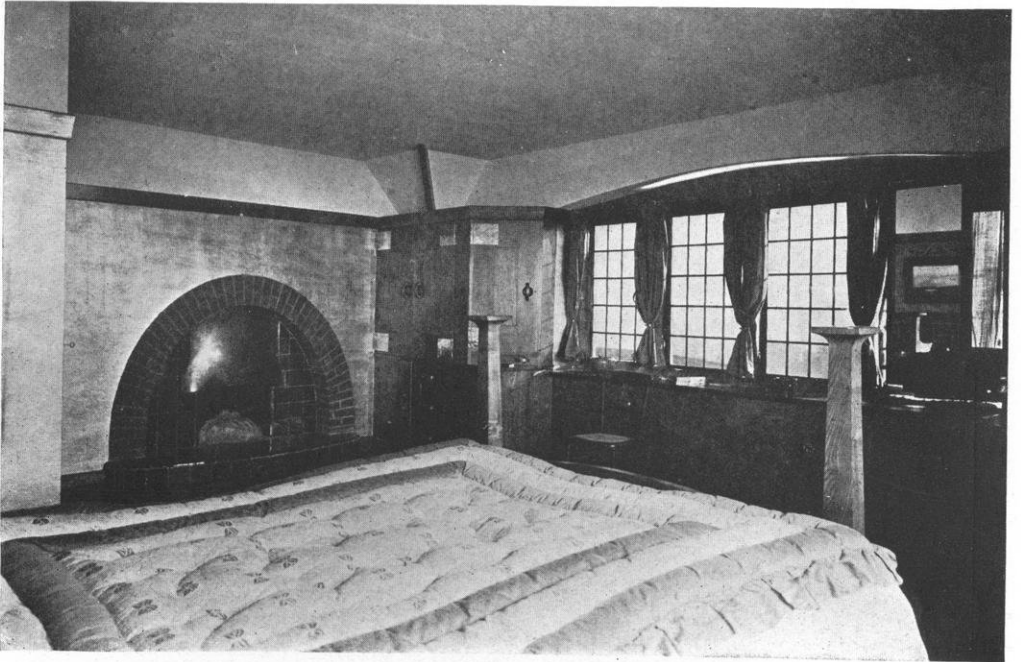
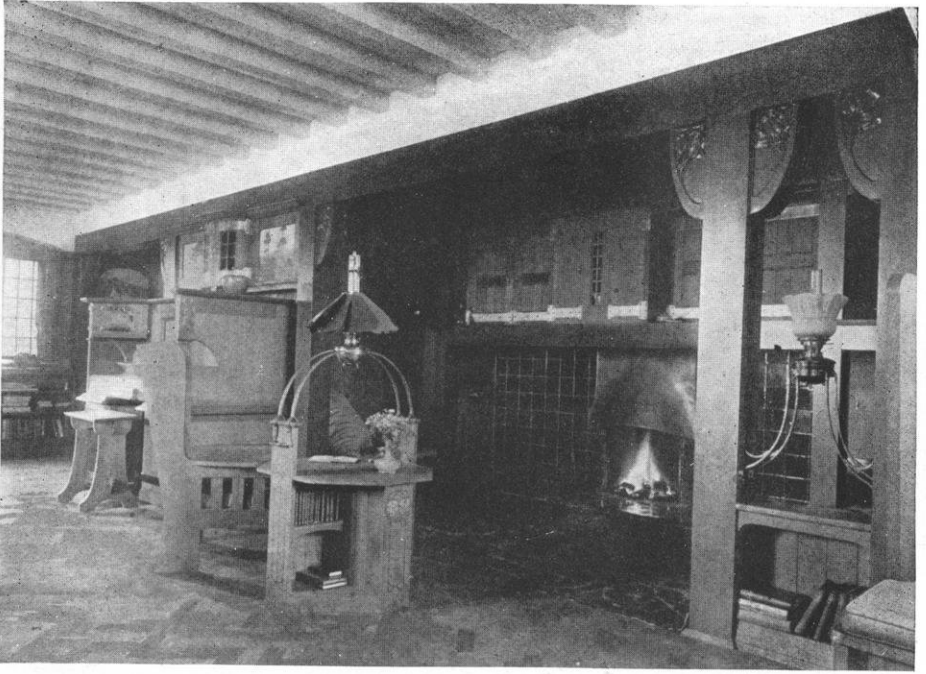


THE TILED FIREPLACE IN THE LIVING ROOM OF MR. STEERS' SURREY HOME.

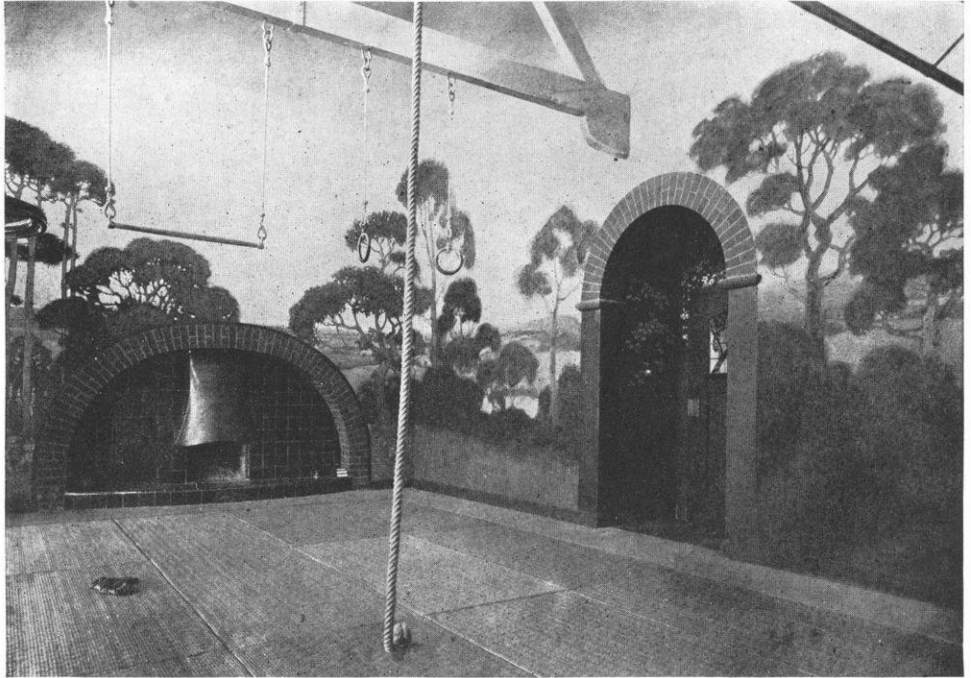
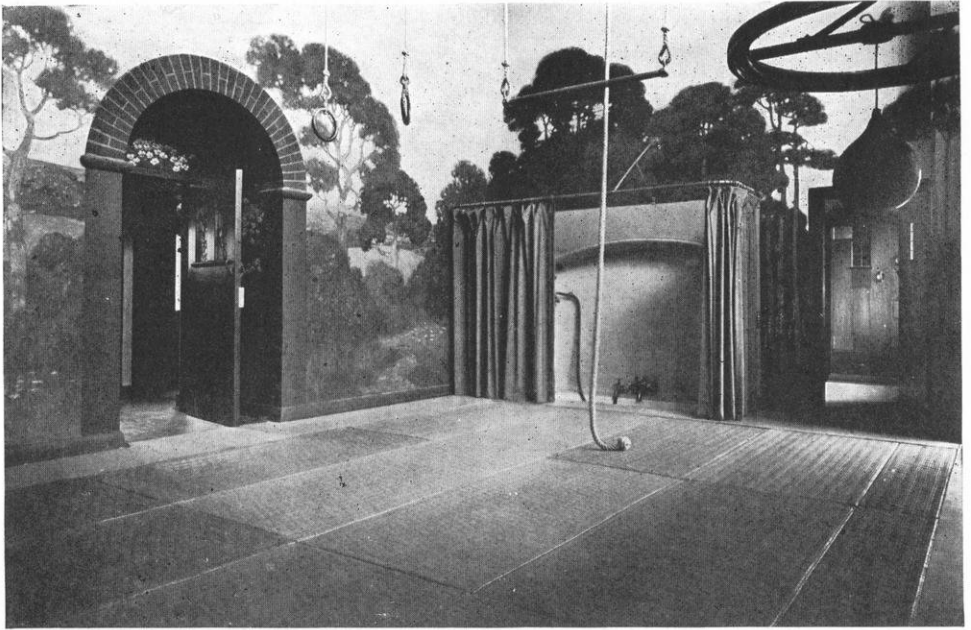
A SECOND FIREPLACE IN THE SAME ROOM, WITH INTERESTING CONSTRUCTION OF WOODWORK.



DETAILS OF MOST PRACTICAL AND ARTISTIC
BUILT-IN FEATURES OF THE LIVING ROOM OF
MR. STEERS' HOUSE.



THE LAMPS SHOWN HERE WERE ESPECIALLY DESIGNED TO AVOID THE POSSIBILITY OF THEIR BEING UPSET AND TO KEEP THE TABLE UNENCUMBERED. CASEMENT WINDOWS AND FIREPLACE IN BEDROOM.



TWO VIEWS OF THE JIU JITSU GYMNASIUM
IN MR. STEERS' HOUSE: THE WALL DECORATIONS
ARE PARTICULARLY INTERESTING.

A STUDY OF PERSONALITY IN BUILDING

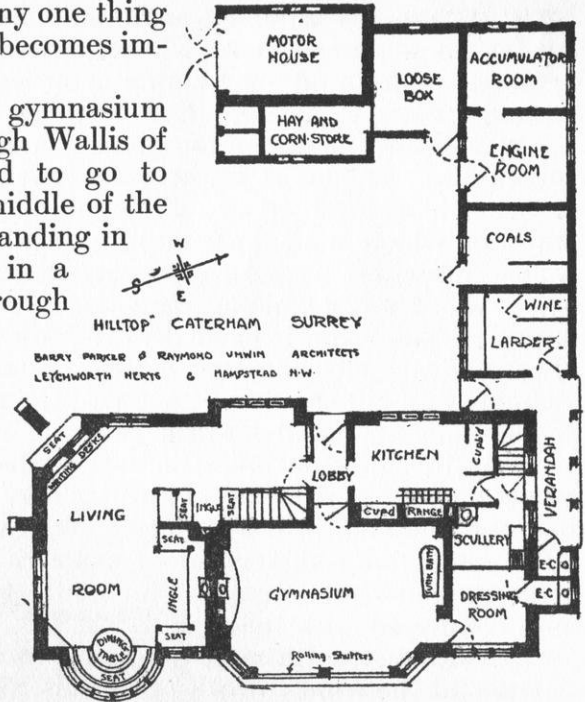
IT WAS not possible to secure quite as much sunshine in this room as could have been wished, partly owing to considerations for its privacy and partly to the necessary position for the living room. The gymnasium, however, gets all the northeast, east and southeast sun there may be, that is the morning sun, and its use as a gymnasium is almost entirely in the morning. The front of this room being composed of rolling shutters and large opening windows through which one enters onto an exercising lawn, terminating in an open-air swimming bath, necessitated extreme privacy and therefore an aspect away from the road which runs by the south end of the house. The room is carried to the full height of the house—that is, two stories—so, when the rolling shutters, together with the French windows on either side of them and the row of windows above are all open, as is almost always the case, the room is a very high one with practically one side open; in fact, it becomes a three-walled room. This sense of openness and airiness may be experienced which would be unobtainable in a less lofty room, even though as open in front. The floor, like a dancing floor, is carried on springs, and is covered with Japanese reed mats two inches thick. A dressing room and bath are connected with the gymnasium.

In summer, with mattresses thrown down at night upon the reed mats and the front thrown open, this room becomes one of the most delightful sleeping apartments imaginable. The Japanese custom of having no apartments set aside exclusively for sleeping in is one that Mr. Steers holds we might well adopt. Is it not possible that in some of our smaller houses we could frequently with advantage so adapt the furniture in some of the rooms in which part of our daily occupations are performed, that by simply throwing down mattresses and bedclothes when night comes we could sleep quite comfortably? Some claim that it is unhealthy to sleep at night in a room used in the daytime; surely this idea belongs to the days when it was customary to keep all windows closed. In these days when we all appreciate the hygienic value of fresh air and no longer open windows merely to "air the room," but live with the windows open day and night, this claim can have no significance. We are all coming to see the great advantage of substituting fewer and larger rooms for the many small ones custom has until quite recently made us think necessary to our comfort. Do we not perhaps make a mistake then, those of us living in small houses, in not making use of the space set aside for bedrooms for our daily occupation? Certainly, we have to guard against the tendency to provide a room for each purpose for which one might be required. We see how over and over again lives have been made so complicated by the provision of facilities for every pos-

A STUDY OF PERSONALITY IN BUILDING

sible occupation that to do any one thing successfully and thoroughly becomes impossible.

The decoration of the gymnasium was undertaken by Mr. Hugh Wallis of Altrincham. He was asked to go to Caterham, to stand in the middle of the room and imagine he was standing in a green glade or clearing in a forest, then to paint on the rough plaster of the walls the vistas among the trees, their foliage, boles, stems and branches, glimpses of sky and distant landscape, and in the foreground, characteristic woodland flowers in the grass. When the artist reached Caterham, however, the spirit of the delightful Surrey scenery surrounding him took so great a hold of the imagination that he had perforce to reproduce it in his delightfully decorative style. The vistas between the trees widened out and became filled with glimpses of distant country, broadening finally into wide peaceful scenes in the luxuriant Surrey countryside.



TO PROCEED with the account of why the house was planned just in the way it was. The finest views being to the south-east, south and southwest, these were naturally secured for the chief living room, which at the same time was so placed as to leave unimpaired the beautiful southeast view from the gymnasium. At this end of the living room therefore a semi-circular bay, with seats fitted round it, was built, and the round table at which all meals are taken was placed therein. The chief meals are taken in what is the sunniest and lightest corner of the house at the times when they are served.

Part of this L-shaped room is carried up two stories in height, and in the part away from the chief fireplace and ingle, so away from where the auditors would probably sit, a music gallery is contrived. In this way music may have the added charm of coming from a hidden source. Surely when the performers are visible music can

A STUDY OF PERSONALITY IN BUILDING

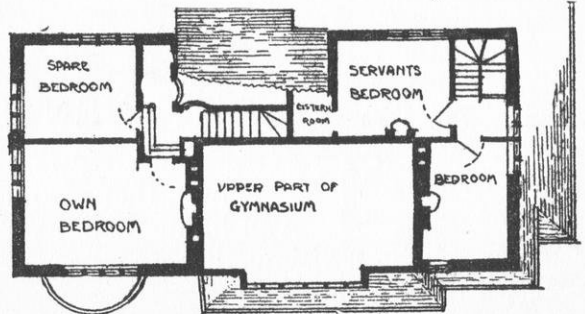
never inspire and influence us to the same extent as it can when coming from a source unseen. Do we not frequently find that when the performers are in our immediate presence and in our sight that they cannot awaken in us the fullest response?

In addition to the music gallery and in order to provide more private and personal enjoyment of music in the absence of performers or of instrumental music, a pianola piano specially designed and made in oak (as is all the furniture for this room) is fitted into a niche arranged for that purpose on the ground floor. The decorative effect of this room is largely dependent upon the color scheme, the oak floor, paneling and furniture contrasting pleasantly with the red brick of the walls and soft blue upholstery, curtains and rugs. No pictures *hang* from the walls, each painting having been done by Mr. Hugh Wallis in a decorative manner either in its place or for its place.

Many of us gather together a miscellaneous collection of pictures, some of which we admire critically and to most of which we are somewhat attached; yet merely to hang these round a room from a picture rail, however skilfully, is not to make of them satisfactory elements of decoration: they do not take their place in a complete scheme as elements of decoration should: they unquestionably disturb the harmonious effect the room might have had, and destroy its chance of being in itself a complete picture.

Yet I am very loath to believe that the enormous strides in realism we have made in modern times are all in a wrong direction, and am inclined to think that perhaps we should admit a greater degree of realism in pictures which we still regard as an element in decoration than many authorities would commend. Certainly some of our greatest painters, no matter what degree of realism they bring into their work, still (instinctively, it seems) maintain a decorative feeling which makes it fall easily into a scheme for a whole room. We have then only to find a place for such pictures where they can be relieved from that merely accidental or temporary look given by hanging from a picture rail, and see that the color scheme of each picture harmonizes with that of the room in which it is placed, or, if necessary, adapt the coloring of the room to harmonize with the picture.

The decorative feeling I have endeavored to suggest above seems inseparable from the work of Mr. Wallis in Mr. Steers' house; being



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY PRAYER

all done for the places assigned to it and to harmonize with the scheme as a whole, the result is extremely pleasant.

The advantages of a site on the summit of a hill of course bring difficulties with them, and perhaps most in laying out the garden. This in its exposed situation had to be contrived with great care in order that it might be terraced in such a way as to secure the maximum of shelter without losing the feeling of breadth in the whole treatment. In the corners of the terraces protected by and in some cases buried in grassy banks and terrace walls, we formed summer houses, pergolas and lily ponds. These lily ponds we connected one with another by a straight stone-margined water channel, filled with water plants, and in some we placed fountains. Our purpose was to bring the influences which had brought the house into existence and imparted to it its character to bear on its surroundings also, and in them to embody again Mr. Steers' attitude of mind.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY PRAYER

TWO thousand years to learn of Thee,
O Christ, thou man of Galilee;
And blinded still, we cry aloud
Of visions that we never see.

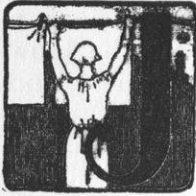
With facile tongue we name thy name;
With ready phrases we proclaim
That thou art Master, thou art Lord,
Whose life our own doth daily shame.

We tread thy steps,—on polished floor;
We bear thy cross,—in golden ore;
A single gem of those we wear
Would clothe the beggar at our door.

Have mercy, Lord, we humbly pray;
And patience;—that thy children may
Yet learn the heart of Him to whom
A thousand years are as a day.

MARY LAWSON NEFF.

R. JOHNSON: A STORY: BY HELEN STERLING THOMAS



JUST where the Stanwich highway crossed the Tynmouth road stood a large wooden building with a sloping roof and an attachment on one side, like a collection of little boxes tacked loosely together. Above the door there was an almost obliterated sign: "General Merchandise. R. Johnson." Everybody called the owner R. Johnson, including his wife, and now that she was dead and his daughter had given up her work in the city and come back to take care of him, she, too, spoke of her father as R. Johnson. Tynmouth village considered him simply a little, old, paralyzed man who for years had pushed himself about in a wheeled chair behind the counter.

The shop was dim and musty, most of the light coming through the open doors; one of these in front faced the highway; the other at the back, the river which flowed at the bottom of a ravine. The Tynmouth river was swift and deep, and running below the shop, cast in summer when the doors were open, green reflections along the walls and over the ceiling. The old building had once been used as a sawmill, and had at the rear a platform out over the water and a rusty crane for hoisting logs from the river. On this platform was now thrust the overflow from the shop, and occasionally when it became too crowded the refuse was pushed off into the water.

Here in the shop year after year, sat R. Johnson strapped in his chair. For him it was summer when the doors were open, winter when the big, base-burner stove was lighted. He never went beyond the threshold of either of these doors, but through one he could see the river, through the other the road that disappeared in the notch in the hills. To him the hay carts that toiled past, the oxen drawing logs down from the mountain, the dilapidated stage that once a day rattled in from the railroad, were sounds and sights of that moving world in which so long ago he had ceased to play a part.

For long before she died his wife kept to the living rooms in the attachment and to the small square of garden, just as R. Johnson kept to the shop. She never came in to him without first looking to make sure that he was alone, and if anyone entered she dived back like a rabbit into a warren. She was a small, shrunken woman who wore all the year round a faded, gingham dress fastened tight across her flat chest. Every day at twelve o'clock she brought R. Johnson's dinner, at six his supper, and asked him in precisely the same tone of voice, if he wanted anything. Looking at her, as she stood hunched over him, he always answered, smiling: "Want anything! dear me, no, I *have* everything!" Then, with his crooked hands, he would

R. JOHNSON: A STORY

push his wheel chair along to his tray, while the woman with a half-contemptuous sigh would again leave him to himself. She took a feeble pride in excluding herself, and in never forgetting the blow which had shattered their lives. To her R. Johnson's cheer and contentment were unseemly; to forget when one has been disgraced was an indecency which, if her husband was capable of, she distinctly was not.

Twenty years before, their only child, a girl, tall, large-boned, unlike her mother, had disappeared from Tynmouth. For weeks previous there had hung about the village, displaying samples of soap and perfume, a person known as Sam Fowl: when he left Tynmouth, R. Johnson's daughter went with him. The mother invented a few feeble excuses, but as she could never present any satisfactory explanation, the case of Lily Johnson was passed from mouth to mouth along the road and to outlying farms. After Lily had gone the mother had found R. Johnson lying in the middle of the shop, unable to speak or move; speech returned after a time, however, and from his wheel-chair he learned to look bravely back at the world. Such acceptance his wife never understood. The sorrow served to divide rather than draw them together, for their personal tragedy lay along different lines and side by side under the same roof they each met and bore it alone. A thousand small things about the house and shop stabbed R. Johnson with the memory of Lily; he grieved for his girl and for nothing but his girl, while his wife for her own lost position.

"I can never hold up my head again," she would say, and then add with satisfaction, "and you can't either, R. Johnson." She never ceased to sigh on Sunday mornings when, with the ringing of the bell, the good people all would pass: "I wish I could go to church like others!"

"Try," he would urge her, "once you've been you won't mind; folks forget!"

But on this she cut him short: "Folks never forget!"

"Don't they?" he wondered after she was gone, then burst out aloud: "I won't believe it, they *do* forget." Clinging to this belief, he faced with a smile whoever came into the shop.

His wife died as she had lived, alone. She summoned him one morning and R. Johnson pushing his chair to the inner room heard her whisper, "Fetch someone——" He trundled back to the street door and sat there calling in his cracked voice, but passers were rare that windy March day, and when help came it was too late. During the next few weeks various neighbors did a great many things about the house and shop which had never been done before, and

R. JOHNSON: A STORY

made R. Johnson particularly miserable by trying to wait on him. The village decreed that he could not live alone, and finally Lily Johnson again appeared in Tynmouth and took charge of her father.

There was nothing that suggested irregularity about the large gray-haired woman who drove over from the railroad and climbed down from the stage in the rainy, spring twilight, nor was there anything about her that suggested the girl, Lily Johnson. After her trunk was put down she stood calmly on the steps of the store, while the driver went over to the post office to get change and to inform the community that R. Johnson's girl had come home. While one by one the curious loitered past, she faced them with none of the attitude of a returning penitent. Not until after the driver's return when she had counted each penny and closed her pocketbook, did she turn her back on the village and go in to her father. For hours R. Johnson had been watching for the stage, but when his daughter finally entered he neither spoke nor moved. As she came toward him he felt for her in the darkness and getting his hands on her, cried:

"My little girl!"

After pulling off her woolen gloves and rolling them into a little, hard ball, she looked about: "Mercy, how you have let this place run down!"

His eyes wandered, then came rather wistfully back to hers. "Why, I thought it was very nice, very snug and nice, the stove heats up well and when the door is open I can see the road."

"There's nothing *on* the road."

"Why, Lily dear, there's the stage every day!"

With that she picked up her bag with one hand, and with the other took her trunk by the handle and without any apparent effort, dragged it toward the living room.

"You'll find everything just as it used to be," R. Johnson called after her, then he saw the door close, and paused, sitting for some time studying its blank surface.

Since Lily left Tynmouth, R. Johnson and his wife had not been without news of her, and the mother had taken pains to let it be known that Lily had employment in a large shop in the city where she was well paid and respected. While the mother had hidden herself from the village, she had in reality longed for it to the day of her death; but Lily Johnson never hid herself, and regarded with contempt the village, with its collection of farmhouses around the white church. She had gone away an ignorant girl, but returned a woman hardened by contact with the world and with an acute instinct for what paid and what did not pay. It was incongruous, that two as ineffectual as R. Johnson and his wife should have produced a being

R. JOHNSON: A STORY

so vital, so masculine in her hard strength as Lily. Possibly R. Johnson was happier when he had nothing to feed his affection, except the memory of his child; this powerful, businesslike person did not fit his image, but he continued to treat her precisely as though she did. He regarded her as one in need of protection and only desired to convince her that he was there to protect. For the first few days he pushed about after the great, long-limbed woman making a pretence of helping in everything she did. He was a good deal puzzled by her, but repeated to himself and to her how glad he was of her return, refusing to admit for a moment that her pleasure in their reunion did not equal his own. She laid a firm hand on the loose ways of the establishment. She flung open windows; she sawed the old wooden boxes; she planted seed in the overgrown garden, digging up the black mold with her own hands. In the littered and dusty shop she at once started excavations. Sitting on a stool with her feet hooked about the rounds, her elbows on the high, old-fashioned desk, she made lists of the stock, while below her R. Johnson, with the strap about his waist holding him in his chair, called up to her the contents of boxes which hadn't been opened in years.

"Two dozen cards of pearl buttons, did you get that, Lily? And order five boxes wintergreen lozenges!"

Here she brought him sharply to account: "Oh, I suppose," he admitted, "I gave some of them away."

"Well, R. Johnson," and she unhooked her feet from the rounds of the high stool and leaned over as though about to spring down upon him, "is this store run for charity?"

He looked at her with a troubled expression: "I get along beautifully," he murmured, conscious that she wouldn't accept this as the right answer.

She pounced on his excuse: "You run behind, you don't know how to manage!"

"But I want things should be your way now," he hurried to explain. "It's lonesome for you, your mother gone and my not getting about, I haven't taken a step, in, dear me! twenty year, I guess, but of course I get along right enough and the shop takes all my time. You run things just as you like, dear, and I'm agreeable."

She was not a woman of many words, but silently and with relentless energy she did whatever she saw fit, paying no more attention to R. Johnson's utterance than as though it were the cheeping of a sparrow; occasionally her coarse skin reddened in strange blotches and once she gave his chair an impatient, backward push.

He was a little surprised, as soon as he got his breath hastened to explain. "I can move myself, Lily, don't you bother; you must

R. JOHNSON: A STORY

feel, and it's something I've meant to say to you, ever since you come, just feel that I'm here to make things right and nice for you."

She put aside her work, for the light had faded, and turned to the door in the summer twilight, while R. Johnson in his rolling chair remained some distance behind among the shadows of the unlighted shop. Before them the country road lay dusty and still, bordered with the fresh green of the meadows, through the open door at the back came the sound of the river, high after the spring rains. The old man kept murmuring to himself amid the sound of the water: "Make trouble for my girl, dear, dear, guess I couldn't abide that!"

He dropped to silence however, and waited patiently as soon as he realized that someone without was speaking to Lily; he could not see who it was and he put his hand behind his ear and poked his small, weazened face beyond his chair as though out of a cage. Finally the woman turned and walked back to the interior of the shop followed by a man. She stepped heavily about, and began banging the window shutters together and locking them for the night. R. Johnson having learned from experience that she needed space for these manœuvres retreated little by little to the farthest, darkest corner.

"Now," he heard her say to her companion as she lighted the lamp and replaced it against the reflector, "now, we'll talk."

For a moment R. Johnson blinked in the lamp-light, then he caught his breath and pointed at the intruder:

"Fowl!" he cried.

The man took from his mouth the stub of a cigar and wheeled round: "That's my name," then he turned back to Lily.

Panting a little, R. Johnson shrank away and curling up in his chair seemed to grow smaller. He was shaken with fear, for during all the years in which he had sat inert, the memory of the blustering, loud-voiced drummer had assumed proportions more and more terrifying. Looking out of the shadows of his corner he saw Lily and Fowl standing where the lamp sent a yellowish circle round them. Fowl was shorter than the woman, thick-set, with rather fat, red cheeks and a small head close on his shoulders, looking up at her he pushed his hat back so that it rested against his ears.

"Come to get the light on you, Lil, you've changed considerable."

"Haven't I had time?"

"Lord, yes!" and Fowl with well-directed aim sent his cigar out the open door, "time for most anything." Then he moved about somewhat restlessly. "I heard you was here and I took just twenty miles out of my route."

Her face relaxed and going nearer, she sat down on an old wooden bench, crowded in between cracker-tins and soap-boxes.

R. JOHNSON: A STORY

"Come over here, Lily," whimpered R. Johnson, "over by me, never mind him," he swallowed hastily, then added with assumed bravery, although he was trembling, "don't be afraid, I'm here." Neither of them paid the slightest attention.

"It was him," she motioned toward R. Johnson, "brought me back."

"Can't get out of his chair, I hear," said Fowl, then he turned and walked about the shop examining R. Johnson among the contents, just as though the little bunch of a figure was nothing more than an empty box which, with one kick, could be sent out on the platform with the other refuse.

"Not a bad business here," he remarked, finally.

"Not for sale, sir!" piped R. Johnson.

Fowl then turned his back on the old man and sitting down by Lily, rested his feet against the stove. "I've got something to put to you, Lily, it came to me quite a spell ago that I would get that little account of ours settled. 'I'll go back some day,' I said to myself, 'and marry Lil Johnson'."

"You," cried R. Johnson, "marry Lily!"

"Old girl," continued Fowl, "I'll get it done regular, maybe I would the first time, if you hadn't flung off so before I got round to it."

"What better off would I be?" she said, but the hard eyes that she turned on him showed a gleam of satisfaction.

"What can you do here with just him? Together we could pick this place up and make something. I'm sick of traveling; seems to me I would like to stop somewheres and get a hold."

"Sam Fowl," and the old man rolled his chair forward, "she don't want to listen to you!"

His daughter turned, impatiently, "You don't understand."

"Yes, I do, that he'll marry you, ain't that what he says?" R. Johnson trembled so that the strap that held him in his chair strained.

"I'll make you, Lily," and Fowl gave a short laugh, "what is it they say? an honest woman!"

"As though anybody dared say she wasn't!" cried R. Johnson, wheeling still further forward, until he sat directly in front of Fowl, "take them mean words back!" He waited, but Fowl conceded nothing. Then he leaned forward with elbows on the arms of his chair, and raised two skinny hands, "I'm here to look after Lily, that's what I'm here for, she ain't alone, you put that down; she's got me. You came long ago, Sam Fowl, when we was all three just as happy as could be; we had everything, we had each other—mother and Lily and me—and we wasn't afraid nor ashamed, then you spoiled

R. JOHNSON: A STORY

all that; now, after years and years, when Lily and I just got together again, you think you'll do it over, that old business——!"

Something in this explosion seemed to demand response and Fowl finally gave it. "I'll marry her," he insisted.

"Could you right what wasn't right with the parson and the book? Could you give me my legs, give Lily her twenty years? All she is now, all she has made herself is 'cause she got quit of you. All the marrying this side of Heaven won't change you!"

Fowl sprang to his feet red and angry, and stood for an instant his hand raised threateningly above the weazened figure. The old man shook his head without flinching.

"You can't hurt me," his eyes had a curious brilliancy as he raised them to Fowl. "I was afraid once, just sitting here year after year thinking about you and the harm you done, I used to shiver; but now I've seen you and I've got over being afraid."

"I didn't come here to waste time with that," Fowl turned to the woman.

"Sam Fowl," said R. Johnson, "you better move along now."

"Think you'll get up and make me, eh?"

"Whether I go about like other folks, or whether I sit in my chair, this store belongs to me; it's home to my girl and me, and you don't belong in homes, you spoil 'em; now go."

Fowl stared for a second, then with a short laugh, turned on his heel, and after a whispered word with Lily, left the shop.

When he was gone, R. Johnson sank back, his head falling on his breast as though some spring had snapped. His daughter shoved his chair back to its customary place in the corner, and taking out a long gray stocking, began to knit with furious energy. She sat as Fowl had, with her feet on the stove and every now and then she shifted her position and rattled the fender, at intervals R. Johnson would murmur: "Don't get worked up, Lily, he shan't bother you."

The woman staring out the door that opened on the highway did not answer.

"Think you might shut that door!"

"No," she told R. Johnson, shortly, and going to the kitchen brought him back a cup of tea.

He sipped it slowly and comforted by its grateful warmth, he grew quiet and drowsy. Off down the country road a light in a neighboring farmhouse blinked and went out, in the stillness and the night the wash of the river running below the shop, seemed each instant to gather strength. Finally the woman rose, and glancing at R. Johnson lowered the lamp, and then went out in front and sat on the steps in the summer darkness.

R. JOHNSON: A STORY

After a short, troubled sleep the old man woke, feeling that Fowl's voice which had pursued him in dreams, ran on now that he was awake. He held his breath, for the lamp had burned out and the shop was in darkness except a long streak of moonlight; above, in the shadow, he could just make out the lanky shape of a suit of ready-made clothing that dangled from the ceiling and flopped to and fro. He listened but heard only the river, then it seemed to lull for a moment, and away down stream was the sound of Davy Hank's fiddle. There was an unearthly quality in the lad's music and R. Johnson shivered and pushed his chair nearer the center of the room; before the river door he paused, looking out at the light that flooded the water and the fields beyond. Lily must have gone to bed and forgotten to help him in first, he was about to call, then checked himself; she was tired and upset, poor girl, he would stay where he was until morning and not trouble her! He closed his eyes, tried to sleep, but was unsuccessful, then suddenly he was conscious of Sam Fowl's voice.

“. . . just as I've told you, Lily, you can't get along without me; he's nothing but a dead weight.”

Before R. Johnson could speak or make himself known his daughter answered:

“I have to get R. Johnson into his chair in the morning and out at night; in the daytime every move I make there he is wheeling along behind—seems as if I could most choke him with his everlasting nonsense about looking after me.”

The old man glanced about bewildered, then realized that the voices came from behind him on the steps in front of the shop.

“Lily,” he whispered, but he had not strength to make himself heard.

“Couldn't we get him in an institution?” said Sam Fowl, “but maybe there ain't life enough in him to make that pay, he can't last much longer.”

“Mercy, I hope not!” R. Johnson heard Lily say.

Then for some time their voices ran on through his brain in a confused way and mingled with the sound of the river outside, but he could no longer distinguish what they said. Lily's last words which shattered all his faith in the scheme of things, which made him see himself as she saw him, seemed repeated again and again, until his head rang with them and the stream outside murmured them.

“Lily,” he whispered, brokenly, “Lily!”

Then he put his misshapen hands on the strap at his waist and tugged at it. A torture of resentment came to him, of rage at the

THE QUEST

fate that pinned him down. He felt what he had never felt in all his crippled life: a mad desire to get out, out of his chair, out of his shop, out of this room, where for so long he had sat and smiled. For years he had accepted and believed, thinking of things one way, they had been another. He supposed he had Lily, but she had said—oh, he had heard right enough! He gave a sort of sob, a sort of strangling cry, and making the only movement left to him, he put his hands on the wheels of his chair and started it rolling. It bumped over the sill at the river door, gathered speed where the platform sloped toward the water, then dropped. And below the river running white and swift in the moonlight, caught him up and bore him on, still strapped in his chair.

THE QUEST

FAR from the medley Want and Wealth have made,
The City, with its motley avenues,
With eager heart I follow on the clues,
The subtle clues by dextrous Nature laid,
To a low hill, in summer crowned with shade,
In winter with the shrub-oak's russet hues,
On the warm ground to lie, and haply lose
In sunshine and sweet air the stains of trade.

Oh, in the lonely glen beyond the slope
By viewless whispering spirits tenanted,
How sweet to build a shelter for my head,
A lover still, and not a misanthrope;
To drink the brown earth's wine and eat her bread,—
Of this I dream, for this I dare not hope.

HARRY BRIGHAM.

PEOPLE WHO INTEREST US: WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN, WHO SUGGESTED THE HOUSE OF GOVERNORS



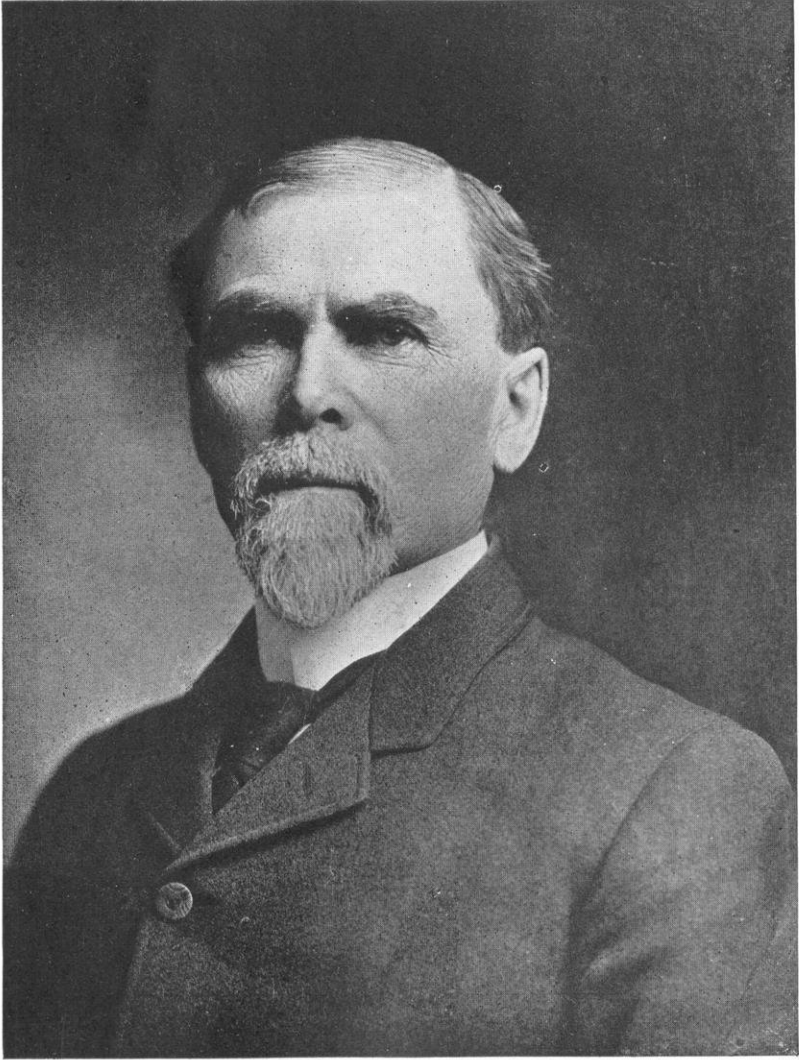
ANY people know of Mr. William George Jordan as an editor, a writer and a good deal of a philosopher, but as yet comparatively few connect with his name the political innovation which promises to revolutionize American politics by making possible greater uniformity of legislation throughout all the States, without the necessity of appeal to the Federal Government. Most of us have a hazy idea that the calling of the first conference of Governors originated with President Roosevelt, but the fact is that the conference was called at the suggestion of Mr. Jordan, who sent to the President, and to the Governors of the different States, copies of a small pamphlet in which he outlined the idea of establishing a permanent deliberative body for the purpose of influencing the legislative bodies in the several States to make uniform laws upon topics of importance to all the nation. At the meeting held in January of this year, when the Governors organized themselves into a permanent body, Mr. Jordan was given full credit for the authorship of the idea, and was warmly congratulated by the different State executives, especially by the energetic, straight-thinking Western men, who saw the possibilities that lie in the creation of such a body.

While Mr. Jordan's experience has been mainly literary, his work has kept him in close touch with the life of the nation as a whole. Twenty-six years ago he entered the journalistic field as editor of *Book Chat*. Later he took up the editorship of *Current Literature*, and in eighteen hundred and ninety-seven was made managing editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, from which position he retired a year later to become editor of *The Saturday Evening Post* at the time of its purchase by The Curtis Publishing Company. Mr. Jordan put into his editorial work on the *Post* the same energy and enthusiasm that he had shown in his earlier work, introducing among other innovations an editorial page in which leading writers and authorities discussed, over their own names, timely questions and topics of general interest. The present popularity and influence of this well-known publication is due in a large measure to the impetus given it by Mr. Jordan.

Leaving active editorial work about ten years ago, Mr. Jordan began lecturing upon a new system of education which he has evolved and which promises to be in its way as epoch-making as the establishment of the House of Governors. He has written valuable books on mental training and the development of individuality.



WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN, WHO SUGGESTED THE HOUSE OF GOVERNORS.



FOSTER DWIGHT COBURN :
FARMER AND STATESMAN.

PEOPLE WHO INTEREST US: HON. FOSTER DWIGHT COBURN, FARMER AND STATESMAN



IT IS the fashion just now to talk with enthusiasm of going back to the farm, but we do not often find a man who is sincere enough in his devotion to agriculture to give up a United States senatorship for the sake of staying on the farm. Yet this sacrifice of personal ambition is one of the least significant things done by Honorable Foster Dwight Coburn, Secretary of the Department of Agriculture in Kansas. Mr. Coburn is a farmer through and through. Moreover, he is the kind of farmer whose life and work serve as an inspiration to everyone who thinks it would be delightful to get back to the soil, but weakens after he has got there because the work of tilling it is fairly hard and monotonous.

Mr. Coburn is a typical Western man, honest, energetic and constructive in all his ideas and activities. He was born in Wisconsin and served all through the Civil War, going to Kansas just afterward to become a farmer and stockman. His energy, however, could not be confined to merely doing the work. He had to inspire other people to take a hand in the development of agriculture and stock raising in Kansas. So for six years he edited a paper called *The Kansas City Live Stock Indicator*, which did much to interest people in the possibilities of stock raising in that State. Not content with adding his editorial work to his cares as a farmer, Mr. Coburn accepted an appointment as regent of the State Agricultural College, which office he held for three terms running, using up his spare time in acting as expert judge of live stock at important fairs and expositions. His record for justice and acumen was so widely acknowledged that he was appointed the chief of the Department of Live Stock at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

In his leisure time Mr. Coburn managed to write about twenty volumes on agriculture which were published by the State of Kansas, and which are accepted as the final authority on conditions in that State. He also wrote a book on the care and treatment of swine, and two others on alfalfa. He is an enthusiast on the subject of alfalfa raising, rightly regarding it as the surest and most profitable crop that can be raised in the West, and one of the best for providing an abundance of fodder. In addition to all these things and because of them, Mr. Coburn is perhaps the best liked and most respected man in all Kansas.

He has lived there so long that the people have come to regard him as one of the State institutions, and they know by experience that when it comes to safeguarding their interests they can always depend upon him.

PEOPLE WHO INTEREST US: MAY WILSON PRESTON, ILLUSTRATOR OF REAL LIFE



PRACTICALLY all artists may be divided into two classes,—those who wish to use art and those who expect art to use them. Theoretically, the latter is the ideal class; in reality it is the men and women who have their living to earn, who have the great terrible pressure of life about them, who take whatever phase of art is theirs, nourish it, develop it and mold it to the best of life as they have actually known it, and give it in exchange for the opportunity to live. Art becomes their established relation to life, and it is the joy of the vital artist of today that that link shall be the finest which can be forged. It is with this class of workers that one must place May Wilson Preston (who in social life is the wife of James Preston, a painter of distinction). She began work with three valuable aids to success, a real gift, the need of earning her living and the sympathetic appreciation of finely intelligent parents. She had the usual academic training, which should have in the natural course of events converted her gift into the usual stilted, artificial “American girl” type of “art”; but intrinsic sincerity is hard to overcome, and fortunately her work as a student touched the big honesty and rare idealism of such men as Chase and Twachtman. In the art school of her early studies she was refused admission to the life class, an interesting fact, in the light of her present work, which is inevitably out of life, implicit with the realities of our present civilization, classing her with the group of illustrators of which Glackens is the head. Mrs. Preston is young enough to have been reproached with having “won success easily.” As a matter of fact, she lived courageously through years of repeated defeat, experiencing every variety of supercilious rebuff that tradition can offer fresh creative effort. Her working hours would still bar her from any self-respecting union, and her determination to stick to her ideals has been as great as her courage. Instead of being easy, her success is one more evidence that the field of art achievement is one of the great spiritual battlegrounds of life. A story, characteristic, is told of her first editorial experience. Some sketches had to be sold. Lacking the usual egotism of the young artist, she selected the most futile publication she could find on a news stand and carried her work, trembling, to the editor. Unfortunately, it was good work, vital instead of sentimental, and the editor rebelled. “Why,” said he, “did you bring *such* stuff here?” “Because,” replied the timid, unhappy contributor, “I am a beginner and thought this the worst magazine I had ever seen.” After a few minutes the editor smiled and bought a sketch.



From an Amateur Photograph by Abastenia Eberle.

MAY WILSON PRESTON:
AMERICAN ILLUSTRATOR.



From a Photograph by Clarence White.

ABASTENIA EBERLE:
AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

PEOPLE WHO INTEREST US: ABASTENIA EBERLE, SCULPTOR OF NATIONAL TENDENCY



HERE is but one way to develop an American art, and that is for our artists to have the courage and the confidence to hold to a native point of view and express it in their work. For an American to do an American subject with a foreign manner, or a foreign scene for dearth of American native inspiration, is not American art. It is sporadic and impersonal. To be a part of the art history of a nation the artist has got to be of the nation, an indigenous growth. He must paint his subject or write his subject as only an American could. He must express the fundamentals of his race in his art.

Miss Eberle is one of the American sculptors who has found her inspiration in her own country. Her point of view, her technique, her humor, her *esprit* are all typical of the country in which she was born, studied and modeled. There is an old cemetery in Canton, Ohio, which is adorned with sentimental pseudo-classic monuments to the patient dead. This was the first sculpture Miss Eberle ever saw. She copied the hands and feet of these melancholy marbles and marveled that she found no satisfaction in the result. Then, happily, her father's military career took her to Porto Rico, where the simple yet picturesque native people gave her all the real inspiration she needed. For three years she modeled in Porto Rico summers and studied at the Art Students' League winters. Later she came to New York to live, and suddenly realized that her work was neither classic nor heroic, nor like any models in the museums or schools. George Grey Barnard was her teacher, a supreme artist in technique, yet even this master permitted his pupil to cease for the time her vigorous studies of life and spend five valuable years in classic artificiality. Quite of her own accord Miss Eberle began to model the people who interested her, women of the East Side at their sordid tasks, children in Washington Square, skating, running, boisterous, vivid, exuberant. She returned to her old method of presenting real people, simply, naturally, with vast sympathy and sane psychology. Little by little her work became a vital record of conditions with which she was familiar. She did portrait-busts of people whom she knew, intimate living portraits, until her work has become saturated with quality which relates it to the life and times of the creator. Miss Eberle is full of enthusiasm for art and work. She has a farm studio at Woodstock where she has been her own gardener, cook, and to some extent, architect. Personal as her work is, it is becoming more and more national in tendency.

HOW I FOUND MY FARM: BY MARY RANKIN CRANSTON



BEFORE I bought my farm I think I had been dimly conscious for some time of the fact that few women work toward independence, and that I was following along in the path of hundreds of others before me. My salary was sufficient for my needs and gave me a little to put in the bank every month, the surplus being spent for the most part in European travel; certainly not a foolish expenditure, since I was interested in far more than regulation sight-seeing. A study of social conditions, on such trips, having placed in my hands much that magazine editors found worth publishing, I had accumulated gradually a few hundred dollars. Although fond of travel, it seemed wiser to take this money and put it into a home of some sort, and, after my future was secured, to continue the globe-trotting, if I wanted to do so.

Having gained economic independence, I wanted personal freedom. I desired to earn a living by working for myself instead of spending the best years of my life in a salaried position; I wanted to find something that would give me pleasure as well as yield an income when I would reach the age for retirement in any other occupation. Above, and beyond, all was the overwhelming desire for home.

The majority of women work along until they get married or some relative leaves them a little money, enough to keep soul and body together, perhaps: or they are retired with or without a pension, usually without, when they go to live with some kind-hearted kinsman. Not many consciously aim at freedom, very few receive salaries large enough to warrant such dreams. The comparatively small number of truly successful women end by doing one of two things (leaving marriage out of the question), they either give up business altogether, as men do, or, if it has to a certain extent become indispensable, they have the power to arrange work to suit themselves. Such a woman is at her desk only at certain hours, or upon certain days, and therefore has the freedom to make a home for herself.

It is the exceptional woman who is physically able to stand more than twelve or fifteen years of continuous, efficient service. By that time she has exhausted her store of enthusiasm and nervous energy, the two things that vitalize any form of activity, the two things very soon worn out by the strain of business life. No matter how much enthusiasm there may have been at first, a few years of such a career are generally enough to awaken in most women a longing for home life, deeper, more intense, than if the business threshold had never been crossed.

This must not be construed as an argument against woman's

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entrance into business or of impermanence in it; for she has arrived in the business world to stay. She can do and is doing good work, and it is undeniably a fine thing for the advancement of the race for women to acquire the breadth of view, the wider outlook upon life, which is gained by every self-supporting person through contact with the world. It may, however, be construed as a reassurance for those timid souls who view with alarm any interest for women aside from the needle and dish mop, for it simply means that nature may be trusted to keep the balance between the masculine and the feminine.

TO MY way of thinking the road to freedom led straight to a farm and the raising of fruits, vegetables, chickens or dairy products, as any of them ought to be a profitable occupation when the rising cost of living is considered. Even if I should discover that "the other fellow," whoever he might be, and not I, reaped the larger margin of profit, it would still be a safe undertaking since I would be assured a good living, at the least, and could always find a market for my products that would bring in some ready cash, if not top-notch prices.

I did not want a suburban place, I wanted the real country. After an apartment-house experience of nine years I was tired of sleeping on a divan with a Bagdad cover, which is said to be the Bohemian ambition of every woman who aspires to earn a living in the metropolis; I was weary of keeping my best hat in a bandbox under the bed or upon a built-in closet shelf, so high that it meant a torn sleeve or strained joint to get it; I was tired of inadvertently overhearing the affairs of my neighbors and of having to converse in whispers if I would not disturb them; I wanted to see something else besides the glaring contrast between riches and poverty and the jostling crowds of people who rush up and down the street cañons of brick and mortar. I made a vow to buy enough land to place neighbors at a comfortable distance and give me breathing room. I thought five acres would do.

Before the search even began, the farm was named. As it would be paid for, chiefly, with money made by writing, I wanted the name to be distinctive and to express the idea that it was made possible by my pen, therefore I called it Pendidit.

Indulging in the Utopian dream, induced by statements in newspapers and magazines that land within a radius of forty miles of New York could be had for fifty dollars an acre, I was confident that my little fortune of six hundred would purchase the five acres and a small, plain house. Alas for dreams! No fifty-dollar acreage property was on the market that I could discover. I soon found out that it was one thing to decide to buy a farm, quite another to find one within my means. I interviewed owners in vain. I sought out agents,

HOW I FOUND MY FARM

I carried on a voluminous correspondence with them, in fact they fairly hobnobbed with me. They came to see me in swarms to offer all sorts of property, in the hills of New Hampshire and Vermont, along the bays and inlets of Maine, in Connecticut, in the wilds of Long Island, some of it bare of trees, some of it the virgin forest, some a pebbly beach. One of the most assiduous came in one day with a beaming face. "Madam," he said, "here is just what you want, a piece of property not large enough to be a burden, cheap as dirt now but worth ten times the purchase price when sidewalks are laid out, streets paved, the railroad extended, trolleys built, telephones put in and——" Cutting him short I asked the number of acres. "Ah, a-hem, Madam, you see you can't buy acreage property near New York these days unless you pay a big price. Now this lot is twenty-five by seventy-five, just what——" "No, it isn't just what I want, not by a long shot. I want acres, not feet; the country, not a desert or a forest." It seemed truly a difficult matter to find a scrap of ground not already bought up by millionaires for country seats or by real-estate companies for speculation.

I WENT to land sales in Long Island where lots were staked off in the wilderness that could hardly become a human habitation for many years, visited the banks of the Hudson to find bare, unimproved land, some of it on steep hillsides, for from three hundred to fifteen hundred dollars an acre and more, and wandered over other parts of Westchester County where the price of real estate is out of sight. Finally the choice narrowed down to either Connecticut or New Jersey. Deciding upon the latter, I did not go to New England where it is said farms may be bought for a song, but, resigning myself to the Jersey mosquito, I bent every energy toward hunting out a place in that State. Here let me say a word for a much-maligned insect, the mosquito, it has appeared for only a night or so once during each summer, and then not in large numbers. There were three reasons which made New Jersey seem best for me. First, the good markets in every direction for produce; second, good railway facilities and third, the increasing value of property in that State which would make a wise selection of land a good investment. I began to look about in May, but it was the last of October before I found the place I finally bought, and an advertisement in a daily paper led me to it.

All during the summer I spent my spare time and so much money answering advertisements and traveling about in the home search, that I began to wonder if any cash would remain with which to make the first payment. To paraphrase "Little Nanny Etticoat," the longer

HOW I FOUND MY FARM

I looked, the smaller my farm grew, for the high prices of realty dissipated all hope of being able to buy five acres, so the dream dwindled down to three, and whatever I could get on it, whether a house, a chicken house or a mere shed. But when the phantom farm seemed about to elude my grasp realization was very near.

One day I saw an advertisement in a New York paper of three acres and an eight-room house for eighteen hundred dollars, on easy terms. Making an appointment with the advertiser, a real-estate agent, I went to New Brunswick, New Jersey, to look at the place. I would not have it as a gift. Disappointed but still resolute, I asked if that was all he had to offer in the way of country property. No, there was another place four miles out, one mile from the railway station, and there was time to see it before my train came if I cared to do so. "I might as well, I suppose. How much land is there?" "Fourteen acres, and the price is thirteen hundred dollars." Now, after having my farm shrink from five to three acres, the fourteen went to my head, my spirits rose at a bound, I felt as if I were soaring away in an airship, as I said, "Let's go at once, and is there a house on the place?" He had not been there in some time but he was under the impression that there was a small house. The road was good and we soon reached the farm. There were no "great shade trees," "no rustic bridges over rippling streams," no "quaint summer houses," that had been in my dream farm, but there were good apple, pear and cherry trees that gave shade as well as fruit, a fine grape-vine, rose, lilac, syringa, spiræa and snowball bushes, and all around the edge of the place were the prettiest tall cedars, chestnuts and young oaks.

The fields were cleared and worked by the owner who lived on his other farm half a mile away. But the two shanties, by courtesy called house and barn, were a sight to behold. If I wanted a simple, plain house I certainly would get it here. Nevertheless, the house was good, although built almost one hundred years ago. If it was ugly, imagination pointed out the changes that would make it attractive and more comfortable, the absence of rustic arbors and summer houses could not be looked upon as a disadvantage since I would have the pleasure of making them myself.

THE buildings, with twenty-five by fifty feet of land, or very little more than they actually occupied, were rented to a farm hand and his wife, the woman unconsciously doing much to effect the sale by quarreling all during the visit because the owner gave them so little ground, would not rent them enough to plant three rows of potatoes. Now, I did not know the first thing about soils, so her com-

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plaint seemed pretty good evidence of the fertility of the land, for, I argued, the owner would not wish to keep it for his own use unless it was good.

The place had possibilities, for the fruit trees were bearing, there were two good hay-fields and good pasture land, besides several acres given over to corn and potatoes, and it was cheap. I said to the agent, "I like the place. See how near a thousand dollars you can get the owner and upon what terms, and then we will talk business." In a few days I heard that I could have it for one thousand and seventy-five dollars upon the terms I wanted, and I took it. The money I had made the first payment, and I retained my position in New York until the farm was entirely paid for and enough more laid by to begin building a new, comfortable house.

Pendedit is about forty miles from New York, on the main line of one of the best railway systems and is a little more than a quarter of a mile from the station. It is in the real country, though not isolated, for good neighbors are near enough for protection, the roads are fine, and the "National Highway from New York to Atlanta," the popular automobile route, is within sight but too far away for noise and dust to be objectionable. The nearest store, a realistic little country store, is a mile away, and all around me are the green lanes, the beautiful orchards, the wayside wild flowers I longed for.

It is amusing, though, when city friends ask how I found the way to operate the Law of Opulence so that I get what I want, for I simply *knew* what I wanted and kept at it until I got it, and what I have set in motion is the Law of Hard Work. There's never an idle moment in the country, as I know it, and, I might add, never a dull one. As a matter of fact, I work harder than I did in New York, but it is activity that is better balanced, for I have physical as well as mental work. Life is normal, therefore more complete, for I have my quiet home with its domestic duties and pleasures, yet am in touch with the outside world through papers and magazines, besides the additional interest of working out Pendedit's financial side by marketing what it produces.



THE DUTIES OF CHILDREN

THE duties of children are very simple, but very important,
And they know them better than any nurse or guardian,
For Nature whispers them softly in the heart from day to day;
They are her commands and the great first law.

The foremost duty of children is growth;—
From nourishment and sweet air, from exercise and deep rest,
The marvelous, steady approximation of manhood and womanhood:
Growth, the expansion of the body, the mind and the human spirit,
The preparation for effectual living.

And the second duty of children is experiment.
Babies must handle their pink toes and pull their father's hair;
They must creep on the floor and gurgle ineffectually:
Later they must learn the environment,
Must understand a little of animals and plants, of wood and of stone,
Must attempt to fashion things of clay and grass.
They must ask many questions and brood long over the answers.
They must try many things many times and fail,
In order that finally they may succeed.

And the third duty of children is play, rich, buoyant play;—
The game of marbles or tag, the riotous race all alone through the
clover fields;
The masquerade as Indians or pirates; on rainy days checkers, on
fair days baseball.
And surely it is a joy almost divine to swim long and luxuriantly in the
pool outside the village,
Or to know some wondrous flight of the imagination into vistas never
thoroughly explored.
All true play is true gladness and the best preparation for the efforts
of the man and woman.

Those who hinder the child in the performance of these, his sacred
duties, are at war with health.
They balk the future progress of the race.

MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

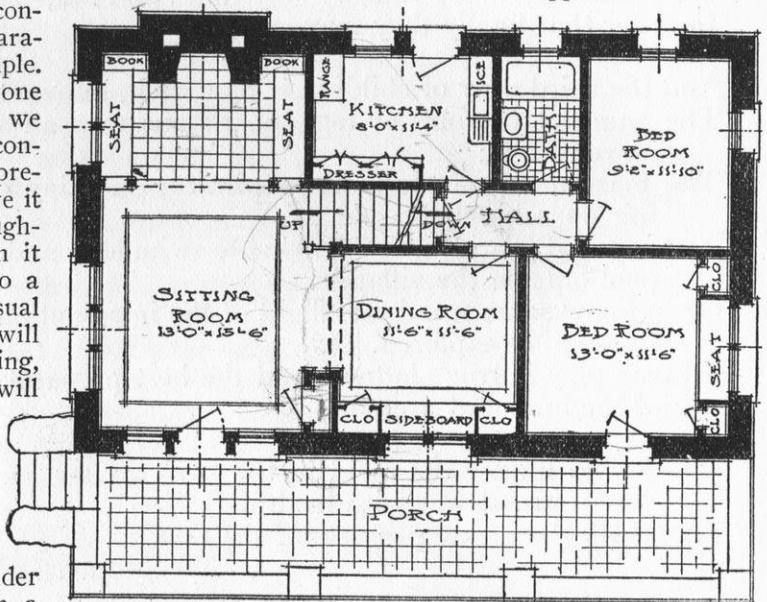


CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR HOME BUILDERS

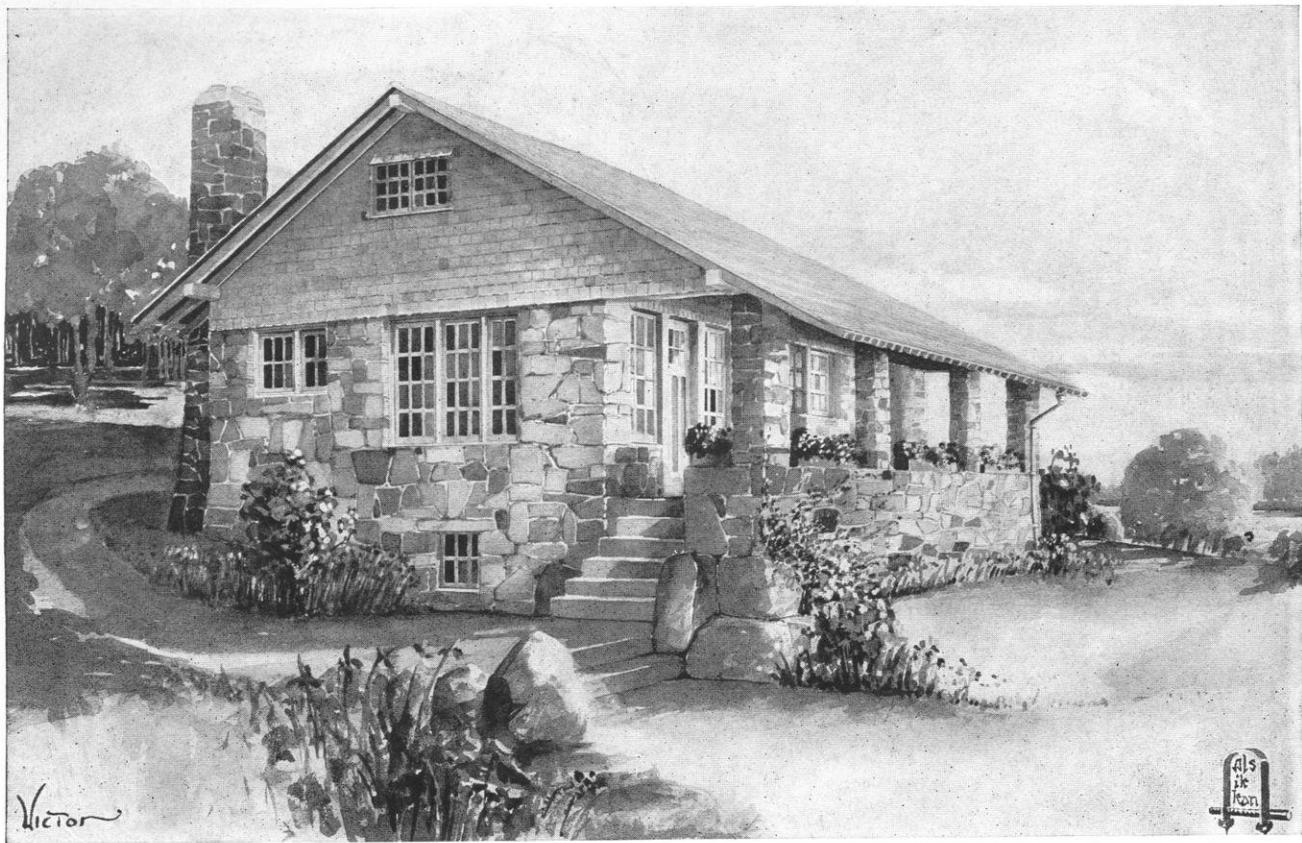
WE are receiving so many requests for moderate-priced houses built in the Craftsman way and embodying the main features of Craftsman design and construction, that we are now paying special attention to the planning and building of small houses that will come within the reach of very moderate means. Naturally, these low-priced dwellings, if they are to embody the principles of Craftsman design and construction, must be comparatively small and very simple. It is a case of sacrificing one thing or the other, and we hold that it is better to confine ourselves to a less pretentious building and have it well designed and thoroughly well constructed, than it is to put the money into a larger house of the usual ready-made variety that will never be really satisfying, and that in the end will entail a heavy annual expense in the way of repairs and alterations.

The cottage we show here is built of stone and split shingles, and its cost comes a little under \$3,500. If it is built in a part of the country where stone abounds, the material for the walls could easily be blasted out of the foundation or gathered up from the place, for it is simply split stone carefully laid in darkened mortar with wide joints well raked out. The parapet and pillars of the front porch are of the same material, and the cement steps leading up to the porch seem a part of the stone construction. The porch itself is floored with cement, preferably red and marked off

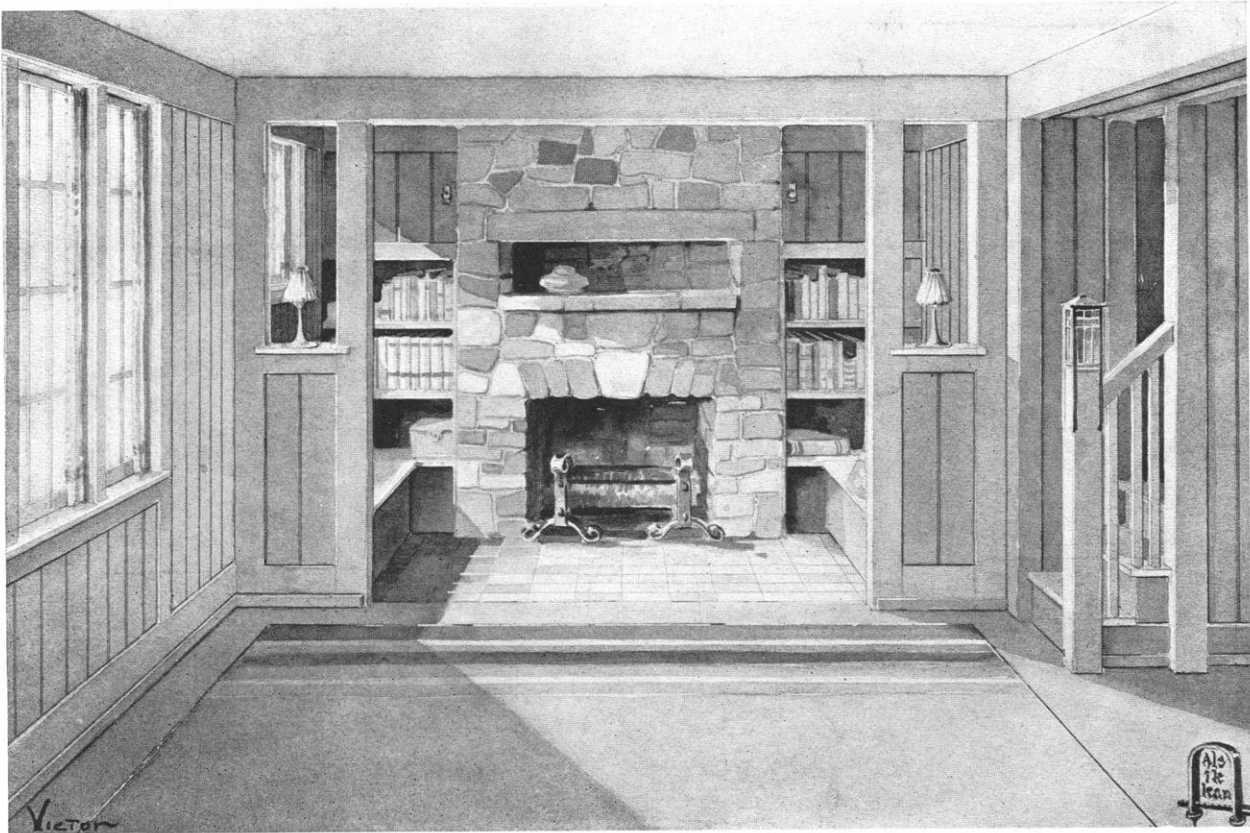
into squares. Used in this way it closely resembles the large matt-finished tiles known as Welsh quarries. The gables are shingled with the split cypress shingles we have so often described, and the roof also is shingled, with the rafters left exposed at the widely overhanging eaves. We would recommend that the shingles of the roof be oiled and left to weather. We find that the best treatment for the split cypress shingles of the gables is the sulphuric acid solution that has several times been described in *THE CRAFTSMAN*. This application darkens



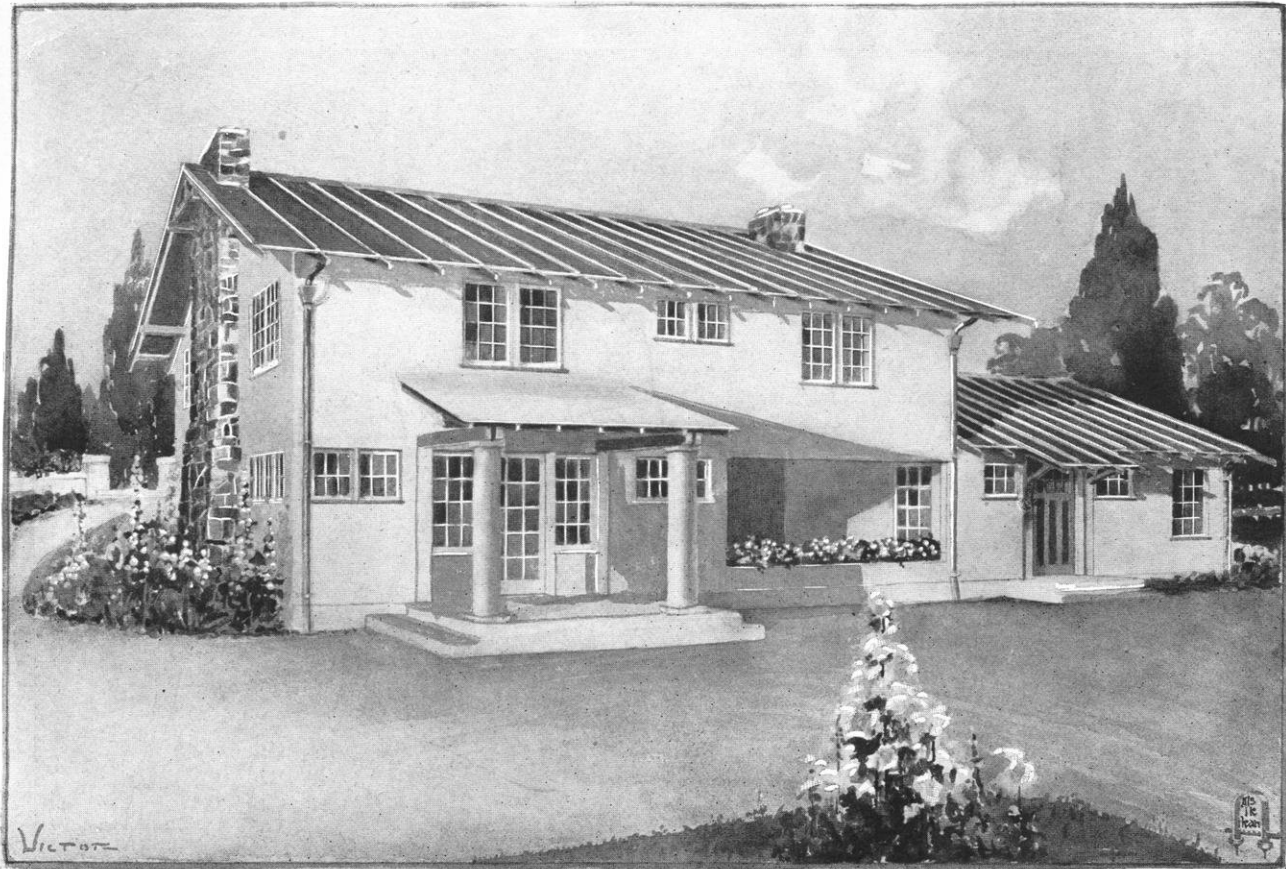
the wood **CRAFTSMAN HOUSE OF STONE AND WITHOUT SPLIT SHINGLES: FLOOR PLAN NO. 93.** changing its color, and brings out to their full value the prominent markings that make cypress so decorative for exterior woodwork. Treated in this way, the coloring of the shingles harmonizes beautifully with the varied colors seen in the split stone of the walls and chimney. The approach to the house is entirely in keeping with the character of the building, for the



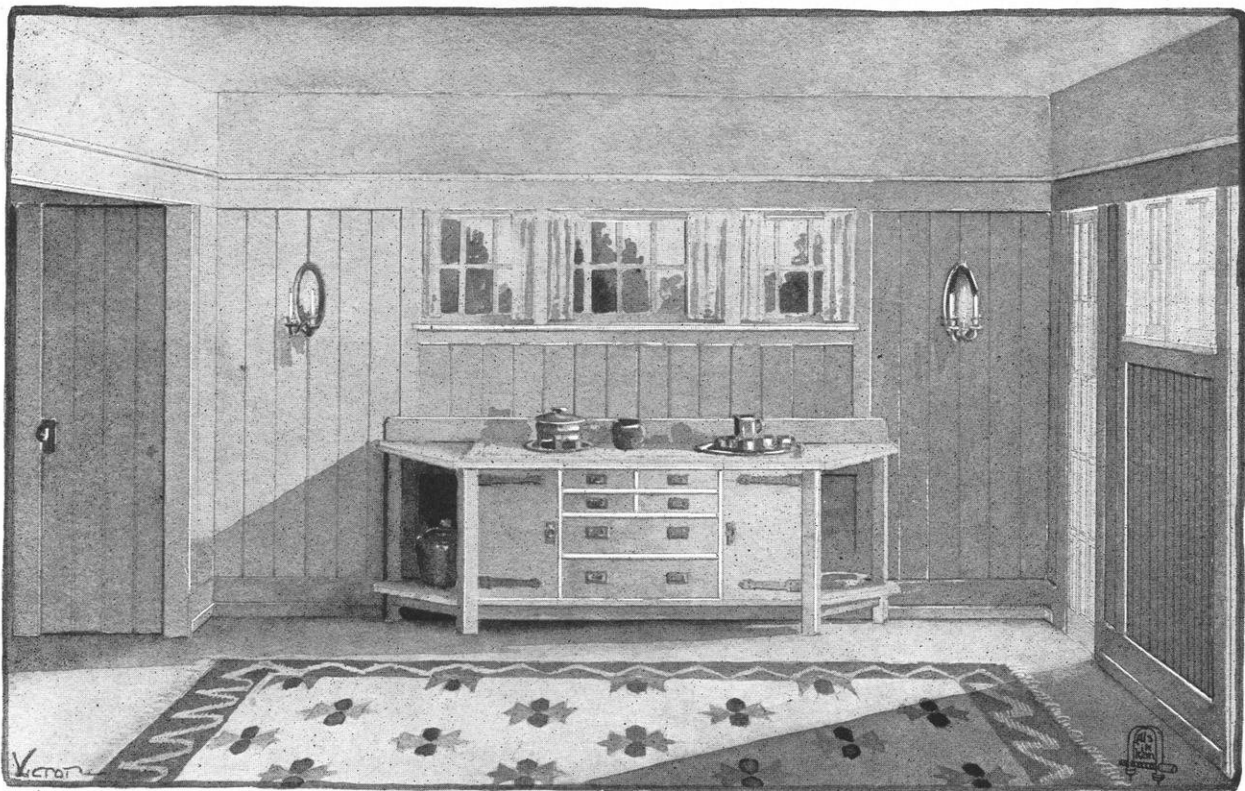
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE OF SPLIT STONE
AND SHINGLES: NUMBER 93.



INTERIOR OF CRAFTSMAN STONE AND SHINGLE HOUSE, SHOWING INGLENOOK IN LIVING ROOM.



CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE, SHOWING
INTERESTING PLACING OF DINING PORCH:
NUMBER 94.

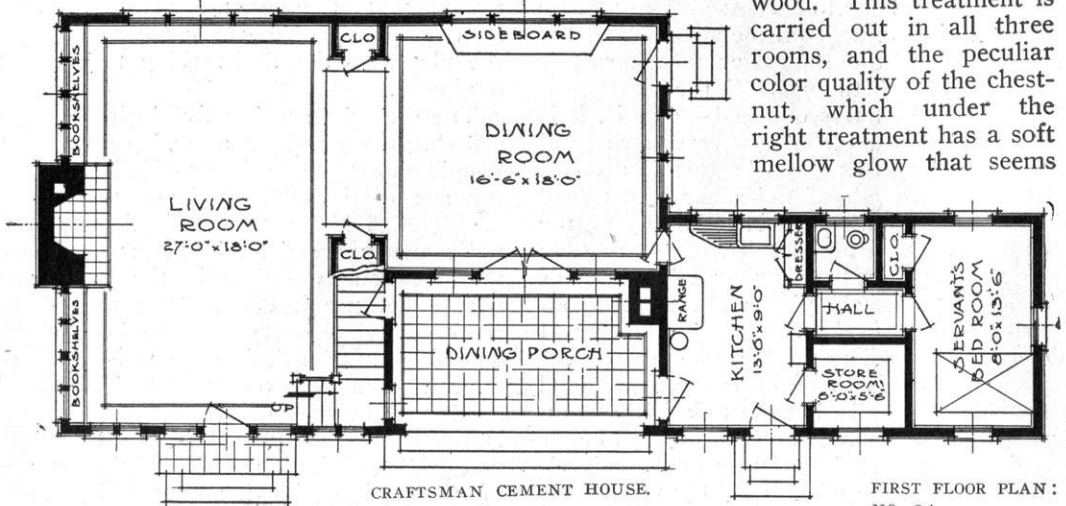


INTERIOR OF CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE:
GLIMPSE OF DINING ROOM, SHOWING SIDE-
BOARD AND HIGH CASEMENT WINDOWS.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR HOME BUILDERS

big boulders, covered with vines and plants, that mark the entrance to the terrace, carry out the rugged effect that is suggested in the walls of the house. In a Craftsman house this ruggedness is never more than suggested, for when it is actually carried out, as in cases where the walls are of rough cobblestones, the fine lines of the building are broken and disturbed, and the

large fireside nook at the back, occupies the whole end of the house, and the entrance door opens directly into it without any vestibule. The fireside nook at the back naturally furnishes a most attractive gathering place for the family. Like the sitting room, it is wainscoted with chestnut to the height of the broad beam that marks the angle of the ceiling, so that the whole wall is of wood. This treatment is carried out in all three rooms, and the peculiar color quality of the chestnut, which under the right treatment has a soft mellow glow that seems

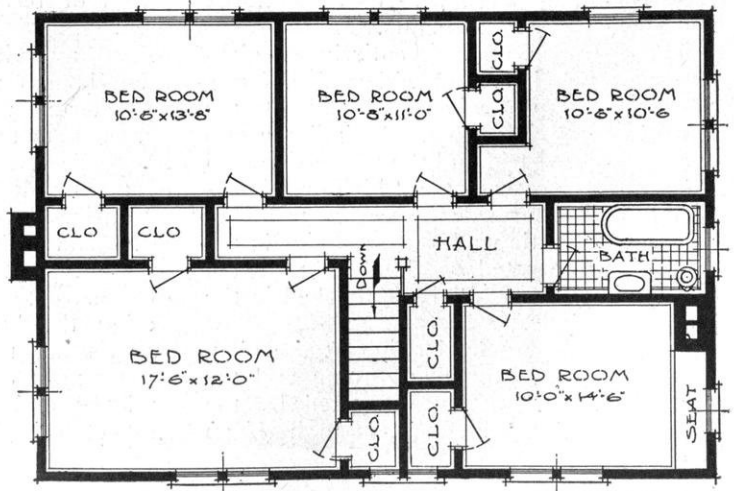


effect is artificially crude and unsatisfactory.

The interior of this cottage is very compactly and conveniently arranged, the idea being to make it easy for the mistress of the house to do her own work if she so desires.

At one end there are two bedrooms and a good-sized bathroom, which are shut off from the rest of the house by a small hall which affords access to five rooms, the dining room and kitchen as well as the bedrooms and the bath. It also separates the kitchen from the dining room, so that all odors of cooking are shut off from the front part of the house. The dining room is placed directly in front, with the two high windows above the sideboard looking out upon the front porch. The room itself is small, but there is no feeling of being cramped for space because the wide opening into the sitting room makes it to all intents and purposes a recess in the larger room. The sitting room, with the

to radiate light into the room, gives an atmosphere of warm rich color. The large chimneypiece is built of split field stone,—indeed it is simply the chimney itself, which gives the same effect



inside the house as it does on the outside. It extends to the ceiling without a break in the lines, and the recesses on either side are filled with bookshelves. Seats are built in on either side

CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR HOME BUILDERS

of the nook, the panels at the ends serving the double purpose of suggesting a separation from the main room, and furnishing the seat ends. The ceilings are of sand-finished plaster, tinted to a tone that harmonizes with the soft greenish brown of the chestnut.

The cement house is considerably larger, and we estimate that it would cost between \$7,000 and \$8,000 to build it properly. The walls are of cement on metal lath, and the building has the same general characteristics which distinguish all the Craftsman houses built of this material,—that is, it is exceedingly simple and every structural feature is such as could be cast in a mold. The roof is made of red ruberoid battened at the joints with thick strips of wood, the edges of which are beveled off so that on the top the strips have a rounded look. This makes a very effective and durable roof that is quite in keeping with the cement construction. The small roof over the entrance porch is made of cement on metal lath like the walls, but the rafters that support it are of wood, and it rests upon heavy wooden beams. A variation in the color is given by the use of split field stone for the chimneys, one of which is revealed for its whole length, breaking the broad space at the end of the house. The severity of the wall in front is relieved by the spacing and grouping of the windows, and also by the recessed dining porch with its low parapet and row of blooming plants.

The entrance door is entirely of glass and, with the windows on either side, forms the large group of windows that lights the front of the living room. A similar group appears at the back, and the whole side wall is occupied by casements set high over bookshelves on either side of the central fireplace. What little wall space remains in the room is wainscoted to the height of the frieze with V-jointed boards finished in the Craftsman style.

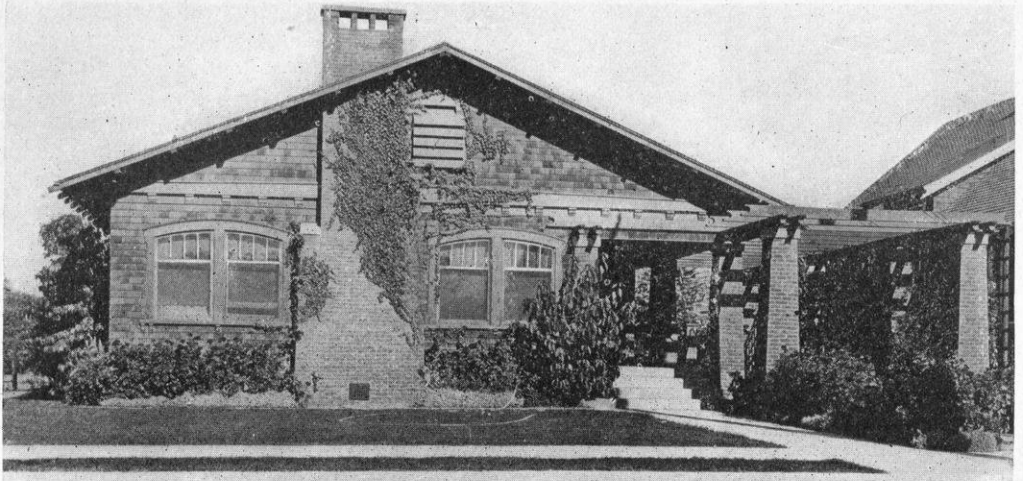
As will be seen by looking at the plan, the hall between the living room and the dining room is merely suggested by the closets at either end, as it is in itself an open space that forms a part of either room or both. The walls of the dining room are treated in the same way as the living room walls, and casement windows are set high above the sideboard, and in the wall at right angles to it. A glass door opens into the garden, and double glass doors with windows lead to the dining porch in front.

The kitchen and servant's bedroom are placed in the one-story addition, so that they are entirely separated from the general arrangement of the house. The kitchen arrangements are most conveniently contrived, and a storeroom and lavatory take up the space on either side of the hall that leads to the servant's bedroom. This arrangement is especially desirable, for the reason that it gives the maid her own quarters where she can come and go as she pleases without disturbing the rest of the house.

The second story has five bedrooms and a bath, grouped about a small central hall. Ample closet room is provided, and the rooms are all well lighted and thoroughly ventilated. The bathroom is floored with red cement marked off into squares, a plan that we usually follow in the Craftsman houses because it is attractive as well as sanitary, and is very easy to keep clean. The floor of the dining porch is made of the same material, so that on the outside of the house the gray or cream of the cement is relieved by the warm red of this floor and of the roof. The color of the cement, of course, is optional, and would be governed largely by the prevailing color of the landscape and by the climate. In the East the natural gray-white or a dull greenish tone are usually the most attractive, and in the sunny climate of the West a warm cream or biscuit color is more generally used.

The materials to be used in building these houses are, of course, merely suggested, and may be varied according to personal taste, the requirements of the landscape and surroundings, and the nature of the building material that is most inexpensive and easily obtained in any locality. Naturally, in order to develop a coherent plan, we have some one method of construction clearly in mind when we design the house, and the materials we suggest are those which, in our opinion, belong most completely to the style of the building and consequently will give the best effect. In the case of the cement house, it is less easy to change than it would be where dwellings of wood, brick or stone are under consideration, for the use of cement demands a special form of construction and, as our idea is to make the construction always express the material, it would be difficult to carry this design out in any other way.

COTTAGE IN BUNGALOW STYLE



A CHARMING AND INEXPENSIVE COTTAGE IN THE BUNGALOW STYLE: BY HELEN LUKENS GAUT

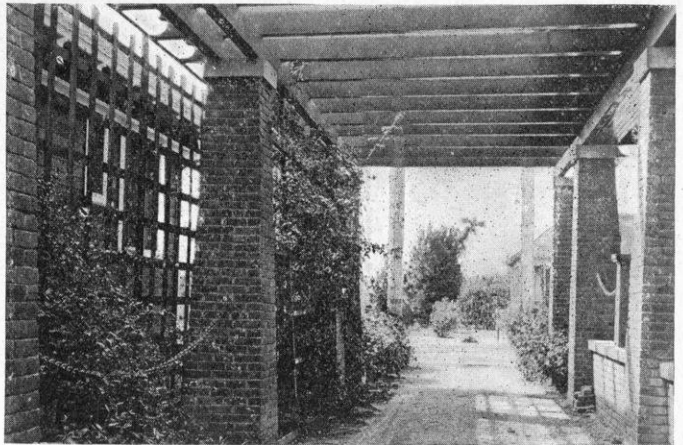
HERE is yet another bungalow from the land of bungalows,—southern California. It was designed by Mr. Charles E. Shattuck, a Los Angeles architect, and was built in that city. It is a plan that may easily be adapted to the requirements of an Eastern climate, especially as it is carefully finished in every detail, being meant for a permanent dwelling instead of a summer camp or vacation home. Like most California houses it is built of wood, and the red brick used for the chimney and the pillars of the pergola blends well with the warm brown tones of the timbers and shingles.

The plan is admirable in the regard for convenience and comfort shown in the arrangement of the rooms, and in the economy of space that gives a larger amount of room than would seem possible within the limits of a small house. The house itself seems really larger than it is, because, being all on one floor, it is long and wide in proportion to its height, and the low-pitched, wide-eaved roof has a splendid straight sweep giving the effect as well as the actuality of shelter.

By a rather unusual arrangement, the big

A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW, DESIGNED BY MR. CHAS. E. SHATTUCK, OF LOS ANGELES.

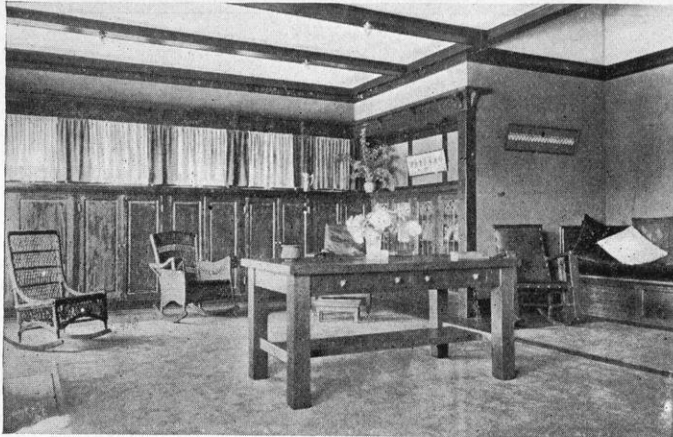
outside chimney is at the front of the house, and the entrance from the street to the recessed porch, which runs partly down the side, is at the corner. Beyond this there is a good-sized porte-cochère, sheltered by a pergola supported upon massive square brick pillars that taper slightly toward the top. Both roof and walls of the bungalow are covered with shingles, left unpainted so that they may take on the delightful tones of silvery gray and brown that only the



LOOKING THROUGH THE PERGOLA PORTE COCHÈRE.

weather can give. The foundation is entirely hidden by shrubs and flowers that grow close to the walls, and the woodbine that partially covers the chimney softens the severity of its straight lines. Between the pillars of the porte-cochère are heavy iron chains, which have been allowed to rust to a rich golden brown color, and be-

COTTAGE IN BUNGALOW STYLE



LIVING ROOM,
SHOWING
INGLENOOK.

hind them a high lattice clothed with vines shelters the house from its next-door neighbor. The window frames are painted white, so that they form high lights in the general color scheme and repeat the white of the cement walk, steps and floor of the recessed porch.

The interior of the bungalow is plastered throughout, and all the walls and ceilings are tinted in harmonizing tones of cream, brown and old gold. The woodwork, of which there is a great deal, is all brown, and the floors are of oak. The massive mantel of red-brown brick seems to center in itself the warmth of the whole color scheme. On the side of the living room opposite the fireplace is a deep alcove which was built and used by the original owner for installing a pipe organ,



DINING
ROOM.

the bedrooms and the bath. The treatment of the dining room differs only in minor details from that of the living room. A high wainscot has panels of dark brown leather paper, divided with four-inch stiles set eighteen inches apart. This wainscot is topped with a wide plate rail, and the wall above is tinted to a soft tone of light buff. The ceiling, like that of the living room, is spanned with beams, and the plaster panels between are tinted to the same color as the walls. All the furniture in the dining room is of cedar, and was specially designed by

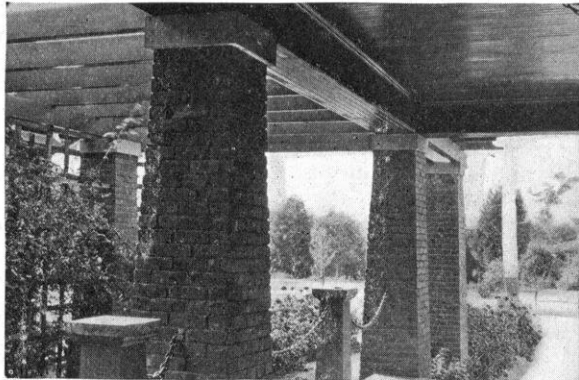


LIVING ROOM, WITH GLIMPSE OF DINING ROOM.

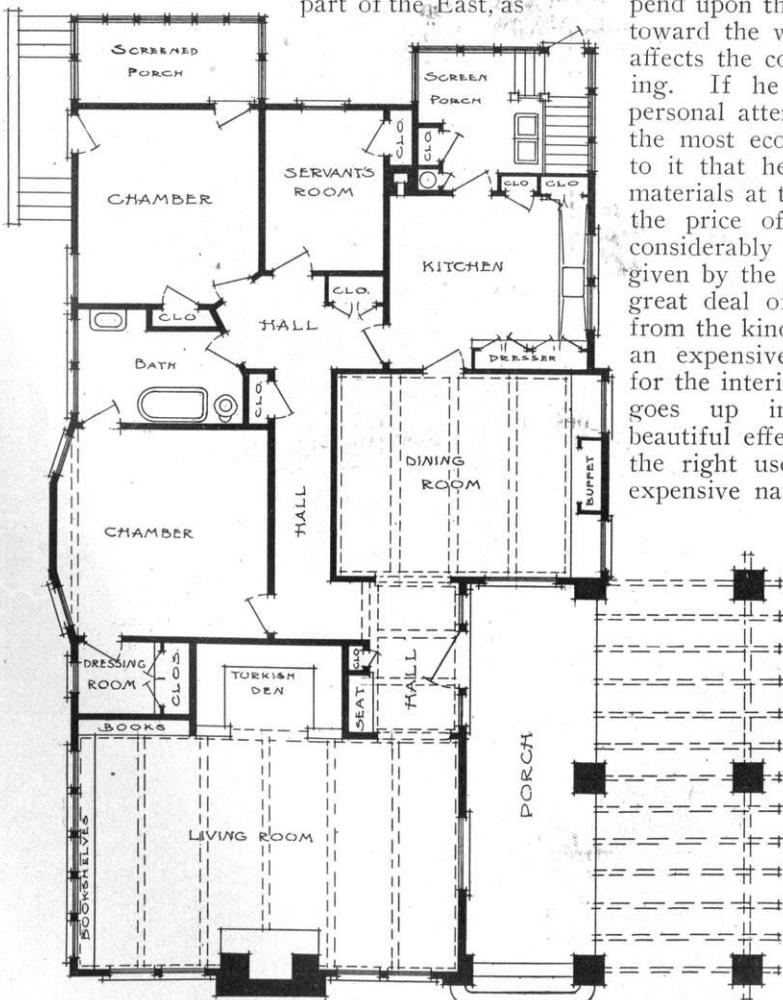
COTTAGE IN BUNGALOW STYLE

the owner to express his own ideas.

The two bedrooms, with the bathroom between and the screened sleeping porch, are at the rear of the house. A small room for the servant opens off the kitchen, which is equipped with all modern conveniences. As the bungalow was built, it would be suitable for any climate, as it has hot and cold water, electric lights, a good cellar, furnace and all the other comforts that are required in the East, but are more or less optional in the mild California climate. The approximate cost in Los Angeles, where the house was built, was, including fences, woodshed and cement walks, \$3,500. It would probably cost more to build a bungalow of this size and design in any part of the East, as



DETAIL OF PERGOLA CONSTRUCTION.



the cost of labor and building materials is considerably less in use of some wood native to the locality.

the vicinity of Los Angeles than it is in the neighborhood of New York or Boston, for example. Of course, much would depend upon the attitude of the owner toward the work, as this materially affects the cost of building a dwelling.

If he gave the matter his personal attention, hired his men in the most economical way, and saw to it that he obtained his building materials at the lowest possible cost, the price of the house would be considerably less than the estimate given by the average contractor. A great deal of difference also arises from the kind of materials used. If an expensive hardwood is chosen for the interior woodwork, the price goes up instantly. Fortunately, beautiful effects can be obtained by the right use of comparatively inexpensive native woods, and if the

owner has sufficient skill in the treatment of wood to finish the woodwork of both exterior and interior himself, one considerable item of expense will be lopped off in the beginning. A house finished, like this one, in redwood costs comparatively little in California, where this beautiful wood is abundant, easily obtained and not at all expensive. If the house were built in the East, it might

be done in quite as economical a way by the use of some wood native to the locality.

HOW TO MAKE IRISH LACES AT HOME

HOW TO MAKE IRISH LACES AT HOME: BY KATHARINE LORD

LACE making in Ireland has been a comparatively recent development, most of it dating from the great famine of 1846-47, when it was introduced and fostered among the women of the peasantry by ladies who were seeking in every way to relieve the distress of those grim and terrible years. Limerick and Carrickmacross laces were however developed rather earlier in the 19th century, the former at first as a purely commercial enterprise and the latter almost by chance, a lady who had brought a piece of lace from Italy having taught her servant to copy it.

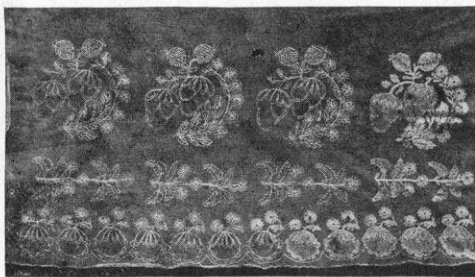


FIG. 1—LIMERICK LACE IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

All the Irish laces have been copies of those of other countries, yet in time each has acquired a distinctive character of its own. For instance, the crochet was at the beginning a copy, with the crochet hook, of the needle points of Venice and France; later it developed into the quite unique "baby Irish," which at its best has a simple charm, worthy of a place even among the more elaborate laces of Italy, France, and Flanders. The Limerick and Carrick-

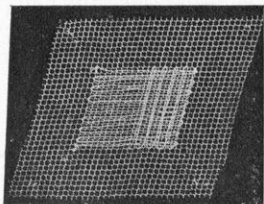


FIG. 2 A: DARNING STITCH.



FIG. 2 B: TENT STITCH.

macross, by the originality of their designs establishing a right to Irish names, even though they had their beginning in imitation of the run laces of France and Italy. Both Limerick and Carrickmacross lace are really embroidery upon net, the machine-

made variety of net generally being used.

There are two kinds of Limerick lace, run and tambour, the pattern in the former being run in the net with a blunt needle, in the latter drawn through with a hook similar to a crochet hook. To make Limerick lace, one must have a frame—the usual large

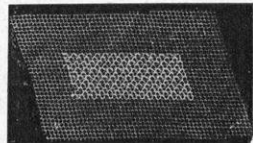
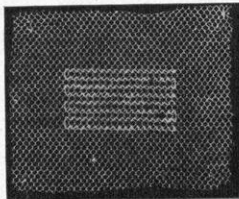


FIG. 2 BB AT LEFT.
FIG. 3 BBB ABOVE.

square embroidery frame is the best for general use. Small pieces of lace can of course be made in a smaller frame, or even sewn to cardboard. The net, which can be bought by the yard, should have a diagonal mesh and very fine weave. The round meshed nets are occasionally used, but they are not a satisfactory body for this kind of lace. There are many different threads, and the choice of numbers will depend somewhat upon the pattern and the quality of net. Manlove's Limerick lace threads No. 120 to 250 are good for general use, as are also the D. M. C. embroidery cotton No. 80 or 100.



FIG. 2 C ABOVE: CROSS STITCH.

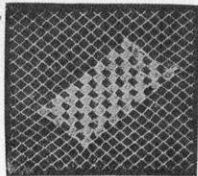


FIG. 2 D IN UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER: SATIN STITCH.

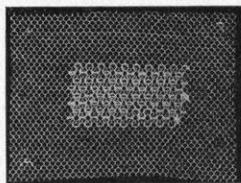


FIG. 2 E BELOW: FILLING.

There must also be a heavier thread for outlining, as Harris lace thread No. 180. Blunt pointed needles of different sizes for the finer and heavier threads and a piercer or bodkin and a pair of fine pointed scissors complete the equipment.

The choice, or making, of the design is the next step, and one of the greatest importance. The craftworker who can make her own design has, of course, a great advantage. She should however study a few good pieces of the lace before beginning, or

HOW TO MAKE IRISH LACES AT HOME

even work a bit from some old pattern as a sampler—in order to be perfectly clear as to what is practicable. Indeed it is strongly recommended that always a small piece first be tried, that one may avoid the discouragement

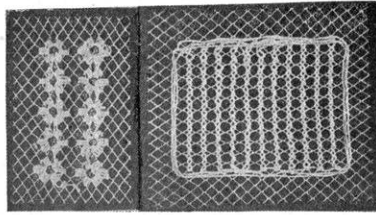


FIG. 2 F
AT LEFT.
FIG. 2 G
AT RIGHT.
FILLING
STITCHES.

ment of spoiling a large piece by an unsatisfactory beginning. The worker who does not wish to make her designs can find good patterns among the laces in museums, or the illustrations in lace books. It is a regrettable fact that most of the patterns sold in the shops are poor and hackneyed in design. When the design has been obtained it should be drawn clearly in black ink on tracing cloth, then it is ready for placing under the net.

The net must now be mounted in the

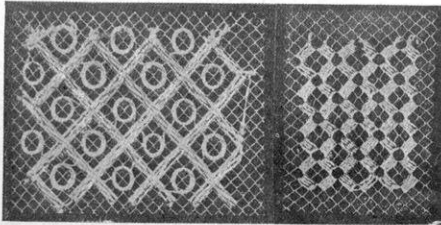


FIG. 2 I
AT LEFT.
FIG. 2 H
AT
RIGHT.
FILLING
STITCHES

frame—a somewhat delicate and difficult matter. First take the frame apart and sew the net carefully to the pieces of cloth which are tacked to the end pieces. Then sew pieces of tape to the other two edges of the net. Put the frame together, rolling the net carefully on one of the end bars if the piece is too large to be stretched all at once in the frame. With a needleful of stout thread, lace the tape carefully to the side bars. This

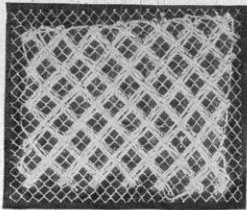


FIG. 2 J
THE LAST OF
THE FILLING
STITCHES FOR
LIMERICK LACE.

must all be done with the greatest care that the net be evenly stretched with no sagging or strained spots. The operation is exactly the same as the mounting of a piece of linen

or satin in an embroidery frame, but the net, being more delicate, requires more careful handling. If the piece is large enough to require rolling, the side lacing must of course be removed and replaced each time that it is necessary to roll the piece. The design should next be carefully fastened with stitches or thumb tacks to the under side of the frame, where, showing through the net, it can be followed with precision.

Taking a long piece of the outlining

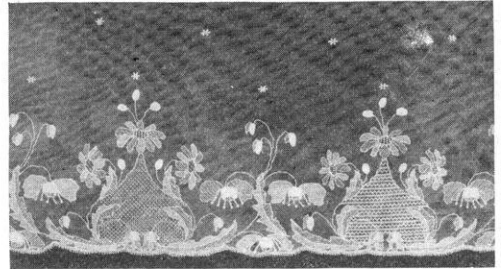


FIG. 3. LIMERICK LACE, RUN, (Harris r80), double it, and put the two ends together through the needle. Twist these two ends around the forefinger to make a ring, pass the needle through it and draw up to form a tiny knot just below the needle's eye.

Now select a point in the design where you will have as long a stretch of outlining as possible, put the needle under a bar of the net, draw it nearly out, pass it through the loop of the thread and draw it up carefully, thus securing perfectly and almost imperceptibly the end of the thread. The entire pattern must first be outlined, as is shown in Fig. 1, which is a piece of lace in the process of making. Too much care cannot be taken to run the outlines exactly. Often the outline comes across the middle of a series of meshes, and the thread should not of course stay just there, as a slight angularity not seen in the pattern will appear in the finished lace; but practice will teach the worker just how this can be corrected. For example, a curve should generally be run well outside the line, to allow for the inevitable shifting of the thread toward the center of the curve. The lines must be constantly studied, and, especially at first, there will be many stitches to be taken out as one sees a better way of placing them.

After the entire design is outlined, or in any case the portion on which we are working, the pattern may be removed before the filling in is done. The filling is done with finer thread which is always used singly. It

HOW TO MAKE IRISH LACES AT HOME

cannot therefore be fastened like the outline thread, but must be tied with a tiny knot to a bar of the mesh. This knot can always be concealed either by the filling or the outlining. The fastening at the end is done by making a loop, through which the needle is passed and drawn up to make a firm knot. If this is done twice and the thread cut

close, there is no danger of its coming out. The filling stitches are numerous and varied, and on their choice and arrangement depend the beauty of the lace. One

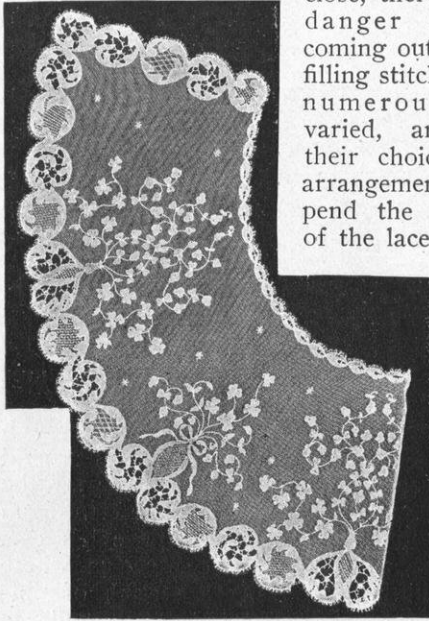
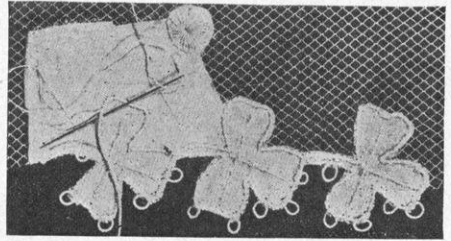


FIG. 4. CARRICKMACROSS APPLIQUÉ BERTHA.

should study carefully their values, and in order to do this it is well as one learns them to make a sampler, which can be preserved for reference. One accustomed to the consideration of values will see quickly the possibilities of the different stitches, their variation of light and dark as well as of surface and direction. Though the fillings are numerous, very charming lace can be made with two or three of the simpler ones. The darning stitch, consisting of threads run under and over the bars, and crossed in the other direction, is the same as used in filet lace, and is illustrated in Fig. 2, a.

The tent stitch explained in Fig. 2, b, Fig. 2, bb and Fig. 2, bbb is worked as follows: Fastening the thread by means of a tiny knot, at the right-hand side of a diagonal row of meshes, insert the needle two squares up and one to the left, and bring it out two bars down and one to the left. Continue the row in this fashion and then work back from left to right, one row lower down, making the rows overlap, and always

inserting the needle *above* the same bar it came out *below* in the preceding row. The tent stitch is the basis of many other fillings, and it may itself be worked diagonally or



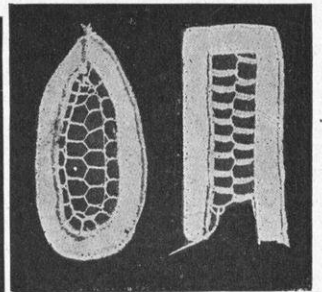
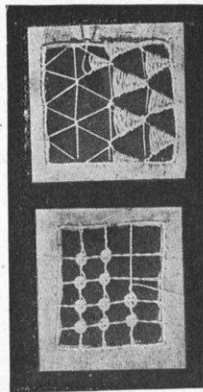
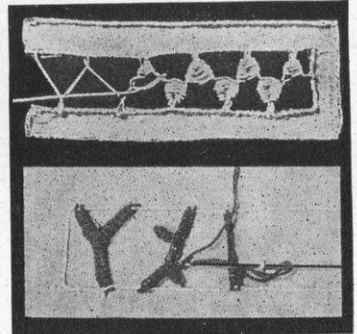
GUIPURE STITCHES FOR CARRICKMACROSS LACE.

horizontally. The cross stitch (Fig. 2, c) may also be worked in both these ways and consists of the tent stitch worked in one direction, with another row worked back upon it. The satin stitch (Fig. 2, d) worked over and over the meshes is used both alone and in combination.

Another stitch which is capable of several variations is seen in Fig. 2, e. Beginning at the upper right-hand corner of the space to

A VARIETY OF SIMPLE GUIPURE STITCHES FOR THE MODERN CARRICKMACROSS LACE.

IT WOULD BE AN EXCELLENT PLAN FOR THE AMATEUR LACE WORKER TO MAKE A REFERENCE SAMPLER OF THESE STITCHES.



be filled, put the needle into a mesh, skip one to the left and bring out the needle in the next one; put the needle down again into the mesh just below the one skipped and bring it out in the next but one to the left. Again put the needle down where you first brought

HOW TO MAKE IRISH LACES AT HOME

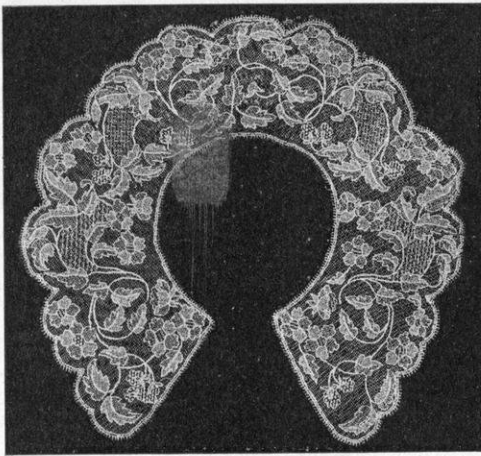


FIG. 5. LIMERICK LACE COLLAR.

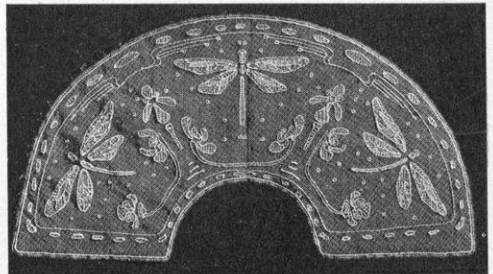
it out and repeat these two stitches alternately to the end of the row. Return from left to right, so placing the first stitch that the upper stitches are in line with the lower stitches of the preceding row. A more open effect may be obtained by gently enlarging every other mesh with the piercer before putting in the stitches. Other filling stitches are shown in Figs. 2, f. g. h. i. & j., which may be used singly or in combination. The finishing of edges may be done in two ways—either pearl edging may be used, No. 4, which is bought by the yard and sewn on, or the edges may be finished with buttonholing, using the very finest thread (No. 250). This gives a firm and neat edge and makes the lace seem more a whole than the added edging.

The tambour work is one of the older forms of Limerick lace. It is a coarser form and is not capable of the finer effects of the run lace, though it may be used with good effect in combination with that form, as in Fig. 3. The tambour stitch is a sort of chain stitch closely resembling the stitch of the sewing machine. It is done with a hooked needle similar to a crochet needle, and is worked with both hands. The net is stretched in the frame, as for the run lace, but of course the pattern cannot be fastened underneath, but only tacked along the upper edge, as one holds it up against the net, studies carefully a small bit, and then dropping the pattern, works it from memory. The thread is held under the net with the left hand and drawn up through the mesh with the hook held in the right hand. The lines of chain stitch form the outlines, and also placed closely side by side form solid masses.

The French and Italian run laces are made in similar fashion. The clever designer can always evolve new forms or add little individual touches that will give her lace a distinctive character of its own, while retaining the best features of the historic forms.

Carrickmacross lace, often confused with Limerick, is of two varieties—the appliqué, Fig. 4, and guipure, Fig. 5. The former consists of an appliqué of fine lawn upon net; the lawn being cut away and some of the net spaces elaborated with the same stitches used in Limerick lace. The Carrickmacross guipure is of the lawn alone with the intervening spaces, which are usually smaller, filled in with guipure bars and other needle-work stitches. The method of working the appliqué—the same for both forms—is as follows:

The pattern is drawn in black ink upon flexible paper or cloth. Tracing cloth has been found on the whole the most satisfactory. The net is then tacked to it smoothly and over that the lawn. The lines must be very black in order to show clearly through the lawn and every part of the lawn and net



FAN MOUNT, DESIGNED BY KATHARINE LORD.

must be carefully basted to the pattern that it may not shift in working. A heavy thread, Glasgow lace thread 30 or 40 or D. M. C. cotton 30, is then whipped with very fine stitches around all the outlines of the pattern. The pattern must always form a solid edge, and in whipping the cord around the edge a tiny loop is made in the cord about every quarter of an inch and securely fastened where the cord crosses. It is perhaps needless to say that all the whipping should be exceedingly fine and close, in order to produce a good piece of work, and one that will not fray out. Care must be taken to catch in the net as well as the lawn with each stitch and not by any chance to catch in the pattern. When the outlining is all done, the leaves or petals of flowers are often veined with outline stitch, and some-

TEACHING INDIANS TO WORK

times rather large spaces may be broken up with French knots or other embroidery stitches. When all is done comes perhaps the most difficult part of the work—the cutting away of the lawn. This must be done with greatest care not to cut the net. There are tiny lace scissors which come for the purpose with a nub on one point.

As with the Limerick Lace, a little preliminary practice in working will help the designer to find out what pitfalls to avoid and how to secure the best effects. The usual fault of the lace designer who is not conversant with methods of working is overelaboration. Carrickmacross appliqué for instance may be made very beautiful with a comparatively simple pattern if the spaces are well considered and the accents of elaborating stitches well placed. The guipure on the other hand must have its pattern more generally distributed and the spaces to be filled with stitches comparatively small, since large spaces filled with stitches are apt to sprawl and at best suggest the braid laces.

Limerick lace, as has been said before, depends largely for its beauty upon good distribution of values. The beauty of both of these laces depend also upon the fineness and accuracy of the workmanship, yet it is not of a fineness to unduly strain the eyes, nor does it require much practice to acquire the requisite skill. On the whole, these are laces admirably adapted to the amateur, especially to those workers who desire the satisfaction of making or adapting their own designs.

TEACHING INDIANS TO WORK

THE men who are in charge of educating the Indians on the Western plains are encountering the same problem that is now puzzling the educators of the East. While their intentions have been of the best, the school authorities in charge of Indian education have been going very far from the track in the sort of training they are giving to Indian boys and girls. The necessity for a different kind of teaching is shown very clearly by Mr. Francis E. Leupp in his recently published book entitled "The Indian and His Problem." Referring to the effect of the Indian schools upon the industrial life of these wards of the Government, Mr. Leupp says:

"Indeed, where his instruction is carried no further than the graduating course at a

huge non-reservation school, the chances are that he has no real conception of its practical side till the truth is driven into him by the hard knocks of experience. I asked a group of Indian school graduates once, soon after their commencement exercises, what each expected to do on entering the outer world. Three-fourths of them, embracing both boys and girls, had no definite expectations or ambitions. A few thought they would like to be missionaries. A rather dull-appearing boy believed that 'the Government ought to give him a job.' Another lad had made up his mind to be a musician and play in a band. Only one in the entire class had decided to go back home at once, take off his coat, and help his father cultivate their farm. Not one had perfected himself in any skilled trade. I venture a guess that if these young persons, instead of receiving a routine mental cramming with material foreign to their normal elements, had been taught merely the essential rudiments of book learning, but also how to do something with their hands well enough to earn their living with it, every one would have had a better start in life. As it is, I doubt whether any except the farmer and the musician will ever amount to anything. One of the brighter members of the party whom I have met since has certainly not improved in the interval.

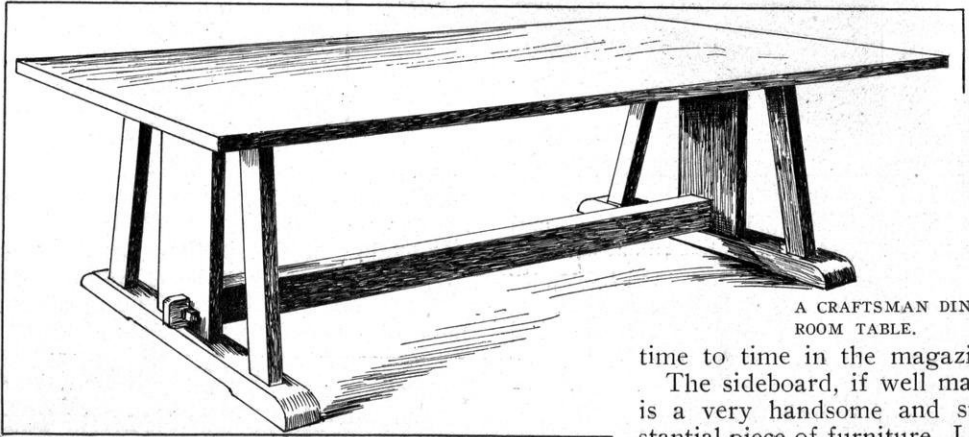
"There is as wide a differentiation of tastes and talents among them as among other peoples. Mechanical employments attract the larger proportion. In Oregon and Nevada I have seen excellent dwellings built entirely by young Indian carpenters. The furniture of my official headquarters in Washington I had made in the school shops at Carlisle, Haskell, Chilocco, and Hampton. Many Indians are fine blacksmiths, and one of the best of these is stone-blind. The round-houses and machine-shops of the leading railroads in the Southwest show a thick sprinkling of young Indians among their skilled laborers. The Chippewas take to road and bridge construction so readily that it was proposed to organize among them a corps of sappers and miners for the Cuban campaign of 1898. The steam saw-mills of the northern forest belt from Minnesota to Oregon are Indian-manned in part; and on a little independent railway on which I once traveled in the frontier West, an Indian was the engineer and stoker and handled a large part of the baggage."

CRAFTSMAN CABINET AND METAL WORK

CRAFTSMAN DESIGNS FOR HOME CABINETMAKERS AND METAL-WORKERS

SEVERAL pieces of dining-room furniture have been selected this month as models for home cabinetmakers who have leisure and a liking for making at least a part of the furniture they use. With the exception of the sideboard, which requires a fair amount of skill in construction, the pieces are very easily made, the table and the plate rack being within the reach of almost anyone who knows how to handle tools.

hold the ends together are 5 inches wide by 3 inches thick. The center post at each end is made of a board 8 inches wide and 2 inches thick, and the outside posts are 3 inches by 3 inches. In making this table each end is framed separately. The cleat that supports the top, and the floor stretcher that holds the three posts together, are mortised to the posts and doweled. The long stretcher is then slipped through mortises in the center posts, and the tenons are pinned tightly on the outside with heavy wooden pins. After the ends are made, and the stretcher in place, the top is put on and fastened to the cleats with the iron table fasteners that we have described from



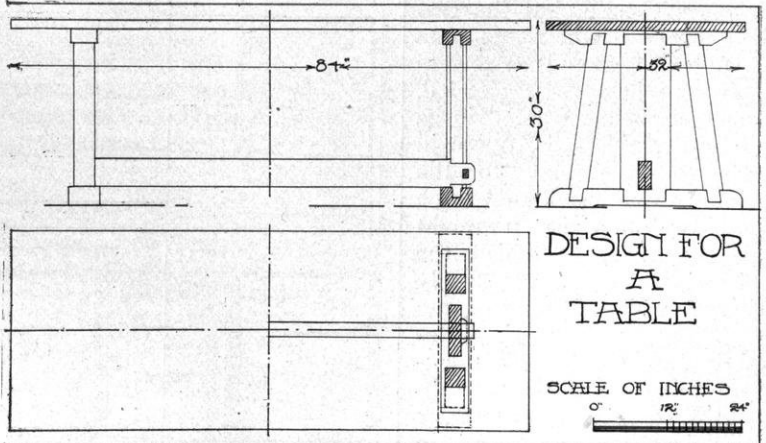
A CRAFTSMAN DINING ROOM TABLE.

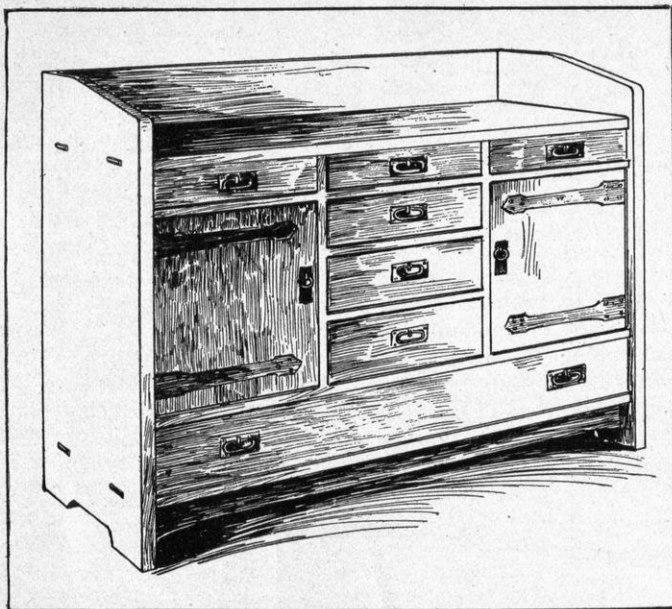
The table is large enough for any ordinary use, being 7 feet long and 32 inches wide. The height is 30 inches, the usual height of a dining table. The top is made of carefully selected boards $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick, and as great care should be taken in the joining of these boards so that they make a perfectly smooth surface, it would be better to have the joining done at a regular cabinetmaking shop. This is the only difficult part of the construction. The cleats under the top are $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, affording a sturdy support. The stretcher which extends the whole length of the table near the floor is 5 inches wide by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, and the floor stretchers that

time to time in the magazine.

The sideboard, if well made, is a very handsome and substantial piece of furniture. Like

the table, and indeed all of this furniture, it is best if made of white oak, although other woods suitable for cabinetmaking may be used if desired. The piece is 5 feet wide, 2 feet deep and 43 inches high. The top and bottom shelves are made of boards 1 inch thick, and the inner shelves, which serve as top and bottom to the cupboards,





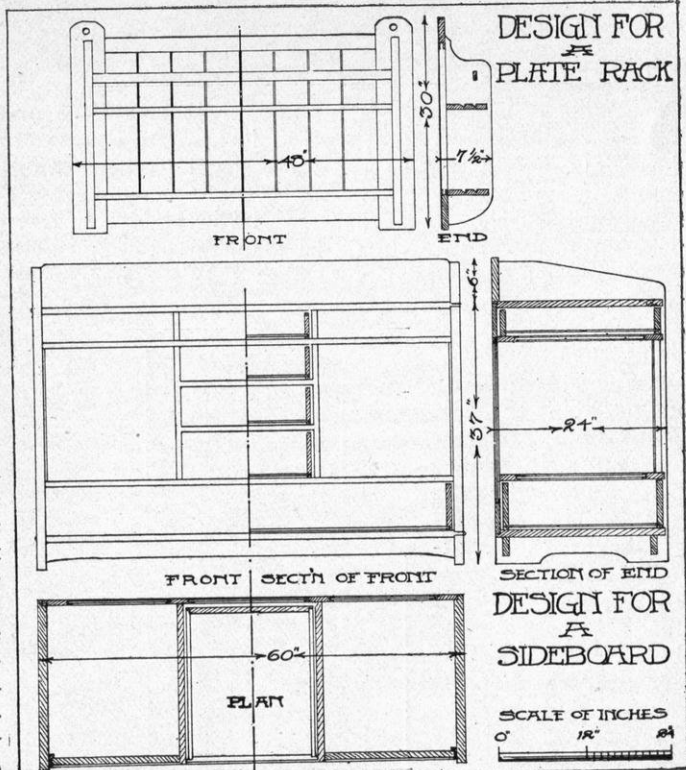
A SUBSTANTIAL SIDEBOARD.

are $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch thick. The ends should be made of boards $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches thick, selected with special care and with regard to beauty of texture and grain. The back is paneled, $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch stock being used for the frame, and the usual $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch stock for the paneling. The drawer fronts are made of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch stock, and the drawer backs are made of the same, the sides $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch and bottoms $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch.

In making the piece the top and bottom shelves are tenoned through mortises in the sides, the tenons, which are allowed to show, being carefully beveled and smoothed off. These shelves are solid, but the two inner shelves which separate the cupboards from the drawers above and below are paneled, the panels being framed in 4-inch rails. This is done in order to give play to the shrinking and swelling of the wood, as otherwise it might split the ends, to which the shelves, of course, are firmly fastened. The frames of the panels are carefully glued together, but the panels themselves are simply fitted in without glue, so that an opportunity is allowed for the wood to

move a little as it shrinks or swells. The upright partitions are solid. The two doors, which are large and square and are not paneled, are made of chestnut or any soft wood, and framed. This is done to prevent warping, which would occur with the swelling of a solid piece of wood, and the process is just the same as paneling, save that the panels are exactly of the same thickness as the frame, so that the surface is flat and smooth. After the doors are framed, they should be veneered on both sides with oak like the rest of the piece. When finished these doors should be one inch thick. Two stretchers are glued under the bottom of the sideboard, and corner blocks are used inside

these stretchers to give additional strength. The three top drawers should be lined with soft leather or felt if they are to be used for silverware, and the long bottom drawer is meant for tablecloths. The drawers are made to slide on center cleats, such as we



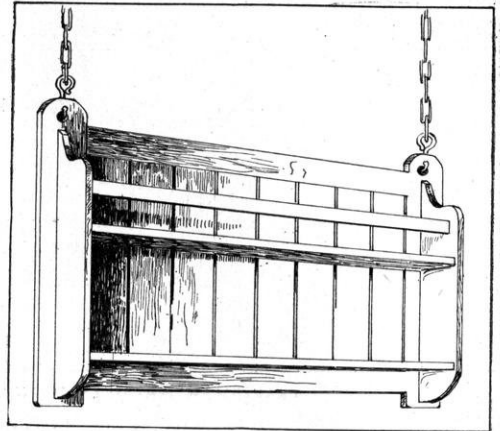
CRAFTSMAN CABINET AND METAL WORK

have described in detail several times in this department.

The plate rack is meant to hang just above the sideboard, being suspended from the plate rail or picture molding by heavy iron chains. The hooks which support the rack are illustrated in the detail of hardware. The rack is 48 inches wide, 30 inches high and 7½ inches deep. The sides are made of boards ⅞ of an inch thick and 5½ inches wide, shaped as shown in the drawing. The end pieces to which these sides are fastened are 5½ inches wide by ⅞ of an inch thick, and the rails which extend between them, forming the frame of the back, are of the same thickness. V-jointed boards are fitted carefully inside this frame to form the back. The shelves are 6 inches wide by ¾ of an inch thick, and the plate guard is 1½ inches wide by ½ an inch thick. Both shelves and plate guard are mortised into the sides. The shelves have grooves as illustrated in the detail, so that the plates may be set up on edge without fear of slipping.

The metal work used on the sideboard and plate rack is shown in a separate detail drawing. It is very simple and can easily be made by anyone who has ever learned to work in metals. It may be made in iron, copper or brass, according to taste and to the finish given to the wood. The hinge plate should be 15 inches long and 3 inches wide, tapered and cut as shown in the detail. The drawer pulls measure 2½ inches wide by 3¾ inches long, and the door pulls are 1¼ inches wide by 4 inches long; these measurements, of course, referring to the back-plates and not to the rings. All these pieces should be made of metal ⅛ of an inch thick.

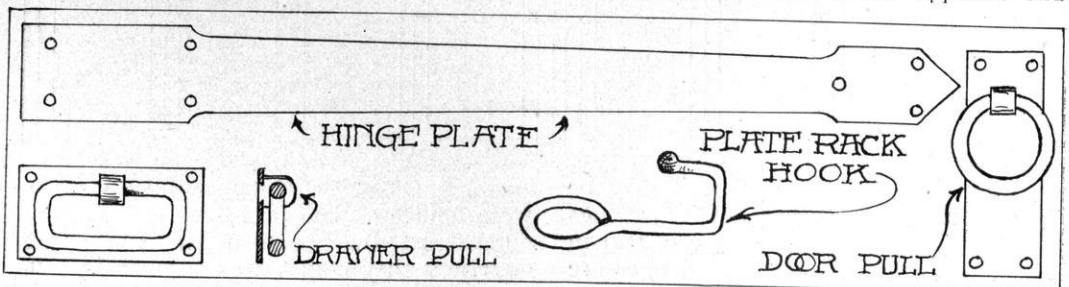
DESIGNS for three lanterns in the Craftsman style will give the metal-workers an opportunity to try their hands at effective lighting fixtures. Two of these are square and the third one round, but all



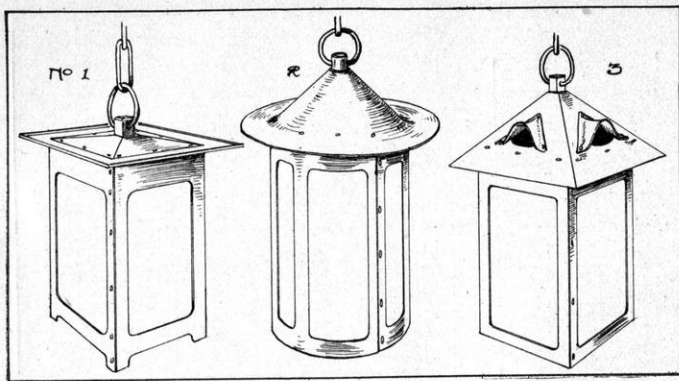
alike are simple in construction. PLATE RACK TO HANG OVER CRAFTSMAN SIDEBOARD.

The first one measures 4 inches from corner to corner. The metal is cut according to the pattern shown in the detail, and bent at the dotted lines until it forms a square. The right-hand edge of the pattern shows the flange that is to lap under the corner and be riveted to the opposite corner. The flange that is turned in at the top is shown by the dotted line that runs across the top of the pattern. This flange is to be riveted to the roof of the lantern. At each corner and on the bottom small clips should be riveted or soldered to the inside of the lantern to hold the glass. The roof is made of one piece of metal cut square and hammered so that the edges turn upward about ⅛ of an inch, and the center rises in the shape of a pyramid from the edge of the lantern proper. A square knob is fastened to this with a lock nut, and through this knob a ring is slipped so that the lantern may be hung by a chain. The method of fastening the knob and slipping in the ring is shown in the detail.

The round lantern is formed in the same way as the first, save that it is bent in a circle instead of a square. The flange left at one end is riveted to the opposite end



CRAFTSMAN CABINET AND METAL WORK



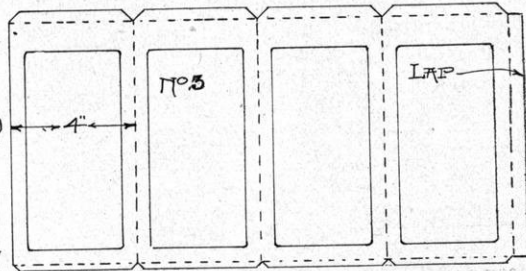
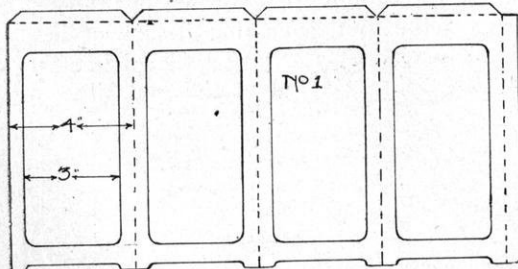
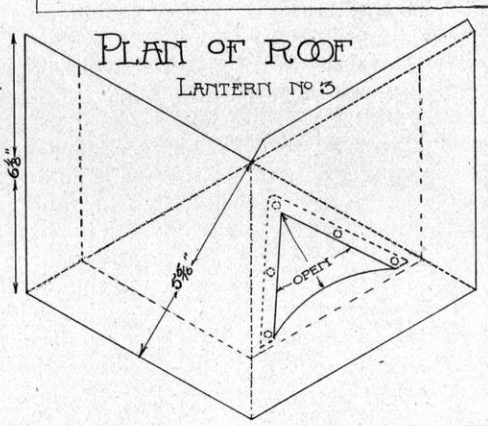
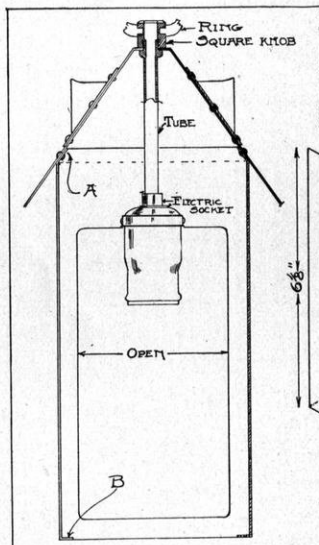
CRAFTSMAN METAL LANTERNS.

just as in the case of the first lantern, and notches are made about 1 inch apart in the flange at the top. It is then turned inward and riveted to the roof. The roof is made by hammering the metal up in the center in the manner we have described in previous descriptions of metal work, and the knob which holds the ring is fastened to it with a lock nut as in the case of lantern No. 1.

The third lantern is square like the first, differing from it chiefly in the shape of the roof. The four sides are bent until the opposite ends meet, and these ends are riveted together. A pattern is given of this lantern, showing a dotted line at the bottom where a flange is hammered in to afford a resting place for the glass, while the dotted lines at the top show where

is attached to the lower end. If it is desired to give the light a central position in the lantern, this socket may be extended until it is several inches longer.

We have so often given directions for the working and finishing of metals that we take it for granted that the main principles of metal



WORKING DRAWING FOR LANTERNS.

the flange is turned in so that it may be riveted to the roof. Larger detail drawings of both lantern and roof are given, and in this detail the upper and lower flanges are

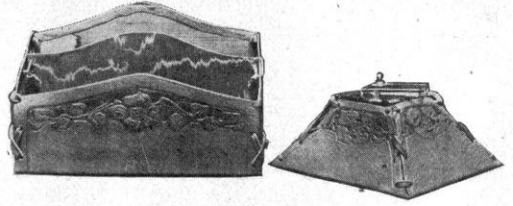
we would be glad to refer them to the number of the magazine in which the directions they may need are given in full.

CRAFTSMAN DESK SET OF SOLE LEATHER

CRAFTSMAN DESK SET OF SOLE LEATHER

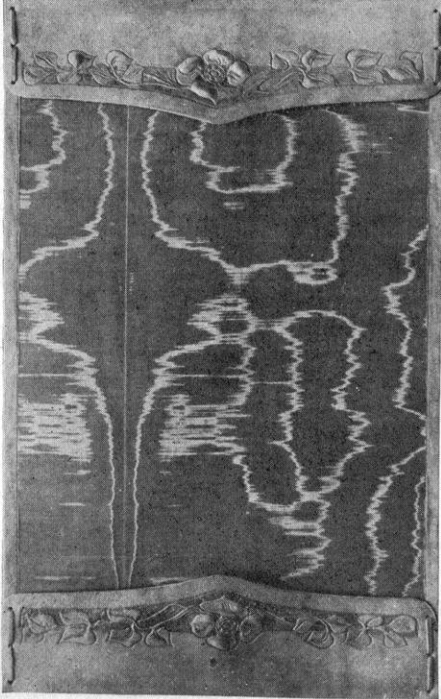
DESIGNS for a desk set made of sole leather are given here for the use of leather workers, many of whom are writing to us for just such things. We show photographs of the finished pieces, and small detail drawings which give an idea of the construction. The patterns are very simple, and all three pieces are easy to make, provided one knows how to hammer

leather, lined with moiré of a color that either matches it exactly or forms a pleasant contrast. This detail, of course, is entirely optional with the worker, but the set shown



CRAFTSMAN LETTER FILE AND INK WELL.

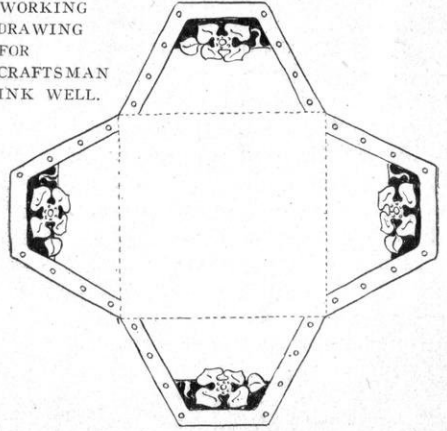
here is made of leather left in the natural warm biscuit color, lined with moiré of precisely the same shade. The decoration is simple and not very deep, and the back-



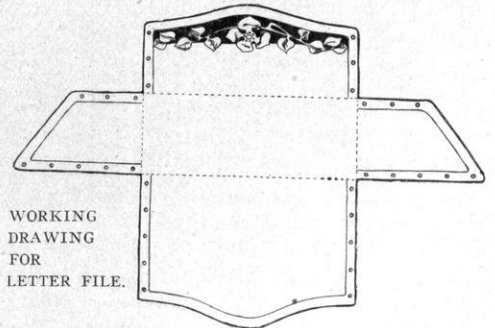
CRAFTSMAN BLOTTING PAD.

the decorations into the leather. Even if this were not the case, the pieces would be very effective if made of plain leather, and

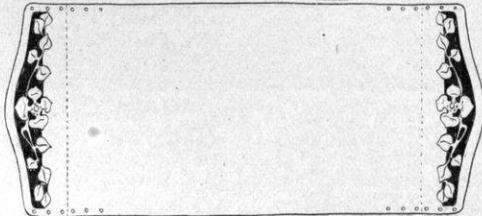
WORKING
DRAWING
FOR
CRAFTSMAN
INK WELL.



ground is left unstamped. The edges are all pared and hammered down over the lining. At the ends, where the leather turns over, it is laced together with thongs of the same color, and the same method of



WORKING
DRAWING
FOR
LETTER FILE.



WORKING DRAWING FOR PAD.

would prove most convenient as furnishings for a writing desk. The blotter pad is made so that the blotter may be slipped into it without the trouble of fitting it under the corners. It is simply one long piece of

fastening is used with all the other pieces. The wedge-shaped inkwell holder is, of course, made to fit the glass inkwell, which should be procured first. A stamp book and calendar pad can easily be made to match these pieces.

VIOLET GROWING FOR THE MARKET: BY MARY EVERTON

ABOUT sixty miles southwest of London there is situated within half an hour's moderate walk of a steadily growing fashionable watering place, one of those old-fashioned hamlets so frequently to be found in the beautiful county of Sussex. In the midst of these surroundings two young English women bought three acres of freehold land with the intention of establishing a permanent home, and cultivating the land so as to give them a sufficient income to render them free from monetary troubles in old age.

With the aid of a competent and artistic architect they planned and built a cottage containing on the ground floor one large room, one small one, a kitchen and pantry, upstairs three bedrooms, bath and lavatory. The building is of brick faced outside with white rough cast. All the woodwork, including beams, doors, stairway, is of English elm left unpainted. The whole is simply but comfortably and interestingly furnished. A flower garden, lawns and shrubberies are in close proximity to the cottage, over which roses in great profusion and creeping plants climb.

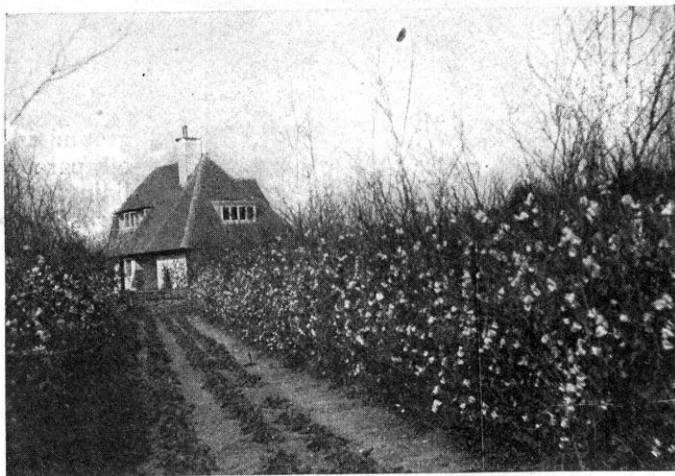
Life at "The Cottage" is a very busy one. The day's work in summer beginning between 4 and 5 A. M. and in winter about 7 A. M. About two acres and a half of the land belonging to the cottage is utilized in the cultivation of violets for the market. The work attending the successful development of this flower is exceedingly laborious though interesting and remunerative. It requires unremitting attention and personal supervision. The beds are prepared with the greatest care, being thoroughly weeded and manured as well as kept clean and sweet by perpetual hoeing and removing all dead leaves from the plants, which are placed some twelve inches apart and must be kept free of runners. Some of these beds are fifty by eight or nine feet, arranged so that sweet peas can be planted between them through the summer; while others, somewhat smaller, are arranged with walks between of the same width, which are used

each alternate year for the violet beds.

This method gives the ground rest and is therefore economical. During the heat of July and August each plant must be syringed every night and morning; this work alone amounts to many hours of labor in a nursery of any size. Artificial shading is often resorted to on account of its being better than trees, which are apt to make the ground too damp, in which case mildew frequently sets in and destroys the crop. Muslin run on wires fastened to posts at either end of the bed and placed at an angle to throw the greatest amount of shade possible is the most approved method of artificial shading. Cuttings in order to increase stock are constantly being taken. These are dealt with in various ways, being put into furrows, frames, pots or houses.

A violet house, 100 feet by 18 feet, is built like an American carnation house, the roots are planted in raised benches. After the violets are taken out at the end of April to be put into the open ground, the house is cropped with tomatoes and melons so that at no time of the year is it useless or idle.

The frames are placed on beds of manure and during the winter nights are covered with Archangel mats to guard against frost.



A PATHWAY HEDGED BY VIOLETS AND SWEET PEAS LEADING TO "THE COTTAGE."

These are easily removed during the sunny hours, for violets require plenty of light and air, and also a certain amount of sun. Both rats and mice will get into violet frames and eat the roots, therefore they must be promptly exterminated should they appear—snails, slugs and caterpillars are also the violet grower's enemies. These are

VIOLET GROWING FOR THE MARKET



A VIOLET HOUSE BELONGING TO "THE COTTAGE."

destroyed in a great measure by the birds, especially by robins and thrushes, but a grower does well to visit his frames after dark in a winter's evening and collect any slugs he may find, destroying them at once with salt, carried in a pail into which the pests can be thrown. The salt destroys them immediately. To the production of good violets purity of air is an essential.

Various kinds require varying soils. A good violet must have a clear color, good scent, be of a large size, have a long stalk and be a perfect bloom. In color the flower may be violet which is decidedly the most popular, claret, pale blue, rose, yellow or white. The busiest time for the grower is from the beginning of October to the end of April.

There is always a great demand for this flower and good blooms invariably fetch the grower's own price. They are sold in boxes from \$1 to \$10 and sent to all parts of the United Kingdom. Clumps are sold in autumn for winter and spring blooming and in spring the rooting cuttings are sold for flowering the ensuing year. Sometimes, too, there is a demand for leaves only; these are used medicinally in case of eczema and cancer.

Great care is taken with the gathering and packing to ensure the flowers reaching their destination absolutely fresh and in good condition. The flowers are picked into large baskets as near the time of shipping them as possible. They are at once taken to the packing house where they are sorted,

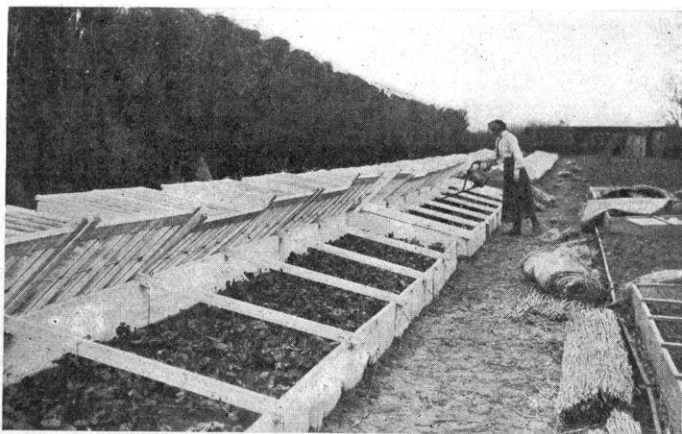
bunched and put into great bowls of water, care being taken that no water gets onto the petals. They are then packed as compactly as possible into lightly made wooden boxes, made especially for this purpose; these are addressed and stamped ready for posting.

Orders too large to go either as letter or parcel post are sent by passenger train and are delivered without delay. Those sent by the outgoing morning post arrive in

London the same day, while those sent into the provinces reach their destination the following day. Should a surplus of blooms be gathered, they are put into a cold, airtight chest where they will remain as if freshly gathered for an indefinite period.

The varieties which are grown in this prosperous Sussex nursery are the following:

Single blooms: Princess of Wales, Kaiser Wilhelm, La France, Luscolme, Admiral Avilon (claret), John Raddenbury (pale blue), Rose Perle (rose color), Semper Florens (Flowers in summer), Boston.



VIOLET FRAMES AND ARCHANGEL MATS MADE TO GUARD AGAINST FROST.

Double blooms: Mrs. D'Arcy, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. J. J. Astor, Marie Louise de Parme, Lady Hume Campbell, Bertha Barron, Conte de Brazza (white).

In establishing a violet farm it is wise to study the location in relation to profitable sales. The nearness of city and summer resort are important points, as a double market means double returns.

ALS IK KAN

HOW SHALL WE CELEBRATE THE FOURTH OF JULY?

MAYOR GAYNOR of New York has declared himself in favor of what he terms "an old-time Fourth of July," which he defines as a celebration by the people of a national holiday minus firecrackers and all the noisy and dangerous features that have come to be a part of the celebration of Independence Day in late years, and given over to parades of the militia, the police and the firemen, followed by meetings in the open air with "exercises," consisting chiefly of patriotic speeches by prominent orators, music by the band and a basket lunch afterward. In intention this is an excellent suggestion, for anything which could deliver our chief patriotic holiday from the accompaniment of noise, misrule and disaster which we accept as a part of it, is a step in the right direction. But is it practicable in this day and time? Conditions have changed very much since a celebration of the type suggested by Mayor Gaynor was an annual event eagerly looked forward to by children and grown people alike. It belonged essentially to the country town, where all the people were friends and neighbors and where patriotism was merely a larger name for local pride and local interests. In such a town the boys of the National Guard and the members of the fire companies were the younger men of the town, and when they turned out in procession everybody watched them with personal pride, each family feeling that it had contributed its share to a very good showing of youthful strength and capability. The "exercises" in a nearby grove were also interesting, because the "orator of the day" was in most cases one of the prominent men of the town, and he talked of things which interested everyone. The picnic that followed was full of wholesome fun that needed no artificial aid to make it attractive,—indeed, the whole day partook of the character of the times.

But is such a celebration possible now even in a large town? We may deplore the fact that we have grown away from the simplicity of life as it was when we were young, but that does not alter the fact that the typical life of the present is city life, and that local interests and simple amusements, such as belonged to the old-time Fourth, are now to be found only in the smaller country

towns and villages. Mayor Gaynor's suggestion is primarily for New York, although he would gladly see it applied to every city and town throughout the country. He proposes it as an alternative to the noisy and tiresome celebrations of recent years, but the question is, does it contain any element of interest or attraction to dwellers in a city like New York? With a population largely made up of aliens; with police and fire departments which are a part of the general civil service system and which probably hold not one member who joined for the sake of civic pride or desire to render a service to his home city, and with a National Guard recruited from anywhere and everywhere, such a parade as Mayor Gaynor suggests would have in it no element of personal pride or interest, and no special interest in itself that would make up for the lack of the personal element. As for the patriotic speeches, we have grown too used to the wiles of the politician and the professional stump-speaker to thrill under the spell of a Fourth of July oration by anyone of these. So far as the young people are concerned, it is safe to say that youthful appetites accustomed to such highly seasoned entertainments as are provided by Coney Island and similar resorts would find the mild diversions of an old-fashioned Fourth woefully unexciting. When they could use up their surplus energy by doing their part to swell the general fusillade of firecrackers and bombs, they managed to get through the day very well, especially as there was always the added interest of a possible mishap to lend zest to the game; but now that the joys of gunpowder have been ruthlessly cut off by the law, most of them feel that a day given over to parades, speeches and picnics would be pretty slow.

We regret most heartily that this is the case, but our regret does not alter the fact, and, with respect to Mayor Gaynor's suggestion that a safer and saner Fourth be provided, it would seem that this might better be done by taking a step forward instead of backward and endeavoring to devise some sort of celebration which should belong as essentially to the people as did the old-time Fourth, but which also would be interesting enough of itself to meet the demands of the present day of all classes of people. That it should be patriotic goes without saying, but would it not be better to put the people into a patriotic mood by arousing their interest in things that are and

have been vital to the progress and welfare of the country, rather than to stand up and tell them that they ought to be interested in something in which the greater part of them have had no share and of which they can have no real understanding.

What if we were to consider Independence Day of sufficient importance to be worthy of a great deal of thought and the most careful preparation of a festival that should at once be an entertainment attractive to everyone and an object lesson that could not fail to arouse interest in the history of the country? In Europe they are doing this in a wonderfully effective way through the historic pageant. We have occasionally tried pageants in this country, but they have not been markedly successful because they have for the most part degenerated into gigantic advertisements of commercial enterprises or into the furthering of political ambitions. The people have had no share in them and therefore, so far as the people were concerned, they have been meaningless. But suppose we take a lesson from England, for example, and consider the possibility of getting up a pageant in which thousands of people might take part and which would have the one object of reproducing as vividly and truthfully as possible the most interesting events in the past history of the country, or of the city, as the case might be.

Last summer there were two big pageants held in England, one at York and one at Bath. In both cases the festivals were organized entirely by the people of the town, acting under the direction of artists, sculptors, musicians, historians and a band of organizers who carried out the directions of the Master of the Pageant. Both towns are unusually rich in interesting historical events, and in both towns thousands of people are still living whose ancestors bore a part in the happenings that went to make up the history of the city and of England. After the events to be represented were decided upon, the people who wished to take part were enrolled, the main outlines of the events were sketched out, and the rest was in their hands. Acting under the general direction of the Master of the Pageant and his assistants, they delved through old records and hunted up old pictures which gave an idea of the times and scenes they wished to reproduce, made their own costumes, drilled themselves for the parts they were to take, and in a good many cases had a hand

in writing the parts. In Bath over five thousand people took part in the pageant, which was held in a large meadow that forms part of a park just outside the city. Very little scenery was needed, and what there was had to be of the simplest character, but artists who were thoroughly familiar with the subject took charge of that scenery. The spectators gathered in a large stand built at one side of the meadow, and the actors came trooping in by hundreds from all directions as they were needed. One saw a group of early Britons, wild-haired and skin-clad, at rough play in an open glade, so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of their part that even before they came into the meadow one could have sworn that modern England was all a dream and that time had turned back to the days of Boadicea. Again a troop of cavaliers and ladies of the court would come cantering down the avenue with hawk on wrist and hound in leash, or a body of Puritan soldiers would come up over the brow of a hill, riding in close order with the sun gleaming on helmet and breastplate.

The pageant itself was a well-planned series of events that formed the high lights of the history of Bath. Everything was done with a spirit and an interest that made it vital alike to actors and spectators. The actors included a goodly share of the people of Bath, and the spectators made up the remainder. Neither in the streets of the city nor in the park surrounding the meadow was there a hint of any form of advertisement, or any attempt to push personal interests or to reap a personal harvest. It was a play time pure and simple, and everybody played from the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, sitting high in the central box of the grand stand, down to the working men and women who made holiday as heartily as they worked. All class barriers were down, and the class consciousness that forms a part of all life in the older countries fell into place as a part of the natural order of things, exciting no antagonism and arousing no discontent. Not only was it a festival more picturesque and beautiful than any we have ever seen in this country, but every citizen of Bath was the better because it had been held. The long weeks and months of study and planning had familiarized them with the history of England where it touched Bath as nothing else could have done, and the vivid reproduction of the ancient glories of the sleepy old city wove into

the daily lives of the people a realization of the civic pride which had endured for generations.

Of course, conditions in this country differ immensely from that of an old and settled nation whose life has developed gradually in the natural course of things, and whose land is filled with the records as well as the memories of all that happened during that long development. But is there any reason why we cannot express the same spontaneous spirit of play? We are growing a little out of the hard commercialism which takes only work seriously and regards play as an unnecessary evil. Why, instead of rending the air with explosions of gunpowder or with the equally meaningless explosions of "patriotic oration," could we not take time and trouble to celebrate Independence Day in such a way that it would have some real meaning to the people? We take trouble enough about other things, why is not the birthday of the nation worthy of the expenditure of a little thought and imagination as well as money? Take New York, for example. What could be of more absorbing interest than a pageant really reproducing the history of Manhattan, from the old Indian times and the days of Nieuw Amsterdam, down through British occupation, the Revolutionary War and the main incidents of its growth to the present day? A large portion of its population is made up of aliens. Let these aliens have their share and show in their own way the spirit of the elements that are going into the making of the American nation. Let them contribute their own games and dances, done in national costume; perhaps some of the most stirring incidents of their own history that might have a bearing upon the emigration of the people to a foreign land. Let there be a dramatic representation on a colossal scale and in the open air, of the blending of the peoples, and a forecast of the future nation.

If such an enterprise were set on foot, and handled in the right way, we would have a Fourth of July that would really mean something. Our artists, sculptors and actors would throw their best efforts into the getting up of such a celebration, and, if we would have it beautiful and well adjusted, the artists and sculptors should have absolute authority regarding grouping and costuming, and the actors should see to the bringing out of the dramatic possibilities of each event. The music should be written by American composers,—and

more of these are coming into sight each year as the national spirit ripens more and more toward the possibility of artistic expression. But under the authority of these experts the people should be given the fullest opportunity, and taken as completely into partnership as were the people of Bath. The thing should not be done *for* them but *with* them, and above all no politics or commercialism should be allowed to enter into it. This is our one day set aside to celebrate the patriotism of a whole people; surely the advertisers and the politicians could be silenced for twenty-four hours.

It is often urged that we have no history; that pageants are possible in older countries because the records of each city and town are rich in events which have gone to make up the story of civilization. But may we not add to that story a chapter that is unlike any other? In the few brief years that lie behind us there is the story of the toils and struggles of brave pioneers; of battles with savage tribes who fought to the death because they saw their doom in the coming of the white men; of the development of natural resources, of wonderful inventions and the growth of industry; of the old-time mining camp,—in fact of everything that has gone into the swift shaping of the nation of today. Such a celebration would teach the aliens who come to us more of our national life and of what citizenship means than all the school lessons in the world, because their interest would be aroused by the part that they would take in the pageant, and they would see in the pictures of the past the promise of the future. Every city and town in the country has some story peculiar to itself that would properly belong in such a pageant. The preparation for it would necessarily involve research which would mean the acquisition of more knowledge of the forces that went into the building up of this country, than could be gained in any other way. The planning of the pageant under the direction of men and women distinguished for achievement in art and music would tend insensibly to create new standards of beauty; in fact, the possibilities of such a form of celebration are limited only by the imaginative capacity and patriotic pride of the people. Even if these were small at first they would grow better under such a stimulus than they would by the attempted revival

under modern conditions, which mean indifference if not actual antagonism, of what is known as the old-time Fourth.

NOTES

MODERN TAPESTRIES AT THE HERTER STUDIOS

PEOPLE who believe that the weaving of beautiful tapestry is a lost art, belonging only to Mediæval times, should go to the New York studios of Mr. Albert Herter, where tapestries are being made that equal the best of the old work. They are not imitations or reproductions in any sense, except perhaps in the method of weaving, which is the same. The designs are all original, and the coloring and choice of subject are as expressive of this day and time as were the tapestries of Arras and Bayeux of the life and ideals of their own generation.

The studio proper is a very large room, as high as the roof of the building and long and broad in proportion. A gallery runs part way around the walls, and from this gallery, as well as from every available foot of wall surface, are hung tapestries as beautifully woven as any of the seventeenth century, and yet entirely modern in feeling. In design and coloring they show to a marked degree the influence of the Japanese, most of them being carefully subdued to form a background to the furnishings of the room. Mr. Herter deals in subtle color harmonies of cool leaf brown and smoky gray, or of warm blues and greens shading into one another like the colors seen in tropic seas; in rare old ivory and faded coral tones, and in a peculiar warm, melting fawn color that is made up of the blending of many colored silk threads intermingled with gold. The designs are for the most part either conventional or grotesque, but all are kept under such restraint that they suggest rather than formulate the impression given to the beholder. The decorative idea predominates in every case, and if there is a suggestion of quaint humor in the angular outlines of conventionalized bird or beast, the realization of it comes only after the appreciation of the decorative effect of a spot of precisely the right color in the right place.

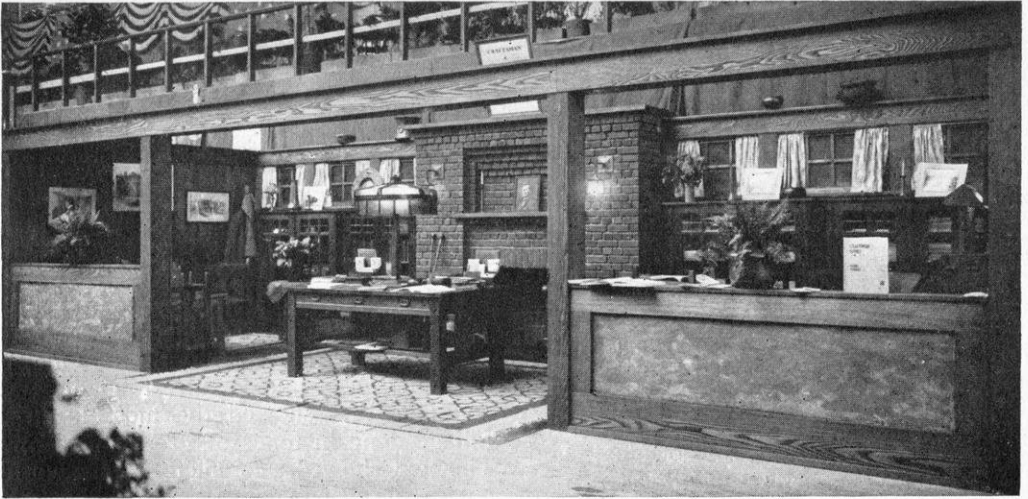
A few weeks ago Mr. Herter had an exhibition of his work in the studio, and that exhibition was well worth visiting. A large room was hung with tapestries in very subdued tones, the whole effect being strongly

reminiscent of the Japanese. One of his most skilled weavers sat in the middle of the room working quietly at the loom on which new tapestry was being made, so that the curious visitor might stop and learn all he could by observation of the process of weaving. Other and smaller rooms opening from this large central hall were hung in such a way as to show the possibilities of tapestry as a wall covering, door hangings and a covering for furniture. Each room was perfect in itself, and each differed entirely from the others. One, for example, was like a forest glade, with hangings that showed the most luxuriant foliage done in tones of green and brown. The next showed a complete scheme worked out in the varying tones of sea blue. Beyond that would be a room done with hangings and furnishings of ivory and pink, the quaint stiffness of the design showing an eighteenth-century feeling, and still another would show a somewhat rugged and intensely modern effect. Mr. Herter's idea is to study the people for whom the tapestries are intended and the rooms where they are to be hung, and then make the work express in color and design the individuality of the people who are to live with it. His art is not so much the revival of an old art as the building up of a new one by the adaptation to present needs of the old methods of workmanship.

THE CRAFTSMAN EXHIBIT AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

AT a recent exhibition of houses, home furnishings and domestic appliances held in Madison Square Garden, the Craftsman exhibit, which represented a model library fitted up in the Craftsman style, attracted so much favorable attention that we think it may be of interest to our readers to give a brief description of it.

To many people who visited the exhibition this booth was something of a revelation of the possibilities that lie in the Craftsman style of furnishing, because it was the first public demonstration that has been given in New York of the Craftsman idea as applied to the furnishing of a whole room. As the space at our disposal was long and narrow, it was necessary to make the model room into a recess or den, separated from the main hall by a low paneled partition with square posts at the corners and at either side of the entrance, such as is frequently seen in the division of a recess



from a larger room in an actual Craftsman house. The beam running along the top corresponded to the ceiling beam that almost invariably marks such a division. All the woodwork was of chestnut, finished in the Craftsman way, which brings out all the natural color of the wood and emphasizes the markings under the surface tone of soft brown.

A large fireplace of tapestry brick was placed directly opposite the wide opening, and on either side of this was the usual Craftsman arrangement of bookcases with casement windows set just above. These windows were of straw-colored hammered antique glass, and just back of them electric lights were arranged in such a way as to cast a glow into the room like that of late afternoon sunshine. The floor was covered with Craftsman rugs, and the furniture was the usual library furniture,—a big settle; comfortable, leather-covered easy chairs, a writing desk and a large table. Copper lanterns on brackets were hung to the chimney-piece, and Craftsman reading lamps were placed on the table and desk.

REVIEWS

THE THIEF OF VIRTUE: BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

EVERYBODY who appreciates fiction that is instinct with that vital quality which makes it literature, knows Eden Phillpotts' stories of Dartmoor. It has become almost a commonplace to compare them with Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," for they have the same fashion of taking the reader into the heart of the country and making him one

CRAFTSMAN EXHIBIT AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. with its people. But "Lorna Doone" belonged to another generation. To the writer of that day the story was everything, and individuals and circumstances were idealized and molded until the picture became a little larger than life. Nowadays the tendency is to make the story fall into its proper place as a vehicle for the revelation of character, and the circumstances afford merely the setting and the opportunity for a study of the varying motives that enter into the development of human life. This is the chief difference between a book like "Lorna Doone," which is a romance pure and simple, and "The Thief of Virtue," Mr. Phillpotts' latest novel, and so far his greatest. It is even more powerful than "The Secret Woman" in its presentation of strong, primitive human nature, and in the sense of inevitableness that attends every step in the development of the plot.

The people in the book are the farmers and shepherds of Dartmoor, and its central figure is *Philip Ouldsbroom*, "a jovial and Dionysian spirit," vital, primitive, ruthless at times in the security of his careless strength, but kind, generous and as trusting as a child. In middle life he makes up his mind to marry *Unity Crymes*, a strong handsome girl in whom abundant physical charm is strangely mingled with a cold, calculating, intensely politic nature. *Unity* is already betrothed to *Henry Birdwood*, a shepherd who is none too well off and who is of the thin ascetic type, deeply religious and inclined to mysticism. There is no question in *Unity's* mind as to the

wordly wisdom of marrying *Ouldsbroom*, and she does so although she loves *Birdwood* as much as such a nature can love. *Birdwood*, writhing under the humiliation, swears vengeance upon *Ouldsbroom*, whom he hates with the virulent hatred that the unsuccessful man feels toward the strong and triumphant. *Ouldsbroom*, with his usual careless generosity, accepts *Birdwood's* proffered friendship and employs him as head shepherd upon his own place. Years pass, and to *Ouldsbroom's* great grief they are childless years. He adores *Unity*, but his overmastering passion is the love of children. Finally a boy is born, and it transpires that *Birdwood* is really the father of the child. The secret is kept most carefully, *Birdwood* triumphing in secret and *Ouldsbroom* riotously happy in the possession of the boy, but inwardly grieved and puzzled that the child shows a hard, miserly, self-righteous spirit that is so opposite from his own open and jovial nature. *Birdwood* dies, and then the woman, and still the secret remains unrevealed. In fact, it never is revealed to *Ouldsbroom* or anyone else, but the boy, as he grows, becomes an embodiment of *Birdwood's* revenge, for in his cold correctness and subtle assumption of authority, he is a constant thorn in *Ouldsbroom's* side. The whole story rests upon the antagonism between these two, an antagonism that develops until finally the old man, broken, disheartened and driven by his troubles into drunkenness, flees in a fury to a hut on the mountain side, and leaves the boy in possession of the farm. (Published by John Lane & Company, New York. 452 pages. Price, \$1.50.)

IT NEVER CAN HAPPEN AGAIN: BY WILLIAM DE MORGAN

WILLIAM De Morgan looks at life as Dickens and Thackeray did,—that is, he sees all of it and savors every phase with a deep epicurean enjoyment that must be shared with the world. Therefore, it is inevitable that his latest novel, "It Never Can Happen Again," should be long and very discursive, but the discursiveness is so delightful that one reads it slowly and luxuriously in precisely the same spirit as one reads "The Newcomes" or "Vanity Fair." The plot is so involved that only a careful reading of the book can give any clear idea of it, but its multiplicity of detail makes it more than

ever a picture of life in which the little things that show character are as important to the writer as the big incidents that form the dramatic points of the story.

We follow with interest and amusement the career of *Sir Alfred Challis*, the successful novelist who is burdened with a commonplace wife. We are also interested in the wife, with her narrow, second-rate, supersensitive point of view, so consciously inferior that she is always bristling under the dread of being patronized, and so ignorantly puritanical that she leaves her husband because he is courteously received at one of the great country houses whither she has stubbornly refused to accompany him, and because one of the daughters of the house has shown some friendship for him. The friendship was harmless enough at first, but the action of the wife gave it a significance for both the other parties, and save for an accident which restored the runaway wife to her hearthstone by broadening her point of view a little, the consequences would have been serious for all concerned.

This is not the plot of the book; it is only one slender thread of the thick strand that is woven together. There is a pathetic little story of the blind match seller and his tiny daughter that is true and appealing enough to make a book by itself, and there are half a dozen other minor stories that come to the surface, develop and sink out of sight during the course of the book.

If you are accustomed to galloping through a novel in an hour or so, or are looking for the ultra-modern book, you will not find it worth while to read "It Never Can Happen Again." But if you have sufficient leisure of mind and body to sit down and companion with the story until it is finished, you will be rewarded with the same satisfying sense of enjoyment that you had when you first read "Nicholas Nickleby." (Published by Henry Holt & Company, New York. 687 pages. Price, \$1.75.)

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN HANDBOOK OF TRAVEL: COMPILED BY ALBERT A. HOPKINS

MOST people who have not crossed the ocean will own to a certain shrinking at the prospect of encountering unknown things in foreign lands, and when the first journey abroad is undertaken, the presence

of any acquaintance who "knows the ropes" is welcome beyond belief. It is for just such people that *The Scientific American* has issued an exhaustive and admirable handbook of travel, a book which explains in detail very nearly everything that can be encountered by the European traveler. In the first place, the information it gives will save the average person a good deal of money and more worry, besides answering almost every question that could be asked by a traveler on land or sea. It is not intended to take the place of descriptive guides, but rather to serve as a complement to other guides by giving the information that one usually asks of a more experienced friend or a policeman.

The pleasure of the sea voyage will be greatly increased by an occasional reference to this most useful book, for it gives an account of everything on shipboard, from the lookout and captain's bridge to the submarine bell-detector on the keel, besides stating the amount of the fees to the different attendants, the conveniences one may have on the ship, and the management of baggage at both ends of the voyage. It even goes so far as to give the words and music of the different national hymns and songs which are always sung at the close of the ship's concert. The landing at twenty different ports is fully described, giving fares, regulations and railway connections, with detailed plans. There is also a gazetteer of the railways of the world, with their mileage, peculiarities, classes and fares; a list of one thousand hotels, graded as to cost, and itineraries of the interesting tours throughout Europe. Full directions for motoring or cycling in the different countries are given, and a traveler's vocabulary in four languages, covering all emergencies. There is also a cable code giving code words to cover every possible happening. Condensed guides to London and Paris are included in the book, and the information contained in these will effect an immense saving of time and money, for they not only name all places of interest, but tell exactly how to get there and how much it ought to cost. In a neat little pocket at the back of the book is an itinerary map of Europe published by the Automobile Club of America, which will be of great value to motorists. (Published by Munn & Co., Inc., New York. Illustrated. 503 pages. Price in flexible cloth \$2.00 net. Full leather \$2.50.)

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA: BY HENRY VAN DYKE

BOOKS explaining the peculiarities of America and Americans are usually written by Europeans or compiled by some appreciative American from the opinions expressed by foreigners. But Dr. Henry van Dyke, having been allotted the task of lecturing at the University of Paris upon American conditions and characteristics, has incorporated these lectures into a very interesting book which he calls "The Spirit of America." He neither boasts nor apologizes, the book being rather, as he himself says: "The history of the soul of a people learning how to think for itself. As in government, in social order, in organized industry, so in education, America has followed, not the line of least resistance, nor the line of abstract doctrine, but the line of vital impulse." In the first chapter Dr. van Dyke gives an unusually just and penetrating estimation of the prevailing spirit that characterizes the American people, and throughout the remainder of the book the idea is developed, showing the spirit of self-reliance that sprang out of the early difficulties of the Colonists and shaped the growth of the Republic; the insistence upon fair play that under all extravagances and mistakes is characteristic of the people; the wonders accomplished by the American quality of will power, capacity for work, and the wealth which has been made possible by our almost inexhaustible natural resources; the growth of the spirit of common order and coöperation; the progress of education, and the strong national character of our literature.

The book is interesting from the fact that it is the work of an American looking at his own country from a cosmopolitan point of view and analyzing the peculiarities of his nation so that they may be made intelligible to a foreign people. It is just, impersonal and evidences a wide understanding of men and of causes underlying the growth of our strongest national characteristics. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 276 pages. Price \$1.50 net.)

CARE OF TREES: BY BERNHARD E. FERNOW

ONE of the most useful books that has appeared this year is "The Care of Trees," by Bernhard E. Fernow, a practical and comprehensive manual on the cultivation of shade trees and shrubs, such as are

used in lawns, streets and parks. The author is a forester by profession, and is at present dean of the faculty of forestry in the University of Toronto. For many years he lived in Washington, D. C., and during that time made a special study of the composition of its many parks,—a work that gave him a wide knowledge of the subject of ornamental tree growth. This knowledge he has embodied in a book that includes not only the result of the writer's personal experience, but a great deal of the information contained in the bulletins of our Agricultural Experiment Stations. These bulletins as a rule are not of much use to the layman, because each one is confined to some particular phase of the subject and is usually couched in technical language rather difficult to understand. Hence the need for a collective and comprehensive manual like this book, which gives to every owner of trees certain practical directions for planting, rearing and developing them to the highest point of strength and beauty.

The first chapter deals with the characteristics, structure and life of our shade trees and ornamental shrubs. The second treats of the disease and death of trees, and the various causes of decay. Then follows a careful diagnosis of the various diseases that attack trees, and the best methods of controlling and curing injurious conditions and the effect of mechanical injuries. Other chapters are on the general care of trees, pruning, the control of parasites and the care that should be exercised in the choice of plant material.

A complete list of trees and shrubs, with illustrations and full descriptions, closes the book. Also a list of authoritative treatises and reference books on the subject of tree culture is appended. (Published by Henry Holt & Company, New York. Illustrated. 392 pages. Price \$2.00 net.)

ACCORDING TO MARIA: BY MRS. JOHN LANE

WE have had many studies, satirical and otherwise, of the social climber, but Mrs. John Lane has struck a new note in her account of the motives that guided the upward course of *Mrs. Samuel Smith*, otherwise *Maria*, from a grocer's shop at Brixton to a villa at Bayswater, and the happenings that checked her social career.

Maria is so definitely a type that we have all met her. The story is told ostensibly by a maiden lady of indefinite age and position

who was an old school friend of *Maria*, and who has kept up the acquaintance. The narrator conceals a keen sense of humor under the simplicity of a literal account of *Maria's* sayings and doings, and the plain statement of her point of view. Without comment, except an occasional "So like *Maria*," she shows that ambitious person in all the phases which make her a type—from the snubbing of old friends who are no longer socially desirable, to the meek acceptance of a snub from some titled person in the charmed circle about which she revolves in her unceasing search for an opening. Fortunately for her, *Maria* had a sensible husband, also an exceedingly pretty and wholesome daughter, who married to suit herself and not at all to suit her mother, but whose marriage opened at last the doors of the society which *Maria* longed to enter. It was not very exalted, but it was many grades above the grocery at Brixton, and our last glimpse of *Maria* shows her in a state of triumphant happiness at being the mother-in-law of a future baronet. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. Illustrated. 319 pages. Price \$1.50.)

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE WILD FLOWERS: BY W. J. BEECROFT

ONE of the pleasantest occupations for a holiday or summer vacation is idling about the woods and meadows and getting better acquainted with all the charming wild things that grow in our Eastern country. Yet the chances are that not one person in a hundred knows one wild flower from another, so the pleasure of the walk would be considerably enhanced if the holiday maker should drop into his pocket a small book entitled "Who's Who among the Wild Flowers." The book is exactly what its title implies, a directory of the wild flowers. An illustration is given of each flower and, on the page opposite, its name, its family, and a brief description that, with the picture, will serve to identify it beyond doubt. On the lower part of the page a space is left for notes. There is no other text, because the book does not purport to rhapsodize over the wild flowers or to give a dissertation on botany, but merely to introduce them properly to anyone who may be discerning enough to be interested in them. It is a most practical and succinct little volume, and anyone who cares at all about the wild flowers could hardly afford to be without it. (Published by Moffat,

Yard & Co., New York. Illustrated. 361 pages. Price, \$1.20 net.)

YOUNG CITIZENS' READER: BY PAUL S. REINSCH

A book that ought to be read by every boy and girl, and also by a goodly number of grown people who are fairly hazy on the subject of the government of their own country, is "The Young Citizens' Reader," by Prof. Paul S. Reinsch, Professor of Political Science in the University of Wisconsin. The book aims to show how things are done in political life rather than to give the bare legal framework of the State, although the underlying leading principles of constitutional organization receive sufficient attention to make them intelligible. The author's chief purpose is to train boys and girls to notice and to understand what is going on about them in their town, State and nation, so that when their time comes to share in the government of the country they will be equipped with some understanding of what they are doing. Only the most essential forms of the national, State and civic forms of government are pointed out, the idea being to stimulate the young student to find out for himself what the conditions are in his immediate neighborhood and what principles are involved in the broader questions that come up for discussion. (Published by Benj. H. Sanborn & Company, Boston, New York and Chicago. Illustrated. 258 pages. Price, 60c.)

THE SURVIVAL OF MAN: BY SIR OLIVER LODGE

PEOPLE who are interested in spiritualism will find much to occupy their attention in this book, which, according to the subtitle, is a study in unrecognized human faculty. In its pages Sir Oliver Lodge gives an account of many of his investigations into matters connected with psychical research during the past twenty-five years, with an abridgment of contemporary records. The object of these accounts is to prove that man survives bodily death, and so to lay the foundation which the author considers necessary for the scientific establishment of this belief. The chapters treat with experimental telepathy, automatic writings, trance speech, experiments with famous mediums and their control, and other supernormal investigations that follow the lines laid down by the Society for Psychical Research. (Published by Moffat, Yard & Company, New York. 351 pages. Price \$2.00 net.)

THE WORLD: BY ASCOTT R. HOPE

A great deal of general information about foreign countries may be found in the latest book of the "Peeps at Many Lands" Series. This is entitled "The World," and its aim is to give a brief yet pleasantly written survey of all the countries in the world. Other volumes in the series take up the separate countries which are given extensive description, but this one deals merely with general characteristics. The book is abundantly illustrated with color plates reproduced from paintings. (Published by Adam & Charles Black, London. Imported by The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated in color. 184 pages. Price, \$1.50.)

SHAKESPEARE LEXICON AND CONCORDANCE

A pocket lexicon and concordance to the Temple Shakespeare has been issued in binding uniform with the remainder of the series. Although contained within small compass, the lexicon is exhaustive and most carefully compiled, and should be of the greatest use to the student of Shakespeare. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 274 pages. Price, cloth, 45c.; flexible roan, 65c.)

LOST FACE: BY JACK LONDON

WE have grown so used to the outlandish and horrible in Jack London's stories of the far North, that we know exactly what to expect from the collection of short stories of Alaskan life which bears the title of "Lost Face" from the first story in the book. The tales are strong of course, interesting and full of red blood. The trouble is that the blood is too evident and spurts too readily to be quite agreeable. Unmentionable tortures are either mentioned in detail or are so vividly implied that the reader's imagination does a little more than the rest. From the first story, where a fur thief cheats a group of Alaskan Indians into beheading him so that he may escape the torture being meted out to a comrade,—which is all too realistically described in the course of the narrative,—down to the last, where an old Indian sends a bullet through the strong, swift ankles of a girl whom he had bought and who had run away from him to her lover, the book is one long horror. It is human nature perhaps, but human nature a little too near the raw to be attractive. (Published by The Macmillan Company. 240 pages. Price, \$1.50.)

