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*From a Drawing by R. F. Schabelitz.*

"SWIFTLY THE CANOE PASSED THE NEAR-BY ISLANDS, SWIFTLY IT SPED ACROSS THE YAWNING MOUTH OF THE BAY."

# THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XIII — FEBRUARY, 1908 — NUMBER 5

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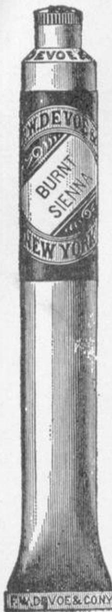


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# THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XIII FEBRUARY, 1908 NUMBER 5


## THE VISIT: AN OJIBWAY ROMANCE: BY FREDERICK R. BURTON

AUTUMN had been busy in the forest. Its somber aisles were now ablaze; birches and chestnuts in warm, flaming yellow, maples in red and crimson; and all around and behind them the grave pines and hemlocks, the tamaracks and balsam, saying to their fantastic neighbors, "We know the winter is coming, and we shall not put off our cloaks of green; flaunt your gay raiment, if you will; the winter is coming when you will shiver in your nakedness." The birches and maples said: "When the winter comes, we sleep. What know we of nakedness then?" And the pines breathed deep sighs of reproof for their folly. "Your dresses will fade," they said. "Not till we have cast them off," cried the maples. The retreating sun looked back with a cheering smile. "Aye, the winter is coming," said he; "but I shall return and bring you fresh coats from the southland." And Autumn nodded across the hills to Winter and said she was nearly ready for him.

OLD Megissun viewed the phenomena of the season with a critical rather than an appreciative eye. "It will be a hard winter," said he. "The snow will be deep, and it will lie long. We must be ready for it." Most provident of Indians, he yet looked with discontent upon his store of provisions and skins, both accumulating rapidly as the result of hunting and fishing by himself and his sons, and the unremitting toil of Sibequay, his wife. Even now there was abundance to assure them against need in a most prolonged winter. Want had never yet knocked at Megissun's wigwam, and never should as long as he could drag his stiff limbs to the runways of the deer, or to the wild-life haunts where he built his traps. But something was lacking, and his soul was ill at ease.

Sibequay watched his restless movements and listened to his grumbling for the most part in silence. She knew what was stirring in the old man's mind. It was ever thus when the leaves began to

turn. Not one autumn season had passed since she became his squaw that he had not reverted to an episode of long before her acquaintance with him; for Megissun was many years her senior.

"When I was a young man," he muttered, rather to himself than to her, "I hunted the buffalo on the great plains a hundred days' journey to the westward."

"Yes," said she, "and Shingebis was with you."

"Shingebis owes me four buffalo skins!" he cried, querulously. "That was fifty summers ago. It is time he paid his debt."

"*Gayget*," (yes, indeed) she responded, tranquilly, "it is."

"Fifty summers!" growled Megissun. "It is a long time to owe four buffalo skins. Shingebis is getting to be an old man now; if he does not take care he will die before he pays. I must go and see him."

Often enough had he said so. Sibequay could count not less than twenty-five autumns that her husband had announced his firm intention of dunning the delinquent debtor. She had no belief that he would modify his usual procedure at this time, but after a few days of silent brooding on the subject, Megissun remarked, abruptly, "We will pay a visit to my cousin, Sohangetaha."

Now Sohangetaha lived about seven days' journey to the northward in the village of *Odena-beshowad-sagaigan* (the village beside an inland lake) and there also dwelt Shingebis.

"Let's start tomorrow!" exclaimed Maskenozha, the youngest son, eager to see the world.

Sibequay gave him a reproving look. The boy had spoken before his elders, and he was old enough to know better. It was a bad sign, and Sibequay was apprehensive, for it was not the only way in which he manifested disregard of her authority and of the customs of his people.

"Sohangetaha visited us three winters ago," said Megissun. "It is quite time that we should go to him. It is not well to stay ever in one place. And Sohangetaha is growing old. Some day he will die and then we could not visit him."

"Shingebis is also growing old," remarked Sibequay, inconsequentially.

Megissun gazed gravely into the fire, but if he had looked at his squaw he might have seen the ghost of a twinkle in her fun-loving eyes. Well she understood that this proposal to visit Sohangetaha, and the labored argument in support of it, were inventions to excuse putting himself in the way of Shingebis, rather than the expression

of a keen desire to see his cousin. Some minutes passed, and then said Megissun:

"When I was a young man I hunted the buffalo with Shingebis on the great plains a hundred days' journey to the westward. We danced and sang the song for three days and nights, and at last our prayers brought us a mighty herd. With my long bow I drove the arrows through beast after beast until I had slain as many as I needed for skins and horns and meat. But Shingebis was unlucky. One of his early shots missed the right spot; the buffalo, instead of being wounded to the death, was maddened, and in the fight that followed Shingebis fell under the beast and his right arm was so crushed that he could shoot no more for many days thereafter. I killed the buffalo for him before his life was stamped out.

"Listen, now, and I will tell you what happened. Shingebis wanted enough skins to make a large tepee after the style of the Sioux in whose country we were, for the Sioux and the Ojibways were then at peace. So I, Megissun, I shot both for myself and the wounded Shingebis, and in the end we made a bargain. It was not a hard bargain for Shingebis, because I believed that he would have done as much for me, but I let him have seven skins and I took all the horns of the seven, and we divided the meat equally. For this he promised to pay me four buffalo skins. I was in no hurry, but that was his promise, and it was a bargain. Shingebis owes me four buffalo skins. That was fifty summers ago, and it is time he paid.

"Fifty summers is a long time to owe four buffalo skins," the old man continued. "I ask you, you who are now young men as Shingebis was, has he forgotten his bargain?"

"*Kahween*," (no, indeed) answered Ibenese, the second son, "I do not believe that he has forgotten it."

Far into the night they discussed the matter, and the end of it all was a decision to start on an early day for a visit to cousin Sohangetaha at the village by an inland lake where dwelt also Shingebis, the delinquent debtor.

PREPARATIONS were begun on the following morning. The young men thoroughly overhauled Megissun's large canoe, pitching the seams with great care, re-sewing worn places along the gunwales, and freshening the turtle (the Megissun *totem*) painted on the gracefully curving ends. Sibequay and the young squaws, aided by Maskenozha, busied themselves with the provisions for the journey, not only food, but birch bark rolls for kindling fires, a good

supply of punk for the igniting sparks, and the pack of skins for covering at night. And there were garments to redecorate, and gifts to make ready for the unsuspecting cousin and his family.

It was some days before everything was in readiness, but at last the time of departure was at hand, and on the dawn of that day Sibequay went to a rock by the lake shore in which the rains of centuries had drilled a hollow place like a bowl. Therein she placed tobacco and burned it as an offering to appease the *manitos* of thunder and lightning that they might not bestir themselves during the voyage across the lake to the river.

After breakfast, the canoe was launched and the freight put in it. Then Megissun beat his drum, and such of the villagers as were not already at the shore assembled to witness the setting forth. The voyagers stood in a circle about the old man. There were Tekumegezhik and Anakwadequay, his squaw; Tebikoosa and his bride, Mahngequay; Sibequay, the mother, and Ibenese and Maskenozha, the unmarried sons. Megissun drummed until all his neighbors were in view, meantime singing over and over the meaningless syllables, "*heyah, heyah,*" which were the prelude to his traveler's song, and at length he broke into the words which had been a subject of much study with him since the evening when it was decided to make the journey. "I am going," he sang, "I am going, going away in my canoe. In my canoe I am going away. I am going across the lake and up the river. I shall come back when my canoe returns and tell you all about it. I am going away in my canoe."

Presently the members of his family caught the run of the words, fitted to a tune known for untold centuries to all Ojibways, and their voices joined his in an unsteady unison. As the chorus swelled, Megissun began to move. Slowly his aged feet shuffled along the margin of the lake, his body bending, and slowly the others, bending, shuffled after him. The young men had their paddles which, as they bent, they moved as if they were propelling a canoe, and the women, though empty-handed, also moved their arms as if paddling. Three times around a circle they went, barely lifting their feet from the ground, ever giving the motions of paddling, ever singing, "I am going away in my canoe." And at length Megissun beat a series of rapid strokes on the drum, and song and dance ended in a discordant yell.

Then the travelers stowed themselves into the canoe, old man and women in the middle, young men in the ends, and the journey was begun, while the villagers on shore waved their hands and shouted

farewells. Swiftly the canoe passed the nearby islands, swiftly it sped across the yawning mouth of a bay and around the headland that marked its farthest limit.

As evening approached they skirted a broad marsh where reeds grew man high from the water, and when the distant trees were stretching their shadows across it they turned into a placid river that wound sluggishly to the lake through some miles of flat land after its strenuous rushing from the hills that lay beyond. They camped that night where the forest came to the marsh's edge.

On the afternoon of the seventh day they made their last portage and embarked upon a lake whose opposite shore was plainly visible. Smoke rose lazily from a plain between two hills, and presently the tops of wigwams were distinguishable in the shadow of the trees. Then Megissun again had to resort to his drum, and after a long introduction of melodious "*heyahs*" he sang:

"Who sits at the water's edge may hear me singing—*heyah hey!*"

And his family, catching his words, sang with him. As the chorus and the drum beats floated across the silent water, from every wigwam came the curious people, drifting to the shore, shading their eyes with their hands, and wondering who the visitors might be. Sohangetaha knew, but for some minutes he allowed his neighbors to speculate vainly as to the identity of the coming guests. At last he said:

"It is the visiting song of Megissun. He comes from Mitigwaki with his family to dwell in my lodge. Megissun shall be welcome."

His neighbors manifested interest in the event each in his own way. Those who were given to joking laughed boisterously, not at any fun in the present situation, but in anticipation of the fun that was sure to come. Grave old men smiled reminiscently. Three or four squaws waved their hands and uttered shrill cries. Children scampered excitedly about and threw stones in the water, or lashed it with their sticks. And when the canoe at last reached shore, there was handshaking and a babel of voices in greeting that lasted for quite an hour, by which time the sun was down and Sohangetaha's aged squaw had supper ready.

IN THE evening the whole village gathered about the fire before Sohangetaha's wigwam, and stories and songs and dancing filled the hours until the dawn of another day. Shingebis was there, and Waboos, his son, and they fraternized with the family of Megissun as if there were no outstanding debt of fifty years to raise a barrier

between them. In the flood of reminiscences poured forth from old men's lips there was no mention of the ancient buffalo hunt. There was one at least in the family of Megissun who speedily forgot the underlying purpose of the visit. Tales of the chase and of war, songs of heroes, the pranks of jesters, all passed unheard and unnoticed by Maskenozha. His attention was concentrated early with all the ardor of eighteen summers on a shy young creature who came with Shingebis to the feast of welcome. She sat silent, hour after hour, as much alone, apparently, as if the trees were her only companions. In the firelight her cheeks showed no trace of Indian color, but her eyes were lustrous black. Her nose was straight and thin, but her cheek bones were high and her lips full. Her hair was abundant and dark, but it was not the glossy black of the Ojibway, and it was not coarse.

No need to tell Maskenozha that she was a half-breed. He quickly learned her name and history: Eliza Robinson, orphan, found by a son of Shingebis in Sault Ste. Marie. He had known her mother in his boyhood, and when he came upon Eliza, homeless and well nigh friendless, he adopted her and took her to his father's wigwam. A conventional story among the Ojibways; they are forever adopting waifs in whom there is a trace of their own blood.

Before the festivities of the long night were over, Maskenozha had seated himself beside the pale girl and was trying to talk with her. She spoke Ojibway imperfectly, but her knowledge of it was much greater than his of English, and for that matter mere words were of as little consequence to them as they have been to myriads of others whom youth and Nature have drawn together. To her undoubtedly there was joy in the very presence of a stranger who felt an interest in her, for Eliza, in her new home, was as lonely as she had been in the old.

Sibequay, wise old woman, looked across the fire and frowned when she saw them. From that moment she lost interest in the old men's tales and the young men's songs. She watched for a time and then called her son to her. Maskenozha reluctantly arose, went around the circle and stood inquiringly by his mother. "Sit down," she said. "I was sitting down," he responded. "Sit down here!" With a growl of discontent he threw himself upon the turf beside her, his back to the fire, and gazed moodily into the darkness; but presently the magnet across the circle was too strong for his wounded pride, and he turned so that he could keep his eyes upon the young half-breed.

Sibequay saw this and was filled with resentment against Shingebis. Why had he not paid his debt before her youngest child was born? After the villagers had dispersed she spoke complainingly to her husband.

"Is Shingebis going to pay?" she asked.

"I have not spoken to him about it," he replied. "He has owed the debt for fifty summers. He should speak first."

"He won't! He thinks you have forgotten it."

"Hey! does a man forget when another owes him four buffalo skins?"

"No, but if he meant to pay he would speak of it. He will keep silent another fifty summers if you do not speak."

Megissun was so startled at this suggestion that he could not find words for some minutes.

"I will not be kept waiting another fifty summers," he grumbled.

"Then speak to him," she urged. "If I were a man I would not let Shingebis owe me four buffalo skins for half fifty summers."

"There is no need to hurry after waiting so long," he muttered.

"Shall we then go home after the snow falls?"

After two days had passed, during which Shingebis chatted of everything except the long-past buffalo hunt, Megissun yielded to his wife's insistence and went forth with his sons to call on the debtor. Sibequay would have kept Maskenozha with her at Sōhangetaha's wigwam, but the youngster stoutly maintained that, as he was man grown, it was his duty to be with his father during this negotiation, an attitude in which Megissun, all unwitting of his squaw's apprehension, upheld him.

"Of course Maskenozha will go with us," he said. "The boy should learn how to conduct a business matter."

"Leave him with me," snapped Sibequay, "and I'll teach him not to let a man owe him four buffalo skins for fifty summers."

"Come," said Megissun, disdaining retort, and Maskenozha fairly leaped to obey.

IT WAS mid-forenoon when they set forth, Megissun, his three sons and his son-in-law. They found Waboos smoking upon a stone at the wigwam door, and Shingebis smoking upon a couch within. Maskenozha's eager eyes discovered Eliza trying untaught to make a bead strip with a crude loom under a tree behind the wigwam.

"*Bozho,*" said Waboos, complacently, and Shingebis came forth with an iteration of "*bozho*" that might have served if three villages

had come to call upon him. He was cheery and unconcerned, and offered his pipe to Megissun with evident cordiality. Megissun took a few whiffs and passed the pipe to Tekumegezhik, who puffed and passed it to Ibenese, and so it went from one to another until Shingebis had it again. After this ceremony, a token that they met in good will, a long silence ensued.

At length Megissun cleared his throat and began:

"When I was a young man I hunted the buffalo on the great plains a hundred days' journey to the westward."

Shingebis nodded gravely. "I remember," said he.

Thus encouraged, Megissun repeated his tale.

"It was a bargain," he concluded.

"Yes," said Shingebis, "it was a bargain."

There was another long silence.

"That was a long time ago," said Shingebis.

"A long time to owe four buffalo skins," said Megissun.

By this time Maskenozha, who had seated himself modestly a little apart from his elders, had hitched himself so far from the conferees that he could rise without attracting their attention. Indeed, he had managed to place the wigwam between himself and them, and he gave himself to the task of teaching Eliza how to use the bead loom.

"I have traveled much since that hunt," said Shingebis. "The skin of the buffalo does not last forever."

"It was a fair bargain," said Megissun.

"I have had some bad seasons," added Shingebis. "One does not kill every time he goes upon the hunt."

"One does not make a bargain to break it," said Megissun. "You will pay."

"I have no buffalo skins now," Shingebis responded. "I am an old man, and the plains where the buffalo run are far away."

"We think you should pay," said Megissun, and he looked at his sons. Each of them assented in turn to this view, and Tekumegezhik asked Waboos for his opinion. Waboos shifted his position uncomfortably.

"It seems there was a bargain," he said, "but it was a long time ago, and now there are no buffalo skins."

"You have many moose and caribou skins," suggested Tebikoosa, and that was the text for a discussion that endured until evening. Waboos's squaw came home from an errand into the bush, and, with Eliza's help, prepared food for the men. They ate,

*From a Drawing by R. F. Schabelitz.*

"IN THE EVENING THE WHOLE VILLAGE GATHERED ABOUT THE FIRE BEFORE SOHANGETAHA'S WIGWAM, AND STORIES, SONGS AND DANCING FILLED THE HOURS."

and smoked, and talked, weighing the pros and cons of every suggestion until, with entire amicability, a compromise was effected by which Shingebis settled his debt with three moose skins, one caribou, and five of the red deer. And when it was all decided, and the pipe was passed again, Maskenozha was called from his bead weaving behind the wigwam to help carry the payment to Sohangetaha's.

It had been a profitable afternoon for the youngster. He may not have learned over much in his aged father's way of doing business, but he had made good progress in his own, and Eliza looked longingly after him as he strode down the village with a pile of skins upon his shoulder.

Sibequay's delight at the successful issue of the negotiation was undisguised.

"It was a good bargain," she said repeatedly, and she so flattered her husband that a pleased smile seemed likely never to leave his wrinkled features.

"I have my due," he declared, contentedly. "They are not buffalo skins, but they will do very well, and it was all agreed between us as it should be. So there is no fault to find on either side."

"And tomorrow we can start for home," said Sibequay.

The old man's jaw dropped and his satisfied smile vanished.

"Not so soon!" he exclaimed. "One does not travel seven days and rest only three. Our visit has hardly begun."

"See how we crowd Sohangetaha's wigwam," she argued. "You have gained what you came for, so now it is time to go back."

"But one does not wait fifty summers for four buffalo skins and then hurry away as soon as the debt is paid."

He did not deign to rebut her plea for Sohangetaha's comfort, for he knew that it was insincere. Hospitality was hospitality in one place the same as in another. When Sohangetaha was a guest for a month in Mitigwaki, Sibequay never murmured because the wigwam was overcrowded. Such an excuse for a hasty departure was not to be discussed, for it would be extremely offensive to Sohangetaha, and Sibequay knew it. And as for returning because a bargain had been successfully consummated, that was so utterly foreign to Indian custom as to be preposterous. It was unworthy of argument, and therefore they argued about it for hours.

Megissun, whose mind was tuned to compromise, suggested that the women might go home, if they liked; the sooner the better if his life was to be made miserable by their staying; he and the boys would remain until the visit could be terminated with due regard to the

proprieties. That proposition, naturally, was not at all to Sibequay's liking. The one thing that urged her to do violence to the hospitable customs of her people was her desire to have the boys—one of them—safe at home, and, thinking of that, where was he? She asked her husband, but Megissun had not seen him since supper time.

Sibequay straightway gave over the argument and set out for the wigwam of Shingebis. In the village she met Maskenozha.

"Where have you been?" she demanded.

"Up there," he answered vaguely with a jerk of his head.

"You've been to see that pale-faced girl who lives with Shingebis."

"Yes, I have been to see her," said Maskenozha. "I shall make her my squaw."

The mother's heart sank pitifully. She saw the last of her sons in danger, and she had a momentary fear that his wilfulness would subvert her authority.

"Foolish, foolish boy!" she groaned, and almost sobbed.

"I don't see why," he muttered, stubbornly. "She's the best-looking maiden I ever saw, and it's no fault of hers and no harm to her that she's part white."

"Part white!" scoffed Sibequay; "I should say there was no Ojibway in her——" but the old woman knew better. "She is not fit to be an Ojibway's squaw," she concluded.

"She's more fit than anybody I know," said Maskenozha.

"Many you've seen!" cried the mother; "you're only a boy."

"I've seen enough, and I'm as tall as my brothers."

She tried another course. "Listen, Maskenozha: you have yet to pass your nineteenth summer; Ibenese, your brother, is two summers older than you, and he has not yet brought a maiden to my wigwam——"

"Ibenese is slow," he interrupted, sulkily, but she went on, unheeding.

"It will be time enough when three more summers have gone. By that time the daughter of our chief will be old enough to marry——"

Maskenozha laughed outright as he saw his mother's purpose. Nothing could be more unprepossessing to one of his age than the lank, undeveloped child of the chief at home. He would sooner think of marrying an elderly widow.

"Well, then," said Sibequay, sharply, "understand this: no half-breed woman will ever sleep in my wigwam."

It was then the turn of Maskenozha's heart to sink. All well enough to let his inclinations run their course, and in the transport

of young love to set at naught the traditions of his people; but he knew well by hearsay the difficulties that beset such as himself. His mother could turn his bride away, and that she would do it in her present mood he was sure. The boy had sudden recourse to pleading. He begged for appreciation for Eliza as a child begs for a toy; and the mother, wise old woman, smiled grimly in the darkness, for she saw that her ultimate power over her son was yet unbroken.

"See no more of the girl," she advised. "It will be the better for you. Once back in Mitigwaki you will forget."

Maskenozha protested that he could not forget, but he gave no sign of intended disobedience, and Sibequay, therefore, permitted the visit to run a fairly normal course.

In spite of her watchfulness and direct commands, the boy saw much of Eliza during the days that followed, and on the evening preceding departure he made another effort to shake his mother's opposition.

"See," he urged, "the canoe can easily hold one more. Let me take Eliza with us. I shall never marry the chief's daughter, you may be sure. If I can't have Eliza I'll have nobody. I'll go away—to Manitoulin, or the Soo. Come! It's a long journey between here and home. Let's take Eliza now."

And Sibequay's answer was the same. "No half-breed woman will ever sleep in my wigwam."

The morning came, and the villagers gathered at the shore to see the visitors depart. Maskenozha did his share in the carrying of freight to the canoe, but his step was slow, his face set in sullen, helpless rebellion. In movement and feeling he was as unlike as possible to the youth who helped load at Mitigwaki, eager then to see the world, poisoned now with its bitterness. Again and again he felt the impulse to cut loose, to dash into the forest and stay there until the others, weary of hunting or waiting for him, should have departed.

It was not conscious respect for tradition that withheld him from this course. The inherited tendencies of untold generations were upon him. They know little of the "free" life of the "wild" Indian who imagine that independence was any part of it. Strong as was his determination to wed none other than the half-breed, Eliza Robinson, the full blood Maskenozha knew no way to break the stronger than tyrant's chains that bound him to his family.

But when the aged Megissun was singing his parting song, the boy slipped, unperceived for a moment, out of the circle, and sped to the rear of the assembled villagers where stood Eliza.

"*Nenemoshayn*" (my sweetheart), he whispered, "I shall come back for you! Never fear, I shall come back."

Then the white that was in the girl took possession of her. Stormed and overwhelmed by the impulses of her lonely heart, she threw her arms around his neck, kissed him on the lips, and hid her face, sobbing hysterically, upon his shoulder.

Maskenozha was strangely, terribly disturbed. But for the attention attracted by the girl's sobs he might then and there have declared his independence as a man and bade defiance to all the traditions of the Ojibways.

"Don't, Eliza," he stammered, trying to release her arm, as he saw heads turning and laughing eyes observing them. "You must let me go. See! They are looking at us."

Indeed they were. With all of primitive man's disregard of fine feeling, they were giggling or laughing outright. Megissun's song was forgotten. Here was sport better than an old man's incantation —a boy and a maiden in tears at parting. Ha! Was ever anything so ludicrous?

Sibequay left the dancing circle, her heart boiling with mortification, and made for the pair.

"Maskenozha! Boy!" she cried.

"Farewell," blurted Maskenozha, breaking away, "I shall come back."

He darted through the tormenting crowd and leaped into the canoe, where he sat with his head upon his knees. Megissun, bewildered, for in his absorption in the ceremony he failed to understand what had disturbed it, finished his song with an abrupt thwack on the drum, and went aboard also. The women folk followed, and the young men took up the paddles.

"Farewell, Megissun!" cried the villagers, promptly forgetting or overlooking what had distracted their attention, "farewell, Sibequay!"

And so the canoe glided away upon its homeward journey. Megissun and the squaws waved their hands and gave answering cries of farewell, but Maskenozha still sat huddled forward and never raised his head. The men and women on shore waved their hands or shouted, or watched in silence, each according to his own disposition, and the children splashed the water with sticks; but Eliza, the half-breed, had fled to the wigwam of Shingebis and lay there sobbing, with none to comfort her.

(*To be continued.*)

# WYATT EATON'S FRIENDSHIPS WITH GREAT MEN: NOTES CULLED FROM HIS DIARY: BY CHARLOTTE EATON

IN THE year of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, the late Wyatt Eaton went to Concord to paint the portrait of Emerson for *The Century Magazine.* The meeting between the poet and painter was brought about by Mr. F. B. Sanborn, of Concord, who is now the last leaf upon the tree of that brilliant group of men who were Emerson's personal friends. In speaking of this meeting, Mr. Eaton says in his notes: "Mr. Sanborn entered heartily into the prospect of my painting Emerson's portrait, yet with some misgivings as to the opportunity of accomplishing it, telling me that Emerson had not taken on the usual picturesqueness of old age, that he had been failing rapidly of late and was much broken in appearance. This did not discourage me, however, for to me at least Emerson was bound always to be a figure of real interest, a man with personality great enough to override the ravages of years.

"Mr. Sanborn took me over to Emerson's house in the evening. We waited for him in a large sitting room. It was not quite dark and the lamps were not lighted. As he entered we came forward to greet him—it was indeed the real, the living Emerson. Where another man would hardly have been recognizable in the dim light, the quality of his personality was but accentuated—his tall, slightly drooping figure, his long neck and sloping shoulders, his strong features and well-formed head coming out with prominence in the quiet light. But it was not wholly his appearance that impressed me; it was rather his large and simple manner. I felt most truly in the presence of a great man.

"But little time was spent in formalities. Turning to Mr. Sanborn, Emerson reminded him of a promise that he, Emerson, had made to read something from his notes written during a visit to Washington in the early part of Lincoln's presidency; if we would like it he would be glad to read them to us now. This was evidently a long anticipated pleasure. Lights were brought in and Emerson readily found his note books in the study adjoining, and seating himself by a large lamp had soon drawn us with him back again into Lincoln's administration, those most perplexing times in Washington.

"Thus I saw Emerson at his best and in a rare mood, for while reading of those scenes of long past conflict, he seemed again to be

living them over, full of life and interest, surrounded by his oldest and dearest friends, men whom he admired and revered, of the same great aims as himself. I found in the course of the reading that during his visit at Washington Emerson was the guest of Charles Sumner, and it was evident from the frankness of Lincoln and those closely associated with him, in the presence of Emerson, that the integrity of the man was well understood. Never, however, in these notes did Emerson refer to his own relations or conversations with Lincoln or the other chiefs; he was always the listener.

"THIS visit of mine was within two years of the time of Emerson's death, and the great man was at times a little forgetful and *distrait* in manner. The only faculty that seemed dimmed was his memory of names and places. It was this consciousness of a lack of freedom of expression that made him diffident before company. When alone with a few friends he would talk so interestingly and address them so directly that work was almost out of the question. Turning to me one morning, he asked: 'Who is your favorite poet?' Fortunately, I was saved from answering, as he went on to say, 'Of course, we must all except Shakespeare and Burns.' Taking up Burns, he spoke of him as almost as great in some qualities as Shakespeare.

"Mr. Sanborn was frequently with us while we were at work, and he knew well the subjects that would interest Emerson. Mr. Alcott would sometimes join us, and these rare morning talks became such a delight to me that I seemed to work without effort and almost without consciousness. Just at this time Dr. Jones, author of 'Glimpses of Thoreau,' had arrived in Concord for a visit, and a number of friends were invited one morning to Mr. Sanborn's to hear Dr. Jones take up again the discussion of Plato, which he had touched upon at a previous gathering. At the end of his talk he turned to Emerson and asked if he would say a few words on the subject. In very broken sentences Emerson replied that he no longer had thoughts upon these subjects, and Mrs. Emerson hastened to add, 'You mean to say that you no longer allow yourself to express your ideas in public,' and Emerson pathetically answered, 'Yes, that is what I meant to say.'

"One day Mrs. Emerson gave a tea, at which I imagine all the best friends in Concord were present. It was to be followed by a *conversazione*. Before the guests had left the dining room I went upon some errand to the study. There I found Emerson alone,

deeply absorbed in some papers. He had slipped away from the company unobserved, hoping to accomplish a little work before the evening. As I went into the room, he said to me, 'You must get through this work as quickly as possible (meaning my portrait of him), for I am very old and I have but a little longer time to live and so much to do.' And then he explained that it was not new work he wished to do, but the arrangement of all the work of past years.

"At first it seemed strange to me to hear Carlyle spoken of in this home almost in terms of comradeship. Emerson told me that he had corresponded with Carlyle for forty years, I believe it was. In speaking of his own works, Emerson said, 'I have always been a great writer. I have written all of these books,' indicating some shelves under one of his study windows—closely packed note books. 'And now,' he added, sadly, 'I shall write no more.'

"The portrait finished, I left Concord," Mr. Eaton says, "enchanted with the sloping hills, the broad valleys, the sweet meadows, Walden Pond and its road and the fragrant woods, the walk by the Old Manse down to the battleground and on to the river; the cattle on the river banks and the naked little boys in swimming, and the river, the most quiet, the most peaceful, the most inviting of all rivers."

SOON after this Mr. Eaton was given an order for portraits of the other significant New England poets—Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow and Holmes (Lowell was then in Europe). From Mr. Eaton's notes it can readily be understood that, after Emerson, the man whom he enjoyed most was the genial and sympathetic Oliver Wendell Holmes. Mr. Eaton went to Boston on Christmas night to see Dr. Holmes, and called on him the next morning. According to the notes: "His cordial manner removed at once all feeling of my being a stranger, and his bright face and his clear gray-blue eyes shining with tenderness were irresistible, filling me with delight. For a work room we fixed upon his study with the windows looking out on the Charles River. It was a delightful room, and at that season of the year the ice in great blocks was floating with the tide, with seagulls hovering about. Work was kept up every day, sometimes in both morning and afternoon. For this sitter I needed no one to help me or to relieve me from the weight of conversation. Dr. Holmes did not need entertaining He talked delightfully and kept me in the mood for work, his face never diminishing in brightness for a second. Our talks were on literature, the arts, anatomy in its

external forms, people and places. The pleasure and interest that Holmes could take in other people's stories was an entertainment in itself, and I realized with him for the first time how many good ones I could tell, an inspiration which I fear lasted for that one week only and never returned.

"I was just then fresh from the students' quarter in Paris, and this revived the poet's memory of his own life in the Latin Quarter. A closet opening into the study was filled with varieties of boots, which recalled to him a remark of the elder Dumas about his son: 'Alexander will never amount to anything; he has nine pairs of boots and keeps them all in a row.' Later he remembered a saying of the younger Dumas that 'my father is a baby I had when very young.'

"My week's experience with Holmes would lead me to say that the charm of his wit is that it comes from a man of seriousness, and the charm of his seriousness that it comes from a man of wit. During my stay with him he showed me the models for his improved stereoscope, the one which finally came into general use. He seemed to have no regret at not having patented his inventions, which would have brought him a fortune. It was just at this time that his biography of John Lothrop Motley came out. In it the author felt that he had a threefold difficulty to deal with; loyalty to his Republican Party, loyalty to his President, General Grant, and justice to his friend. I had never asked anyone for an autograph; I had a very great desire to have one of Holmes' and yet I could not ask him for it. But on going away he gave me a copy of his 'Life of Motley' with a full inscription upon the flyleaf, and also a photograph of the portrait of Dorothy Quincy, carrying an autograph. I thus left rich in souvenirs as well as in memories. In all the ground we covered during this week of diversified talk, Dr. Holmes never repeated a story or a remark, and what is still more exceptional, gave no sign of fatigue at the long sittings, and when I left him I could not but feel that I was actually taking away something of the man himself in my drawing."

AT THE time Mr. Eaton called upon William Cullen Bryant, accompanied by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, the poet was in his eighty-fifth year, the last of his life. "My most vivid memory of him," Mr. Eaton says, "was the first time I saw him. It was on a Sunday afternoon. Bryant came toward me from the back parlor, rather tall, gaunt and high shouldered, his whole figure

seeming somewhat detached from his white bushy beard. His manner was marked by great quietness. He consented readily to Mr. Gilder's request for sittings. I offered to work at his house, but he showed a preference for my studio, which necessitated his climbing four flights of stairs, but this did not seem an objection to him and our appointments were made at once. In my studio, Bryant's head came out against the background with wonderful picturesqueness. I had never had such a model. It would have been a delight to have made some studies of him in oil with all the strong effects of light and shade, but this was not the purpose of the sittings. Mr. Bryant usually came at nine in the morning, always on the minute, and I found that he walked all the way in all kinds of weather. Once he disappointed me, and I called later to find him inconsolable at having forgotten his appointment. He had reached that period of old age when the soul is preoccupied with its own reveries, when people and things of the hour make but a slight impression. One day he repeated some poetry to me in a deep, sonorous voice. He seemed very old, not eighty-four, but a hundred or two or three hundred, and I felt myself as much of a stranger to him at the end of the sittings as I had on our first meeting."

Owing to the pressure of engagements Mr. Eaton was unable to go on with the portraits of the other poets until late in June of the following summer. Of Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Eaton writes in his notes: "I found him in his house in Cambridge, on the morning of my arrival in Boston. He had already received a letter in regard to my coming from his brother and my friend, the Rev. Samuel Longfellow. I was at once struck by a way Longfellow had of looking at one in the pauses of conversation with great intentness, almost staring, his eyes brilliant as if he were looking you through, and it was this look that I tried to get into the portrait. Longfellow was at this time over seventy, and recently had had a severe illness; but to me he seemed wonderfully youthful and active, his mind always alert and his speech ready. His head gave the impression of age, but his eyes were those of youth and his conversation was full of quaint remarks and quotations. An English lord had just visited Cambridge; Longfellow spoke of his interest in the fine arts but I complained of the unfortunate art Lord D. had patronized in the market, to which Longfellow replied: 'He is perhaps like a certain other celebrity who was said to have a great deal of taste, but that, unfortunately, it was all bad.' I could never think of Longfellow as an old man. His years of life and experience seemed unreal and a mystery

to me. Our talks were generally during the rests from work or before and after sittings, when Longfellow would take me about the house showing me objects of interest, works of art, and talking freely about poetry, poets and translations. Everything was a subject of reminiscence to him of other times and other countries. A picture of Robert Buchanan occasioned the remark that he was a much better painter than poet (and I had always heard from artists who had known Buchanan that he was a much better poet than painter).

"The day of my last sitting was very warm, and that I might have a little more time Longfellow allowed me to continue at work in the afternoon. During the day a violent storm broke over us. It was too dark for work, and Longfellow went about the house to look after the windows, while I went out on the veranda, where I was sheltered from the rain but could enjoy the storm. When the sky grew lighter, I found Longfellow in the library in his chair. His manner was very quiet, and presently in a deep, subdued voice he said, 'I believe I like nothing that is violent.'

"The finishing of my portrait of Longfellow was hurried," complains Mr. Eaton. "I have often regretted that I could not follow him to Portland, for my whole summer should have been given to this work, rather than three weeks.

"FROM Cambridge I immediately went on to Danville—the new name for Salem Village—a walk of over a mile or so through country roads with stone fences and apple orchards brought me to a highly cultivated estate with well-kept lawns and trees of many countries. Oak Knoll was the name of the place, owned by ladies, cousins of Whittier, with whom he lived and who cared for him and humored him like a spoiled child. (They once told me of the difficulty they had in making him attend his seventieth birthday dinner given by his Boston friends, how they had actually to dress him, force him into the carriage and finally to shove him onto the train.) Whittier received me very kindly, but at first seemed unwilling to give me the sittings. He brought out a recent photograph which he showed me with much satisfaction. It was one of those hard retouched things, hardly recognizable. Handing it to me, he said, 'There, now, why can't you do your portrait from this?' I felt very much like accepting this as a refusal and going away, but I persisted and soon things were arranged.

"I never found in Whittier that ruggedness which I had imagined, but I soon grew to like him very much. I worked every day, and

Whittier was a good sitter, but I was afraid of tiring him and I think we spent more time out on the lawn than inside at work. My friend, Mr. Francis Lathrop, who was doing some landscapes in the neighborhood, often joined us, and we were a merry company under the trees of the old estate. Whittier was a great novel reader, it would seem, and much admired the works of George Parsons Lathrop. He was delighted when he found that my artist friend was a brother of the author. During these talks he was light and joyous, and it was a charming experience and memory to have lounged through a hot summer out in the midst of the most beautiful verdure with sympathetic companions and a man of so great interest and so full of memories, who seemed to have no cares or preoccupations, apparently desiring nothing but to sit in the shade on the grass, talking of writers and artists, and telling of the happenings of his past life. He was much pleased when he found that I knew some of his poetry by heart. Of his poem, 'Maud Muller,' he told me that he was once driving along a country road with his sister when they came upon a pretty girl raking hay. They stopped and spoke to her, and while standing before them the girl very shyly raked a little hay over her bare feet, and I told the poet that I thought his appreciation of the act quite as delightful as the poem. One day, while Whittier was making fun of certain ladies' difficulties with their bonnets, one of them said to him: 'A man who has to go to Philadelphia to get his coats cut should not be surprised at a little worry about a woman's bonnet.'

"Whittier spoke with great praise of all his important contemporaries, but particularly of Holmes. 'Why,' he would say, 'Holmes is in some respects the greatest of us all.' And so Oak Knoll and its pleasant inhabitants will always remain with me a fond memory."

This group of portraits by Mr. Eaton was engraved by Timothy Cole, and appeared as full-page illustrations in *The Century Magazine*. It is a matter of general regret that they were never exhibited as a whole, but they were the personal property of Dr. Holland, who then owned the magazine, and after his death they were boxed up and sent to his son, living in the West on a prairie ranch, so that with all their wealth of memories and of delightful comradeship they have gone beyond the reach of artists and art lovers, except for the few who remember their reproduction in the magazine for which they were made.

# THE YOUNGER AMERICAN PAINTERS: ARE THEY CREATING A NATIONAL ART? BY GILES EDGERTON

N AMERICA we have already produced our own type of men inevitable from a civilization crude, brilliant, selfish, kind, self-conscious, amiable, born out of physical conditions of a country of boundless wealth and boundless space, without traditions. Having evolved a type to suit the land, we have set ourselves to the development of a machinery requisite to meet an electric state of change in products and methods of production; we have created departures in agricultural enterprise; we have been fearless in revolutionizing educational processes; we have commenced to tell the truth in our architecture, to build shops and houses suited to our climate, our business and our home ideals; we have evolved a type of beauty that is born out of our own blue skies and mountain tops and wild winds; we have recreated athletics for our boys and girls, and the prize cups of many nations are in our club houses; Paris may no longer set our fashions; we think for ourselves along all these lines of national development.

But when it comes to the question of art, only the exceptional man or woman among us thinks at all. This is true even among our artists. In painting, sculpture and music the blight of imitation is still upon us. We are afraid, most of us, to think the truth or recognize the truth. Through and through we are disingenuous in our art; we disguise our race and our personality; we are proud to copy a Corot tree or a Velasquez complexion, although neither the tree nor the complexion expresses anything we have ever remotely thought or experienced, or that ever will have the slightest relation to our own way of thinking or living. If regarded as anything beyond a process of acquiring technical skill this method of mimicry suggests a quality of cheerful mental slavery about as important to a nation's art development as the making of a tidy frock from a ten-cent pattern.

But fortunately for the future of art conditions in this country, there has grown up among us a few artists who value the conviction that America has the same art prerogative as all other lands, primitive or civilized; namely, that her art should be her own, achieved through the fulness or the meagerness of her own progress or failure, as inevitably related to her own conditions as an individual perfume is to its flower. The importance to a nation of this point of view is not easily measured; it is the difference between indigenous growth

*From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.*

MR. ROBERT HENRI.

*From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.*

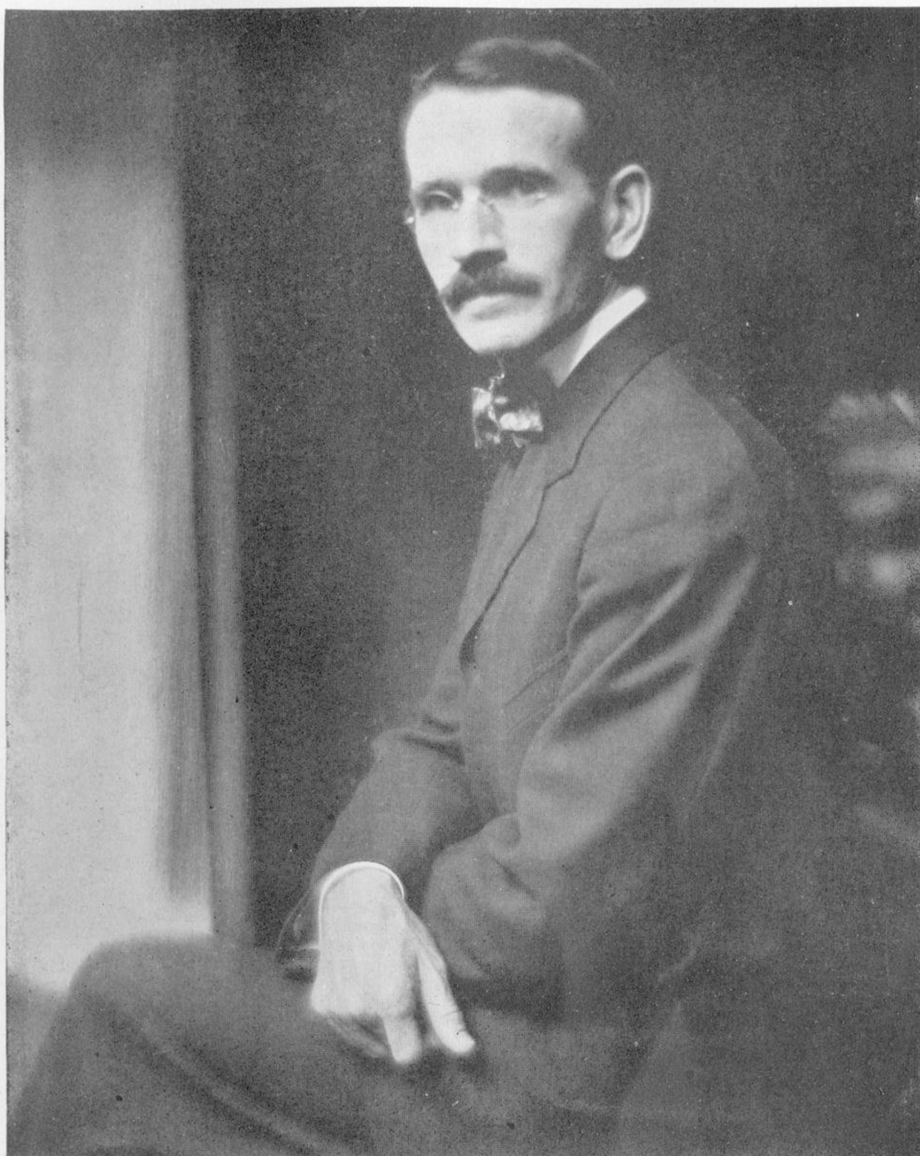
MR. EVERETT SHINN.

*From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.*

MR. WILLIAM J. GLACKENS.

*From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.*

MR. ERNEST R. LAWSON.

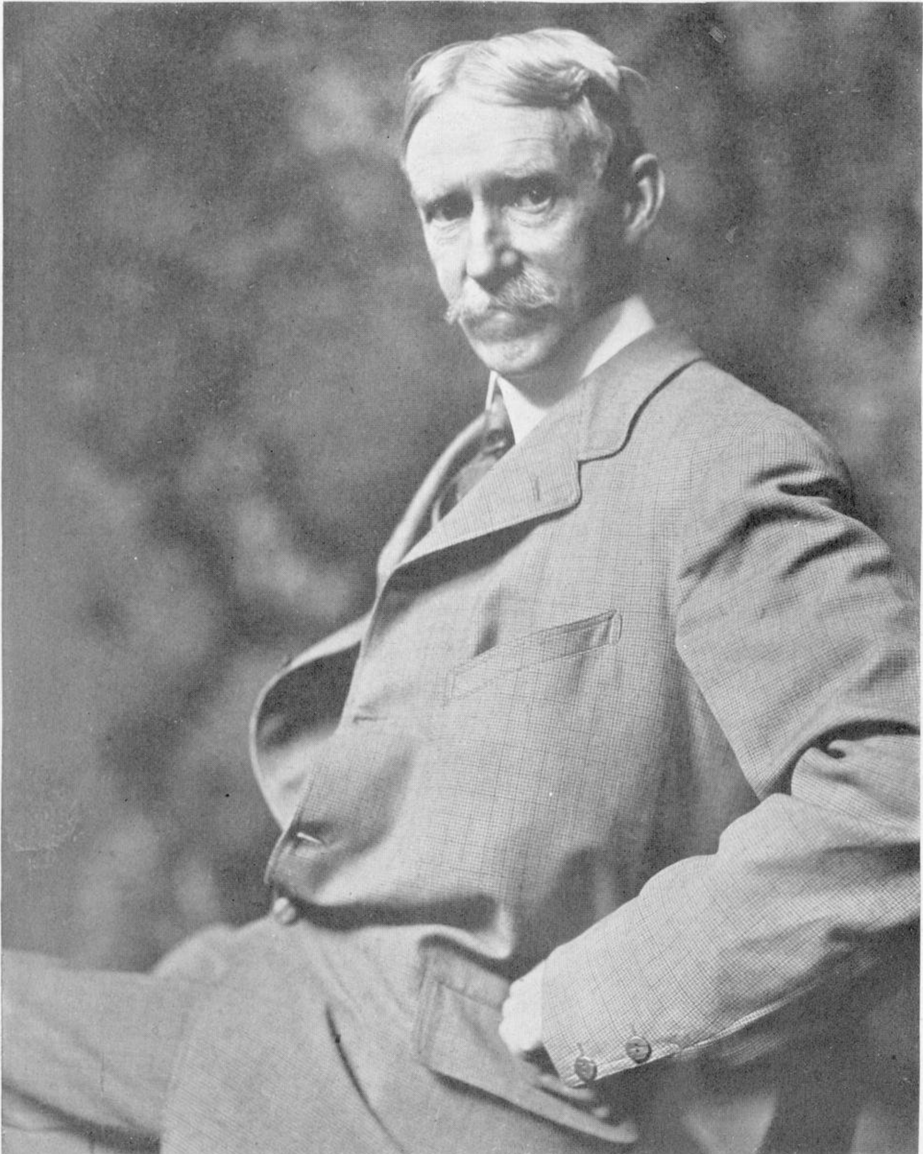


*From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.*

MR. ARTHUR B. DAVIES.

*From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.*

MR. JOHN SLOAN.



*From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.*

MR. MAURICE B. PRENDERGAST.

*From a Photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.*

MR. GEORGE B. LUKS.

and exotic graft. A man *must* paint best what he feels and knows and understands best, and if he paints the life that he thrills in answer to, he puts upon canvas conditions that have developed him into the racial type he is, and in the doing he expresses his own point of view about the conditions. He has become as inevitably a definite part of the growth of his country as its fruits and flowers, its system of government, its dwelling houses. No country can afford an expression in art, however clever or brilliant, that is purely artificial, superficial, unemotional, pedantic. The art that is worth recognizing as a phase of national life is as insular as the type of the people, as the language, as the ways of life; it shows equally the conditions of city and country.

Here in America such art must present from time to time a hillside green in misty spring; a lumberman working in russet woods; a farmhouse mossy, empty and still, with a fading garden; a roadway leading to a mysterious hilltop; men at work in the mines, reckless and frightened; ragged children romping on city squares, tawdry women singing to leering men in East Side cafés; city streets in snow and sleet at night; saturnine lines of cars rushing through dusk and shadow overhead; a cheerful apple woman in ragged clothes; a beggar pleading for alms, with one hand open to receive and the other clenched to strike; pretty women in Easter flower markets; men standing hopeless and sinister in the bread line on a rainy midnight; girls with haughty eyes and fluttering laces, motoring away to music and dances;—beauty very proud and very unheeding and sometimes cruel, if the artist sees it so; but still more often the humble folk and the vulgar folk, all finding their rightful place on the canvas that is to stand as a permanent expression of how the life of this period seemed to men of imagination and interesting individuality. Whatever sings among us or struggles or laughs or fights, whatever strikes a note of ecstasy or sinks back into bleak backgrounds, whatever shows joy and beauty or shuddering depths of pain or ignominy, all the warp and the woof of present-day human existence, these are the subjects and inspirations for the men who contend that while no true art can be historical, all great art must be history.

By these men, tradition and influence are relegated to their proper sphere, as important phases of culture, but never allowed to parade as an understudy to inspiration. There are no great varieties of theories among these men, rather one very manifest and definite purpose, to paint *truth* and to paint it with strength and fearlessness and individuality—for one artist differs from another not so much

in what he sees as in how he sees it, and his right to recognition must depend upon the manner in which he presents what he sees through the channel of his own cultivated individuality—all of which you are quite right in thinking will never lead very directly to that goal of popular achievement, the matinée idol of art. These men who have found a hemisphere big enough to furnish them inspiration have relinquished the hope of a bright popular reward for artistic effort.

THE work of the best of these artists is occasionally seen at the Academy—not often; sometimes in individual exhibits, to receive the heartiest recognition from the understanding, but seldom brought together *en masse* for those who would most appreciate it and enjoy such a showing of their work. The nearest approach to such an exhibition will be held February third, at the Macbeth Gallery in New York. Only eight of the men exhibit, but they are artists whose work is representative of the best that America has yet achieved in painting. Their work shows the widest range of interest in subject and inspiration, that rare technique which is not a personal idiosyncrasy but a development of art that expresses varying inspiration, and also that simplicity which one has grown to look for among the men who are not afraid to put into their work the big, vital, simple conditions and experiences of life.

What these men have had to fight against will be best understood by presenting a point of view that is almost universal in relation to American art. Less than a year ago a professional Englishwoman of culture and wide interest in life was heard to say, seriously: "It is really most extraordinary why you Americans fuss so about an art of your own. Does it matter at all whether your artists paint always in Holland or France or England? If *our* art is so really finer than yours, why isn't it better for your men to copy our subjects and technique than to do something quite poor at home?"

When it was suggested to her that France had not accomplished much during her pathetic classic revival under David, and that England was still suffering from the blight of Pre-Raphaelitism, in spite of the honest purpose and delightful personality of most of those charming and gracious men known as the Pre-Raphaelites, and that history had over and over again proved that the splendor of art in each nation was achieved at the time when the expression was most frankly *provincial*, in at least one sense of that word, the English lady only made answer: "But have you really *seen* the paintings of the Pre-Raphaelites? Why, London gives up whole galleries to them."

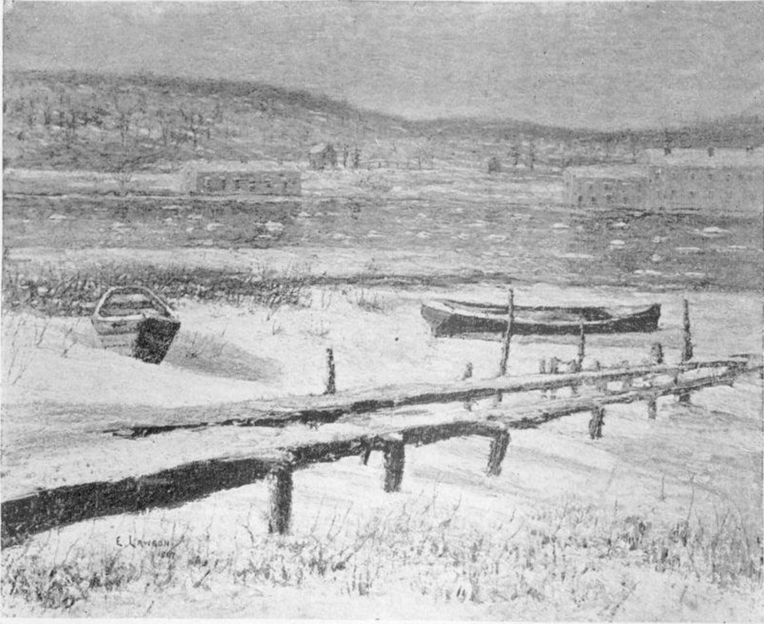
And what use to have said to her that art cannot flourish on husks, that mere clever imitation is but a pleasant pastime to an unthinking mind, that art must be great or small, according as a nation is great or small, that the Navajo weaving the life of his people into his brilliant blanket is as genuine an artist (just primitive instead of complex) as Millet putting the life of his people on canvas or Glackens painting a whirl of East Side children on Washington Square or Henri showing a laughing child so painted that the smile seems born out of a merry heart—of what use?

AND yet, once away from the uncomprehending lorgnette of the British lady, the old perplexity inevitably returns. Either America may have an art of her own, as the eight young men at the Macbeth Gallery believe, or she may copy Burne-Jones ladies and Secessionist landscapes. If this high privilege of all nations back through Greece to Assyria and zigzagging down to the cave dwellers is to be granted to us, then our one hope is in a home-grown art, out of our own soil, as much as our own brand of maidens and roses are. As an encouragement to our artists who associate art only with the Seine, or the Isar or the Thames or the fjords, we offer them an endless variety of inspiration at home,—the sweet serenity of New England as Tryon paints it; the very last height of Nature's elusive wonder, as Twachtman felt it where ocean and meadows meet out on the Connecticut shore; vivid East Side life in New York as George Luks splashes it on canvas, beauty that glows out of shadows, as all beauty in the East Side must; the tragedy and the unquiet of the plains, where a race of noble people are vanishing into history, as Remington and Borglum know the story; the cañon and the desert with their purple mists and golden sands. And Prendergast will give them a lesson on painting children out of doors with such beauty and atmosphere, with such gaiety, with such relation of sunlight to laughter, that they will recognize him as a teacher not to be found in the Latin Quarter. Sloan will show them a phase of sordid existence painted with that sort of fine art which Rembrandt knew long years ago. They will wonder at first at Davies' pictures, but if they study them and get to know them they will by and by feel the color in them as though it were a chime of bells, and if they continue to wonder they will also ere long understand. Lawson will teach them again that they can't escape beauty anywhere, that it is just thinking straight and seeing clear and using a brush that tells your own story. He will show them all the roar and the

confusion and the blare and the somberness that a great city holds, and he likes doing it much better than sketching an Italian landscape or a French cottage in the Provence. Not one of these eight men who exhibit at the Macbeth Gallery this month complain of lack of subjects in America; the whole continent, North, South, East and West, is posing for them.

If they will talk about their work at all, any one of them will tell you that just now there is no civilization in the world comparable in interest to ours; none so meteoric, so voluble, so turbulent, so unexpected, so instinct with life, so swift of change, so full of riotous contrast in light or shade. We have vivacity and bleakness, subtle reserve and brutal frankness, gorgeous color and pathetic dreariness. We are magnetic through our great surging of life from ocean to ocean. We have grown humorous balancing our greatness against our defects. We are enthusiastic and fickle, and we are just beginning to understand our power, our beauty and our blunders and the fact that we have just as good a right to regard ourselves as a source of inspiration as of revenue only.

BUT in so representing the need of an art for ourselves, there is perhaps danger of a slight misunderstanding; for instance, that we are suggesting that American art should be patriotic (!), limited to American subjects only, our artists forbidden to acquire knowledge in Paris or Munich, to paint a pretty Dutch girl, or sketch the Bay of Naples in twilight. And yet, according to Mr. Henri (one of the eight exhibitors), "although our artists must be individual, they must also be students, men who think a great deal about life, who read, study, men of the widest possible attainment, and who are constantly engaged in finding the special means of expression best suited to the thing they have to say." And he contends also that "always art must deal with *life*, and it becomes important as the ideas of the artist are significant. Art to every man must be his personal confession of life as he feels it and knows it. The lack of human quality in painting or sculpture means the lack of that vitality which makes for permanence. Why is it," Mr. Henri asks, "that the New York public prefers the Horse Show with its compelling attraction to the average lecture or the ordinary Academy exhibit? It is the human quality of it. It is life at a brilliant, beautiful and intoxicating moment instead of some pedantic point of view about unreal things. And so it seems that the basis of future American art lies in our artists' appreciation of the value of the human



"HUDSON RIVER IN WINTER": ERNEST R. LAWSON, PAINTER.

"THE PROMENADE": MAURICE B. PRENDERGAST, PAINTER.

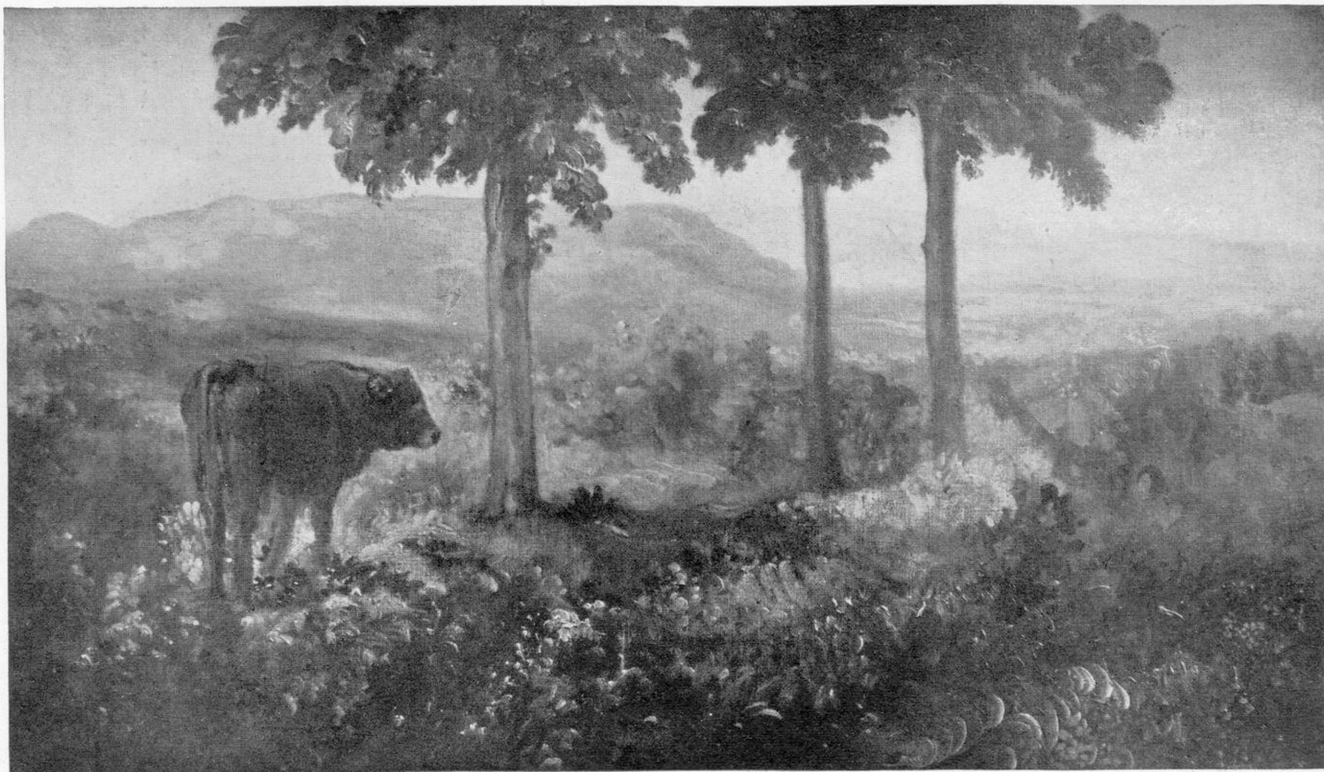
"A MARCH DAY ON WASHINGTON SQUARE": WILLIAM J. GLACKENS, PAINTER.

"THE DUET": EVERETT SHINN, PAINTER.

"SIXTH AVENUE AND THIRTIETH STREET": JOHN SLOAN, PAINTER.

"FEEDING PIGS": GEORGE B. LUKS, PAINTER.

"PORTRAIT OF A GIRL":
ROBERT HENRI, PAINTER.



"AUTUMN, FLAME AND PASSION":
ARTHUR B. DAVIES, PAINTER.

quality all about them, which is nothing more or less than seeing the truth, and then expressing it according to their individual understanding of it."

The exhibition of the American artists, whose work is illustrated in this magazine, seems to us to have acquired this very quality which Mr. Henri considers essential. The men themselves boast no special creed for their work, they are not a school. As one of them said, they "just paint the way they see things every day." Some of the paintings at this little exhibit were never sent to the Academy and some of them have been exhibited in the deadly association of popular Academic pictures. Neither is this little group a secession from the Academy, because Robert Henri is an Academy member and Glackens an associate. There is no "master" among them and no following of some one man's whimsicality. From every point of view it is impossible to work up a picturesque background for the occasion. It is just an opportunity given by Mr. Macbeth to afford the public the chance of seeing grouped together a few pictures that are among the best things this country has to show. Nothing of great interest to the ordinary dealer or buyer, but of vast importance to American art, which, as a rule, has nothing to do with American art galleries. I doubt if any of these men would talk about a "national art." Some of them would even smile if you asked them about it. They are not consciously trying to create a new art for a country that needs one; yet they are every one of them (and quite a number of others besides) doing the kind of work that is essentially creative and absolutely typical of our own racial characteristics, our social conditions and our widely diversified country.

WHEN the Academy from year to year closes its exhibitions against the work of any of these eight men, her excuse is not that they lack inspiration or individuality or the presentation of truth; the awful accusation is that they are not academic. And just what does this criticism mean? for they draw well, exceptionally well, witness the execution of Glackens and Henri. If they are not academic in technique, what does Everett Shinn's work stand for, or Prendergast's? If there is such a thing as being academic in color, there are truly many who would prefer the wizardry of Davies. And in just what academic way should a man paint human life, the vital thrill of it, the thing that makes for ecstasy or tragedy, that creates civilization or destroys it? Perhaps, though, it is unacademic to use a technique suited to every varying subject and to paint with the

biggest emotional quality that is conceivable. If so, then these men are unacademic as Franz Hals was, and Velasquez and Millet; and unacademic, of course, from the point of view of the Beaux Arts and the Royal Academy.

And yet it is to these "unacademic" men (and others of their class), Childe Hassam, Lathrop, Eugene Higgins, etc., and to the sculptors who are working out on our plains and in the mountains, modeling in heroic marble and miniature bronze the restless progress, the humor, the audacity of the people and the times that are American, that America must turn for all the art that she can truly claim as her own, through which she may seek to prove her right to the immemorial prerogative of all nations.

## WHAT A WORK OF ART OUGHT TO BE

"THINGS (in a picture) must not have the appearance of being brought together by chance or for a purpose, but must have a necessary and inevitable connection. I desire that the creations which I depict should have the air of being dedicated to their situation, so that one could not imagine that they would dream of being anything else than what they are. A work of art ought to be all one piece, and the men and things in it should always be there for a reason. . . . It were better that things weakly said should not be said at all, because in the former case they are only, as it were, deflowered and spoiled. . . . Beauty does not consist so much in the things represented, as in the *need* one has had of expressing them; and this need it is which creates the degree of force with which one acquits oneself of the work. One may say that everything is beautiful provided the thing turns up in its own proper time and in its own place; and contrariwise, that nothing can be beautiful arriving inappropriately. . . . Let Apollo *be* Apollo, and Socrates Socrates. Which is the more beautiful, a straight tree or a crooked tree? Whichever is most in place. This, then, is my conclusion: The beautiful is that which is in place."

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

# ENGLAND'S FIELDS ARE GREEN

ENGLAND'S cliffs are white like milk,
But England's fields are green;
The grey fogs creep across the moors,
But warm suns stand between.
And not so far from London Town beyond the brimming street
A thousand little summer winds are singing in the wheat.

Red-lipped poppies stand and burn,
The hedges are aglow;
The daisies climb the windy hills
Till all grow white like snow.
And when the slim pale moon slides up and dreamy night his near
There's a whisper in the beaches for lonely hearts to hear.

Poppies burn in Italy
And suns grow round and high;
The black pines of Posilipo
Are gaunt upon the sky—
And yet I know an English elm beside an English lane
That calls me through the twilight and the miles of misty rain.

Tell me why the meadow-lands
Become so warm in June;
Why the tangled roses breathe
So softly to the moon;
And when the sunset bars come down to pass the feet of day
Why the singing thrushes slide between the sprigs of May.

Weary, we have wandered back—
And we have traveled far—
Above the storms and over seas
Gleamed ever one bright star—
O, England, when our hearts grow cold and will no longer roam,
We see beyond your milk-white cliffs the round green fields of home.

LLOYD ROBERTS.

# EVANGELINE'S TOWN, WHERE THE ACADIAN LOVERS MET: THE TRUE STORY OF LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL ROMANCE: BY CAMPBELL MACLEOD

EVANGELINE is to the imaginative Acadian or "Cajun," as he is more generally called, more than a dream maiden. The people believe she lived among them many years ago in the eden of Louisiana, a near and dear relative, in honor of whom eight out of ten girls of today in that section are named—and Gabriels are quite as plentiful among the village youths. The sad story of this Acadian maiden was told about rude hearthstones up and down the Bayou Teche long before Longfellow immortalized it in his sympathetic love poem. Indeed, the youth who told the story, as he had heard it at home, to Longfellow, is still living in St. Martinville today. Edward Simon, now Judge Simon, one of the leading jurists of Louisiana, was under Mr. Longfellow's instruction at Harvard, and happened one day to tell him some of the tales that have been identified with the Teche country since it was first settled by its different bands of picturesque adventurers. Among these stories, that of Evangeline made the strongest impression upon the poet professor. From the same source he heard of the wonderful beauty of Louisiana prairie lands, the proper stage setting for a legend that offered to him wide scope for his romantic genius. Judge Simon, with the characteristic modesty of the true Creole, has steadily declined to write the story of this friendship with his instructor or to give himself any prominence as being the true inspiration of "Evangeline."

The tale that Judge Simon told Longfellow was the one he had often heard from "Cajun" lips—the maiden in the case being called Emeline Labiche, and her lover, Louis Arceneaux. After the despoiling of Grande Pré, Emeline saw Louis wounded and borne away on a strange ship. She herself drifted to Maryland and then later to Louisiana, even as Longfellow describes, looking for her lover. At last she met him under an oak that still stands on the banks of the bayou near St. Martinville. Because of her gentleness and religious devotion she had been renamed in the meantime by her companions, "Evangeline," which means "God's little angel." They still tell, the old "Cajun" *grandes mêres*, how she almost died of joy at the sight of the lover for whom she had sought so long.

But Louis, the story goes, "manlike, had forgotten to grieve," and when Evangeline ran to him, calling him "beloved," his face went

white with anguish as he confessed his unworthiness and told her his heart now belonged to another. The shock unhinged the mind of the maiden, and although she lived for several years after that, she always fancied herself still a girl of sixteen, as she wandered up and down the banks of the shining bayou, plucking wild flowers and talking to herself of the happy day when she should find Louis. It was Judge Simon who described to Longfellow the eden of Louisiana so graphically that he was enabled to sketch pen pictures of it with a fidelity that makes it almost unbelievable that he had never seen the Teche, nor known the charm and mystery that brood over the prairie lands of Louisiana.

St. Martinville today repays a visit, for it is the quaintest, most picturesque of Louisiana's bayou towns, and, strangely enough, not one view of it has yet found a place on a souvenir postal card. You may buy postals of Niagara Falls and Atlantic City at the corner drug store, but when you ask if they haven't one of the village itself the clerk opens wide his eyes with astonishment—the chances are that he is a stranger himself and hasn't yet been told the lovely old town's claims to distinction.

THE sleepy little train reaches St. Martinville at two o'clock in the afternoon. As soon as you put foot forth on the platform you are surrounded by a horde of small negro boys beseeching in execrable French—for everybody in the place speaks French and only a few English—to let them show you the way to the hotel, to let them carry your bag, to let them hold your parasol, to please "for Gawd's sake give them a nickel." Then it is you begin to realize that this is Evangeline's town. The hotel is called the Evangeline House, and you are piloted in the course of the afternoon to the grave of Evangeline under one corner of the church, and to the Evangeline oak, under which, tradition says, the meeting between the sainted maiden and her lover took place. This tree, by the way, looks too recent to be convincing, but the difficulty is explained by the legend that the original tree was blown down and that this one sprang from its roots. An unpatriotic citizen last year trimmed all the lower branches away because it interfered with his view of the people crossing the bridge further down the bayou!

The land lying along this part of the stream has been bought by the Evangeline Literary Society for a park which will be called, of course, the Evangeline Park. At this point the bayou is so narrow that smokestacks of the steamboats sometimes get tangled in over-

hanging trees and shrubbery. Just up the bank rests the Evangeline Inn, now converted into a convent. It is a quaint old building and within its portals many distinguished guests have been entertained by "Madame Louise," the fame of whose omelettes and citron preserves has gone abroad. Madame has many grievances against the writing profession. She almost weeps when she tells how Charles Dudley Warner misrepresented her hostelry. "He say, dat Mr. Warner," she wrung her plump hands twenty years after he had said it in helpless wrath at him, "zat we had red calico curtains for doors, and sanded floors. Observe ze magnificence of ze portal," pointing to a really handsome old entrance, "and only ze floors of ze kitchen bare."

The City Hall is a tiny building set at the end of a group of typical country stores. Before these is a long rack at which the shoppers always hitch their horses. The mansion of the mayor of the village quite eclipses all the other residences in size and stateliness. It is just opposite the first opera house built in America. And next to that is the original building of the old Fort of the Attakapas.

Much of the interest of the town centers about the old church, which for nearly half a century was under the gentle rule of Father Jean, to whom a beautiful statue has been erected in the churchyard. The priest's house sits dozing away the years in a quiet, sun-flecked garden nearby. If the hour is near five in the afternoon, you will see the velvet-eyed Creole girls and the madonna-faced matrons quietly taking their way churchward. And here, as the worshipers slip forth in the twilight in their pale pink and blue frocks, like so many flowers of the field, one realizes that it is the old-time piety, the reverence and childish devotion untouched by modern unbelief and agnosticism.

The church records preserved in the original French and Spanish for nearly two hundred years embalm many a romance, many a story that if given to the world would be of more interest even than the strange, true stories that have come to light in Louisiana. For it was in and about St. Martinville that Cable collected the material for his wonderful stories of Creole life.

THE gentle priest, if he sees you are a stranger, will leave his books and join you, that he may point out Evangeline's grave. The burying ground has been removed to the other side of the bayou, but her grave has been left untouched. Peace to her ashes if she rests here, or wherever she may rest! Her beauty, whether real or imaginary, has added to the poetry of the world—and done more.

It has so permeated the Bayou Teche country that the people have embodied it in their lives. To them, she is no creature of a poet's dream, but a true maiden of their race immortalized by a nature of rare fidelity. Even the most primitive "Cajuns," far up the beautiful Vermilion Bayou, who weave even as their *mères* and *grandes mères* did in Nova Scotia, call the products of their looms after her. They weave Evangeline spreads and blankets, Evangeline cloth and Evangeline portières. The Evangeline colors have come to be recognized all over the state—pale blue and cream and white.

But St. Martinville, like fair Melrose, to be properly seen must be viewed by white moonlight. Then like a veil of enchantment falls an atmosphere of old world charm—a fairy-like glamour that even the tinkle of the telephone downstairs fails to shatter. Step forth from your room in the Evangeline Hotel to the tiny balcony that overlooks the winding street. What by day seemed commonplace enough takes on a peculiarly appealing beauty. The old church looms up in the half light of the stars and moon, a structure dignified, protecting, a refuge from the world. In the softened light, too, the features of Father Jean gleam with special benevolence. Under the wistful beauty of the slim new moon and the heavy fragrance from the old-fashioned rose garden below, the whole picture seems to melt away into a world of unreality.

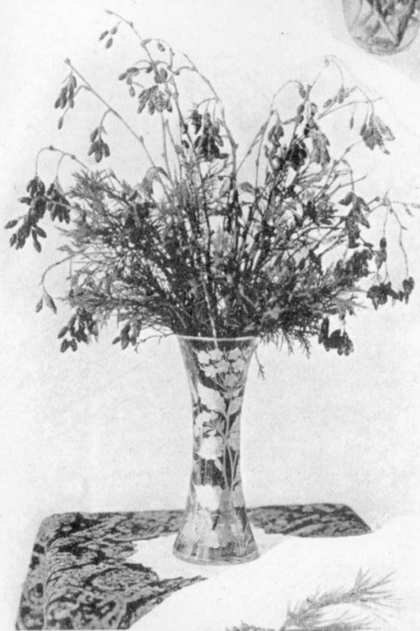
Far down the bayou comes the faint refrain from the village band, practising rag time near Evangeline's Oak. Chattering groups of girls go by, now and then a belated countryman, hurrying his horse homeward—and never a word of English. Across the way, in the quaint old house whose mistress didn't understand when you stopped to ask a drink of water earlier in the day, some one is playing on an old piano a jangling French dancing school waltz. Then a chorus of childish voices join in the refrain, and the group of little ones dance, with the effervescent spirit of the Parisian infant, a ballet original and suggestive of the days when St. Martinville was "Le Petit Paris," the center of the gay French Opera crowd that summered here and found in the aristocratic and highly educated families of the neighborhood most enthusiastic patrons and subscribers. And so Evangeline's town sinks to slumber.

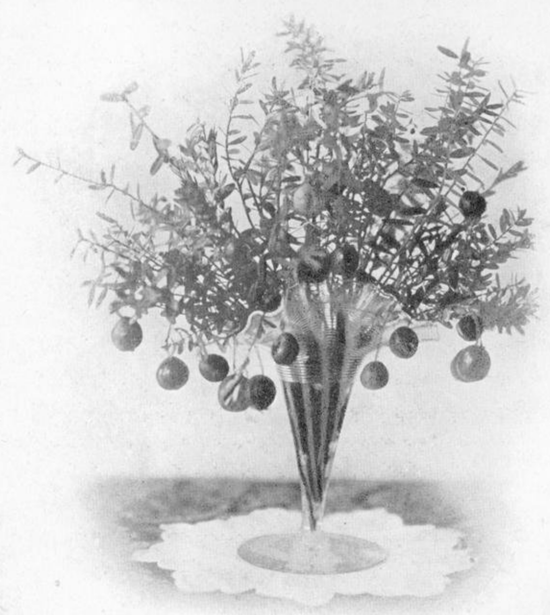
# CONCERNING GHOST BOUQUETS AND THE THINGS OF SHORTENING DAYS: BY GRACE E. WARD

IN THE Kingdom of the Lone Elm, nothing ever comes rudely or abruptly. There is always the warning, "Behold, I give you a sign." A while ago, a very little while, it seems, there was a single scarlet branch down in the swamp land, an accident, a freak, we termed it euphemistically. Then, one day—the handwriting upon the wall. Red fireballs of foliage burned on Temple Hill, and even through a drenching rain, mock sunshine illumined the road, pouring down from the pure gold leaves of a double line of maples. And now for the last few days, bars are down, pastures are deserted and cows are browsing sociably in mowings close to houses. Long furrows of rich black loam, the fall plowing, stretch darkly past the pallid fluttering pennants of the few remaining corn-shocks. Something has filched the emerald from the fields, covered now with the soft bloom of bleached grass-blades, not as yet monotonously dry and sere.

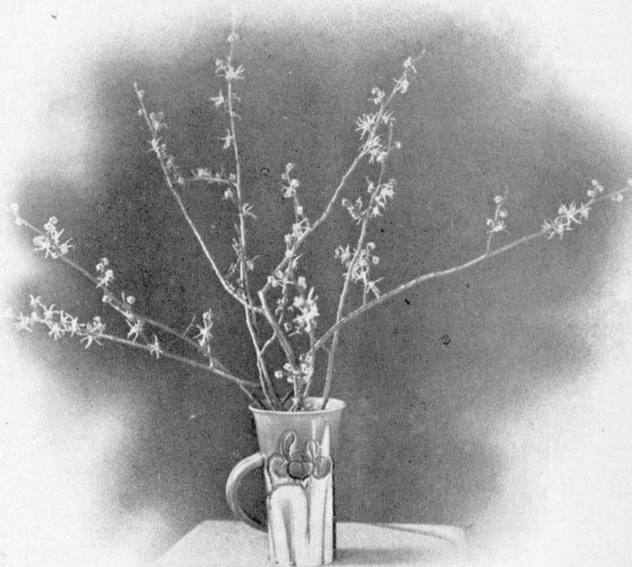
We cross the stubble, almost treading before we know it on a wee nest resting tipsily on the very ground itself, a slack abode hastily thrown together, already disintegrating, and, of course, tenantless. We turn it over gently with the foot, reflecting upon the shallow little slipshod, shiftless thing, and pass it by. As we look up from our meditations we are suddenly aware that there is growing upon the land an astonishing bareness and openness. Stone walls, more than ever manifest, emphasize boundary lines. Shorn of all its drapery of vines, the watering trough seems to poke its practical self farther into the road than usual, conspicuously black and ugly. Houses jump out from the landscape where earlier in the year we should hardly have suspected a habitation. In this clarifying openness, distances, too, seem to have altered. There is no path or road where we walk and do not feel that we are conspicuous, that somebody, from somewhere, is looking at us.

We walk upon a thick matting of fallen leaves, leaves of every design and hue, mottled and streaked, dull and ashy, yellow, red, russet, wine-colored, light scarlet, tan, and cardinal—a royal waste of color. In the hollow, westward, where the last leaves have already dropped, naked dead-gray branches of the deciduous growth give a smoky appearance to the valley. The mill pond is leaden, dully reflecting the lifeless brown trees around its edge. Cardinal flowers





"THE BIG, OLD-FASHIONED GINGER-JAR IN THE LIVING ROOM, FILLED WITH A MIXTURE OF LAUREL AND ALDER-BERRIES, WILL MAKE GLORIOUS A CERTAIN CORNER FOR MANY A WINTER DAY, AND THE SAME CHEERFUL BERRIES WITH PLUMES OF PINE WILL MAKE A GREETING BOUQUET FOR THE HALL."



"THE WHIM SEIZES US TO GATHER A GHOST-BOUQUET AND IN A TRICE SHADES OF THE GOLDENRODS, THE ASTERS, THE HAWK-WEEDS, THE THIMBLE-WEED, AND THE STARRY LIFE-EVERLASTING OFFER THEMSELVES AS CANDIDATES."

no longer fringe its banks with tongues of fire—it is a vale of misery. Here on the heights, leaves yet cling to partially denuded branches; no more vivid scarlet and gold, however, things have sobered down to soft maroons, bronze, and tones of burnished copper. The chestnuts and the oaks show no willingness to part with their foliage, but the leaves flutter there like little tough bits of leather thoroughly tanned by the winds and frosts. We cannot resist the gloss of the big fat acorns, and as we pick them up, the glint of a bright little eye, the frisk of a red tail, and the swift hurrying scratch of little paws in impetuous retreat to the other side of the tree trunk assure us that the squirrels too have an eye to the harvest.

THE sky is clear, but for a broad belt just above the horizon, dark blue clouds with long, sharp, straight, uncompromising edges. The wind is straight out of the north, piercing and keen. There is a sting in the air. Every few seconds, a leaf weighs anchor and sets sail upon an adventurous course earthward. You can hear the sharp little tap—tap—tap—of more leaves striking upon one another in their fall. They sift into every crack and corner in the rocks, every hollow among the gnarled roots of trees.

The aging of the year, even as our own, brings a keener sense of values. With the depreciation of color values in the last few days, outline values have risen fifty per cent., so that the craftsmanship of Nature is never more apparent than now, in the architecture of the trees and the infinite interlacing of twigs etched upon a blue sky.

Here and there, in a crotch of the branches, little dark wads show conspicuously against the sky-background, the craftsmanship of feathered architects. There, out of reach but in plain sight, is the dainty structure of a red-eyed vireo's nest, which the most careful scrutiny had failed to discover among the thick foliage of the nesting season. It is pendant from a forked branch, firmly attached to a twig on each side, round and well knit, though not firmly, and dotted on the outside with trimmings of white plant-down.

From the outermost branches of the next tree swings the hanging nest of the oriole whose favorite perch for matins and vespers was the dead branch of the maple opposite the house.

No longer, of course, are there any bird-notes that can be termed songs, only sharp-voiced calls now and then. Jays shriek, scold, and expostulate. The sharp, short "tweet" of an excited robin rings far different from his spring carol. In the corn stubble, one pompous crow struts up and down delivering occasional harsh gutturals.

Not only in the tall trees but also in the lower growth of shrubbery by the roadside, empty nests confront us in such open and even rashly improvident places that we are humiliated by a sense of our own stupidity in overlooking them heretofore. To investigate the neat little cup-shaped home of a redstart brood, fastened to a sumac bush ridiculously near the road, we cross the gutter, all innocent of the commotion we are to raise. Instantly a cloud of flying plant-down whirls around us, released from innumerable stalks by the jar of our step or contact with our clothing. Indeed, we emerge well covered, in veritable Santa Claus trimmings.

All along the wayside, shadowy replicas of brilliant blossoms make a ghostly parade as of all the departed spirits of summer flowers. Soft, round pompons of fuzz, nebulous whorls of down, fantastic fringes and dainty tassels, are contrasted with the Van Dyke brown of the small brittle alder-cones, and the stiff formal steeples of the hardhack, cinnamon brown.

THE whim seizes us to gather a ghost-bouquet and in a trice shades of the goldenrods, the asters, the hawk-weeds, the thimble-weed, and the starry life-everlasting offer themselves as candidates.

Not by any means, however, is everything dead and colorless. There is no reason why the house should lack decoration even though we cannot afford hot-house flowers. The witch-hazel's leafless stalks are feathery with yellow bloom. Pale blue, pebbly-coated bay-berries, thickly clustered, are almost as beautiful as a bunch of forget-me-nots The oval leaves of the mountain laurel are green and glossy, and the naked stems of the so-called black alder, really the ilex, are ablaze with scarlet berries. The big, old-fashioned ginger-jar in the living room, filled with a mixture of laurel and alder-berries, will make glorious a certain corner for many a winter day, and the same cheerful berries with plumes of pine will make a greeting bouquet for the hall.

But dear, dear! Can we get the berries? "Water, water, every-where!" Everywhere is the voice of many waters. Small rills and fair-sized torrents tumble along down from the heights and empty themselves into the humble little stream that was wont in summer days to creep modestly along, screened by rank alders except for an occasional gap at a ford. Now, the little brook is no more, and the whole meadow is one broad blue lake, as if some giant, stalking over, had lost a great sapphire solitaire from his ring. But farther on,

perched precariously on the last tuft of solid turf and aided by the crook of a cane-handle, we manage to acquire the gay branches. True, we are almost precipitated into the water at the critical moment of our angling, by the crack of a rifle unpleasantly close.

The cry of hounds comes, borne upon autumn winds. Over the knoll, a figure all in russet browns moves into silhouette against the skyline. He brings the warmth of life, action, companionship, into the landscape. It is the hunter, in loose baggy clothes and heavy boots, with sagging game-bag and rifle at trail. He takes his bearings, sights the Lone Elm, and strikes off into a belt of pines. Run, little hare! Make off, Sir Fox! There is one on the trail.

We stroll into the pines and hemlocks, where the keen nip of the wind is softened and warm brown needles, just as if in summer, send out a soothing fragrance. Feathery green sprays move in the breeze. Scraps of blue sky show through, and we pace those aisles of dusky light with a peaceful consciousness of being in some sanctuary, some place of refuge. It might really be July.

Up in that tall pine is lodged a bristly bunch of heterogeneous materials. It has no pretensions to beauty or even neatness. Its only excuse for being is that last spring Monsieur the Crow reared there a brood of uncouth, coarse-voiced brawlers, and they will be among the few braves that will bivouac in the pines this winter. This moment, among the green low-flung branches of young pines, begin swift, stealthy flights of dusky pinions. From every tree they come, by threes, by fives, by sevens, and presently overhead sound the fierce anathemas and ribald jeers of a thousand crows indignant at our presence.

We cannot walk here many times more this season. It is disheartening to feel that this may be the last time we pass this way, the last time we see the mountain without a cap of snow.

We emerge into the open again. The broad pink sun rests upon the horizon line, diffusing a pinkish purple glow through the misty haze fast rising in the November afternoon. Long smoky clouds streak the western sky, turning lurid crimson on the edges.

We give a little shiver, hug our armful of woodland treasures closer, and scamper for the open hearth fire.

Later, in the midnight hours, with thrilling blood we waken suddenly to a strange weird call—"Honk—honk—honk!" There they go—the wild geese in trailing, shadowy flight, and in the morning —the mountain is white.

# THE TRANSPLANTING OF ANN YOUNG: A STORY: BY LUCRETIA D. CLAPP

" AM THE Resurrection and the Life." The minister's voice in solemnly rising inflections came through the open window. It was an afternoon in early summer. Long pulsating lines of heat beat down from a cloudless sky on the dusty road and the dry fields. The flowers in the small square front yard and the lilac bush by the gate showed gray with dust. The whir of locusts and the drowsy drone of bees filled the sleepy silence.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life." Amelia Young sitting in the front room in her place among the mourners looked about her at the assembled company. She sat very straight and stiff in her plain-fitting black dress. The minister's voice in its irritating monotone came to her as from afar. With a strange sense of detachment she tried to bring herself to realize that the still form lying before her in all the insignia of death was her father, and that this was her father's funeral sermon; his just due and tribute after years of homely toil.

The room smelt damp and musty. The two north windows had been thrown open to admit the light and each object in the room took on a startling familiarity. There was a marble-topped table between the windows. It had a bead mat on it and a lamp. There was a china card-basket and two books bound in red and blue. Amelia found herself trying to read their titles, although she knew them by heart. On a shelf with a lambrequin were tall red and white vases. They held bunches of dried grasses. There were some small shells on the shelf and a string of gilded cones. Over on the floor in the corner was a huge conch shell. Amelia remembered the few rare occasions of her childhood when the best room had been opened and she had been allowed to hold the shell to her ear. Even now she could hear the sound of the sea. There were some pictures on the walls; portraits of her mother's people, and one, a picture of her father as a young man.

Amelia's eyes rested on each of her relatives in turn. Aunt Maria and Uncle John and their two children sat together on the hair-cloth sofa. They had driven over that morning. Aunt Maria was crying softly. Uncle John shifted his feet now and then uncomfortably, and with a curious sound that made itself fearfully felt in the somber silence. He kept his eyes fixed on the cornfield to the west of the house. Men might come and men might go, but the question of crops remained ever uppermost.

# THE TRANSPLANTING OF ANN YOUNG

Cousin Delia sat on the opposite side of the room. Every now and then she drew out her handkerchief and gave a furtive dab at her eyes, but for the most part she busied herself with looking about her. A gleam of sunshine, quivering across the carpet, rested on the lower part of the marble-topped table; it caught and held a few particles of dust in its radiance. Cousin Delia watched it until she knew Amelia had seen her steady gaze and knew on just what it rested.

Amelia did not cry. She sat very erect in her straight chair. Her face was pale and her lips were drawn tightly together. She was a tall, spare woman. She had light blue eyes and her hair, of a light indeterminate brown, was drawn tightly back from a broad, high forehead. She had her father's plain features.

Old Mrs. Young in her black dress and her black cotton gloves sat next to her daughter. She was a little woman with thinly parted gray hair. She cried continually until her face was red and swollen. She made no movement. Once she cried out aloud. Amelia looked sternly up at her. After that she cried quietly into her handkerchief.

The afternoon was very warm. The grass in the front yard seemed to shrivel and shrink in the fierce glare of the sun. There was a round shell-bordered bed of clove pinks and their spicy fragrance floated in through the windows. The yard sloped a little down to the gate. Just outside there was a long row of buggies.

Amelia kept her eyes fixed on the glancing mote of sunlight. Only once did her glance rest on the long black coffin in the middle of the room. Then she seemed to see instead her father's gaunt, thin figure as he lay in bed that last day. His face showed a yellow pallor against the pillows. Amelia sat beside the bed crocheting some coarse lace. The habit of work was too strong upon her to be laid aside even in the presence of death. Mrs. Young sat at the foot of the bed. Her little thin body shook in an agony of sobs which she tried in vain to repress. Some medicine bottles and a glass covered over with an envelope and a spoon stood on the dresser. Out of doors the rays of sunlight lay long and level across the summer fields. Now and then a bird shadow darkened the window. The smell of the pinks was sweet and spicy.

Ephraim's eyes moved restlessly back and forth from his daughter's calm face to his wife's quivering one. His long fingers plucked at the coverlet nervously. When he spoke the words came with an effort.

"The old place 'll hev to go," he began, "'nless——" He paused a moment. "I've kinder ben lettin' the payments slide a little, lately.

Didn't seem like there was much use. I seen Andrew one day an' he said 'twas all right. He said as how it wouldn't make much dif-f'runce anyway. I knowed right along 'twould be all right some day 'tween him and 'Melia." A spasm of coughing seized the old man. Amelia, her lips strangely set, rose and poured out some medicine. Mrs. Young's sobs broke out afresh. The paroxysm of coughing past, Ephraim tried to speak again.

"You an' Andrew," he began, "hed better," the words seemed torn from his throat, "you an' Andrew——I allays knowed 'twould be all right." His voice trailed into silence as he sank back on his pillows. The room was hot and still. Suddenly a shudder passed over the old man. It was only an instant, then all that was mortal of Ephraim Young lay rigid beneath the bedclothes.

Ephraim Young died serene in the knowledge that through his daughter Amelia his failures and shortcomings would be set right. The place had belonged to his wife and to her father before her. Her children had been born and had died there. Amelia was the only one left of a large family. Ephraim Young was a good man, but he lacked initiative. The first few years he had managed the place successfully. Then came a year of failure. The one that fol-lowed was not much better. Where another man would have forced a rich yield, Ephraim succeeded in getting but a mere living; where another man would have ventured ahead, Ephraim held back.

The place was badly run down. Then Old Hiram Vane, Andrew's father, whose broad yielding acres touched those of the Youngs on the left, offered to take the farm. The years went on, Ephraim meeting the payments as best he could. Hiram died and the place fell into Andrew's hands. For years Andrew Vane had been in love with Amelia Young. He was a good-looking young man; mild-mannered, with blue eyes and features almost as delicate as a girl's. People wondered what he could see in Amelia Young with her plain features and her still plainer figure. He was considerably younger than she.

Ephraim had carefully concealed from his wife and daughter all knowledge of the affair of the farm. To the younger woman, the truth when it did come had all the force of a double blow. Calm in her pride but with white lips, Amelia had given Andrew Vane his dismissal one summer night long ago. There were pale stars in a still paler sky and the scent of the pinks in the front yard was very sweet.

Today, as Amelia sat listening to the monotonous drone of the minister's voice, while the sunlight of the June day crept across the

faded carpet in rays of burnished gold, while the fields and meadows of her childhood's home rolled away from her on either side bound by a low line of softly shadowed hills, something of the simplicity and the pathos of that faith in which her father had died content, touched her heart, yet had no power to pierce the shell of her New England pride.

With that forgetfulness of all save good which is death's legacy to the living, poor old Mrs. Young, her little, bent body shaken with grief, looked up every now and then into her daughter's face. She clung tightly to Amelia's arm as they passed out of the house. In the front yard was a group of men in their Sunday black clothes, friends and neighbors Amelia had known from her childhood. Andrew Vane was among them. Cousin Delia, walking just behind, looked sharply at Amelia. The latter, though she did not turn her head, knew that Andrew Vane was looking at her. She noted his stooped shoulders and the dust of his unbrushed Sunday coat.

On their return home from the cemetery Amelia went straight upstairs and took off her black dress. Then she set about getting supper. Her mother sat in the front room with Uncle John and Aunt Maria and Cousin Delia. There was a long, painfully empty space in the middle of the floor. Cousin Delia's voice suddenly clipped the silence. "Wan't that Andrew Vane I see out in the yard this afternoon? Seems to me he looked kind o' peaked." She leaned forward. She had a small, thin face and little piercing black eyes. "I allays had an idea there was somethin' 'tween him an' 'Melia." She looked sharply at Ann. Just then the door opened and Amelia came into the room.

After the early supper Cousin Delia and Aunt Maria and Uncle John started on their long homeward drive. Amelia and her mother stood at the gate and watched them until they drove out of sight. Then they went back into the house and sat down together in the empty sitting room.

The day was slowly hushing into silence. The sun sank in a yellow glory behind the purple hills. Across the fields the shadows wheeled and lengthened. A belated butterfly, resting in its flight, poised an instant on the window sill, its delicate wings outspread. Over on his own porch Andrew Vane sat alone in the dusk of the summer night. The rings of smoke from his pipe floated slowly upward.

For a long time Amelia and her mother sat together in silence and strange reserve, until the darkness gathered and the stars came out one by one. Then they went upstairs to bed.

The next morning Amelia rose at the usual time. The very relentlessness, the utter inevitableness of death shows itself in the fact that we pause in our busy lives only for an instant at its threshold before we take up once more the shuttle and the threads and begin again where we left off. Amelia slept with her mother. The old woman watched her furtively from the bed, as she dressed in the early morning light. The younger woman's face wore a look of settled resolve. She finished dressing and went down into the kitchen and set about getting breakfast.

The air was fresh and cool. The dew lay heavy and each separate blade of grass glittered in the sunlight like a tiny jeweled sword. There was a sudden step on the porch, a shadow crossed the kitchen window and the next moment Andrew Vane stepped across the threshold. He went straight up to Amelia. His face, in spite of the gray about the temples, still retained something of its boyishness. He looked as he had looked that night long ago out under the stars. He began to speak hurriedly. "I came to tell you, 'Melia, that I want you should stay on in the old house, jest the same, you an' your mother. It ain't goin' to make one mite o' diff'runce. I——"

He got no farther. Amelia turned on him almost fiercely. The dish she held in her hands trembled. "You needn't say another word, Andrew Vane. D'ye think I'd stay on in this house when it an' everything in it belongs to you? I want nothin' that ain't my own by rights. This place is yours an' you're goin' to hev it. I guess 'twon't take mother an' me long to git our things ready. I couldn't never pay up to you ef I worked my fingers to the bone. The place is yours, Andrew Vane, an' you can hev it."

Amelia finished speaking and went on with her preparations for breakfast. Andrew Vane stood looking at her for a moment, then he crossed the room and went out again into the early morning.

Amelia was mixing something in a yellow bowl when her mother came downstairs. "What be you doin', 'Melia?" "I thought I'd jest stir up some cake." The old woman looked at her sharply. She sat down to the table, but ate scarcely anything for breakfast. Afterward she sat in her rocking chair by the kitchen window. She watched Amelia when she thought the latter did not see her. "What be you stirrin' up the cake for, 'Melia?"

"I thought mebbe we'd better hev a little in the house."

Old Mrs. Young was silent a few moments. Then she spoke again timidly, as if afraid of the sound of her own voice. "What be you goin' to do, 'Melia?"

"What am I goin' to do?" Amelia turned and looked at her mother. "Well, I guess there ain't but one thing to do as I kin see. D'ye s'pose I'm goin' on livin' in a place thet don't belong to me? We're goin' away, you an' me. We're goin' off to another town. We'll take the money thet's in the bank. 'Taint much, but I reckon it'll keep us 'bout as long there as 'twill here. Then I'm goin' to do some o' thet knitted lace."

Amelia spoke rapidly. She scarcely paused to take breath. The old woman looked up at her with a pitiful shrinking. "Oh, 'Melia, I can't never go. I can't never go, nohow."

"Now mother, there ain't no use o' you're goin' on so. We've got to go, an' we're a-goin'." Amelia's face was grim. She did not look at her mother.

"When be we goin', 'Melia?"

"We're goin' jest as soon as I kin git ready. Tomorrow, mebbe."

"Oh, 'Melia, I can't never go." The old woman rocked back and forth. The morning sunlight filtered through the kitchen window and on the pots of red geraniums on the sill. The far fields were flooded with the warm light. "Ef—ef you only felt it to marry Andrew Vane, 'Melia——" Ann Young began, then she fairly shrank before the look in Amelia's eyes.

"Now, mother, you jest see here. I ain't a-goin' to hear one word. I don't want Andrew Vane an' I ain't a-goin' to hev him neither. There ain't no use o' you're sayin' anythin' more 'bout it. D'ye think I'm goin' to be beholden to any man?"

The old woman did not speak again. Amelia went about her work swiftly and silently. She had a man's strength in her thin arms and narrow shoulders. At noon she set out a lunch on the kitchen table. Mrs. Young did not eat anything. Amelia drank her tea and ate her bread in silence. In the afternoon she gathered together the few things they were to take with them. Her mother followed her from room to room. She cried now and then pitifully. "Oh, 'Melia, I can't never go. I can't never go, nohow." She repeated the words over and over like a little child. "Ain't you goin' to take none o' the furniture, 'Melia? Ain't I goin' to hev my rockin' chair?"

"No, I ain't."

"What's goin' to become o' all them portraits in the parlor? Your father's, too. I can't go, 'Melia. I can't go. I ain't never ben to any other place." Her voice had grown sharply querulous.

Amelia did not speak. She went about her work with the air of one who has known beforehand just what was to be done. The

afternoon was soft and brilliant. The birds, building their nests in the eaves of the old house, flew back and forth with sharp twitterings. Across the way a man's figure moved back and forth in the sunlight. It was Andrew Vane at work in his fields. When the afternoon drew to its close, their few belongings stood packed and ready. Neither woman ate any supper. They sat together in the sitting room and watched the sunset linger on the hills. It was still early when they went to bed.

Once, during the night, Amelia, lying with wide-open eyes, heard her mother's voice in its childish repetition, "I can't never go. Oh, 'Melia, I can't never go."

In the gray dawn the two women arose. Ann Young's old fingers shook as she dressed herself. After breakfast Amelia washed up the dishes and packed them away with the rest of the things. Then she put on her hat and sat down to wait. The gray mist lifted slowly from the fields. In the front yard the clove pinks hung heavy with dew. The color trembled on the hills.

Ann Young sat in her rocking chair by the kitchen window. She had on her best black dress and bonnet and a little shawl pinned about her shoulders. She rocked back and forth holding her cotton gloves tightly in one hand.

"You'd better set right here, 'till I come back, mother." Amelia rose. "I'm a-goin' down to see about a wagon. We'll go jest 's soon as I git back. You'd better jest set still."

Amelia was gone longer than she expected. She hurried as she turned the corner of the dusty road and came in sight of the old home. The smell of the pinks reached her, sweet and pungent in the soft morning air. She went in at the kitchen door. The room had the strange stillness that the absence of a human presence always lends. The rocking chair beside the window was empty.

"Mother," she called. There was no answer. She went on to the front parlor. As she opened the door the damp, musty air struck her as with a chill. "Mother," she called again, sharply. In the silence her father's portrait and those of her mother's family stared down at her from the walls. She closed the door and went on upstairs. One by one she went through the empty rooms. Then she came downstairs again and out into the kitchen. A wagon had driven up to the door and stopped. Amelia went out and told the man to drive on. She went back and forth across the yard calling in a high shrill voice that carried far across the fields. Andrew Vane hoeing in his garden paused a moment.

It was almost an hour before she went into the house. The stillness seemed to flaunt itself in her face. She sat down in her mother's chair beside the window. The sunlight quivered across the sill and on the pots of red geraniums. She had not stopped to take off her hat and she still sat with it on. Her tall figure was sharply erect.

The sun climbed higher and higher. Long bars of light lay across the floor. The kitchen stove stood black and cold. At noon Amelia arose and went out once more into the yard. "Mother, mother," she called over and over again, and her voice had in it a sharp note of pain. As she stood there in the noontide hush Andrew Vane came across the intervening fields. He had his hoe in his hand and he looked at Amelia, inquiringly.

"It's mother," she began. "She's been gone since early this morning. I've been all over the house an' she ain't there. I don't know of anywheres else she could hev gone to."

Andrew Vane asked no questions. "You'd better go back in the house, 'Melia. I'll go over an' hitch up an' see what I can do. Don't you worry."

Amelia stood watching him as he went back across lots to his own home. Then she turned and went into the house. She sat down once more in her mother's rocking chair beside the kitchen window. In the middle of the afternoon she got up and made herself a cup of tea. She drank it hurriedly and took her place again at the window. She sat on dully all through the long afternoon. The air held in it a strange, expectant hush. The shadows lay still on the summer fields. At sunset she went upstairs. She was gone some time and when she came down again she built a fire in the kitchen stove and put on the teakettle.

The light waned on the far hills. It was just dusk when a little, bent figure came trembling across the yard and up to the kitchen door.

"Oh, mother, where hev you been?" Amelia's voice was high and strained.

Ann Young stood in the doorway, a pitiful little figure. There were wisps of hay in her thin gray hair, and her best black dress and bonnet were covered with dust and cobwebs. Her face was streaked with dirt. "Oh, 'Melia, I couldn't help it. I run away. I've been a-hidin' up in the barn loft. I got to thinkin' after you'd gone an' I couldn't stan' it no longer. Oh, 'Melia, I hadn't never been anywheres else in my whole life. I've been up there hidin' all day. I heard you a-callin'. I couldn't help it, 'Melia. But I've come back, an' we kin go now, can't we?"

She stood there, a little shrinking figure in the fading dusk. Amelia Young went up to her and put her hand on the old woman's shoulder. "You come right into the house, mother, an' take off your things an' set down in thet chair. I've unpacked all the things an' put 'em back where they b'long. Now I'm a-goin' to get us some supper."

Old Mrs. Young began to cry.

"Now see here mother. Don't you go to cryin'. You'll feel better after you've hed a cup o' hot tea." There was a step on the porch and a sudden shadow fell across the floor as Andrew Vane stood in the doorway. "I'm goin' to make a batch o' warm biscuits, too. I've got the table all set, an' Andrew, you'd better come in an' hev some supper."

# THE LAND WHICH IS AFAR OFF

WHO hath found a land serene,
Fruited with a mellow peace,
Sorrowed not for his release
In some lovelier land unseen?

Who hath wrought in splendid art—
Living color, breathing strings—
Hath not wept for nobler things
Alien to his aching heart?

Who hath known a love so fair,
Fairer love he did not yearn,
Prayed within his soul might burn
Flame more luminous and rare?

Where's the land of Golden Rest,
Where hath joy forgot grief's name,
Where doth burn the perfect flame
God leaves smouldering in our breast?

EMERY POTTLE.

# HOW THE GOVERNMENT COULD AID IN BRINGING ABOUT A MUCH-NEEDED REFORM IN THE INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM OF THIS COUNTRY: BY THE EDITOR

"*The national government through the Department of Agriculture should do all it can by joining with the state governments and independent associations of farmers to encourage the growth in the open farming country of such institutional and social movements as will meet the demands of the best type of farmers, both for the improvement of their farms and for the betterment of the life itself.*" (Extract from President Roosevelt's Message to Congress.)

HE views expressed by President Roosevelt in that part of his message which refers to farmers and wage earners appeals to THE CRAFTSMAN with special force because it touches upon the beginnings of a reform which we have persistently advocated ever since the first issue of the magazine. The President, of course, refers solely to the work that is being done by the Department of Agriculture, but in doing so he suggests a further development that, carried out to its logical conclusion, would go far to solve the social and industrial problems which are now menacing our welfare as a people and which may in time threaten even the existence of the republic.

For months THE CRAFTSMAN has been urging that some effort be made toward gaining government recognition for practical handicrafts allied with agriculture, as the best means of relieving the congestion in our cities, counteracting the evils of the factory system, and doing away with the menace of the unemployed. Considered from the viewpoint of a business man who sees the handicrafts as they are practised by individual arts and crafts enthusiasts, a proposition like this would seem to imply that we are indulging in an utopian dream, but "arts and crafts" are not at all what we mean, and in reality the practicability and the social and economic advantages of just such a plan have already been proven by years of actual practice in several European countries, especially in Hungary, where judicious and systematic encouragement on the part of the government has brought about a revival in handicrafts that seems to be solving the grave industrial difficulties which that country has had to face and which are not so widely different from our own. Of course, the first object

of the Hungarian government was to prevent the emigration of the peasants by making it possible for them to acquire permanent homes, and also to redeem them from a more or less dependent condition by compelling the sale to the government of large tracts of land which were paid for in bonds and then divided into small holdings and sold to the tenants. The official encouragement given to handicrafts on farms and in villages rose naturally from a knowledge of the inherited skill of the Hungarian peasants in many forms of handicraft. For generations they had been accustomed to making nearly everything which they themselves required, and they not only made wearing apparel, household furnishings and farm utensils beautifully, but also ornamented them elaborately in traditional designs and gorgeous coloring, because this sort of creative work supplied the one element of interest in their hard and barren lives. In the next article of this series we purpose to go at length into the details of what is being done in Hungary for the encouragement of small individual and coöperative industries, and of handicrafts allied with agriculture, and the effect such action is having upon the social and industrial problem there, but at present it is sufficient only to touch upon the principle which actuated the Hungarian government, as being suggestive in relation to the need for similar action in our own country.

WITH us, of course, the conditions at first sight are widely different, as we have no great hereditary landlord class and naturally no class of peasant tenantry. Nevertheless, the prevalence of the factory system and the helplessness of the average workingman in the face of our industrial conditions are rapidly bringing about much the same social results to us as a people. In urging the encouragement of handicrafts as a remedy for this state of affairs, we do not for one moment suggest that the factory system be superseded or destroyed to make way for a régime of handicrafts alone. We cannot turn time backward, nor would we if we could, for a return to the laborious conditions of half a century ago would be as absurd as it is impossible. The movement we suggest would affect hardly at all the large manufacturing plants or the big commercial enterprises which occupy their own place and have their own use, for factory-made goods must always supply the great bulk of the demand, and in the case of certain staple products machinery must always be used, for the reason that the commodity must be turned out in large quantities and of uniform quality from big plants especially equipped to do the work as swiftly and economically as possible. In order to make such commodities

cheap enough for practical purposes, the machinery used in producing them must necessarily be very expensive and elaborate and the work done on a large scale. Also, there are thousands of workers who are fitted to do only just such mechanical work as is required in the factories and who, were it reduced or taken away, would be deprived of their only means of making a living. But the factory system creates its own limitations as to the kind and quality of its products, for the utmost it can do is to perfect its own methods and increase its output. Almost every labor-saving machine suggests to some inventor an improvement which will make it still more efficient, but there is never any new life infused into the product of these machines, nor is any development of creative ability possible to their operators. There is no going back to the original need for some commodity to find a new beginning that would prove an incentive to new ideas and new development along unworn lines, and without the stimulus of an occasional fresh start there can be no real advance.

One of the strongest pleas urged in favor of handicrafts is that the doing of some creative work with the hands is now almost universally acknowledged to be an important factor in the healthy growth and adequate training of both mind and body. To make anything with the hands requires the exercise of some direct thought and ingenuity on the part of the maker, and when an article is made to supply a direct personal need the stimulus which comes from the constant variation of the demand and the fact that each new problem must be met and solved by itself brings to the worker a development that cannot be gained in any other way. The President comes very close to what we mean in another reference which he makes to the possibilities of the Department of Agriculture. He says:

"When the Department of Agriculture was founded there was much sneering as to its usefulness. No department of the government, however, has more emphatically vindicated its usefulness, and none save the Postoffice Department comes so continually and intimately into touch with the people. The two citizens whose welfare is in the aggregate most vital to the welfare of the nation, and therefore to the welfare of all other citizens, are the wage worker who does manual labor and the tiller of the soil, the farmer. There are, of course, kinds of labor where the work must be purely mental, and there are other kinds of labor, where, under the existing conditions, very little demand indeed is made upon the mind, though I am glad to say that the proportion of men engaged in this kind of work is diminishing. But in any community with the solid, healthy qualities

which make up a really great nation the bulk of the people should do work which calls for the exercise of both body and mind. Progress cannot permanently exist in the abandonment of physical labor, but in the development of physical labor, so that it shall represent more and more the work of the trained mind in the trained body."

IT SEEMS to us that the great need which exists in this country today is twofold, and that to satisfy it on both sides need not in any way subvert the better part of existing industrial conditions. The factory does the work for which it is needed and provides employment for the man who is not sufficiently developed to be anything more than a mere factory hand, but the trouble is that the factory system and the great industrial combinations which have resulted from it have gone out of their legitimate province and encroached upon the whole life of the land. There is a class of workers whose capacities are far beyond the demands of mechanical labor; young men of such ability and education as would naturally fit them to enter professional life or go into business for themselves, but in this era of organized industry and great commercial combinations there is hardly one small independent business where there used to be a dozen, and the professional field is so overcrowded that the great majority of doctors, lawyers, etc., find it almost impossible to make a living by the legitimate exercise of their calling. Under the circumstances as they exist, there is not much outlook for the boy or girl with a good education and a fair amount of ability to do anything save seek employment in one or another of our large industrial or commercial concerns. This done, they become a part of the army of wage earners and so are dependent entirely upon the will of their employer or the state of the labor market for the opportunity of earning their bread. And, as salaried people are notorious for living up to the full limit of what they receive, even an assured position allows very little chance to provide for the future, to establish a home or to bring up and educate a family.

The President expresses precisely what we mean with reference to the needs of this class of educated and able workers when he says that, "the calling of the skilled tiller of the soil, the calling of the skilled mechanic, should alike be recognized as professions just as emphatically as the callings of lawyer, doctor, merchant or clerk." In former times such recognition was a matter of course, especially in the case of the substantial farmer, but one of the effects of our national tendency to reach out in the direction of big and showy

achievement and to require the largest possible results from the smallest possible amount of work has been to hold the farmer in good-natured contempt as a man decidedly behind the times and outside the swift current of events. So general has been this feeling among us that the very word "farmer" has come to be a synonym for greenhorn, and joke makers and caricaturists have not been slow to avail themselves of this ready-made opportunity to poke fun at the countryman. This point of view, false and shallow as it is, has not tended to make farm life any more popular, especially with the present generation among whom the farm has been regarded principally as a place to escape from as soon as possible. The President protests that "we cannot afford to lose that preëminently typical American, the farmer who owns his own medium-sized farm," but when we think a little more deeply into the subject, we must acknowledge that the typical American farmer—the rugged, shrewd, self-reliant man who was quite capable of going from the plow to the Legislature, fully equipped by native common sense to take his full share in shaping the policy and bearing the burdens of government—has gone into history together with the conditions which created him. Those of his sons who inherited his shrewdness and energy are now our successful business and professional men, but those who have remained on the farm have done so mainly because they lacked the incentive even to learn a trade and so become wage earners. Hence, in a great many cases the small farmer here in the East nowadays is a discontented man, weighed down by a sense of failure to get the most out of life and apathetic with the dullness that comes from uninteresting and unvarying drudgery. In former times the necessity of coping with more primitive conditions brought with it the urge to work which in itself is an inspiration. The man who owned his own farm was a substantial citizen, and generally well to do, but it was all a result of his own industry and "forehandedness." The farm supplied food, shelter and clothing, and most of the necessaries of life were made at home to satisfy each need as it arose. Now, all need for doing this is at an end, and the work of our modern farm has settled down into a dead level drag that has little variation from year's end to year's end. Cheap factory-made goods have replaced the excellent home-made things, so there is little creative work to be done. There are no ups and downs, such as spur the business man to cope energetically with the multiplicity of factors which make for success or failure, but only the monotonous round of plowing, planting and reaping, and endless "chores." In fact, there is nothing

in the ordinary farm life of today as it is known here in the East to keep alive that mental alertness which alone can bring steady and healthy development.

This view of modern farm life, though, does not at all apply to farming as it is done in the West. The big ranches of the Middle West and the Pacific Coast can hardly be called farms at all, rather they are large business enterprises and are conducted as such, the scope of the work carrying with it an implied ability to handle big affairs and a corresponding dignity of position and breadth of outlook. These Western farms, like the big factories, have their own place in our industrial life, and this place differs as much from that occupied by the small farms of the East as do handicrafts and home industries from the large manufacturing plants. The Middle West, which is the granary of the world, must be farmed upon an enormous scale, for the great output of wheat and corn, to say nothing of the fruits and grains of the Pacific Coast, could never be handled were it not for the armies of men that are employed, and the improved machinery that does the work of other hundreds of men. Even the smaller farms of the West are handled according to the broad and progressive methods introduced by the large ranchers. The whole spirit is that of swift advance, of taking big risks and expecting big gains, so that the feeling of the Western agriculturist is that of the business man rather than of the farmer.

TO QUOTE from the President again with reference to the small Eastern farms: "No growth of cities, no growth of wealth, can make up for any loss in either the number or the character of the farming population. We of the United States should realize this above almost all other peoples. We began our existence as a nation of farmers, and in every great crisis of the past a peculiar dependence has had to be placed upon the farming population. And this dependence has hitherto been justified; but it cannot be justified in the future if agriculture is permitted to sink in the scale as compared with other employments." To prevent any further decadence of farming and to attempt to restore what already has been lost is the work of the Department of Agriculture, which has done much to improve the old methods of cultivating small farms, but which has yet its greatest work to do. The President recognizes this fully, for he asserts that: "it must continue in the future to deal with growing crops as it has dealt in the past, but it must still further extend its field of usefulness hereafter by dealing with live men, through a far-

reaching study and treatment of the problems of farm life alike from the industrial and economic and social standpoint. Farmers must coöperate with one another and with the government, and the government can best give its aid through associations of farmers, so as to deliver to the farmer the large body of agricultural knowledge which has been accumulated by the national and state governments and by the agricultural colleges and schools."

With this we heartily agree, but it seems to us that America might well take a lesson from Hungary, where the work of the Department of Agriculture is supplemented by a Department of Commerce, created for the direct purpose of encouraging handicrafts in connection with agriculture and of supplying a steady market for all home and village products so that this work might bring in a certain definite income over and above the living supplied by the farm. If the same could be done in this country it would not only bring to the life of the farmer and his family the interest that always attaches to creative work that is useful and practical, but also would so materially add to his income that this fact alone would serve to prevent the restlessness and discontent which so often drives country boys and girls into the factories that they may find some relief from the grinding economy that of necessity prevails at home.

ANOTHER important work to be done is the grouping of farming communities into hamlets and villages so that free social communication and interchange may take the place of the old isolation. If each village possessed a school of handicrafts in addition to the public school there would speedily arise among the younger people the common interest of creative work, which would prove a stronger social bond than we can now imagine, and there would be no longer any question of dullness and apathy if the quiet and wholesome routine of farm work under proper conditions could be relieved by interesting supplementary occupations which not only would bring into play the intellectual and artistic powers of the workers, but also would form a medium of direct communication with the great centers of thought, work and art which are the reservoirs of inspiration.

Every normal man and woman has a natural tendency toward a healthy combination of thought and work, finding therein the best way to gratify the universal desire for self-expression in one form or another. When this desire finds no outlet along constructive lines it either settles into dull discontent or takes some form of eccentricity or extravagance. The cure for both these undesirable states of mind

would seem to lie in the creation of certain standards for home handicrafts and in the providing of opportunities to do useful and beautiful work under favorable conditions and to sell it at a fair price when it is done. The method which the President recommends for the improvement of agriculture would apply equally well to handicrafts. If the civic, state and federal government would coöperate with associations of farmers for the introduction and carrying on of certain practical forms of handicrafts, the key to the whole situation would be found. Once create the desire on the part of the farmers to do this sort of work, and this could easily be done if its practical value were only demonstrated, the part of the government, whether local, state or national, would be to establish schools of instruction for both design and workmanship, to enlist the services of expert designers and craftsmen as instructors and inspectors, and to furnish suggestions concerning dyes and materials for working by carrying on a system of experimentation such as is now applied to seeds and plants. Handicrafts that are taken up as a fad or a pastime have no practical value because the articles made are merely the sporadic expressions of individual fancy, conforming to no standard of design, workmanship, quality or utility, and rarely supplying a real need of any sort. If a movement having any scope or permanence is to be inaugurated, three elements of stability must be assured;—first, the existence of certain recognized standards of excellence; second, a well-defined knowledge of what to make as well as how to make it; third, an understanding of where, how and for what price it is to be sold. Right here lies the necessity for steady, well-organized effort, and for such coöperation between the workers and the government as is urged in the case of the farmers and the Department of Agriculture.

THE greatest field for home handicrafts seems to us to be the making of household furnishings, wearing apparel and articles of daily use. For example, there is a large and steady demand for hand-woven, hooked and hand-tufted rugs in good designs and harmonious colorings,—and especially at reasonable prices. It is more difficult to get a rug that harmonizes perfectly with a well thought out decorative scheme than it is to procure almost any other article of household furnishing, for the stock patterns and stock colorings of our factory-made goods are apt to introduce a jarring note into a house that is restful and harmonious merely because it is furnished exactly in accordance with its surroundings and the needs and tastes of the people who live in it. That this fact is generally

recognized by our best decorators is shown by the demand for the beautiful hand-woven rugs that are made abroad by peasant labor. This is, of course, much cheaper than any class of labor in this country; nevertheless, the same grade of rugs could be made here by home and farm workers and sold at a profit at the same price that must be demanded for the imported rugs after the high import duty on this class of goods has been added to the original cost. If certain recognized standards of design, coloring and workmanship were fixed for such hand-made rugs, they could without difficulty be made to command a market as readily as the Donegal rugs, which are woven by Irish peasants from the designs of Voysey and his school and which must reach the standard of workmanship set by the prominent Scotch manufacturer who stands back of the whole enterprise. Equally good designs and equally high standards as to colors, materials and workmanship might easily be made to apply to rugs made by hand in this country, provided the movement to foster handicrafts should attain sufficient proportions to bring about the establishment of schools such as we have suggested. The same principles and methods would apply also to the other crafts, such as weaving, pottery, needlework, leather work, metal work, cabinet making and the like; in fact, for everything which pertains to the furnishing of a home.

The work now being done in the manual training schools is a step in the right direction, but, like all other efforts made at present to encourage handicrafts, there are no standards for it save the individual experience or beliefs of each teacher; also, there are few practical results beyond the generally beneficial effect of the training afforded to the hand as well as the brain of the student. It would be an easy matter to have the woodworking department in a manual training school put under the charge of an experienced cabinetmaker who would teach the boys sound principles of construction and a thorough method of workmanship, just as the apprentices were taught in the shops of the famous old cabinetmakers whose furniture still stands as the height of achievement in this direction. If a school giving a fairly comprehensive course in handicrafts under experienced and competent instructors were established in each village, there would soon be no doubt of its practical value to everyone living there. In the case of a number of students the interest of the work would naturally be increased by coöperation and exchange. For example, a skilful cabinetmaker could make furniture for his neighbors as well as for his own home and for filling orders from customers, and could exchange his work for that of a neighbor or a fellow student who had

gained skill as a metal worker or a leather worker, so that beautiful household possessions which would have the double value of personal interest and association would naturally come to be a part of the furnishings of each home and would be handed down as heirlooms to the children, just as our old Colonial mahogany pieces are family treasures to this day.

THINKING along these lines, the suggestions that present themselves are endless, for it would mean not only a market but a neighborhood exchange of such things as preserves, pickles and confections of all sorts, such as are now sold in our best groceries at fancy prices because they are home made by some woman who has an especial talent for doing just such things. There are other women who have special aptitude for needlework and who, were this talent given the right direction, could make beautiful hand-made wearing apparel such as commands the highest prices at our most exclusive city shops and is ordinarily far beyond the reach of people of moderate means.

We shall develop these suggestions in more definite and practical detail in the article following this, when we purpose to cite a number of examples from the success of methods that obtain elsewhere, and to define very clearly just what might be done here if favorable conditions were created. There is no question that agriculture is the most wholesome of all pursuits for both body and mind, and also that if it were generally and intelligently carried on by the men and women who are now wearing out their lives in the treadmill of shops and factories and using every cent they earn to make ends meet, it would lessen the cost and increase the comfort of living for the whole nation. A small well-managed farm should provide most of the food required by those who live on it and leave a goodly surplus to be sold at reasonable prices. The farm home, once established, is free of expense save for taxes and repairs, so that the bugbear of rent day is not to be feared. The question of household furnishings and clothing cannot be otherwise than greatly simplified as well as greatly improved by the development of knowledge and taste that would lead to the designing and making of really beautiful and individual things. If the government would coöperate with the farmer to establish training schools and sales departments, so that the work might be made practical from every point of view, there would be little difficulty as to the final solution of our industrial problem and little to fear from the menace of the unemployed.

# THE PLAY CONFESSIONS OF A BUSY MAN: BY J. GEORGE FREDERICK

THE play instinct in childhood is said to be a rehearsal of the primitive experience of the race, in common with all the other innocent savageries and selfishnesses of adolescent life.

Looking back upon my own boyhood, it seems to me that its most poignant memory is that of a desire to deal with *things*, rather than the oppressive load of *thoughts* which were so sternly urged upon me. In school I worked myself into despair over the elusive and seemingly useless ideas and abstract propositions which constituted my curriculum; while many hours of my spare time were voluntarily spent watching, and, if possible, helping in a printing office, which was the special object of my fascination.

To take proofs, no matter how heavy the proof roller; to set type, no matter how tediously it went, and to "kick" a press, no matter how sore of limb it made me, was as purely play to me as when, in my infancy, I had set up tin soldiers and shot them down with paper cannon balls. And when, being rather hopelessly mediocre in "scholarship," I was allowed to go to my beloved printing office, under formal apprenticeship, the entire exacting course of my daily labor for years was always invested with a play-charm which lightened even the plentiful drudgery of the work

Before my apprenticeship was over, my maturing mind brought me, in what was very probably its psycho-physically normal time, to a taste and a delight in thought and reflection, and the time soon came when I was wanted for more important work than setting type.

From that date to this my vocation has been to put thought into words; and the happy, child-like time when I put words into type and printed them, all day long, is probably gone forever.

But when we who were children become adults, we have only added a superstructure to childhood—we have achieved but the latter-day progress of the race; and its adolescent period is a very vital part of our natures still. If in our vocations and avocations we utilize but the lately-refined portion of our capacities, and neglect the more primitive soil from which it grew, Nature's plans for roundly balanced individuality are thwarted.

I used to be ashamed of the play-passion which I felt occasionally, even after life had settled down to very sober earnest. I could see no dignified reason why a man who ran a business and delved in

philosophy and who had cut all his wisdom teeth some years before, should desire to play with saw and plane, or type and press, or trowel and spade. I crushed my desire to enter boyishly into the miniature telegraph line and other electrical experiments which some of the boys who were about the house were absorbed in. I wondered why I should be so childish as to construct waterfalls and mill-wheels while idling in a meadow, or whittle curious things with a jackknife.

As the years went on, however, and business and writing left me more and more without opportunity for a great deal of outdoor recreation, and used only my faculties of judgment, reflection, analysis, literary composition, etc., I became bolder; and one day, with a boy's delight, I fitted up a corner of my basement with a bench and tools; with electrical paraphernalia, with a little printing outfit—much of which had been hoarded from boyhood in the attic.

To go down to that little corner, after a day's aggravating mental drains, and make something for the house, a magazine rack, or something even simpler; or to set up and print a little "symphony" of my own writing, or some small piece of printing which I could use; or just to find out new things about electricity by playful experiment—was an unlimited and unending source of rejuvenation to me.

IN TIME I widened my field and systematized it. I added gardening, and plumbing and painting and paperhanging, and other things, until I fear I am a living incarnation of the old-fashioned epithet, "jack-of-all-trades." I take a delight in doing odd jobs, and would not for worlds miss the fun of doing what heretofore a duly accredited mechanic had to do about the house.

Of course my philosophic temperament has often asked the question why and wherefore, and has probably gently tolerated this play tendency of mine as a bit of childhood clinging to an adult with unseasonable persistence. But serious reflection, coupled with observation of other men, has made me give this part of me an honorable and rational place in the economy of my mature individuality.

If this play-work has the power to refill the cups of my spontaneity, even recuperate my vitality, and soothe tired nerves, it must be a very important psychological and physical need of my nature. It is evident to me that the body, the mind, and even the soul benefits by working at something with the hands. All the refinements of mind are psychological progressions from more simple sense-experiences; the greater part of our human nature is built for concrete expression in work with the hands and senses.

President Hadley, of Yale, has most accurately divided mental character into three divisions—those who are most interested in things (mechanics, etc); those who are most interested in social activity and management (business men, politicians, etc.), and those who are most interested in ideas (thinkers, writers, clergymen, etc.). Normal men have all of these tendencies, for one grows from the other; but practically always one is predominant in an individual. The immediate tendency, therefore, is to cultivate the predominant faculty to the almost total exclusion of the others; and this specialization is one of the peculiar banes of all modern life, and American life in particular, it seems to me.

When one realizes how very many people are engaged in the two latter classes of activity, which engage the sense-faculties very little, if at all; and also, how many even of those who are at work making things must operate a machine and confine themselves to one part of a product, then one realizes how far away from the normal use of all our faculties we have strayed.

So real and universal is this human joy in making and shaping things that it will not be lost to the race, even by generations of starvation. I know a very dignified bank president who has a curious little shop at the back of his suburban estate, the keys to which he carefully guards. In this little retreat I have had the pleasure of seeing him put in operation a wholly purposeless system of shafts and pulleys, driven by a little motor, and have watched him devise new ways of transferring the power and of applying it, which gave him the keenest pleasure. There he works out models for some of his inventive mechanical ideas—none of which are as yet valuable or patentable. There also he has made sundry chairs and other handicraft pieces, and has even attempted to mould in clay. He tells me that anticipation of "fooling" in his little shop adds cheer to his arduous work in the bank, and, he believes, postpones old age indefinitely.

There are many like this bank president, and many who would like to be like him, but have not the courage or the time. I verily believe that if one half or more of men in business were to sincerely choose the thing they would like to do all day long, if there were no other consideration to think of, it would be to work in wood, or metal, or clay, or earth. The number of men who secretly envy the carpenter, the farmer, the artisan of every sort, while a real or fancied necessity drives them to labor at the more effete task which brings the larger amount of money which modern standards of living seem to demand.

I do not wish to formulate a philosophy about this tendency of mine, and the commonness of it among men. I simply wish to record my opinion, influenced by my remembrance of boyhood, that play-work is a very vital part of education; and also to encourage among "grown-ups" the adoption of some form of work with the hands, in which the heart takes delight. It is probably true that it is impractical in this modern life for a man who has an artist's delight in making things with his hands to cease his business and devote himself to it completely. Undoubtedly many a good joiner and cabinet-maker or wood-carver, or potter, or other artisan is spoiled by becoming a banker or office man; but against such loss society could not consistently protest. Ink and organization have so revolutionized the world's work that thousands of men perform their day's labor by sitting at a desk and dealing purely with symbols and the means of communication. The world of ideas has become so supreme and immense that the world of things has become a complete and undersized servant to it. But our physical and mental faculties which demand work upon concrete things, the age-old development of artisanship in us, will not be put away so easily. You cannot kick away the scaffolding by which you have climbed high, without endangering equilibrium.

# WHAT THE RETURN TO NATURE REALLY MEANS: BY EDWARD CARPENTER

"THE phrase, 'Return to Nature,' much in vogue during the close of the last century, has again at the end of the present one come curiously into fashion, and has become the subject of a good deal of discussion, of attacks, rejoinders, and so forth. It must be admitted that the expression has the appearance of being a vague one, and possibly a mere cover for formless sentiment; but it is possible also that there is in it a good deal more than that, and it may be worth while to consider with a little care what the underlying meaning may be.

"When, in walking over a mountain country, you miss the path or find it running out into mere sheep-trails, you generally *go back* till you reach the main track from which you strayed, and then go forward again. That seems the instinctive thing to do. And there is a good deal to show that there is a similar tendency or law in human progress. While ordinary reforms and changes consist in a hastening (more or less rapidly) along the existing line of progress, there seems to be a certain other class of reforms or "revolutions" which are a going back to a previous point, and a branching out from thence. A little thought indeed would show that these are the only two possible methods of growth; and that forward leaps, skipping over intermediate ground, or sudden departures from *new* points, could hardly be expected in the development either of individuals or of society; since evolution is not discontinuous, and the human mind and human habit and custom demand some kind of consistency in their movement. . . .

"In society, institutions after growing for some time become hard and ossified; then we are practically forced to seek back to earlier forms, and begin to work out our salvation by starting from these. We ask how our forefathers solved the problem; we go back to root-needs, or root-principles; we take up the thread of history at a past point. And when this occurs on a large scale (as for instance in the French Revolution), it carries with it the idea of going back to *Nature*, and is characterized in this way by friends or foes."

# WOODEN DWELLINGS IN CALIFORNIA ON THE LINES OF THE OLD SPANISH ADOBE

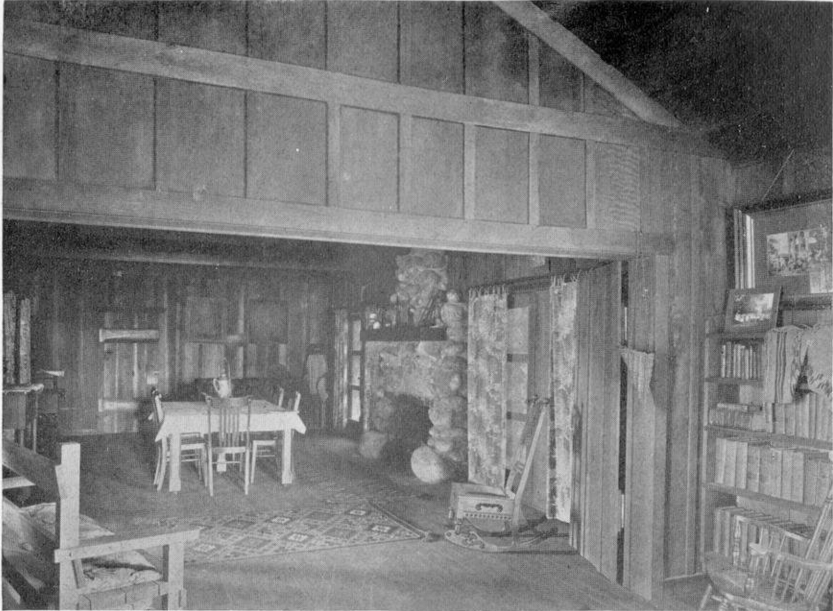
THE fact that people from every state in the Union and very nearly every country on the globe have settled in California, and naturally have built their houses according to the style most in favor in the locality from whence they came, has given to the Pacific Coast a variety of architecture that is hardly to be equalled elsewhere even in this country. Yet of late years there has been a steadily increasing tendency on the part of California architects and also of individual home builders to cut loose from all traditions save one, to forget the houses of the South, of the East or of New or Old England, as the case might be, and to plan their dwellings solely for comfort and with regard only to the environment.

These modern houses, while markedly individual as regards each one, have yet, as a whole, a certain underlying harmony that distinguishes them from the typical dwellings of all other parts of the country. The reason for this seems to be the return to popular favor of the old Spanish idea, with its ample provision for outdoor living, that found its best expression in the days of the Mission Fathers, when each enormous *rancho* had its low, spacious *adobe* house, always built around a court yard, or *patio*, which was surrounded on either two or three sides by the veranda.

Of course the truest modern adaptation of the old Spanish house is done in cement called "modern adobe," or in concrete, but many attractive houses built of wood are also modeled on the long, low lines of the *adobe*. The liberal use of the native redwood for building in California lends a great charm to these simple wooden dwellings, for when the exterior of a plain battened or shingled house is left in the natural color of the wood, it takes on with the action of sun and rain a dark brownish gray tone that is almost violet in the shadows.

The dwelling illustrated here, which is owned by Mr. Arturo Bandini, is an excellent example of the wooden *patio* house. It is situated in the beautiful town of Pasadena, which lies at the foot of the Sierra Madre Mountains, a few miles from Los Angeles. The picture shows a house with the two wings and long low center built around a sunny courtyard, which has the typical cement floor, fountain and growing tree in the center. All the rooms open upon a paved veranda that surrounds the court. The chambers are in the wings, and the great living room, eighty feet in length, occupies the center of the building.

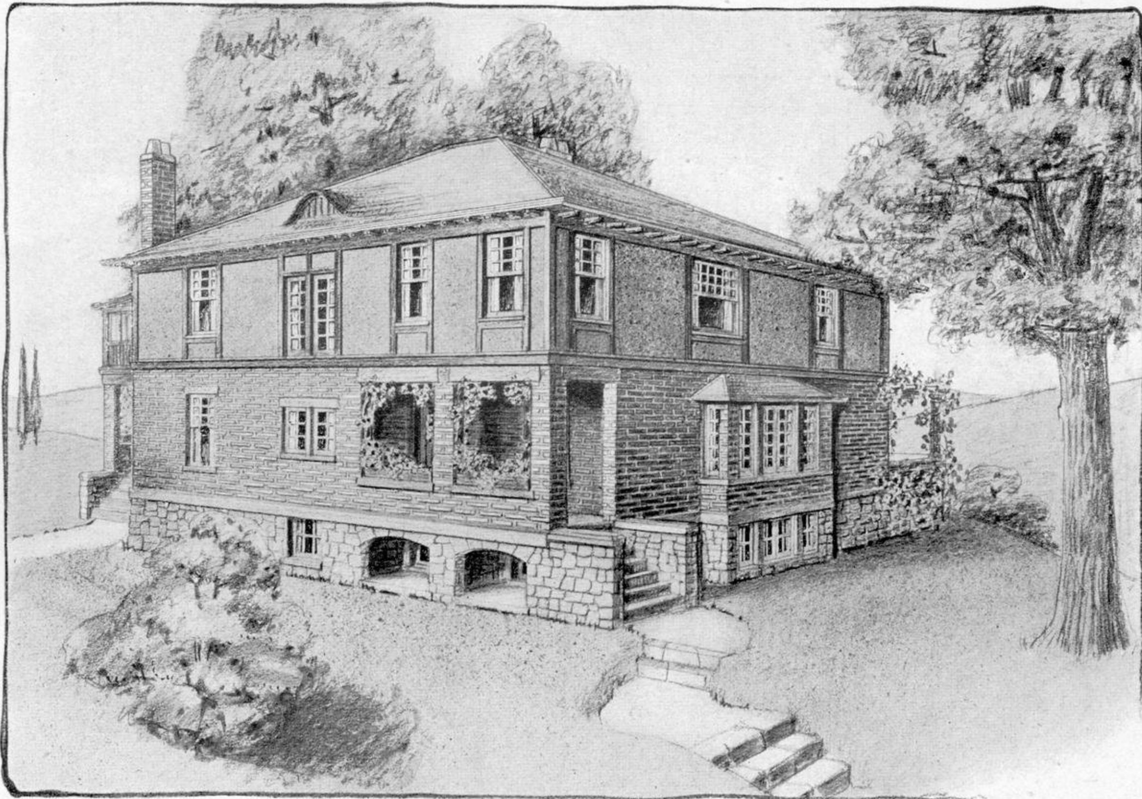
"PATIO HOUSE," OWNED BY MR. ARTURO BANDINI, IN PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.



DINING ROOM OFF THE GREAT LIVING ROOM: SHOWING CEILED WALLS.

DETAIL OF THE ENTRANCE OF PATIO HOUSE: SHOWING COURT AND MINIATURE GARDEN.

THE CHIMNEY PIECE IN THE DINING ROOM IS BUILT FROM GRANITE BOULDERS GATHERED FROM A DRIED-UP WATER COURSE NEARBY.



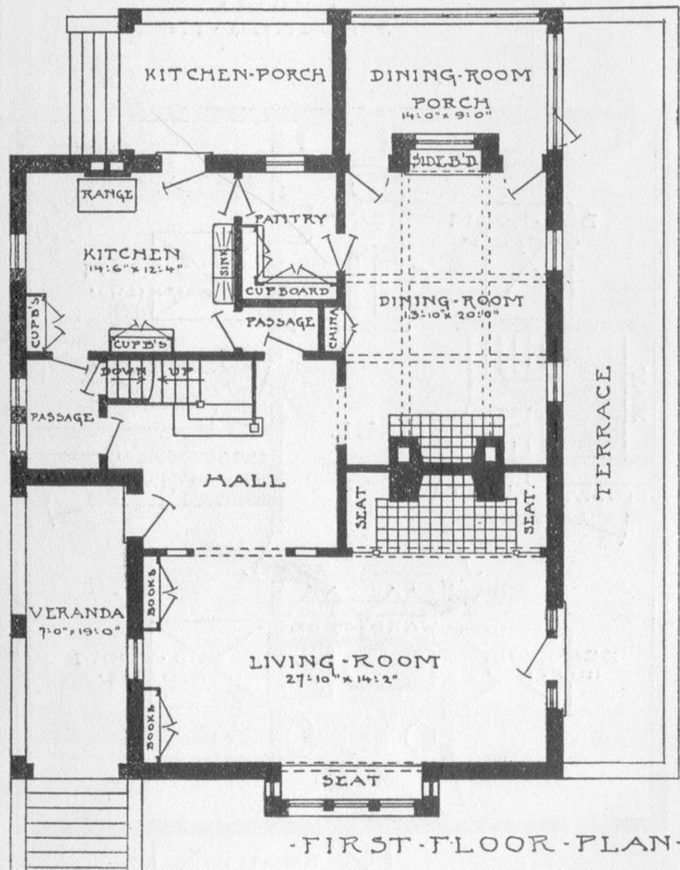
A DWELLING DESIGNED AND BUILT BY AN EL PASO ARCHITECT AFTER THE CRAFTSMAN IDEA.

# A HOUSE OF CRAFTSMAN IDEAS, ADAPTED BY ARCHITECT AND DECORATOR TO THEIR OWN PLANS

THE house illustrated and described here is more than usually interesting to us, and, we hope, to our readers, for the reason that it is the first complete example of what can be done by coöperation between architect, owner, decorator and THE CRAFTSMAN. It is not a Craftsman house, but it is built on lines that are exactly in accordance with the Craftsman ideas. The planning and decorating of the rooms are precisely what we would have done had we undertaken the task singlehanded.

The architect who made the plans is Mr. Edward Kneezell of El Paso, Texas, where the house is built. The plans were brought to us by Mr. F. J. Feldman, a decorator who believes in Craftsman ideas and who blends them with his own so that the value of each is brought out to the best advantage.

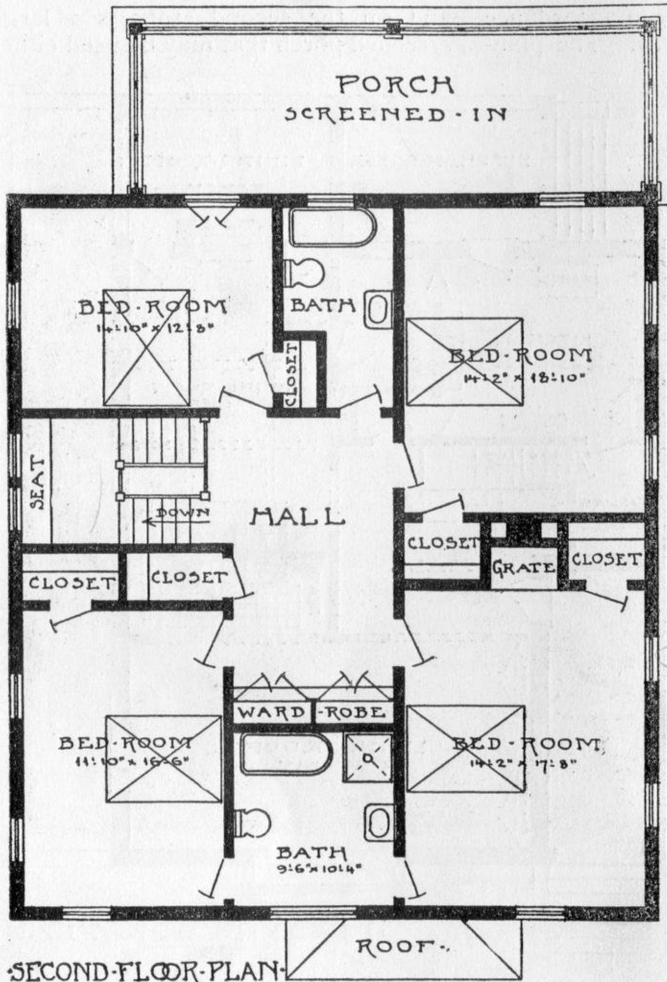
As shown by the illustration of the exterior, the house is square, and is intended for a location which has plenty of space around it. The foundation is of field stone, the first story of brick and the second of plaster and half-timber construction. The entrance veranda is recessed and the openings partly veiled with the vines that climb from the porch boxes on the copings. What might otherwise be a monotonously massive effect below is relieved by the low arches that give light to the basement windows beneath the porch. At the back of the house is another porch leading to the kitchen, and on the second story is a large screened porch that may be used either



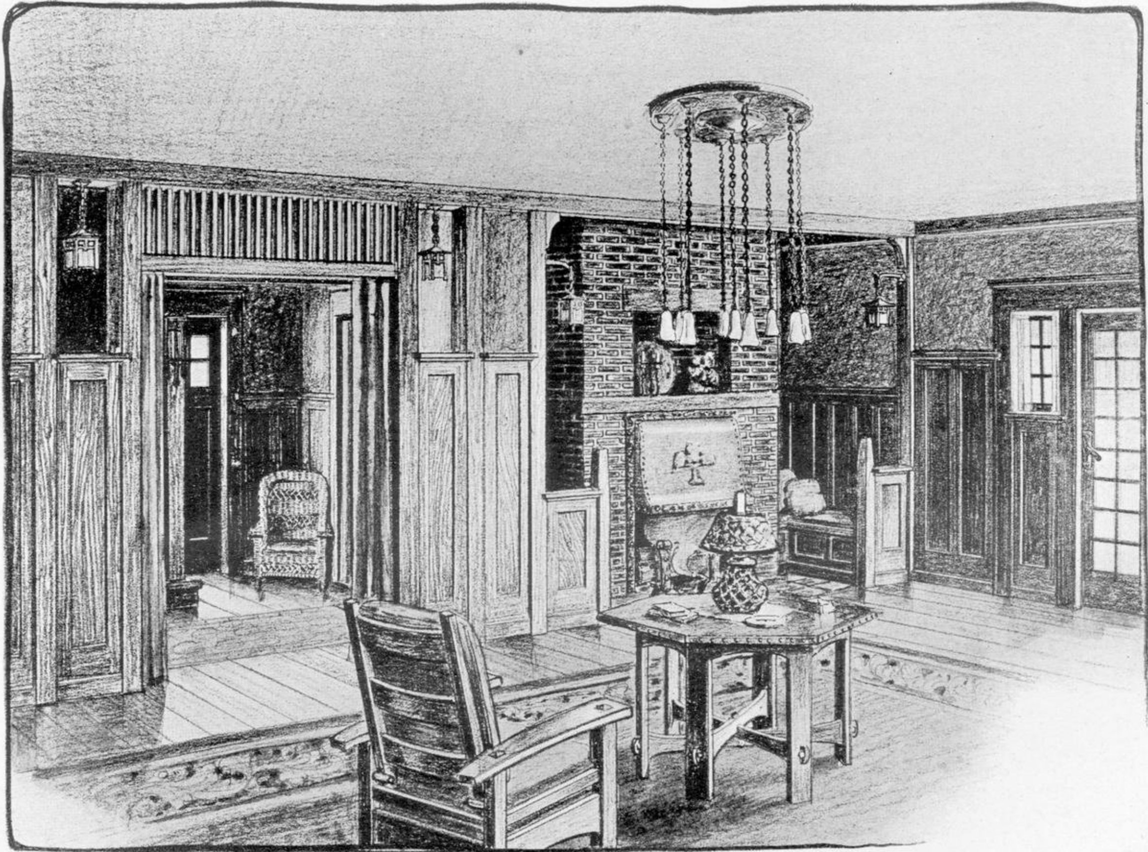

-FIRST-FLOOR-PLAN-

as an outdoor sitting room or sleeping room. It will probably find its greatest use in the latter capacity, as two bedrooms open upon it. A terrace shaded by a pergola runs the entire depth of the house at the side opposite the entrance veranda, and both the living and the dining room open upon this terrace. The square recessed window at the front of the house extends to the ground, the foundation being pierced to accommodate the basement windows.

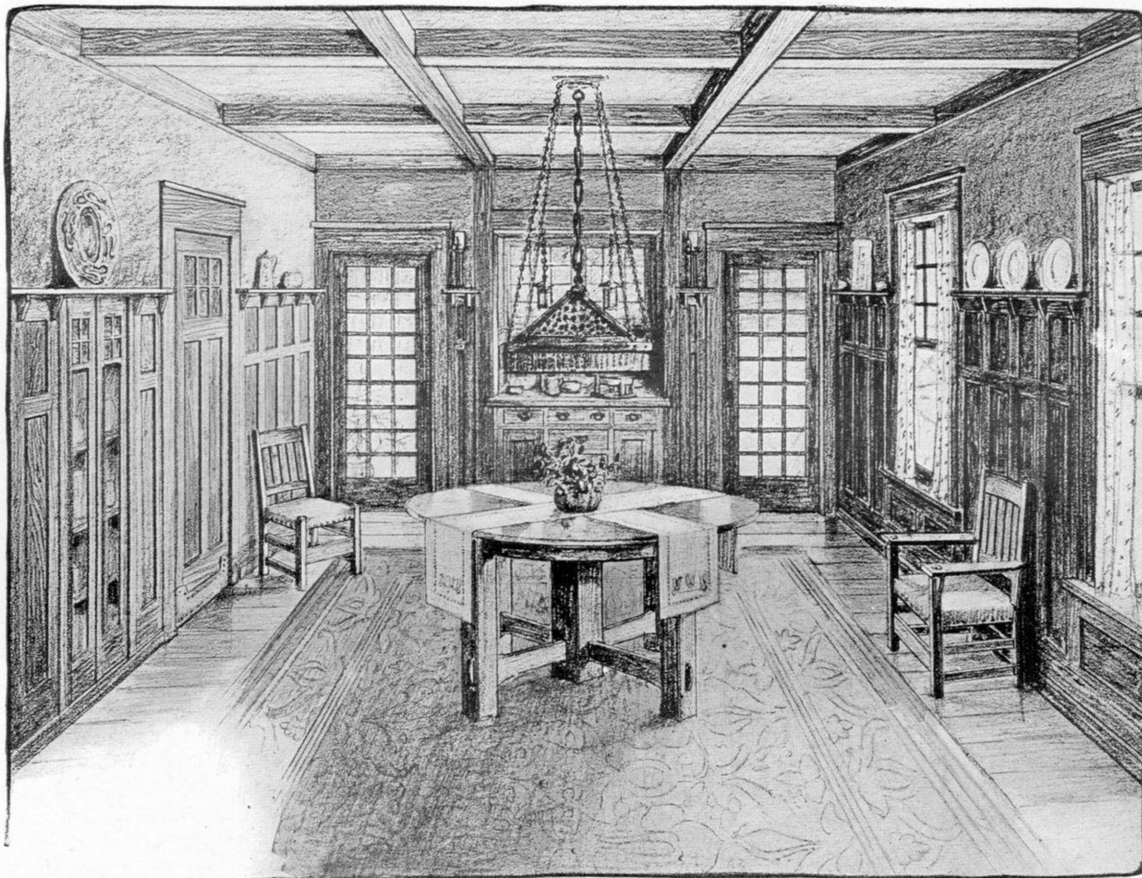
The hall, dining room and living room are all wainscoted in quartered oak finished in a soft brown tone, the wainscoting in the hall being five feet high, and in both living and dining room six feet high. In the dining room a plate rail surmounts the wainscot. At the side of the staircase and in the upper hall the wainscot is only three feet high. In the hall the upper walls are brown and the rugs strike a deeper note in the same color scheme. Craftsman willow furniture, which comes in the delicate water-green of fresh young willow branches, is used here. An especially decorative feature is the newel post at the foot of the staircase, which is finished with a Craftsman newel post lamp. The opening into the living room is handled in a way that is familiar to all who know the Craftsman houses. On either side of the wide doorway a panel of the wainscot runs to its full height, and, above, the space between the posts is open, making a place for two square Craftsman lanterns, which not only serve to light this part of the room, but are very decorative when used in this way.



·SECOND·FLOOR·PLAN·



LIVING ROOM IN EL PASO HOUSE: SHOWING EFFECT OF CRAFTSMAN FURNITURE AND LIGHTING FIXTURES.



DINING ROOM DECORATED AND FURNISHED IN THE CRAFTSMAN STYLE.

Turning from the subdued brown tones of the hall, the green of the upper walls in the living room forms just the contrast needed to preserve harmony, and at the same time avoid monotony. The woodwork, of course, is the connecting link that binds together the whole scheme of the lower story, there being so much of it in all the rooms, and the finish being all the same. A window in the end of the room commands the entrance veranda, and on either side of this window is a Craftsman bookcase. A square recessed window with a deep window seat breaks the line at the front of the room, and the glass door that opens upon the terrace gives light at the other end. At the back is a recessed fireplace nook with two fireside seats and a tiled hearth. The chimney-breast is of dark red brick with rock-faced stone trimmings and a copper hood. A ceiling beam marks the point of division between the room proper and the nook. Both window and fireside seats are upholstered in Craftsman soft leather, and in the center of the room is a large Craftsman library table covered with hard leather. Over this hangs a shower of nine electric lights and these, with the two bracket lanterns in the nook and the two that hang over the opening between the hall and the living room, light the entire room. The center of the room is covered with a Donegal rug, so largely used in the Craftsman scheme of decoration, and there are portières of Craftsman canvas between the hall and the living room, and the hall and the dining room. All the doors in the house are of Craftsman design, the small, square panes in the upper part being of amber cathedral glass.

The dining room has a ceiling beamed in such a way that a large, square panel is formed in the center of the room. This is directly over the round dining table, and from the center of the panel hangs the large, square Craftsman electrolier of fumed oak, copper and brass wire gauze that was designed especially for such use. A fireplace at the forward end of the room backs up to the fireplace in the living room, and opposite is a sideboard built into a recess, and flanked on either side with a glass door that opens to the dining porch beyond. A window of stained glass is seen above the sideboard, the design being a grape motif, so carried out that it is in harmony with the color of the upper walls, which is a dull Gobelin blue. On one side of the dining room is a recessed china closet, the doors of which are flush with the wainscot. The color scheme of the Donegal rug is in Gobelin blue, dull greens and a touch of brick red.

The special pride we take in the designing and furnishing of this house is that it was not done wholly by ourselves, and so forms the best proof that the principles we have tried so persistently to teach are beginning to make their own way in the minds of architects and decorators. Believing this to be the case, some months ago we ceased to put out our own designs, feeling sure that our ideas in planning and decorating houses would give the best results in the hands of individual architects and decorators who should accept them as general principles and apply them, according to their own best judgment, to individual cases. We feel that the example shown here amply justifies this position, and that it will prove equally suggestive to all who are interested in using every means to create for themselves the right home environment.

# DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: A SERIES OF LESSONS: BY ERNEST A. BATCHELDER: NUMBER V

"Not all the mechanical or gaseous forces of the world or all the law of the universe will enable you either to see a color or draw a line without that singular force anciently called the soul."—*Ruskin.*

IN the first problem of this series it was shown that the "spotting" or blocking in of a design, through contrasts of lights and darks, was a matter of first importance. It was made apparent that the darks were the result of a concentration of lines in certain portions of the design, and that the tone of these areas of dark could be lowered by bringing the lines into closer association or by increasing the widths of the lines. A graphic illustration of this is furnished in Fig. 23, three renderings of the same motif varying in tone. At the right is a little scale or ladder of five steps from black to white inclusive. From the middle step downward the blacks dominate; from the middle step upward the whites dominate. If you will examine this scale from a distance it will be noted that the effect is the same as if it were rendered in flat washes of gray paint.

This scale leads us to a definite discussion of the first questions involved in a study of tone relations. In the color box recommended for use will be found a neutral pigment commonly known as "charcoal gray." With this pigment and varying amounts of water it will be found that a gradation of tone can be made from the white of the paper to the deep black of the solid paint. It is necessary first of all to render this gradation of tone in a series of orderly steps. The distinct notes which the eye can discriminate will be found surprisingly few in number, probably not over twenty-five. It will simplify mat-

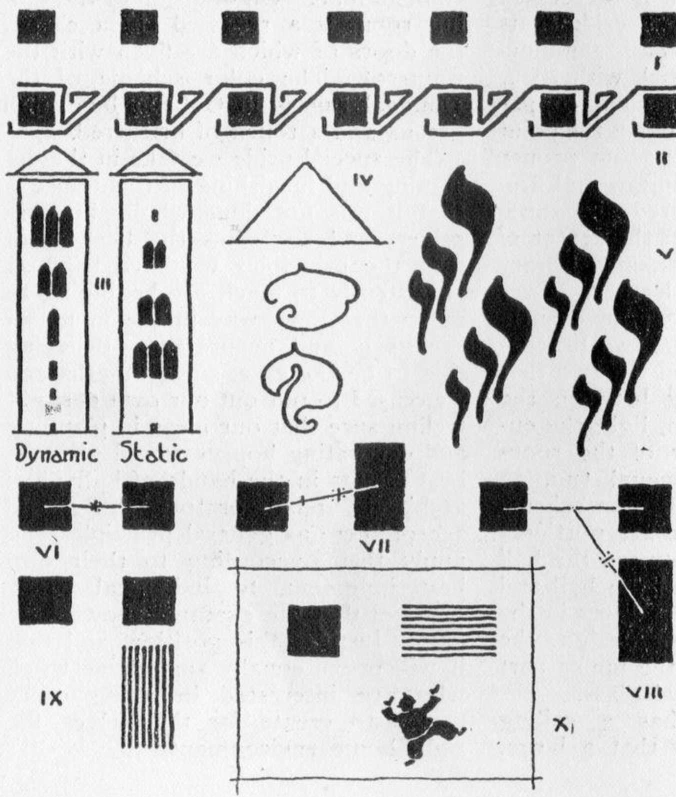
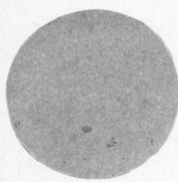



PLATE TWENTY.

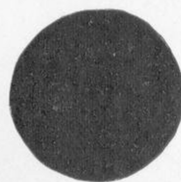
WHITE.

LIGHT.



MEDIUM.

DARK.



BLACK.

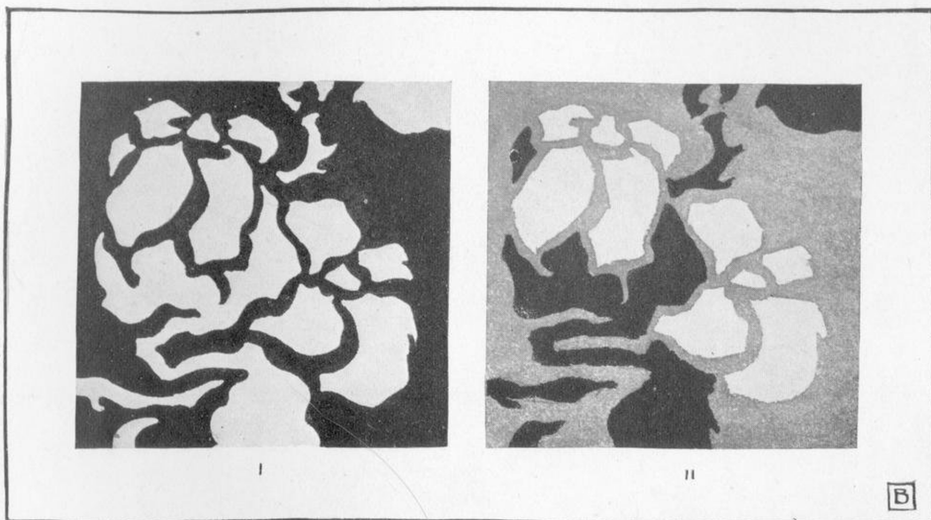



PLATE TWENTY-TWO.

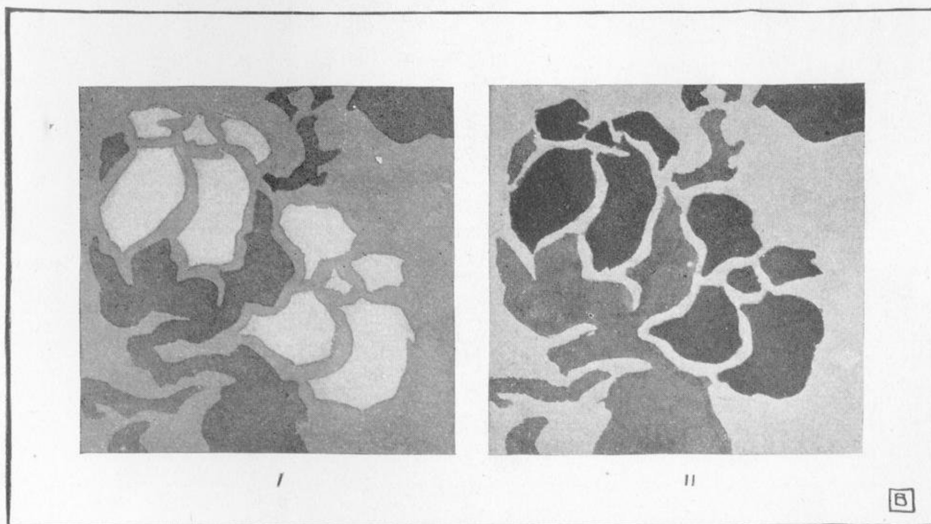



PLATE TWENTY-THREE.

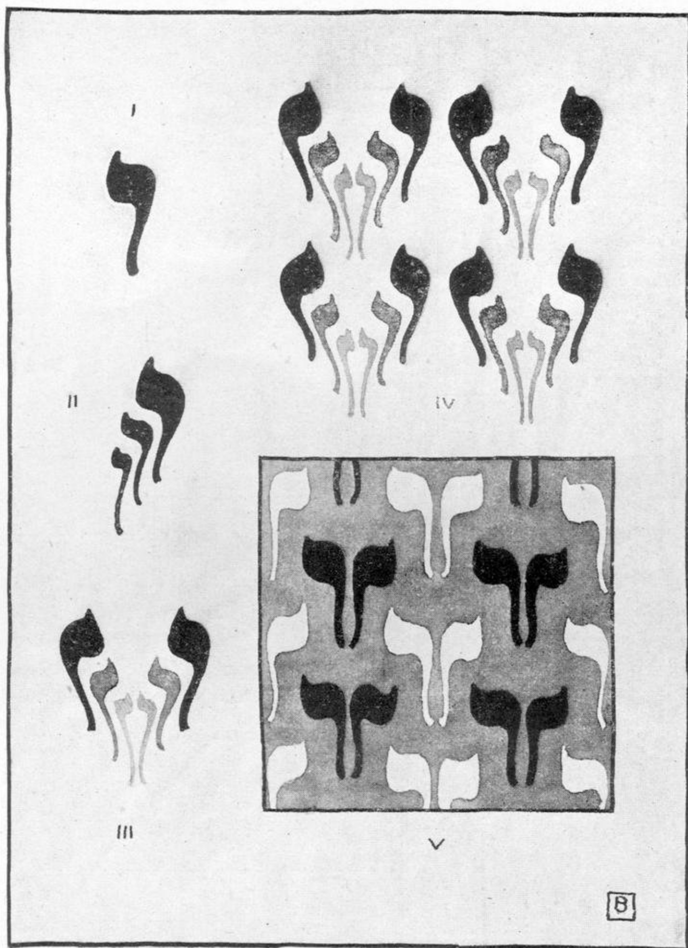



PLATE TWENTY-ONE.

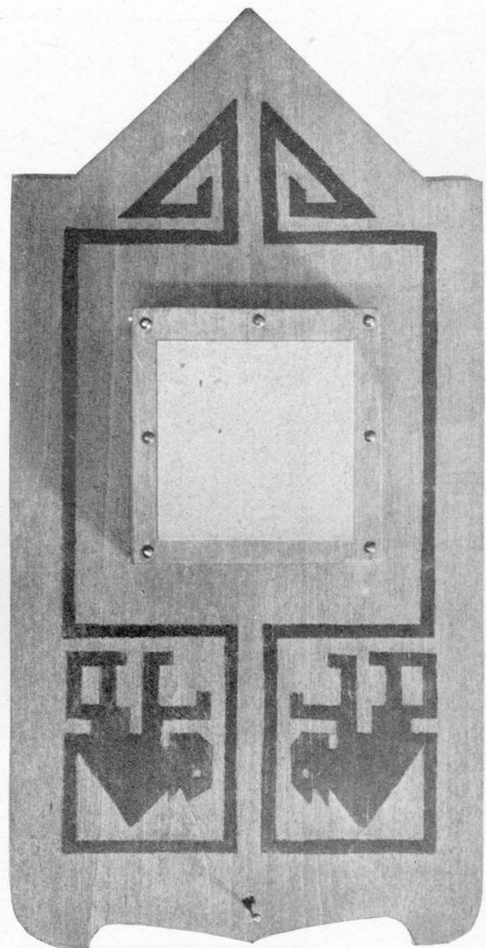


PLATE TWENTY-FOUR.

ters, however, and will serve our purpose, to render a scale of five distinct notes.

Problem: In five circles or squares equally far apart, one above another, paint at the bottom a black note; leave the white of the paper for the top note. Then see if you can strike a third note just half-way in tone between these two extremes. This middle note is the keynote of the scale to which the other notes must be tuned. It must be properly adjusted in its relation to black and white before proceeding. Its exact tone calls for careful consideration. One who possesses clear discrimination in a comparison of tone relations will experience little difficulty in striking this note. The novice may find repeated trials necessary. In a later discussion of color the importance of this middle note will be apparent. Now see if you can strike another note half-way between this middle note and white, and another half-way between the middle note and black. The result (Plate 19) is an orderly scale of neutrals from black to white, in which the intervals of contrast are equal. For example, there is the same interval of contrast when black and dark are placed in juxtaposition as would occur through the use of middle tone and light.

This scale will be referred to hereafter as the neutral or value scale. By the value of any tone, whatever its color may be, is meant the position of that tone in such a scale as this. The number of notes in our scale might be increased by the insertion of intermediates between each pair here shown; but we shall find these five, keyed to the middle note, well adapted to a discussion of tone relations. In this invariable scale of values is the backbone of an intelligible color unit.

With this value scale as a first step in the direction of tone adjustment let us now seek, in a purely elementary and abstract way, several different manifestations of two important principles. These principles have already been given an elementary application in our problems; but for a clear understanding of the problems to follow it is necessary to discuss these principles more carefully and to compare the different ways in which they will enter into the composition of the details of designs.

Rhythm was defined last month as "joint action or movement." With this reciprocal relation of details in a joint action there must also be present a feeling of rest or repose through a balance of the various attractive forces employed; mere movement is not enough.

We have found that rhythm may occur through the regular repetition of an unique shape (Plate 20-i). Here, there is no sense of movement in any particular direction; nor is direction necessarily implied by the term rhythm as it will be used. It means no more than that in a regular sequence of shapes the eye is able to "find an orderly way through the details of a design." It was shown that this movement might be strengthened and given direction by establishing line connections to bind the units of repeat together (ii). We may also secure a rhythmic interrelation of parts through an increasing ratio of measures from small to large (iii). It is this manifestation of rhythm that forms the basic principle of nearly every *campanile* in Italy, and gives beauty to the Infinite Curve. And now we have another method of creating a distinct movement in a design—a gradation of values from light to dark. In Plate 19 the movement is downward from the light attractive force of the higher values to the strong attractive force of the lower values.

Thus it will be seen that the principle of rhythm is one over which the designer must have intelligent and complete control in the orderly adjustment of the many attractive forces with which he is working. He may emphasize the movement, check it, or subordinate it to other demands, divert it to or concentrate it in any portion of the design to which it may seem desirable to give dominant interest. The movement may be so apparent that even a casual observer will note its presence; or it may be so subtle that it baffles analysis.

In Plate 21-i is a rhythmic motif. Its rhythm is due partly to the increase of measure from bottom to top, and partly to the reciprocal relations of the contour lines. It is what may be termed a dynamic shape, in which all forces combine to pull the eye upward. The Italian *campanile* is dynamic in character; the Egyptian pyramids are static; the one suggests an upward aspiration; the other immovability. In Plate 21-i, the upward movement of the spot is emphasized and hastened by a repetition with gradation of measures. In Plate 20-v, the regular repetition of this rhythmic unit furnishes an instance in which movement, for its own sake, is made the dominant feature of the result. But this little design serves to illustrate the assertion that rhythm alone is not enough. The need is felt for rest and repose in the result. In Plate 21-iii, still further emphasis is given to the dynamic character of the unit by the addition of a tone gradation; but here there is a restraint imposed upon the restless activity of the attractive forces composing the unit. In this balance of two

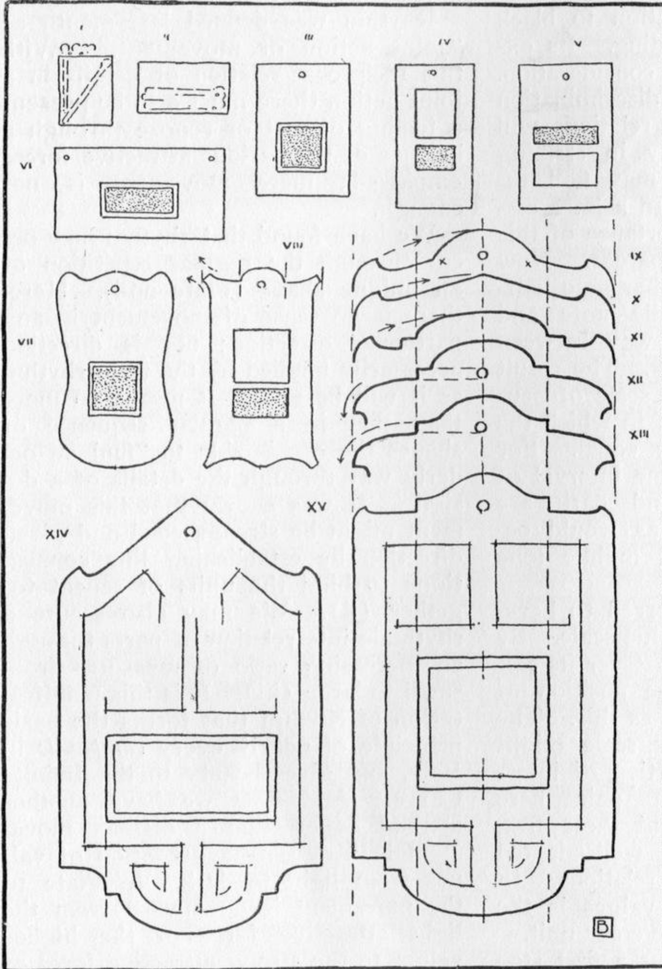



PLATE TWENTY-FIVE.

# DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: NUMBER FIVE

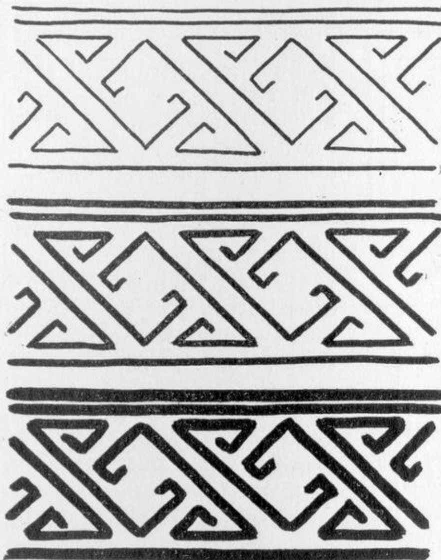


FIGURE TWENTY-THREE.

equal forces the eye unconsciously seeks a point or line of equilibrium between them. It will be found then, that in iv, while the forces counting for movement are stronger than in Plate 20-v, there is a counteracting influence at work to impart some element of repose to the result. In this symmetrical adjustment of attractive forces we have the simplest and most obvious manifestation of balance, an arrangement in which equal forces are opposed on a line or point of equilibrium. This type of balance is so generally understood and recognized that it has seemed unnecessary heretofore to give it definition. But now, in a more complete definition of the principle of balance, it is well to consider symmetry as its simplest manifestation.

In the earliest extant artistic remains of the human race, symmetry appears as a basis of ornament. In his conscious efforts toward an art expression, man endeavored to arrange or dispose his ideas in an orderly way. The first manifestations of order appear through regular sequence, or alternation, and through symmetry. And in the entire development of primitive art, from the least important productions to the carving of an idol, there is ever present a sense of keen appreciation of the beauty of symmetry. In nature symmetry appears as the constructive basis in organic and inorganic life, from the crystal to the human figure.

But in nature, as well as in a more finely organized system of design, actual symmetry often gives place to a more subtle type of balance. In any discussion of balance in design it is desirable to revert to the laws of physical balance; the underlying principles are the same. In symmetry the opposing attractive forces are the same in line, form, and tone (Plate 20-vi). Now, how may we balance oppositions which exert unequal attractive forces? In vii the actual symmetry is destroyed by doubling one of the measures of the opposition. If these were physical forces they would be balanced by drawing a line to connect their centers. Then we would seek on this line the point of equilibrium. The attractive forces of the two spots may be expressed by the formula one-two. Hence, we would divide the line connecting centers into three equal parts, the sum of the forces exerted, and reversing the ratio give to the larger spot one-third of the line and to the smaller spot two-thirds. In viii are three spots exerting attractive forces which may be expressed by the formula one-, one-two. The point of equilibrium may be found by balancing two of the spots, then by balancing these

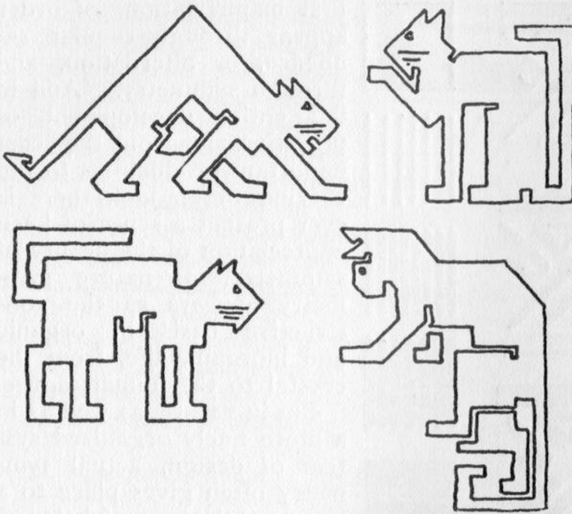


FIGURE TWENTY-FOUR.

cerned chiefly with the physical law of balance; but in balancing contrasts of values and colors we pass beyond any possible assistance from mathematics to questions decided only by careful discrimination and sensitive feeling.

We sometimes speak of a balance of two tones, as in Plate 22-i, having in mind the distribution and the approximately equal quantities of the tones. In the same way we sometimes speak of a balance of several tones, referring to their relative measures and distribution. But this is, in reality, the same idea that was discussed in a preceding paragraph. In a more direct sense quantity is not an essential factor in a tone balance. It is purely a question of contrasts. In ii of this same plate is a balance of value contrasts. The two ends of the scale have equal contrasts on a middle ground. The white is just as much lighter than that ground as the black is darker. In Plate 23-i, is another balance of values. The contrast of dark on the middle ground is balanced by the contrast of light on the same ground. In ii, the balance is deliberately upset in order to give dominant interest to the flowers. Their attractive force is materially increased by giving them a much stronger contrast on the background. In

two with the third, as indicated. In ix, another factor enters into the problem; the tone of one of the spots has been changed, and in consequence its attractive force is decreased. There may be a mathematical formula for determining the point of equilibrium; but its complications are so many and its results of such doubtful value that it is unwise to pursue the mathematics of it further. It is readily seen that the principle is the same, but that mathematics gives way to judgment. In x are attractive forces differing in tone, in measure and in shape. Here we are thrown still more upon judgment and sensitive feeling in establishing a point of equilibrium. If we were to enclose these varied attractive forces within a rectangle we would see to it that the balance point of the attractive forces coincides with the center of the enclosing form.

Now we have to consider still another type of balance, related only indirectly to the definition above,—a balance of the values of our scale. In balancing lines and forms we were con-

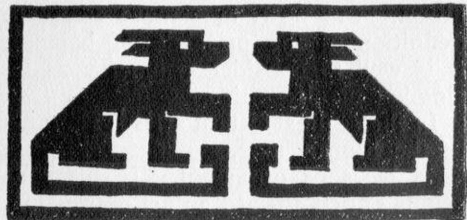


FIGURE TWENTY-FIVE.

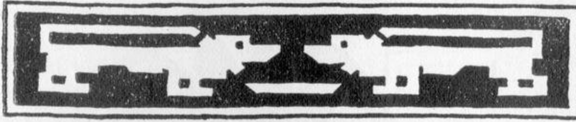


FIGURE TWENTY-SIX.

Plate 21-v, there is a pleasing adjustment of the tones of the design, gained through a rhythmic interrelation of the details and a balance of values on a middle ground. This combination of rhythm and balance gives the most satisfactory rendering shown of the little motif indicated in i of this plate.

Balance, then, like rhythm, should be thoroughly understood by the student in order that he may work with definite aim and purpose, with a complete command over the terms in which he essays to express himself.

Now it may be pertinent to remark that, however thoroughly one may study the abstract demonstrations which occupy so much of our space this month, there must enter into any design a quality which is beyond analysis and which can be imparted only in an indirect way. That is the touch of individuality, the personal quality that clothes dry bones with life, vitality, and interest. To understand the essential principles of design is one thing; but this understanding is merely a means to an end. In any work that is worth while there must enter a live and vigorous imagination, a freedom and spontaneity, without which a design becomes formal and deadly uninteresting. We may call it the play impulse, if we choose, an evidence of pleasure and joy in the work that comes from under one's hand. In nearly all primitive work, and in the work of the mediæval craftsman, there is ample evidence of this play impulse. In the work of these men there appears a quaint and whimsical grotesque quality that is irresistible in its appeal. We come upon it in the most unexpected places, in the basket or on the carved idol, on the front of the altar or on the carving of the choir screen; no place is entirely free from it. There seems no good reason why a design should not entertain us, even amuse us, and yet be as serious in its aim and purpose as if we were to approach the subject in a spirit of goggle-eyed wisdom.

Problem: Our problem may seem, at first glance, to be one of amusement only; yet if it had no other claim than that of mental discipline involved in its solution, it would be sufficiently valuable to justify itself. Experience proves that it is very difficult for a student to work from nature in terms of design. It is one thing to be able to draw; but quite another thing to be able to design. A well drawn insect, animal or flower may be commendable on its own account, but to translate any motif into terms of design it must always undergo a process of conventionalization adapted to the tools and materials of execution, and organically related to the space which it is to occupy. We have seen from primitive work, and from our own geometric

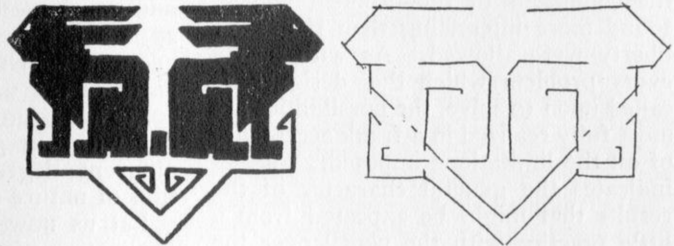


FIGURE TWENTY-SEVEN.

problems, that the beauty of a design is primarily a question of related lines, forms and tones. Nature is necessary to the designer, but not to the design. It is our purpose to seek a happy medium between the geometric basis on which our work has been developing, and the motif derived from nature. In the present problem let us venture into animal life. Accepting the conditions imposed by the squared paper, with a limitation to the vertical, horizontal and forty-five degree oblique lines, you are to devise an unique and animal-like symbol.

A reasonable knowledge of animal anatomy is of course essential; and with such knowledge, together with a spice of imagination, and a sense of humor, the conditions of the problem will be found more interesting than if greater liberty were allowed. As with nearly every problem which the designer is called upon to solve, the possibilities are most fully realized in a frank acceptance of all the limitations imposed. Fig. 24 indicates the general character of the results that might be expected from a little practice with the pencil over the squared paper. Figs. 25, 26, 27 show the completion of the problem. It calls for a balance of attractive forces in symmetry within an enclosing form. Three points should be kept carefully in mind: the figures must be related organically to the enclosing form; the shapes and measures of the areas of black and white must be given equal attention; the two parts of the unit should

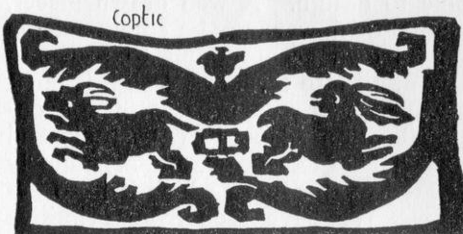


FIGURE TWENTY-EIGHT.

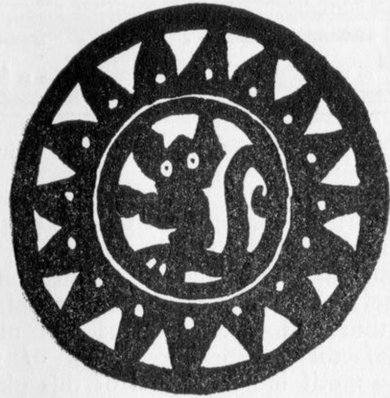


FIGURE TWENTY-NINE.

be bound together by as many rhythmic connections as possible. In Fig. 27 is a line analysis showing the connections which serve to bind the two parts of the unit together. Figs. 28, 29, 30 are from primitive work, quite in line with our problem, showing three different degrees of conventionalization of nature-derived elements.

Let us now attempt a constructive application of a motif such as we have been using,—a match-safe to hang upon the wall (Plate 24). The essential elements are of first importance (Plate 25). There must be a receptacle for the matches. It may be vertical (i), or horizontal (ii), its inside dimensions to be determined by the length of a match. If in a vertical position the dimensions of the box should be so planned that a single match will not fall too far below the top. There should be a piece of sandpaper, a back piece with a hole at the top for the nail or hook on which the match safe is to be hung. These structural elements must form the basis for the design; they are demanded by utility. The material employed might be copper or wood. Two combative black cats seem appropriate as a decorative motif. Our problem is now clear

in its development. We must first define the positions and relative proportions of the essential elements. The sand paper may be on the box (iii), or below (iv), but not above it (v), because the matches within the box would be in danger of ignition. The scheme may be planned horizontally (vi), in which case two holes at the top would seem advisable. We have now to attempt a refinement of the structural elements, and such an adaptation of the decorative motif that it shall be organically related in line and form to those elements in a unity of effect. For the sake of simplicity, let us first discuss the steps involved in a refinement of the essential elements. There are several errors which it would be well to anticipate. The first is in vii. Here there is no reciprocal relation between the curved lines of the back piece and the rectangular box. In viii the box is supported by the parallel side lines, but there are three weak points in this arrangement. There is not enough difference between the top and bottom of the design: the curves indicated by the arrows tend to lead the eye away from the center of interest: the division of the top into three equal parts is unfortunate, giving a result which lacks variety in proportions. In ix the second error is corrected—the curves keep the eye within the enclosing form. But there is another criticism here. At the points marked by the crosses the curves should be either continuous or the angles should be more acute. In x, xi, xii, xiii are suggestions giving variety with unity in the lines and proportions used. Now with these criticisms in mind, let us return to the point of the problem, the organic relation of the lines of the decorative motif to the structural elements. In xiv-xv are two sketches showing the adjustment of the proportions, and the interrelation of all the lines of the design. These sketches emphasize the necessity of working from the whole to the parts. Ornament should never be added as an afterthought; it must always be developed with, and related to, the constructive elements of a problem.

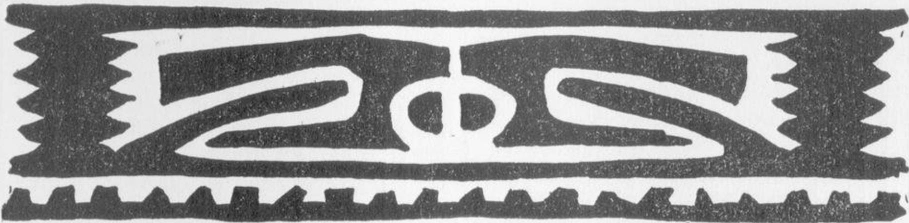


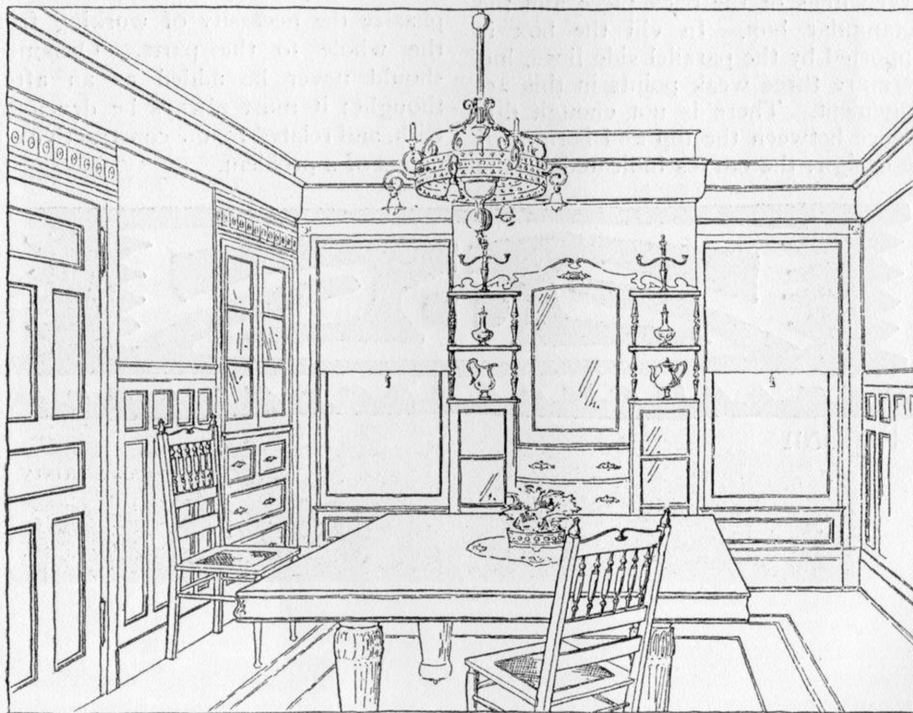

FIGURE THIRTY.

# PARTS OF TWO REMODELING CONTRACTS: LESSON III: BY MARY LINTON BOOKWALTER

IT HARDLY seems possible that it is only fifteen years since the horrors of the "antique oak" period confronted home builders of good taste. Monotonous color in wood, furniture and decoration; wide use of highly polished antique oak, which even in the dull finish is unsatisfactory in color, and in interior architecture mixtures of columns, grill work and stock mantels of different color from the wood trim were characteristic of the time. It was a period of stuffiness in room sizes and fussiness in upholstery and curtain work. Yards of ball fringes and tassels were used, and curtains were elaborately festooned and drawn through brass rings. General taste had reached the point where whatever machine-made furnishings the factories turned out were accepted without question. There was not a good quiet line anywhere.

Gradual process of elimination has converted many of the homes of this period into products of dignity and repose. But even yet, at one time or another every decorator is confronted by the problem of remodeling woodwork and furniture which has been well built, and is too good to throw away, but which violates all the laws of repose in line and beauty in color.

This month parts of two remodeling contracts are offered as suggestive studies for the student. The first problem is doing over a dining room in which, as shown in the drawing be-



DRAWING OF DINING ROOM BEFORE ALTERATION.

DINING ROOM REMODELED FROM DECORATIVE
SCHEME OF MRS. M. L. BOOKWALTER.

DETAIL IN DINING ROOM SHOWING CHINA
CLOSET DEVELOPED FROM OLD DOOR SPACE.

DETAIL OF DINING ROOM, SHOWING TREATMENT OF WINDOWS AND WALL SPACE BETWEEN.

END OF SITTING ROOM REMODELED BY
MRS. MARY LINTON BOOKWALTER.

fore alteration, the good points were its size and plain, well-constructed paneling; the bad points, a stock mantel of poor color at the end where the sideboard now stands, a cornice in a ridiculous position and altogether too heavy for the room, and a poorly designed piece of turning as a detail over the doors. The furniture was made of antique oak. The sideboard with its cabinets, mirrors and glued-on "carving" was typical of the time. The chairs showed lack of thought in turning designs and absence of taste in their general proportions. The main impression of the room before it was remodeled was of restlessness—the result of the radiating lines in the decorative details, which in any form of composition make repose impossible.

The first steps taken in doing over the room were to remove the mantel, which was not needed and was too near the end of the table for comfortable serving, to extend the paneling across the chimney breast, and to replace the cornice with a more simple, well-designed wooden one in the angle. The door frames above the wainscoting, which were then removed, had substitutes which were plain except that the outer and inner edges were outlined by a moulding. Since the windows, doors and cupboards did not line up, panels—as inconspicuous as possible—were inserted to bring the lower levels even. As the former cupboard doors were not attractive, new glass ones were made, set with dull finished brass lines in a conventional pattern.

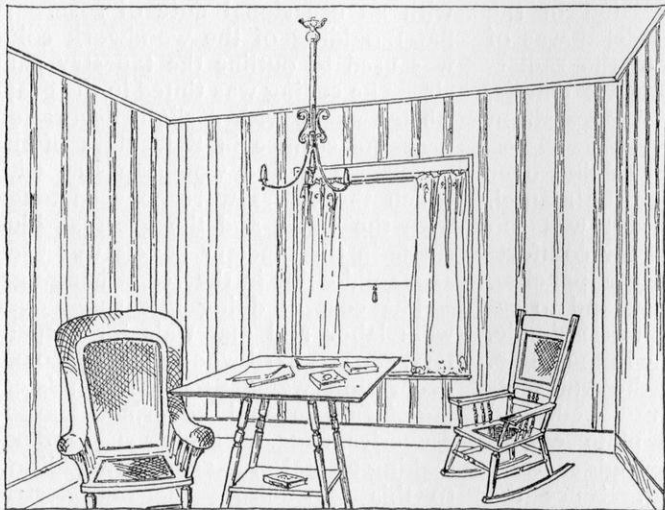
The next thing to change was the furniture. The spindles and irregular tops were removed from the chairs, and the seats built out, as they had seemed too thin and narrow before. All the carving was planed off the sideboard, the irregular cabinets were removed and a drawer added, making it a handsome and serviceable piece of furniture. Hardware of a quiet design was substituted for the elaborate metal work used before.

After this simplifying, came the question of the color treatment. The old finish was removed from the woodwork and furniture, and a soft grayish green stain was used, with here and there a suggestion of blue. The walls were covered with a Japanese grass cloth of a grayish tan color, and the panels of tapestry were carried out in shades of tans, greens, and dull blues, with an occasional note of rose. A flat moulding of the woodwork color was used to outline the tapestry panels. The ceiling was tinted in the grayish tan shade with a slight decoration near the cornice in the colors of the panels. The fine wool tapestry with which the chairs were covered toned with the walls, and the greenish blue shade in the tapestry panels was used as a solid color in the velvet hangings.

The cost of doing this room over was: labor and materials for carpenters, $80.00; hard wood finish, $100.00; decorating walls, $100.00; upholstering furniture and covering, $90.00; draperies, $125.00; toning rug, $18.00; making a total of $513.00. In addition to this expenditure the old electric center light was refinished to tone with the room, and two new side lights were added. It would have been impossible to gain this effect for such a small outlay if it had been necessary to purchase new furniture outright.

The second problem had to do with making attractive and livable a cold uninhabited small room—the kind of room which had been intended for a parlor but had become in the minds of the household, on account of its stiffness, the one spot to avoid. Living room, library and hall had acquired in time personality, but this little room,

because of its detachment from the general living scheme, had acquired an air of aloofness with the years. The drawing of it before alteration shows at once what effect the use of vertical lines can have as the means of condensing all the proportions of a room. The original wall covering had a broad yellow stripe and the woodwork was light brown. The small space made it impossible to place the furniture in such a way that the individual pieces seemed related to one another. In redecorating this room it seemed better to use as a main furnishing a seat extending around the four sides; the seat ends making an attractive finish on either side of the broad opening toward the hall. In order to make the room seem lower and broader, perpendicular lines were eliminated, the color contrasts were made to extend around the room, and as much length as possible was given to horizontal lines.

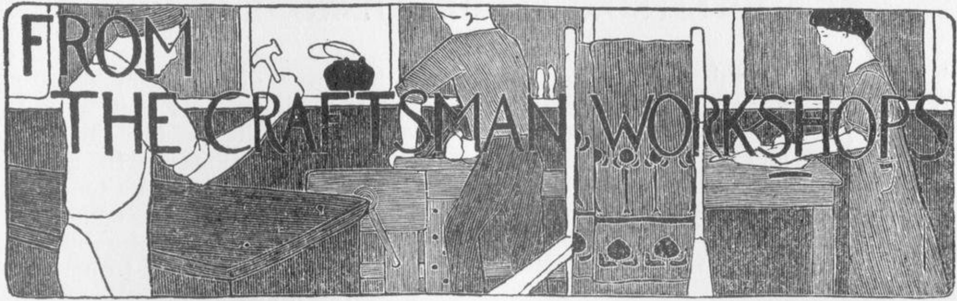


END OF SITTING ROOM BEFORE REMODELLING.

As the colors in the other parts of the house were keyed rather low, the color scheme in this room was made to center about rich greens and blues. The cushions, the back of the seat and the stiles about the panels were covered with a dark blue cloth of loose weave with enough variation in the colors of the threads to give a play of green over the blue and avoid the dead look of a perfectly flat tone. The pale brown woodwork was recolored and changed to a dark shade of brown with an overtone of green. In the panels, a greenish gold ground set off a design of pine trees in blue-greens and browns. The background was slightly relieved by an indistinct figure which made the general effect decidedly richer. The curtains were made of dull blue cloth with trimmings of green outlined in green gold. In order to avoid a break in the broad line about the room, the lower edge of the curtain design was kept even with the wood treatment.

The cost of doing over this room, including the walls and the cloth, building in the woodwork of the seat, cushions of hair covered with blue cloth, two pairs of curtains, heating changes, etc., was about five hundred dollars.

In the planning of any alteration, it is always best, if possible, to know first the financial limitation. With this in mind how much can be done is better estimated. Then plan: First—what could be retained; second—what must be eliminated; third—what can be altered in form or color; fourth—what additions could be made to the room that will harmonize with what you have; fifth—see that your finished effort makes a unit in color and form.




# LESSONS IN METAL WORK

ONLY three designs for metal work are given this month, as the articles, while very simple, will require a good deal of skill and care in the making in order to produce the right effect. If made as they should be, all of them should prove unusually satisfactory both as problems to be solved by the amateur metal worker and as beautiful articles for household use.

The rectangular serving tray shown in the first illustration is designed primarily for use rather than ornament, but its proportions are such that if well made and finished it will be found a very decorative addition to the furnishings of a dining room.

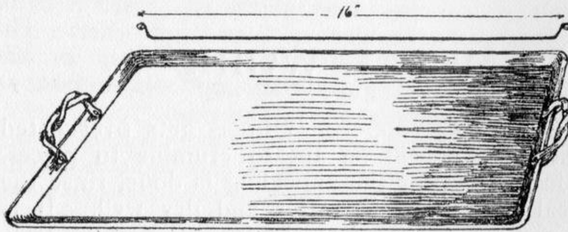
The first step in making this tray is to cut a piece of No. 20 gauge copper to an oblong shape, measuring about 13 × 17 inches. After this is squared, and the edges are made smooth with a file and fine emery cloth, it should be annealed, as metal of any kind will tend to harden under cutting or working. Annealing is a simple matter, but it should be carefully done. The metal should either be laid on a hot stove or held in a flame until it is brought to the right degree of heat. Copper may be heated until it turns to a bright red color, but brass should never be allowed to get beyond a cherry red while in the fire, since it cannot stand as great a degree of heat as copper. If brass gets overheated it will be apt to crumble to pieces. After the annealing is done, rinse the metal in water and dry well. It is then ready to be formed into the tray.

To do this a piece of lead about six inches square and one inch thick should be procured, and an impression should be made in this lead with the pein of the hammer. Then mark the rim of the tray to a depth of about 1½ inches, lay the metal across the impression in the lead and begin to hammer down on the line drawn, using the ball pein of the hammer. This should be continued all around the sheet of metal, leaving a rim 1½ inches deep on the outside of the hammered line. Hold the tray up at a slight angle and hammer away from the center to force this rim up, repeating this process toward each corner. At the corners it is necessary to hammer a little deeper.

After all this hammering the sheet of metal will be a good deal out of shape. To straighten it out the inside of the tray should be hammered out well with the mallet. Then turn the tray on edge with the rim laid flat on a smooth surface, preferably an anvil or a flat piece of iron, and carefully smooth out the whole rim with the mallet. After this, the tray should be turned over and hammered down all around on the edges and corners of

the bottom. By this time it is ready to be annealed again,—in fact, the annealing process may be repeated as often as the metal seems to become too hard or springy.

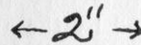
Then the whole tray should be hammered. First hammer the bottom, beginning at one end and going straight

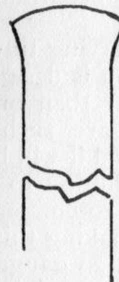



RECTANGULAR COPPER SERVING TRAY.

across to the other end, always using the flat of the hammer. Next turn the tray on edge, or side angle, and hammer this in the same way with the flat of the hammer. In the corners and all around the edge of the bottom the ball-pein of the hammer should be used, as the flat would cut the metal in the corners. Any cuts or sharp impressions other than those intended to be made should be carefully avoided, as they mar the work badly. Care should also be taken that the anvil or iron upon which the metal is hammered has no marks or dents in it, as these would show through even after the metal has been polished. The hammer also should be kept absolutely smooth, and any roughness must be well rubbed down with an emery cloth.

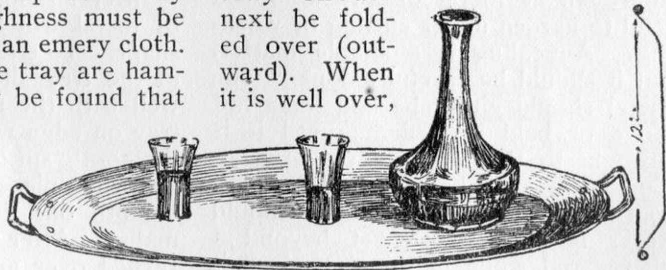
After the sides of the tray are hammered it will probably be found that the bottom is buckled in the center. If this is the case it should be annealed again and the bottom hammered all around the edge with the force of the blow directed toward the edge. This will tend to draw outward the metal that has stretched in the center. In all instances where metal shows a tendency to buckle, it should be hammered around and away from the buckled place, care being taken not to hammer too much in one place. The best way to hammer any large flat surface is to begin at one end and hammer across, returning, and continuing this cross-hammering over the whole length. If a circle or oval is to be hammered, the hammering should begin in the center and be directed outward to the edge, that the stretched portion of the metal may be drawn away from the center. If the opposite method should be employed the tray would be practically ruined, as the stretching of the metal under hammering would leave an appearance of having buckled in the middle.





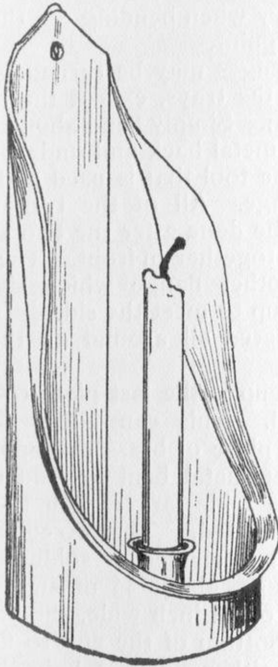
STEEL TOOL.

Using the steel tool shown in the second illustration, the edge of the tray should next be folded over (outward). When it is well over,




OVAL SERVING TRAY.

a wire about No. 16 or 18 gauge should be laid in and then the tray laid face down, and the edge hammered down over the wire. The handles are made of wire about No. 4 gauge,—or 1/8 to 3/16 of an inch thick. Two pieces should be twisted together, the ends flattened, and a hole drilled through the flattened ends for rivets. One end of one wire should be laid on the face side of the tray and an end of the other wire on the under side. Then drill a hole through the tray, inserting a rivet and rivet both of the wires and the tray together.

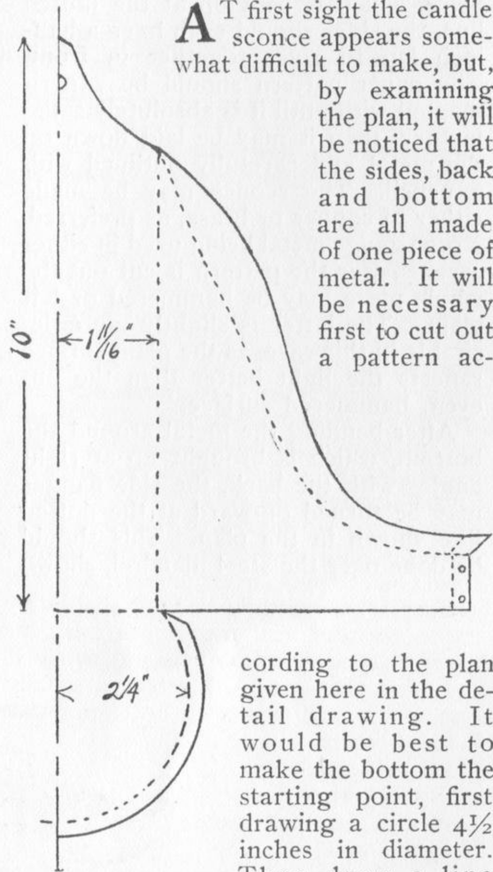


METAL CANDLE SCONCE.

If the tray is to be made of copper a very decorative effect may be obtained by using brass wire for the handles, as this is a desirable combination of metals. After the tray is finished, it should be well cleaned and polished with powdered pumice stone and water, then dried thoroughly and held over a fire until the desired color appears.

THE oval tray shown in the third illustration is made in precisely the same way, using No. 20 gauge metal. This tray should measure 12 × 18 inches, with a rim about 2¼ inches wide, as the tray itself is to be made deeper than the other. The same instructions as given for the rectangular tray apply throughout to the making of this one.

AT first sight the candle sconce appears somewhat difficult to make, but, by examining the plan, it will be noticed that the sides, back and bottom are all made of one piece of metal. It will be necessary first to cut out a pattern according to the plan given here in the detail drawing. It would be best to make the bottom the starting point, first drawing a circle 4½ inches in diameter. Then draw a line across this circle,




WORKING PLAN FOR CANDLE SCONCE.

making the back 3¼ inches wide. Directly above this intersecting line begin the curved line that forms the outer edge of the side and carry this down, as shown in the plan, until it meets the line of the bottom. This outside line will be the most difficult to form, owing to the curves.

After the plan is carefully drawn on paper the pattern should be cut out. It might be well to leave a little space outside the curved outer line, so that if the latter does not seem quite right it may be trimmed. After the two sides are brought together around the bottom piece, which is bent up at the dotted line, the sides should each have a half-inch lap to rivet together in front. The paper pattern should be experimented with until it is absolutely satisfactory, then it may be laid down on the metal and carefully outlined with a pencil. The sconce may be made either of copper or brass, as preferred, No. 20 gauge metal being used in either case. After the pattern is cut out the whole piece may be hammered or left plain. The latter is slightly more desirable in this case, as the plain surface reflects the light better than the uneven, hammered surface.

After bending the metal around the bottom, which is brought up at right angles with the back, the side flanges may be turned outward at the dotted line shown in the plan. This should be done over the steel mandrel, shown in the second illustration. The flange, where it meets, is cut like a mitered joint, allowing an extra amount of metal to lap over. This will be found necessary when bending out the flange at that point.

The edges may be turned over like that of the trays, except that no wire is laid in. Simply bend about ⅛ of an inch of metal back and under by using the same tool that is used to turn out the flange. All of the turning back should be done after the two sides are riveted together in front. The bottom has another flange which should be turned up to meet the sides. This can be soldered all around on the under side.

The cup is the last piece to be constructed. This can either be made from a piece of brass or copper tube, or sheet metal bent around a round object a trifle larger than the candle to be inserted. The two edges can be lapped and riveted or soldered. Two small lugs, about ⅜ of an inch long and ¼ of an inch wide, should be left at the bottom of the cup to flare out, one on either side. A hole should be drilled in each of these and riveted to the bottom of the sconce. The inside of the sconce should be highly polished, so that the light may be well reflected, and a hole drilled at the top so that it may be hung on a nail or screw.

# PRIZE WINNERS OF THE CRAFTSMAN COMPETITION IN DESIGNS FOR TEXTILE DECORATION IN APPLIQUÉ

THE competition in designs for textile decoration in appliqué, announced in THE CRAFTSMAN for October, 1907, was closed December 10th, and the competing designs submitted to the judges, Mr. Albert Herter, Mrs. Mary Linton Bookwalter and Mrs. Mabel Tuke Priestman. According to their awards, the first prize, a Craftsman sewing table, was given to the "Peacock" portière, which was submitted by Miss Elizabeth C. Niemann, of Philadelphia. The design is intended to be carried out in appliqué and embroidery of brilliant dark blue, light blue-green and ivory, upon a background of natural-colored Russian crash. The portière is meant to hang nearly flat, the opening being at the side of the door. For a wide doorway, the designer suggests a full hanging of plain crash on either side of the central curtain.

The second prize, a Craftsman rocking chair, was awarded to Miss Inez Freeman, of New York City, for a pil-

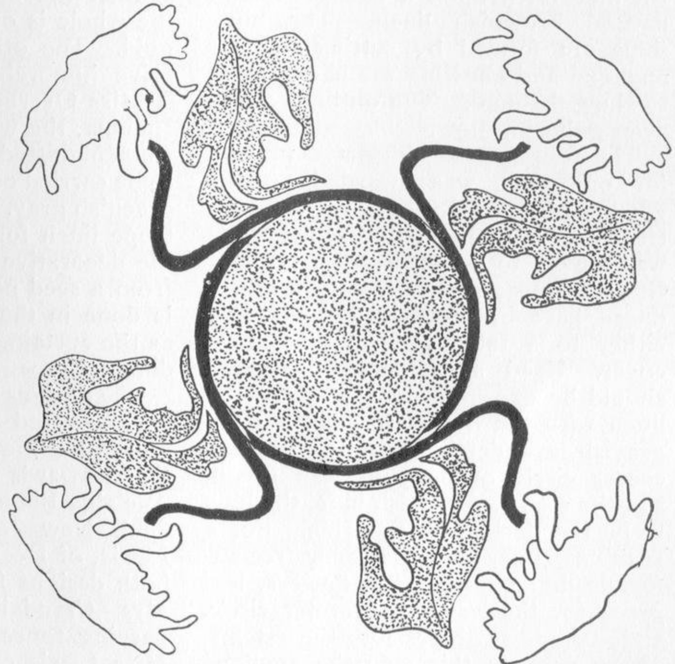


TABLE SQUARE OR SOFA PILLOW; DESIGNED BY FRANCES GILBERT GOE, CHICAGO: FOURTH PRIZE.

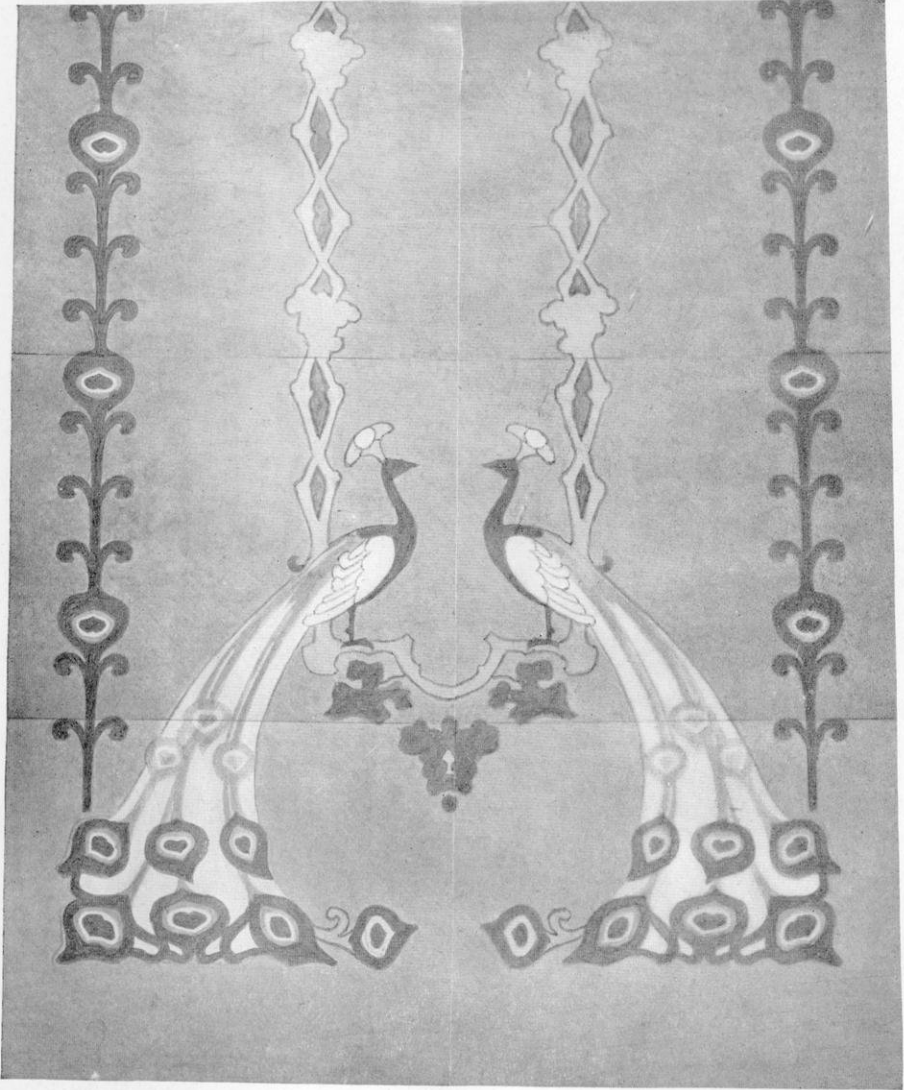
low cover design, the judges taking into consideration the rich coloring, and also the ingenuity displayed in combining the units into one compact design. The color suggested for the baskets is a very dark brown, overlaid with a mesh of embroidery in a tawny tone like sunburned straw. The oranges are in varying shades of dark and light orange color, and the leaves are dark green. The stems and outlines are of wood brown, and the whole design is worked out on a background of light yellowish tan with a suggestion of green.

The third prize, six volumes of "The Artistic Crafts Series of Technical Handbooks," was awarded to Miss Mary F. Overbeck, of Cambridge City, Indiana, for a highly conventionalized curtain design based upon a pond lily motif. The appliqué is a vivid greenish blue linen upon a background of natural brownish linen. The blossoms are formed by cutting out the appliqué and allowing the background to show through. The outlines are in deep golden yellow.

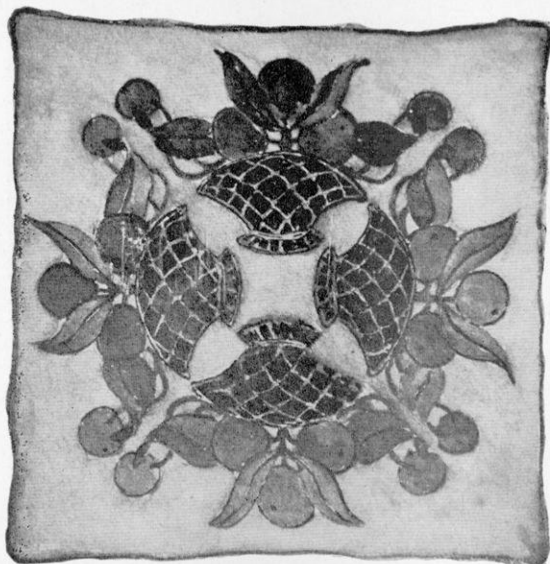
The fourth prize, THE CRAFTSMAN for one year, was awarded on the ground of ingenuity of design and attractiveness in the color scheme. It was given to Miss Frances Gilbert Goe, of Chicago, for the design reproduced here in line. It is applicable either to a table square or cushion cover. Used as a table square it should be executed on cream colored linen with the flower forms cut from grayish lavender linen, the leaves and center circle of light grayish green, and the stems of grayish blue, the blue to be the darkest color value. For a cushion cover the designer recommends dull pink for the flowers, leaf green for the leaves and center circle, and turquoise blue for the stems. When used in this way the appliqué should be of smooth linen on a rough jute material, light tan in color.

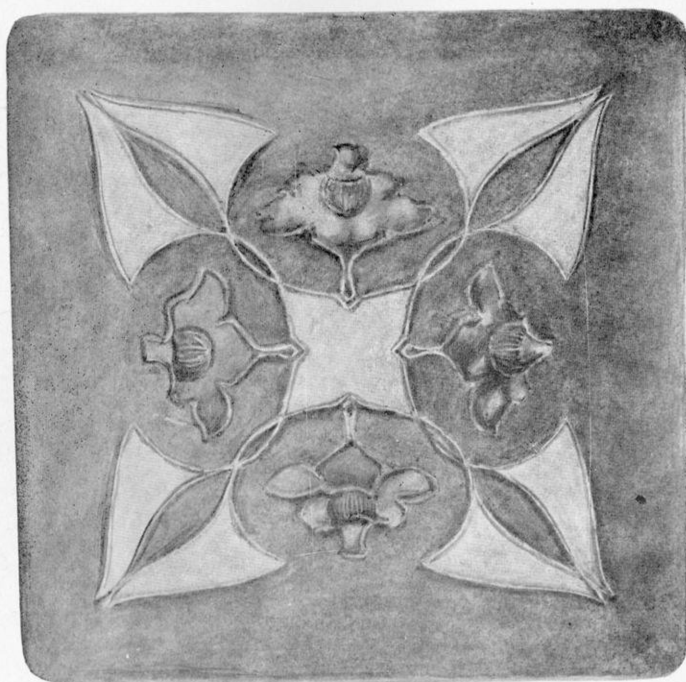
In addition to the designs which were given prizes by the judges, THE CRAFTSMAN has selected for honorable mention several others which are here illustrated, and for two of which THE CRAFTSMAN for one year will be given as the additional prizes we have reserved the right to award. The other chosen for honorable mention were submitted by the winners of the second and third prizes. Miss Inez Freeman, in addition to the sofa pillow, which was awarded second prize, sent also a design for a curtain, which seems to us especially good. It is worked out in green and blue tones, suggesting the colors seen in the ocean. The curtain itself is the deep yellowish green of sea water near the coast, and the band of appliqué is a dark brilliant blue like the deep sea in the tropics. The ships and wavy bands are done in the green against the broad band of blue, and the whole is outlined with a thread of gold. The other prize winner to receive honorable mention in addition is Miss Overbeck, of Cambridge City, Indiana, the winner of the third prize, who submitted a second curtain design to be carried out in linen of a soft, dull, greenish gray. A broad band of heliotrope linen forms the background for the decorative figure conventionalized from a seed pod and leaf motif, which is done in the same gray-green linen as the curtain. All the outlines are in dull leaf green.

The designs by other than prize winners selected by THE CRAFTSMAN for honorable mention and for the additional awards were submitted by Mrs. Adelaide Blanchard Crandall, of Plainfield, New Jersey, and Miss Ida J. Lewis, of Decatur, Illinois. They are both designs for sofa pillows, that by Mrs. Crandall being carried out in varying tones of brown, and that by Miss Lewis executed in orange color and leaf green upon a background of greenish brown.



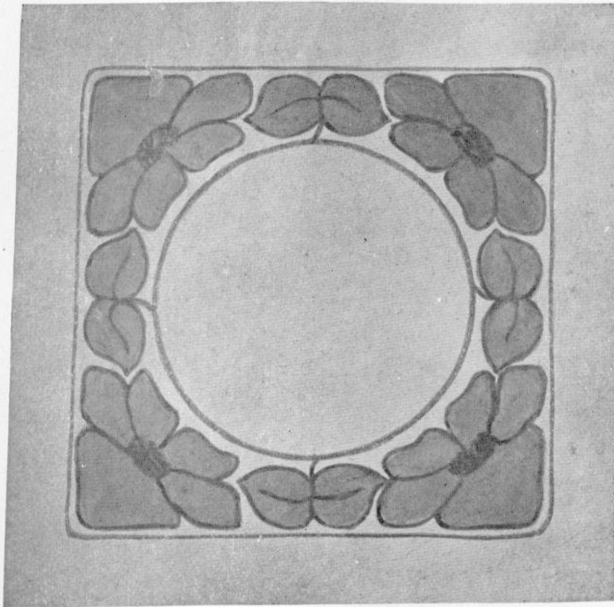
PEACOCK PORTIÈRE, DESIGNED BY ELIZABETH C. NIEMANN, PHILADELPHIA: FIRST PRIZE.

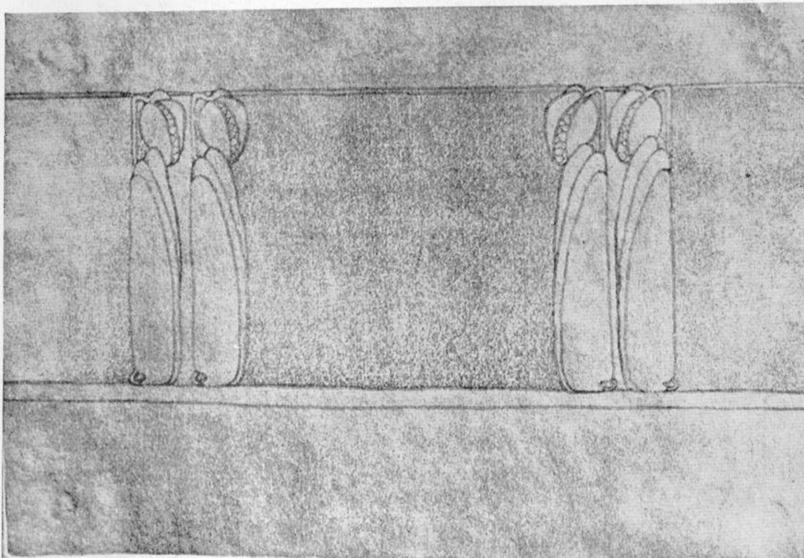




SOFA PILLOW, DESIGNED BY INEZ FREEMAN, NEW YORK: SECOND PRIZE.

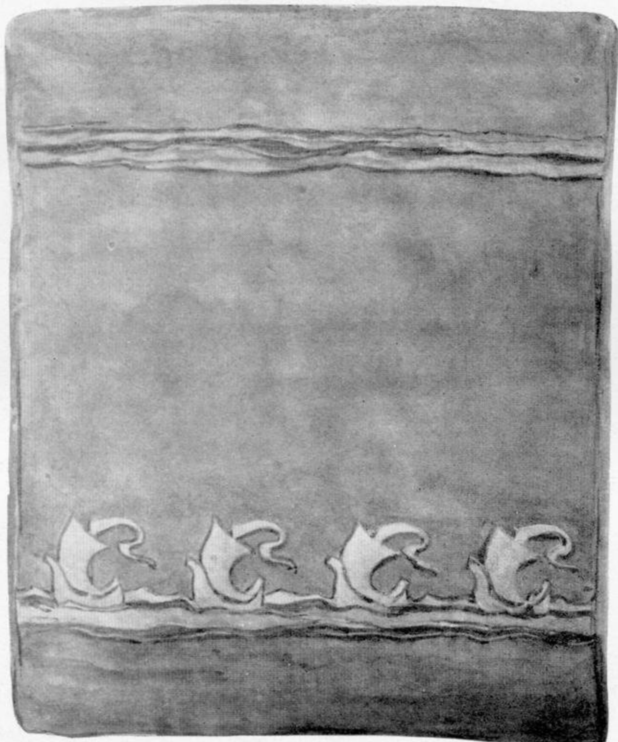
SOFA PILLOW, DESIGNED BY IDA J. LEWIS, NEW YORK: HONORABLE MENTION.



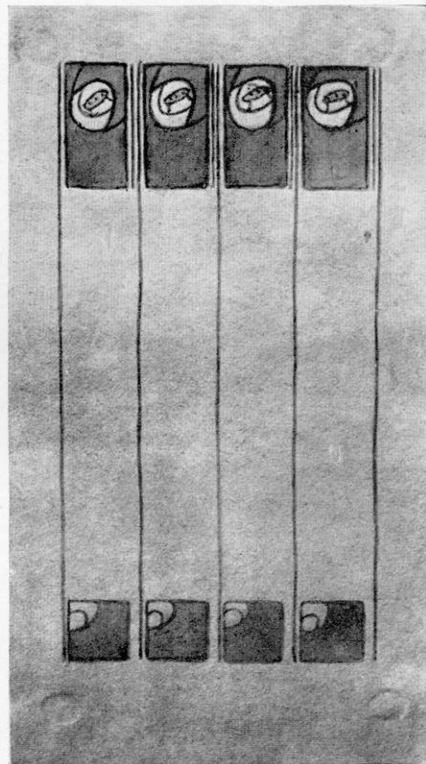


SOFA PILLOW, DESIGNED BY ADELAIDE BLANCHARD CRANDALL, PLAINFIELD, N. J.: HONORABLE MENTION.

SMALL CURTAIN, DESIGNED BY MARY F. OVERBECK, CAMBRIDGE CITY, IND.: HONORABLE MENTION.



CURTAIN, DESIGNED BY INEZ FREEMAN, NEW YORK: HONORABLE MENTION.



POND LILY CURTAIN, DESIGNED BY MARY F OVERBECK, CAMBRIDGE CITY, IND.: THIRD PRIZE

# A MAN OF "INSPIRED COMMON SENSE"

CONSIDERING the fact that Secretary Taft is rather more than a mere "presidential possibility," it is amazing how few people have any real understanding of the character of the man, or of what he has done. Everyone knows more or less vaguely that the big, jolly Secretary of War has been a Federal Judge, Commissioner to the Philippines, and, later, Governor of that turbulent incumbrance of ours, and that in his present official position he has a world-wide reputation for pouring oil on the troubled waters, and for straightening out diplomatic tangles with a tact which seems to be unerring. But few, even among those who know him personally, seem to realize the stratum of granite that underlies all the surface sparkle and charm; the uncompromising integrity which knows neither fear nor favor; the capacity for hard work which makes light of what to other men would be herculean tasks, and, above all, the amazing mind that goes directly to the heart of a tangled problem and thinks its way out to the surface.

Mr. Taft's sturdy and unwavering support of the course taken by the present Administration against the predatory combinations of capital has naturally drawn down upon him the accusation that he exists but to reflect the President's policy, and that therefore he is "the heir apparent" of the presidency. Nevertheless, it is a fairly safe wager that, if he should receive the nomination this year, Secretary Taft will introduce himself to the country in a way that will prove a revelation to many placid readers of newspapers who are accustomed to seeing caricatures of the portly statesman leaving a ring of tracks around the world, or being taught by the President to toddle toward the chair of state. One of the signs of what may be coming in the way of straightforward handling of conditions, provided Secretary Taft takes the platform in his own behalf this year, was given in the speech he made recently at the annual dinner of the Boston Merchants' Association. The one question that had been absorbing the minds of all men was, of course, the panic. Business men were inquiring anxiously or angrily, according to their dispositions and the extent of the damage they had suffered, as to what had been the matter with our currency system,—with our business system,—with ourselves as a nation, with anything, in fact, that could bring such a panic in the midst of such great and seemingly unshakable material prosperity; and also how such an apparently needless crisis could be avoided in the future. Led by the so-called "conservative" journals and the subsidized organs of the money powers, there was an increasing tendency to lay the entire blame of the crisis

upon the policy of the Administration, regardless of the fact that corrupt conditions are bound in the end to result in a break of public confidence, and that the longer they remain unexposed the worse the crash will be.

Secretary Taft, as usual, struck straight to the heart of the great underlying cause of financial panics, and in a few lucid sentences made the economic conditions, not alone of this country but of the world, more clear and understandable than has been done in any or all of the exhaustive articles printed in newspapers, magazines and reviews since the financial situation became the question of the hour. As we have no certainty that the speech will be reproduced, even in pamphlet form, we feel that we at least must do what we can toward perpetuating this part of it:

"What did cause the panic? Writers upon financial subjects who have given their lives and constant attention to matters of this kind, who are able to institute a comparison of the present panic with previous panics, and who are entirely familiar with the conditions preceding all of them substantially agree upon the causes. Panics and industrial depressions are the result of the characteristics of human nature, which manifest themselves in business as elsewhere. The world generally has a certain amount of loanable capital available for new enterprises or the enlargement of old ones. In period of prosperity this capital, with the instrumentalities for enlarging its potentiality by credits, is put into new enterprises which are profitable, and the increase in free capital goes on almost in arithmetical progression. After a time, however, expenses of operation and wages increase and the profit from the new enterprises grows smaller. The loanable capital gradually changes its form into investments less and less convertable. Much of that which might be capital is wasted in unwise enterprises, in extravagance in living, in wars and absolute destruction of property, until the available free capital becomes well nigh exhausted the world over, and the progress of new enterprises must await the saving of more. Men continue to embark in new enterprises, however; the capital fails them and disaster comes.

"For eight or nine months past there have been many indications that the loanable capital of the world was near exhaustion. This result was brought about not only by the enormous expansion of business plants and business investment, which could not be readily converted, but also by the waste of capital in extravagance of living and by the Spanish war, the Boer war and the Russian-Japanese war, and in such catastrophes as Baltimore and San Francisco. It became impossible for the soundest railroads and other enterprises to borrow money for new construction or reconstruction. The condition was not confined to this country, but extended the world over and was made manifest in the countries of Europe, even before it was felt here.

"Secondly, the conclusion cannot be avoided that the revelations of irregularity, breaches of trust, stock jobbing, over issues of stock, violations of law, and lack of rigid state or national supervision in the management of some of our largest insurance companies, railroad companies, traction companies and financial corporations, shocked investors and made them withhold what little loanable capital remained available."

Going on with a brief, clear review of our currency tangle and the credit system upon which modern business is conducted, Secretary Taft again, with that quality of his which has been

so aptly called "inspired common sense," put his finger straight on the psychological effect of the crash and the resultant blind anger against anything and everything which might possibly have contributed toward bringing about such a stoppage of the wheels of finance. He said simply: "The business men who have had to stand the strain, who have seen their fondest hopes crushed and have only been able to come through the crisis with the greatest effort and most substantial financial loss, are naturally sore and depressed. They believe, and generally they are right, that this disaster has come upon them without fault of theirs. It is unjust to them. No matter how many symptoms of the coming trouble there may have been, panics always come with a shock and a tremendous surprise and disappointment. And hardly is the panic over but a fierce discussion arises as to the cause of its coming. With various motives, editors and public speakers rush to the front to fasten upon some thing or some one the responsibility for what has happened. It is entirely natural that in the condition of mind in which the suffering business men are left by the great strain and trial such suggestions should receive marked attention and that the more definitely the personality of the scapegoat can be fixed the more pleasure it gives the victims of the catastrophe."

Mr. Taft refers to history for the proof that this mental attitude on the part of the business community invariably follows every financial panic, and, after reviewing in sentences as direct as hammer blows, the whole course of the Administration in its efforts to bring to justice the men who have had most to do with the destruction of public confidence, he makes his own confession of faith on financial questions in this way:

"The combination of capital is just as essential to progress as the assembling of the parts of a machine, and hence corporations, however large, are instruments of progress. But when they seek to use the mere size or amount of the capital which they control to monopolize the business in which they are engaged, and to suppress competition by methods akin to duress, they should be restrained by law."

The sneer most frequently flung at Secretary Taft is that his loyalty to President Roosevelt induces him to defend the policy of the Administration in his public utterances rather than to formulate a policy of his own. The fact of the matter seems to be that his own policy has been clear and well-defined from the first, but that he is not given to self-advertisement at the expense of the head of the nation. It is doubtful if even the fierce light that beats upon the platform where stands a probable presidential candidate can reveal in Secretary Taft's political career any one instance of a desire to further his own interests or his own popularity at the expense of what he believed to be right and the best service which he could give to the people. Rather, he would seem to be of the same mettle as the American statesmen of a former generation. Playing to the gallery in any way apparently is outside of what he considers his sphere of action. He has never found it necessary to make a pose of personal or political integrity, and the laugh and joke with which he confronts every difficulty or annoyance has reminded many people of the greatest man who ever occupied the White House. And this is not the only point of resemblance, for all his life the mental attitude of this man has been inspired by a big, warm human sympathy, developed from his close contact with all

manner of people, so that no matter what the problem before him he has solved it with a perfect comprehension of the real needs and the real feelings of the people whose lives and fortunes it would most seriously affect.

Whether or not Secretary Taft is nominated as a candidate for the presidency, he is a man for the American people to know better than they do now. As with all his cordial, good fellowship he is not likely to neglect the work he has in hand for the sake of introducing himself more intimately to the public at large, the American people will probably have to take the pains to get acquainted with him, and, as one step in this direction, let us make the suggestion to Doubleday, Page & Company that they publish in pamphlet form the delightful series of articles by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., entitled "Taft: A Career of Big Tasks," which has been appearing in *The World's Work*. It would go far toward bringing to many people a fuller realization that the big secretary is in every sense of the word about the biggest man in American politics today.

# NOTES

FROM the musician's standpoint the essential requirements of the opera singer are a voice and vocal art. If ability to act is added, the result is a great artist. It is unfortunately, yet understandably, rare to find this combination of gifts in one person. But we have had recently in the Manhattan Opera Company examples of still another development that, while interesting, is scarcely within the boundaries of the operatic field at all—namely, opera singers with little or no voice or vocal training, with marked dramatic ability. The resulting form of art, while in almost totally different class from opera singing, is in a sense allied to the earliest form of opera, which consisted of a sort of dramatic recitative to music. The most interesting example of this class of artists is Mme. Bresslar-Gianoli of the Manhattan company, who has made a notable success as *Carmen*. Mme. Bresslar-Gianoli cannot sing, but she actually *is* the Spanish cigarette girl as no one has ever been, treacherous, tawdry, alluring in her shabby undainty finery. It is realism of the finest type. Her seduction is not of the voice—as in Olive Fremstad's remarkable performance—but it is of a subtlety and verity undreamed of in the philosophy of a Calvé. She looks, she moves—best of all, she dances—like a real Spanish gypsy.

Mary Garden, an American woman who has made a great success at the Opera Comique in Paris, is another example of an opera singer who cannot sing and yet seems to succeed by other means. The Opera Comique does not demand and does not possess real singers in its organization. Its musical standard is close to zero. Its stage management, on the other hand, is excellent and its *metier* seems to be the production of innumerable new operas by French composers. Mary Garden, although an American, is frankly a French product in dress, stage mannerisms and theatric point of view. Whether or not she will cast her reputed spell over our audiences remains to be seen. Her portrayal of *Thäis*—the title rôle in Massenet's opera in which she made her debut—is far less significant than Renaud's portrayal of the monk tormented by the earthly beauty of the fascinating sinner whose soul he has saved. And Renaud, whose ability as a singer does not reach a high standard, is another of these artists whose success is of the theater.

## NOTES AND REVIEWS

THE delicate, appreciative temperament of the Japanese, which impels him to make ornamental the most utilitarian article of his everyday life, finds excellent expression in the decoration of the screens which serve as partitions in the Japanese house. Because for so many centuries they have been the object of the best of the Japanese craftsman's skill, a collection of these partitioning screens, such as can be seen at the shop of Yamanaka, has an intensely human interest. The modern Japanese seems more inclined to embroider than to paint his screens, and he has developed the possibilities of needlework to a fine degree. Effects of distance and atmosphere in landscape, the real movement and gleam of tumbling waterfalls, the brilliant gloss and richly colored texture of the peacock's plumage, the delicate shades of the peach blossom—all are within reach of his nimble needle and gleaming silks. But aside from their gorgeous decorative qualities, the modern screens cannot compare in interest with the old ones, in whose soft browns and greens, mellowed by age, the temperament of succeeding generations of the Japanese people seems reflected. Yamanaka has several examples of the work of Knoyetsu, about two hundred and fifty years old, and an enormous screen by Setsuson, some fifty years older, is weirdly decorated with a quaint landscape.

Chinese art in its present decadence has much less value, but an example of the blue and brown embroidered screens of two or three hundred years ago shows what the Chinese at one time attained. Several large cabinets of centuries-old blue and white china vases are the most notable feature of Yamanaka's Chinese rooms.

There is also a gallery full of original prints from the wood blocks of masters in the various periods of Japanese art, where one notices the atmospheric blues and greens of Hok'sai landscapes, the soft colors and exquisite curves of Harunobu's figures, and the delicate tones, yet strong character, of the work of Hiroshige.

WE have in hand a notice of the Fourth Exhibition of the Pittsburgh Architectural Club which was held recently at the Carnegie Institute. The scope of the exhibit, which included examples of work from Germany, England, Scotland, Austria and France, as well as America, together with its excellent arrangement, made it of national importance. An entire gallery devoted to the new movement in American architecture, and showing our gradual revolution from the classicism of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, afforded an unusual opportunity for study of what American architects and designers are doing today. Another room was devoted to plans of a number of public buildings and designs for the beautifying of various American cities. Mural decoration, European and American, and ecclesiastical architecture each had a separate gallery. As a means of studying the comparative architecture of different countries, as well as furnishing a ground for the study of different phases of American architecture, from its excellent arrangement and comprehensive collections, such an exhibit must have been of inestimable advantage to all students of architecture.

A ROOMFUL of old tinted engravings has made an exhibition of real interest at Wunderlich's. The dates of most of them were in the eighteenth century: a number of Morlands, usually with quaint morals or verses beneath, an interesting his-

torical print by Barlozzi, and one or two Coopers were notable.

This same shop shows a collection of mezzotints, mostly after Reynolds, Gainsborough and their contemporaries. It is remarkable to see how the old masters of the art of mezzotint could render delicate textures and flesh tones, adding a certain quality which makes the engraving a work of art by itself rather than merely a reproduction.

AN exhibition of portraits by Miss Louise Heustis at Knoedler's was an interesting contrast to the dashing western canvases of Mr. Remington in an adjoining room. The best characteristics of Miss Heustis' work are her handling of her brush, which is bold, yet not rough, her delicate modeling and luminous shadows which come from a real sense of values. Her portrait of Mrs. H. Pomeroy Brown was an interesting study, and the bold strokes which lay in the concentrated light well illustrate Miss Heustis' command of her brush—while the canvas next it, of Mr. Edward Tinker, was a good example of her delicate color and excellent modeling. In her larger portraits, notably that of Mr. I. L. Lyon, Miss Heustis shows a lack of command in the use of accessories, and a weakness in handling backgrounds. That Miss Heustis has a gift in catching character and giving action to a pose was noticeable in all of the collection, especially in the well-executed portrait of Mr. Henry F. Dimock.

AN exhibit of an important collection of work by John La Farge at the Macbeth Gallery closed on December twelfth. The attention of Mr. La Farge in late years has been so much occupied in other directions that it is an event when a reasonably large collection of his paintings can be seen together. There were many old sketches, ranging in point of time back to the fifties, and giving an interesting chronological account of the process of Mr. La Farge's development and enormous range of interest. Some South Sea Island sketches were full of his inimitable color, and one or two little canvases of Japanese landscapes had charming atmosphere. A copy of Rembrandt's "Christ and Disciples at Emmaus," done in 1856, had an especial interest as an exhibition of the early work of Mr. La Farge.

# REVIEWS

HAVING treated of the principles that govern planning in his work published two years ago, Mr. Percy L. Marks now takes up the subject of suitable elevations in his book called "The Principles of Architectural Design." As the author remarks, the value of personal ideas on the subject of the bases of design may well be discounted, but elementary principles are, however, in the nature of axioms—so self-evident as to require little or no discussion. Yet Mr. Marks writes in a reasoning, rather than a pedantic, manner, and makes all of his points exceedingly clear.

The first part of the book, that on exterior design, appeared in slightly different form as a series of articles in "The Architect" (English) during nineteen hundred and three. To this has been added the second part, in which Mr. Marks treats of interior design. The development of interior designing is recent compared with the perfecting of ideals of exterior architecture, and this accounts for the fact that the two are so seldom sufficiently interrelated now. Mr. Marks believes

that the exterior should be an index of the architectural display within.

It may be interesting to note Mr. Marks' point of view with regard to "periods" of architecture: "It is assuredly inadvisable in the interests of good art, to make modern buildings plagiarized examples of antiquity and mediævalism; much is to be learned from these past styles, but slavish copyism is to be deprecated, and the employment of such styles should be subject to the modifications entailed by modern ideas and requirements; in brief, they should be honored as prototypes, not as models."

The work is comprehensive, exhaustive and well arranged; detailed in its discussions and technical, without losing clearness and simplicity. Numerous sketches of architectural forms, together with excellent diagrams elucidating points in discussion, make it a valuable addition to the library of any student of architecture. ("The Principles of Architectural Design." By Percy S. Marks. Illustrated. 266 pages. Price, $3.50. Published by Swan, Sonnenschein & Company, London; Wm. T. Comstock, New York.)

IT is perhaps significant of profound changes in our national temper that the most illuminating and sympathetic account yet written of the great communistic experiments of the celebrated Robert Owen along the banks of the Wabash River, should come from the pen of a man prominent in Republican politics. Mr. George Browning Lockwood has long been close to the heart of the Republican organization in Indiana and is at present, if we are not mistaken, secretary to the Vice-President of the United States. Mr. Lockwood begins his interesting study of the New Harmony enterprises by sketching the rise of the Rappites, from whom Owen bought the property which was to form the theater of his world-famous experiments. And, although he set about with enthusiasm to make his "New Moral World," it was a failure, of course, but a splendid one, as Mr. Lockwood observes. And as we look back to it and see its accomplishments in what Matthew Arnold used to call "the dry light of history," it is easy to pronounce a more enthusiastic verdict in its favor. No other spot in America, it may be safely said, has served as the cradle of more important movements and ideas. For not only was New Harmony the scene of the greatest and most successful communistic experiment ever undertaken in America,—far transcending the better known Brook Farm,—but it was there also that the first infant schools in America were established, there that the educational ideas of Pestalozzi were first successfully transplanted to our soil; that the free library movement had its beginning; that William Maclure established the first manual training school in the United States, and from there the idea of "free, equal and universal schools" spread to the statutes of all our states. At New Harmony, too, the cause of woman's political and economic independence was first advocated on American soil. It had the first woman's literary club in the United States and was the first example of prohibition of the liquor traffic by administrative edict.

In the history of science, too, New Harmony must be remembered as the scene of the work of our first great geologist, Maclure, and "the father of zoology," Thomas Say, as well as of Lesueur, who classified the fishes of the Great Lakes. New Harmony was the first site of the

United States Geological Survey, and it was the son of its founder, Robert Dale Owen, who became the legislative father of the Smithsonian Museum, framing the law under which it was established. Without attempting to exhaust the list of its achievements, it should perhaps be added that Robert Dale Owen's memorable letter to Lincoln was the deciding factor in forming his determination to issue the Emancipation Proclamation. It is upon the authority of Lincoln himself that the inspiration of the most glorious act of his life is attributed in large part to Robert Dale Owen.

Perhaps the main interest of the book to THE CRAFTSMAN readers will be found in the account of the educational systems developed and experimented with at New Harmony. ("The New Harmony Movement." By George Browning Lockwood. 404 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by Appleton & Company, New York.)

"WOMEN'S Work and Wages" is the title of an interesting English volume dealing with the position of women in modern industrial life. An American edition has been issued by the University of Chicago Press. This volume is the result of a happy collaboration on the part of three writers of wide and varied experience, Messrs. Edward Cadbury and George Shann and Miss M. Cécile Matheson. Mr. Cadbury is head of the great cocoa and chocolate manufacturing firm of that name, which employs between two and three thousand girls. In addition to this exceptionally advantageous position for observation, Mr. Cadbury has for many years been in the forefront of the movement for social betterment. Mr. Shann worked in a factory when he was ten years of age and for many years afterward; later he graduated, with first-class honors in Economic Science, from Glasgow University, and became the head of the University Settlement in that city. Miss Matheson has been a school manager in London, head of several Girls' Clubs, and an investigator for the London Board of Education into the technical education of girls.

From writers of such experience, gained from long and careful investigation, nothing but a sympathetic and sane study could be expected. ("Women's Work and Wages." 368 pages. Illustrated. Price, $1.50, net. Published by the University of Chicago Press.)

"DO not grovel before Nature—be a man," says Mr. Alfred East, A. R. A., in the first paragraph of "The Art of Landscape Painting." To develop in the young draftsman about to start outdoor painting a personal and individual appreciation and a thirst for practical observation seems to Mr. East the most important point to be considered. His book reads like a full and inspiring criticism, so personal is it, and so cleverly does he pick out the points most difficult and apt to be slighted by the beginner.

The book is excellently produced, and is made attractive by numerous reproductions of landscapes by Mr. East and others, and various pencil sketches. The color reproductions are unusually successful, and appropriately mounted on tinted mats. ("The Art of Landscape Painting in Oil Color." By Alfred East, A. R. A. Illustrated. 107 pages. Price, $3.00 net. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)