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"UNIVERSAL MOTHERHOOD:"  
CARL HAAG, SCULPTOR.

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# THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER  
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## BRONZE SCULPTURE IN AMERICA: ITS VALUE TO THE ART HISTORY OF THE NATION: BY GILES EDGERTON



IT HAS taken us long in America to create and identify an art which has finally achieved honest, fearless, national expression. And it is not singular that this should be so, when we consider the component parts of our civilization, its beginning and its development. Usually, the primitive art of a country faithfully represents the rudimentary stages of its civilization; but this could only hold true with the art of races indigenous to the soil, whereas the people who have evolved into the American nation (as it is classified today) were usurpers from the start, destroyers of primitive conditions. And furthermore they were not of any one land or tradition, but came laden with the confusing social characteristics of practically every nation of the globe. It has thus of necessity been a slow process to secure a composite of these nationalities which would prove the evolution of a new nation having sufficiently marked and definite characteristics to stimulate an art expression that would be essentially native.

For not only did our early conditions preclude all possibility of an original primitive art, but also quite naturally each nationality and its descendants claimed in turn the superiority of the methods and inspiration of their own artistic forefathers, endeavoring to create out of an hereditary and yet alien point of view a standard of art for this vast new country. And so from time to time our young people were sent to Paris, or to Munich, or to Antwerp, as the vogue happened to be, not consciously to plagiarize, but rather to gain what their home environment had taught them was the only true art education—this could not be otherwise when each newcomer to the nation remained loyal to the insular tradition of foreign art culture. And as these traditional dogmas from the studios of the European world become scattered abroad in America, no one prevailing, and all influencing, it finally seemed as though harmony could only be secured

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by a general enthusiasm for *anything* foreign. And the word "imported" became the hall mark of all excellence, from oil paintings to coat buttons.

There was much tumultuous stirring over fierce heat in the crucible of time before anything like a type of people or conditions could be found in the sediment. For a nation must be hardened into a mass of definite outline, however primitive or unfinished, before it can furnish to art a genuine inspiration sufficient to control imagination already thrilled by the accomplishment of other lands. Thus it is not difficult to realize that until very recent years we had not, as a matter of fact, been entitled to a distinctive national art, because we had not yet actually a distinctive national flavor. For an art to be truly national must spring from the irresistible desire of the artist to depict conditions about him which overwhelm him with their truth, an understanding of which must be born in a man's blood—an understanding, a comradeship no alien could experience. And now that our nation has crystallized into more fixed social and industrial outlines, our art must find greater and greater inspiration from the conditions which surround the daily life and are a part of the intimate knowledge of men with imagination. Strangely enough the very confusion of interests, that for centuries meant mere bewilderment and discouragement, have in the fusing produced conditions of limitless variation, in which the human qualities of every nation on earth find with us a modified expression. And now at last America is no longer wholly at the mercy of every new or old imported art impulse. We are learning to do the modifying ourselves; and are adapting and absorbing foreign conditions for our own digestion. There is no decrease in our immigration, and foreign settlements are multiplying over the face of our earth; in New York alone there are specialized theaters for Germans, Italians, Russians, Chinese and Syrians, and foreign pictures still flood the galleries of our dealers; yet, in spite of all, we are becoming definitely established, and are growing to regard these conditions as one piquant phase of American civilization. Thus by irresistible logic we would today call a painting of foreign children dancing in the Bowery an example of American art, supposing, of course, that it were painted with the point of view (the humor, the audacity, the kindness) which an American artist would bring to the study of such a scene. On the other hand, the same artist might paint a funny little gamin kite-flying on Montmartre, which would be interesting to artists and valuable to himself, but not significant to America in relation to her art history as a nation.



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And partly because it is logical and honest, it so happens that the most significant of our sculptors, and particularly the men and women who are working in bronze, are presenting American life in all stages of its contemporaneous development, and also almost invariably modeling with the intimate sympathy born of kinship with the nation whose greatness and degradation they depict.

IT IS doubly to the credit of the younger American artists that through the miasma of dullness, egotism and superstition which has surrounded art growth in this country, at last there has sprung into existence a vital, significant home-made art—an expression of truth and beauty that could only be the product of an American art impulse because presenting with frankness, honesty and force the conditions which in combination are alone characteristic of this nation. And not only are these younger and more virile painters and sculptors filled with interest and joy in the strange, erratic, picturesque civilization which surrounds them, but into their expression of this life they have infused the qualities of mind and soul which are temperamental to the nation. Where we are audacious, humorous, unhampered by tradition, frank yet keen, so they feel must be eventually the attitude of the American artist toward the life he expresses on canvas or in marble, and indeed so already is becoming the feeling of the most significant of our artists in the best and most creative of their work. You notice this absolutely original American quality in the paintings of the "contemporaneous school" and more particularly in the workers in bronze. And incidentally there is no bronze sculpture of this century so forceful, vivid, so interesting in conception and individual in craftsmanship as the achievements of our own sculptors, whose work is instinct with the characteristics of the civilization of their own land. Already in America (in spite of the fact that Rogers groups are still cordially accepted as art standards in many of our smaller towns) bronze sculpture has attained a spontaneity and unconscious truthfulness that renders it a significant phase of American art, not afraid to bear the national label. These artists express the life of all interesting conditions about them. It is a human art that thrills and stirs, the art that finds a dancing street child as fruitful a subject as the heroine of a Greek poem, and a foolish, grubby, tumbling bear cub as full of inspiration as the horses of Hercules.

It is this impulse which started Frederic Remington west to model Indians and cowboys, and which impels Edith Woodman Burroughs to hasten to her studio to model the old woman she has just passed

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around the corner; which forced Solon Borglum away from the *Beaux Arts* back to the prairies; which enters into the figures of Abastenia Eberle when she models the little girls of the slums whirling in a fine ecstasy to tinkling hand-organ tunes; which Carl Haag, although a Swede, expresses in his miners and immigrants and in his "Universal Motherhood," modeled from a man's memory of his great and good peasant mother: this development, which is also expressed in bronze sculpture in the work of Eli Harvey, MacNeil, of Albert Humphreys who does animals, and Albert Humphriss, who models the Indians of poetry, of Louis Potter with his great sympathy and tenderness toward the crude Northwest, of Anna Vaughn Hyatt, Gutzon Borglum, of F. G. R. Roth, of Proctor and Bartlett and Niehaus, is almost wholly within the past decade.

Prior to this, with the exception of a few great men bound by the conventions of foreign traditions, our art in bronze was but a history of confused experimenting, either wholly under the domination of foreign criticism or crudely with unfinished technique expressing revolt that but met with laughter. Clark Mills was practically the first bronze sculptor whom we count in our history, and his equestrian statue of General Jackson still stands in front of the Capitol at Washington, the metal hoofs ineffectually pawing the air, work faulty in composition and technique and without joy for the beholder, but worthy of respect because of the rich audacity, the fine courage and high heart that dared to embody a conviction so fearlessly.

Following this period was a long list of bronze public atrocities erected in helpless parks and squares. Some of the bronze decoration in Central Park, for instance, can still cause the serious art lover to mop his brow, and the smaller parks of the west and south courageously present spectacles of naïve and grotesque celebrities, evidences of unthinking and painstaking toil in imitating whatever may have been impressively rococo in foreign art conditions.

AND then came, without art ancestry or herald, a new group of bronze workers, wholly remote from this period of landscape crudities, men of genius, wide culture, fine appreciation of the art universal; men with the great gift of imagination, who revered their work and gave lavishly their health and strength and courage to further a beautiful, impersonal scholarly portrayal of an art which was a cross between Greek inspiration and English pedantry. Saint-Gaudens, J. Q. A. Ward, Olin Warner, Daniel Chester French, Herbert Adams, MacMonnies, all Americans, but their art, however



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PORTRAIT BUST OF RICHARD HOVEY:  
ROLAND H. PERRY, SCULPTOR.

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distinguished in subject and execution, could never figure as significant in the actual development of art that is constructively national.

If the foregoing paragraph remotely suggests that the greatness of men like Saint-Gaudens or MacMonnies is in the smallest degree undervalued, it misrepresents the point of view of *THE CRAFTSMAN*. The fact that a nation craves historians intimate and personal, who record her *own* development in the arts, need not necessarily indicate that a great universal expression of art lacks the most genuine enthusiasm. Whistler, Sargent, Saint-Gaudens, all stand for colossal achievement, but the point is that this achievement might without a single variation as appropriately owe its inspiration to France or Germany or England; it is truly the final expression of the art universal, and yet, if the inspiration had been by chance owed to Germany or to England, American art in its struggle for individual growth would not suffer seriously at the loss. What these men have accomplished for us nationally is mainly in developing the standard of public taste; for art that has grandeur of thought and strength and beauty of expression is a good thing indeed for the public to recognize, and has a profound significance to a nation ethically, if one may use ethics in relation to art as opposed to vulgarity. But the real value of the work of these men has already achieved a national recognition, and it would be a banality to dwell upon it in this article if it were not for the danger of the unthinking misunderstanding already stated.

The utmost that *THE CRAFTSMAN* seeks to do is to present whatever there may be of genuine homely art in this country, and everywhere to seek for a new expression of it, leaving the public to praise, criticize or reject—a feat which it not infrequently performs consecutively toward a single phase of art.

**A**N INTERESTING contrast in modern bronze sculpture is presented at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. In the same room, side by side, are characteristic exhibits of the English and American schools. The English, severe, classic, conventional, over-exquisite, unhuman, typical of mental reticence and a fear of audacity and originality in expression that amounts almost to eccentricity, respectable ornaments for dreary British drawing rooms. Nearby and less conspicuous in size and numbers are the American models, men, women, children, animals, vivid, gay, reckless, alive with the everlasting restless energy of turbulent American life. They reveal the frankness of a land still edged with pioneer habitation; the vast, clean, empty spaces of the prairie have



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touched the spirit of these bronze sculptors; tradition has not pressed upon them and so their expression of life is spontaneous, audacious; and the sense of humor which tinges all existence in America finds delightful freedom of expression, bringing about a certain whimsical handling of subject, a suggestion of picturesque philosophy that, among many other by-results, incidentally saves this phase of art from mawkish sentimentality or effeminacy. And as one glances from the smooth, futile, tidy British bronzes, to the American work, thrilling with the life of the land which produced it, one realizes afresh the unprofitable character of drawing room ornament as a source of art inspiration.

The better understanding of out of doors which has come to America within the past few years (brought about by our overcrowded metropolitan conditions, and the writings of a few wise men who have grown weary of walls and roofs) has touched also the spirit of our artists and sent our men, sculptors and painters, out to our mountains and plains to bring back to our inhospitable academies records of phases of life big and splendid, raw, magnetic and temporary. Remington has felt the rhythm of those long, slow prairie days and wide empty blue nights; he knows the exultation of galloping mile upon mile from nowhere into the unknown, and his bronze work as well as his painting thrills with the inspiration of the great new-old West, with the life of the Indians who are leaving it, cowboys who vivify it and with the memories upon it which a crass, flippant, commercial spirit is obliterating as swiftly as possible. MacNeil, too, and the Borglum brothers trekked swiftly away to the west when they grew to man's estate in their work. Out of doors and the primitive people and conditions of our land seemed to have been the first reaction from classic conventionality and the dull imitation of the art of a generation ago. Later on, other men found a vivid interest in the picturesque conditions all about them, in Boston even as in the Bowery; but at first the revolt was so heartwhole, so aggressive, so sweeping that nothing short of the most typical American condition seemed to satisfy the thirst for self-expression of the nation.

E. W. Deming is another of the men who from the beginning of his work has never swerved from the things he knew best,—the West and the poetry thereof, the folklore which the old Indian chiefs told him, the spiritual side of the races which Remington knows in color and legend. In Alaska Louis Potter found the primitive surroundings that furnished him with zeal for great work. What stoicism, what strange breadth of maternal solicitude, what heroic repression

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he found in those crude remote people who seem born to inspire monuments. Proctor's interest is rather in the life which first claimed the woods and the underbrush, the plain and the river brink. This is true also of Albert Humphreys (in his bronze work, at least).

But leaving the forest and the plains for the city, still keeping to the intimate understanding of life and the whole rich expression of it, we find the work of Abastenia Eberle, of Janet Scudder and of Bessie Potter Vonnoh. Just what life is doing now in welding people into a new civilization is of sufficient importance to these people, but their interest lies in what it is doing to all the people, young and old, gay and sad, rich and poor.

And still beyond the groups of people already mentioned are the individual men and women whom one may not classify and yet whom one cannot ignore in the presentation of this phase of our art development. The work of George Grey Barnard, for instance, is American in feeling, in interest, in emotional quality, and yet in expression it is much more closely allied to the modern French school of art with Rodin as the master, and the work of Roland Hinton Perry again does not place itself with any one group of men, for he began modeling with a strongly classic predisposition, but as he works from year to year, he develops his own individuality, which shows itself in an infinite variety of subject and in a variation of technique. In his recently finished study of Salome, he is much closer to the school of Saint-Gaudens and MacMonnies, for there is grace and spirit and classical expression, and some symbolism,—if that is essential for one's interest in art,—while in his various statues and portrait busts the technique is essentially individual and there is a presentation of temperament at once subtle and elusive. Clio Bracken is another artist of an interest difficult to label. She, too, can capture in bronze portraits the quality of the sitter which makes for individuality, which is neither feature nor color but expression that belongs to mood or whim. And yet anyone who is familiar with Mrs. Bracken's poetical work, as, for instance, the decoration of the Omar Khayyam punch bowl, cannot fail to realize her gift of imagination and idealism which is much more closely related to art in its universal application.

That the trend of bronze sculptors appears thus more and more toward a national expression both in inspiration and technique seems the inevitable conclusion of those who are seeking to understand what actual progress art is making among us, and what hope we have of a final achievement that will be commensurate with our success in science, commerce, war and beauty.

## ALTER EGO

The work of the western sculptors has not been treated at any length in this article, as it is our purpose to give later in *THE CRAFTSMAN* a complete presentation of what is being accomplished by the more significant sculptors of Chicago and that vicinity.

In this article we have said very little about the work of the distinctively western sculptors, who form a group quite separate from the sculptors who choose western subjects. In a future number of *THE CRAFTSMAN* we purpose to give a number of examples of the work of men and women who are doing rarely good things out in Chicago and other western cities, for the tale of American sculpture is by no means complete without such men as Lorado Taft and the school he has gathered around him in the West. Oddly enough, with the exception of Charles J. Mulligan, whose sympathy with the working-man gives to his single figures and groups a rugged human quality that has the strength of Meunier without his tragedy, the western sculptors, men and women alike, seem to turn away from the portrayal of the western life as it actually surrounds them to subjects more dreamy and idealistic, such as is shown in Lorado Taft's superb "Fountain of the Great Lakes." The quality of pure imagination is very marked in these sculptors, who are gaining every day in artistic stature and whose work is interesting to a degree.

## ALTER EGO

IN SOME strange way I do not understand,  
You seem to be another self of mine  
Newly discovered. At the hidden shrine  
Where none save me has ever made demand,  
I found you worshiping; and hand to hand  
You met my challenge with the countersign.  
What magic weaver did our ways entwine  
In what long dead and unremembered land?

And when I sang to you my secret song,  
The yearning heart-cry known to only me,  
At the first bar you joined the melody,—  
Bass to my treble, confident and strong,—  
And firmly touched the one elusive key  
In the grand chord that I have sought so long.

—ELSA BARKER.



# THE REBELLION OF MASKENOZHA: A SEQUEL TO THE VISIT: BY FREDERICK BURTON



WITH the canoe over his head as if it were a huge bonnet, he toiled up the first ridge of the portage. She carried the paddles and pack a few paces behind him. At the summit she paused and looked back for just an instant. The lake shimmered through the foliage below her, and far away on the further shore she discerned the outline of the mountain behind the village that had been her home. It awakened no familiar memory, for she had lived at the base of it; only once before had she been where its outlines could be seen—that day when she arrived from the paleface settlement at the village of her mother's people in this heart of the wilderness; but it was a landmark, it looked down on the lodge that had sheltered her since the first great tragedy in her life made her a dependent.

When they were midway in the descent, a giant moose broke from cover and galloped across a cleared space at the bottom. The young man put down his canoe at once and turned to his companion.

"Are you afraid, Eliza?" he asked.

"Not of the moose," she answered.

He smiled, picked up the canoe again, and they went on.

They reembarked below the waterfall. Bareheaded, she knelt forward in the canoe, the vast silence of the woods surrounding her, enwrapping her, and sinking deep into her heart. From time to time the canoe crossed patches of yellow sunlight, when the glossy black of the Indian faded from her hair, leaving it dark brown, when her nose showed straight and thin, and her cheeks lost the copper tint of the true native of the wilds; but while the craft glided in the shadow, the Indian that was in her blood was manifested in her lithe motions, her black eyes, the prominence of her cheek bones, and at such time her garb betrayed no paleface touch in decoration or arrangement.

The man in the stern could face the untempered blaze of noon with no fear that the keenest observer would doubt his race. Tall, slender to leanness, large boned and dark, he wore his two feathers on the circlet of skunk skin with the pride and right of a thoroughbred Ojibway.

An hour came when the sun no longer pierced the foliage and the water put on its black robe till another dawn. Then the man guided

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the canoe to the shore and disembarked. They started a fire and ate of the food that comprised a small part of their pack, and prepared their own unsheltered camp. He told her of his other journeys along this course, how he always had camped here for a night, how he had heard the trampling of elk, and the call of the moose. The darkness drew gently on as he droned his tales and smoked the pipe that had been sacrificed all day to paddling. Stars blinked at them where the trees grew apart; a breeze unfelt below set the upper foliage gossiping.

Such was their wedding journey for the first day, and such it continued for six more till they paused at the edge of the great lake on whose shore, distant a few hours' paddling, was Mitigwaki, Maskenozha's native village, the home of his people, where stood the only wigwam to whose shelter he had any claim, the wigwam of Megissun, put up and maintained by Sibequay, the young man's sturdy, tradition-bound mother.

"We shall be there soon," said Maskenozha; "are you afraid?"

"I fear your mother," she said almost inaudibly.

His brow darkened. "Why?" he asked after a long pause.

"You know better than I, Maskenozha. She parted us two summers ago. You know what she said then. I cannot forget it. 'No half-breed shall sleep in my wigwam.'"

"She has no right to keep us apart," said Maskenozha, petulantly. "I was a boy then. It's different now."

He knew better; in his heart he knew that to the Ojibway man there is no coming of age. The years may frost his locks, but so long as his mother lives, she may, if she be a forceful character, dominate his life. He may rebel, may run away, may assert his manhood and marry whom he chooses in defiance of maternal edict. In every country a man may do thus, but such an Ojibway must be daring, resourceful, and of character comparable at least in forcefulness to that of the mother whose displeasure he brooks.

"Your mother will be angry," said the apprehensive bride.

"I can be angry myself," Maskenozha grumbled. "My mother is too old-fashioned. I know plenty of men who married half-breeds. It isn't your fault that your father was a paleface."

IT WAS dark when they arrived at Mitigwaki. Maskenozha had paddled leisurely over this final stage in their journey, and he had been in no hurry to quit their last resting place. There was nobody at the shore to meet them and their coming was wholly unnoticed. Eliza stood by silently while he lifted out the canoe and

## THE REBELLION OF MASKENOZHA.

put it in a safe place, but she could not have failed to observe that his movements were slow. It took him long to be satisfied with details which, at the resting places in their journey, had been speedily adjusted. Nevertheless, there was an aggressive note in his voice when at last he said, "Come," and they started for the family wigwam.

Their way led them along the edge of the village rather than through it, and they were not accosted. The wigwam door was closed, and for a moment Maskenozha hesitated. Then he withdrew the pegs, opened it, and went in. The great circular room was empty.

"There's nobody here," said he, in unmistakable relief, "come in."

Eliza entered timidly. "We'd better camp by the shore, Maskenozha," said she, "till your mother returns. I saw a good camp ground there just where the cliff rises——"

"No," Maskenozha interrupted, decidedly, full of courage now that there was no dreaded presence to awe him. "Here we belong, here we stay. Rest a little while, Eliza. I will find where mother is. I think she must be on a journey."

Thus it proved. Maskenozha learned this when he called at the wigwam of Tebikoosa, his brother-in-law. Megissun, his aged father, was staying there during Sibequay's absence.

"You've been gone a long time," was Megissun's greeting.

"Yes," Maskenozha admitted, remembering how he had gone on a pretext that he was to visit a cousin in the village at the mouth of the Missisaga. "I went to Odena-beshowad-Sagaigon."

"Oh!" said Megissun. "Did you see my cousin, Sohangetaha?"

"I saw him. He and all his family are well."

"And Shingebis, did you see him?"

"I saw him and his son, Waboos. They made me welcome."

"That was as it should be. Shingebis owed me four buffalo skins for fifty summers, but he paid. You remember, Maskenozha, he settled when I went with you and Tebikoosa, here, and your brother, Tekumegzhik, and your brother, Ibenese, to press my claim. He paid and we parted good friends."

They gossiped of other things until at length Megissun said, "Now that you've come home I will go back to my own wigwam."

"Good," Maskenozha responded. "We shall be glad to take care of you."

He used the Ojibway form of the plural that signifies that two persons are joined in the action.

"*Neenawin?*" queried Megissun, repeating the word for "we two."

"Yes; I have brought my wife home."

## THE REBELLION OF MASKENOSHA

"Ah!" and there was a long pause. "Who is she?" asked Megissun.

"Eliza Robinson, the adopted daughter of Waboos, the son of Shingebis."

"She is a half-breed," remarked the old man, dispassionately.

"She is my wife," said Maskenozha. "Shingebis and Waboos gave us a feast."

"Your mother will not like it."

Maskenozha stirred uneasily. "Eliza is my wife," he repeated. "I shall not leave her."

A long silence followed. "Will you come?" asked Maskenozha, at length.

"No," said Megissun. "I will stay with Tebikoosa."

The young man started slowly back to the family wigwam. Mahngequay, his sister, ran after him and caught him by the hand.

"I am going with you," she said, and her brother answered with a "*Migwetch*" that seemed to choke him.

Mahngequay had seen Eliza at the time of the famous journey when Megissun collected his fifty-year-old debt, and Eliza remembered her as a childless bride. They sat close together in the wigwam, saying little, but such as it was it comforted Eliza greatly. Here was a friend, the more welcome because unexpected. Maskenozha presently went without and sat near the door, and there Tebikoosa joined him.

"Sibequay will not accept Eliza," said the brother-in-law. "What will you do then?"

"My mother does not know Eliza," Maskenozha protested; "she must accept her."

"This is where I belong," he continued, obstinately. "All my brothers brought their wives to stay here till they were ready to set up their own wigwams. Tekumegzhik stayed two years. I have a right here."

"Yes, if Sibequay wills it, but if not, will you send Eliza back?"

"No!" cried Maskenozha, with explosive energy. "Never! If my mother drives us out I shall go with my wife. My mother must let us stay."

Next day came Megissun. "I will stay," said he, gravely, "till Sibequay returns."

This concession was due to the influence of Tebikoosa and Mahngequay, as Maskenozha surmised, and it was with genuine confidence that he assured Eliza that the battle was won.



## THE REBELLION OF MASKENOZHA

Eliza needed no hint to do her utmost to please the aged man. She lacked nothing in Indian housewifery, and if she had, her diligence, her persistent industry, her anticipation of Megissun's slightest wants must have melted a stonier heart than his. Indeed, the old man smiled upon her before the end of the third day, and thereafter seemed to take her as a matter of course. Mahngequay came every day with Opechee, her baby, in whom Megissun took the deepest delight. Mahngequay and Eliza did the simple housework together, and while they were busy the aged man entertained Opechee.

Meantime Maskenozha had been persuaded for the first time in his twenty years to work. This was under Tebikoosa's influence. Mitigwaki, save for the shore line, was entirely within the forest as its name implied, but not far away was an open space where the villagers conducted their modest agriculture. It was the season when crops required attention. Tebikoosa did not say so, but he felt tragedy impending over Maskenozha. He knew Sibequay, and while he and Mahngequay hoped to overcome her opposition to Eliza, they had little confidence in success. Therefore, with forethought of which Maskenozha never dreamed in his careless life, he sought to provide the boy with at least the beginning of store against the winter's needs. On the pretext that he must get his crops in early so as to resume work at the Hudson's Bay Post, and that Mahngequay was so occupied with Opechee that she could not work in the fields, he hired Maskenozha, paying him in grain.

SO A LONG moon passed, in which time habits were formed. If something prevented Mahngequay from bringing Opechee to Megissun's at the usual hour, Eliza went down to Tebikoosa's to learn what was the matter. When the midday meal was ready, it was Eliza who interrupted Megissun's recital of Ojibway lore to his grandson, for such the songs were, the first important step in the education of the Indian boy. It was Eliza who went to the spring for water in the early morning and who prepared the breakfast for her husband and Megissun, and it was she who freshened the beds with boughs of balsam, and kept the interior of the capacious wigwam in order. She fell insensibly into the routine of the simple establishment, and sometimes caught her breath with surprise when it came over her that she had not always been thus occupied. Then there followed minutes of choking apprehension as she remembered that the most potent factor in the problem of her life had yet to manifest its value.



## THE REBELLION OF MASKENOSHA

Maskenozha never stirred her fears by allusion to his mother's return. This was not due in the slightest degree to fine consideration of his bride's feelings. It was merely the careless habit of youth. His passion for the half-breed had ennobled him to the extent of braving his mother's opposition, had given him the courage to face her displeasure; it was a strong passion, too, as evidenced by its endurance over two years of separation from Eliza; but his mental habit was such that he not only accepted gladly the postponement of the crisis, but accepted also the situation from day to day as entirely sufficient, and without effort closed his mind to the future.

One evening, Maskenozha, returning alone from the fields, met Eliza on the trail. She was crying, and for a time could not tell what was amiss, but her husband knew.

"My mother?" said he, inquiringly. "She has returned?"

"She has turned me out," sobbed Eliza.

Little by little she gave him the details. Ill-fortune had attended the home coming in every minute respect. Mahngequay was in the bush, digging roots with Opechee; Megissun was gossiping at the chief's; Eliza had been braiding a reed mat and had gone into the wigwam for a moment, when the door darkened and Sibequay stood there.

Their words were few. Eliza, too frightened to speak clearly, faltered the truth, and doubtless her imperfect use of the Ojibway tongue added to her discomfiture. Sibequay, thunderstruck, needed no confession, for the presence of the girl was story enough.

"This is no place for you," Sibequay said. "Begone!"

"Tebikoosa or Mahngequay ought to have seen her first," muttered Maskenozha, too blinded by the catastrophe to think of cheering words. "She ought not to have found you there with nobody to speak for you," he added, and resentment glowed dull in his heart because his brother-in-law had mismanaged the affair. Maskenozha felt himself deeply injured.

Eliza's grief at length stirred Maskenozha from angry contemplation of his own wrongs.

"Never mind," he said, taking her hand. "We will go back and I will talk to her."

On the way to the village they came to an agreement that was perhaps the wisest feature in their relations thus far. This was that Eliza should go to Tebikoosa's wigwam, and that Maskenozha should face his mother alone. He found Megissun smoking moodily before the door, and it seemed the old man peered anxiously at him, but they

## THE REBELLION OF MASKENOSHA

exchanged no words. Maskenozha entered, and Sibequay, seeing him, desisted in her occupation and stood with arms akimbo, lips compressed and brows wrinkled, looking at him.

"Where is my wife?" asked Maskenozha.

"Wife!" snapped Sibequay. "I know no wife of yours."

"Yes, you do, mother. Eliza Robinson is my wife. I left her here. Where is she?"

"Eliza Robinson is a half-breed! She is no wife of any son of mine."

"She was given to me by Waboos, son of Shingebis, who adopted her. Shingebis gave us a feast," said Maskenozha, which was as much as to say, "We were married in due form, with the consent of her parents, and she is therefore legally my wife and inseparable from me."

"Maskenozha," said Sibequay, "you know my will and the custom of our people. A wife must be acceptable to the man's parents else she cannot stay. You——"

He interrupted the decree which was on her lips.

"I know what you said, mother, but Eliza has slept in your wigwam now more than a moon."

"It was a trick!" she cried, in ungovernable anger. "You have taken advantage of my absence to shame my lodge. You had no right to bring her here without my consent."

"Eliza wished to camp elsewhere," said he, "but my father was here."

Sibequay ignored the reference to her husband. "It was a trick," she insisted. "She should not have entered here, and if she had been a true Indian woman she would have remained without till I came home. She shall be no daughter of mine. You must send her away."

The decree was spoken. Maskenozha stood motionless for a moment, and then, with no show of haste, began to gather together various articles that belonged to himself and Eliza. Sibequay watched him curiously.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I am going to send Eliza away," he answered, "and wherever she goes I shall go with her."

He continued at his task with the same stolid moderation with which he began it, sure sign that the man within him had been thoroughly aroused. There were more things to claim as his property than could be taken at once. He made a heap of them outside the

## THE REBELLION OF MASKENOZHA

door. Then he filled his arms with as many as he could carry and took them to Tebikoosa's.

"She turns you out," he said to Eliza, "but never mind. She turns me out, too."

A terrible weight was lifted suddenly from Eliza's heart. Rebouncing as if physical restraint were released, she sprang to her feet, threw her arms about her husband's neck and kissed him, just as she had held and kissed him on the day two summers ago when Sibequay asserted her maternal authority to compel Maskenozha to leave her alone in the village by an inland lake. And Maskenozha then shamed, embarrassed, almost terrified by the manifestation of passion of which he had not dreamed, now responded to her mood and was ennobled by it.

"You are my wife," said he. "There is no man, or woman, or law that can part us."

It was in an exaltation of independence that he returned to Megissun's for the rest of his little property. He met Sibequay, an ominous scowl on her strong features, striding toward her daughter's home. Maskenozha said nothing to her, but he hurried lest his mother cause his wife more grief in his absence.

"I am sorry," said Megissun, as his son picked up his belongings.

"Farewell," was the son's response.

His mother and sister were seated in deep converse without the wigwam. Maskenozha passed them silently and entered, finding Tebikoosa with Eliza. The situation was known to Tebikoosa, for Mahngequay had told him. She had seen Sibequay before Maskenozha met Eliza on the trail. So there was little to say, and presently Tebikoosa went outside and joined his wife and mother-in-law. Sibequay was rehearsing her grievance with intense bitterness and urging her daughter by all her respect for maternal advice and affection to refuse to harbor Eliza.

"You should send her away. She has no right here," said the implacable old woman.

"Sibequay," said Tebikoosa, "Maskenozha and Eliza are my guests. You know the law. Does an Ojibway turn away those who visit him?"

The stern old woman shook with anger.

"Your wigwam is your own, Tebikoosa," she said, her voice trembling, "and my daughter now belongs there. You and she may do in your own home as you see fit, but Mahngequay is my daughter, and my lodge is my own. If I should say so, Mahngequay never could enter it again."

## THE REBELLION OF MASKENOSHA

"I understand you, Sibequay," replied Tebikoosa. "I do not choose to dislodge my guests."

"You hold me as nothing, then!" cried Sibequay, and her passion flamed high. Words were surging to her lips that, if spoken, would create havoc in the family that a generation could hardly undo, and just then, when Mahngequay's tears were falling and her heart throbbing with divided loyalty and apprehension, little Opechee toddled from the wigwam. He had been asleep, and the sound of many voices within and without his usually quiet abode had aroused him.

"*Nokomis!*"—grandmother—he cried delightedly, and threw himself against the old woman's knees, pounding her with his tiny fists and pulling at the fringes of her garments.

Sibequay choked and looked at the baby through clouds as deep as those that blinded her daughter. She tried to draw away as from an untoward influence, she raised her hand, the impulse of outraged dominance bidding her push the child aside; but the hand descended gently on Opechee's head, the other hand joined it, she caught the little fellow to her bosom and held him so hard for a moment that he protested. Then she set him down, arose and slowly departed to her own wigwam.

IT WAS Eliza who suggested that Maskenozha should build his own wigwam, it was she who stimulated him to the energy necessary for the task. He had managed his rebellion with dignity and sufficient force, but, left to himself, he would have accepted Tebikoosa's hospitality without question for the coming winter. The situation demanded nothing more of him than this. The half-breed, therefore, supplied the initiative. The white blood in her shrank from dependence, and her husband's loyalty to her, demonstrated under trying circumstances, reënforced her pride, creating in her a demand that he alone could satisfy by asserting his manhood and becoming really as well as nominally independent.

As soon as Maskenozha announced his purpose of building a shelter that would do until spring, when he could and would put up a substantial wigwam, Tebikoosa offered to help. He gave materials for the structure and utensils for housework as well as his services in making the lodge ready. The lodge was partly of bark, partly of skins, but it was rainproof and commodious enough for the limited demands on it.

There was still the important matter of providing for the winter. Maskenozha talked cheerfully of hunting, but Tebikoosa advised



## THE REBELLION OF MASKENOSHA

that he get work and so gain money with which to buy what he and Eliza would need. They went to the Hudson's Bay Post together and both obtained employment.

Sibequay viewed these undertakings with deep, but for the most part silent, disapproval. She was troubled by more than the disturbance in her family. According to traditions, an unacceptable bride should be banished literally from the neighborhood of her hapless husband's home.

The winter dragged its moons slowly by. It was a hard season, and every Indian who had not laid in a great stock of provisions suffered before the sap ran. It was inevitable that Maskenozha and Eliza should be of these. Tebikoosa was ever ready to share with them, and there were others in the village, a few who were not influenced by Sibequay's unchanged hostility, who would have lent a helping hand, but what Maskenozha's pride lacked in restraining him from asking aid, Eliza's supplemented to the full. She could not refuse the food offered by Mahngequay and Tebikoosa, but she often went hungry till they brought it. Mahngequay reproved her for this.

"You have more than yourself to take care of," she said. "There will be three of you in the spring, and if you want the little one to be strong and happy like Opechee, you must feed yourself now."

Eliza accepted the rebuke mutely. The circumstance to which Mahngequay referred gave her less joy than would have been the case if other circumstances had been entirely normal. It made her isolation the more acute. At no time since the first tragedy in her life had she been so bitterly conscious of the need of a mother.

Meantime there was always plenty and to spare at Megissun's, but no intimation came to the household by the shore that Sibequay was aware of its existence. Not that there was any lack of knowledge. Mahngequay told her mother just how things stood and how they were shaping, and she pleaded with Sibequay that she invite Eliza to come to the family wigwam for at least the period of her crisis.

"Why don't you take her to your own wigwam?" asked Sibequay grimly.

"I have asked her," Mahngequay answered, "and cannot persuade her. I think she would come here if you were to ask her."

"Then she'll have to stay where she is."

And so Eliza stayed on in the rude lodge by the shore, and there Maskenozha found her in mortal agony when he returned one evening from a hunting expedition. Mahngequay, frightened and almost helpless, was with her.

## THE REBELLION OF MASKENOZHA

"I found her so at noon," Mahngequay said, "when I came to bring her food. She slipped on the hard snow and fell heavily, she told me."

Apprehension caught Maskenozha by the throat and stopped his breath. He knelt by his wife's couch and tried to speak, but could not. He touched her hand and she drew hers away. Her eyes rested an instant on his, but it did not seem that she knew him.

Maskenozha arose and made as if he would leave the lodge. Mahngequay took his arm.

"Are you going to mother?" she asked. "It will be of no use," said Mahngequay; "I have told her."

Maskenozha shook off her restraining hand and went forth. For the first time since his wife had been banished, he took his way to the family wigwam. What was in his mind to say, how to entreat, he knew not, but in this crisis there was only one human being in whom he had faith—Sibequay, the mother of many, his own wise, skilful if cruel mother—and he was blindly, confidently determined that he would take her to Eliza's bedside. The sun had set, dusk lay on the snow, and he expected, therefore, to find her within the lodge preparing Megissun's evening meal. So far as he had any conscious intent it was to enter without ceremony, as was the custom, and compel her to go with him. He was surprised to see her, hooded and wrapped against the cold, pacing slowly on the hard-trodden snow by her doorway.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, sharply, stopping short.

In the half darkness her eyes glowed as he never had seen them glow, and he could not translate their message. She did not mean that he should. The fire in her eyes betokened the inward conflict that had been raging since Mahngequay came with her startling information hours before. He noticed that she had a bundle under her arm, but he did not try to guess what it implied.

"Mother," said Maskenozha, "my wife needs you."

They faced each other, the young man in anything but a supplicating attitude, his head thrown back, his fists clenched at his sides, the old woman lowering at him. Then she turned to the wigwam door and opened it. Maskenozha's heart leaped to his throat, fortunately choking his passionate protest before he could utter it, for Sibequay did not go in. She spoke to her husband.

"Go to Tebikoosa's," she said. "I shall not be back tonight."

"*Migwetch! migwetch!*" stammered Maskenozha when he understood. He sped back to his lodge with the news, and Sibequay fol-

## THE REBELLION OF MASKENOSHA

lowed as fast as she could. With no word of explanation she took charge. The bundle she carried contained such matters as were essential, in the light of Indian experience, and these and other things she disposed calmly and with all the orderliness born of familiarity with the situation. When Tebikoosa came he was sent away with Opechee, but Mahngequay was retained for such help as under direction she could give.

It would be doing unnecessary injustice to Sibequay to say that her relenting came too late. There were inexorable factors to the situation other than her hostility. The primitive conditions of Indian life at their best were against a normal increase of the people, and the special conditions under which Eliza suffered were perhaps not more acute than beset many a young wife more happily housed. Tragedy was her destiny, if a characterization of her brief career may be suggested. Medical science might have availed to save her, but it could not have given life to the pitiable burden of which she was relieved long before the time appointed by Nature; and no nursing of the hospital, or of the home of wealth, could have been more faithful, skilful and untiring than that which Sibequay devoted to her.

Eliza knew her husband whenever she came to consciousness, and once she recognized Sibequay bending over her.

"Maskenozha," she whispered, "your mother!" and a wan but unmistakably happy smile lit up her weary face.

The end came almost unnoticed. Maskenozha, numb with his desperate fight against belief in the inevitable, was not aware of it until Sibequay stood up, swayed a moment, and then laid her hands upon his shoulders and sobbed. Tebikoosa presently drew him without, and they walked for a long time on the frozen surface of the lake.

Maskenozha went like a child to his mother's wigwam and remained there many days, speaking no word. As winter drew to its end, speech of a kind returned to him, but he never mentioned his past. One day in the early spring he held out his hand to Sibequay and then to Megissun.

"Farewell," he said.

Father and mother responded as simply. They did not beseech him to stay, they did not ask him where he was going. He paused at Tebikoosa's to say farewell to sister and brother-in-law and his little nephew, and then set forth on the trail leading northward. He never came again to Mitigwaki, and his people never saw him again until they had left the woods and become Indians of the reservation.

## THE INDIAN WEAVER

**Y**ONDER amidst the blist'ring sands,  
The Indian's rude-built hogan stands,  
Under the blue and flawless sky  
'Neath which fair crest and canyon lie.  
Patterned with mystic, strange design—  
With square and fret-work and bar and line—  
Here on the loom behold it grow:  
The blanket of the Navajo.

Ploddingly woven, thread by thread,  
In white and black, in the gray and red,  
Emblems bearing of life and death,  
The lightning's path, the storm-cloud's breath,  
Slope of mountain and drench of rain,  
The four winds, issue of peak and plain,  
Village, and journey long and steep,  
The blanket fills while graze the sheep.

Patient the swarthy toiler weaves;  
For friend or alien alike achieves;  
Pictures a country loved right well;  
Thereof old legends; and may not tell  
Whether a pale-face eye afar  
Will only a rug regard, bizarre,  
Or see, interpreting the lore,  
The Painted Desert on his floor.

EDWIN L. SABIN.



# THE UPBUILDING OF A COMMONWEALTH ON WHAT WAS ONCE ARID DESERT: RE- SULT OF THE GOVERNMENTAL IRRIGATION PROJECT: BY C. H. FORBES-LINDSAY



FIFTY years ago, a few small scattering bands of Pah-Ute Indians were the only human habitants of the cloudless desert valleys of Nevada. Its grim mountain peaks, its bold plateaux and towering buttes, looked down in their repellant nakedness upon barren depressions of sandy waste, mottled with patches of black sage and rabbit brush. This is the driest portion of the Great American Desert, but time was when deep lakes filled some of its great valleys. The waters of this region have no outlet. They either run into some natural reservoir and rapidly evaporate or scatter and sink below the surface of the earth. During ages, clouds bursting upon the rugged heads of the hills have sent silt-laden streams rushing down the steep slopes to the bottom lands, there to deposit their burden of potential fertility and disappear as through a sieve. Thus there has lain for centuries upon the face of the land a thick covering of rich alluvial soil, needing only the regulating touch of man to give forth of the fruits of the earth abundantly.

The discovery of gold in California led our people through this thirsty and inhospitable country and the desert exacted heavy toll of man and beast. In that mad rush to the new El Dorado, thousands gave up their lives by the wayside along that dread stretch between the fair fields of Utah and the snow-capped Sierra Nevada. And where they lay down to die in the agonies of thirst was water, pure and sweet, within easy reach, for almost everywhere in the valleys it may be found at less than twenty feet below the surface. And the region that the gold seekers spurned in their painful passage through it, hid beneath its forbidding exterior wealth incalculable,—vast deposits of precious metals in the bowels of the earth and marvelous latent fecundity in the soil.

The quickening and transforming of this scene of desolation is one of the romances of our history. It is proceeding with a promise that encourages us to look for a flourishing and populous state within the life of the present generation. No better illustration of the resourcefulness and enterprise of our people can be found than that afforded by the birth and upgrowth of this young commonwealth.

## A COMMONWEALTH OUT OF A DESERT

**T**HE fortuitous discovery of the Comstock lode, nearly half a century ago, marked the first step in the transmutation of the desert, although it was long before Nevada awoke to the task of self-improvement. Her vast treasure,—the Comstock yielded three hundred and forty million dollars of bullion in thirty years,—was carried beyond her boundaries as fast as it could be extracted from the ground. Men came for gold but could not conceive of homes in what was described as “a hell of a place,—no water, no feed, no women.” During the last forty years of the past century the fortunes of Nevada waxed and waned. Her population rose to seventy thousand and fell to little more than half that number. Mining towns “boomed” and dwindled or relapsed into the desert. The rich territory lacked a stable foundation. The only real residents were a few miners scattered here and there who, disappointed in the quest for gold, had exchanged the pick for the hoe and settling near some spring or stream had mated, maybe, with the daughter of the redskin and turned to tilling the land.

In nineteen hundred the Tonopah field was opened and since then fresh finds have been of frequent occurrence. Permanent towns were established and at enormous expense of labor and money equipped with the conveniences and comforts of modern cities. Bullfrog has a population of ten thousand, an ample water system, luxurious hotels, fine residences, electric light, telephone, and the rest. Goldfield has almost reached an equal advance, while Searchlight and other centers are fast approaching it. Railroads have run into the region from several directions and the population of the state has more than doubled in the past two years.

But Nevada has made no sound economic progress, despite her blatant prosperity. Her wealth still pours eastward in a golden flood. Everything that her people use is brought from outside. For food, clothing, lumber, labor,—for everything, in short, but money—Nevada is dependent upon the outside world. But recently she was awakened with astonishment to the knowledge that her area embraces land as fertile as any in America and capable of the utmost productiveness, that she possesses water power in abundance and that almost all the needs of her people can be supplied from produce or manufacture within her own boundaries. It is in the realization of this possibility that Nevada's permanent prosperity lies, as well as her prospect of becoming one of the richest states in the Union.

The first settlers were, for the most part, stranded miners who took to tillage with more or less reluctance. They found in it, if not

## A COMMONWEALTH OUT OF A DESERT

wealth, at least an easy and comfortable livelihood. The responsive desert blossomed under their hands as by a miracle and, when the surveyors of the newly-created Reclamation Service came upon the ground, they found the great waste expanse of Nevada splashed with spots of richest green, affording ready evidence of the wonderful productiveness of the soil.

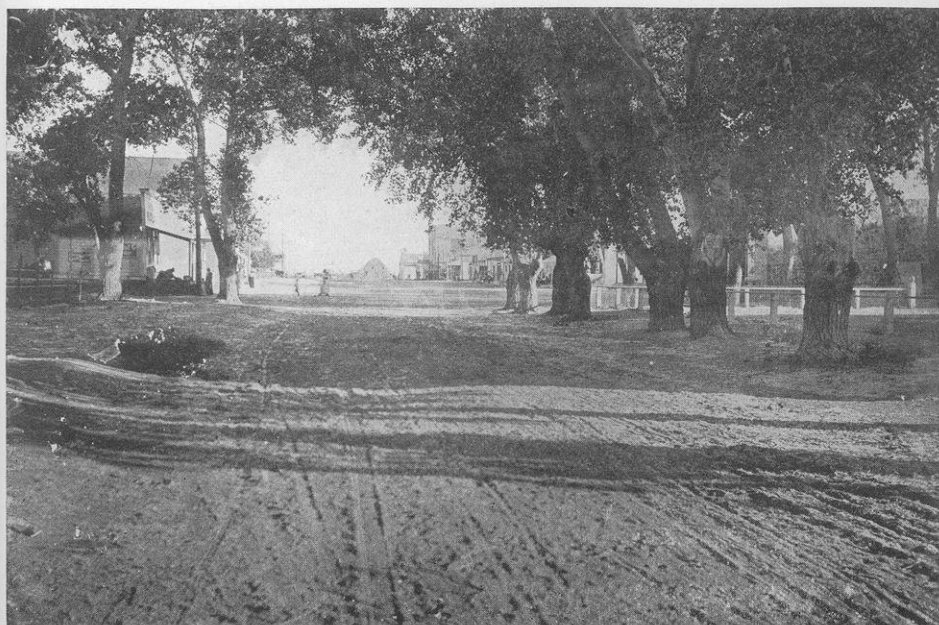
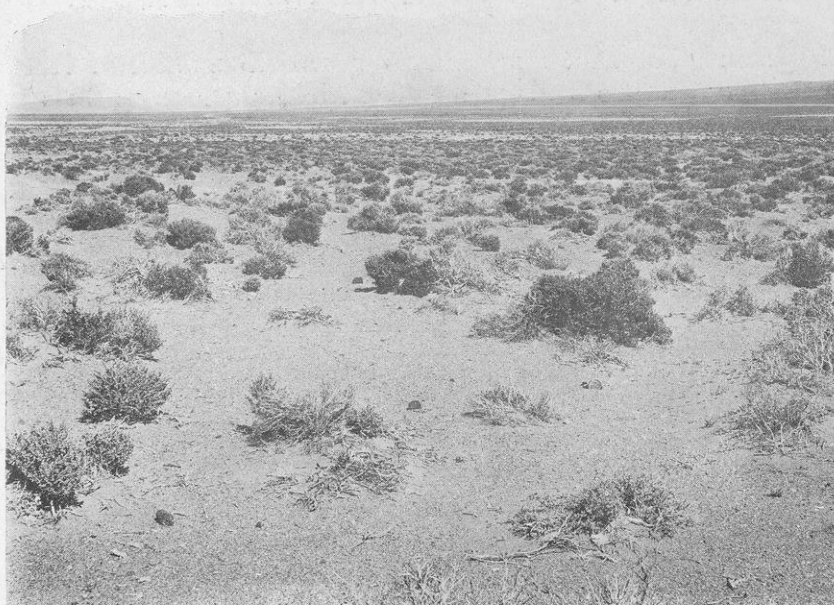
Forty-mile desert, occupying the bed of ancient Lake Lahontan and, with the exception of Death Valley, the most desolate and arid area on this continent, was selected for the site of the first and most important of the great government irrigation projects. The plan involves the establishment of half a score of reservoirs in the upper foothills of the Sierra to store the floods that sweep down the mountain sides, and also the building of dams in the valleys to hold in check millions of tons of water, to turn rivers back upon themselves until huge artificial lakes are formed, or to divert them into more useful channels. Thus the entire Truckee River is led through an enormous duct, thirty miles in length, to the sink which is the terminal of the Carson; thence the combined waters will be carried out upon the plain in two canals from which hundreds of miles of laterals and ditches will radiate over an area of four hundred thousand acres.

But this will not exhaust the water resources of the "driest state in the Union." As its population expands and the demand for farmland increases, the underflow of streams will be utilized to add to the irrigable area. Hydrographers who are thoroughly familiar with the conditions believe that a water supply can be developed sufficient for the irrigation of fully one million six hundred thousand acres.

The present project will cost nine million dollars, but the land reclaimed by it will be worth at least thirty million dollars. It would be a splendid investment at that price, for when fully cultivated this area will yield annually a crop worth considerably more than the cost of the project. Nor is this an unusual result of irrigation. The two principal canals in the Punjab, India, cost about eleven million dollars and the yearly crop from the land watered by them is valued at fifteen million dollars. But Uncle Sam's thirty-million-dollar farm is not for sale. It is to be parceled out in forty and eighty-acre tracts which are open to all citizens of the United States who have not exhausted their homestead right.

The first unit, covering fifty thousand acres, was opened in June, nineteen hundred and five, three years after the commencement of the work. Three hundred families are now cultivating the land irrigated by it and the surrounding desert is dotted

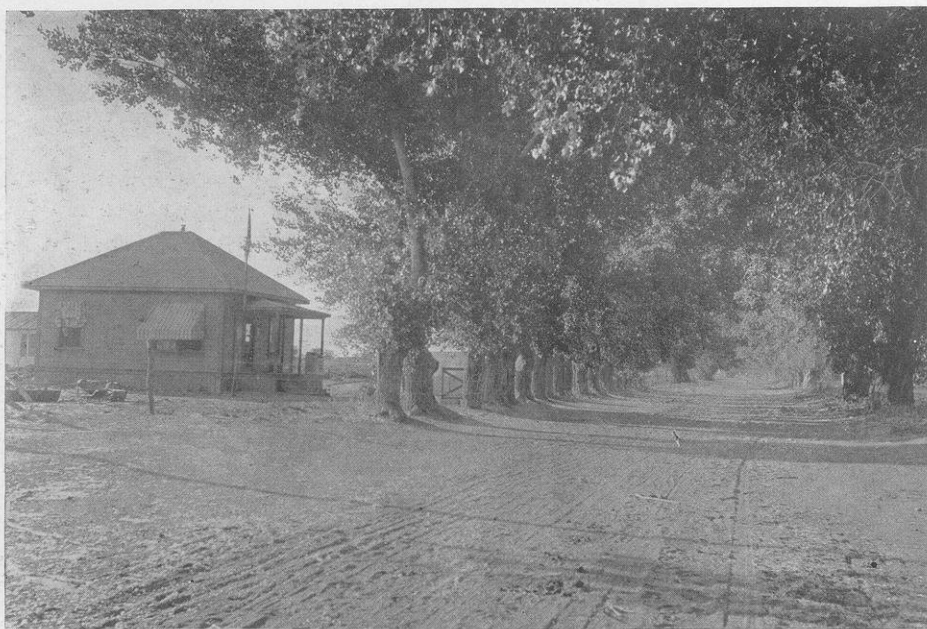




A STRETCH OF IRRIGABLE LANDS THAT  
HAS BEEN FILED ON AND HOMESTEADED.

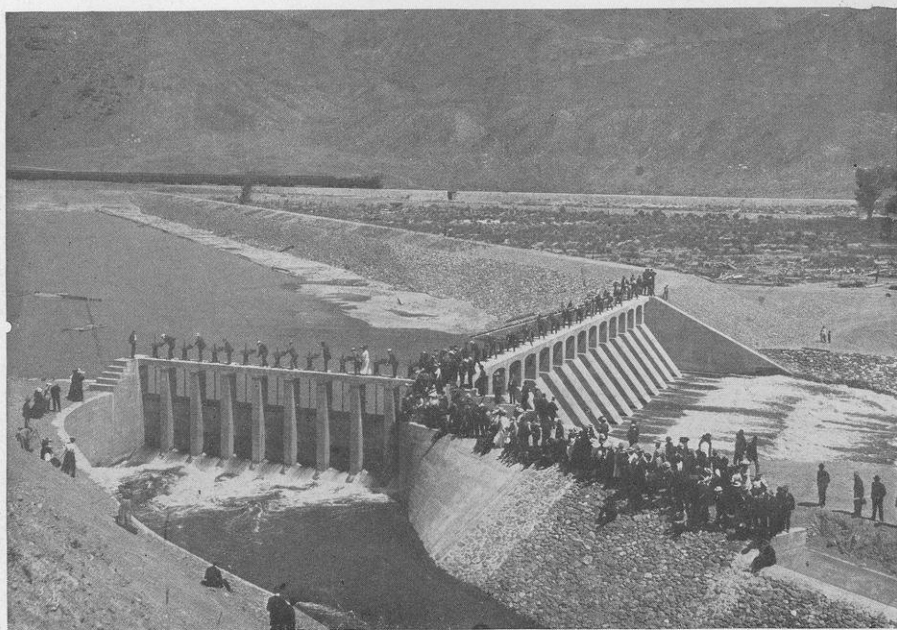
MAIN STREET, FALLON, NEV. A TOWN  
CREATED BY IRRIGATION.





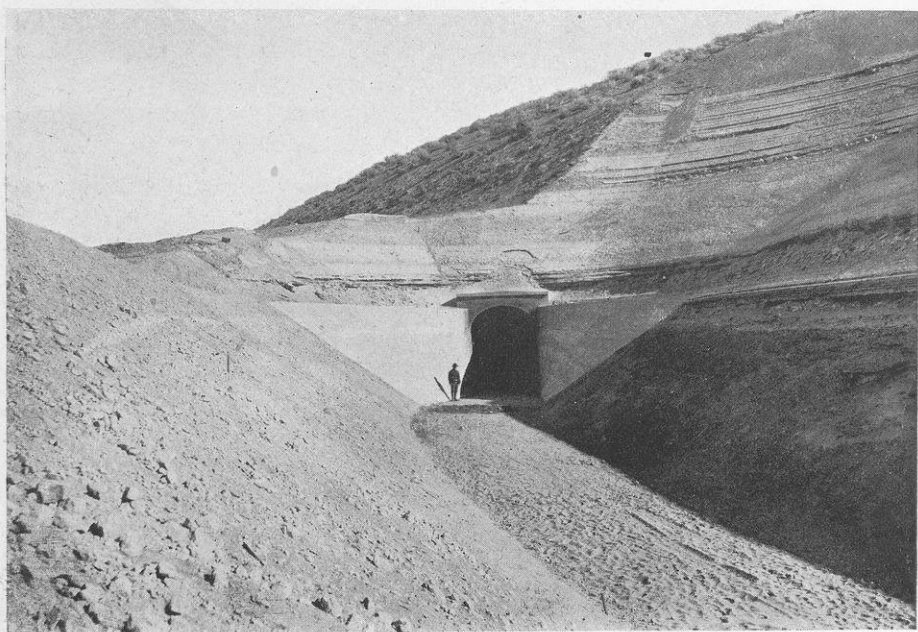
FARM LANDS SURROUNDING  
WADSWORTH, UNDER IRRIGATION.

A SHADED ROAD IN THE IRRIGATED DISTRICT.



HEAD OF THE MAIN TRUCKEE CANAL ON  
THE TRUCKEE RIVER.

RAISING AND LOWERING GATES OF THE DI-  
VERSION DAM OF THE TRUCKEE CANAL.



SHOWING COMPLETED PORTION OF  
CEMENT LINED CANAL BASIN.  
TUNNEL ON MAIN CANAL OF  
THE TRUCKEE - CARSON PROJECT.



## A COMMONWEALTH OUT OF A DESERT

with the dwellings of prospective settlers, awaiting the opportunity to make entry. Railroads have thrown spurs into this region of promise and along their lines hamlets are constantly springing into existence, while the earlier settlements are assuming the character of prosperous towns. Fallon, in the center of the district covered by the project, contained sixteen souls three years ago. It has now more than one thousand inhabitants, an excellent school system, churches, stores, newspapers, a bank, three hotels, telegraph and telephone connections, and most of the utilities enjoyed by large urban centers. This, be it understood, is not a mining town but distinctly an agricultural settlement, around which others of similar character are growing up.

The works are now completed for the irrigation of two hundred thousand acres and the land is open for occupation. For the first time in the history of the country, the government is actually restricting the opportunity for securing public land to *bona fide* home-seekers. The provisions of the Reclamation Act effectually exclude the speculator. The entry-man must come to stay. He may not commute his entry, as under the Homestead Act, after living for a few months on the land. He must dig his irrigation ditches and cultivate the soil, paying the annual water assessment of two dollars and sixty cents per acre for ten years before title to the holding will pass to him. But that is all he need do to secure land which will be worth one hundred dollars an acre as soon as he clears it and three or four times as much when it passes to his children.

**C**ONTRARY to the prevalent idea, the climate is healthful and not unpleasant, the extreme dryness of the air causing a great difference between the actual and the sensible temperature. The sun shines all the year round and, while the winter days are quite supportable without an overcoat, a blanket is necessary to comfort in the summer nights.

The landscape of the Carson Sink Valley is becoming rapidly transformed. Where water has already been applied to the earth, fields of full crops appear and orchards of fine fruit. Trees line the watercourses and convert the roads into shaded avenues. The Forest Service is lending its aid by setting out thousands of shade and timber trees. Stone is plentiful and may be had free from the government quarries, so that, with the increase of transportation facilities, it will be the chief building material. The Truckee River falls two thousand three hundred feet in a course of one hundred miles and it will



## A COMMONWEALTH OUT OF A DESERT

be utilized to furnish power to this section and to transmit it to more distant points. Before the Truckee-Carson project is completed we may look to see an electric railway traversing the valley and carrying the farmers' produce to the neighboring railroad depots.

Every plant that is indigenous to the northern temperate zone flourishes here. The settlers have had remarkable success in growing alfalfa, grain, potatoes, vegetables and small fruits. Three crops of alfalfa, yielding from five to seven tons per acre, are cut in the year, after which stock is pastured in the fields for two or three months. The ordinary yield of grains to the acre is: wheat, thirty-five bushels, barley, fifty bushels, and oats, seventy-five. Experiments with beets and hops promise exceptionally good returns from their cultivation. Stock raising, in which pursuit some of the earlier settlers have become wealthy, is a sure source of profit.

Close at hand the farmers have an eager and inexhaustible market. Everything that can be produced in Carson Sink Valley for some years to come may be sold at good figures in the mining towns. Up to the present the home supply has been insignificant. One packing house in Reno kills a thousand hogs each month and is forced to import eighty per cent. of them. Poultry comes in by carloads and passes through from the eastern states to California. Chickens sell for fifty cents apiece and the usual price of eggs is forty cents a dozen. The price of hay is eighty dollars a ton in bulk and of grain five dollars per sack of seventy-five pounds. Fruits, vegetables and dairy produce fetch similarly high figures.

Business opportunities will arise as a natural sequence of the agricultural development. The cultivation of four hundred thousand acres of land *en masse*, with a family upon every eighty-acre tract, will necessitate the establishment of a number of new towns with stores and factories. There is already talk of a creamery, a flour mill, condensed milk factory, packing house, ice plant and brick yards. As the settlement progresses it will doubtless support sugar and starch factories, breweries and distilleries, canneries, woolen mills, power plants and machine shops.

The settlers in the Carson Sink Valley are mostly native-born Americans drawn from every state in the Union. The valley is their home and the heritage of their children. Pride and self-interest prompt them to effort in its upbuilding. Here, then, shall Nevada find the leaven which will permeate her population with the spirit of local patriotism and the desire for permanent improvement.

# PROFITABLE HANDICRAFTS AND THE SUCCESSFUL PROMOTION OF HOME INDUSTRIES: BY-GEORGE DE SZÖGYENÿ, LL.D.

(COMMERCIAL COMMISSIONER OF THE ROYAL HUNGARIAN  
GOVERNMENT)



EARLY every American traveler who has visited the different countries of Europe cherishes a more or less comprehensive collection of souvenirs in the form of hand-made articles, each one of which bears the stamp of the locality in which it was made and so expresses the native art of the country that anyone at all familiar with the subject can tell at a glance just where it belongs and what people made it. \ Home industries and peasant handicrafts exist in every country in Europe, and so expressive are their products of the traditions, tastes and pursuits of the people that such a collection forms the most vivid reminder of the salient characteristics of the several countries from which the souvenirs were gathered. There are homespun and hand-woven textiles of wonderfully interesting weave, embroideries that vary as widely in design and workmanship as do the customs of the places where they are produced, quaint household furnishings and farm utensils made from native woods, shaped, carved or painted according to the tastes or traditions of the makers, and brass and copper vessels that bear the marks of the tool and almost the impress of the hand, so eloquent are they of the personality of the worker.

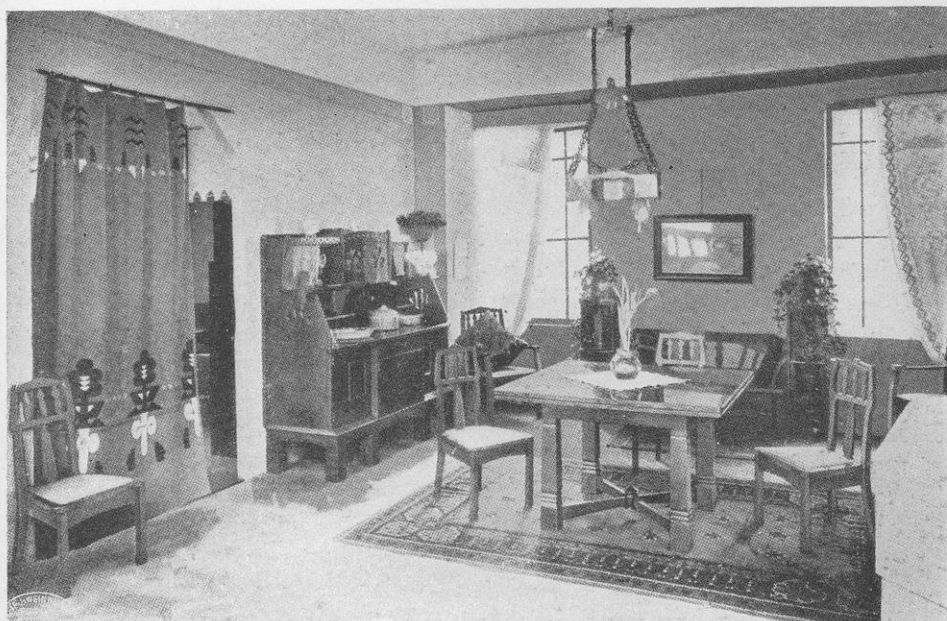
But the European traveler in America looks in vain for such expressions of the tastes and pursuits of the American people. There is hand-work being done by various arts and crafts workers, but it does not seem to be in any way expressive of American life or character, as both design and workmanship seem almost invariably to be derived either from foreign sources, or from a desire to make something that shall be distinguished merely for novelty or eccentricity. In fact, the traveler who has a fancy for picking up characteristic souvenirs of the land through which he is passing, in this country would have to confine himself to articles of Indian design and workmanship, as they seem to be the only American handicrafts so far that are made to supply everyday needs and that therefore are a genuine expression of primitive art.

Yet, there would seem to be no good reason why America cannot show examples of work derived from the traditional handicrafts of

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nearly every country in Europe, brought here as a matter of course by the immigrants who for many decades have been pouring into the country in thousands. These people are of the class that is most proficient in home industries, and yet it is the very marked exception when an individual or a family continues to do any sort of hand-work. To one who has some knowledge of the industrial conditions and modes of life in both the old world and the new, the universal abandonment of handicrafts seems to be due purely to the altered standards which are acquired by the immigrant after a very short residence here, and also to the pressure of the new industrial system of which he becomes a part. In Europe the peasant who makes a definite occupation of some form of handicraft does so for one of two reasons: either he is a skilled worker who can make a good living by means of a particular craft, or he has some regular occupation which does not take all his time and fails to furnish him with an adequate living, and so ekes out his income by the pursuit of some home industry. When this man comes to America he does so with the sole idea of bettering his fortunes. The only way to make money is to obtain employment, and he soon discovers that it is impossible for him to work in the accustomed leisurely fashion of the old country, as the work for which he receives wages takes all his time, strength and energy, leaving him only leisure enough for the rest that is necessary to his strength. He finds that he can earn more money than he could at home and support his family in what he considers a better style, and soon it seems clear that the small sum which he or his wife and children could add to the family income by handicraft would hardly pay for the time and money spent in procuring the necessary raw materials and tools in a country where the conditions are so different from those to which he has always been accustomed. Also, as a rule, the whole family aspires to become Americanized as quickly as possible. As a matter of course they discard the peasant clothing which they have always worn in favor of cheap ready-made garments which to them look fashionable, and the same sense of imitation leads them to despise the hand-made peasant work as much inferior to the showy factory-made articles they find in America. On the other hand, the skilled worker who could make a living at home by his handicrafts finds that there is no room here for the kind of work he can do. Conditions are entirely different, and, even if he were familiar with the language and knew how to grasp such opportunities as he may find, he could not, single-handed and without aid, pursue here the handicraft with which he was familiar and hope to find a



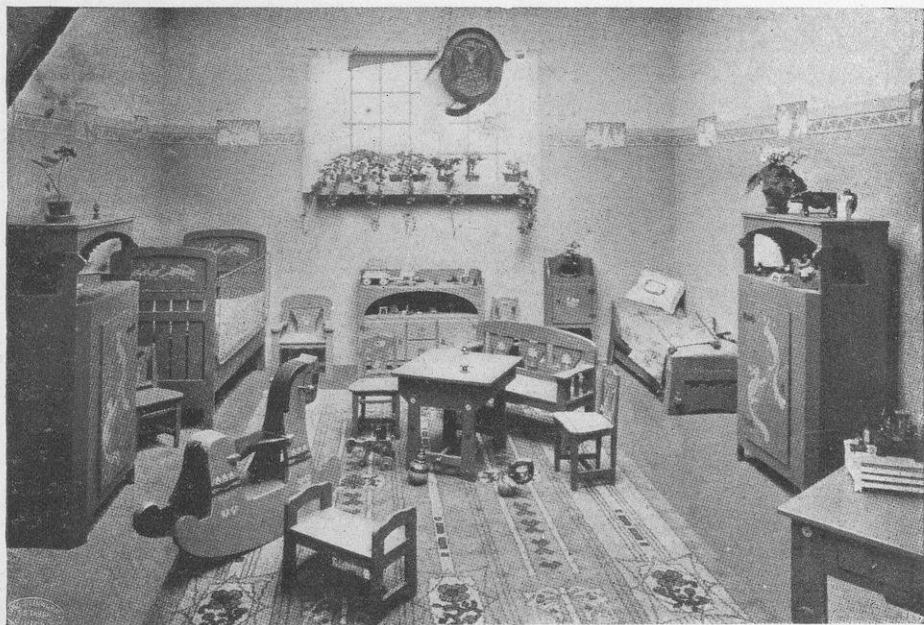
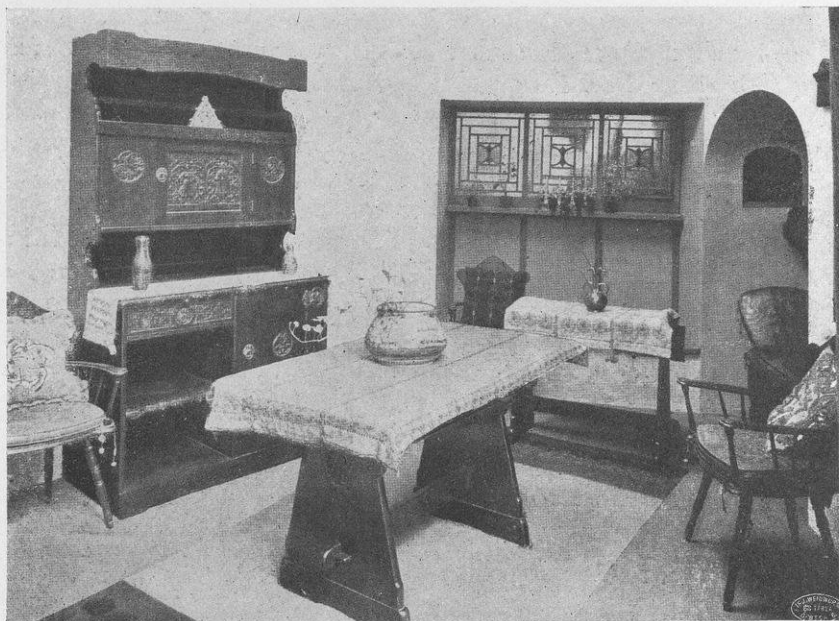


*Courtesy of "The Hungarian Art Industry."*

WORK ROOM AND BEDROOM FOR A YOUNG GIRL: DESIGNED BY E. TORÓCZKAI AND M. UNDI: EXECUTED BY G. PAAL.

DINING ROOM: DESIGNED BY FEHÉRKÚTHY AND DÓSA: EXECUTED BY JÓZSEF MÓCSAY.





*Courtesy of "The Hungarian Art Industry."*

ARTIST'S DINING ROOM: DESIGNED BY EDE VIGAND:  
EXECUTED BY JÓZSEF MÓCSAY.

NURSERY: DESIGNED BY G. WESZELY: EXECUTED  
BY THE FIRM OF HEGYBÁNYA - SZÉLAKNA.

## PROFITABLE HANDICRAFTS

market that would afford him daily bread. Therefore, the hand-work is neglected and forgotten, and the first effort of the worker is to find employment in some factory or at some form of daily labor that will afford him a daily wage.

**L**OOKING at the subject of the American Arts and Crafts movement from the viewpoint of a foreigner who is accustomed to a well-organized system of handicrafts in his own country, it seems to me that, with the exception of the Indian work I have already mentioned, there are no distinctive American handicrafts. There are groups of individual craft workers, but, from all I can learn, the articles made by them meet no general requirements, nor do they find a real market. I have observed that in the majority of cases the best customers of these workers are wealthy patrons or philanthropists who may be interested in the personality of the worker or who may desire to encourage handicrafts as a means to develop some form of art that shall be characteristic of this country. If these customers are wanting, most of the products of such workers remain in their studios, as the high prices put upon them by the makers place them beyond the reach of the ordinary purchaser of moderate means, and their lack of any definite and practical usefulness places them in the class of luxuries rather than that of necessities. With the exception of the exhibit rooms maintained for the purpose of showing articles made by the members of some craft society and of certain Women's Exchanges and similar places, there is hardly any place where examples of the handicrafts can be seen collectively or purchased by the buyer in search of some unusual and characteristic bit of furnishing or adornment.

There is some protest against the lack of any general recognition of handicraft work in America, but it seems to me that such recognition cannot be claimed until the uncontrolled individuality now cherished so proudly by the several workers gives place to a recognized standard of excellence. This is shown by the record of those centuries which we call the Golden Age of handicrafts. There were great numbers of artists and craftsmen, but to very few of these was given the distinction of originating schools of art or work which have borne the impress of their own individuality. Rather, the great majority were simple workmen, skilled in their chosen trades and doing good work because they put their hearts into it. History shows us that to be successful handicrafts must conform to certain standards which are set by the few who are really entitled to be called

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master workmen. For example, it is not enough for the textile worker to know that the interchanging weft and warp will produce a fabric and from that point to consider himself at liberty to exercise his fancy in the matter of weave and texture; he must have a thorough understanding of good weaving, a full knowledge of the kinds of material that give the best results in practical usage, and the skill of hand that can put into practice all he has learned before it is possible for him to weave textiles fit to compete with machine-made goods or having qualities that will prove really satisfactory to the buyer. It must be admitted from the start that in the matter of price it is impossible for hand-made goods to compete with the product of the machines. Therefore it seems that the only way in which this difficulty can be overcome is by giving the hand-made article a quality of interest, beauty and durability that makes it superior to factory-made goods, and this quality can never be gained unless workers conform strictly to certain recognized standards governing designs, materials and workmanship. The success of Continental handicrafts proves not only that concession to such standards creates for hand-made goods a market which is not artificial, but well-founded and lasting, but also that such concessions in no way hamper individuality, because personal ideas and tastes find ample room for expression within the limits of all necessary rules.

One amazing feature of the work done in this country is the existence of the two extremes of over-individuality as regards handicrafts, and over-specialization on the part of the manufacturers, whose one aim seems to be to eliminate all individuality in favor of the dead level made possible by the machines. And yet the tendency toward specialization is the same in both cases, the only difference being that one is a well-ordered system and the other a series of scattered individual efforts. In the factory there is always the leading brain which knows the requirements of the market and fills them by uniting into a whole the specialized work of hundreds, but in handicrafts there is no such unifying force, and can be none unless some means can be discovered of fixing recognized standards and requiring all workers who wish to command a market for their products to conform to them. This should not be a difficult matter, for, speaking from the viewpoint of one who has given much attention to the subject here and abroad, I can see no reason why, with the large number of intelligent and able craftsmen already in the field inspired by the indomitable American spirit and in possession of the best raw materials, great results could not be achieved in what relatively would



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be a very short time, by a consistent and well-directed Arts and Crafts movement that would be national in its scope, as in some of the European countries.

THE question is being agitated just now as to whether there could be in this country a successful alliance of handicrafts and petty agriculture. To this I can answer with an emphatic "Yes," and with the direct assertion that, difficult as the task might prove at first, there ought to be found ways and means to accomplish it. The experience of the ages has proven that the backbone of any country is its agricultural population. Of all classes of people the farmer alone represents stability and reality. Financial, commercial and manufacturing depressions may hurt him to some extent, but they cannot down him, for he always has a place in which to do his work and always is certain of obtaining some return for it. The farmer is the real personification of independence. Nevertheless, it is necessary that this backbone be kept in a fit and healthy condition; otherwise the whole country suffers. In Europe, we regard this question as worthy of our most serious consideration, but here there seems to be a prevailing impression that it is the duty of the different societies formed to promote social welfare to limit their work to the cities and manufacturing centers. It is not that the tiller of the soil is forgotten, but the idea seems to be that as he works in the pure open air, unhampered by crowded or unhealthy conditions, he is not in need of any consideration from the workers for social welfare.

This is right in one sense, but it is being carried too far. No one seems to consider that the work of the farmer is largely routine, and that routine work must be followed by recreation and distraction if brain and body are to be kept in healthy condition. The city dweller, as soon as he leaves shop or factory, finds plenty to divert him from his daily toil, and even if he goes straight home, a glance out of his window will show him the ever-moving panorama of city life with its thousand small happenings and its unending interest. But what relief has the farmer? What does the community at large do to help him kill the monotony of the long winter evenings? During two-thirds of the year he works so hard and for such long hours that he has no time to think of anything but his work. For the other months there is much idle time to be disposed of, and then is when he needs something to guard against the harmful inactivity of body and brain. Reading rooms or a library form some slight diversion, but these are possible only when the farmer lives in or near a village.



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Besides, there is always the objection that either one would prove expensive or inadequate if maintained by the farmers themselves, while, if maintained or donated by others, they would come perilously close to charity, which no one who wishes to preserve the independent spirit of a nation would care to introduce into its most self-reliant communities.

From the experience gained in my own country, I can safely say that the only solution for this problem is the introduction of handicrafts and home industries. In times of the year when the farm work slackens it provides interesting and remunerative work for the older members of the family and is a valuable factor in the education of the children. Furthermore, the pursuit of almost any one of the home industries would be not only inexpensive but a great saving, because the only cost to the workers is the price of the raw materials and their own time. The returns from such work are twofold, for not only is there a clear addition to the family income by the sale of the articles made, but a great saving in the ability to make for home needs articles for which otherwise cash must be paid. Of course, the supplying of home needs would come first, for only after the workers became proficient and acquired some understanding of the requirements of a market would it be practicable to take steps to provide such a market. The immediate benefit resulting from the work would be the awakening of interest in the doing of something that is creative and not compulsory,—which demands brain activity and furnishes distraction from the daily routine and which also provides articles of a certain monetary value to be used in the home or exchanged for other commodities in the neighborhood.

I speak with the confidence of conviction, because of my personal knowledge of what the Hungarian government has done to promote handicrafts and home industries among the farmers in my own country. The results speak for themselves, for the Hungarian handicrafts received from the International Jury of Awards at the Paris Exposition in nineteen hundred, one grand prize, three gold medals and several silver and bronze medals. At the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, held in St. Louis, in nineteen hundred and four, Hungary received for similar exhibits two grand prizes, nine gold medals, six medals of silver and two of bronze. In addition to this foreign recognition of the excellence of our handiwork, there is the silent testimony of the fact that articles thus produced are in daily use all over Hungary, being possessed by all classes of people from the wealthiest and noblest in the land to the simplest peasants, with a

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constant demand from the great mass of the people who are in moderate circumstances. In St. Louis the embroideries of our home workers found a ready sale, in spite of the handicap of our inability to deliver purchased articles before the close of the exposition, and not only the embroideries, but the pottery made by the peasants, sixty-four cases in all, was all sold before the exposition closed. The fact that such a market exists for us seems to me to be a pretty fair indication that it requires only a little well-directed effort to make it exist for American craft workers.

ONE question will naturally come in answer to what I have said concerning the success we have had in directing and extending handicrafts and home industries in Hungary, and that is: Why do your people then come in such large numbers to the United States? The answer is simple. Hungary has twenty millions of inhabitants. Of these over seven millions are engaged in agricultural pursuits or dependent on them, while as yet only half a million agricultural workers attempt to add to their incomes by the pursuit of handicrafts. We cannot compel them to engage in home industries. Where they have done so it has been successful, but so far only a comparatively small percentage of them have realized the value that lies in the practice of their traditional craft. On the other hand, the peasants know that one dollar saved in America represents five crowns in Hungary. They hear much of the large sums earned in America and sent home,—sums which they cannot earn, still less save, under ordinary conditions in their own land. They never hear of those who do not succeed; they lose sight of the fact that the immigrant in general, coming to America without knowledge of the customs or the language of the country, has to work in the mines and at the most dangerous places in the factories; they do not know how many perish annually in these occupations, and even if they did know of these facts, it is only human to expect to succeed in places where others have failed, especially when they see before them the vision of untold riches. To them the word "America" means only "success." In former years this dream brought over great numbers of the population of Great Britain, Germany, France, Sweden and Norway. It reached us a few years ago. We are at the high tide of Hungarian emigration, and at present we are helpless before it. We cannot prevent it, because the remedy is not one that can be applied instantly, but must make itself felt after many years of patient and hard work.

Our experience in introducing handicrafts to the agricultural

## LIFE

population in Hungary has taught us many lessons, of which the most important proved to be that expressed by the old Latin saying, *festina lente* (make haste slowly). It is useless to try to decide offhand what industry is best to offer this or that section of the country. There are some industries to which the population of a given region will not take, no matter how earnest the effort made to introduce and establish it. This is a matter for gradual adjustment, aided by wide knowledge and fine discrimination. Another lesson we have learned is that it is useless to try to promote a home industry which cannot compete under any circumstances with the factory. This is true mostly of the cheapest textile goods, which can be made much better by the machine than by hand, and which have no special quality derived from hand-work to recommend them.

We have found that the establishing of markets forms the only practical way to the intensive and extensive development of home industries, and it is my belief that those who wish to further the cause of handicrafts in America will find themselves confronted with precisely the same necessity. Also, a thorough investigation of the form of work with which we have achieved success in foreign countries shows that the articles in demand were those which showed a special national character and also which were purchasable at moderate prices. These not only obtain a ready market, but hold it, and we speedily found that articles of luxury to command a sale had to be transformed into articles of practical use.

## LIFE

WE CANNOT hope to know or understand  
The fullness of Life's mystery unrevealed;  
Since Man, a wandering atom lost in worlds,  
Can find no trace of whence he came or why:  
Only at times some glimmering consciousness,  
Some vague, mysterious sense of primal being  
Lived in the night of things, constrains him  
To walk in ways he neither sees nor knows.  
From out the abysm of time infinite,  
From nebulous ethers, formless, lost in space,  
Yet potent with prophecy of future worlds,  
Was drawn the Genius of the shaping years:  
Eternal as creation's dateless birth;  
A partner of the ages' changing forms.

F. W. DORN.



## A WAY TO SECURE GOVERNMENT AID IN EXTENDING THE CRAFT MOVEMENT: BY HELEN R. ALBEE

*NOTE:—The following article by a prominent craftworker, who, by establishing what has become a self-supporting industry, has earned the right to speak with authority upon the subject of handicrafts from a practical point of view, has been substituted for our editorial article this month for the reason that we desire to present to our readers a viewpoint other than our own upon the subject in which we are so much interested. Mrs. Albee is well known as the woman who introduced among the farmers' wives in the New Hampshire mountains the home industry of rug-making. Taking their own crude hooked rugs for a basis, she evolved from the method of working with which they were already familiar the deep-piled, soft-colored Abnakee rug for which there has been a steady demand at good prices ever since it was offered to the market about eight years ago, and from the making of which the home workers have been able to earn a comfortable sum of money each year. Furthermore, Mrs. Albee is now actively engaged in putting into practice her theory stated in this article of training teachers and leaders as well as workers. Her recommendations along this line come therefore from the knowledge born of actual experience and are well worth serious consideration.*



THE two editorial articles that have recently appeared in *THE CRAFTSMAN*, dealing with the industrial awakening in Hungary and suggesting how government aid could bring about a similar reform in our own country, should arouse a deep response in every earnest craft worker, for they press home to each one the question: What is my personal relation to this great possible movement?

Personally, I believe that government aid should be, and perhaps will be, given in time. But governments move slowly; they do not take the initiative; they follow the demands and needs of the people, and it lies wholly with the people themselves when and how they shall secure official help and recognition. To illustrate this point I cite the instance of the notable industrial awakening that took place early in the last century in a little Austrian village, Crotina, which had been wholly left behind in the advance of civilization until it chanced that a certain Englishman made it his home. Fresh from India, where every village has its handicrafts, the stolid sloth of a decaying agricultural community stirred his heart to do something for the neglected district. He took a few of the more promising people, teaching them first the rudiments of art, and then how to execute designs in various materials, and so great was his success in securing beautiful work from them that the fame of the village went abroad until eventually it reached the government, which then estab-



## GOVERNMENT AID FOR HANDICRAFTS

lished an art school, supplied instructors and also maintained a large wareroom in connection with the school where graduates were permitted to submit their work for exhibition. If it reached the standard of excellence required it was placed on sale, ten per cent. of the price being retained as commission, for the purpose of helping to meet the running expenses of the wareroom. I have seen an example of niello work from Crotina, and it seems incredible that an article of such exquisite workmanship was wrought by rude peasant fingers. But it was only after the work was well established and its value proven that aid was given to place it upon a permanent basis.

With no intention of disparagement, it may be said that governments, like corporations, are soulless, and that it is vain to make an appeal for the æsthetic value of crafts in rural districts; it is vain to urge the mental and spiritual uplift that is brought into the life of isolated communities or individuals through the creation of beautiful objects; but once prove from the viewpoint of economics that it is a profitable thing for a country to educate the artistic sense and employ the idle hours of its rural population, and immediately the dull official ear becomes attentive. Aid will not be granted until the official eye can be directed to actual results and it is proven that other communities are eager to be given a like opportunity. The small centers that now are proclaiming this economic truth are indebted, as Crotina was, to the earnest devotion of some one individual who struggles with the burden alone and single-handed, often with scant capital, but rich in a burning desire to serve the public good in her time and place—for it is seldom other than a woman who has established a rural industry in this country. I have often reflected on what the fate of any given industry will be when the promoter is called hence.

THE isolated nature of these industries is a source of both strength and weakness. The more widely they are separated the more widely their influence is diffused over our vast country, and the less are they in danger of imitating each other. But their separation also disperses a power, which, if concentrated and directed toward one aim, would have a telling force for the cause. They lack, too, that indispensable sympathy and fellowship which helps the human soul through the dark and hard places on the path of progress, and the loneliness of the struggle is at times heartbreaking; but they are faint lights set upon the distant hills, and shine they must, though each knows not the gleam of another's taper.

## GOVERNMENT AID FOR HANDICRAFTS

The time is not quite ripe to ask government aid—not until the work has assumed a more definite character. I believe that an intermediate step should be taken first, and the burden of responsibility in taking it rests upon the arts and crafts societies who have it in their power to put this matter to a test. Small organizations can make an experiment in a tentative way, and if it is not successful, they can withdraw their patronage; but when the government attempts any innovation, it is committed indefinitely to that position, though time may prove it to have been a mistake resulting from an experiment undertaken without due consideration.

At present these societies represent select circles of cultivated people who love simple, sincere things. They hold exhibitions and mildly educate their several communities, and are doing useful work in purging their own and their neighbors' houses of false ornament, or needless bric-a-brac, and in fostering better taste. But the time has come when this virtuous attitude is not enough. All over the country the standards of these societies are becoming higher, and they now know enough to reject much of the work offered by applicants; for many misguided souls are following rather bizarre gods in the name of crafts, and sometimes their work may be termed individual rather than beautiful.

Then there are those workers who live in remote corners and do not know the requirements of the market, and in consequence their work is unsalable. What a generous thing it would be for the arts and crafts societies to try to set a new standard for these ineligible workers, and instead of silently rejecting their product, take them in hand and show the way to better things. It takes time and effort to do this, and I can see how easy it is for busy people who live in cities, surrounded on every side by beautiful objects of foreign art with which they compare our feeble home products, and with the necessity of critical judgment and stern discrimination if their club expenses are to be met, to flavor the whole enterprise with a commercial spirit; how easy to forget the opportunity that offers itself to give helpful advice to distant applicants who may have much undeveloped talent, but are ignorantly struggling on in the dark, away from cities, with their accompanying privileges of libraries, schools of art or museums. I recall a shameful admission made by the director of an arts and crafts society in one of our foremost cities, who said to me when I was urging this claim, "We care nothing for the educational side of the Craft movement—we simply are here to sell our goods!"

## GOVERNMENT AID FOR HANDICRAFTS

**A** GAIN, I come back to the question: How can a society enlarge its influence in a practical way? One method would be for it to employ the services of a trained student as a teacher in any given craft, and to let it be known throughout the little towns and villages adjoining that, where a group of people desire special training and agree to pay a certain proportion toward the actual cost of instruction, the itinerant teacher could be sent thither for a month, three months, or longer, according to the craft and the local need. The teacher should be equipped with good designs either of his own production or supplied by the society sending him out; he should be prepared to explain the principles of design that are suited to that craft, and also through the society supply the students with the best materials at wholesale prices. In the course of a few months a group of students could be trained sufficiently in the rudiments to go on independently of further instruction. The teacher could then be withdrawn and sent elsewhere, and in time these first students could go out as instructors when the demand for teachers increased. Meanwhile the society could secure a city market for the product.

Thorough training by a qualified teacher is an absolute necessity. I have in mind an illustration of this in an enterprise started by a coterie of city women of wealth and influence who wanted to do something for a certain fishing village. They came to me for advice as to the best way to establish rug-making as a craft among them. I gave them my experience, but they thought that by getting a young designer in New York to give a portion of her time to the making of a few patterns and coloring a few sketches, and by sending these and the dyed flannel from New York to the villagers, that all would go well, and that a resident teacher was not necessary. After a year one of the promoters wrote to me in despair. She said, "We have spent five hundred dollars and haven't taken in five dollars. We think we must abandon our plan; pray advise us, and we shall abide by your decision."

I thought it was time to give some plain advice and wrote back: "You have been running it too cheaply, and at arm's length. Not one of your group raises a lily finger toward the actual work. You sit on a piazza and talk over the difficulties, and find fault with things when they do not go right. A good design costs money and a skilful dyer is a high-priced luxury. As none of you can do either of these things, you must of necessity employ some one to do them for you. My advice is to secure a skilful teacher, pay her a living wage, let her make several good designs, send her up and let her train one of



## GOVERNMENT AID FOR HANDICRAFTS

your work colony to do the dyeing, another to stamp the designs and arrange the color schemes. Buy all your materials in quantity at wholesale prices, and keep them right there on the spot, and then give your teacher and her pupils a few months to work it out together." They did so and within a year I had an enthusiastic letter saying, "Our new plan is working perfectly. We are now employing eleven women and have enough orders ahead to keep them busy for eighteen months." Years have since elapsed and that industry is still self-supporting and flourishing.

**A**H, BUT where are the teachers to send out to teach metal work, leather work, textiles, lace-making and so on? Not a year passes that I do not have requests for some one to teach rug-making, with none qualified to send out from my industry, for I have trained my women only as workers, acting under my constant supervision. Practical design to meet the commercial needs of machinery is taught in some schools and manual training is given in others; but craft work is neither of these, though allied to both with its direct application of design to raw materials that are to be wrought into objects of art. Crafts are not taught. Here and there some one has patiently studied out a method, has brought it to a successful issue and has stamped the product with an individual touch that marks it with distinction and value. But these pioneers are not identified with schools, for they find sufficient market for all they can produce to keep them fully occupied; nor are their workers trained for independent action. However, if this movement is to have a larger and more permanent place in our national life, I think it will devolve upon these small successful industries to forbear at least during a portion of the year from making their particular productions, in order that the skilled workers may take students and train them to go out as well-equipped teachers. It is only through instruction given in this way that arts and crafts societies could get their itinerant teachers trained. It is a sheer waste of energy for successful industrial workers to go on training workwomen when they might be training teachers instead.

I have had recently an illuminating and rather saddening experience. During a single month five different magazines and one newspaper have given accounts of my Abnakee rug industry, and the false impression was given in one, that, by writing to me, women living in rural districts could be put into the way of earning a competence. The letters that followed this ill-advised statement, for



## HAVE CRAFT-WORKERS A DUTY?

which I was in no way responsible, were as pathetic as they were overwhelming in numbers. From every state in the Union they continue to come from women eager for work, yet unable to leave their homes in small villages and on farms. Shall this problem ever be met wisely in our generation? It rests with the courage, unselfishness and faith of those who have it in their power to bring it to pass. When, through training and careful supervision, self-supporting centers have been formed, and the gradual extension of the work on a larger scale has been proved feasible, then it will be time for the concerted action of arts and crafts societies who can point to actual accomplishment when an appeal is made to the government for aid. And such aid should never be given as a gratuitous charity; it should merely be temporary assistance toward placing a craft on its feet sufficiently to afford its workers self-respecting and honorable employment. Under government aid permanent schools could be established, good designs for distribution could be secured, and materials in still larger quantities could be supplied at the lowest possible cost. Personal effort should always be required before any community could avail itself of its privileges.

## HAVE CRAFT-WORKERS A DUTY?

**I**T may well be a burden to the conscience of an honest man who lives a more manlike life to think of the innumerable lives which are spent in toil unrelieved by hope and uncheered by praise; men who might as well, for all the good they are doing to their neighbors by their work, be turning a crank with nothing at the end of it; but this is the fate of those who are working at the bidding of blind, competitive commerce, which still persists in looking at itself as an end, and not as a means.

"It has been this burden on my conscience, I do in all sincerity believe, which has urged me on to speak of popular art in Manchester and elsewhere. I could never forget that in spite of all drawbacks my work is little else than pleasure to me; that under no conceivable circumstances would I give it up even if I could. Over and over again have I asked myself why should not my lot be the common lot. My work is simple work enough; much of it, nor that the least pleasant, any man of decent intelligence could do, if he could but get to care about the work and its results."

—WILLIAM MORRIS.

# THE CAUSE OF SO-CALLED INDUSTRIAL IDLENESS: PRINCE KROPOTKIN'S VIEWS CONCERNING THE CONDITIONS THAT TEND TO FOSTER IT



ABOUT SIX months ago we published some extracts from Prince Kropotkin's book, "The Conquest of Bread," in which the noted Russian thinker discussed the relation of art to life and the possibility of emancipating woman from the drudgery of the kitchen through the agency of coöperation aided by an extended use of machinery. From the same book, which, whether we agree with it or not, is most pro-

ductive of food for thought, we here publish some further extracts in which Prince Kropotkin gives his views concerning the objection that is frequently urged against coöperation; namely, the difficulty of dealing with the problem of laziness in such a way as to overcome the alleged unwillingness of man to work unless driven by the whip of hunger. In referring to this, he says:

"The objection is known. 'If the existence of each is guaranteed, and if the necessity of earning wages does not compel men to work, nobody will work. Every man will lay the burden of his work on another if he is not forced to do it himself.' Let us first remark the incredible levity with which this objection is raised, without taking into consideration that the question is in reality merely to know, on the one hand, whether you effectively obtain by wage-work the results you aim at; and, on the other hand, whether voluntary work is not already more productive today than work stimulated by wages.

"What is most striking in this levity is that even in capitalist political economy you already find a few writers compelled by facts to doubt the axiom put forth by the founders of their science, that the threat of hunger is man's best stimulant for productive work. They begin to perceive that in production a certain collective element is introduced which has been too much neglected up till now, and which might be more important than personal gain. The inferior quality of wage-work, the terrible waste of human energy in modern agricultural and industrial labor, the ever-growing quantity of pleasure seekers, who today load their burden on others' shoulders, the absence of a certain animation in production that is becoming more and more apparent; all this begins to preoccupy the economists of the 'classical' school. Some of them ask themselves if they have not got on the wrong track; if the imaginary evil being that was sup-

## THE CAUSE OF INDUSTRIAL IDLENESS

posed to be tempted exclusively by a bait of lucre or wages, really exists. This heresy penetrates even into universities; it is found in books of orthodox economy.

"As to the laziness of the great majority of workers, only philistine economists and philanthropists talk such nonsense. If you ask an intelligent manufacturer, he will tell you that if workmen only took it into their heads to be lazy, all factories would have to be closed, for no measure of severity, no system of spying would be of any use. You should have seen the terror caused in eighteen hundred and eighty-seven among British employers when a few agitators started preaching the 'go-canny' theory—'for bad pay bad work.' 'Take it easy, do not overwork yourselves, and waste all you can.'—'They demoralize the worker, they want to kill industry!' cried those who formerly inveighed against the immorality of the worker and the bad quality of his work. But if the worker were what he is represented to be—namely, the idler whom you have continually to threaten with dismissal from the workshop—what would the word 'demoralization' signify?

"SO WHEN we speak of a possible idleness, we must well understand that it is a question of a small minority in society; and before legislating for that minority, would it not be wise to study its origin? Whoever observes with an intelligent eye sees well enough that the child reputed lazy at school is often the one who does not understand what he is badly taught. Very often, too, he is suffering from cerebral anæmia, caused by poverty and an anti-hygienic education. A boy who is lazy at Greek or Latin would work admirably were he taught in science, especially if taught by the medium of manual labor. A girl reputed nought at mathematics becomes the first mathematician of her class if she by chance meets somebody who can explain to her the elements of arithmetic she did not understand. And a workman, lazy in the workshop, cultivates his garden at dawn, while gazing at the rising sun, and will be at work again at nightfall when all nature goes to rest.

"Somebody said that dirt is matter in the wrong place. The same definition applies to nine-tenths of those called lazy. They are people gone astray in a direction that does not answer to their temperament nor to their capacities. In reading the biography of great men, we are struck with the number of 'idlers' among them. They were lazy as long as they had not found the right path, and afterward laborious to excess.



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“Very often the idler is but a man to whom it is repugnant to make the eighteenth part of a pin all his life, or the hundredth part of a watch, while he feels he has exuberant energy which he would like to spend elsewhere. Often, too, he is a rebel who cannot submit to being fixed all his life to a work-bench in order to procure a thousand pleasures for his employer, while knowing himself to be far the less stupid of the two, and knowing his only fault to be that of having been born in a hovel instead of coming into the world in a castle.

“Lastly, a good many ‘idlers’ do not know the trade by which they are compelled to earn their living. Seeing the imperfect thing made by their own hands, striving vainly to do better, and perceiving that they never will succeed on account of the bad habits of work already acquired, they begin to hate their trade, and, not knowing any other, hate work in general. Thousands of workmen and artists who are failures suffer from this cause.

“On the other hand, he who since his youth has learned to play the piano *well*, to handle the plane *well*, the chisel, the brush, or the file, so that he feels that what he does is *beautiful*, will never give up the piano, the chisel or the file. He will find pleasure in his work which does not tire him, as long as he is not overdriven.

“Under the one name, *idleness*, a series of results due to different causes have been grouped, of which each one could be a source of good, instead of being a source of evil to society. Like all questions concerning criminality and related to human faculties, facts have been collected having nothing in common with one another. They say laziness or crime, without giving themselves the trouble to analyse their cause. They are also in haste to punish, without inquiring if the punishment itself does not contain a premium on ‘laziness’ or ‘crime.’

“This is why a free society, seeing the number of idlers increasing in its midst, would no doubt think of looking for the cause of laziness, in order to suppress it, before having recourse to punishment. When it is a case, as we have already mentioned, of simple bloodlessness, then, before stuffing the brain of a child with science, nourish his system so as to produce blood, strengthen him, and, that he shall not waste his time, take him to the country or to the seaside; there, teach him in the open air, not in books—geometry, by measuring the distance to a spire or the height of a tree; natural sciences, while picking flowers and fishing in the sea; physical science, while building the boat he will go fishing in. But for mercy’s sake do not fill his brain with sentences and dead languages.



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"Such a child has neither order nor regular habits. Let first the children inculcate order among themselves, and, later on, the laboratory, the workshop, work done in a limited space, with many tools about, will teach them method. But do not make disorderly beings out of them by your school, whose only order is the symmetry of its benches, and which—true image of the chaos in its teaching—will never inspire anybody with the love of harmony, of consistency, and method in work.

"Do you not see that by your method of teaching framed by a ministry for eight million scholars, who represent eight million different capacities, you only impose a system good for mediocrities, conceived by an average of mediocrities? Your school becomes a university of laziness, as your prison is a university of crime. Make the school free, abolish your university grades, appeal to the volunteers of teaching; begin that way, instead of making laws against laziness which only serve to increase it.

"Give the workman who is compelled to make a minute particle of some object, who is stifled at his little tapping machine, which he ends by loathing, give him the chance of tilling the soil, felling trees in the forest, sailing the seas in the teeth of a storm, dashing through space on an engine, but do not make an idler of him by forcing him all his life to attend to a small machine, to plough the head of a screw, or to drill the eye of a needle.

"Suppress the cause of idleness, and you may take it for granted that few individuals will really hate to work, and that there will be no need to manufacture a code of laws on their account."

**T**HIS, upon the separation between manual labor and brain labor is vitally significant: "Nowadays, whoever can load on others his share of labor indispensable to existence, does so, and it is admitted that it will always be so. Now, work indispensable to existence is essentially manual. We may be artists or scientists; but none of us can do without things obtained by manual work—bread, clothes, roads, ships, light, heat, etc. And, moreover, however highly artistic or however subtly metaphysical are our pleasures, they all depend on manual labor. And it is precisely this labor—basis of life—that every one tries to avoid.

"We understand perfectly well that it must be so nowadays. Because to do manual work now, means in reality to shut yourself up for ten or twelve hours a day in an unhealthy workshop, and to remain riveted to the same task for twenty or thirty years.

## THE CAUSE OF INDUSTRIAL IDLENESS

"It means to be doomed to a paltry wage, to the uncertainty of the morrow, to want of work, often to destitution, more often than not to death in a hospital, after having worked forty years to feed, clothe, amuse, and instruct others than yourself and your children.

"It means to bear the stamp of inferiority all your life, because, whatever the politicians tell us, the manual worker is always considered inferior to the brain worker, and the one who has toiled ten hours in a workshop has not the time, and still less the means, to give himself the high delights of science and art, nor even to prepare himself to appreciate them; he must be content with the crumbs from the table of privileged persons.

"We understand that under these conditions manual labor is considered a curse of fate. We understand that all men have but one dream—that of emerging from, or enabling their children to emerge from, this inferior state; to create for themselves an 'independent' position, which means what?—To also live by other men's work! As long as there will be a class of manual workers and a class of 'brain' workers, black hands and white hands, it will be thus.

"What interest, in fact, can this depressing work have for the worker, when he knows that the fate awaiting him from the cradle to the grave will be to live in mediocrity, poverty, and insecurity of the morrow? Therefore, when we see the immense majority of men take up their wretched task every morning, we are surprised at their perseverance, at their zeal for work, at the habit that enables them, like machines blindly obeying an impetus given, to lead this life of misery without hope for the morrow; without foreseeing ever so vaguely that some day they, or at least their children, will be part of a humanity rich in all the treasures of a bountiful nature, in all the enjoyments of knowledge, scientific and artistic creation, reserved today to a few privileged favorites."

UPON the enormous economic waste in modern industry Kropotkin adds: "It is enough to visit, not the model factory and workshop that we find now and again, but ordinary factories, to conceive of the immense waste of human energy that characterizes modern industry. For one factory more or less rationally organized, there are a hundred or more which waste man's labor, without a more substantial motive than that of perhaps bringing in a few pounds more per day to the employer.

"Here you see youths from twenty to twenty-five years of age, sitting all day long on a bench, their chests sunken in, feverishly

## THE CAUSE OF INDUSTRIAL IDLENESS

shaking their heads and bodies to tie, with the speed of conjurers, the two ends of worthless scraps of cotton, the refuse of lace-ooms. What progeny will these trembling and rickety bodies bequeath to their country? 'But they occupy so little room in the factory, and each of them brings me in sixpence a day,' will say the employer.

"In an immense London factory you could see girls, bald at seventeen from carrying trays of matches on their heads from one room to another, when the simplest machine could wheel the matches to their tables. 'But . . . it costs so little, the work of women who have no special trade! When these can do no more, they will be easily replaced . . . there are so many in the street.'

"On the steps of a mansion on an icy night you will find a bare-footed child asleep, with its bundle of papers in its arms. . . . child-labor costs so little that it may well be employed, every evening, to sell ten-penny-worth of papers, of which the poor boy will receive a penny, or a penny half-penny. And, lastly, you may see a robust man tramping, dangling his arms; he has been out of work for months.

"And so it is everywhere, from San Francisco to Moscow, and from Naples to Stockholm. The waste of human energy is the distinguishing and predominating trait of industry, not to mention trade where it attains still more colossal proportions. What a sad satire is that name *Political Economy*, given to the science of waste of energy under the system of wagedom!

"This is not all. If you speak to the director of a well-organized factory, he will naïvely explain to you that it is difficult nowadays to find a skilful, vigorous, and energetic workman, who works with a will. 'Should such a man present himself among the twenty or thirty who call every Monday asking us for work, he is sure to be received, even if we are reducing the number of our hands. We recognize him at the first glance, and he is always accepted, even though we have to get rid of an older or less active worker the next day.' And the one who has just received notice to quit, and all those who receive it tomorrow, go to reinforce that immense reserve army of capital—workmen out of work—who are only called to the loom or the bench when there is pressure of work, or to oppose strikers. And those others, the average workers who are the refuse of the better-class factories? They join the equally formidable army of aged and indifferent workers that continually circulates between the second-class factories—those which barely cover their expenses and make their way in the world by trickery and snares laid for the buyer, and especially for the consumer in distant countries."





## A HOUSE IN VANCOUVER THAT SHOWS ENGLISH TRADITIONS BLENDED WITH THE FRANK EXPRESSION OF WESTERN LIFE

**A**N unusually interesting example of a house that is built of local materials and is absolutely suited to its environment, but which yet shows decided evidences of the tastes and traditions of another country, is a dwelling in Victoria, Vancouver, which was designed by Mr. S. Maclure, an architect of Victoria, and is owned by Mr. Alexis Martin. The house looks toward the south across the Straits of Juan de Fuca, which are about twenty miles broad, to the Olympian Mountains in the State of Washington—an outlook sufficiently imposing to demand a breadth and dignity of style greater than that of dwellings situated in a country where the natural features are on a lesser scale.

The house is built of wood covered with cedar shingles that were left to weather naturally. The foundation is of field stone, and the building is provided with a large basement, floored with cement and containing a workshop with an open fireplace, a wine room, store room, laundry, Chinaman's room and bathroom, and a furnace and coal room.

The first floor is so planned that the rooms are grouped around a large central hall, which runs to the top of the

second story. The vestibule is entered from a porch, which is recessed from the veranda at the front of the house and has an opening, almost opposite the entrance door, into the drawing room. This large room occupies the corner of the building, and opens upon a square veranda which serves in summer for an outdoor living room. The entire end of the vestibule is lighted by a row of windows that look out upon the veranda, and the dining room windows look out in like manner upon the entrance porch. Both drawing room and dining room have deep recessed windows, and the same device used in the kitchen and the pantry adds much to the space and convenience in both these rooms.

The vestibule and large central hall are paneled and beamed with Douglas fir, stained brown with what the architect calls a water stain. The high walls of the hall are made doubly interesting by the fact that this paneling extends only to the height of the first story, the upper portion being in plaster, which is divided into panels with broad stiles of the same wood. The ceiling is beamed and a particularly interesting structural feature is seen in the staircase and the gallery to which



## INTERESTING HOUSE IN VANCOUVER.

it leads and which encloses three sides of the hall. There is a large chimney-piece of brick, with an ample fireplace in which are Craftsman andirons. The furniture is made of oak, with leather cushions, and consists chiefly of large comfortable settles and ample armchairs. The Irish rugs are in green and brown with a shamrock border. Part of the furniture is Craftsman and the rest was designed by Mr. M. H. Baillie Scott and made by Mr. John P. White, of Bedford, England.

The drawing room, in which purely English taste is shown, has the familiar plastered walls and white enameled woodwork, with furniture of polished mahogany, upholstered in green tapestry. The rugs, cushions and lighting fixtures were made to harmonize, the prevailing colors being green and mauve.

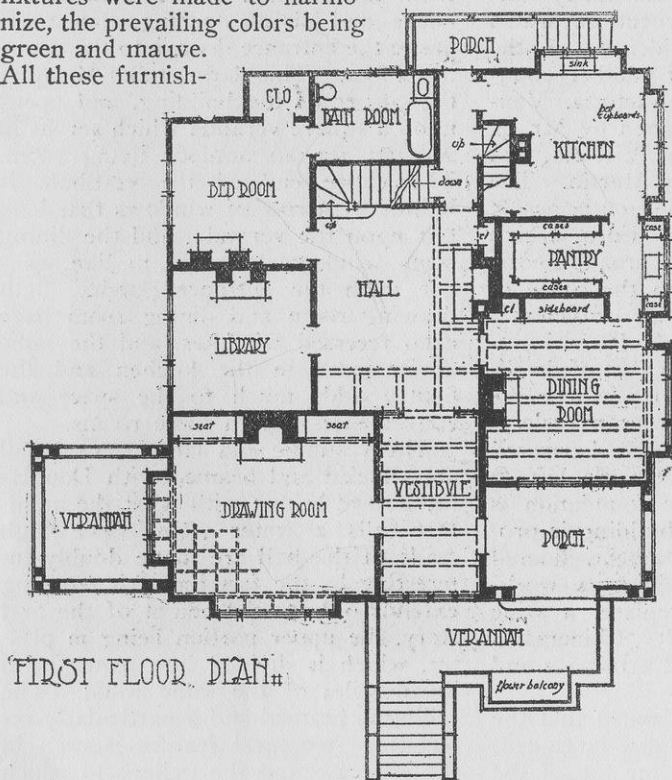
All these furnish-

ings were designed by Mr. Baillie Scott and made by Mr. White, and the delicate color scheme and distinctly English style forms a pleasant contrast to the rich toned woods and plain, massive furnishings of the other rooms.

The dining room is paneled with unstained cedar, and is very interesting in its construction. The wall-paneling extends to the height of the frieze, which is of plain wood that shows a beautiful grain; the ceiling is heavily beamed, and the chimneypiece is of wood with tiling around the fireplace. One especially charming structural feature is the buffet, which is built for the room and is excellent in design and proportion. The general color scheme of this room is red; the furniture is of oak,

upholstered in red morocco and decorated with an inlay of red poppies. The two large rugs are in tones of red and green with a black line at either end. The Irish rugs are also of red, one with a shamrock border and one with a maple leaf border. These were hand-spun and hand-woven in Ireland by the Misses Hamilton, and are good examples of the soft coloring that is given by vegetable dyes.

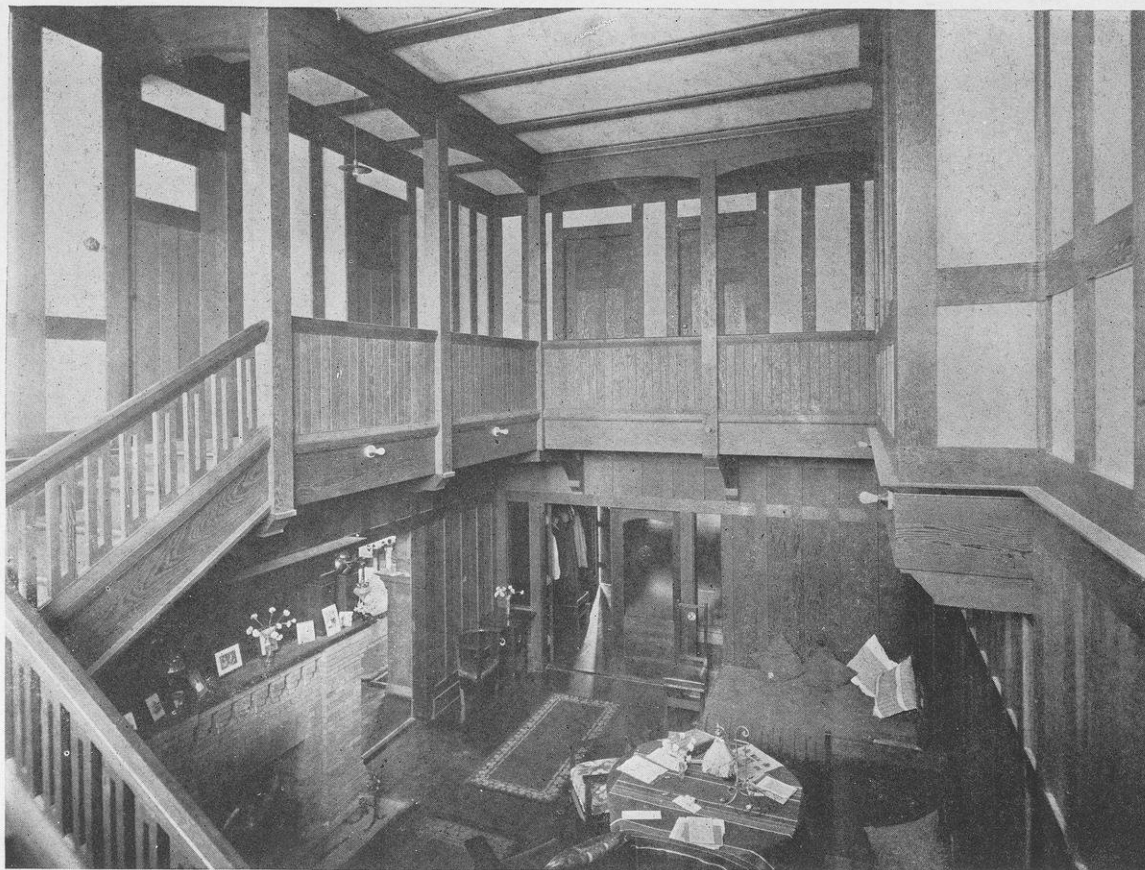
The bedroom downstairs is a Craftsman room, with furniture made of silver gray maple. The study is done in brown with Craftsman chairs of fumed oak, upholstered in hard leather





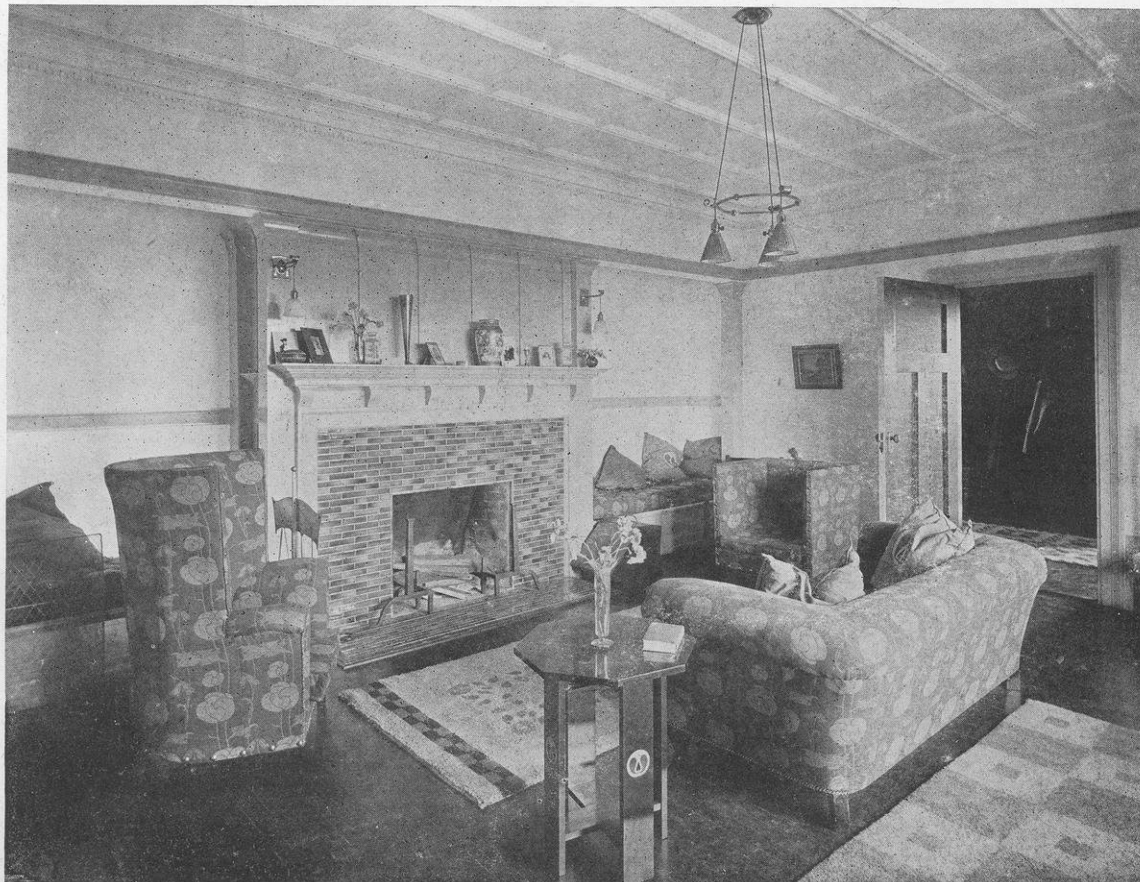
*S. Maclure, Architect.*

HOUSE OWNED BY MR. ALEXIS  
MARTIN, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER.



IN THE LARGE CENTRAL HALL THERE IS A BRICK FIREPLACE, AND ABOVE ON THREE SIDES A GALLERY LEADING TO BEDROOMS. ALL THE WOODWORK IS OF DOUGLAS FIR STAINED BROWN.





THE DRAWING ROOM IS FURNISHED IN ENGLISH STYLE,  
A PLEASANT CONTRAST TO THE MORE MAS-  
SIVE CRAFTSMAN FURNISHINGS USED ELSEWHERE.





THE DINING ROOM OF MR. MARTIN'S HOUSE IS  
PANELED WITH UNSTAINED CEDAR; A CHARMING  
STRUCTURAL FEATURE IS THE BUILT-IN BUFFET.

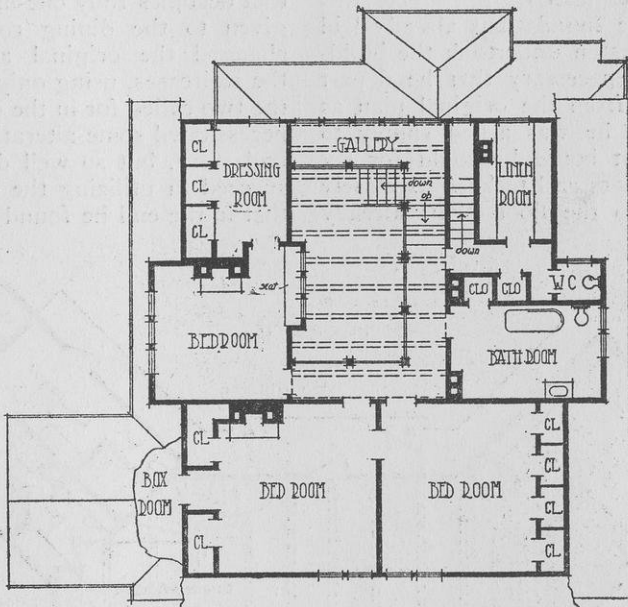
## INTERESTING HOUSE IN VANCOUVER

showing the same tones, and studded with dull brass nails. The whole of one side of this room is fitted with book shelves built to the height of five feet. The rug, which is in brown and green, was designed and executed by Messrs. Baillie Scott and White, and the pongee curtains are lined with brown silk, giving the last touch to an unusually rich and mellow color scheme.

The second story is divided into three large bedrooms, each one with ample closet room, and the one at the side opening into a good-sized dressing room. On the opposite side of the central hall are the bathroom and linen

room, and the stairs leading down to the kitchen.

The house has an air of home comfort and restfulness, which comes only from the carrying out of a carefully considered and well-balanced scheme that includes planning, furnishing and decorating. The blending of English taste with that which is characteristic of the architecture of our own Pacific Coast has an effect of quiet sumptuousness, combined with straightforward utility, that gives one the impression of a house that is to be lived in for generations and will remain as it is,—a home for the children's children of its present owners.



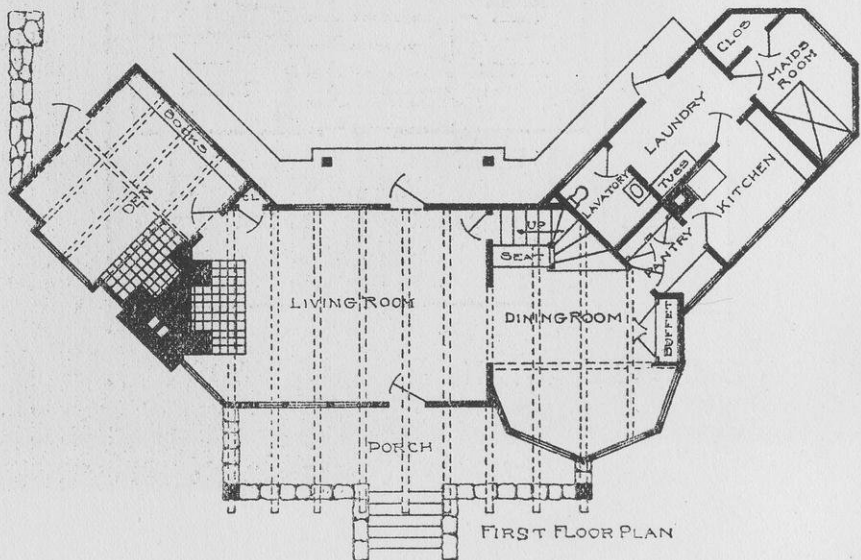
SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

# A CALIFORNIA HOUSE THAT IS BUILT ONLY ONE ROOM DEEP, TO ADMIT THE GREATEST POSSIBLE AMOUNT OF AIR AND SUNSHINE

**A**NOTHER good example of the architecture which is coming to be known as especially characteristic of California is shown in the house illustrated here. It was built by Mr. Louis B. Easton, of Pasadena, for Mrs. S. M. Caldwell, and is situated in Sierra Madre, a village lying at the foot of the Sierra Madre Mountains and only a few miles away from Pasadena. Mr. Easton began his task under conditions that were rather unusual. The plan of the house was made and the foundations already laid when Mr. Easton undertook the building. It was necessary that he depart considerably from the original plan as a whole, but he was asked simply to build the best house he could for six thousand dollars and to keep as closely as possible to the floor plans already

laid out. As to the rest, he was given *carte blanche*, and the result is a dwelling as comfortable, home-like and well adapted to the climate and outdoor life of Southern California as any we have seen.

The first change Mr. Easton made from the original plan was to remove the top of a two-story octagonal tower at one end of the main part of the building. The lower part of the tower he left to form the large bay window that occupies fully one-half of the space given to the dining room. Also, he changed the original arrangement of the staircases, using only one instead of the two called for in the old plans. This necessitated some alterations in the second story, but so well did Mr. Easton succeed in utilizing the old floor plans that in the end he found it necessary to





*Louis B. Easton, Architect.*

AN UNUSUAL HOUSE AT THE FOOT  
OF THE SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS:  
OWNED BY MRS. S. M. CALDWELL.

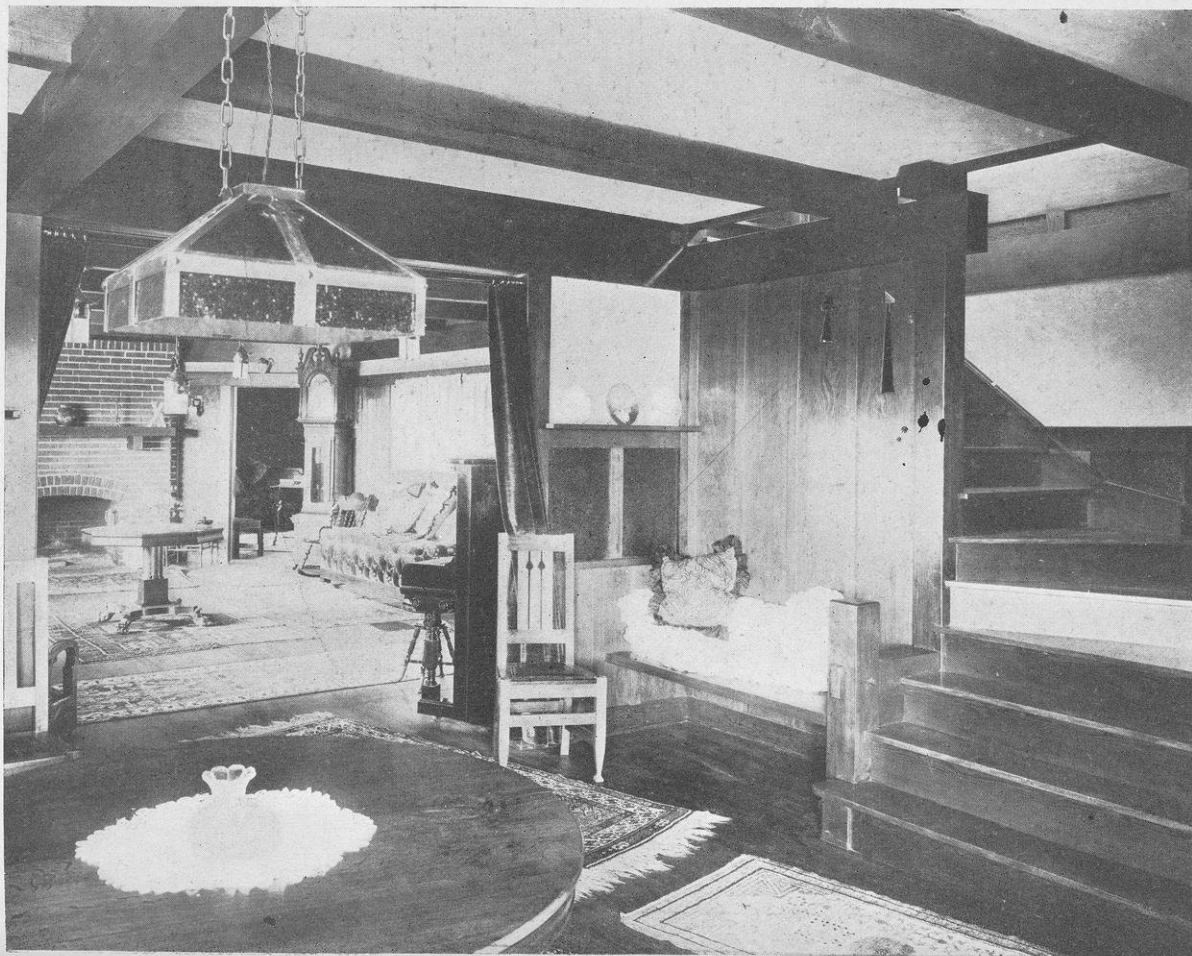




"DETAIL OF BACK OF HOUSE, SHOWING CENTRAL PART A STORY AND A HALF HIGH, WITH A ONE-STORY WING AT EACH SIDE."



THE FIREPLACE AND RECESSED  
WINDOW IN THE DEN.



THERE IS NO HALL, AND THE PLAN OF THE HOUSE MADE IT NECESSARY THAT THE STAIRS SHOULD LEAD FROM THE DINING ROOM.



## A HOUSE ONE ROOM DEEP

make a change in the walls of only twenty cubic feet.

The building materials used for this house are native to the locality. The entire walls of the two wings are covered with redwood siding, which is also used on the main part of the building to the height of the second story. The upper walls of the center building are done in cedar shingles, and the chimneys, foundations, columns and parapets are made of rough field stone laid up in cement with very wide joints, giving an approach to the rugged effect of piled-up stones. The same kind of stone, split and shaped, is used for the front steps and also for the walk that extends through the front garden, so that the house gives the impression of being well connected with the ground upon which it stands. The redwood siding and trim and the cedar shingles are simply oiled and left to weather, the rich reddish-brown tone of the redwood blending with the silvery brownish-gray of the cedar and the varying colors in the stone, into a general effect of warm grayish-brown which is in perfect harmony with the dull tawny colors that predominate in the landscape during the greater part of the year. The broad, overhanging eaves of the roof add much to the effect of coolness, which is further emphasized by the deeply recessed porch.

The plan of the house is rather unusual, the central part being a story and three-quarters high, with a one-story wing on either side. These wings, instead of meeting the house at right angles, are turned toward the rear at an angle of about forty-five degrees, making a semi-enclosed courtyard at the back. The resemblance of this courtyard to the old Spanish *patio* is heightened by a raised pavement of cement, which makes a sort of veranda, close to the house. The grass plot just beyond, shaded by orange trees and

with a central fountain, makes a delightful outdoor sitting room, as it is on the shady side of the house and commands a view of the San Gabriel Valley and the Sierra Madre Mountains.

Air and sunlight were evidently two prime requisites in the plan of this house, which faces to the south and is built only one room deep, so that each room is lighted from both sides and has a free current of air sweeping through from window to window, an arrangement that is very necessary to comfort during the long hot summers.

In planning the interior, partitions have been used only where absolutely necessary, and the first impression upon entering is that sense of freedom and restfulness which comes from wide unbroken spaces. In this mild climate no vestibule is necessary, and the front door opens directly into the large living room, which occupies the greater part of the lower floor in the main building. Indeed, it may be said to occupy the whole, for the dining room at one end is little more than a recess in the main room. From the great brick chimney-piece at one end of the living room to the built-in buffet in the dining room is an unbroken sweep of forty-five feet. There being no hall and only one staircase, the plan of the house made it necessary that the stairs should lead from the dining room. This was arranged in such a manner that it is a particularly attractive feature in the construction of the house. Placed as it is, the stairway is convenient for the use of the family and is also near enough to the door leading to the kitchen wing to allow of its being used by the servants without disturbing the rest of the household. The placing of this stairway has been so cleverly planned that it takes up very little space and is partially screened by a paneled partition, the plainness of which is relieved by a delightfully decorative



## A HOUSE ONE ROOM DEEP

touch in the quaint little loopholes cut through the boards. The walls of the living room are finished to the height of the deep frieze by a wainscot that is unusual and very effective. The baseboard, stiles and plate rail are of Oregon pine stained to a light-brown tone in which there is a suggestion of greenish gray, and the panels are of rough plaster colored to a deeper tone than the wood and so finished that it has an effect not unlike that given by panels of Spanish leather. The built-in buffet and all the woodwork in the dining room are of the Oregon pine, but the rough-sawed beams which cross the ceilings are stained to a rich walnut brown, giving a more decided note of color. Suspended from the ceiling of the living room are lanterns with frames of cast brass that have been given a bronze finish and globes of translucent glass that diffuse and soften the glare of the electric lights. The square center light over the dining table is made of wide bands of hand-wrought metal enclosing panels of hammered glass that are subdued in color but refract the light in such a way that a little gleam and sparkle is constantly playing over the rough surface.

The left wing is occupied by a small

room called the den, which opens from the living room. It has all the atmosphere of rough and ready comfort which naturally belongs to a den and is one of the most attractive spots in the house. The whole inside of the room is finished with California redwood left in the natural color and rubbed smooth with a steel brush. There is no ceiling, but the inside of the roof is covered with broad boards like the walls, leaving the rafters exposed. A chimneypiece of rough brick extending the whole height of the wall completes the effect of rugged simplicity. All across one side of the room is a built-in bookcase four feet high; a window above this bookcase looks out upon the courtyard, and opposite is another window recessed to form a deep ledge. A glass door opposite the entrance from the living room opens upon a cemented terrace that is a continuation of the veranda which partially surrounds the *patio*.

This house is an admirable illustration of the adaptation of a dwelling to the climate and surroundings, and the preservation of harmony between the exterior and interior of the house. It is distinctively Californian, but full of suggestion for the building of any country house or summer residence.

# DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: A SERIES OF LESSONS: BY ERNEST A. BATCH-ELDER: NUMBER VI

"When man no longer finds enjoyment in work, and works merely to attain as quickly as possible to enjoyment, it is a mere accident that he does not become a criminal."  
—Theodor Mommsen.

THERE is a peculiar and never failing source of interest in that type of work which has an element of the grotesque in its make-up. If we were to remove from the field of art all that is of a grotesque nature we would lose much that has appealed to human sympathy, much that has given joy and pleasure to the producers. There are few things indeed that approach the height which a philosophy of art defines as ideal; and if we in a study of art history examine only those things that achieve the ideals we shall miss through lack of sympathy and understanding many things that are real and vital. If we would try to examine a thing from the point of view of the man who made it we would find fresh interest and significance in much that is overlooked by writers on art in a quest for the ideal.

It is always necessary to draw a distinct line of difference between the wholesome grotesque, which arises from a spontaneous and irresistible play impulse, and the unwholesome grotesque which proceeds from a determination to be bizarre and unique at any cost, descending to ribaldry and insolent jest as in the effete and waning days of the Renaissance and in much that we call Art Nouveau of the present day. By play is meant the honest pride and enthusiasm in the work of one's hands that makes it a pleasure instead of a task. The wholesome grotesque is of this sort. It comes straight from the heart, its appeal is to that side of human nature that makes all the world akin. There is in it the same quality that is found in the work of children who, at certain ages, express themselves with pencil or brush in a way that is free and genuine. We can find nothing of interest in the child's work unless we have a sympathetic understanding of the spirit in which it was produced.

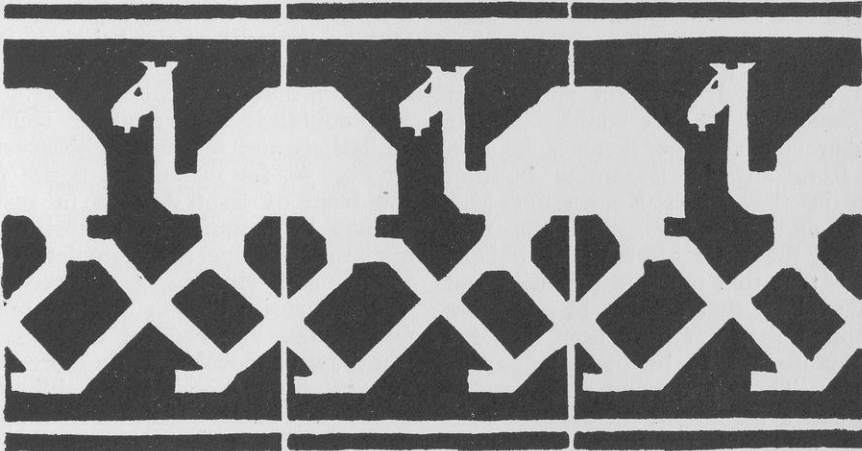


PLATE TWENTY-SIX

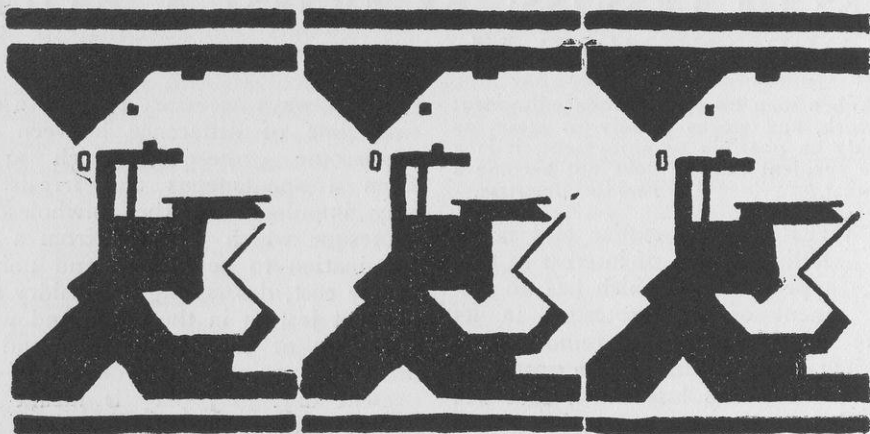


PLATE TWENTY-SEVEN

In primitive art, in the work of the mediæval craftsmen, and in many phases of Oriental art, the wholesome grotesque is found at its best. The pleasure which men derived from their work is reflected in every stroke of the hammer or cut of the chisel. We are entertained, even amused, by playful fancies, by a naïve and spontaneous touch. Fig. 31, from Peru, and Fig. 32, the work of a mediæval blacksmith, are typical examples of the wholesome grotesque. These men were not hampered by unattainable ideals; they were pleased with their "jobs" and brought to their daily problems such unaffected invention and honest craftsmanship as they could. Similar in character are the sketches in Fig. 33, from an old Byzantine hunting horn in the South Kensington Museum, and Figs. 34-35, of the 12th century, the latter after Viollet-le-Duc.

It is true that much in primitive and mediæval art that appeals to our sense of humor may not have been intended by the makers to be of a humorous nature. There are many rude designs that had a significant message to people of contemporary times, long since lost to us. It is sometimes difficult to

say whether a given design was intended to be quaintly grotesque or was symbolic in character. But we cannot help feeling that even the chimeras, griffins and other monsters of the mediæval craftsmen were wrought in much the same spirit in which two boys carve a jack-o'-lantern out by the back-yard fence. They assure each other that it will frighten all who behold its fearsome countenance, yet they know full well in their hearts that no one is going to be really frightened. It is merely a symbol, and an evidence of fear on the part of the beholder is his share in the game.

Again, much that we deem as quaint was doubtless the result of technical limitations and incomplete observation. In Fig. 36, for instance, a figure from the front of Sant Andrea in Pistoja, it may be assumed that most of the quaintness is due to incomplete observation and clumsiness of execution. We can easily find in our art schools and studios hundreds of students who can draw or model a figure more truthful in proportions and with more grace of action than did this old carver. But there are comparatively few who will ever speak out with such

## DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: NUMBER SIX

virile strength, vigor and enthusiasm. There are many who spend years in the training of observation and in the acquisition of technical skill who have nothing to say that is worth while, nothing that touches human activity at any point. To this old craftsman technique was merely a means to an end. He had something to say, an idea to express, and struggled with his limitations as best he could. "If you would have the thought of a rude untaught man you must have it in a rough and untaught way,—but get the thought, and do not silence the peasant because he cannot speak good grammar or until you have taught him his grammar. Look for invention first, and for such execution as will help invention."

In Fig. 37 is an old Benin savage's representation of one of his European conquerors. Uncouth and barbarous, we insist. Nothing of the kind! It is charmingly frank and genuine, full of character and action. Every line tells of the honest pride which the workman found in making it. Moreover, supposing the average person of to-day were to attempt to model in clay his impression of a man on horseback! Ten to one it would be incoherent, without half of the interest of character to be found

in this one. Our ideals are so vague and indefinite that we cannot work them out at our finger tips. It is easy to criticize the work of another; but few of us dare try for ourselves. "The step from knowing to doing is rarely taken."

As art products these things may be relatively unimportant; but if we would penetrate below the surface of many things which we pass as rude and uncouth and seek the spirit of enthusiasm that prompted men to speak out with



PLATE TWENTY-EIGHT



## DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: NUMBER SIX

such skill as they possessed we might find a deeply interesting story in unimportant things. It is what men have to say, the strength of their emotions and the clearness of their assertions that makes art vital, rather than skilful technique and fine finish.

Much that we pass as uncouth has within it a potential force which we fail to grasp,—imagination. If we scratch the surface of many rude things we shall find an imaginative force, deep, intense, real. Many of the mediæval workers who did common things uncommonly well found a wider range for their imaginative power in later life in the production of important works of art. The master designer has ever been the man to whom many childhood fancies have tenaciously clung. The broadening activities of a later life have never been quite strong enough to drive all of the fairies from the grass, or to dispel the voices that laugh and whisper with the winds in the tree tops. He designs in words and we call him a poet; in tones, a musician; in color, a painter; in form, a sculptor. And to whatever task he turns his hand there appears in his work a touch that we feel but cannot analyze, that finds a responsive chord within us, that brings light to the eye, and a sense of satisfaction to the mind. We sometimes call it personality; it is in reality the soul of his work, that which remains after all else has been weighed and classified.

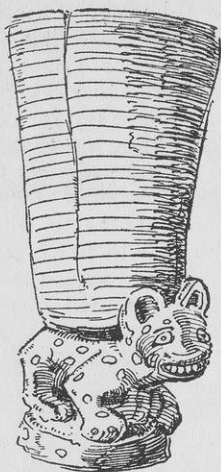


FIGURE THIRTY-ONE

It is the force of imagination that imparts life and animation to a Gothic cathedral. And, per contra, it is the utter lack of imagination that makes all modern adaptations of Gothic architecture incapable of awakening a spark of enthusiasm. One returns to the old cathedral day after day, and each visit reveals new beauty; even away back in cobwebbed corners one comes upon the "soul stuff" of some humble, work-a-day fellow who wrought in the same spirit and with the same sincerity of purpose as the master who built the pulpit or frescoed the chapels. But in our modern adaptations there is neither interest nor reason in the arbitrary disposition of details in cement

and plaster, in papier maché and cast iron. We have a husk without meat; a body into which no soul can be conjured to take its abode.



FIGURE THIRTY-TWO

hand; nothing from  
It is the spirit of enthusiasm, of love, of pleasure in work, that gives to mediæval art the most fascinating aspect of any period in art history. We are brought close to the hearts of a multitude of simple, honest, work-a-day craftsmen who imparted to their work a significance and vitality that made it a real factor in daily life. The sphere of art was sufficiently broad to encompass any task to which a man might turn his

## DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: NUMBER SIX



FIGURE THIRTY-THREE

a cathedral to a candlestick was too trivial or unimportant to be given its touch of distinctive beauty. It was an age of what we now term industrial art; but then there was no other kind of art. Our modern phrase of "art for art's sake" was unknown either in theory or practice. It was a time when "any village mason could build a church and any village carpenter could crown it with a hammer-beam roof." What the work of the early craftsmen lacked in refinement and polish was more than compensated for in its vigorous grasp of essentials, in its truth and unaffected invention, and, above all else, in the fact that its appeal was comprehended by all. We have been too much inclined to look upon art as a cultural asset, as something to be donned on occasions, like a Sunday coat. The practice of art has been left

to a few, professionally trained in complete isolation from the practical, industrial problems of life. It was once the glory of art to be of service. It is difficult for us to fully realize the spirit of an age when art was actually practiced by a great mass of people; when carvers in stone and wood, workers in iron, textile weavers, potters, goldsmiths found daily opportunity and incentive to bring invention to bear upon their problems, to apply creative thought to the work of their hands. It was a time when builders were architects; when workmen were designers; when contracts called for nothing more than sound materials and honest workmanship,—the art was thrown in as a matter of course. Our modern craftsworkers expect unreasonable prices for unimportant productions because "the design is original and will not be du-



FIGURE THIRTY-FOUR



FIGURE THIRTY-FIVE

plicated." What was once the rule is now the exception.

The training received by the mediæval craftsman was peculiar to the guild system of the time. Many of the masters whose names are familiar to us now in our study of the history of art were duly apprenticed to a craft as soon as they could read, write and count. Often at an age of ten years they went to the home of the master workman, with whom their apprenticeship was to be served, where, as was the custom of the time, they lived. The years of apprenticeship were years of hard work, often of drudgery, but in the great variety of commissions undertaken by the shops of the time an opportunity was presented to lend a hand at many interesting tasks. There seems to have been a spirit of coöperation among the various shops and workmen that the keen, relentless competition of modern times does not permit.

After serving his apprenticeship a lad became a companion or journey-

man worker, and finally tried for his degree, if it may be so termed, by submitting to examination for the title of masterworkman. In this examination he was called upon, not only to produce his masterpiece but to fashion such tools of his craft as were necessary for its completion. The standards of the guilds were so high that to become a master meant the production of a piece of work satisfactory to the judges artistically as well as technically. This completed the education of a craftsman of the time producing a workman who was encouraged at every step of his training to combine beauty with utility, technical skill with honest workmanship. The competition was for excellence as much as for gain, and the greatest masters were simple and frugal of habit, finding more satisfaction in producing work that people were proud to possess than in "the pay envelope."



FIGURE THIRTY-SIX



## DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: NUMBER SIX



FIGURE THIRTY-SEVEN

From stories left by Boccaccio, Vasari and others, and from documents found in ancient archives we can penetrate into those old time workshops, pass back into the busy work-a-day life of the times where art was produced by men with tools in their hands. The greater number of the master-craftsmen are not known, or at best their names are unfamiliar except to students of musty records. Most of those whose names are familiar to students of art history served their apprenticeships in the shops of the goldsmiths, — Orcagna, Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, Lucca della Robbia, Ghiberti, Donatello, Brunelleschi,—and when they in turn became master workmen

we know not whether to call them goldsmiths or bronze workers, carvers or sculptors, painters or architects, for their training was such that they could turn their hands to any of these with distinction. Orcagna could build a church, cut the stone, lay the mosaics, paint the frescoes or carve the crucifix and we know not where most to admire him. While Ghiberti was engaged in the production of the bronze doors for the Florentine baptistry his journeymen workers were seldom so early at the foundry but that they found him there in his cap and leather apron. Brunelleschi watched the building of the cathedral from his bench long before he dreamed that it would be his part to crown it with its great dome; and when he and Donatello went to Rome to study the antique they replenished their empty purses by following their craft. What manner of architects were these who went to the quarry and picked out their own stones, who superintended the construction, directed the erection of scaffolds, who could teach others how to lay the mosaics or carve the ornament; and during leisure intervals wrote sonnets, built bridges, planned forts and invented weapons of defense? When a master received a commission to build a church, a municipal palace, a fountain or what not, he took with him his own journeymen and apprentices; and when the commission was an important one he

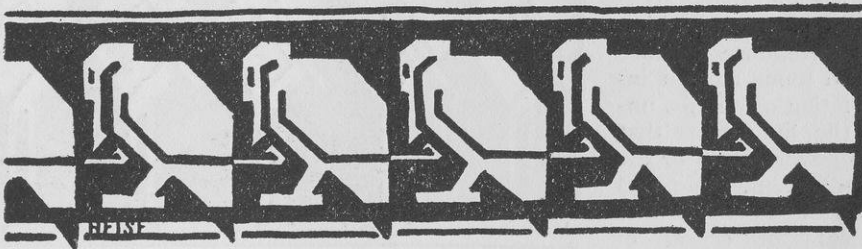


FIGURE THIRTY-EIGHT



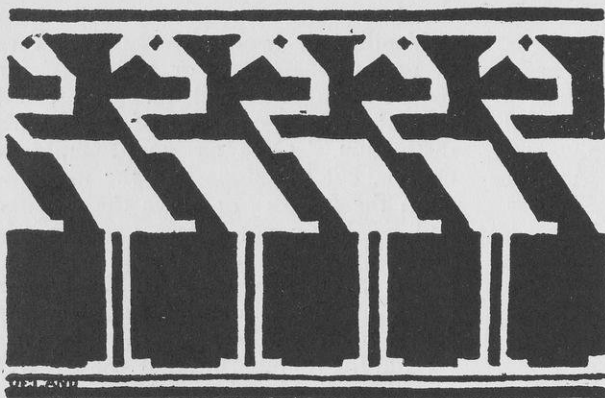


FIGURE THIRTY-NINE

gathered about him to coöperate, in a spirit that knew little of rivalry or jealousy, the best master workers of his day.

Problem:—The intent of all this preamble is to emphasize the fact that one can bring to the solution of an unimportant problem a wholesome play impulse that will clothe it with interest and character. The teacher of design encounters a lack of imagination at each step in his work. It is his function to stimulate the imagination, to offer problems and suggest motifs that will give it exercise. The present problem is to that end. It cannot be solved successfully unless one can play under the restraint of orderly thought. It is the last of our purely geometric problems. We are concerned with an interesting spotting of black and white, an approximate balance of two tones and an interrelation of details, under the limitations that have governed us to the present point. We will endeavor to relate the elements of repeat in such a way that the de-

sign will be looked at as a whole and not as a mere array of individual units. In Fig. 40, for example, note the rhythmic cadence of black and white; the blacks were not accidents due to the repeat of a white unit. In fact there is as much interest in the shapes of the blacks as in the quaint creatures that define them. Again in Plate 26 the crossing of the legs of the grotesque camels was a mere incident in the problem; the real problem was

to cross them in such way that the black background would be broken into a variety of *related space relations*. To the same end the triangle of light was introduced in the lower part of Plate 27 to break into a mass of black that lacked interest. It matters little where you get your motif for a start, whether from sketches of your own or from pictures; the use you make of the motif is the important thing. Figs. 38-39-40 serve to illustrate other versions of the same problem.

In the textile products of the primitive Peruvian weavers (Plate 28) is a close approach to our own problem. There is a simple and effective use of animate life in all of their work.

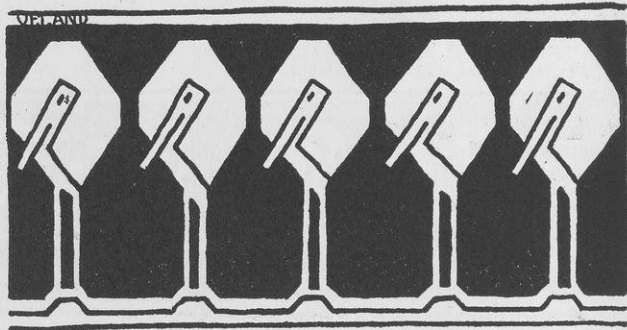


FIGURE FORTY

## REMODELING AND DECORATING A SUBURBAN HOUSE: LESSON IV: BY MARY LINTON BOOKWALTER

A very interesting problem in interior decoration was presented to me in the doing over of an old house set in large and beautiful grounds from which it took its name, "Roselawn." It was interesting mainly because three entirely new thoughts in decorative work were suggested in the problem: First, I was asked to bring, so far as possible, the charm of the outside surroundings of the house indoors; second, it was suggested that in the remodeling I should give to the dining room the additional comfort and charm of a sunroom; third, the bedrooms were to be fitted and furnished with such close attention to sanitation that five minutes' work would put any one of them into commission as a perfectly equipped sickroom.

Certainly such a combination of requirements had never come to me before in connection with any contract, and, as far as I know, they have never entered into any one plan for remodeling a house. Coöperating with me in this contract were Shepherd & Farrar, architects, and Mr. Kessler, a landscape architect. We all felt unusually interested in the problem because of the novel ideas which we were expected to work out.

To convey a clear understanding of what was accomplished in the remodeling of "Roselawn," it will be well, first of all, to give the original scheme of the old house. The ground floor was divided into the very small rooms of the period in which the building was erected. There were small doors between the rooms and elaborate grill-work in the arches where there were no doors. The hall was small and uninteresting, and the windows

were planned to give a little light, but in no way to bring into the house any realization of the beauty of the surrounding garden and lawns.

The first step was to decide upon the changes that were essential in order to achieve the results desired, and also to what extent the old structure would permit the making of such changes. As one entered the front door of "Roselawn" there were two small rooms at the right, one a parlor and the other a sitting room, carefully partitioned off from one another and connected only by a small doorway. The partition between these two rooms was first of all taken out. The old closed-in chimney was taken away and a spacious fireplace built in on one side. The little hall was next extended in width to make room for a larger stairway, and at the end were introduced attractive seats and bookcases topped with high windows, which, as one entered the house, permitted a pleasant glimpse of tree tops. The dining room was originally twelve by twenty-six feet. In the remodeling, twelve feet were added to the width, making a room twenty-four by twenty-six feet.

As the house was built on ground which sloped to the rear, the dining room became a second-story room, and there was a row of rare old apple trees across the back of the lawn. It seemed a delightful plan to use in the walls of the dining room extension as much glass as would be consistent with the strength necessary to support the roof. This addition projected beyond the line of the second story in the rear, so that the ceiling also could be treated in glass, giving the room all the essential qualities of a sunroom. Briefly, these were the radical changes

## REMODELING A VILLAGE HOUSE: LESSON FOUR

in construction which were necessary before we could begin any interesting interior decorations.

The first problem was the remodeling of the living room, which was made from the two small rooms. Naturally, the plastering in these rooms was old, so that first of all the ceiling was given careful treatment in pointing, sandpapering and sizing,—then lined with heavy ceiling muslin, which was in turn given four coats in oil, the final coat being a perfectly flat tone. Trimming lines, in a color to harmonize with the walls and fittings, were used on the ceiling. The walls, after most careful preparatory work, were lined with domestic ingrain in a color suitable for an undertone to the canvas. The best method of putting on such a canvas wall covering is to apply the paste to the wall and then lay on the canvas and smooth to place. By this process the material can be cut by a thread, starting perfectly straight at the ceiling line, and smoothed down to the baseboard. It is wise to leave at least two or three extra inches at the bottom of each length, for the looser the weave the greater the shrinkage on the length. After the canvas has been on over night and the wall thoroughly dried, these lower edges can be trimmed. When canvas is thus handled, as perfect a piece of "butted work" can be achieved as from two edges of wall paper. It is also more easily cleaned, as dust does not catch as readily as when the canvas is hung on stretchers. The color of the canvas used on these walls was dull green, and the woodwork was given a deep ivory finish. The woodwork, as in all the lower floor, was entirely new. Low toned Oriental rugs in dull greens, blues and rose furnished the floor covering, and the over curtains repeated these quiet colors.

The walls of the hall were done in

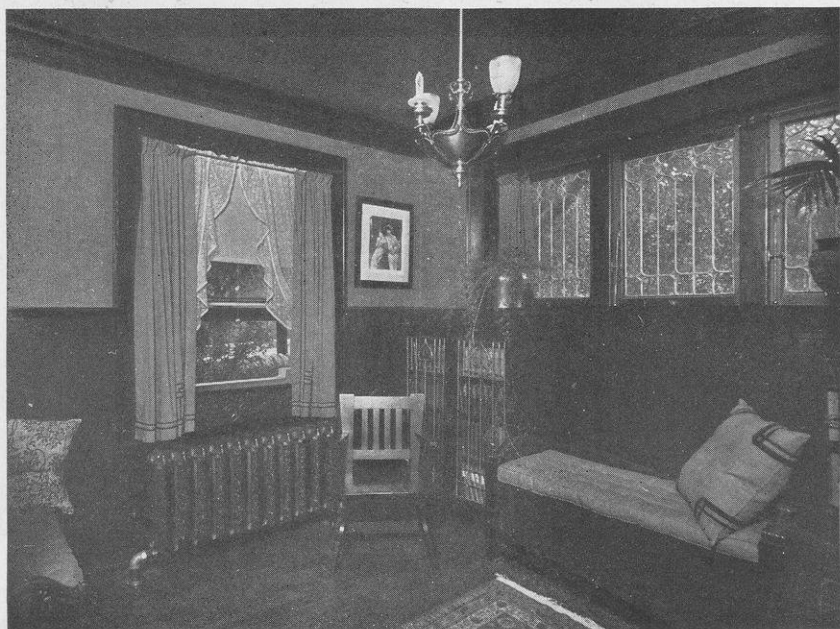
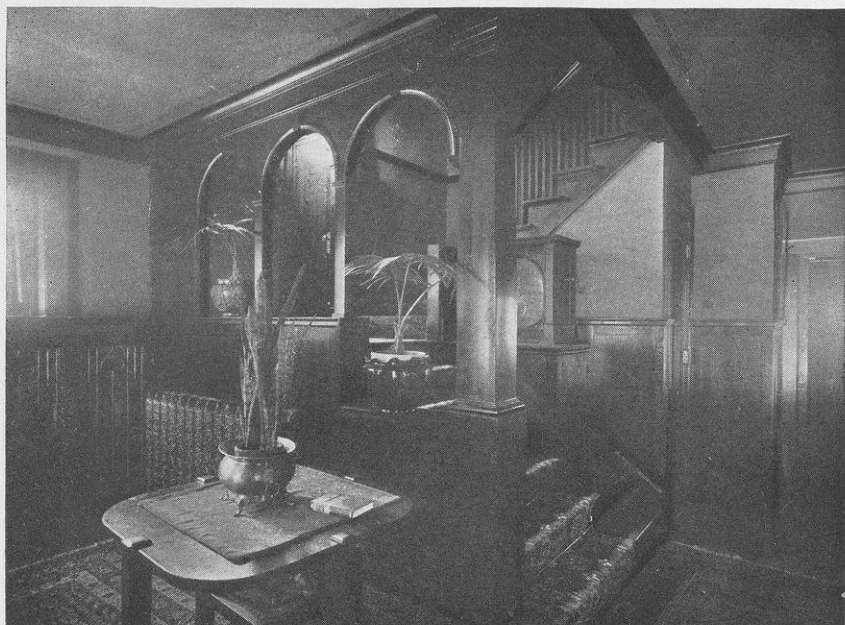
a rich deep cadmium yellow Craftsman canvas, and the woodwork was stained brown with suggestions of yellow and red. The floor coverings were Oriental rugs of rich texture and color. The curtains were of soft English cloth dyed to match the walls and trimmed in deeper toned yellow and narrow lines of black. The yellow of the walls, contrasted with the glimpses of the green background of trees seen through the windows, furnished the keynote of a delightfully sunny color effect. Through the hall, also, one could look the whole length of the dining room, a vista which seemed to extend through and beyond the windows out into the orchard and gardens. And it was from this vantage ground one day that I caught a glimpse of the tracery of apple blossoms across the sash of a dining room window, which suggested a rare Japanese print, and then decided to make the interior of the dining room a softly toned frame for all the loveliness of the changing seasons as seen from these windows. The blossoming of spring suggested grays and gray-greens, with pink hued sprays and gray-brown branches; the full summer foliage would bring a touch of blue with the green; the snow on the branches a note of yellow to warm it all. All of these suggestions it seemed possible to me to combine in one harmonious color scheme for the interior of the room that should hold these window pictures. Thus the woodwork was made gray with green in it; the spaces between the skeleton wainscot were covered with cloth which carried in the different threads of the weave gray, blue-green and gray-green. The walls were hung with canvas and ornamented with a design in an all-over pattern of grapes with their large decorative leaves and graceful vines. This design was laid on first in strong color and then glazed down un-





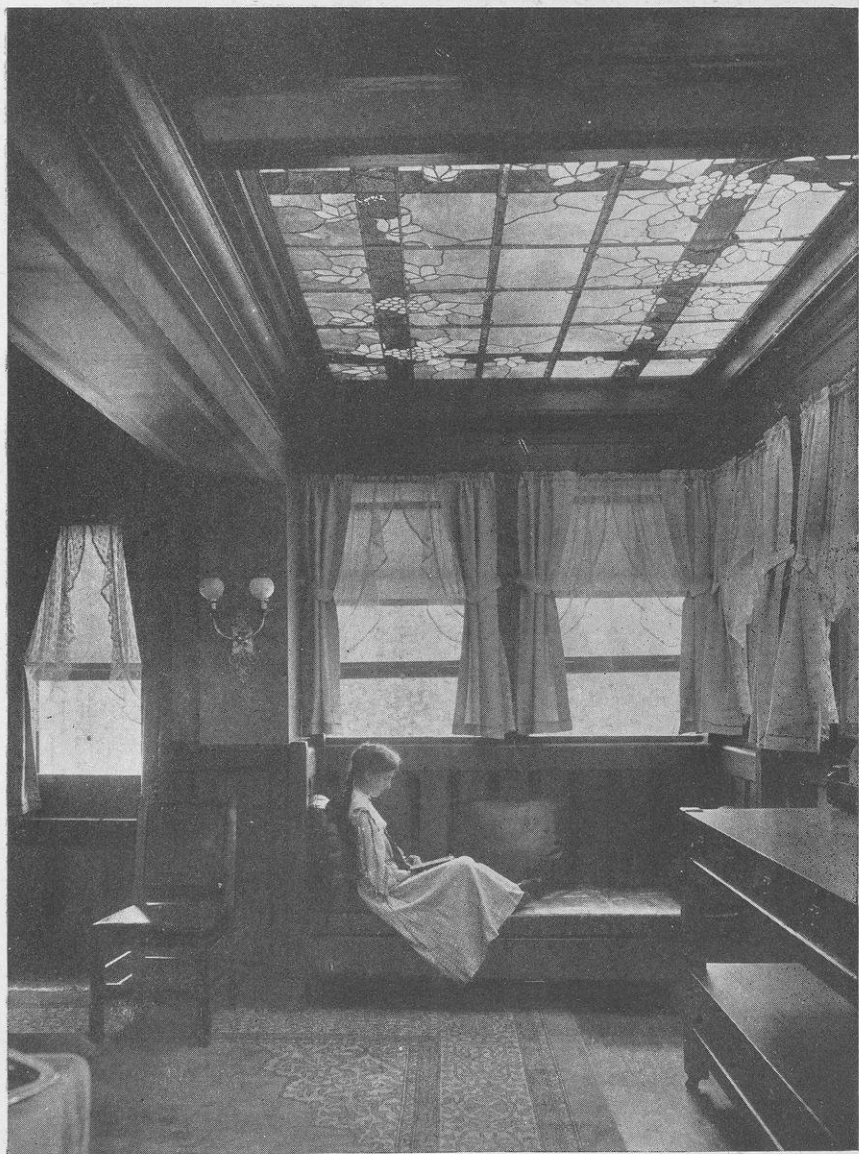
"IN REMODELING THE HOUSE I WAS  
ASKED TO BRING THE CHARM OF  
THE OUTSIDE SURROUNDINGS INDOORS."



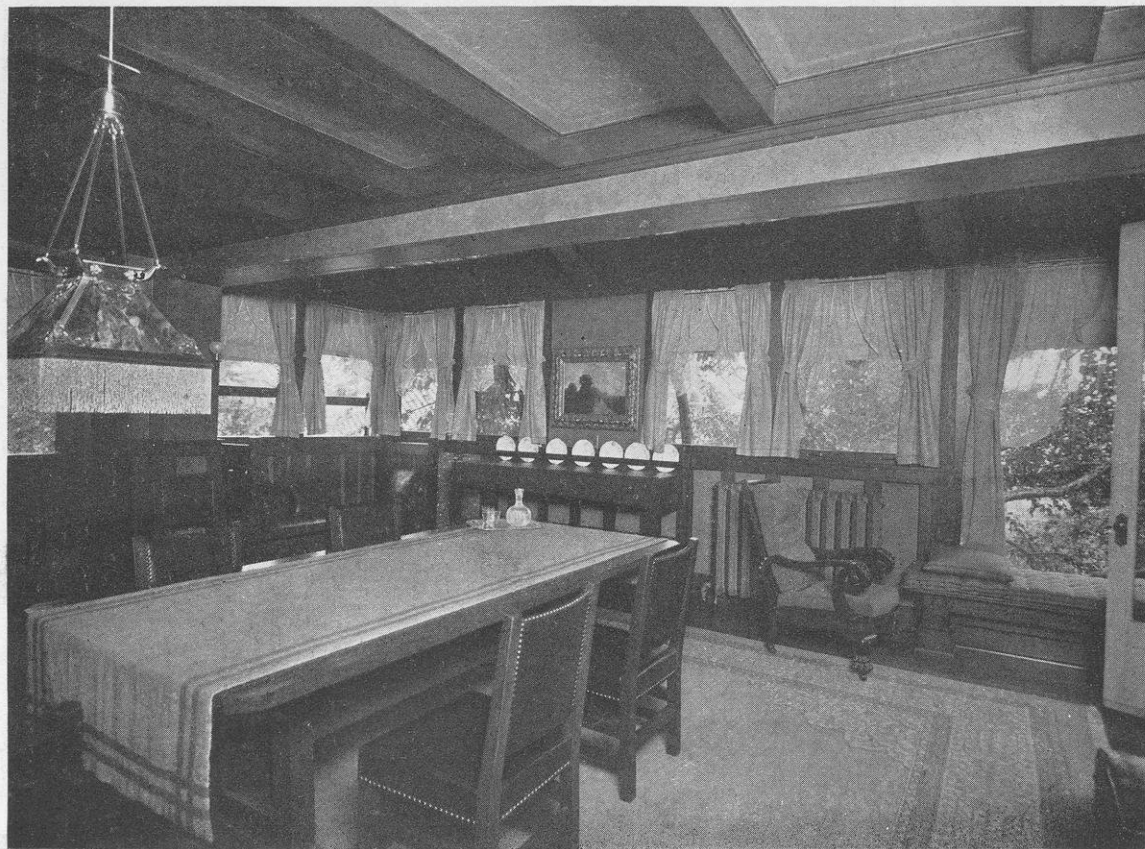


"THE LITTLE HALL WAS EXTENDED IN WIDTH  
TO MAKE ROOM FOR A LARGER STAIRCASE."

A CORNER OF THE HALL, WITH LOVELY LAND-  
SCAPE PICTURES FRAMED IN THE WINDOWS.



CRAFTSMAN FURNITURE WAS SELECTED FOR  
THE DINING ROOM AS BEST SUITED TO ITS  
AMPLE DIMENSIONS AND SEVERE LINES.



"THROUGH THE HALL ONE COULD LOOK THE  
LENGTH OF THE DINING ROOM, A VISTA WHICH  
SEEMED TO EXTEND THROUGH THE WINDOWS  
THROUGH THE HALL ONE COULD LOOK THE



## REMODELING A VILLAGE HOUSE: LESSON FOUR

til the impression was that of an old print, which suggested the mingling of yellow, blue and green, and yet left you actually with an impression of gray and blue-green. This process of glazing the color on the walls is the same as that employed in old portrait work to get tone. Several thin coats of translucent color are used successively, one over the other upon the body of a brilliant color. A mellowness of tone can be obtained in this way not possible in the direct application of color. The ceiling of the extension in the dining room was of soft yellow glass with a design in blue and green, repeating the grape motif. The floor covering was a hand-tufted rug made to order to harmonize with the coloring of the room. It was kept to the cooler tones of the color scheme.

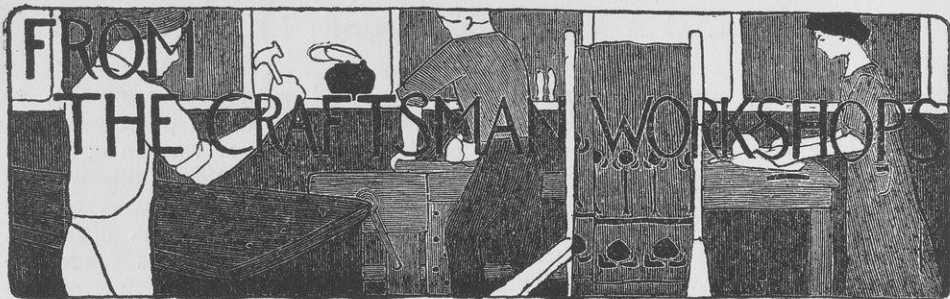
Craftsman furniture was selected for this room, as being especially adapted to its simple lines. Unstained frames of furniture were obtained, and these were colored and stained to harmonize with the woodwork. The leather used for all the furniture was a beautiful dull green, and the great Craftsman table was in perfect keeping with the ample dimensions and rather severe lines of the room. When the work was completed the room was found to have a distinctly individual charm,—and also we had the satisfaction of knowing that we had accomplished the task set us, that of making it a sunroom in every sense of the word. Very few pictures were used on the wall spaces of these rooms, and also few ornaments. This was not a question of economy, but of the achieving of a fine simplicity and dignity throughout.

In doing the bedrooms we had to study the perfection of sanitary conditions combined with the utmost beauty of effect. All the bedroom walls were

first covered with ceiling muslin, to which four coats of oil paint were applied. The last coat was an egg-shell finish that might be thoroughly washed if necessary. Each room was treated in the color chosen by its occupant. Some good English prints made the curtains and bed sets in one of the large rooms, and the linens used for hangings were decorated with the same pattern that appeared in the ceiling and walls. No material in any bedroom was used which could not be washed or scrubbed, and could not stand the fullest exposure to sunlight, for each room was planned to secure all the sunlight possible through the day, that it should be the more wholesome sleeping place at night. When I first received the injunction to make these bedrooms sanitary, my instant query was, "Can I also make them attractive?" as the average ugly hospital room was the picture that came to me with the word "sanitary." But I found in working out the scheme that in the long run it was color that made a room beautiful and that interesting color came in the most hygienic materials and could be used in the most hygienic surroundings, for nowadays there is a wealth of beautiful wash fabrics, with infinite variety of color and pattern, to draw from.

At the front of the house, which was close to the road, we added a broad veranda, and a stone wall furnished the boundary line. This arrangement gave privacy to the garden and made it possible to use the attractive tea house, bowling alley, garage and conservatory with a freedom not enjoyed in many American homes. Then the outside of the house was given a fresh coat of paint of a lighter hue, which brought it in charming contrast to the wide lawns and sloping gardens.

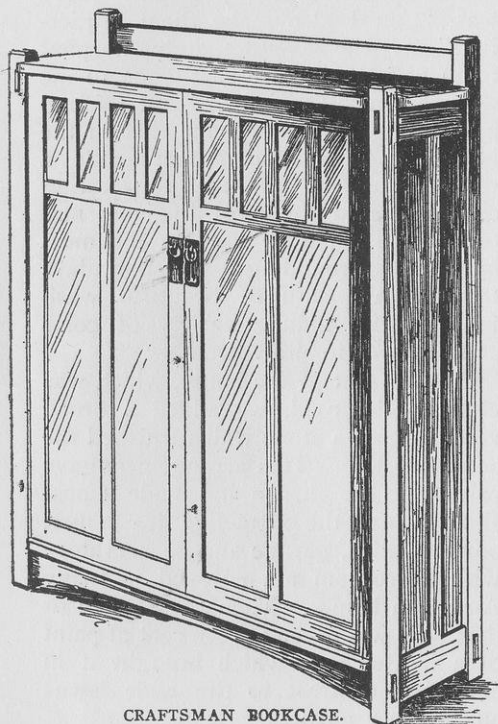




## SOME MODELS FOR HOME-MADE FURNITURE AND USEFUL, HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES OF WROUGHT IRON; SUGGESTIONS FOR STENCILING WINDOW-CURTAINS

### CABINET WORK

**T**HE three models given here should prove of interest to home cabinet workers for the reason that, while they are not difficult



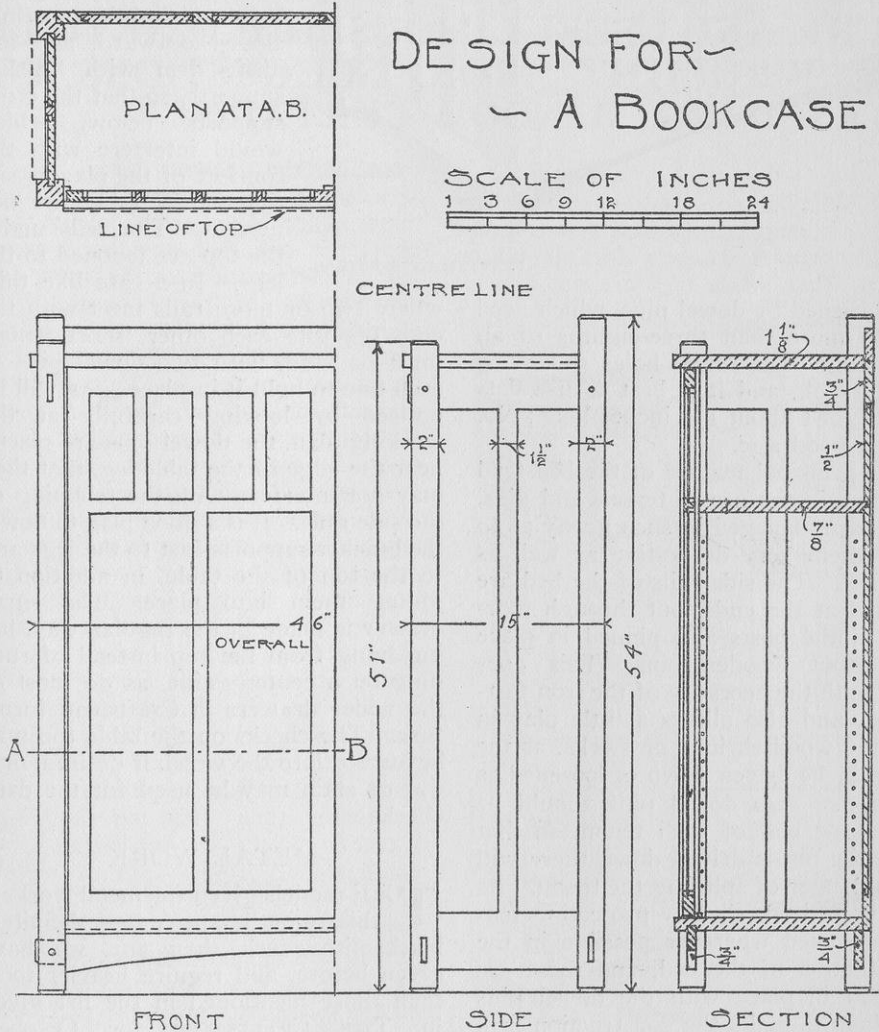
CRAFTSMAN BOOKCASE.

to make, they require great care and accuracy in the workmanship. The best material for them would, of course, be quartered oak, but any wood suitable for cabinet work may be used. The construction of the bookcase is explained by a little study of the working plan. The panels in the doors are rabbeted out on the inside to allow the glass to be laid in place. A narrow moulding with mitered corners is laid over the glass inside and fastened to the muntins with small brads. This moulding holds the glass firmly in place and yet leaves the outside with the plain straight lines and no visible mouldings, as shown in the illustration. The shelves in the lower part of the bookcase are adjustable, as holes are bored inside the end panels from the bottom to the top shelf, and all the lower shelves may be fitted in at any distance apart desired, by means of supporting pegs such as may be purchased in any hardware store. The top shelf is stationary, exactly at the depth of the small upper panes, so that no shelf shows behind these panes. The back panel is made separate from the cabinet and is laid in place and screwed to the rabbeted edge all around the case, the screws also penetrating the partition, so

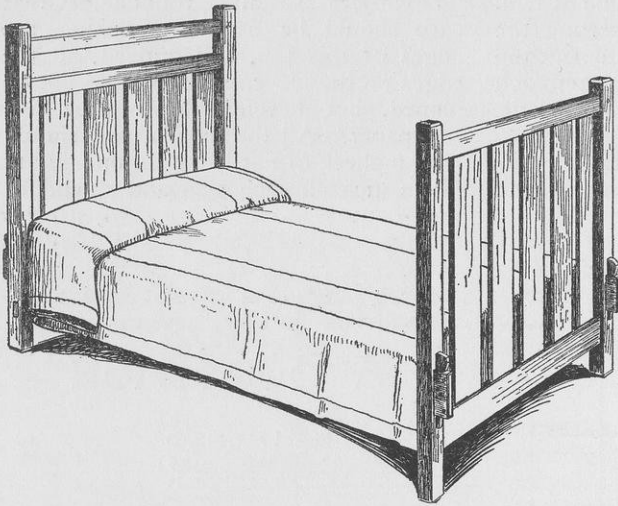
## CABINET WORK

that the back panel is removable at will. It is made quite firm by inserting the screws in the back of the permanent top shelf, a screw being put through each stile of the back panel into the shelf. The top of the bookcase projects beyond the sides and ends, the corner posts being partially sunk into it and

its corners slightly rounded. Great care should be used in finishing the edges of this top, and, indeed, all the edges on the piece, which should not be planed, but beveled down with fine sandpaper. All the tenons used should have a check of not less than one-eighth of an inch on each side and should be



## CABINET WORK



CRAFTSMAN BEDSTEAD.

strengthened by dowel pins, which need not be more than three-eighths of an inch long. The screw holes should be countersunk, and it is best to use flat-head screws about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches long; No. 12 is a good size.

The principal feature of the bedstead is shown in the use of tenons and pins, which are managed in such a way as to make them very decorative as well as practical. The side rails of the bed are tenoned at the ends, put through mortises in the posts and pinned in place with stout wooden pins. This does away with the necessity of the iron fastenings, and also allows a little play in case the wood shrinks or swells, as the pins may be driven down or loosened as required. Two dowel pins should be put in the end of each tenon, so that when the pin is driven down there will be no danger of splitting the tenon. As will be noticed, slightly projecting tenons are used wherever possible in the construction of the bed, and these are all held in place with the dowel pins that help to make the construction firm

and durable. The bed slats are placed about  $12\frac{13}{16}$  inches apart from center to center.

A convenient piece of furniture in a household where either chess or checkers happens to be a favorite game is the table shown on page 708. The legs are slightly tapering, sloped outward, and are made firm with bracket supports, so that the cross supports below, which would interfere with the comfort of the players sitting at the table, are not needed. The rails under the top are tenoned to the legs. In a case like this,

where two or more rails meet with the ends opposite each other, short tenons must be used, with two dowel pins in each one to hold it in place. As will be noticed by looking carefully at the working plan, the dowel pins are placed near the edge of the table leg, that they may not interfere with the tenoning of the side rails. It is a good plan to dowel the bracket supports fast to the legs and to the top of the table, in addition to gluing them into place. The small drawer is made in the regular way, being hung from the top instead of running on a center guide, as do most of the wider drawers in Craftsman furniture. The checks on the table top may be burned into the wood, if desired, or a dye or stain may be used for the dark checks.

## METAL WORK

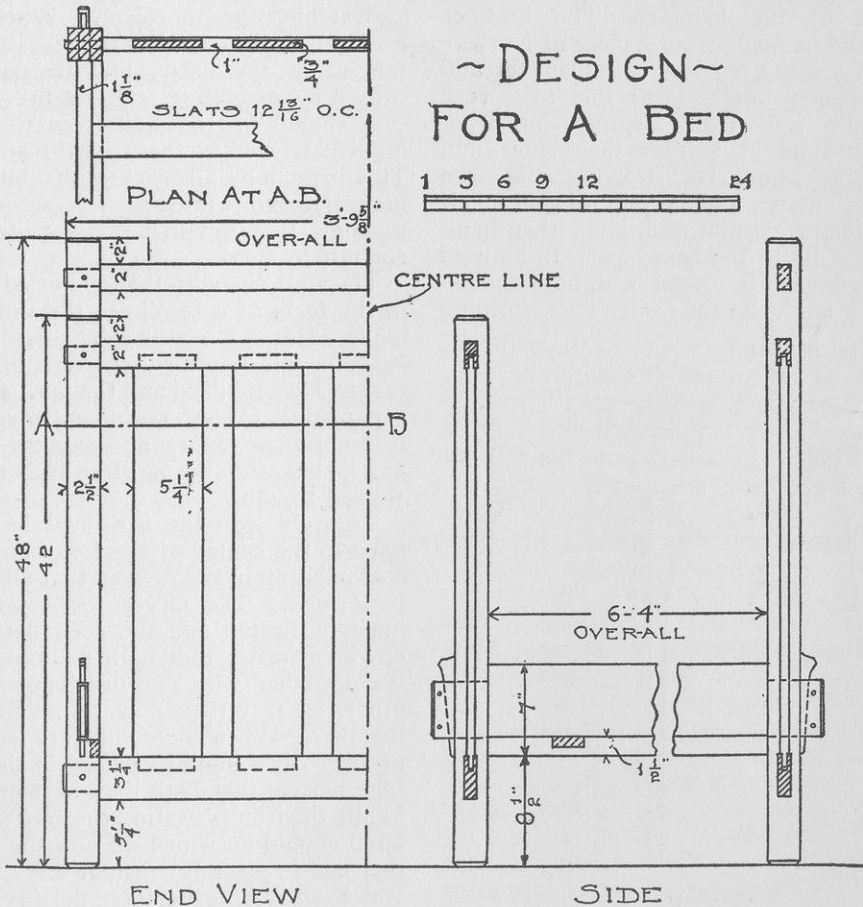
**T**HE models given for metal workers this month are more definitely blacksmith work than any we have given before, and require heavier tools than those mentioned in the list given in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for October.

## METAL WORK

Wrought iron is the material used for all the articles illustrated here, which are very simple and may easily be made by workers who are just beginning to handle wrought iron. The outfit necessary for this work is a forge, an anvil and a few small tools, possibly two pairs of tongs, a blacksmith's hammer about five pounds in weight, one light hammer, and a "hardy," which is a small upright chisel, to be inserted in the square hole made in the top of the anvil at one end and used for cutting iron.

A light forge can be bought for about

six or eight dollars, an anvil for about five dollars, the small tools will probably amount to ten dollars, making the whole cost of the blacksmith's outfit come to about twenty-three dollars. The forge should be placed in a corner or some place free from draught. If it is in a tight room, a proper hood and smokestack should be used to carry off smoke and gas. Only the best hard coal should be used, as the cheaper grades of coal contain a greater quantity of sulphur and give out less heat. The fire should be started with shavings or paper

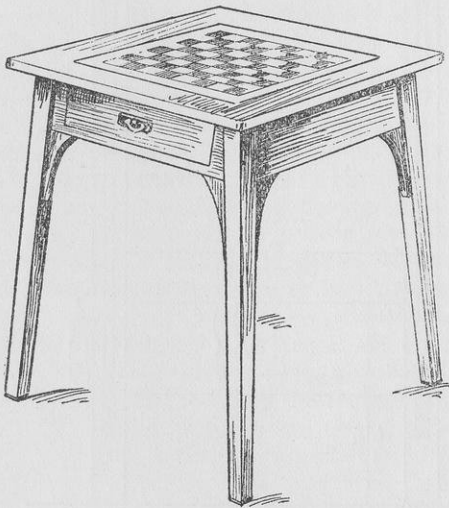




## METAL WORK

and the blaze carefully covered over with coal, forming a crust or oven to confine the heat. A large blaze should be avoided, and, if it is difficult to control, the coal should be dampened in order to confine the heat to the center of the forge.

To make the door knocker (p. 710), a piece of iron should be cut to a size of 4 x 8 inches. This is done by placing it upon the "hardy" and striking it quick and hard with the hammer. The iron should be heated to a bright red heat and well hammered, lastly hammering all around the edge with the face of the hammer. The knocker should be made from a piece of Norway iron about  $1\frac{1}{3}$  inches in diameter and 12 inches long. Heat this to a very bright red heat. Begin hammering about one inch from the center and hammer outward, drawing the iron down under hammering to about half an inch square at each end; then hammer a lip to the heavy part, to be used as a finger lift. Next bend both ends at right angles to the center part, forming



CRAFTSMAN CHECKER TABLE.

a shape somewhat like a squared horse-shoe. The accompanying illustration shows the exact shape. An iron knob about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches square must then be made as a swivel for the knocker to swing on. Leave a lug upon this knob to penetrate the plate, riveting it through the countersunk hole in the plate. The hole should be punched with a round tapering punch.

The iron may be heated as many times as is found necessary, as there is fear of splitting if it is worked too cold, but on the other hand it means disaster to burn the iron. This can be avoided by watching the fire closely. When the iron gets to "welding heat" sparks will follow up the blaze, like the sparks caused by sprinkling salt in a fire. The iron should be removed from the fire immediately when these sparks appear. This is done by all blacksmiths, but for inexperienced workmen it is safer not to allow the iron to become quite hot enough to spark.

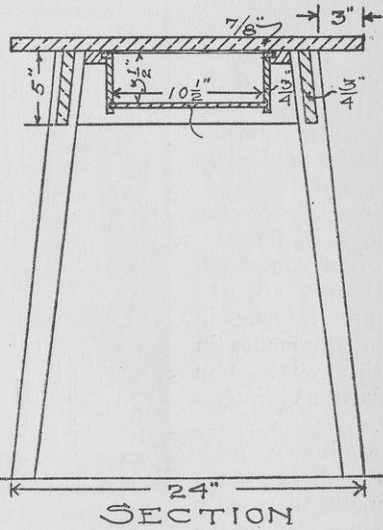
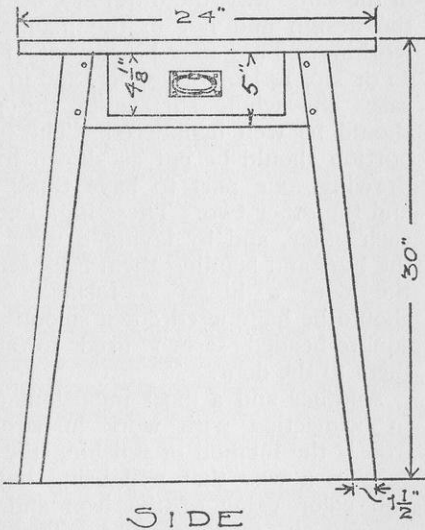
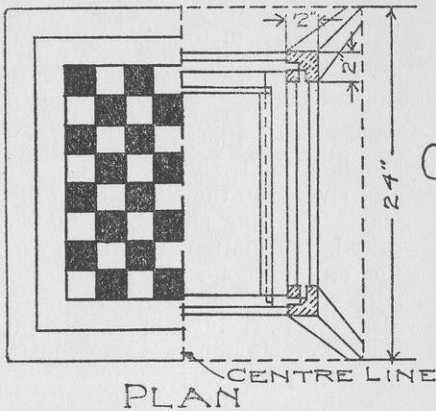
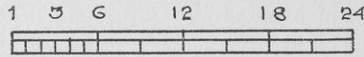
The andirons with the top curled over in the form of a scroll are the simplest made. Norway iron is used, as it is the best for all interior hardware or fixtures. The standard and the back shank are made of one continuous piece of iron one inch square, and another piece  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide by  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch thick, welded together.

To weld iron the fire must be confined to the center of the forge and the coal piled up in such a way that an oven is formed. The pieces to be welded must be heated and the ends flattened down, in order that both ends may be laid together with one overlapping the other, so that they may be hammered together. When these ends are tapered properly they must be placed in the fire together, so that both may heat evenly. While the iron is heating the face of the anvil should be wiped off and the hammer laid in place for instant use. Close watch should be kept on the fire, and

## METAL WORK

### DESIGN FOR A CHECKER TABLE

SCALE OF INCHES



when the bright sparks appear the iron is at welding heat. It is well for the amateur worker to have the aid of an assistant in doing this, as it is much easier to have some one else hold one piece of iron on the anvil while the other is laid on and then hammered several times to weld the two pieces together. After this is done the joined pieces may be placed in the fire again until they come to a bright red heat, when the

joint may easily be smoothed out by hammering.

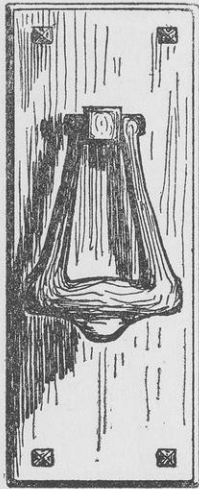
When it is done the shank (which is 1 inch square) should have a 4-inch bend at right angles to form the back leg. The shank should measure 20 inches from the corner of the back leg to the standard. The standard part, which is made of the wider iron, and upon which the scroll has already been formed, should be bent up at right

## METAL WORK



angles with the shank. To form the scroll the end of the piece to be used for the standard is widened by hammering out and then bent around the horn of the anvil and hammered into the shape of a scroll. The feet should be made of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inch by  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch iron, bent as shown in the illustration. The whole andiron has in it only two pieces. These should be riveted together as shown, using the same tapering punch already spoken of to make the rivet holes. Ornamental rivets should be applied to the face of the standard to relieve the plainness of the surface. The completed andiron should measure 18 inches in height, 20 inches in depth, with the standard  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide.

The heavy andirons with the rings are made in exactly the same way as the scroll andirons just described. A piece of iron  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches square is drawn down to a taper, as shown in the illustration. At the top the standard is turned over forward, forming a place for the ring. The shank is made as already described, except that it is butted against the standard and riveted through instead of being welded. The back part of the shank is drawn down, forming the shoulder, and after the iron is cool it is filed so that the shoulder is



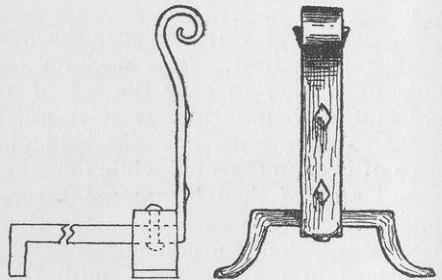
BRASS DOORKNOCKER.

DOOR HINGE.

trim and square. The hole in the standard should be punched through from both sides and filed out after the iron is cool, then the shank is fitted to the standard and riveted. The feet are also riveted to the standard in the same way. The ring should not be perfectly round, but flattened and drawn in at the top with a small shoulder, which adds a slight decorative feature and is also practical in that it prevents the ring from slipping too far, while allowing it to turn freely.

Both hinges illustrated here are made in the same way, the difference being in the design and not in the manner of working. They may be cut out of No. 12 or No. 14 iron or copper, and in both cases the whole surface of the plate should be well hammered. The hinge portion should be cut as shown in the drawing, one part to have three lugs and the other two. These lugs interlap each other, and by laying a wire over the lugs and bending them back around the wire a hinge is formed. This should be hammered down smooth, and square-headed screws used to attach them to the door.

Another and a most important point in connection with work in wrought iron is the method of finishing the surface in a way that will bring out the full color value of the iron and also prevent it from rusting. That this



SCROLL ANDIRONS OF NORWAY IRON.

## METAL WORK

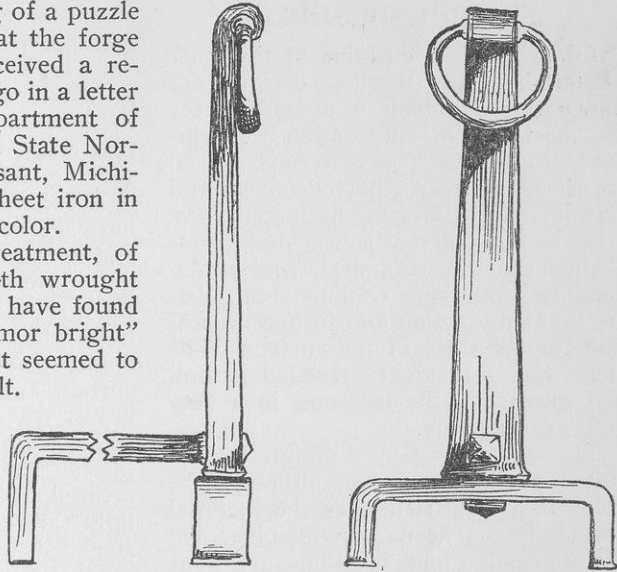
question has been something of a puzzle to many amateur workers at the forge is well known, and we received a reminder of it a day or two ago in a letter from the head of the department of Manual Arts in the Central State Normal School at Mount Pleasant, Michigan, asking how to treat sheet iron in order to give it the proper color.

The same method of treatment, of course, would apply to both wrought iron and sheet iron, and we have found that the finish we call "armor bright" has been the only thing that seemed to accomplish the desired result.

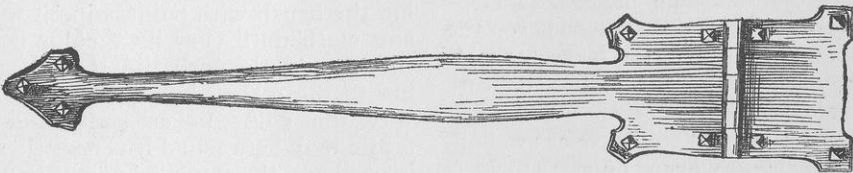
The first requisite is to preserve the natural appearance of the iron. To do this we employ a very old process used by the English armorers, whence it derives its name. After the iron is hammered it should be polished on an emery belt, or, if this is not at hand and it is not convenient to borrow the use of one in some thoroughly equipped metal shop, emery cloth—about No. 0—may be used in polishing the surface by hand. This should be done so thoroughly as to remove all particles of scale and other roughnesses and defects, leaving the surface clear of all except the unevenness that results from the working.

Then the iron may be smoked over a forge or in a fireplace, care being taken to avoid heating it to any extent during this process, as the object is merely to smoke it, allowing the smoke to set well on the metal. The iron should be al-

lowed to cool naturally, and then the surface should be rubbed well with a cially in the higher parts of an uneven with oil. Naturally, the more the iron is polished the brighter it will be, especially in the higher parts of an uneven surface, which take on almost the look of dull silver. After this the iron must be well wiped off, so that the oil is thoroughly removed, and the surface lacquered with a special iron lacquer which is prepared for our use by Sherwin, Williams & Co. Very damp or salt air may eventually penetrate this lacquer; if so, the best preservative is to wax the iron thoroughly with floor wax, rubbing well, and renewing the finish as often as seems necessary to prevent rust.



CRAFTSMAN ANDIRONS.



DOOR HINGE.



## STENCIL DESIGNS

### STENCIL DESIGNS

SOME window curtains of thin materials with stenciled designs are shown this month as a suggestion for the most suitable decoration for window draperies. The materials chosen are sheer white crossbarred muslin and *écru etamine* of open mesh and firm, crisp weave. The *Wistaria* design has a cluster of the drooping racemes depending from long trailing stems that are knotted together and form a decoration for the sides of the curtain. The stems and leaves are stenciled in dull leaf green and the blossoms in a very soft grayish blue.

The *Morning Glory* design is best suited to the same use, although the color is a little richer, as the material chosen is the deep *écru etamine*, and the morning glory blossoms are done in clear dark purplish blue. The leaves and vines, of course, are in green.

The *Peony* design would be equally well suited to a library, dining room or living room, as it is less delicate and airy in effect and the colors chosen are richer and more decided. As illustrated here, the curtain is of biscuit-colored *etamine* and the peonies are stenciled in varying tones of brown, the blossoms shading from a light wood brown to a deeper tone of the same color. The stems are done in a paler brown that verges on burnt orange.

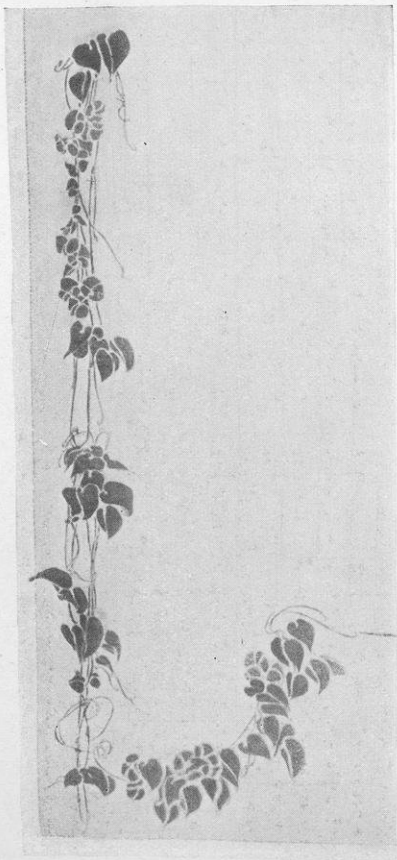
The curtain of crossbarred muslin with the design of rosebuds down the side is intended to complete the decorative scheme of a room in which are used the *portière* and couch cover appearing on the same page. As stenciled on the curtain shown here, the stems are pale green, the leaves considerably darker, and the buds a delicate rose color.

The *portière* and couch cover are both made of hand-woven linen, which is very rough and irregular in texture and

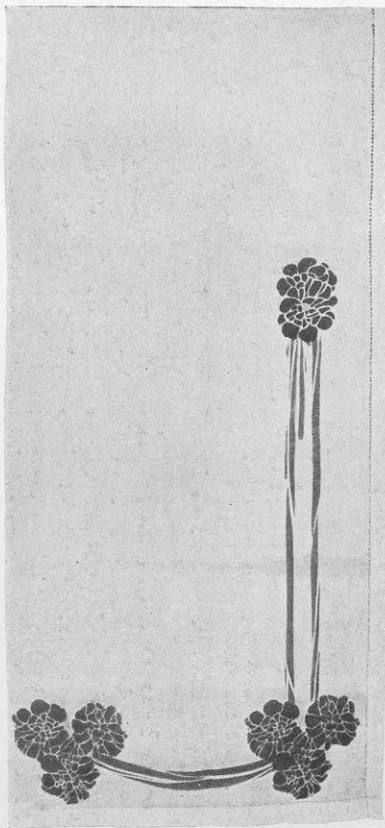
comes only fifteen inches wide. The widths are fastened together with "hinges," wide and narrow, done in satin stitch with black linen floss, and the roses are stenciled in a bright deep rose color, with the stems and leaves in varying shades of green.

These stenciled designs stand washing very well, if reasonable care is used, and in the case of the window curtains, they form the most desirable decoration for a sheer material through which the light will shine. Heavy embroidery or *appliqué* is out of place on a window curtain, as all but the form of the design is lost when it hangs against the light, and the effect is that of dark heavy blots instead of a decoration which is increased in value by the shining of the light through it. A sheer fabric, when stenciled, has a very shadowy effect as to design when the curtain is hung at the window, and the colors show as a mere suggestion in the strong light and distinctly when the curtain hangs in folds.

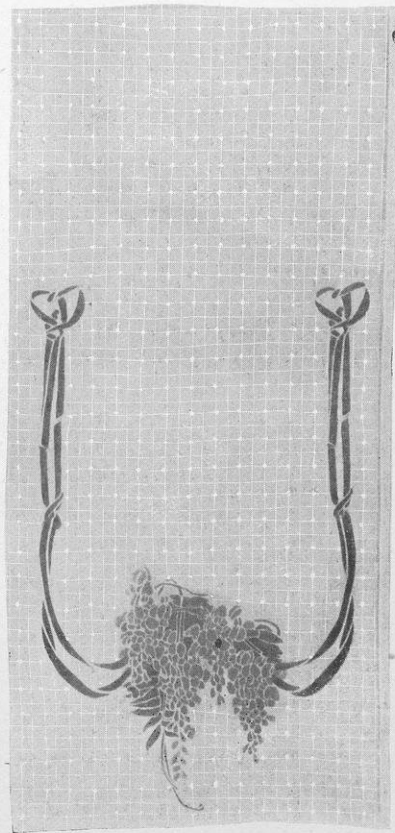
One advantage of stenciling is that it can be made very inexpensive, as the work is easily done and the cost is ruled entirely by the price of the material chosen for decoration. All that is needed is a design drawn on stencil paper, a few paints or dyes, some stiff stencil brushes, a soft cloth and, if the dyes are used, a hot iron. Round, stiff bristle brushes should be used, and a brush provided for each color. It is necessary to use the least possible amount of pigment and to stipple on the color with quick, firm taps instead of the usual brush strokes. After filling the brush with paint, wipe it with a soft cloth until very little color is left, then apply through the stencil opening to the material. If applied in this way the color never runs, and the fabric may be washed if very little soap is used and the stenciled part is handled with care.



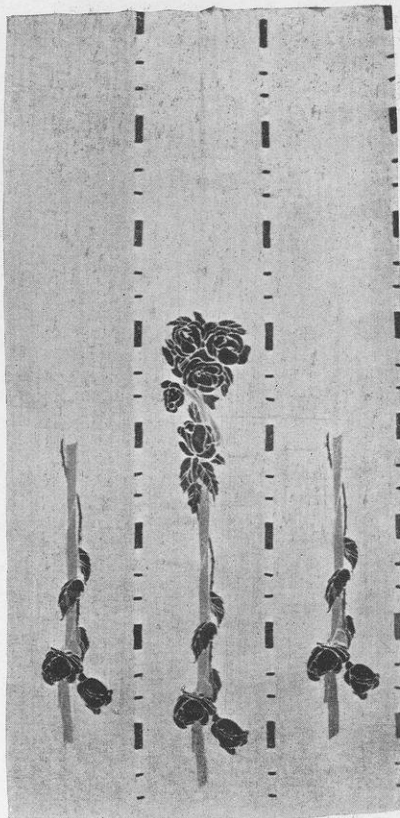
MORNING GLORY DESIGN  
FOR WINDOW CURTAIN.



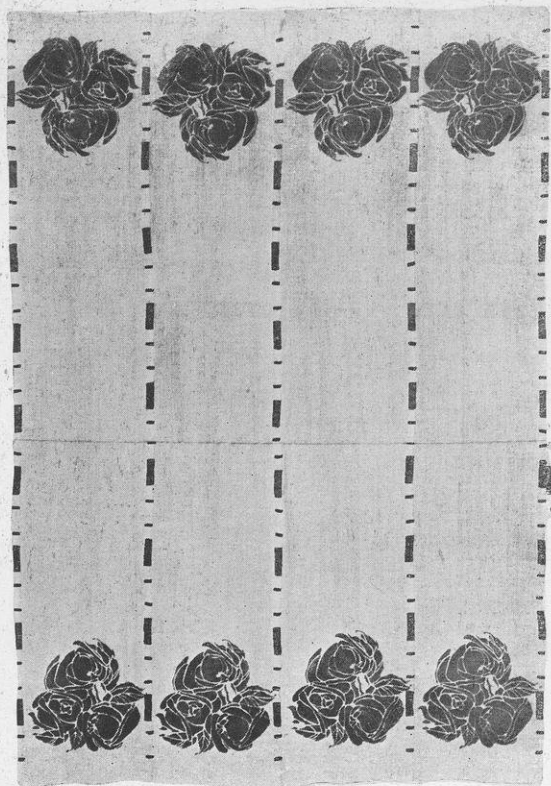
PEONY DESIGN FOR  
WINDOW CURTAIN.



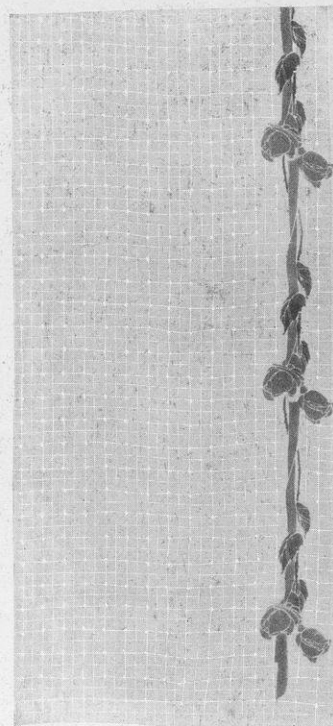
WISTARIA DESIGN  
FOR CURTAIN.



ROSE DESIGN  
FOR PORTIÈRE.

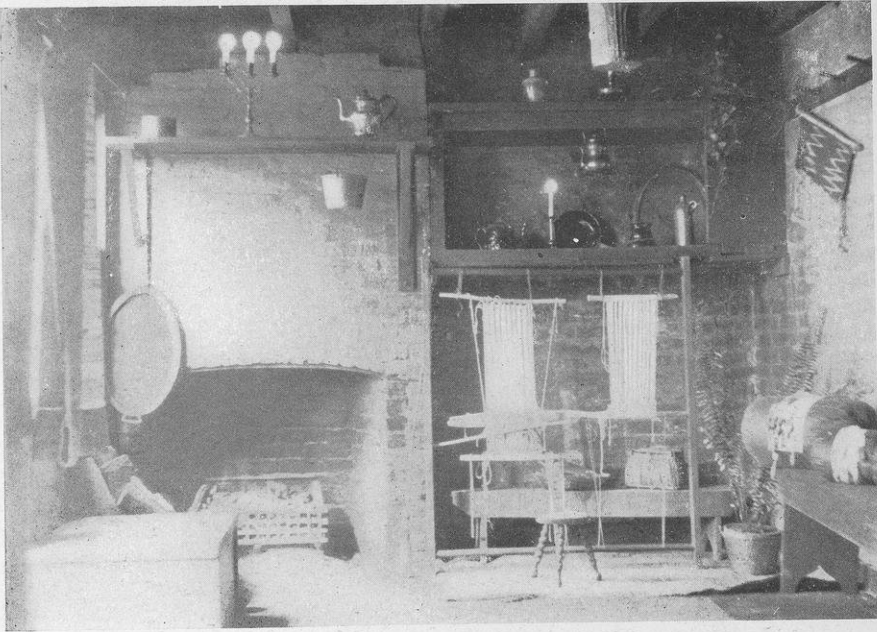


ROSE DESIGN FOR  
COUCH COVER.



ROSEBUD DESIGN FOR  
WINDOW CURTAIN.

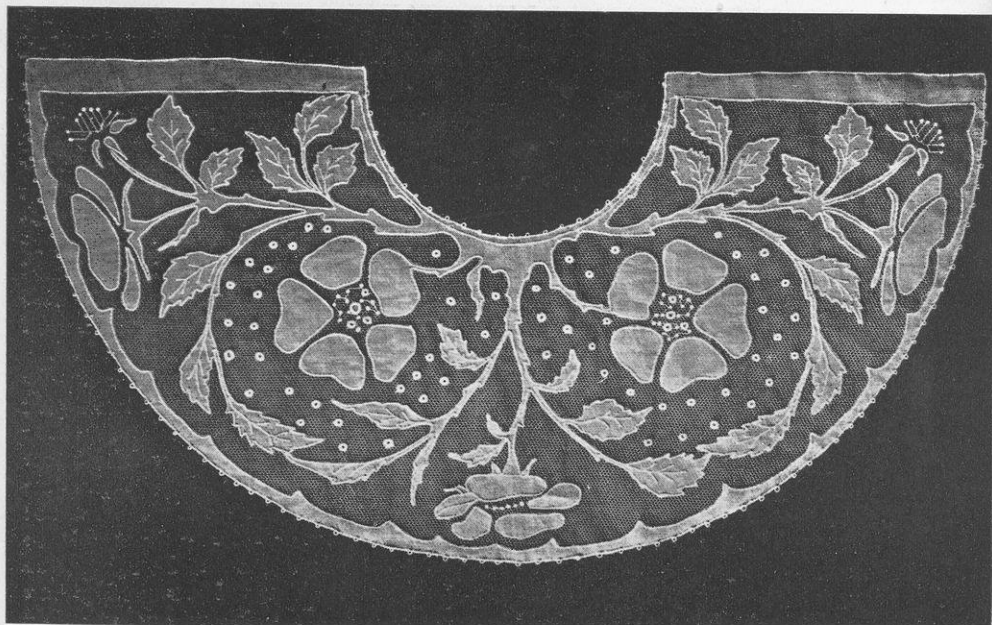
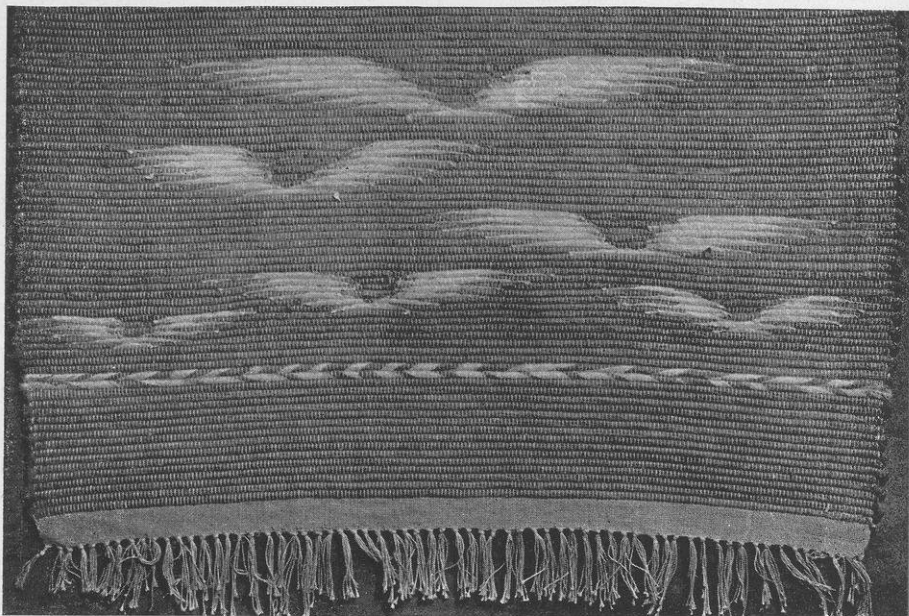




*Views of the Greenwich Handicraft School*

A WORK ROOM AND OFFICE IN THE  
GREENWICH HANDICRAFT SCHOOL.





*From the Greenwich Handicraft School.*

SAMPLES OF THE RUG-WEAVING AND  
LACE-MAKING TAUGHT AT THE  
GREENWICH HANDICRAFT SCHOOL.



## THE GREENWICH HANDICRAFT SCHOOL: BY KATHERINE LORD

**H**ERE and there in the world constructive attempts have been made in applying art to industry. An experiment at once industrial and educational is being carried on at Greenwich House, a social settlement in that part of New York known as Greenwich Village. The rapidly changing conditions in this section have brought together unusually diverse elements which give a special character to this problem.

The Greenwich Handicraft School was established to meet the needs of two classes of women: foreigners skilled in some form of hand-work who needed direction in design and choice of material, and girls and women physically unfit to enter the regular industrial field; and to foster and develop a love of the beautiful, and encourage its application to daily life.

Workers among our foreign population are constantly meeting women who have been trained in some of the hand industries of Europe, especially lace making and embroidery, for whose skill there is practically no employment in America. Almost without exception they have only manual skill, though they are often endowed with natural taste capable of development. Without the knowledge of what is good, or even practicable in design,

unable to obtain proper materials, these women spend many hours upon articles which are utterly worthless when complete. Many such pieces of lace and embroidery have been brought to residents of Greenwich House, often with a pathetic certainty that the teacher will be able to find a market for them.

One or two examples will show the difficulties of this problem. An Italian woman, of more than average skill and intelligence, was counting upon the sale of a piece of lace, exquisite in workmanship, good in material and design, but of such shape and proportion that the ingenuity of several people has as yet failed to find a use for it. This would be worth one hundred dollars if it were practicable in form, and cost the maker two months of constant labor. Another young woman brought a large collection of beautifully executed laces in which crudely colored mercerized cottons were combined with poor and coarse linen thread. The entire product of the leisure hours of several years was worthless.

And yet many of these women have the talent, originality and instinct for beauty which make ordinary factory work distasteful to them. With proper materials, with instruction and direc-

## THE GREENWICH HANDICRAFT SCHOOL

tion in form and design, they are very soon able to produce laces of the highest grade of excellence. Several such women have been earning steady incomes since their entrance into the school, and their pleasure in their work and the improvement in their general condition shows that the school is filling a real want.

The young girl just attaining the working age, who is physically handicapped, is a familiar figure to the settlement resident. What occupation is open to the deformed or crippled girl, who can neither stand behind a counter nor wait in a restaurant, work a machine nor endure the physical strain of washing and scrubbing? Happily the lack of physical strength is often supplemented by unusual dexterity, and such girls have become proficient workers in a sheltered occupation, which saves them much of the mental suffering incident to their condition.

There is still another class of women whose necessities have been forced upon our attention—the women who wish to work only a part of each day to supplement the family income. For such a woman industrial opportunities are practically only two. She may go out to do cleaning, which often results in her neglect of that work in her own home; or she may take “home work,” one of the greatest evils in tenement-house life.

As soon as there are industries where women can secure steady employment for two, three or four hours a day, or for certain days in a week, we shall have advanced a step in our campaign against home work in the tenements. We shall have an answer to the mother who says, “What else can I do? I must get the flowers to make, because I can do it while the children are at school.” By offering opportunity for part-time employment and by allowing none of our work to

be done at home, we are making a definite attempt to solve one side of this problem.

The Handicraft School was opened in the summer of nineteen hundred and five with classes in lace working, this particular craft being chosen for a beginning because of the number of women in our neighborhood who already understood its technical side. In the autumn of the same year the first sale was held, with very satisfactory results, and since then the school has gone on without interruption, giving to a small number of workers constant employment, and to many training in new forms of work.

At first, the simple laces such as Irish crochet and some of the Italian pillow laces were made. In the second year, filet, Carrickmacross and Limerick laces, and Italian cutwork were added, while during the present year some of the finer needle laces will be produced. Throughout the existence of the school, each pupil has been instructed in making several kinds of lace, that she may be able to repair and adapt laces of various kinds, and that she may have the change of occupation so necessary where close application is required.

Our first object in making lace was to teach perfection of technical skill, and the ability to copy or adapt historic or generally accepted designs. When this had been satisfactorily acquired, we turned our attention to original design, and some beautiful and interesting original work is now being produced. Filet lace especially offers to the designer wide scope for the expression of individuality, while it necessitates that restraint essential to the best art.

Last winter a large piece of work was undertaken which thoroughly tested the efficiency of the workers. It was a set of three curtains ordered for



## THE GREENWICH HANDICRAFT SCHOOL

the windows of a typical city drawing room. These curtains were made of hand-woven Italian linen, with a design in cutwork of a very difficult type and with inset panels of filet lace.

When the success of the lace making seemed assured, we looked about for another craft, which should meet the requirements of the second and third classes of women—the physically handicapped and the avocational worker, for many of whom lace making requires too long a training. In studying the possibilities of hand weaving it was found that technical excellence was quickly attained even by unskilled workers, that it was an ideal industry for those who had no previous training. Also that it offered a comparatively untried field for experiment in color and design. In handling the question of color, we have been most fortunate in having the assistance of Prof. C. E. Pellew, of the chemistry department of Columbia University, who is a member of the executive committee of the school. Prof. Pellew has given much personal attention to the dyeing of materials used in the weaving, and has made many interesting and valuable experiments, instructing the workers in their results, and developing for our use a series of great beauty and durability.

The problem of dyeing materials for the weaving industry was (to the chemist) somewhat unusual in its character and could not be solved by the use of ordinary trade dyes. It was necessary to have colors—first, which were satisfactory from an artistic standpoint in quality and tone; second, which were absolutely fast to both light and washing; and, third, which could be applied to cotton and linen rapidly, by unskilled workers, and with very simple appliances.

The dyes which Prof. Pellew employs are of two general classes, min-

eral dyes and so-called artificial dyes, which are coloring matters extracted from coal tar. The mineral dyes are all based upon the deposition of colored metallic hydroxides upon the fibers by soaking the fabrics first in a bath of the metallic salt and then passing them through an alkaline solution. Dyes of this class have been known and used in past centuries, but seem now to be known only to chemists, and their practical application forgotten.

The colors secured by this method are of great beauty, ranging from palest yellow through orange to deep rich brown to the neutral colors of the woods and fields. There is also a lovely blue green, capable of considerable variation. They are absolutely fast and the process of their application is extremely simple. The value of these colors in household decoration need not be pointed out.

The second class of dyes used are the artificial or coal tar dyes. Concerning the use of these dyes Prof. Pellew has said, in a recent report of his work:

"A great deal of what, to the educated chemist, is simply unmitigated nonsense has been said in disparagement and abuse of the modern artificial dye stuffs.

"Without going into details it may be well to remind you: First, that since eighteen hundred and fifty-six there have been discovered, described, manufactured and introduced into the dyeing trade, several thousands of these dye stuffs, covering an enormously wide range of color and shade, fastness to light and washing, ease of application and, finally, expense. It is possible now for a chemist of even very moderate skill in dyeing to produce on textile fabrics any desired shade, bright or dull, harsh or soft, ugly or attractive—with several different dye stuffs or combinations of dye



## THE GREENWICH HANDICRAFT SCHOOL

stuffs, of various grades of fastness and quality, varying from very poor to excellent. There is not and never has been any color dyed on cotton, wool or silk by any vegetable dye or mixture of dyes that cannot be reproduced in coal tar colors of the exact shade, and with fastness to light exposure that only one or two vegetable dyes have ever attained. On the other hand, if dyers wish to economize at the expense of beauty or durability, they can use cheap and nasty dyes and get cheap and nasty results." For our purpose we wished color which would dye cotton in one bath, and so we have used the so-called "direct cotton colors." There are several kinds of these colors, but the ones best suited to our purpose are the recently discovered class of sulphur colors. In our work we have used the Thiogene dye stuffs, several of which have been kindly furnished us by the firm of H. A. Nutz & Co. through their head chemist, Dr. Clarkson, who has been a very valuable friend to our work.

These dyes also give full soft shades, are fast to light and washing and are easily applied. None of these colors is cheap, as it takes a large amount of the color to give the full shade, and should not be confused with the various cheap dyes of the retail market.

To obtain blues we use the famous old dye stuff indigo, prepared in the East for centuries from the indigo plant, but during the last few years extracted in a most satisfactory form from coal tar.

Natural indigo never contains more than ninety or ninety-two per cent. of the actual coloring matter, while the artificial synthetic indigo is absolutely pure, and is not only faster and more durable, but furnishes lovely shades of blue which rarely can be procured from the natural indigo on account of the impurities it contains. One of our

most satisfactory greens is obtained by tapping indigo with an artificial yellow.

The application of pattern to hand weaving has been made the subject of study and experiment. The designs are simple and in keeping with the process, the very limitations of which produce some interesting results. Texture of fabric is also considered an integral part of the completed result, and good effects have been obtained by the use of materials that are inexpensive and easily obtained, but which we have not seen in use elsewhere.

The school now makes for sale and to order cotton rugs, portières and hangings, curtains and table runners of cotton and linen. The colors being fast both to light and washing, these articles are particularly desirable for bedrooms and country houses, and they are designed with such uses in view. The dyeing and weaving of wool is now being developed also.

With the establishment of any industry there arises at once the commercial question. Take first, lace making, since that is the craft with which we began, can it be made to pay, in America? Can our workers compete successfully with the lace makers of Europe?

Along lines we have chosen, we believe it to be possible.

The American market is flooded with imported hand-made laces of inferior materials, poor execution, and of design either originally bad or deteriorated from years of inaccurate copying. Much of this lace is only partly made by hand, a more or less successful imitation being used as a foundation. In America we cannot produce any lace, good or bad, at the prices for which these laces are sold in our department stores. There are, however, laces of excellent workmanship and design, produced in small quanti-

## THE GREENWICH HANDICRAFT SCHOOL

ties in Europe and imported sparingly by our better shops. Work of this sort cannot be sold in America for any less than the product of the American worker, while the latter has the advantage of being in close touch with the market. Artistic hand-work, of whatever sort, must be largely done to order, since originality of design and adaptability to its use plays so large a part in the superior excellence of the hand-wrought article.

To justify lace making in America we must produce work technically perfect, of superior design, either original or intelligently copied from the fine designs of the best periods of lace making. We must be able to repair or alter to fit new uses, laces of every kind without impairing their value, commercial or artistic.

In regard to weaving, the situation is somewhat different. Without departing from the most primitive process of simple weaving common to all countries, and exemplified in our own country by the rag weaving and home-spun of New England and the weavings of our western Indians, it is possible to evolve a direct and simple expression of beauty along the lines of structural necessity.

In short, our workers must be complete craftsmen, adding to their technical skill a feeling for beauty. An industry of this nature cannot exist as an industry alone. It must be a school as well, maintaining always the highest artistic standard, managed and con-

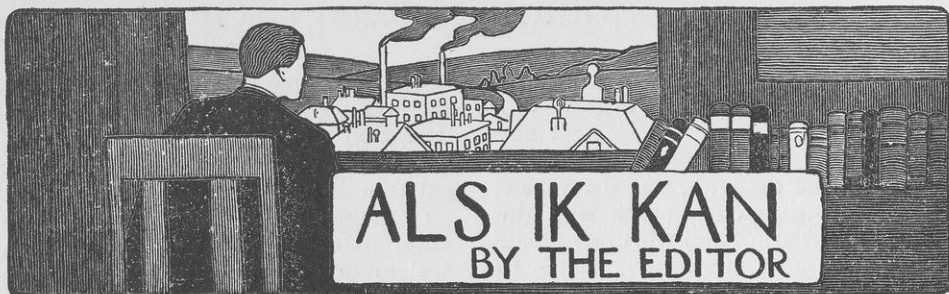
trolled by people who have at heart the real welfare of the workers and the perfection and excellence of the articles produced, rather than the accumulation of profit.

To make of the Handicraft School a center of art education as well as an ideal industry is the aim of its founders and supporters. The workers are carefully supervised and are given instruction in design, its principles and their application to each branch of our industry. There are clubs and classes, having for their object the development of an appreciation of the beautiful in all departments of life, and the cultivation of a better taste in household decoration.

Exhibitions, informal talks on art subjects, visits to museums and collections, aid the educational side of the work. Instruction is given in drawing to girls and boys of talent who are too young or otherwise unready for the existing free art classes.

During the past summer classes in the making of pottery have been carried on at Greenwich House and have done good work. We hope the day is not far distant when this and another craft will be added to the industrial department.

The work produced in the industry as well as the work of the classes is on exhibition at Greenwich House, and visitors are always welcome in the studio and workrooms of the Handicraft School.



## ALS IK KAN BY THE EDITOR

"The rich ruleth the poor, and the borrower is servant to the lender."

Proverbs.

**W**E are wont to reflect with much satisfaction upon the progress in freedom and enlightenment made by the human race since the wise king crystallized into a series of matchless epigrams the observations and experiences of a long life, but there is something in the trenchant saying quoted above that brings a doubt as to whether after all there has been such a great change in the adjustment of social and economic conditions achieved during the struggles and upheavals of the past few thousand years.

In Solomon's day it was a literal fact that "the rich ruleth the poor and the borrower is servant to the lender," for servitude was the natural fate of the poor man, and the hapless debtor too often was forced to square accounts by suffering his ear to be pierced with the awl mark which was the visible sign that he and his children had become the slaves of the creditor. We make it our boast that there is no more slavery and that a man now may not even suffer temporary imprisonment for debt; but when we look squarely at the social effects of the industrial system of which we are so proud, we are forced to acknowledge that servitude without hope of freedom or advancement still exists, and that the pressure of an inexorable system is even harder to escape from than the old-time tyranny of armed force or oppressive laws.

It is by the most relentless, because the most impersonal, of all systems that "the rich ruleth the poor" in these days of theoretical freedom and equality. Our thoroughly organized commercial system of large factories owned by wealthy and powerful corporations, the universal use of expensive labor-saving machinery, and the absolute control of the market by the rulers of the industrial world, divide the people engaged in productive industries into three classes,—the owners, the foremen or managers, and the workmen, and there is an ever-increasing tendency on the part of all to accept these distinctions as final.

Theoretically, all men being free and equal, and the old saying that "there is always room at the top" being as true as ever, the workman may, if he will, rise to the position of foreman, superintendent, or even of an owner. In many cases this has happened, because some men are bound to rise above any conditions that prevent their doing the best that is in them, but with the great majority of workmen trained from boyhood to serve the machines there is lacking the incentive even more than the opportunity to advance, and both opportunity and incentive are growing less every year. Thirty or forty years ago good foremen were trained in every factory that was properly managed, but now the percentage of men who are capable of rising to a position that implies the power to control and to take responsibility for results is growing less every year, as the organization of in-



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dustry becomes more perfectly systematized and the subdivision of labor more complete.

The workman is not to blame for his own lack of either ambition or equipment to cope with any work other than that which has become a matter of mechanical routine. The very fact that it is mechanical routine is of itself enough to deprive him of the energy and mental initiative necessary for him to make any special effort to escape from it. As long as he sticks faithfully by his machine and the factory keeps open,—or the union does not order a strike,—he is reasonably sure of his wage, but he can afford to take no risk, especially if he is burdened with the maintenance of a family. He may enter the factory as a young man, full of hope and ambition, but he can earn more money and has a better prospect of increase in wages by sticking to one job until the doing of it becomes almost second nature, than he would if he seized every opportunity to change work in order that he might become familiar with the whole. To stay by his machine is, therefore, the line of the least resistance and apparently the greatest immediate advantage, and, of all the workmen in a factory, how many are there who are capable of understanding that this very following of the line of the least resistance induces a sort of mental atrophy that disinclines them to accept responsibility even if it were offered them? In places where the experiment has been tried the result in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is that the man prefers to keep on doing the thing he knows how to do and can therefore do without much effort.

Part of this apathy and lack of ambition may be attributed to the fact that we have no longer a system of apprenticeship for the thorough learning of a trade. Also, a boy who becomes a machine operative in a factory receives at the very start about half as much money

as he will ever get at the kind of work he is doing. In earlier days when a boy was apprenticed to learn a trade, he literally began at the bottom. He not only received little or nothing for his services during the first year of his apprenticeship, but it was customary for his parents to pay a certain sum as a premium for his tuition when he entered the shop. If he were apprenticed, say, to a cabinetmaker, he probably put in the first five or six months learning the rudiments of the trade by doing odd jobs that required but little skill. At the end of this time, if he were fairly handy and diligent, he might be allowed to undertake a definite piece of work like, for example, the making of mortises. When such a task was entrusted to him he naturally felt that he had gained something in being able to do work that required care and a certain degree of mechanical skill. It was a definite step toward the mastery of his trade, and from that time forward he had everything to gain by doing his best and much to lose if he failed to make the most of his opportunities.

Also, he was given so little money that every cent was precious. He had no nickels or dimes to spend for drinks, cigarettes, cards or cheap theaters, and consequently no opportunity to cultivate a taste for such things. Lacking this kind of excitement, there was a chance for the development of real interest, and, if the boy had in him the makings of a successful man, the very fact that his work was interesting was sufficient reason why his interest should center in his work. This spirit once aroused, every new task that was given him meant the opportunity to do something a little bigger than he had done before, and every advance in his modest wages meant riches, considering the fact that he had been able to earn little, if anything, in the beginning. It was a Spartan training compared with the system



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of the present day, but it was the training that made foremen and superintendents and sometimes great leaders of men. A boy who started at the bottom in this way was bound to make constant efforts to rise, and these efforts gave him an impetus that was more than likely to carry him well toward the top.

Nowadays, the boy who enters a factory in which furniture is made may be set to feeding the mortising machine. From the time he understands how to place the piece to be mortised in the machine, he can turn out mortises as perfect as if he had been doing it for years, because the work is all done by the machine. The boy may grow quicker and more dexterous about taking up and placing the pieces that are to be mortised, and he may also learn how to care for the machine, but that is all the advance he can make, and for this work he receives a dollar or a dollar and a half a day from the time he begins. As he grows more proficient, he may advance to another machine where he can make from a dollar and a half to two dollars a day, but that is very nearly all that he can ever expect to do in the factory, and always it is the machine that does the work and not his own skill of hand or brain. So, instead of starting at the bottom with every incentive to climb, he starts on a level so little below the highest that he can ever hope to attain as a factory operative that the temptation is well-nigh irresistible to merely hold down his job and let the future take care of itself. In the actual work he finds very little interest. It requires little skill or effort on his part, for the machine does it always in the same way, and all that he has to do is to keep the machine well fed and running properly. Therefore, he is forced to seek interest outside of his work, and in his youth the possession of a certain amount of ready money usually determines the kind of interest he will find

without taking any trouble to search for it. In later years he is apt to be so occupied in trying to provide for his family that he has little time or energy left to gain the mental equipment which would fit him for better things.

Thus handicapped by a lack of the thorough training that makes for mental development as well as for general skill, it is only natural that the ordinary workman who has become a part of the regularly organized factory system should feel that the organization is so large, the system so automatic in its operation, and the places of trust and responsibility to which he might possibly attain so few, that he grows almost unconsciously to believe that there is no place for him in the upper ranks, a belief which adds to his disinclination to make any effort to step out of the position to which he has grown accustomed. Even the labor unions have come to recognize and accept the factory system as a fixed condition, and consequently bend all their efforts toward gaining strength enough to enable them to dictate terms to the employers sufficiently to secure steady work, higher wages and shorter hours for the workmen, instead of endeavoring, by every means at their command, to give apprentices a thorough training in any specified trade and to maintain a high standard of efficiency among the members of the union. In fact, the labor unions are themselves largely instrumental in perpetuating the worst features of the factory system, for, instead of fostering individual energy and ambition, they lower the standard of efficiency for all by insisting upon the same pay and the same advantages for the incompetent and indifferent workers that are given to the most able and energetic men, and, instead of encouraging the thorough training of as many apprentices as possible, they draw the lines so rigidly as to exclude all above a certain number, for fear that

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workmen will grow so numerous as to threaten the power of the organization.

As we have pointed out before, the real weakness of labor unions is due to this short-sighted policy. When the craftsmen of the Middle Ages formed themselves into guilds the power of feudalism was doomed, for the workmen of that day brought to bear against the conditions that oppressed them the power of brains developed through years of severe and comprehensive training in constructive work, the incentive born of the consciousness that any good workman could turn his hand to anything, and the independence and self-respect rising from the knowledge that a good workman never lacked for opportunities and that the guild existed for master, journeyman and apprentice alike. Now, there are discontented mutterings against oppression, mass-meetings to listen to remedies proposed by demagogues, even strikes and violence, but the factory system is too strong for the slaves of the machines, and even if they did rise and overthrow industry as it exists now, what would they do with their "freedom" when they had obtained it?

It is the knowledge of this condition that lies at the back of the movement to revive handicrafts. The factories will keep right on, and it is necessary that they should, for the bulk of our enormous production depends upon them. But it is also necessary that a way to escape from the slavery of the machine should be opened to men who have it in them to do something better. Therefore, we call attention and serious consideration to the two articles on practical handicrafts that are published in the present issue, believing that here, and here alone, lies the chance to give a man the choice between servitude in the factories and freedom to develop to the utmost his skill in making things which other people want, and of earn-

ing money which shall benefit himself and his children and secure him a home of his own and freedom from want in his old age.

## NOTES

THAT old, old story of some unappreciated masonry eventually becoming, by sheer force of quality, the cornerstone of the building, has undoubtedly occurred to keen observers of art matters in New York during the past month.

For while the National Academy was exhibiting at its galleries on Fifty-seventh street those paintings which have through their ready-to-hang qualities met with easy favor; the National Arts Club had opened its galleries to an exhibition of Contemporaneous Art, which had at least in part been rejected by the omnipotent, though often somnolent, Academy hanging committee. It has been interesting and instructive to visit these two exhibitions alternately, contrasting their merits and pondering upon the motives and motifs of the work of the Academicians. It was a most interesting experiment with one's point of view to take it first to the Academy, then to the National Arts, and later back again to the Academy, in order to prove that the latter really was as bad as one had feared in the first place. For if there had been only the Academy to represent what New York had to say for art throughout the season, there would have been a gloomy outlook for those who desire genuine growth in art and also that the growth should be indigenous. Seldom has there been so meager a showing of significant work even on the Academy walls; and on the other hand, seldom if ever has there been a more significant showing of individual creative quality than the exhibition at the National Arts Club.

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There were, of course, at the Academy a few time honored names, oases in the desert of amateurish canvases. Henri was there as a tonic to one gallery, showing a vivid portrait of strong convincing work, a permanent contribution to art, and in the same gallery Childe Hassam presented a large canvas called "Evening Bells." There were also two well painted landscapes by G. H. Macrum, a beautiful misty blue hillside by Charlotte Coman, a sunset by Guy Wiggins, a rarely well done portrait of children by Irving Wiles and a convincing winter scene by Leonard Ochtmann. Louis Loeb took one prize and Hugo Ballin another, while the first prize went to W. T. Smedley for a painting as devoid of imagination as a neatly finished barn surface; just some nice healthy, fat people pleasantly grouped on a roomy canvas. Scattered here and there were a few vigorously imaginative canvases, not satisfactory in all detail, but at least transmitting a thrill to the holder of the catalogue,—an Indian painting by E. W. Deming, and two Arizona landscapes by Albert Groll, who has always had imagination and who is surely acquiring the technique to express it. There were also some brown and white winter scenes by Redfield, who with all his gifts seems to possess but one subject and one technique. Bruce Crane had a pleasant story to tell not unlike Redfield's tale, but with more variety in the telling.

Certainly, a more encouraging state of affairs existed at the exhibition of Contemporaneous Art, held through the courtesy of the National Arts. As a rule, the canvases were very much smaller,—they often are at the interesting exhibits,—but it is time that the square inch ceased to be a standard of art in America, and that originality, freshness, vitality, interest should car-

ry some weight. And one did not seek in vain for those qualities at the latter exhibit.

It was not wholly an exhibition of paintings; there were a few interesting bronzes and marbles, some brilliantly interesting photographic prints, a number of etchings and a few drawings. Only an occasional foreign subject could be noted, and even when the title was, perhaps, "Montmartre," "At Madrid," or "Moonlight at Boulogne," the treatment, the point of view toward the subject was American, and as a whole there were far more presentations of the Hudson, of Gloucester, of New England, of western cañons and plains, than of Dortrecht, or the Thames, or Tunis. And in picture after picture at least it was possible to feel that America was being presented as Americans see her, and not as a substitute for foreign subjects because the artist could not get away. Constantly you were impressed with the interest these men felt in their art, how vital it was to them to paint honestly, sincerely, how tremendous was their understanding of significant human conditions, and how absolutely they had refused to sort life out into common and uncommon conditions, the latter only as valuable for their canvases. They are not artists of the social whim, but honest painters of truth wherever it can be found and grouped into color and sunshine.

It is evident that to these artists variety of subject is limited only by the variety of people and conditions in America. And it was a most noticeable and interesting fact that in the majority of cases these men, although thoroughly understanding the value of individuality, had not specialized on any one technique, but had evidently set about carefully and intelligently to develop fresh methods of handling various subjects in turn, as witness



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Glackens in "Paris," "Madrid" and "New York"; Henri in his "Portrait of a Lady in Black" and "Billee G."; Luks in his "Dancing Girl" and "London 'Bus Driver"; Carl Haag in "Universal Motherhood" and the "Labor Union." So far Eugene Higgins seems to have found but one manner in which to paint his problems of poverty, but, on the other hand, as yet his artistic interest in life is limited to one type of subject, which practically demands but one technique—the social under-world, gloom and shadow, the bleak, dark spaces in life.

Between Steichen's painting and his camera work one does not hesitate to sometimes choose his photography; for, while his paintings carry a hint of mystery, a grewsome symbolism, and are convincing enough along these shadow lines, his photographs express instantly the great originality and creative quality of his gift. His prints of Morgan and Maeterlinck are great portraits of personality, they are representations of social conditions and the phases of life which have created these different types of men. Other photographers exhibited will be familiar names to *THE CRAFTSMAN* readers—Gertrude Käsebier, Alfred Stieglitz, George H. Seeley, Alvin L. Coburn and Clarence White.

Pamela Colman Smith, whose work has already been illustrated in *THE CRAFTSMAN*, exhibited four drawings, three of them possessing the rare quality of weird imagination which makes her work notable in spite of its often faulty drawing.

Among the other exhibitors of force and originality whose work is becoming a part of the art history of this country were: John Sloan, Mary Cassatt, Everett Shinn, Irving Wiles, Van Dearing Perrine, Ernest Lawson and Paul Cornoyer in painting, and Eli Harvey, Solon Borglum, Albert Hum-

phriss, H. A. MacNeil and Chester Beach among the sculptors.

Hung in a panel in one of the rooms was Twachtman's now famous "Sailing in the Mist," a rare poetical phantasy, a fairy story told in lyric phrases and told with that mastery of his art which has rendered Twachtman one of the most significant of America's individual men. Near the Twachtman was a Whistler, a portrait.

A series of illustrated lectures on the History of Chinese and Japanese Art are being given by Professor Ernest F. Fenollosa, formerly Commissioner of Fine Arts to the Japanese Government, in the lecture hall of the National Society of Craftsmen, on successive Tuesday evenings throughout February and March.

This course, beginning with the earliest form of Chinese, Korean and Japanese art, is designed to cover the subjects of Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, Gardening and Design of the many schools and periods from about three thousand years B. C. to the present day. Clearly shown are the influences of Pacific Coast art, of Mesopotamian, of Greek art upon that of China and Japan. Also, the mystic influences of Buddhism, of Taoism, upon the life and art of the people, and their reaction upon national character; the poetic idealization of Nature, both in China and Japan, and the growth of symbolism, culminating in an efflorescence of culture equalled only by that of Athens and Florence in their best days.

Under Professor Fenollosa's use of maps and charts, as well as of profuse pictorial illustration, his hearers will be able to trace in panoramic review the whole art history, in all its various phases of growth, modification, decay and reconstruction, of these two great and profoundly interesting nations.



## NOTES AND REVIEWS

THE Knoedler Gallery in early January showed an exhibit of the interesting portraits of Mr. A. Benziger. A certain rugged directness makes the work of this man noticeable and forceful in spite of the crudeness of his coloring and the roughness of his drawing. His portrait of President Roosevelt, which, one is told, the artist made directly after the famous talk with Mr. Harriman, is full of the energy and vigor of one of the strongest personalities of the age. By the use of a very dark background and very high flesh tints, with glowing red shadows, as well as an awkwardly active pose, Mr. Benziger has made the figure fairly start from the canvas. The portrait of President McKinley, painted some eight years earlier, finds more appropriate treatment in the earlier, less italicized style of the artist.

The delicacy and elusiveness of childhood are lost in the crude colors and staring values of Mr. Benziger's portrait group, Miss and Master Hoster. It will not do to paint children in the vivid coloring of after life and it is neither interesting nor entertaining to copy, as Mr. Benziger has done, stilted, prim poses of early engravings in which fat story-book little girls hold canaries on their pudgy fingers. For their virile, manly qualities, Mr. Benziger's portraits are interesting. Their force and directness in some measure atones for the sensationalism of his style.

CHILDE Hassam we have with us on every side this winter. It would seem almost that no gallery was quite complete without him. He no sooner closes his special two weeks exhibit at the Montross Gallery than he reappears at the Academy in a picture that from every fair estimate of work should have been a prize winner. "Evening Bells," it is called. If

your first glimpse of it is across the width of the two galleries, you are arrested by a glow of sunset light. There is a line of trees deluged in it, and down a golden pathway come two figures, young, in peasant dress, with faces illumined, the sound of the bells in their hearts, the glow of the yellow light in their dreams. Romance hallowed by youth and innocence and presented with that perfection of technique that belongs to this man's work at his best. Nearby this canvas is a kaleidoscope of glowing colors. Childe Hassam is also represented at the same time at the exhibition of Contemporary Art at the National Arts Club. There are two pictures shown: "A Ferry Landing at Gloucester" and "Summer Sunlight." The Ferry is especially interesting; the water painted with that rare skill of which Hassam is particularly a master. At his own exhibit on Fifth avenue there were the usual wide variety of subjects, with the usual sameness of technique,—*"The Bloom of June,"* soft with pink mists; *"Jonquils,"* a wonderful study of a yellow toned interior, with jonquils for the color note and incidentally a lady sitting for her portrait; *"Winter—New York";* *"In the Sun—Lower Brittany";* *"Florence,"* and *"The Isle of Shoals,"* all giving a definite impression of world-wide interest and beauty, yet all seen through one window.

MAX Weyl, a painter of very pleasing appreciation of colors, had an exhibition of his landscapes in January at the new Bauer-Folsom Galleries. Mr. Weyl seems most to enjoy painting fall colors, sometimes in blazing glory, sometimes softened by Indian summer haze. The most notable of his autumn canvases called *"Indian Summer Day"* is the property of the Corcoran Gallery in Washington. This

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broad landscape has real charm and it almost breathes forth from its hazy atmosphere the pungent odor of burning leaves.

Mr. Weyl's art is particularly happy in showing the changing coloration of marshy lands—the flats at the headwaters of a river, with the cool wet greens of the rushes, and the great expanse of sunset sky above. "Passing Showers" is a really wet study of soft summer rain, and there is real motion in the moody gray clouds that are chasing across the sky of "Happy Valley." It is interesting to study the night colors that different painters express in their canvases—Mr. Weyl's night and moonlight scenes are quite successful, and differ from the usual night scenes in that he gives a rather warmer and more mellow tone to moonlight and uses little blue and no black. His work is extremely pleasing.

**F**REDERICK Keppel & Co. have been showing during January an extremely rare and interesting collection of old Italian engravings. In the early days the Italian masters actually with their own hands did no more than to draw rough sketches or cartoons from which the finished painting was made by lesser artists or pupils. The art of engraving arose from a desire to reproduce these sketches which the masters themselves made, and men like Pollaiuolo, Botticelli and Mantegna were not only surrounded by a group of engravers thus engaged in reproducing their work, but also took up engraving as a medium of expression themselves. So these earliest engravings, of which a large number were shown in this exhibition, have the intimate interest that always attaches to rough unfinished sketches.

The beginning of the sixteenth century and the art of Marcantonio Raimondi marked a new era in engraving,

and it began to mean not only sketching in outline but was made to express form and volume. A number of Marcantonio's engravings after Raphael, a Massys, and several from the hands of later engravers were especially interesting.

**T**HE delightful water colors of F. Hopkinson Smith made a most enjoyable exhibit at the new Noé Gallery during January. Wherever Mr. Smith goes—Venice, Athens, on the Thames, or in rural France—he sees sunlight and bright colored flowers, and he always feels the joyfulness and gaiety of the life and the people when he paints his interpretations of the picturesqueness of Italy and France. Some work done near Athens, centering in interest around the ruins of Greek temples, was rather out of the ordinary run of Mr. Smith's painting, but full of his inimitable color and light.

**J.** Alden Weir's exhibition at the Montross Gallery in January was distinctly disappointing. In his outdoor paintings—of which, in the main, the exhibit was composed—Mr. Weir seems to be laboring under difficulties of technique to an extent that makes him lose effects of air and sunlight and movement. "Moving Clouds," however, and "The Hill Road" are both above the average in color and outdoor feeling. "The Ballet Girl," the most interesting canvas of all, is quite out of line with Mr. Weir's usual style, and is full of effects of atmosphere, depth and rich coloring.

**D**URING January there was an exhibition of the unique and interesting work of Jerome Myers at the Macbeth Gallery. Mr. Myers is unexcelled as an interpreter of the crowded life of the slums because he understands and appreciates the people

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themselves. His pictures are painted not from the point of view of the outsider, but are full of the deeper underlying sympathy of a man who fully understands the life that he paints.

**F**OR a few days in January one of Mrs. Ella Condie Lamb's interesting portraits was on view at the studios of J. & R. Lamb. Mrs. Lamb's work has always a pleasing combination of strength and grace, and in portraiture she is at her best. This canvas was a portrait of the Rev. W. S. Coffey, D.D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Eastchester, N. Y.

**D**URING the first two weeks of January Willard L. Metcalf exhibited at the Montross Gallery. Nineteen paintings were shown—out-of-door subjects, all painted with vigorous stroke and all done from the emotional point of view toward Nature. It would be impossible for a man to see Nature with a purely intellectual appreciation and leave on canvas the subtle suggestion of fair spring days, of gleaming starlight nights that thrill even the middle-aged, of trout streams, cool and sparkling, quivering melodiously past a green hillside, of autumn woods, glowing, silent, perfumed. The eye trained to forget detail and encompass color and line could eventually reproduce, faithfully, masses and proportion, but unto such knowledge and understanding and trained technique may also be added the power of vision, that final uncatalogued sense which is a channel for whatever there is of mystery and wonder and dream in the elusive enchantment of Nature. If we call this the spiritual appeal we are misunderstood, because spirit and dogma have become stupidly synonymous—"atmosphere," though a useful word, has become a silly studio term, and so often we say "sympathetic" when we

really don't know what we are talking about.

And so it seems as though there were no old words to tell of the ever new enchantment that Nature has for the sensitized personality—but whatever this enchantment may be, this soul of the woods, this strange evasive essence that has peopled poems and mythology, Metcalf has imprisoned it in his canvases, consciously or unconsciously. There are memories lurking in his green bowers, stirring sentiment in his whirling snow storms at dusk, dreams come true in the shimmering light of his starlight summer nights. There is all the understanding of the cultivated artist mind, of the carefully developed and most expressive technique, and the other gift is there too. He has found out how to overcome the reserves of Nature.

**I**SRAEL'S "Frugal Meal," which is at present the center of attraction at the galleries of Scott and Fowles, is said to be the first the master ever painted of a subject that afterward came to be characteristically his. It is most charming in its color, which is soft and mellow, with occasional notes of dull blues or tawny reds. In the same room is a Blommers that is quite out of his usual style—a great expanse of pale blue sea, and right in the foreground two gladsome little girls, with skirts carefully tucked up, standing in the water playing with a sailboat, whose dull yellow sail makes the most prominent spot of color. The whole effect is cool and broad, and full of outdoors. On another wall is a night scene by Thaulow, noticeable for its brilliant deep blue sky and soft purple shadows, while below it is a silvery marsh by William Maris.

**T**HE story goes about that Wilhelm Funk left Mr. Chase's studio, where he had been working, poor and



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neglected, with the remark that he had decided to become a popular portrait painter. Whereat his fellow-students laughed. Within a year or two the laugh had gradually faded into a smile, and any of those skeptical school friends who saw the array of celebrities and society folk lining the walls of Mr. Funk's recent exhibition at Knoedler's must undoubtedly have felt the last faint traces of that derisive amusement fading from their faces. Popular Mr. Funk undoubtedly is, his easy, dashing technique is decidedly captivating, and there is not only boldness but real strength in his painting. That he may have lost something in depth and sincerity through his quick jump to fame does not seem at present to make his exhibitions any the less enjoyable.

## REVIEWS

**A**T a time when the housecleaning of our public institutions, which began with insurance companies and continues to the present divulgence of scandals in our banking system, is occupying our minds, it is a relief to turn from the scare headlines of yellow journalism to a little common sense on the subject of the country, its politics and its citizenship. "The Citizen's Part in Government" is a collection of addresses delivered by Hon. Elihu Root before students of Yale University during the last college year. The book diverges from the mere point of view of the college lecture, and discusses in a clear, reasonable way and from the broad statesman's point of view the principles and relationships in our government which are usually learned from the narrow viewpoint of the newspaper.

As to the responsibility of every intelligent citizen for the public affairs of the country Mr. Root has a great deal to say. "There never is a party

organization or machine which cannot at any time be turned out of power if the rank and file of the party choose to turn them out," says Mr. Root, and he goes on to say that every intelligent man could exert a great influence to this end if he wished to. "The experiment of popular government cannot be successful unless the citizens of a country generally take part in the government. There is no man free from responsibility; that responsibility is exactly proportioned to each man's capacity. . . . The selfish men who have special interests to subserve are going to take part; the bitter and malevolent and prejudiced men whose hearts are filled with hatred are going to take part; the corrupt men who want to make something out of government are going to take part; the demagogues who wish to attain place and power through pandering to the prejudices of their fellows are going to take part. The forces of unselfishness, of self-control, of justice, of public spirit, public honesty, love of country are set over against them, and these forces need every possible contribution of personality and power among men, or they will go down in the irrepressible conflict."

After all, should not the responsibility for our panics, for our bad government, for our scandals in business and politics, be rightfully placed on the intelligent man, so often met, who is "too busy to be bothered" or who "doesn't want to soil his hands in the dirty work of politics"? The little book is good reading for any American, but it is especially useful as a tonic for the man who daily throws down his newspaper, and mutters disconsolately that "the country is going to the dogs."

("The Citizen's Part in Government." By Elihu Root. 123 pages. Price, \$1.00. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)



## NOTES AND REVIEWS

**A**NOTHER interesting book that is mainly useful for information and reference has been added to the Spanish series edited by Albert F. Calvert. This latest one is entitled "The Escorial," and gives the history of the building of that singular expression of, and memorial to, the temperament, aspirations and philosophy of the devout and moody Philip the Second of Spain.

Philip devoted the later years of his life to this building, working personally with his architects and following with closest interest every detail of the designing and construction. He lived on the site in rude temporary lodgings and watched the work from the hilltop which is still known as *El Silla del Rey*. His constant fear was that he might die before his great scheme was brought to completion, but, in spite of injury from hurricanes and fires and the disaffection of the mechanics employed upon the building, who heard rumors that Satan in the guise of a hound with wings prowled about the corridors in the dark, it was finished and consecrated before the death of the King. He was taken ill at Madrid and was carried in a litter eight leagues over the mountains to the Escorial, where, dying, he was borne slowly through the palace, church, convent and college that were included in the enormous structure.

Only about one-third of the book is given to the history and description, the rest being devoted entirely to illustrations which are fine, full page halftones, reproducing every feature of the building and every notable work of art included in its decoration. As a book of reference in the library interested in these things it would be invaluable. ("The Escorial." By Albert F. Calvert. 278 illustrations. 355 pages.

Price, \$1.25; postage 14 cents. Published by John Lane Co., New York.)

**P**ROFESSOR G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, has long been the *doyen* of American students of child life and character. His "Adolescence" has been universally acclaimed as the greatest single contribution yet made to the psychology of education, and the "Pedagogical Seminary," which he edits, has long been regarded as the most important of all the periodicals devoted to the intensive study of child education.

To the long list of his published works, Dr. Hall has recently added another volume, "Aspects of Child Life and Education," consisting of a dozen papers gleaned from the "Pedagogical Seminary," written partly by himself and partly by half a dozen of his pupils at Clark University. Some of the papers are too technical and too much in the nature of laboratory records to be of interest to the general public, notwithstanding their immense value to specialists. There are other papers, however, to which these remarks do not apply, as, for example, the very wonderful "Story of a Sandpile," showing the development of a juvenile community through playing with an ordinary sandpile, and the reminiscent account which Dr. Hall gives of his boyhood in a Massachusetts country town. We are glad, also, to find in the book the paper on "The Contents of Children's Minds on Entering School," originally published twenty-five years ago, which may be said to have been the first serious attempt at child study published in this country. ("Aspects of Child Life and Education." By G. Stanley Hall. 326 pages. Published by Ginn & Company, Boston.)

