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See page 284.

"THE GOLDEN MADONNA":
ALBERT P. LUCAS, PAINTER.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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THE CRAFTSMAN



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VOLUME XIX

DECEMBER, 1910

NUMBER 3

PEACE: BY THE EDITOR

"And they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks ; nation shall not lift up sword against nation ; neither shall they learn war any more."—Micah, 4, 3.



ONE hundred and fifteen years ago, Emmanuel Kant declared that the philosophical ideal of universal peace was impossible of realization until the world should be politically organized, and that this was impossible until the majority of nations should have a representative form of government. Today, the one overmastering thought of the people in every civilized country in the world is to achieve true representative government. Where they have never had it, they are struggling for it as for life; where the form is representative but the spirit autocratic, the people have laid hold of the new ideal of honest, popular administration with a grip that will never slacken until complete expression of their will is achieved.

It is a new spirit that is stirring throughout the nations,—a spirit as divinely creative as that which moved upon the face of the waters at the beginning of all things. The age of the rulers is past, for it has done its work and is weary; this is the age of the people. Throughout the centuries of struggle toward the light it has been shaping in silence and darkness, and now the slow dawn is breaking into day,—the day that was prophesied two thousand years ago and that ever since has been seen in visions by men who had the power to think their way into the heart of things and glimpse the truth that in the fulness of time would come to all people. And the new light shines for all,—for the old lethargic nations which have lived in the shell of the old order, as well as for the lusty younger races which have been hammering out the new. India is struggling restlessly under the power of it,—trying in her old age to become a nation; Turkey and Persia, having died down almost to the roots under the rule of the sultans, are both springing up anew to demand that the people be heard at last in parliaments which must give them the laws they want and the freedom of the Western nations; Egypt, restive under the English yoke, is dreaming of a new nationality that shall be greater than that of the Pharaohs, and even conservative old China has awakened from her slumber of centuries to achieve a constitution.

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And the West itself! The history of the earlier years of the twentieth century will make interesting reading some day. Everywhere it is the same tale; the only difference is in the telling. Russia struggling like grim death to make her Duma a real assemblage of the people; Portugal a republic almost without bloodshed; Italy and Spain shaking off the shackles of the priesthood and standing on a level with their kings; Germany putting the fear of God and of the people even into the heart of her autocratic War-lord; France solving her internal problems by common sense instead of contest; Great Britain and the lesser northern kingdoms, republics in everything but name and preserving the tradition of the monarchy more out of love for picturesque old customs than anything else, even as Canada, Australia and New Zealand cling to the tradition of the Empire that was their mother, while enjoying the most complete freedom of popular government.

AS TO our own country, beginning her history with complete political freedom, she is now grappling with the far harder task of using that freedom rightly. Our problem is the higher and more complex one of shaping and training our own abundant strength to the point of complete self-control. The new world-morality is finding here its most significant expression because our only foes are our own mistakes,—the faults and follies of youth and ambition, stimulated by unlimited opportunity. We shake our heads over the foreign hordes that threaten to corrupt and even to swamp our national life, not yet seeing that in our heavy responsibility toward these new citizens lies our greatest opportunity and that it rests solely with the use we make of our own moral and political freedom whether or not they become an added force for corruption or a healthy and constructive element in our wider national life. They come to us drunk with the new idea of freedom and equality; as ready to abuse it as to use it for the good of themselves and others, and under the rule of corrupt politicians or unscrupulous exploiters they are, from sheer weight of ignorant numbers, a mighty force for evil. But let us purge the corruption from our own political life and we will have nothing to fear from them. They come here to make a living, not to sell votes, and when there are no purchasers for votes, none will be sold.

And the work of regenerating our whole body politic is going on with mighty strides. The story of the past few years in this country thrills the pulses more keenly than any battle-cry. It is not a case of leaders, powerful as these are; it comes from the awakened conscience of the whole people. It is the urge of the World Spirit, say-

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ing to every man that the new order is here and that all he has to do is to help break away the shackles of the old,—shackles that he himself has helped to forge. And men here, as all over the world, are listening eagerly to anyone who will voice the Spirit strongly and honestly, and are answering with deeds as well as cheers. The power of Theodore Roosevelt lies in the fact that he feels the underlying thought of the people and speaks it to them again with all the force and enthusiasm of his big, magnetic personality. So long as he does this, and does it honestly, he may do with them what he will. Once let him substitute the utterances of personal ambition, or stoop to the tricks of the politician to gain control by turning popular enthusiasm to his own ends, and his great influence is a tale that is told. The movement that is sweeping the whole country is greater than any leader or group of leaders,—greater than any policy or party, and it is no idle boast to say: woe to the man who gets in the way of it.

SO THE impulse of this most constructive of all the centuries goes forward and the people of all countries move with it. If our own nation marches in the van, it is because it holds within itself the elements of all the others and that thought here finds quick and fearless expression. Government by the people already exists, in one form or another, all over the world, and now we stand at the threshold of world federation. In fact, as to the proven practicability of its essential principles, it already exists; all it needs is a form that will give the opportunity for worldwide acknowledgment. And the working out of this form, to be presented for consideration by the nations assembled at the next Hague Conference, is the epoch-making task assigned to our new Peace Commission.

After all, this is not so revolutionary as it sounds. It merely means that the evolutionary process which has brought nation after nation within the bounds of organized law and order in the past, and is bringing about universal representative government now and in the future, is going steadily on its appointed way, but with larger political structures as its component parts. There are at present in the civilized world fifty-nine nations, all claiming independence and for the most part enforcing law and order within their own territories. The proximity to one another of certain groups of these nations, and the community of interests that, under modern conditions, has been developed among all, have brought about a common understanding and mutually helpful associations that even now are putting into practice the main principles upon which a worldwide political organization for the preservation of peace and the further

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development of commerce and industry would be formed. The old national barriers are everywhere being broken down by such natural agencies as the facility of international communication, the spread of commerce to all corners of the world, giving rise to a degree of interdependence as to the necessities of life hitherto unknown in history, the growth of industries which bid fair to utilize all the energies of the people in a constructive way, the unprecedented volume of emigration from one country to another and, above all, the increasing struggle for existence brought about by higher standards of living and the increased cost of those necessities upon which life depends. The lust of battle and conquest has vanished before the imperative need felt everywhere for developing to the utmost the natural resources upon which the wealth of each nation depends, for a fair share of that wealth is now being demanded by the people who produce it. In the days when knowledge of anything outside the bare facts of everyday existence was the exclusive property of the chosen few, the people were both apathetic and helpless, thinking themselves fortunate if they were permitted to have enough to keep body and soul together. They toiled or fought as they were bid, knowing nothing beyond the fact that their lot was to submit and to endure. Even the smallest portion of ease and plenty was not for them, except as it was to be found in the ranks of a conquering leader whom they followed, partly in the hope of plunder and adventure and partly because the able-bodied men had no choice in the matter of military service. But with the spread of knowledge came not only increased power of thought and perception, but increased wants that clamored for satisfaction through the more natural channels of production and legitimate trade. Growing slowly throughout the centuries, and becoming more and more diffused through the toiling masses of mankind, this knowledge of life in its larger meaning has reached the point where the people realize that, if they are to live at all under present conditions, they must turn all their energies to the work of producing and exchanging freely the necessities of life.

THE whole peace movement has been toward this end. Purely idealistic at its beginning early in the nineteenth century, it has grown within the past twenty years to the stature of a definite and well-organized effort to bring about a political federation of the nations that shall formulate and then recognize a code of international law competent to adjust controversies between different nations in the same way that internal difficulties are now settled by national law. Peace societies, both local and national, have flourished for more than a hundred years, there being now

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over five hundred of them distributed throughout every country in the world, but the modern phase of the movement, which is based upon judicial and economic, as well as humanitarian, considerations, began with the formation in eighteen hundred and eighty-nine of the Interparliamentary Union. This international body of legislators, chosen from the legislative bodies of the different nations and meeting annually to discuss the problems that concern all alike, already has a membership of two thousand five hundred and is the most important unofficial organization of public men in the world. In a way, its deliberations are along much the same lines as are being wrought out in our own Conference of Governors for the procuring of uniform legislation throughout our own States upon certain questions that affect the whole people, for its functions are purely non-legislative. Yet its importance to the preservation of peace and a good understanding between the nations can hardly be overestimated. As matters stand now, there is no real international law that is binding on all nations. What passes for such is merely a mass of opinion and precedent, none too well defined, that any one of them is at liberty to accept or reject, even where the rejection will inevitably result in war. The discussions and deliberations of the Interparliamentary Union, as well as the International Peace Conferences that have been held at intervals in the different countries, have exerted an immense influence in shaping public sentiment in favor of free and open discussion of all vexed questions and in encouraging the rapid growth of arbitration. Also, we owe to the resolutions and recommendations passed at these meetings every step that has been actually taken toward world federation and the assurance of fair dealing between nations. The Interparliamentary Union, at the meeting held in Brussels five years ago, drafted the plan for establishing and maintaining a permanent International Tribunal of Arbitration, and the Treaty of Hague, which provided for the Arbitral Court as it now exists, was ratified by twenty-six nations, which are pledged to refer to it all purely international questions.

But the International Court, as it stands, is entirely dependent upon the will of the disputants in that it cannot summon any nation before it or consider any question that is not voluntarily submitted to it. Furthermore, as it has no power to enforce its decrees, it is in itself helpless to avert injustice or preserve peace. In order to make such a tribunal really effective, there must be an international legislative body, or World Congress, chosen from the national legislative bodies and empowered to formulate and enact international laws for the benefit of all, and this can come to pass only when some form of federation, or political organization, is recognized by all the nations.

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SUCH a step has long been contemplated and the hope is now that it will actually be taken at the third Hague Conference. The proposed federation of nations is based on the same general principles as the Union of our own States, each nation to retain complete sovereignty as regards its own affairs, but referring wholly international questions to the central organization, which should have its legislative, judicial and executive branches like any national government, all the powers holding themselves responsible for the enforcement of its decrees. The World Congress, dealing only with international matters, would stand above all the national Parliaments and Congresses, each nation ceding to it the imperfect power held by itself as regards questions of international import, and receiving in its place full representation, proportioned according to its population and commercial interests, in the central body. Naturally, each one of the federated nations, in addition to retaining complete power within its own limits, would possess also the further power to aid in correcting any error of the International Congress through the action of its own legislative body. It has been suggested that the legislation initiated by the international body should become operative only when approved by, possibly, four-fifths of the nations, or by delegates representing four-fifths of the total population, thus giving the principle of the initiative and referendum a place in international affairs and acting as a greater safeguard against any possible centralization of power.

The natural result of the deliberations of such a body, and of the rulings of the International Tribunal, would be ultimately to create a World Constitution which should be as binding upon all the nations as our own Constitution is upon the United States. Also, there would gradually come into existence, as the need would arise from time to time, a body of laws formulated with the consent of all nations and approved by all, that would place on a recognized and equitable basis all rules for international intercourse. For example, it has already been suggested that the International Congress should be given authority to systematize the rules of ocean navigation; to control postal and cable communications between nations; to fix standard weights and measures for use in international commerce; to regulate all commerce between nations,—each one preserving the freedom to maintain or abolish the tariff within its own borders,—and to determine the question of exchange between nations having a gold or a silver basis of currency. Such measures as these, and the equally vital question of the limitation of armaments and the proper use of both force and legislation for the preservation of peace, would be entirely beyond the scope of any national

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tribunal or legislative body, and equally within the province of an international organization.

WE DO not need to be reminded of the victories for peace already gained by resorting to arbitration. The recent decision of the Newfoundland Fisheries question,—that old bone of contention which has disturbed the relations of England and America for the past century,—is very significant, coming as it does just at this crisis in the movement toward universal peace. It has shown that even that sensitive thing known as “national honor” suffers no loss of dignity by referring a dispute between two great nations to the judgment of an impartial tribunal, whereas much might be lost by fighting,—witness the Boer war! And this only stands out from scores of other cases because of the importance of the interests involved. The principle is the same whether it is applied to avert a strike or a lockout by securing an agreement between employers and employees, or to preventing a war between two of the leading nations of the world,—and the principle is purely economic. Sentiment has not given way to self-interest, but it has strengthened into a larger morality that forces men and nations to consider also the interests of others.

So it is that the spiritual and the material side of human nature are working together toward the same great end,—the end foreseen by the prophets and wise men of all ages. Through sin and suffering, toil and struggle, mankind is slowly emerging into a fuller life. The vision that has been seen from time to time by the greatest among men, and dimly sensed by the collective thought of all humanity, has been followed as the Wise Men followed the Star. And as they followed through the desert, without weapons for either offense or defense, compassed on every side by death and danger, yet fearing nothing, so humanity has pressed forward toward its vision of the kingdom of righteousness, heedless of the war and strife that raged around the lesser things of life and holding fast to the deep inward knowledge that in its own good time the World Spirit would reveal the goal. It has been a long journey, and there is yet far to go, but the Star stands still at last. And when men come to where it blazes in the growing light of dawn, they will kneel down, great and simple together, as the Three Kings knelt with the shepherds from the hill, to worship the peasant-born Prince of Peace.

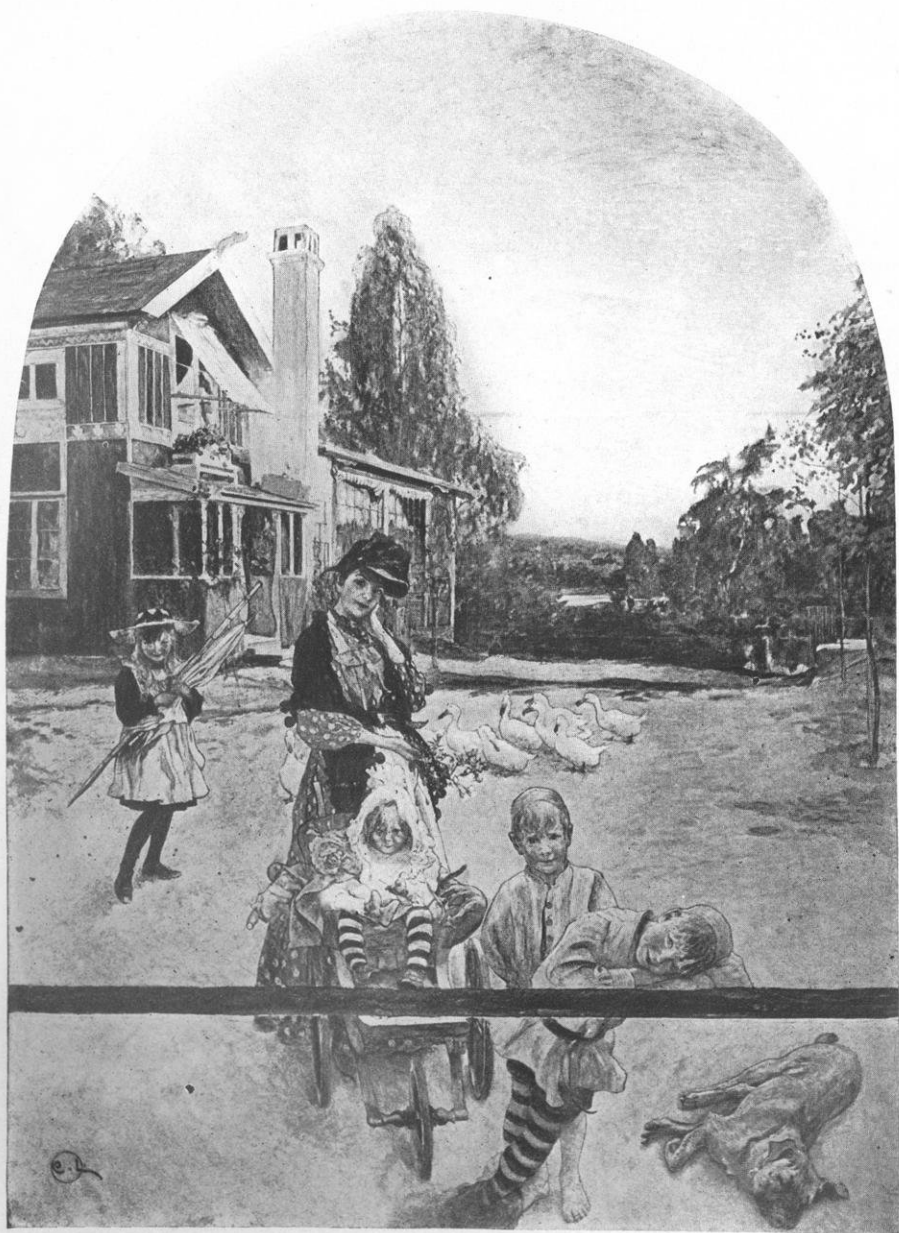
THE HOUSE IN THE SUN: ILLUSTRATED BY PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS OF CARL LARSSON: BY GARDNER TEALL

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The line drawings used to illustrate this article are all from sketches made by Carl Larsson of his family at work and play.



THIS is the story of a house, its master, its mistress, the little children that gladden its threshold, of those who serve them in the loyal spirit of affectionate and grateful attachment, and of the bond which holds all together in that blessed contentment symbolized by the work of every member of the household. The world concerns itself today with the overemphasis of the personality of the individual as a thing apart from almost every attachment that is not adventuresome, as a consequence of which the traditions of the old patriarchal idea, in its happy modifications, would become dim to the present era but for the persistence, throughout the centuries, of the ultimate yearning in every man's heart for home and family, a tradition we have to thank Germany, among nations, for keeping the least obscured, and in exemplary freshness.

In the Swedish Northland there is a quiet village, Sunborn by name, where dwells a great painter whose name has come to be well known in Europe, but of whom little has been heard in America, because his works have never reached here; this painter is Carl Larsson. Shortly after his marriage, nearly thirty years ago, he journeyed with his father-in-law to Dalarna, whither the latter was traveling to inspect an estate, near his old homestead, for which he was negotiating. Making a short detour they went out of their way to pay a visit to two maiden sisters of the father-in-law, who dwelt in a little, ugly, tumble-down old house, before which a few birches and an unkempt growth of elder bushes sprang out of a mere handful of clayey soil, through which a path led from their door to Sunbornsbach, a little stream that encircled the premises. There the young student found a decaying landing dock and a worthless water-logged old boat, that lent forlornness to the rundown vestige of the exterior of the place. With forebodings he entered the house with his father, almost dreading to meet the deaf old ladies whom Karin Bergöö had told him about when she became his wife. But inside he found all spick and span, and almost it seemed as though the dear little old ladies had spent so much of their time keeping the house and its heirlooms of fine old furniture free from the breath of dust or the tread of a fly that they had grown oblivious to all else. "It is a wonderful old house!" said the young Carl to himself, and then he sighed to think what a shame it was the sisters had never had husbands who would have kept things outside as trimly as their thrift had directed



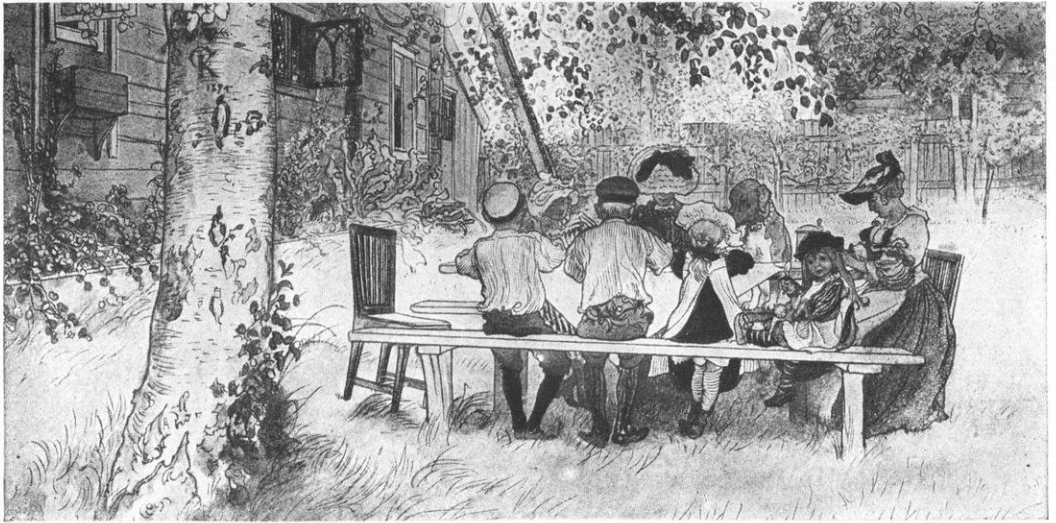
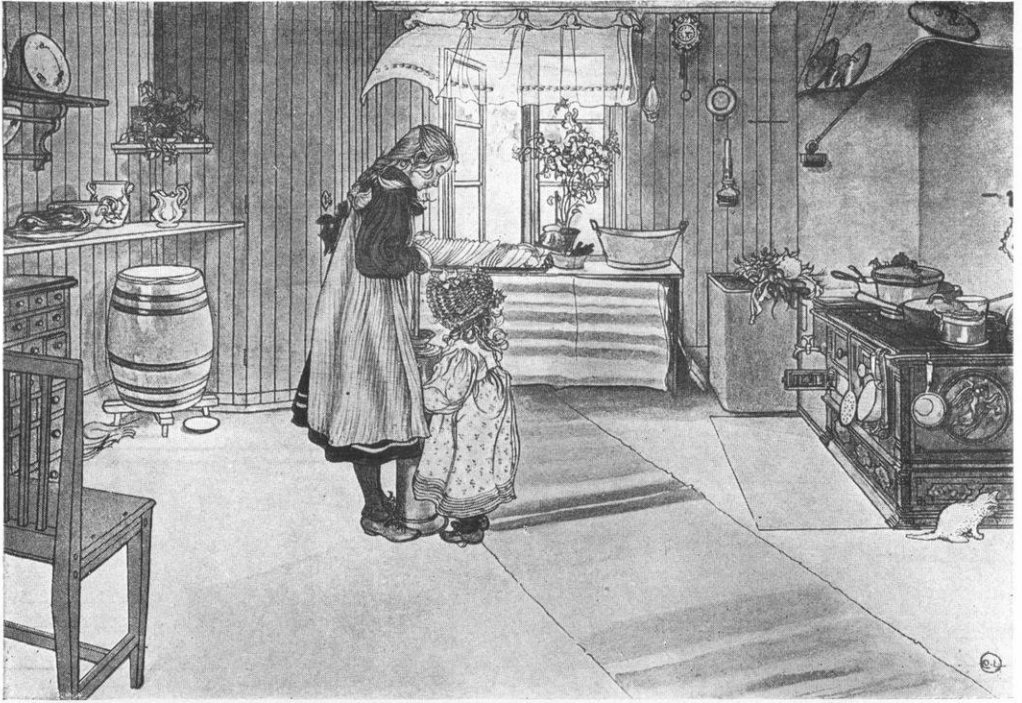
MY FAMILY: FROM A PAINT-
ING BY CARL LARSSON.



"LISBETH'S BIRTHDAY": FROM A
PAINTING BY CARL LARSSON.



THE CHRISTMAS DINNER IN THE HOUSE IN THE
SUN: FROM A PAINTING BY CARL LARSSON.



"IN THE KITCHEN": FROM A PAINTING BY CARL LARSSON, SHOWING TWO OF HIS CHILDREN, ONE MAKING BUTTER.

THE ARTIST'S FAMILY HAVING SUPPER OUT-OF-DOORS: FROM A PAINTING BY CARL LARSSON.

THE HOUSE IN THE SUN

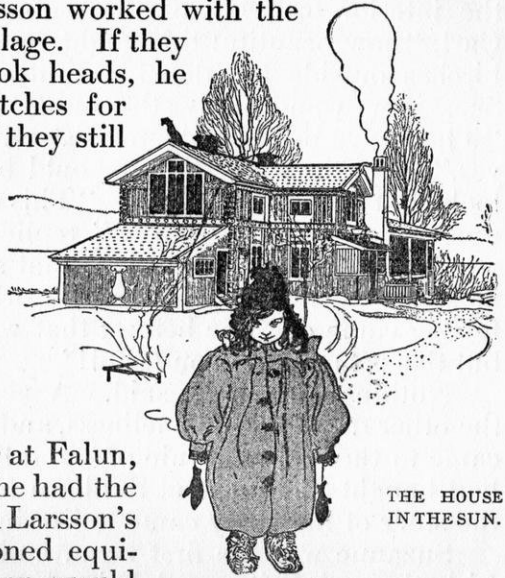
the interior ordering of their abode. "Father-in-law," whispered Carl, "how beautiful this might have been! Hear the wind in those birches outside the door! A little care would restore everything. See, how wonderfully the aunts have kept everything indoors!" "They have been lonely, my sisters," reflected the elder, sadly. "Ah, yes," cried the son, "there should have been children!" The father looked at him, thoughtfully. "This old house has made an impression upon you," he said. "Yes," replied the young man, "never in my whole life have I seen a place that seemed so truly a refuge from the noise and whirl of the great world outside. Only once has this feeling come over me before; that was in an old French farmhouse, but this is far more wonderful!"

Nothing more was said. A year later one of the sisters died; the other dreaded the loneliness, and, to the joy of his children, a letter came to them one morning from father Bergöö with the news that he had bought the house at Sunborn for them from his sister, so that is the story of how they came to live in "The House in the Sun."

Suzanne was the first born, and then came Ulf and Pontus, and Lisbeth, and Brita, and baby Kersti. What a new life it was for Aunt Emma, and strange to say, she did not seem to mind at all seeing the grim old place where she and her sister had spent many noiseless years turned into a tuneful paradise of happy babies. Robert Louis Stevenson once said that his idea of a man's chief employment was to enrich the world with things of beauty, and to have a fairly good time while doing it. Carl Larsson's idea seems not to have been far from Stevenson's. In a very short time indeed he and his young wife, Karin, had transformed the aspect of Sunborn, he with his art, she with her housewifery; both with that inborn love of home and family that was to make their life and the lives of those around them full to the brim with the happiness of contentment, it did not take them long to convert the lonely house by the Sunborn stream into the joyful dwelling they called "The House in the Sun." The trodden earth was broken afresh, lawns planted, the old trees trimmed, neglected hedgerows restored to proper growth, a new path made to the waterside, free from the old stumps that would have tripped up little feet, and a new boat landing built for the spick and span skiff the village boatmaker's skill produced. There was the garden to be made, a garden of lovely old-fashioned flowers, zinnias, hollyhocks, sunflowers, marigolds, pinks and wonderful dahlias. After that the old orchard, scarcely the ghost of its former self was restored to a useful existence for years still to come—thorns gave way to apple blossoms. Would that good father Bergöö had lived to see all these wonderful works which his gift had inspired!

THE HOUSE IN THE SUN

DAY after day painter Larsson worked with the carpenter folk from the village. If they looked dubious and shook heads, he would draw wonderful little sketches for them to ponder over, and then if they still failed to consider his ideas possible he would convince them by taking saw and hammer in hand, for if he could paint a masterpiece he could also cut a board in two and hammer a nail in straight. Little by little the castle in the air became the wonderful "House in the Sun."



THE HOUSE
IN THE SUN.

Thither the traveler, alighting at Falun, might chance to find his way if he had the good fortune to count himself Carl Larsson's friend and guest. The old-fashioned equipage, driven by the faithful Johann, would whirl him through a lovely Swedish landscape, bringing him at last to Dalarna. With a crack of his whip Johann drives you up to the veranda; you jump out and are met by your host, your hostess and their little sons and daughters. But you find it hard to mount the stairs to the guest chamber without pausing to look around you at the painted walls. personal touch of the

KARIN AND
LISBETH IN
THE NURSERY.



Everywhere, everything bears the artist. He has put sunlight into paint, and joyfulness into form, and you discover that you are in such a house as never have you dreamed existed. Over the door is the friendly legend in Swedish:

"Be welcome, dear thou,
By Carl Larsson and Frau."

Hastily you set yourself to rights, for downstairs you know they are waiting to welcome you to their board. Savory odors are just to be whiffed as a little gusty breeze sweeps through the house from the great kitchen. Even this lure to the luscious feast that awaits you hardly drags you away from your delightful

THE HOUSE IN THE SUN



MR. LARSSON'S FAMILY POSING FOR
A TABLEAU VIVANTE; FROM A DRAW-
ING BY CARL LARSSON.

THE HOUSE IN THE SUN



inspection of marvelous bits of your host's handiwork so evident in the perfection of the room's decoration. It is all so homelike—nothing carried too far, but the originality of it impresses you with the pleasant quality it here presents to your wondering gaze.

"A great artist," you say to yourself, "has

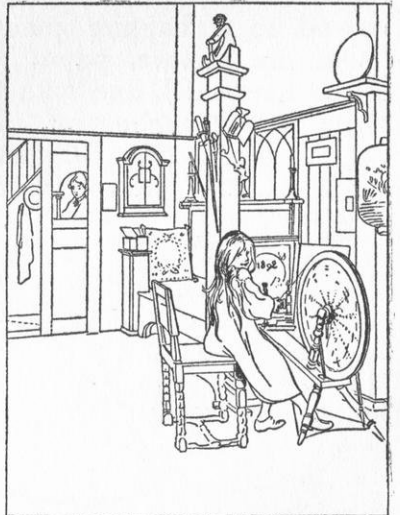
MOTHER'S ANNIVERSARY.

made his house great art, his art great in his home," and you are eager to look further. On your way downstairs you will pass the cupboard which ingeniously hides the pump device to protect the house in case of fire. At one side on a hook above it hangs an alarm bell and a key to the hose closet. Suzanne, Ulf, Pontus and Lisbeth, as the pioneer members of the voluntary fire department, have their proud honor indicated by their several portraits done by father Carl in his most masterly manner. Indeed,



GRANDMOTHER AND KERSTI.

every stroke of his brush is in his most masterly manner, as though he had been Giotto working on Assisian walls or Perugino adorning the Cambio of his native town. Carl Larsson has his art at his fingertips, and if they move rapidly they move surely and with the certain artistry of a Frans Hals. Therefore every stroke of his brush, every picture and every design in "The House of the Sun" has been accomplished with a spiritfult conscientiousness that only the old masters and builders knew. It is the man who has helped to build his home who best enjoys it.



IN THE OLD STUDIO.

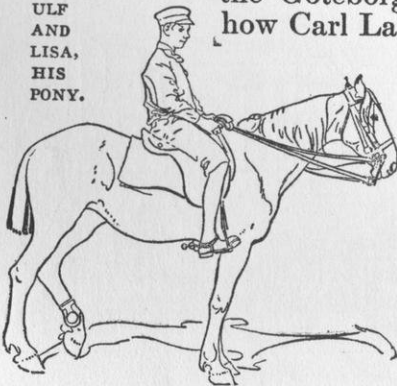
THE HOUSE IN THE SUN

YOU look around the dining room and wonder if the abode of the heroes of some old *saga* has not here found reincarnation. A great table stands in the paneled room, and over in the corner is a quaint old chimney hood. You know now that the ancient phrase "chimney-corner" has some claim to verity after all. Instinctively you wish you could be here for a Christmas feast, when all the best things in the house are brought out, the row of cups, each bearing the name of a member of the family, the dishes that have been designed by the artist, or by his friends for him, and the great candlesticks that then only grace the board. Already your eyes are resting on some exquisite plates which hang on the wall, and you are told they were painted for Frau Larsson by another of Sweden's famous masters of the brush, Bruno Liljefors. On the wall may be hanging a sketch in color of one of your host's jolliest paintings, "Brita and I." The inspiration for this picture came one day when Brita was being given a shoulder ride. Plunk! Father Carl and daughter Brita found themselves face to face with Aunt Emma's old mirror, now moved to a happier place, empaneled in a more cheerful wall. "Oh, my picture, papa!" cried Brita, whereupon Papa Larsson seized his pencil, and with much skilful manœuvring to keep little Brita from tumbling off, the lines for the final water color now in the Göteborgs Museum were caught. That is just how Carl Larsson does nearly everything. He recognizes a motif, and presto, it is his!

A PICNIC BY THE WATERSIDE.



ULF
AND
LISA,
HIS
PONY.



Sunborn brook is swimming with lively fish and you will have a mess of them for breakfast, which the lines of Ulf and Pontus have succeeded in coaxing forth. Perhaps they will take you for a boat ride. Papa Carl has drawn them rowing, and has painted and etched them thus many times. If the day has been fine there will have been breakfast out in the yard under the old

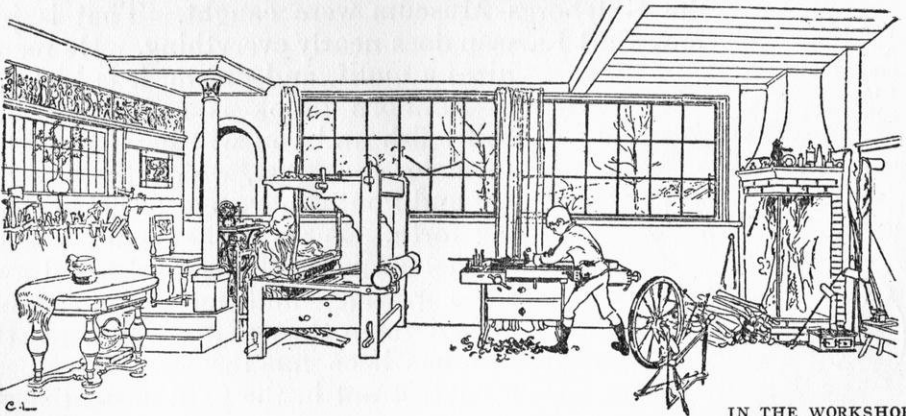
THE HOUSE IN THE SUN



BRITA.

birches, with bluebirds singing overhead. Then you will see one of the little maidens at her piano practice in the living room, Suzanne mounting a chair to restore a faded bit of frieze to its pristine glory, Ulf and Pontus marched off to their lessons, Lisbeth to the kitchen for a cookery lesson, Kersti to water the plants; or perhaps you will find Ulf off for a ride with his pony Lisa, or all of the children in the great work room where the boys have their carpenter and carving benches, the girls a weaving loom and a sewing machine. Indoors or out the Larsson children lead the busy useful lives they have been taught by their wonderful father and mother, who have opened to them the treasure of true happiness. But well they know playtime, too! "The House in the Sun" ever resounds with frolic and laughter. Often the children take turns at theatricals, with indoor or outdoor stage as the occasion demands. They act their own plays or perhaps a friendly poet on a visit will help them to a work especially written for some such auspicious occasion as token of his entering into the spirit of the lives they lead. Even Papa Carl does not think the matter of designing costumes unworthy his talent. He always helps on the great feast days, the birthdays, or mother's and father's anniversary. Then the ceremonies are delightful indeed, days to look forward to, days never to be forgotten.

And with it all Carl Larsson finds time to accomplish great works to send into the outside world. I fancy the outside world wants them, though it may not know it, because they breathe with the fresh spirit that is born in the life of "The House in the Sun."



IN THE WORKSHOP.

A LITTLE BOY AND SANTA CLAUS: BY WALTER A. DYER



ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who believed in Santa Claus. Why he thus believed he did not know. When one is a small boy one finds it easier to believe in things than not. He did not inquire as to the reason for the good Saint's existence. He did not wonder why Santa Claus should choose to be so generous on one particular day. Cause and effect were matters of small importance compared with the net results of sleds and Noah's arks. When Christmas morning came, and the sunlight streaming in through frosted window panes woke the little boy, he made a dash for the mantel where his stocking was hung. There were the jumping-jacks and the Christmas candy, just where he knew they would be—irrefutable evidence of the midnight visit of the good white Saint. Faith in things not seen is in little danger so long as the evidence of things hoped for fails us not. The whole situation suited the little boy, and he believed in Santa Claus.

But he was a very inquisitive small boy, and though the bigger mystery of Santa Claus troubled him not at all, he was a bit perplexed by certain material details. He observed that there was no real fireplace in the house. A scientific turn of mind was his by inheritance, and forced him to pursue his investigations. At length he formulated the important question: How did Santa Claus get in? The grown-ups (they were unusually clever for grown-ups, it seems) told him that Santa Claus could make himself very small at will, and came in through the draughts of the kitchen range, after the fire went out. This proved a satisfactory solution of the problem for a time, as it did not occur to the small boy to inquire whether the grown-ups always allowed the fire to go out on the night before Christmas, though he was a bit puzzled as to how any Saint, even a collapsible Saint, could drag a large sled through a small stovepipe.

Alas! the small boy was born in a scientific and materialistic age, and the spirit of investigation was upon him. He could not let the matter drop. He made an exhaustive study of it, and one by one scented out the flaws in the argument. He took notice of the hesitation of the women grown-ups in answering his questions, and the false notes in the facetious remarks of the men grown-ups. He observed the smile of patronizing superiority on his older sister's face. He began to doubt, and doubt is the beginning of knowledge.

Before many years had passed, he had run the question down, and the grown-ups, finding themselves cornered, were forced to admit that there was no such thing as Santa Claus.

I was that little boy. Ah, well I remember how it seemed that

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my heart would break, when I learned the appalling truth. I left the unsympathetic company of obtuse grown-ups and threw myself down on the sofa in another room; and turning my face to the wall, I wept bitterly. I had lost something that day never to be replaced.

I AM not at all in sympathy with those who think it a sin to perpetuate what they are pleased to refer to as the Santa Claus lie. Personally, I must confess to a feeling of smallness and awe when I stand before a child who honestly believes in Santa Claus. And yet I fear that this hold upon us is weakening. The age of fable has passed; must old St. Nicholas go, too?

This growing scorn for delightful unrealities gives me some concern, for it is an indication of a psychological change in the human race that I do not like to contemplate. One by one the myths of childhood vanish. Bogie-men and fairy godmothers gradually lose their power over us. One by one, the myths of man depart, and Pan lies low beneath our hurrying feet. We have put our faith in a God of gold and steel, and Phœbus no longer rides upon the sunset.

How long will there be among us real children and real poets? Where now is the poet who can invent a myth, or the child who can believe in one? "Alice in Wonderland," I believe, was the last great mythology. Even "Peter Pan" did not wholly convince us.

"We have played Jack Horner with our earth," says James Russell Lowell, lamenting in his *Journal*, "till there is never a plum left in it,"—thereby implying, I presume, that each iconoclastic scientist saith in his stony heart, "Lo, what a brave boy am I!"

The best of our poets have felt alarm at this systematic and progressive disillusioning of the world.

Thus Poe, to Science:

"Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car?
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood
To seek a shelter in some happier star?
Hast thou not torn the Naiad from the flood,
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?"

And thus Wordsworth:

"I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn."

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It is not the disbelief in these old myths that brings pain; it is the destruction of belief, the breaking down of the idols. It may be fun, but it is short-sighted and silly. I believe I would sooner perjure myself than be the one to tell a child that there is no such thing as Santa Claus. And if your brother believes in the power of prayer, you are a knave if you attempt to shatter his faith. This iconoclasm has gone far enough. Let us build us new idols if we can; at least let us destroy no more old ones.

But we cannot hope to rebuild the faith of the world in myth and fairy lore. The day of miracles has passed. People don't read poetry any more. People don't pray any more. This is the age of specialization, and those of us who want our souls to grow must fight always against the tendency of our lives to narrow down to a single channel. For every man there lies a rut ready to receive him.

This is the trend of the times, and it will take patience and much united energy to combat it. The task may be too big for us, but we may be able to do something to prevent our own lives from becoming entirely hardened. And that is what makes this thing worth talking about.

The most materialistic old curmudgeon of us all sometimes looks back with regretful longing toward the fresh, unspoiled, unsophisticated, wondering days of childhood. Indeed, I fancy that some of our modern men and women have reason to indulge in some of this regretful retrospection from about the age of twelve. We envy our earlier selves, and we regret the loss of those very things that we have struggled so valiantly to grow away from.

What is it that makes childhood so alluring? What is it in the old memories that haunts us? Why is it that those halcyon hours come nevermore?

We have been growing old too fast. We have been losing that freshness of interest in all things, that mental alertness, that made us as children, that made earlier peoples, so different from what we are now. Until we regain, by an effort of the will, somewhat of this childlike spirit, we shall continue to plod along, with half of our minds working overtime and the other half asleep.

For one thing, we live too much in cities these days. Cities are manufactured out of material ingredients. Their steel and concrete lives enchain our souls. Myths were never born in cities, but in groves and by the sea. It is there that the imagination is stimulated; there is no such thing as Pan in Wall Street.

Do you remember how you used to lie awake, after they had put you to bed, and weave romances about yourself? Do you remember the countless Indians you slew when you were a little boy, or the

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fairy princes that came to woo you when you were a little girl? Now when you lie awake o' nights, you think of business, don't you? Have you ever made an effort to do otherwise? Have you ever tried to put that part of your mind to sleep, by waking up the other part—the old child part that knew how to “pretend”?

I have, and I tell you it pays. I have learned to turn my mind deliberately to a dream I have of a farm in Massachusetts, where I and One Other stand amid our blossoming apple trees and survey the land that is ours. The sound of a cow-bell is blown faintly from over the hill, above which fleecy clouds are lazily drifting. Our dog is dashing madly about the stone-wall on the fancied scent of a wood-chuck. Our chickens are busying themselves about their manifold duties. Our Neighbor Jones is driving by to town, and is waving a salute with his whip. Our farmhouse nestles beneath its lofty elms, the picture of content. Oh, it pays to dream of it when the day's work is done, whether there is any substance to the dream or not.

I don't believe there is one of us so steeped in the cares of middle age that we cannot break the chains if we will. *If we will*—that's the point. Most of us don't even think about doing it. We know that something is wrong with our lives, but we don't stop to study out what it is. But if we will only stop to consider, we shall see that it is possible to make our lives richer by training our minds to be more elastic and our imaginations livelier. The desk-ridden man of fifty, whose joints are growing stiff and whose circulation is becoming defective, can renew his youth and limber up marvelously by a persistent application of the golf cure. He can do the same with his mind—if he will.

We moved our household a little while ago, and as we overhauled our possessions we came upon many things that awakened memories. There were presents that we gave and received on Christmases gone by. There were humble gifts of the days when the pennies meant even more than they do now—gifts that meant sacrifice for love—gifts that fell far short of what we wished we could afford; they were the best we could do. I wonder what it was about those old Christmas presents that made the tears come. I fancy it was the awakened memory of a time when everything meant so much and was so tremendously appreciated. And then and there we registered a prayer that we might never become so rich that Christmas presents would no longer mean sacrifice. It is that simplicity of mind, that appreciativeness of the good that comes, that makes us love *Mrs. Wiggs* and the *Five Little Peppers*, and if the day should ever come when that spirit has departed from our Christmases, it will be a sadder day, a thousand times, than the one on which I lost my Santa Claus.

THE PINE TREE: AN ALLEGORY: BY RUTH LEE



ORD DUNCAN leaned from the saddle and stretched forth his hand to his brother. "Farewell, dear lad," he said. "Thou hast understood my behests and thou wilt have all in readiness, even upon the seventh day, for the coming of the fair Madeleine?" "Fear not but that all shall be according to thy wish," answered the boy, placing his slim fingers in the gauntleted hand reached toward him. "Yet one thing more!" said Lord Duncan (trying in vain to quiet his eager steed). "The poor pine yonder that grows at the left of the entrance, I charge thee to have it cut down. So twisted and distorted a thing must not remain to offend the taste of my bride. See to it, Jeffrey, that the tree be removed." "Nay, Brother, I pray thee," said the youth earnestly, "spare the tree." "Ah, lad!" cried Lord Duncan, "Dost thou then prefer the ugly? Always thy liking has been for the perfect in nature as in all things else." "Nay, ask me not, my lord," and the boy's eyes that were so large and dark shone with sudden tears. "But grant that the tree remain, at least until such time as the fair Lady Madeleine shall see it. And this I promise thee, if to her sight it proveth distasteful, I will with my own hands dig it up, root and branch." At this Lord Duncan laughed, for it amused him well to picture those slim hands at work with pick and spade, and moreover because of the joy in his heart. Therefore he answered in all good humor, "As thou wilt, my princeling, but I doubt thy tree will survive this day one week." So saying, he signaled to his attendants and started forth.

Till the last of the gay troop had disappeared through the gates the boy watched, and then, with the halting step of a cripple, he made his way back to the castle. He paused before the portal to regard two pines that grew there, one on either side. Because he felt alone and heavy at heart, he spoke aloud to them, as to human beings. First he addressed the tree which stood at the right of the portal, saying,—“Oh, thou strong and mighty one, thou dost indeed fulfil the mission for which thou wast put upon the earth. Thy head stretcheth to the heavens and inviteth the rains; thy roots reach deep into the ground so that thou art not shaken to trembling in the storm; thy branches spread wide and are as a mighty shield at the entrance to our father's home.” Then he addressed the tree which stood at the left of the portal, saying,—“And thou, child of mischance, through what hope persisted thou to draw sustenance from the soil and warmth from the light of heaven? Thinkest thou that, though of no use, there is beauty in thy shrunken trunk and palsied

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limbs? Gaze thou in the mirror of the moat and be thou undeceived!"

As he thus spoke a breeze passed by causing him to draw his cloak about him. And he smiled sadly to note that, while the great pine remaineth undisturbed, the dwarfed tree shivered and sighed as though grown suddenly cold. "Yea, my piteous one," he cried, "we two are as instruments that vibrate to the same touch. Let an invisible hand but brush thy softest string, from my heart will rise a note responsive!"

For a moment he buried his white face in the dark foliage of the pine, as though he would listen for an answer to his words, then drawing back he continued,—“Yet will I suffer thee not to go hence alone; for eyes that look askance at thee must find in my poor frame offense indeed!”

NOW, though he spoke thus mournfully when alone with the trees, the young Lord Jeffrey showed a brave countenance to the inmates of the castle and ordered all things to be made ready for the coming of the Lady Madeleine, even as his brother had wished. Yet, when the fateful day arrived, he found himself too sad of heart to ride forth to meet the bride. Moreover he dreaded to bedim her early happiness by showing himself, so lame and pale. But as the day drew to a close, a strong desire came upon him to see her and to learn the destiny of his beloved tree. Long he watched from his window, until at last, when the shadows of the castle stretched far to the east, he beheld his sister step out upon the terrace in company with her waiting-woman.

Then did he dress himself as a common gardener, concealing his fragile body in a loose blouse, his curling locks and wan face under a wide hat, also his delicate hands in coarse gloves, and, taking pick and spade, he presented himself before the Lady Madeleine.

“It is my lord’s will,” he said, “that I should consult thy pleasure concerning various improvements to be made in the grounds at this part. First, with thy gracious permission, I will remove this pine which has too long been a blot upon the scene, and must of necessity find disfavor in thy sight.” Whereupon he began diligently to clear away the needles and cones that had dropped from the branches, and to prepare the ground for digging. “Nay, my good man,” the Lady Madeleine said kindly, “the tree doth no harm, I pray thee let it be.” “And yet,” replied the youth, not pausing in his labor, “canst thou think of aught good that it doth?” “Indeed,” she answered quickly, “doth it not offer protection from the sun in time of summer, from the snow in time of winter, and,

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moreover, doth it not stand at the very threshold of the castle to offer welcome to the stranger?" "Ah, dearest lady," replied the youth, "all thou sayest may be true of yon straight and hardy tree, that, like Lord Duncan, thy husband, is fit to grace the highest station. But this sapless, withered thing is more like poor Lord Jeffrey, and is scarce worthy of its place." "As to that I can give no answer," said the Lady Madeleine, "for Lord Jeffrey I have not yet beheld. Howbeit," she added pensively, "he doth seem less kind than our pine tree in that when I came this morning, he stood not at the threshold of his home to give the stranger welcome." With this she would have moved away to where the lady in attendance was plucking roses. But Lord Jeffrey called to her, and, throwing off his disguise, stood before her in all his frailty. Timidly he took her hand and raised it to his lips. "Forgive me, my sister," he said, "and believe that it was fear and not unkindness which this morning prevented me from giving thee fit welcome."

Then, from out the castle door strode Lord Duncan, well pleased to see the two whom he best loved thus holding friendly converse. "How now, my lady," he laughed, "hast thou persuaded this whimsical lad to have yon unsightly stump removed?" "Nay," answered the bride, turning a serious face to his merry one, "so long as I am mistress of this castle, so long must this pine remain in its place, and if ever I go to another home then must it go with me. For know, my lord, that all trees are my friends, but this one is my brother whom I greatly love."

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ONE built a city on a hill,
One built a lowly song;
One built great towers and domes that thrill
The worldly throng.

A few brief years—they were not long—
The city fell to ashen flakes;
Now, when I hear that old, old song,
My heart still breaks.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

FOR THE MANY

IN THE garden of life I strayed:—
And the trees there grew,
Were the cypress and yew—
Nor fain had I stayed.

Who prays here alone? Who kneels in the shade
By the cypresses made, His head 'gainst the stone?
'Tis the Christ, here, alone, they come not, the many.
If thou found the way, thou must stay
And pray with the Christ—for the many.

An angel will come with a cup
For thee to sup. If he holds it to thee,
Though gall it may be, thou must drink—for the many.

An angel will come, and close to thee stand,
With bread in his hand—thou must eat
The bitter and sweet, with the Christ—for the many.

An angel will bring the cross to the King,
In the Garden of Life. In thy hour of strife
Do thou arise for the sacrifice.
Bear up an arm of the Cross, thou—for the many.

If the clouds should lift, and through a rift
In the Golgotha gloom,
The glory of God should bloom,—fill up
Thy soul's empty cup, and pour it out—for the many.

MARGARET TROILI CAMPBELL.

"THE BLUE BIRD": MAETERLINCK'S SYMBOLIC FAIRY STORY: THE PRODUCTION AT THE NEW THEATER: BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF



THE programme for the London presentation of "The Blue Bird,"—an interpretation which seems to have cast a spell over all who witnessed it—contains the following prefatory note: "The Blue Bird, an inhabitant of the Pays Bleu, the fabulous country of our dreams, is an ancient symbol in the folk lore of Lorraine and stands for happiness." The New Theater programme comments: "The quest of the 'Blue Bird'—a being perfect, elusive and infinitely to be desired—is the subject of many an old French fairy tale. In this play the Blue Bird stands for happiness."

The English programme, designating that wonderful scene where the children visit the graves at midnight, translates the poet precisely,—*"Before the Wall"*—thus in the poet's use can a single word become a symbol! But the American programme, suspicious of symbols, states prosaically—that there shall be no mistake in the minds of the audience—that the scene takes place *"Outside the Churchyard."*

In the newspaper announcement of the play this phrase of quack advertisement flavor appears, *"The Blue Bird for Happiness."* There is food for thought in these rhetorical differences in explicitness and exploitation.

Maeterlinck's symbolism, at least so far as central ideas are concerned, is invariably stated clearly in his text. With the added explicitness of the English translation it must be obvious to the veriest dullard. One must regret therefore that an organization like the New Theater, founded with the avowed intention of maintaining a theater free from the business considerations that constrain Broadway, should feel it necessary to use the kindergarten methods of popular advertisement for the benefit of the matter-of-fact or uncultivated patron.

OF the allegory of the soul's pursuit of happiness, personified by the search of the two children for the Blue Bird, it is not necessary to speak in detail. That sense of the existence of a soul in animals and in the forces and creations of nature—so dominant a note in the Belgian poet's philosophy—becomes in this play a part of the fabric of symbolic drama. The scene in the Forest (omitted in the production because of its length) reveals the hostility of nature

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and the animals to man, the conquerer and despoiler. All have conspired to keep from him the Secret (of happiness, man's destiny), all hate and fear him and long for his downfall,—all save the *Dog*, the friend of man, symbol of blind faith and the love that neither questions nor demands, that asks nothing but the privilege of loving. This conception of the character of the *Dog* Maeterlinck has set forth in an inexpressibly touching fashion in his essay, "Our Friend the *Dog*." The mystery of this dumb creature's allegiance to man has taken strong hold upon the imagination and sympathies of the poet, and in "The Blue Bird" we find the *Dog* and the little boy *Tyltyl* the central figures of the drama. In the story the *Dog* is the only one of the creatures who when told that death awaits them at the end of the journey, does not seek to escape. Instead, he leaps in joy about the children exclaiming, "I want to go with the little god." And when at the end he is obliged to give up his power to communicate with man he stretches himself, a tragic figure, before the door with the unlovely pathetic howl that is a dog's only expression of grief. In the second act he states his simple creed, "There is man and that's all. We have to obey him. . . . That is the one and only fact in life or death. All for man. Man is God." The philosophical *Cat* says, "Give your reasons." And the dog replies: "There are no reasons. I love man; that is enough."

In the character of the *Cat* the author's art sense is not less perfect. Let no cat lover bristle with indignation at this statement, for the real cat lover is not (as Miss Repplier has pointed out somewhere) the one who seeks to equip the cat with the doglike virtues it does not possess, but the one who appreciates it for its own unique quality. This quality has always seemed to me rather exclusively an æsthetic one. The nature of the cat is cryptic, enigmatic, mysterious. This is expressed in the scene "In the Palace of the Night," where the cat's real nature is revealed in its alliance with the powers of night and darkness. In the scene in the forest we see its unaltered kinship with the wild animals. (What is more unappreciative of the real essence of the cat than to call it a domestic animal!) In its human relation we see it cautious, selfish, hypocritical, furtive, sphinxlike. The cat associates itself with man for its own purposes. But it comes and goes at its own will; its mysterious rites and celebrations take place under cover of the darkness. It returns to the hearth in the morning reticent, sleepy, patronizingly willing to be housed and fed. To human beings its motives and feelings are unexpressed, save those relating to hunger and the desire for warmth. When the *Cat* takes leave of the children before returning into the "Land of Silence," called upon by the little girl for an expression of



THE FAIRY *Berylune* TELLING *Mytyl*
AND *Tyltyl* ABOUT THE MAGIC DIAMOND.



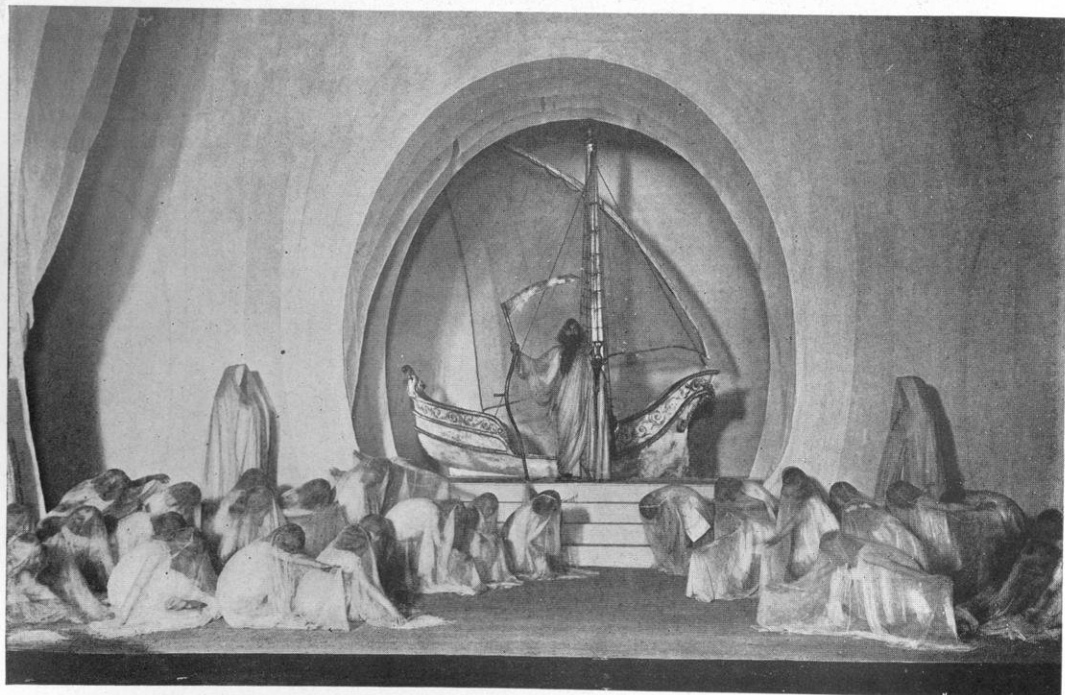
THE OPENING SCENE IN "THE BLUE BIRD":
Mytyl and *Tyltyl* watching happy chil-
dren playing across the way.



"THE LAND OF MEMORY": WHERE THE CHILDREN FIND THEIR MUCH-BELOVED GRANDPARENTS.



FEASTING WITH GRANDPARENTS AND OLD
FRIENDS IN "THE LAND OF MEMORY."



"THE DANCE OF THE HOURS" IN THE
WOODCUTTER'S COTTAGE.

"THE KINGDOM OF THE FUTURE": THE
"BLUE CHILDREN" WAITING TO BE BORN.



AT THE END, THE BLUE BIRD (HAPPINESS) IS FOUND
IN THE CHILDREN'S OWN HOME. THE LAST PLACE
THEY HAD THOUGHT OF SEARCHING FOR IT.

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affection, it observes ("in an affected and enigmatic tone," the text reads) "I love you both as much as you deserve." But the *Dog*, frank, adoring, who, endowed with speech, has expressed all the pent-up devotion of his little being, passionately protests against losing his power to communicate: "No, no, I refuse. I shall always talk. You will understand me, will you not, my little god? . . . and we shall tell each other everything—everything. I shall be very good. I shall learn to read, to write, to play dominoes and I shall always be very clean. Shall I do a wonderful trick for you? . . . Would you like me to kiss the *Cat*?"

IN THE forest scene (at first retained in the London production and afterward cut as in the New Theater version) the different characters of *Cat* and *Dog* are dramatically developed. In this scene, too, another significant fact quite obliterated in the American interpretation is elaborated,—the children's misunderstanding of the *Dog's* sincere outspoken devotion and willingness to fight for them to the death, and their mistaken reliance upon the diplomatic ill-meaning smooth-speaking *Cat*. In the theatrical representation the little boy's attitude toward the *Dog* is always affectionate. In the true Maeterlinck allegory the child receives the *Dog's* devotion carelessly and is easily turned against him for the moment by the wily *Cat*, who tells him that the *Dog* is making the trees and animals so angry that they will refuse to give up the Blue Bird. In reality, the *Cat* has led the children into a trap, wishing to destroy them now that they menace the wild creatures' last stronghold of freedom.

"His presence will spoil everything," says the *Cat*, referring to the *Dog*, and the little boy apologizes, "I could not get rid of him." Then to the *Dog* he says, "Go away, you ugly thing." The *Dog* begs to follow at a distance. *Tyltyl* urged by the *Cat* beats him. The *Dog*, yelping, returns to his side. "I must kiss you now you have beaten me—" How often, oh, happy owner of a dog, has your own pet done this very thing!

The little boy sends him away, but the little girl, although always ready to believe the *Cat*, whimpers, "No, I want him to stay. I am afraid of everything when he is not here." Then the *Dog*, effusively grateful, leaps upon her: "Oh, the dear little girl, how beautiful she is . . . how good she is; . . . how sweet she is. . . I must kiss her." The very absurd clumsy loving leaps of the dog translated into words. The same extraordinary interpretation of canine expression is disclosed at the moment where *Bread* appears fatuously dressed in Turkish robes, and the *Dog* jumps about him exclaiming, "How nice he looks; . . . what a fool he looks . . . how nice he

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looks!" Agreeable ill logic of the humor-perceiving affectionate soul!

The *Dog* submits to being bound at his master's request and is so made powerless to help the children. Most of the animals have arrived on the scene. A few have sent excuses. "The Hen could not leave her eggs, the Stag had a pain in his horns, the Fox is ill, the Goose did not understand and the Turkey flew into a passion—" the Rabbit informs them. They conspire to kill the children, each in his turn, however, seeking to excuse himself from the actual execution of the deed, revealing the fear of Man.

After a time *Tyltyl*, slow to grasp the fact of danger from the inferior powers, becomes frightened. "What is the matter with them?" he asks the *Cat*. "Are they displeased?" But the *Cat* replies with bland and inconsequent dissimulation, "Don't be alarmed. They are a little annoyed because the spring is late." Then when the trees and creatures set upon the children, the *Dog* bursts his bonds and fights with *Tyltyl* for their lives.

THE scene at the "Palace of the Night" begins with an eerie conversation between the *Cat* and *Night*. Here behind the closed doors to which *Night* holds the key is the real Blue Bird, "The only one that can live in the light of day." But among them are "the Blue Birds of dreams that live on the rays of the moon and die as soon as they set eyes on the sun."

Night complains of Man: "Must he know everything? Already he has captured a third of my mysteries; all my Terrors are afraid and dare not leave the house; my Ghosts have taken flight, the greater part of my Sicknesses are ill." *Tyltyl* has come to seek the Blue Bird behind the closed doors; he tries all the smaller doors, finding only *Night's* various terrors. The symbolic utterances of *Night* here contain incomparable whimsical touches, as when she adjures the child not to let the Ghosts escape. "We shall never be able to catch them again. They have felt bored in there ever since man ceased to take them seriously." And there are characteristic bits of Maeterlinckian poetry, as when the escaped Stars, the Will o' the Wisps, the Fireflies, Dew and the Perfumes of the night dance about the hall, and the child asks, "Who are those whom one can hardly see?" And *Night* replies, "Those are the perfumes of my Shadow."

At last *Tyltyl* comes to the great doors and determines to open them. *Bread*, the *Cat* and *Night* use every argument to frighten him from the task. All at last flee from him save the *Dog*, who "panting and hiccoughing with suppressed fright," reassures him, "I shall stay. . . . I am not afraid—I shall stay with my little god.

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I shall stay." What a pity that in the desire to give an obvious effect for climax this touch was cut out and stage "business" of excited action and movement was substituted.

For theatrical purposes also presumably, the climax of that act—a touch of genius—was cut out. *Tyltyl* opens the great doors in the "Palace of Night" to find instead of fabulous horrors the magic garden in the unearthly light of which thousands of blue birds are flying. The children fill their arms with them and carry them away, only to find outside the gates that they have died, for they were the birds who could not live in the sun. The real Blue Bird had escaped them. "They could not reach him," the *Cat* exulted. "He kept too high." *Tyltyl* sorrowfully leaves them in a heap upon the ground. The *Dog* is left in contemplation. No longer the hero, the body-guard of man, he relapses a moment into wistful material doggishness as he looks down at the dead birds and wonders, "Are they good to eat?" Instead of this speech a sort of ballet pantomime of the Night Spirits restoring the dead birds to life was interpolated.

THE scene where the children meet their dead grandparents in the "Land of Memory" is full of tender poetic beauty. "How can we see them when they are dead?" *Tyltyl* asks the fairy when she proposes the visit; and the fairy responds mystically, "How can they be dead when they live in your memory?" Again Maeterlinck touches upon the eternal mysteries when among the graves at midnight the child turns the magic diamond upon the grave stones only to see them totter and disappear while an enchanted dawn comes with green leaves, bees and flowers. The little girl, not daring to look, asks fearfully, "Where are the dead?" and the little boy, gazing at the lilies blooming where the grim symbols of death had stood, responds, "There are no dead!" a simple expression conveying a great spiritual proclamation. The ability to convey this could hardly have been expected of the young girl who took the part. Through the medium of Debussy's music and Mary Garden's art the delicate escapable essence of such things can be communicated. But in the American theater of the spoken word few actors possess so intangible an art. Again when in the end the little boy finds that the real Blue Bird is his own dove, in his home—a true and simple symbolism—the boy's exclamation, "We went so far and he was here all the time—" is unfortunately insignificant and trivial in its attempt to preserve naturalness.

In the scene in the "Land of the Unborn Children" the "Kingdom of the Future"—which more nearly than any other conveyed its intrinsic beauty in the performance, the poet touches upon the un-

THE BLUE BIRD: A SYMBOLIC FAIRY STORY

solved mysteries of the origins and destinies of souls. Each child must carry something to earth with him in his little box—a discovery, an invention, a crime or a great mission. *Time* summons them when their hour has come. The child who is to become a great hero to fight against injustice is called but he holds back crying, “No, no, I don’t want to go. I would rather not be born. I would rather stay here.” A deeper note of life’s mystery is touched upon with the souls of the two lovers who must be parted before they are born. “I shall be gone before she comes down,” exclaims one. “I shall never see him again!” the other cries despairingly. But *Time*, adamant, responds, “All this does not concern me. Address your entreaties to *Life*. I unite and part as I am told.” In this mysterious blue region *Tyltyl* and *Mytyl* are greeted by their own little brother, yet unborn. They talk together. “What have you in that bag?” *Tyltyl* questions. “I bring three illnesses,” the child replies. “Whooping cough, scarlatina, measles.” “And after that?” “After that . . . I shall leave you.” “It will hardly be worth while coming,” *Tyltyl* exclaims, but the unborn soul replies, “We cannot pick and choose.”

The children whose hour has struck set sail in *Time*’s ship. The others, left to await their time, cry out to them. “Try to know me again . . . I shall find you. Don’t lose your ideas. . . . Don’t lean too far into space.” The children’s voices are heard in the distance. “The earth, how beautiful it is.” . . . Then a strange wonderful song of gladness arises. “What is that?” asks *Tyltyl*, and *Light* responds, “It is the song of the mothers coming out to meet them.”

The beautiful expressive music for this was written by a young Irishman, Norman O’Neil, previously unknown. It is intended to be sung by a chorus of women’s voices, and done in that way, as it was in London, instead of being merely played by the orchestra as here, the effect was said to be indescribably thrilling.

IT WOULD be pleasant if one could speak with more enthusiasm of the performance itself, but the truth is that it is not on the same high level of many of last winter’s performances at the New Theater, and that upon the whole the effect seemed rather remote from the spirit of the original. It is only just, however, to remember that the expense of such things is greater in this country and that the stage managers have not the same material to draw upon in casting a production. Several of the interpretations—notably that of *Bread*—were conceived in the crude and blatant spirit of Broadway musical comedy. Indeed, the programme did not need to inform us that little Irene Brown had received her training there,

THE BLUE BIRD: A SYMBOLIC FAIRY STORY

the exaggerated self-conscious conception of childish coquetry which pleases the taste alike of that region and Third Avenue was only too painfully apparent in the child's expression. Indeed, of all the actors only Miss Wycherly (who is a Canadian), Miss Moretti, who is an actress of wide experience, Mr. Wendell, who is recruited from the ranks of the cultivated class, Mr. Yapp and Mr. Robert Cummings seemed able to deliver the lines with any sense of their beauty or meaning. Yet Miss Moretti's *Night* gave no sense of its symbolic mystery, and Louise Closser Hale—so delightful in modern character parts, was prosaic and disappointing in the rôle of the fairy *Berylune*. To expect interpretations containing any sense of illusion from actors immature in years would seem to be unreasonable in a country where the art of the theater is at so low an ebb as it is in ours, and no doubt it was all that could be expected that Gladys Hulette—save for a comic-opera effect of dancing through her rôle—should achieve as much naturalness as she did, for after all she is only a "big little girl." It is unfortunate that the scheme of the performance should have substituted a child of unnatural nobility and courage for the altogether human and natural child of the text, for *Tyltyl's* unconscious native bravery is only made the more convincing by his moments of fear, hesitation and careless childish unkindness.

The spectacle side of "The Blue Bird" was only mediocre. We can do such things much better in these days. *Fire*—a Loge emancipated from the necessity for a voice—might surely have been more subtly danced and costumed, and the rejection of the fantastic semi-realistic costumes used for the *Cat* and the *Dog* in the London performance deprived the actors of much of their means to effect. Mr. Wendell's performance handicapped by an unsuggestive makeup lacked, therefore, much of the charm of the part, in spite of his realistic barks and howls. The interpreter of the *Cat* had a more successful makeup and achieved moments of effect, but his mews were interpolated rather more in the spirit of Broadway extravaganza than that of Maeterlinckian fantasy. The charge of lack of poetry in the text of "The Blue Bird"—which was surely made by those who have not read the original—was no doubt based upon the impression made by the awkward overemphasis and the prosaic and uncultivated enunciation of many of the performers. Bad enunciation, local "burrs" in the actors' speech are not agreeable to listen to in any performance, but they offend the ear more actively in the poetic drama. In other countries the theater is supposed to present a standard of correct speaking. It is to be hoped that that will some day be the case in America.

THE RESTING OF MOTHER: BY GERTRUDE RUSSELL LEWIS



IELDING to the importunities of her family, Mrs. Cary, some time after her husband's death, divided the estate and went to live with her children, for they were all settled and could not come to her.

"The work in the house is too hard for you," they said. "Give it up and come and live with us and take it easy, and have a good rest. You ought to have relief from all care, and we don't like to leave you here alone." It was against every inclination, for Mrs. Cary was a good manager and had an excellent tenant farmer in the wee old house, pushed back when she was married for a more modern structure. But she left the home of her wifehood, her motherhood and widowhood, of all the experiences of a full life, a life rooted with the fibrous domestication of forty years. She left the lane of hard maples planted by her father, to be ruthlessly felled, as she knew they would, by the new owner. She gave up the roan cow, granddaughter how many times removed from Uncle David's legacy, and a lot of her mother's old frumpery that no one ever uses now. She gave up her garden with a row of hollyhocks that little girls might play at dolls with the blossoms, overskirted with lady slippers and bonneted with variegated larkspur. She gave up, too, the habits of a lifetime; her own method of setting the milk pans, her salt-rising bread. And only next to giving up the glimpse of the little copse where long since had disappeared a tiny grave, green in no one's memory but her own, next only to this was the renunciation of Coming over to Grandma's, a privation she was ever more to suffer in common with the little people. She was not again to have her own cookie jar, and when one cannot dispense one's own hospitality if only in the terms of lumps of brown sugar, surely one is in case akin to broken-hearted Dante, forever ascending another man's staircase, his bitterest proof of exile.

Yet a life of ease has its attractions, too, for at sixty, though quite capable of the slender housekeeping required for one or two, one does tire a bit, and the cushioned chair and knitting needles have their allurements. She had seen at the County Fair that knitted spreads were coming in again; and a book, she had not read Pope's "Essay on Man" since she parsed it at school. So she was overpersuaded.

She went first to John's, where she was a welcome guest, for John's wife was sewing carpet rags for an art rug and when she wanted to finish one more ball Mother got the supper and let her go on,—supper for six. John had an abscess and Mother made

THE RESTING OF MOTHER

poultices her way and kept them on hot for a week. After a time Henrietta sent for her to help in the harvesting, and she went to Maria's for the housecleaning and to Henry's wife until the new baby got over the colic. Then back to John's to cook for the family reunion and to can fruit while they all went to the State Fair. And so with the season's hardest task she made the rounds of her children's houses, patient and plucky, but missing sorely the turn of her own cellar stairs.

She had promptly loaned her third of the proceeds of the farm to her oldest grandson and he had partly paid the interest on it, twice. It seemed indelicate to ask for money while she was a guest in the house and impossible, while living with one, to ask it of another. A good-humored son-in-law handed her five dollars, but more than once she overheard phrases to the effect that being an old lady, Mother did not need very much. And she found that, with all the rest, she had lost her identity. At her son's she was Old Mrs. Cary, at Henrietta's she was the nameless "Mrs. Crosby's Mother." People took pains to speak to her, but they seldom interested themselves in her response.

Adown the road James Alston was wrestling with the complication of a large corn crop and a delicate wife. It seemed impossible to get help, but James was keen of perception. One morning as he started out, he said, "Hally, I am going over to get Old Mrs. Cary to come and do our work for us."

"Maria Bissell's mother?" Hally was shocked. "Impossible," she said, "she is very well off and wouldn't come and her children wouldn't let her. Why, she's too old, they made her give up the home because it was too much work for her."

"Well, she works like a slave now, I know. She certainly doesn't look as if she had any unearned increment coming her way, and it's peace and quiet here compared with those big noisy families."

So he went over and got Mrs. Cary, Old Mrs. Cary, and brought her home and they kept her. They gave her a room to herself which had not been worth while at her various abodes, for she was there for only a few weeks at a time and the children loved to sleep with grandma. And they paid her a generous wage, the first monetary independence she had known in several shabby seasons.

Her children, at first bewildered, took it on the whole good-naturedly. "Isn't it strange how queer old people are? You know Mother could have had her home with us as long as she lived and not a care in the world. But old folks have to be humored. I suppose she likes the change, but I should think she would rather stay with us and rest."

THE ART OF OUR WESTERN PAINTERS: ITS SINCERITY AND VALUE



IT IS through the frontier of a country that the people as a whole retain some directness, dignity and simplicity. In the hearts of the men who have moved out to new lands there must be inevitably courage, hope, insight; in their lives, also of necessity, purpose and simplicity—imagination is awakened by the need of looking into the future, capability by the need of facing the present. The pioneer moves through realities. He is sheltered from no disaster or joy of actual life; he meets all the emergencies of his own existence and thereon tests the quality of his own soul. The daily difficulties of his life are not softened by the push button. So far as he personally is incapable he himself must suffer. On the frontier society is not organized to protect the ineffectual; it is the effectual who create what society there is. The heritage of the children of the pioneer is intrepidity, fearlessness, sureness, sensitiveness rather than conventional taste, a philosophy in which the imitation and the artificial have no place.

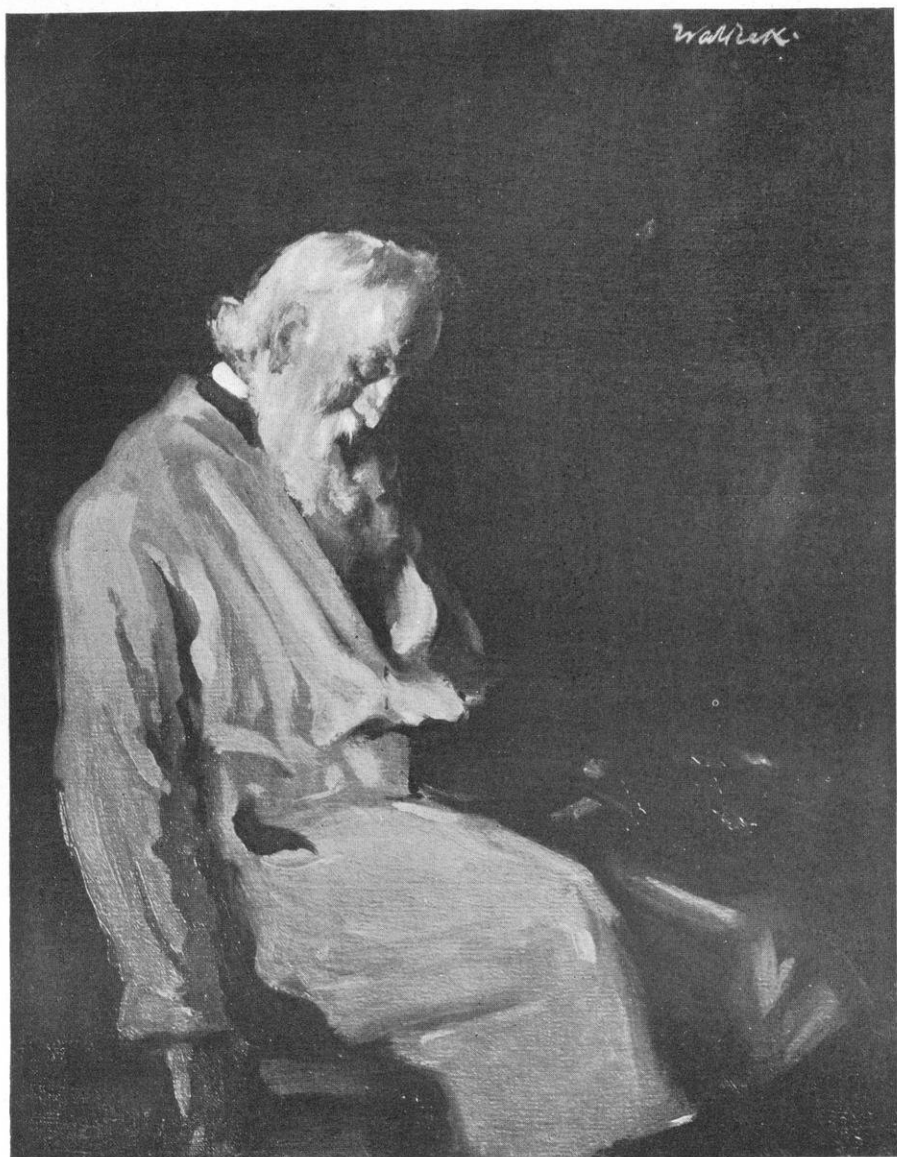
The country where a man's word takes the place of the Legislature is not a poor birthplace for the arts, for there they must be nourished on realities. A country which leaves the imagination unhampered and expects every man to personally conduct his own existence should prove indeed a congenial soil for a national art to take root in.

When we say of an American that he is the "Western type," we are very apt to mean, if we know the type, that he is alert, sincere, energetic, open-minded, open-hearted, loyal—a man whose life has been free, who desires free expression for all ideas. An idea is not a real thing to him unless it is liberated from dogma, he does not recognize one as existing if heavily draped in the spirit of conventionality. It is good for the nation that we find society (not with a capital S) in the West building up along these lines, that we find accomplishment which is fresh, invigorating, related to life itself; that we find homes beautiful, original, suited to the lives of the people, rich with comfort, developed through economy to taste, an expression of the point of view of the owner toward life and its ideals. It is also good for us that in the West we find an increasing literature that is moving in new channels, that tells the story of the people of the Western coast, not of old England or of New England, of Russia or of Abyssinia, but of the men working in the wheat-fields, in the gold mines, of the Chinamen that have honeycombed the underworld of the Coast. The old settler and the modern fortune hunter, father



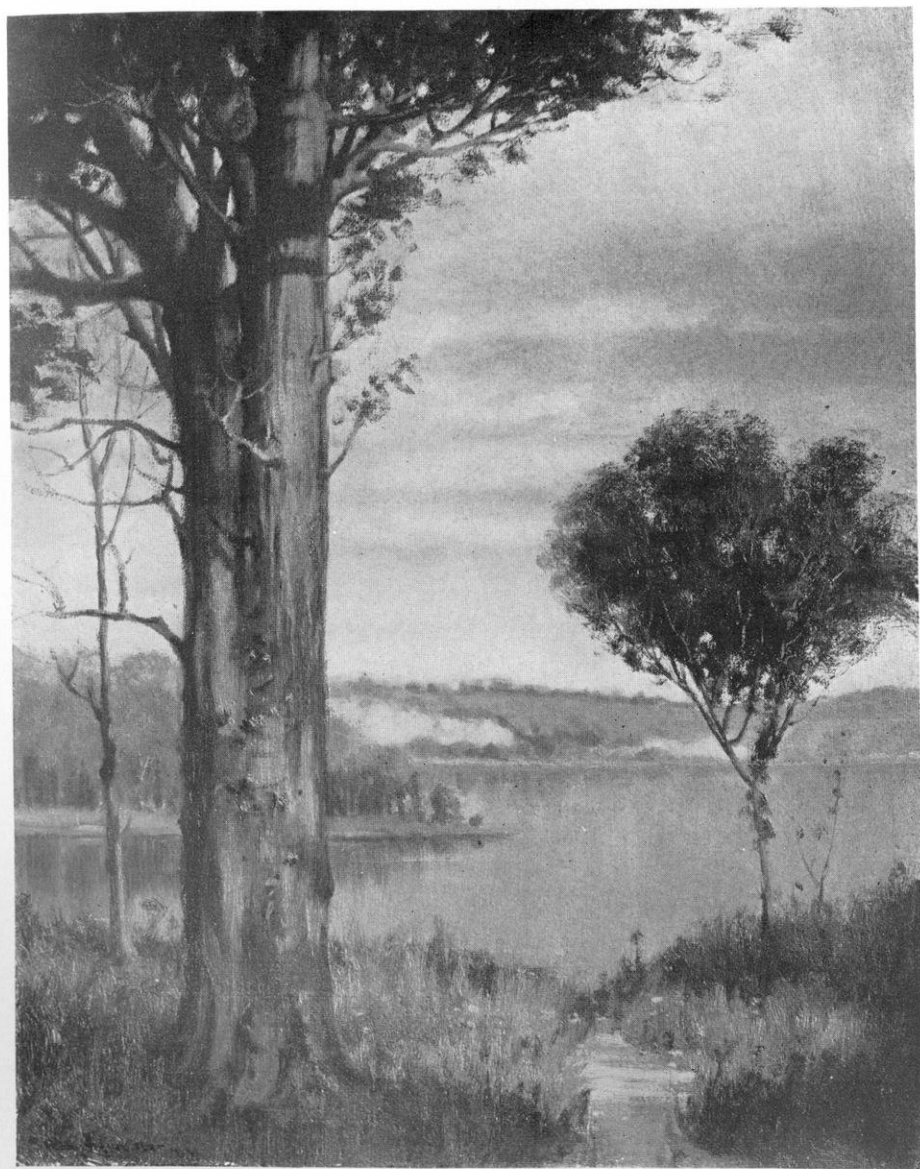
Courtesy of Moulton & Ricketts Galleries.

"MIDSUMMER": FROM A PAINT-
ING BY MARTHA HOKE.



Courtesy of Moulton & Ricketts Galleries.

"THE ARTIST'S DREAM": FROM A PAINTING BY CARL GUSTAV WALDECK.



Courtesy of Moulton & Ricketts Galleries.

A LYRIC LANDSCAPE: FROM A
PAINTING BY F. O. SYLVESTER.



Courtesy of Moulton & Ricketts Galleries.

"RETURN OF THE FLOCK": FROM A
PAINTING BY CHARLES HEBERER.



Courtesy of Moulton & Ricketts Galleries.

AN INDIAN SCENE: FROM A PAINT-
ING BY OSCAR E. BERNINGHAUS.



Courtesy of Moulton & Ricketts Galleries.

EDGAR J. BISSELL: FROM
A PAINTING BY HIMSELF.

OUR WESTERN PAINTERS

and son, are together in these stories. There are stirring tales of the men who settled and unsettled this boundary of our land. Their conflicts, their triumphs, their heartbreaks, form the plots of the stories of Hamlin Garland and Frank Norris, of Owen Wister and Cy Warman, men who knew their own country from Chicago to San Francisco and have chummed with the makers of it.

ART has come later than literature in the West, but the real quality of the land, the truth, simplicity, vitality, is as noticeable in the art as in the lovely adobe dwellings, or in those first amazingly real poems of Bret Harte and "Johnny" Hay. The new artists of the West and Southwest are painting the land they know and painting the things they love,—the Indian where he is not a half-breed or degenerate, the plains, moving golden in the wind, or barren and still, cañons, broken eccentric land with purple depths and opal edges, the hills snow-capped, resting in deep green valleys.

And there is also the more intimate note—sheep at twilight homeward bound upon a long lane bordered by orchards in bloom, children contented in the sunlight of a homely garden, with Sorolla splashes of light on the young faces (except, of course, that Sorolla is a vague emblem of greatness without reality or influence in the West). If there are Western artists painting such wonderful light as that with which the great Spaniard floods his joyous canvases it is because in the West, as in the simple heart of this Latin master, sunlight is one of the good things in life to have in the home, in the garden and over the faces of little children. As yet, happily for this nation, the France of the purblind nouveau art period has left untouched the art of the West. It has never sought inspiration in the studios of the Latin Quarter. Hence it is still joyous, wholesome, easily interested, easily amused, naïve in emotion, though infinitely progressive in expression. On these canvases there are friendly old men, resting happily, and vigorous young men and children, and animals, and the Indian of the past generation, still slightly picturesque and terribly tragic as he stands gaunt and silent, watching the doom of a civilization which cannot assimilate with its conqueror.

There is no lack of drama for the artist of the West. He has about him Spain liberated, the Orient battling for living room, the mighty tribes of the former owners of the Continent humbled and broken; closer still are the changes of his immediate civilization, with its ethical battles to fight, its courage, its degradation, its triumphs and failures. He is living in an old country under new conditions. About him are old races developing new types. Away

SPRING: A JAPANESE POEM

from the cities over the plains are palettes of color to be found under no other sky. He has on one hand mountains virgin to the touch of man; on the other, valleys, hidden, unknown and fruitful. There are deserts all gold and rose and desolate, and deserts streaked with ribbons of blue, working the miracle of transforming barren land into orchards and wheat-fields.

And these new men of the West who have no dreams or memories of Paris, who have never been drenched with the mists of the Zuyder Zee or haunted by the mysterious grace of the world-old houses and pastures, are moving quietly and contentedly up and down the trail of their own land, rejoicing in the beauty they can best understand and presenting it so that the whole world can understand and rejoice with them. Of this spirit has been born in the West such sculpture as that of Gutzon and Solon Borglum, Lorado Taft, the enduring art of Frederic Remington, the landscapes of William Keith, Youth as painted by Emory Albright, and as yet we are only at the beginning of the art the West holds promise of. The flowering out of a national spirit among the Western artists is not more than a decade old. What remains to be accomplished with the unprecedented opportunities for dramatic inspiration and with the insight of these sincere men into the beauty of their own land and the value of portraying it genuinely seems boundless.

As yet there is no school of Western painting. In sculpture Lorado Taft unquestionably is the master of the land (if we except the Borglums, who are wholly individualistic). Each of the painters, as is borne out in the illustrations shown here, is essentially personal, is painting according to life as he finds its special appeal. And yet while all are united in what characterizes the fundamental appeal in this art expression, individually they remain separate in their emotional response to it and expression of it.

SPRING

LIKE the foam of a mountain torrent,
Falling from height to vale,
So you, Oh, flowering dogwood,
Whiten the hills of Spring.

HENRI FINK.

CIVIC IMPROVEMENT IN BOSTON, PRESENT AND FUTURE: BY FRANK CHOUTEAU BROWN: NUMBER TWO

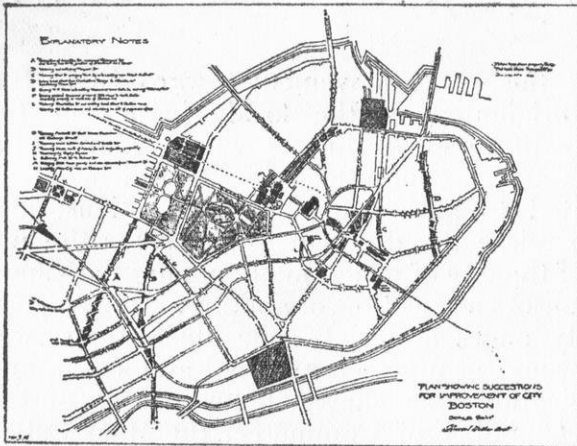


IN BOSTON the whole movement toward Civic Improvement originated in the local chapter of the American Institute of Architects where, about four or five years ago, a committee of seventeen members was appointed to gather together suggestions, and generally to relate the different schemes for the improvement of the city of which many among the Chapter's members had been sponsors at one time or another. This report, a document of some thirty pages and sixty-four illustrations, was issued to the public in February of nineteen hundred and seven, and the expense of that publication was shared between the Boston Society of Architects, the Chamber of Commerce, the Real Estate Exchange, the Metropolitan Improvement League, the Stock Exchange, the Merchants' Association, the Board of Fire Underwriters and the Master Builders' Association.

This publication was followed in nineteen hundred and eight by a similar document entitled "A Holiday Study of Cities and Ports," by Robert S. Peabody; a series of notes offered to the Commission on the improvement of metropolitan Boston by one of its members who had made a careful study of the subject, in connection with his services on that Commission, while abroad. This document was also issued to the public by the Boston Society of Architects.

As a direct result of the interest aroused by the first of these publications, and the extensive newspaper comment made at the time it was issued, seconded by individual influence exerted by members of the Committee and of the Society of Architects, the Legislature was finally brought to sanction the formation of a Metropolitan Improvement Commission consisting of five members. This Commission was given thirty thousand dollars to make an exhaustive study of the situation, in consultation with experts and with other official bodies (those having in charge the elevated and street railway extensions, the board of railroad commissioners and others), and render a comprehensive official report to the Legislature at the end of three years. That report was made and issued last winter, the Commission was finally discharged, and there the matter rests at the present time, except that, as appears in the definite description of some of the different schemes proposed, the thorough study and publicity given to these subjects has so largely influenced the feeling and trend of thought of the public that certain of the improvements suggested have been already undertaken as a matter of private enterprise, while others have been proposed and even, in some few

CIVIC IMPROVEMENT IN BOSTON



SKETCH PLAN OF CENTRAL PORTION OF BOSTON.

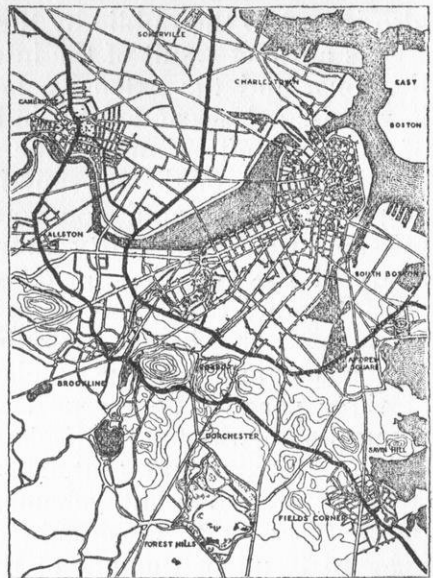
quite a different group of men, and fostered by different interests, the architects have individually responded liberally with their time and ideas to every call made upon them by the Nineteen Fifteen directorate.

The idea back of this movement was to direct public attention to improving Boston, physically, morally and economically—as well as visually—so that, by a definite period (“nineteen hundred and fifteen”) a marked progressive contrast with the city of nineteen hundred and ten would be established, and acknowledged. The Nineteen Fifteen organization has directed its energy to correlating all schemes of improvement, development or civic betterment, of whatsoever kind, that were already in existence; endeavoring to revivify and put behind them the force of all the separate organizations affiliated within this general scheme. A large part of this improvement they expect to achieve by those advanced and modern processes of publicity by which public interest and opinion may be aroused and shaped toward the ends desired.

So far as the Nineteen Fifteen

cases, started under the control of the State or municipal authorities.

And, finally there is the organization, Boston, Nineteen Fifteen, to be explained and reckoned with. To some degree there is no doubt but this movement was an outgrowth of the interest and public opinion aroused by the report of the Boston Society of Architects; and, although originating in



PLAN SHOWING POSSIBILITY OF NEW CONNECTING BOULEVARDS.

CIVIC IMPROVEMENT IN BOSTON

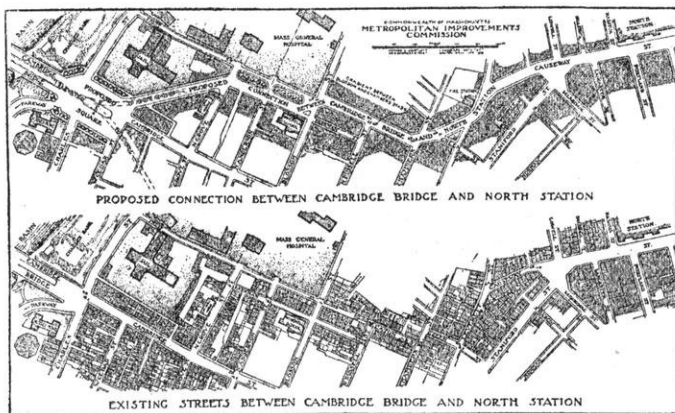
idea can be traced at all, it may probably be credited in the first instance to the Twentieth Century Club, which has for years been preparing the way for many of the modern local movements that have since taken definite and accepted form.

The Boston City Club was one of the offshoots

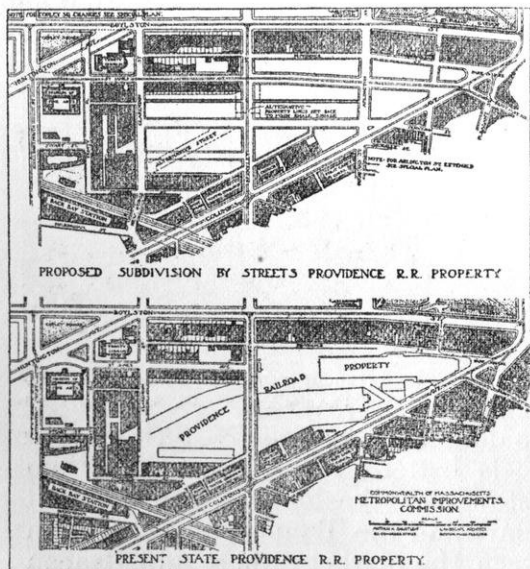
of the earlier organization,—of which it is but a larger, more popular, comprehensive and business club development, still standing for many of the same ideals. And it was from among the membership of this Club that an inner group of business men conceived the idea that, by arousing the public to work unitedly for

the betterment of their city and its conditions by a certain definite period, they were at the same time furthering in the best and most lasting and enlightened fashion their own individual and business interests—judged from a broad and comprehensive point of view.

If the plan of Boston reproduced in this article showed a larger portion of the city than merely the business section, it would easily and definitely express exactly the extent to which the city has grown. The old rambling path along the “Neck” connecting Beacon Hill with the main land, described in Hawthorne’s “Scarlet Letter,” perpetuated for present generations as Washington Street, the earliest north and



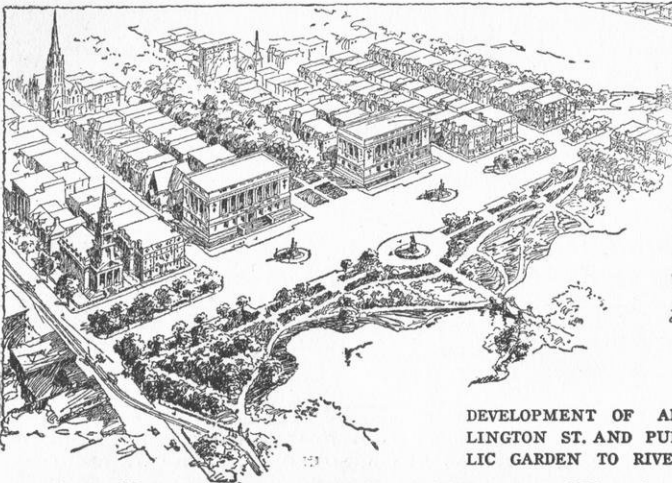
PROPOSED BY METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS COMMISSION: ARTHUR A. SHURTLEFF, LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT.



PROPOSED BY METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS COMMISSION: ARTHUR A. SHURTLEFF, LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT.

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CIVIC IMPROVEMENT IN BOSTON

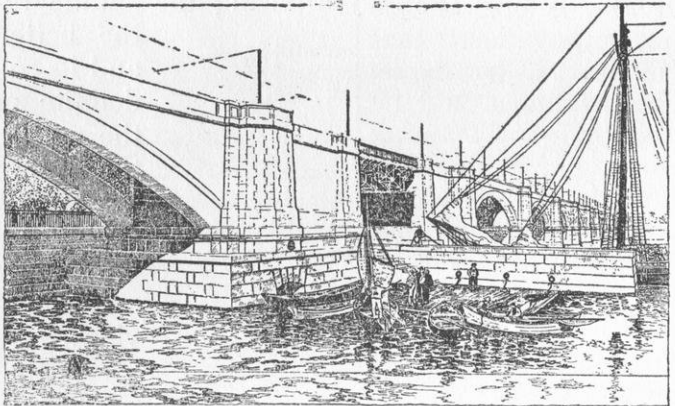


DEVELOPMENT OF AR-
LINGTON ST. AND PUB-
LIC GARDEN TO RIVER.

south avenue of traffic, today is as evidently the backbone of the streets grouped along each side as the marginal street along the docks is the enclosing boundary of the old Colonial lanes around which business Boston continues to develop. The old "mill

dam" still exists as Beacon Street. The intervening section, in the shape of a parallelogram, indicates its later construction by the "gridiron" disposition of streets; which also show how absolutely unimpeded was the development by any natural difficulties. At the time it was first laid out this land was but a swamp with a shallow surface of water.

In the plan of Boston's business section, let us note that the principal streets are indicated in the white tone, important buildings in the darker emphasis, and more



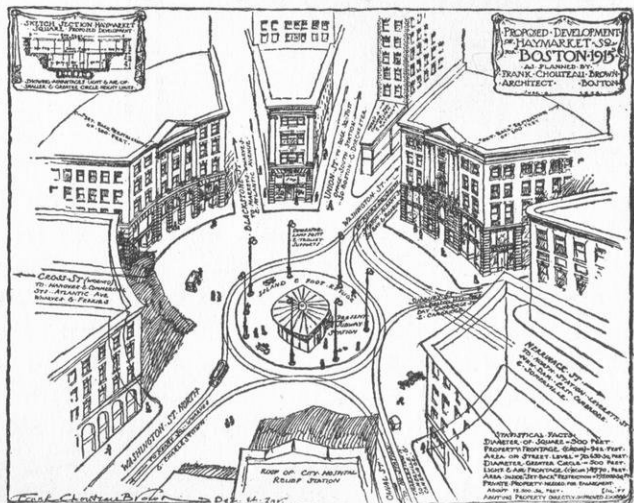
ELEVATED STRUCTURE ALONG THE CAUSE-
WAY: PEABODY & STEARNS, ARCHITECTS.

newly developed streets are bordered by property areas emphasized by a darker wash of color. It is evident from this map that existing streets better provide for traffic from Haymarket Square and Charlestown to Washington Street,—that the connection of Haymarket Square and the Tremont Street section is less well developed, while between Haymarket Square and Beacon Street there are no direct thoroughfares at all; also that there is only one main avenue—Hanover Street—running from the center of the city down to the wharf district, despite the fact that along the water front, to the south of where this avenue enters, are numerous ferries running

CIVIC IMPROVEMENT IN BOSTON

to South and East Boston, and a number of docks from which steamers sail to the north and south. Except the projected main avenue to connect the North and South stations, no new developments are to be immediately expected from the south section direction, but from the northwestern corner of the map and more directly from the north, tremendous new lines of subways and surface travel, opening up large areas of Cambridge, Arlington, Brookline, Allston and beyond, are to enter the city within the next two years, and no provisions for the distribution of this traffic appear upon the present plan.

From the end of the Cambridge Bridge, particularly, it is necessary to open up new arteries to the business centers, and a new street similar in character to that shown on this map connecting with Haymarket Square, is one of the first improvements that will have to be made. This avenue would be used by heavy teaming from Cambridge

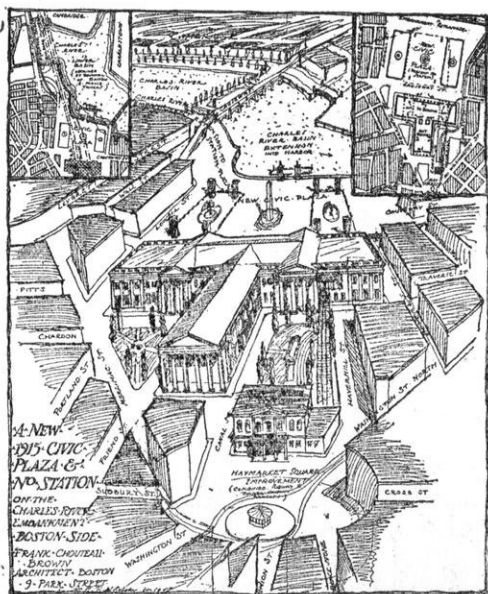


PROPOSED DEVELOPMENT OF HAYMARKET SQUARE OVER NEW SUBWAY AND TUNNEL STATIONS: F. C. BROWN, ARCHITECT.

through to the south-eastern wharf section; which section would also be greatly helped by some such new thoroughfare as the one shown from Haymarket Square to Hanover Street, so opening up an artery feeding a long section of Atlantic Avenue, the necessity for which has just been noted. Even more important is an extension of the riverbank improvements from the Cambridge Bridge and Causeway Dam, at which points they now stop, along the bank to the North Station and the Charlestown bridges. This improvement cannot be made until the railroad tracks now crossing the river are lowered, and that lowering is itself attendant upon the electrification of the Boston and Maine and Fitchburg roads, which will have to be done, and merely depends upon how much longer the people of the city and State will allow the present disgraceful state of affairs to exist.

The railroads have gradually built over the entire area of the river between the Charlestown bridges and the Causeway Dam, covering it with an immense amount of piling and timber work for their train

CIVIC IMPROVEMENT IN BOSTON

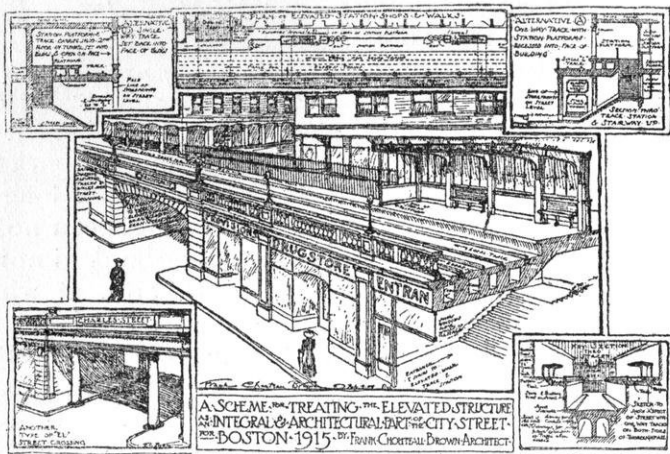


PROPOSED CIVIC PLAZA: F. C. BROWN, ARCHITECT.

yard, sheds and tracks, which they have obtained at no cost beyond the work of construction; and they continue to do their utmost to spread the idea that any change in these tracks means that they will have to give up property of enormous value for which the State will have to recompense them! If this river section could be opened up to the view and use of the inhabitants, the boulevard along the riverbank would prove to be a roadway which would immediately relieve all the existing crowded business streets from the passenger traffic arriving at and departing from this station from Beacon, Boylston and

Tremont streets, the Back Bay section and beyond!

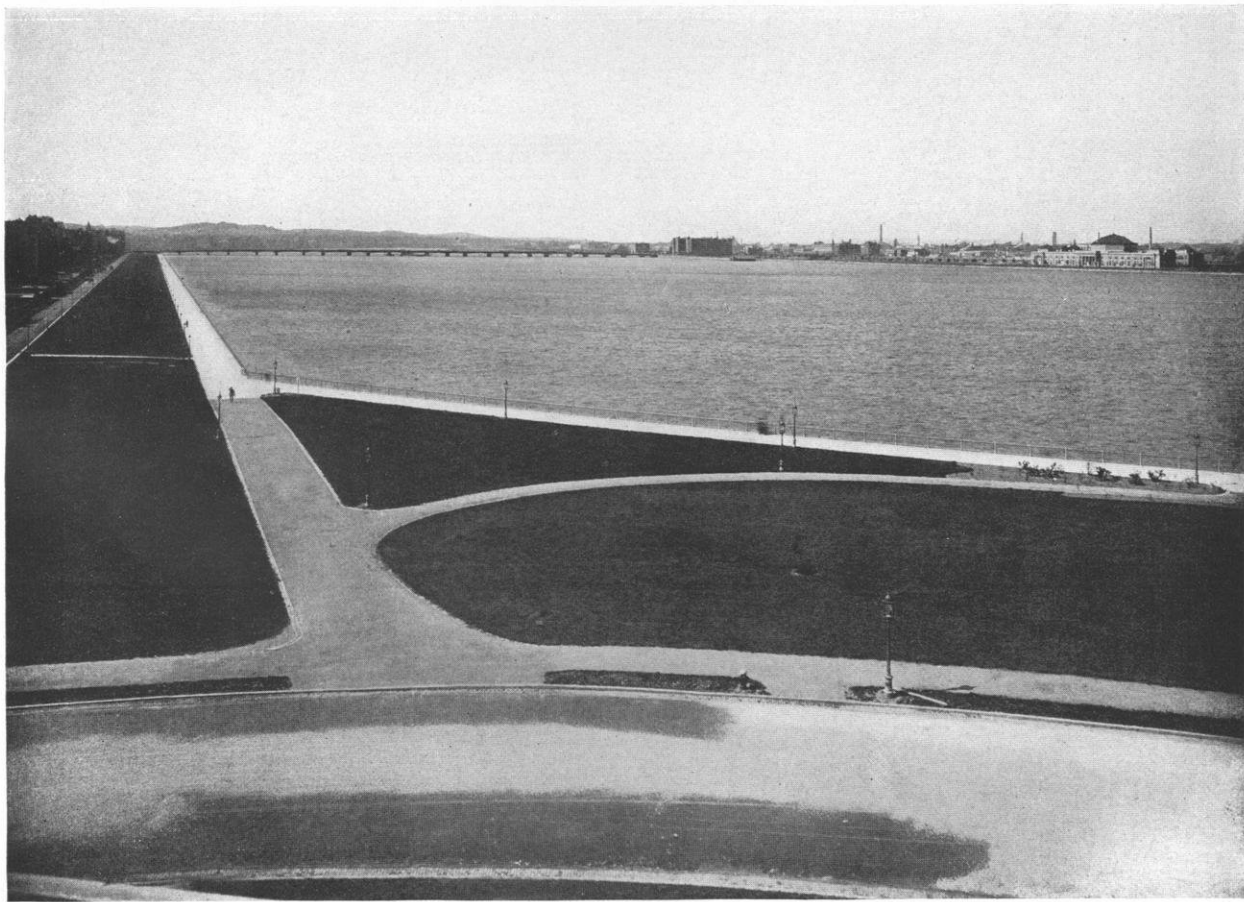
An essential need in the business center of Boston is a direct avenue connecting the North and South stations, the beginning of which is already suggested in the opening of the block between the North Station and Haymarket Square. The construction of this avenue along some of the streets extending from Haymarket Square to the South Station, probably to be accompanied by the building of a wide subway to connect the North and South station train sheds and tracks and to allow the running of trains directly through Boston without change, is another essential convenience that is now being actively agitated. This development would also mean the utiliza-



SUGGESTION FOR PLACING ELEVATED STRUCTURE OVER STORES: F. C. BROWN, ARCHITECT.



NEW ELEVATED STATION AND AQUEDUCT
ACROSS THE PARKWAY AT FOREST HILLS:
EDMUND M. WHEELWRIGHT, ARCHITECT.



IMPROVEMENT OF CHARLES RIVER BASIN, LOOKING
UP THE RIVER FROM FOOT OF BEACON HILL.

CIVIC IMPROVEMENT IN BOSTON

tion of the existing underground portion of the South Station, which has never been used, and would immediately necessitate the lowering of the tracks at the North Station, giving an underground train shed with waiting room above. The single practical difficulty in the way of this improvement is in raising the grade of the tracks, coming under the river, near enough to the surface to make connection between the waiting room and the train platform sufficiently intimate. One of the schemes shown indicates how this result could be obtained by abandoning the present site of the station to a Civic Plaza or formal water entrance to the city, and throwing the station over Causeway Street upon the land immediately south of its present location. This would bring the station nearer to the business section of the city and make the gradients on the roadbed much more practicable. The sketch, insufficient as it is in detail, indicates in general the great improvement this would be, aesthetically and as a matter of convenience, in approaching and getting away from the station, which is now only possible over crowded traffic avenues. The extension of Causeway Street to connect with the Boston and Cambridge Bridge is another equally inevitable and obvious necessity connected with the improvement of this part of Boston. So much for the most pressing betterments demanded in the business section of the city.

BOSTON has accomplished to date the parking and improvement of the Charles River Basin from Massachusetts Avenue down to the new bridge across the Charles to Cambridge, completed only a year or two ago. The construction of the Causeway Dam has been completed, although no views showing it are yet obtainable, because of the obstruction of the bridge (which is now in process of erection) to carry the elevated structure along the side of the dam. This elevated railroad bridge is in design only second to the structure over the parkway at Forest Hills, one of the most artistic aqueducts that has been constructed, either in this country or abroad; the station, however, that has recently been built at Forest Hills, while harmonious and modern, is less original, because of its imitation of some portions of the Paris elevated structure.

Other significant improvements under way are the construction of the axial avenue leading from the Fenway out to the Harvard Medical group; increased transportation facilities; the elevated structure that has just been extended out to Forest Hills; a tunnel, separate from the subway carrying surface cars through the center of the city, which has been built for the exclusive use of the elevated trains; a tunnel, which is now well under way, to connect, within a couple

CIVIC IMPROVEMENT IN BOSTON

of years, Harvard Square and Cambridge with the present subway in the center of the city, and the tunnel beneath the harbor which connects East Boston with existing subway and elevated systems. There is also at present every indication of a new tunnel beneath the harbor to connect a new rapid transit electric road extending down the north shore with a terminal station located beneath Post Office Square, that will probably have connection not only with the elevated and subway systems, but also with the projected avenue connecting the North and South station tracks.

A small map indicates what is now actually in process of working itself out around the vicinity of Copley Square, and south of that location. Only recently the old Park Square Station property, which has long obstructed the development and growth of the city south of Boylston Street, and east almost to Shawmut Avenue and Tremont Street, has come into the market and will be divided up by streets arranged to connect with and relieve existing thoroughfares. Arlington Street, a most important potential artery of traffic, is to be widened and extended to Castle Square, so giving a direct cross-teaming street from South Boston to the Back Bay district. Boylston Street, already overcrowded by traffic from above Back Bay, and by surface cars, will be relieved by the parallel avenues running between Boylston Street and Columbus Avenue from the important distributing points offered by Park and Copley Squares, and at the same time the new property will be greatly increased in value for business purposes by this very fact.

Independent of the division of the Park Square property, the holders of the old Boston Art Museum site voluntarily gave up about seventy-five thousand feet of land to widen the streets on all four sides of their holding, and to open up and extend through to Dartmouth Street one of the streets contemplated in the Park Square improvement, an evidence of broad business foresight and liberality that is too rarely met with in the growth of our American cities.

These two nearly contemporaneous results of the continued reiteration and publication of civic development schemes are among the most hopeful signs of progress that have yet matured in any American community. They exist as tangible evidence of advancement in the education of the public to an appreciation of the principles of good city planning. Some few people are disposed to depreciate their importance because they point out that, in both cases, the individuals interested in the development directly profit themselves by the apparent liberality with which they have endeavored to meet the necessities of the community,—but in that very fact lies the moral of the entire educational campaign that has been undertaken by the leaders in this

A FEW QUESTIONS

movement. No more vivid illustration of the fact that the interests of private individuals are best served, and the value of their own holdings most increased, by adopting the best possible ways for bettering the interests of the community has yet been brought about than in this exact and concrete instance of what has actually happened in the ultra-conservative, staid, old New England city of Boston.

For those desirous of improving their home city, no part of the history of the physical improvement of an American community can be of more interest and value than the story of how, in Boston, the might of "public opinion" was invoked to prepare the way for that city's much-needed betterment.

A FEW QUESTIONS

WHEN opinions drift with the current, tiny, unimportant craft, oarless and rudderless, will the intellectuality of the land produce sound thought and action?

When business is the only pleasure or pleasure the chief business of pauper souls, can we hope to create a well-nourished spirituality?

When cheapness and speed are exalted prime virtues of production, what encouragement is there to work long and patiently for great results? And what are the results?

When true gentleness of heart is not always perceived and prized by those with warm cloaks and full stomachs, will a nation achieve true democracy?

When a man is considered only as a wage earner, when he ranks socially according to the amount of his earnings rather than according to the value of his work, when the person is less than the purse, and capital greater than culture, can we expect to develop the liberal arts of life?

When women are held responsible under laws made for them and not by them, when they are denied justice collectively because they are supposed to find mercy individually, should we rightly expect them to deal fairly with the public or the family?

When children are taught all the rules of numbers and of language but none of the great laws that govern their own bodies in the mystery of life, are they likely to become a dominant race of poised and healthy parents?

When religion is an old shoe, worn without comfort or discomfort, because it is conventional to wear shoes, where shall we look for those prophets and redeemers who will tread with bare feet the rugged path to God?

MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

"THE GOLDEN MADONNA" AND OTHER PAINTINGS BY ALBERT P. LUCAS

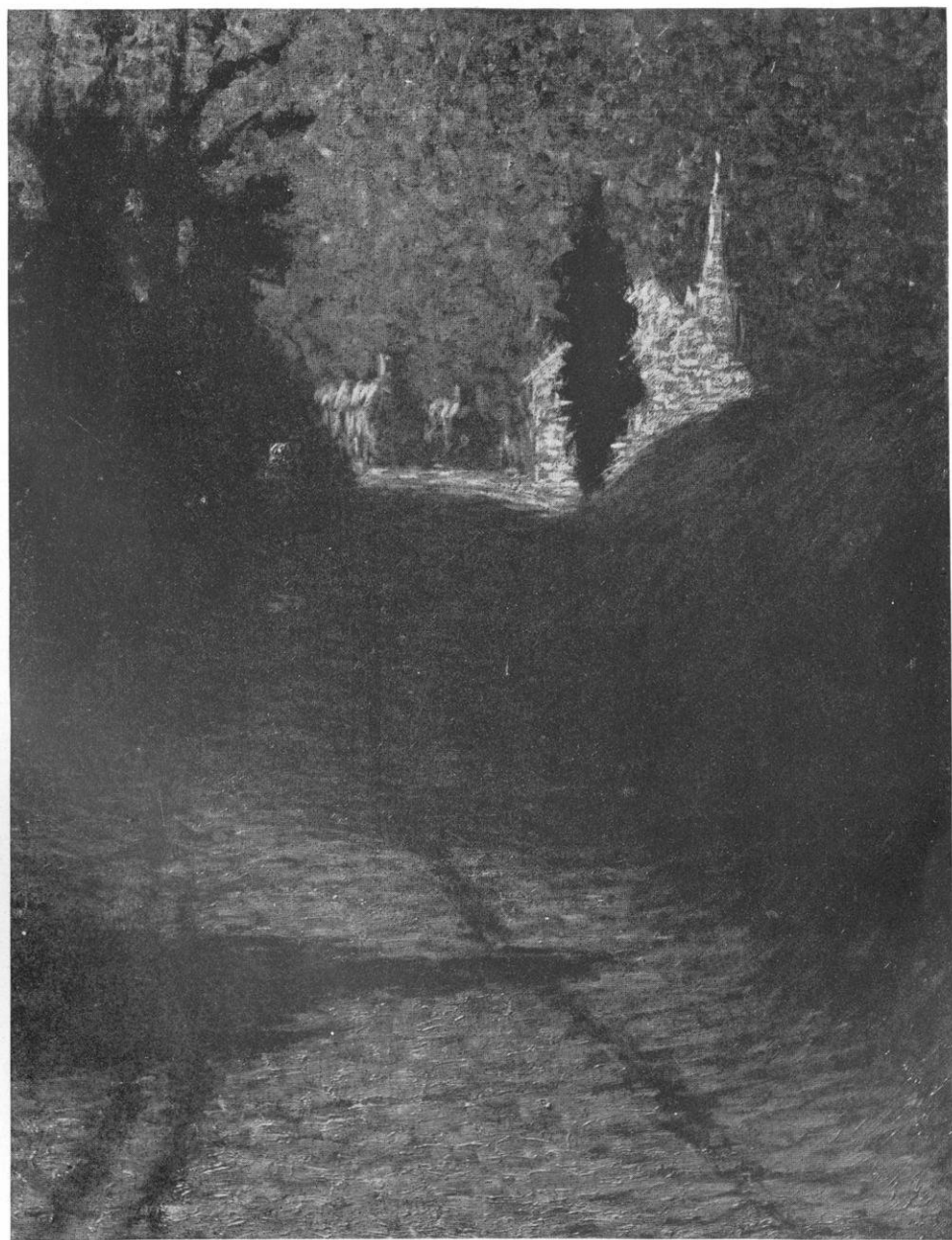


HERE a man finds beauty and *how* he decides to tell the world what he has found are matters which, however personal they may be to the individual artist, are the essentials which go to make up the warp and woof of the art of a nation, and hence become of profound interest to the public, or at least to that sensitive portion which is impressionable to beauty and real achievement.

Here in America we have been accused of sordid curiosity about the details of lives unrelated to our own—the vague rich, the dramatic poor, the tawdry celebrity—an accusation mortifyingly true of the surface world which responds to the hypnotic suggestion of all flamboyant advertising. But on the other hand there is also an intelligent interest in the life and work of men of accomplishment which is of value to both artist and public because it encourages the one and develops the other.

It has been a deterrent to the development of right conditions that we have so often confined even this legitimate interest to art prescribed by the academician and the critic, the guardian and the surgeon of art. It seems to take a very special kind of courage in America to decide matters of taste for ourselves. We have grown to rely upon the judgment of other nations; we search for a label rather than a point of view; we are nervous before the unidentified expression of creative thought. "Where has the painter exhibited?" "Who has bought the original marble?" "What success did the play have in London?" "Is the architect a Beaux Arts man?" These are the questions we are apt to exchange in the presence of any work of art which we are forced to face without a ready-to-use opinion. We know many names and vague adjectives, but the power to understand and personally appreciate, to judge for ourselves critically, is still largely uncultivated in America. Mr. John Butler Yeats says that much of higher criticism lies in the *selected* adjective, and that as a nation we seem to possess not more than half a dozen, and it is true that with us more often than not a man's muscles are "lovely," a child's dress "grand," a Strauss opera "sweet," and a mighty presentation of sculpture "cute," and everything "just awful," from a motor accident to an unbecoming hat.

It is but a natural law that if we do not express our thoughts well, we shall eventually think as slovenly as we speak. And so the less we speak wisely of art, the less we shall understand man's expression of beauty, and logically the less man will have the power or the courage to produce. Thus it so often happens that a man's



"THE LITTLE CHURCH ON THE HILL,"
FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT LUCAS.



Owned by The National Gallery at Washington, D. C.

"OCTOBER BREEZES," FROM A
PAINTING BY ALBERT LUCAS.

THE GOLDEN MADONNA

art but slowly takes its place solely because he has had the gift to say new things and the courage to say them his own way. We like novelty, but not originality. While we often rush after the eccentric, we are reluctant to recognize genuine achievement.

LAST winter New York had several exhibitions which put to the test the genuineness of its critical judgment. We were compelled to enter galleries filled with pictures about which no set phrase had been formulated; it was hard to know whether to say "grand" or "punk"—France had talked about them and London and Berlin welcomed them, but New York did not know this, and a very difficult situation was created, quite unintentionally by the dealer and artist. It was not to be supposed that galleries such as Macbeth's and Folsom's would make a mistake about the men they presented, and yet just what ought one to say of the mystery of light and shadow in Albert Lucas' nocturnes or of the wind and sun in such canvases as Fromuth has painted of the Brittany coast.

Although I remember most vividly in Mr. Lucas' canvases, the night breezes creeping through the gaunt trees, strange moonlit paths which the moving sheep find familiar, the women at the water edge, nude, alive, deep in the picture, I do not recall where the pictures were painted (France, I think) or when they were done (always from youth up, I believe) or who has taught world-old secrets of revealing beauty to this man of original purpose. But I do recall that his work had the simplicity born of vital feeling, much labor and wide experience,—the simplicity of cultivation. The canvases were never overcrowded, yet all were vibrant and living; the people who dwelt in them were born of their environment, never featured on a background, but living in the scene, vitally or remotely as the treatment demanded, the old guardian of the sheep is but a watchful shadow at their side, the women at the pool dominate the composition with their sensuous lure.

Neither dominating nor subservient is the "Golden Madonna" (used as a frontispiece in this issue). Here both figure and background are held in a soft glamour of light; a spiritual glow suffuses the entire canvas, and suggests to the searcher for symbols that the Christ-child in the mother's arms has illuminated tenderly, inevitably, the whole scene, as the Christ love has striven to with the whole world. Perhaps Mr. Lucas did not mean this, at least not consciously; it is possible he only wished to paint all the beauty that was born in his soul for the subject. Nevertheless the wonderful golden light is there, and haunts the memory, and unfolds its message the more surely the longer the picture is studied.

GENIUS

The marvel of all this artist's work is his management of diffused light. There is never a sense of the light streaming *on* the canvas, reflecting from wall or mirror; it comes out through the painting and radiates beyond it. What piling up and contrasting of colors, what placing of the sharp edge of one tone hard against another until light glows, as fire and wood rub out flame, accomplishes this miracle the onlooker cannot fathom (the artist himself is vague about it); but of the result there is no uncertainty, for through it are born paintings of sunlight, moonlight, twilight, warm, cool, delicately gray, that are supremely appealing and convincing.

It is always the lyric note in Mr. Lucas' work, never the dramatic, the tragic, the morbid. Though France has claimed much of his life, she has not covered him with her veil of New Art or crippled his hand with a brush of colors gone mad with introspection. Rather this nation of many gifts has been his *bon camarade*, leading him down friendly paths, clearing his vision for intimacy with nature's mysteries, then with encouraging words giving him Godspeed back to his native land, trusting the critics to find swiftly and understandingly their own appreciative phrase for his achievement.

GENIUS

OCCASIONALLY a man among us is called a genius, and we picture him as a seer of the remote, the unusual, the strange, with a vision out into the realms of unrealities; far away, so we let ourselves think, from the normal life of everyday people. And when we find this man with a nature simple and direct, possessing that rare sincerity which is conscious only of truth, we wonder. Why, we say, should this man of dreams, of visions, of far speculation, yet seem simple as children are, with their quick sympathy and friendliness? That the greatest should also seem the very simplest is an astonishment to us; for we have gone so far astray that we no longer know, or have forgotten, that it is only those whom we call genuises who really see life truly, luminously, *as it is*, and that the genius differs from the rest of mankind not in seeing unrealities, but by his clear vision of truth, for slowly we are learning to know that truth is everywhere all about us, back of the high barriers which we ourselves have erected, and it is only the greatest of us who have opened windows through these barriers into the realities of life. May it not be we others, who regard ourselves as normal and usual, who are seeing life crookedly, who are, in fact, unreal, artificial, complex; who see life through a veil darkly.

A TWO-HUNDRED-AND-EIGHTY-DOLLAR BUSHEL OF CORN: A CORN SHOW IN OMAHA: ITS VALUE TO THE FARMER: BY FREDERICK J. BURNETT



TWO hundred and eighty dollars for a bushel of corn and a hundred and four dollars for a short peck of wheat sound like famine prices, such as might have been asked in Vicksburg or Ladysmith. They were paid in time of peace and plenty, in one of the great grain markets of the world, where grain of all kinds was to be had in abundance, but there was but one "best bushel of corn in the world" and but one "best peck of wheat in the world," and the corn and the wheat were not sold for food.

To think that so small a quantity of such common grain could bring so large a sum makes one wonder if there is not more in farming than one supposes. And if one went to the Corn Show to see this two-hundred-and-eighty-dollar bushel of corn in its glass case, and the hundred-and-four-dollar peck of wheat in its glass-covered box chained to the wall with a chain that would have held an elephant, one's ideas of what farming may be underwent some revision.

These were not the highest prices paid at the Corn Show, for there were seventy ears in the bushel of corn, and the "best ten ears" sold for thirty-three and a half dollars an ear, while the blue ribbon Illinois ear sold for twenty-one dollars.

For the first-prize single ear, the winner of the Kellogg thousand-dollar silver cup, pronounced the best ear of corn ever grown, one thousand dollars is said to have been offered and refused by Mr. Kellogg. This ear was grown by Mr. F. C. Palin, of Newtown, Indiana. His card says he is "just a plain countryman." It has kernels three-quarters of an inch deep, in perfect rows and covering the tip completely and the butt close to where it joined the stalk. It took seven years to raise it, using two varieties of corn, Reed's yellow dent for the male plant and Alexander gold standard for the mother—the latter being detasselled.

The best ten ears, which won a thousand dollar trophy and three hundred dollars in prizes, and the best bushel, also came from Indiana, the former being grown by Mr. J. R. Overstreet, of Franklin, and the latter by Mr. G. L. Kerlin, of the same place, and the best ten ears exhibited by a junior (an exhibitor under eighteen years of age) came from the same county in Indiana, which would suggest that the Hoosier State can raise something besides writers.

We are told by those who should know, that our farm products do not keep pace with our population, that the mouths to be fed are

THE CORN SHOW: ITS VALUE TO THE FARMER

multiplying more rapidly than the wherewithal to feed them. The Corn Show is showing how to change this. It is telling the farmer how to make his acres more productive—how to get larger and better ears of corn and heads of wheat, and more of them—and proving to the city man that farming is something more than drudgery; that it offers a chance to use the brains and is a business wherein both inventive genius and business ability may be brought into play; a business that may be highly interesting as well as highly remunerative. It is showing this to more people than could be reached in any other way, and the lessons it teaches are worth any price.

There have been three Corn Shows now, the last one in December, in Omaha, where the second one was held, the first having been held in Chicago. They have not attracted the attention from the *general public* that their importance to the *general public* merits, and the purpose of this article is to tell something of what the Corn Show is and what it does.

The Corn Show is the annual exposition of the National Corn Association. Those who raise corn send to it their fancy ears, just as those who raise and own horses send them to the horse show, to compete for prizes: but the entries become the property of the Association and are sold for its benefit—to pay for prizes and expenses. If growers would take their grain home they must bid it in at auction.

There are prizes galore, fifty thousand dollars' worth of them, and corn comes from nearly every State where it is grown; more kinds than a layman would imagine existed, from the original pod corn, each kernel of which is enclosed in a separate husk, to the first prize ear of yellow dent, from the little Tom Thumb pop-corn to the big Missouri cob-pipe corn. And the farmers who raise it come too, to tell about how they did it and compare notes, and experiment farms and agricultural colleges all over the country send exhibits and men who know how to answer questions about them, and States send exhibits of their resources and attractiveness, with literature and samples of their products, from Louisiana rice to Manitoba wheat, with more men to answer questions.

THEY told us about Iowa's increasing her yield of corn by seed testing until she is some fifteen million dollars richer every year, and of Minnesota's investment of forty thousand dollars in wheat breeding that has returned a hundredfold, and her experiments with corn which have increased the width of the corn belt a hundred miles; of the dry farming in Montana, whereby goodly harvests are wrung from erstwhile arid wastes, and irrigation in Colorado that has made the sun-baked plains productive.

THE CORN SHOW: ITS VALUE TO THE FARMER

At the exhibit of Ohio, which is an old State when you are in Nebraska, they told us much about crop rotation and seed selection. They showed us a big bundle of stalks and a large wire basket filled to overflowing with big fat ears of corn, by the side of a similar basket with a few small ears in the bottom and a slender bunch of stalks, representative of the rotation of continuous corn, a lesson in farming not easily forgotten and one to convince even the most hardened opponent of "book farming."

At the Illinois exhibit they showed how land that, planted to corn continuously, yielded twenty-four bushels an acre, could, by proper soil treatment and rotation, be made to bring forth ninety-three bushels an acre—showed the stalks and the corn, and the change from year to year.

The men from this State also displayed the composition of a bushel of corn, the several elements separated,—carbohydrates, protein, fiber, oil, ash, corn rubber,—and showed how, by breeding, different elements could be increased or reduced.

One did not need to spend much time at the Corn Show to learn that there is such a thing as "the game" in farming as well as in other businesses; that it is not all hit or miss, but as much a science, at least, as banking or steel making.

Colorado exhibited a model of an irrigated farm—real soil, with real things growing in it. Arkansas produced a miniature rice plantation, also with things growing in real soil. Tennessee showed us a deal about the value of ground rock as a fertilizer. Washington showed us how to fatten a steer without corn at all. It was not all corn at the Corn Show, but everything as well that tends to make, not only the traditional two blades, but several times that number, grow where one grew before, be they the broad blades of maize or the narrow blades of blue grass—everything that is grain or grass, though corn is king there, as in the market-place.

TWENTY-TWO States were represented at the Corn Show by the States themselves, their universities, agricultural colleges or farms; a number of others were represented indirectly in the exhibits of railroads that traverse them. Then there was the corn of the individual exhibitors, tagged with the names and addresses of the growers, and probably no one ever saw corn from so many different fields together anywhere else. There were some six thousand exhibits.

Canada sent some wheat from its wonderful new fields, with maps and folders descriptive of the region wherein it grew, and some little British flags to decorate those of us who like to be adorned.

THE CORN SHOW: ITS VALUE TO THE FARMER

The Department of Agriculture had an exhibit, part of what it had at Seattle, relating mostly to animal industry, good roads, fruit and fruit pests and seed selection. Everyone who visited this part of the building must have been impressed with the great work this Department of our Government is accomplishing. Those who raise hogs must have found a valuable lesson in the exhibit of the work the University of Missouri, in connection with the Department of Agriculture, is doing in fighting hog cholera.

The Corn Show was open for two weeks. The two shows that have been held in Omaha, where the National Corn Exposition, an Omaha organization, helps the National Corn Association, were in the Omaha Auditorium building, with a portion of the adjacent streets and a vacant lot enclosed and heated by numerous furnaces for the overflow.

In this annex were the model kitchen; the domestic science department, where farmers' wives and daughters, and others, were taught nutritive values of food, how to cook and serve food appetizingly, and numerous practical things that go to make life worth living; some of the railway and commercial exhibits; restaurant; junior exhibits; lecture rooms, school exhibits and free moving-picture show.

The entertainment features were not lacking and this fact brought many who came for pleasure and stayed for profit. The Mexican Band gave several concerts every day in a large hall with comfortable seats, where one could go and rest when weary with sightseeing, without any extra charge. There was an almost continuous exhibition of moving pictures and lantern slides, sometimes accompanied by talks and lectures, showing things of interest to husbandmen; such as the South Omaha Stock Yards; cattle raising and shipping in Argentina, where we followed the cattle from the pampas until they were hauled up the side of an ocean steamer by their horns; road making; dredging and draining swamp lands; gathering sugar cane; irrigation canals and ditches, and things of like nature.

There were lectures on irrigation, forestry, animal industries, dry farming and kindred subjects by experts from the several State universities and farms and the Department of Agriculture, as well as from others who know about such things, including Mr. James J. Hill.

It may be that some old-fashioned farmers are so set in their ways, so firm in their belief that what was good enough for their fathers and grandfathers is good enough for them, that they will not read what is written about modern methods in agriculture, or heed what is told them; but every farmer likes to go to a big city once in a while and "The Corn Show" sounds attractive. Going there is not like going

THE CORN SHOW: ITS VALUE TO THE FARMER

to a college or experimental farm, it is a "show" and he wants to see the other fellow's corn. If such a person goes to the Corn Show he is lost to his old traditions. The kindergarten lessons stare him in the face on all sides, he cannot help learning new things and forsaking some old methods. For this reason a State could well afford to send a delegation of old-fashioned farmers to the Corn Show every year at the public expense.

It seems to the writer one of the chief benefits of the Corn Show is its message to young men, the farmers' sons, especially to those whom the throngs and the paved streets of the city are calling so loudly they cannot hear the call of the soil. It shows the farmer boys the possibilities of the calling to which they were born, that it is not necessarily a mere routine of chores and plowing, but can be made an occupation, a profession, worthy of the best in any man—that it offers opportunities for success as great as in any urban business, and in ways that are better than mere money making. The possibility of developing a new variety of corn, of doubling the yield of a wheat-field, of making Nature do one's bidding; surely these things must make the world-old business of farming appear differently to those who have come to think small things of it, and stop the exodus from the farm, so far as those who come to the Corn Show are concerned.

And to the city man who has begun to think about the green fields of the country, and a little farm of his own where he can spend his later years in independence, the Corn Show offers just the information he needs, and confirms his opinion as to the wisdom of such a change. It tells him where he can find a farm within his means and what he can raise there; where he can find the conditions he wants; the climate and environment; gives him addresses and other data. It shows him corn that will do well in the countries of hot dry winds and corn that will mature quickly in northern latitudes, where the season is short. It shows him how to select seed and test it before he uses it, to make sure it is good and will grow. He can also learn where he can raise fruit or cattle or hogs to advantage; or garden truck or eucalyptus trees. He learns these things better than he can learn them anywhere else without visiting the several States himself, and he goes home laden with literature and information, and presently some desk is deserted and someone else has gone back to the farm.

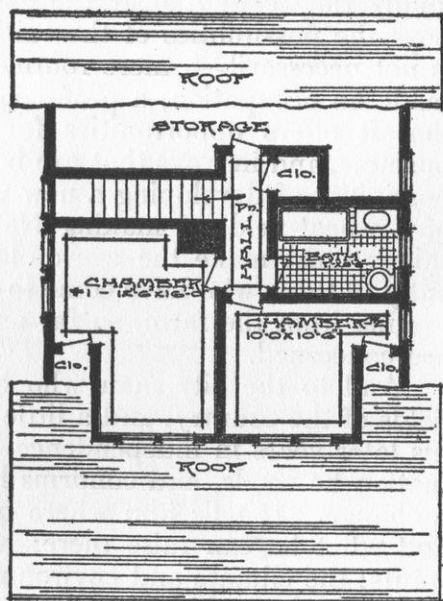


CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR SMALL FAMILIES

BOTH the designs we publish this month show houses that are small, simple and inexpensive, being meant to suit the needs of small families with moderate means. But while the cost has been carefully kept down to the minimum for a properly built Craftsman house, both these little dwellings are solidly built, comfortable and as attractive as any houses we have ever designed.

House No. 103 is the smaller of the two, being meant for a family of not more than two or three people. It would be entirely suitable for the first home of a newly married couple just starting in life, or for a man and wife whose children are all married and gone and who wish to pass the remainder of their lives in a snug little home that gives the least possible trouble to

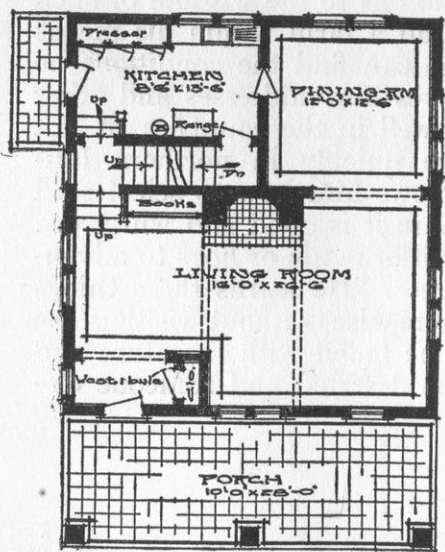
house existence, and pool their resources to build a home of their own. Such households are very common in England, where numberless small cottages are built by



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: NO. 103: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

home-loving women who must work and yet who wish to get all the comfort they can out of their leisure hours.

As shown here the walls of the house are built of brick according to a method of construction which we are just now using because it is both economical and practically fireproof. In the case of a bungalow like house No. 103 the brick walls would be 8 inches thick. Instead of the usual furring strips nailed on the inside so that an air space is left between the brick and the plastering we sink 2 x 4 scantlings in the wall in the place of every tenth course of brick. These scantlings, running horizontally all around the wall, come flush with the face of the brick. This effects a great saving in the cost of construction, as it makes a solid weatherproof and very nearly

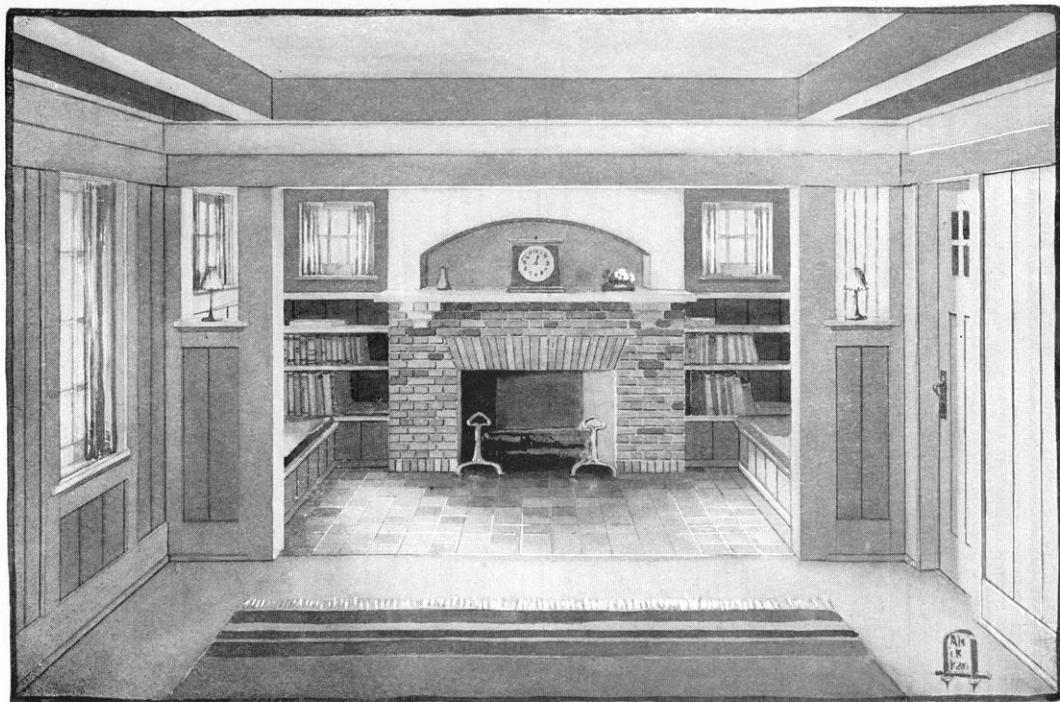
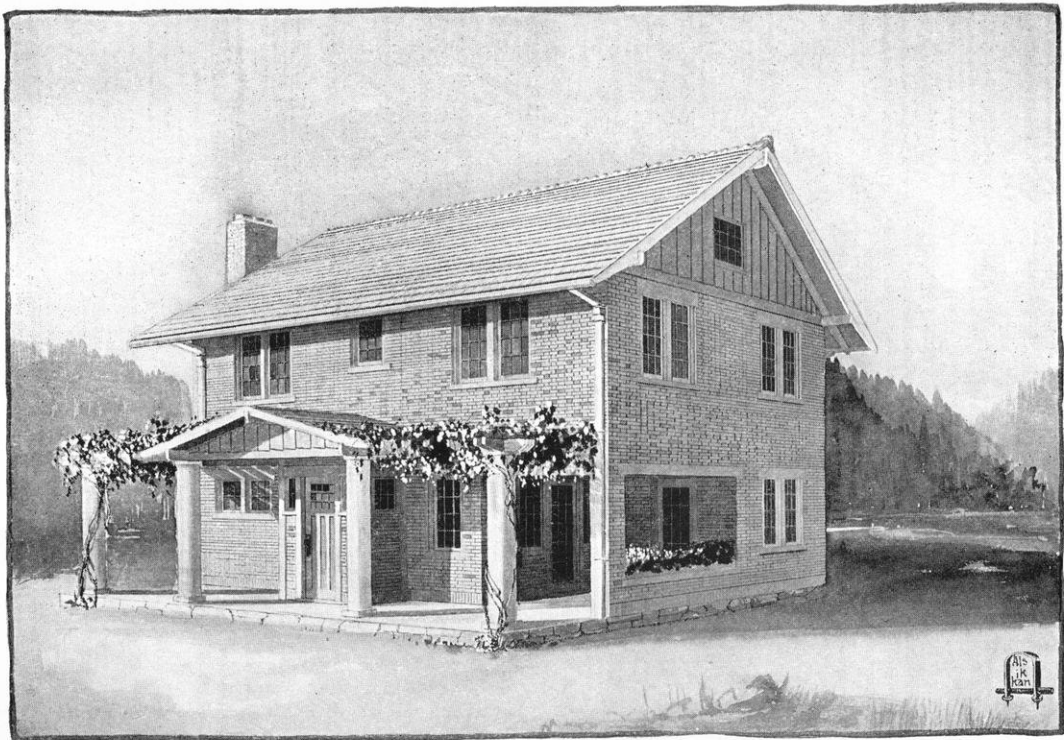


CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: NO. 103: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

the housekeeper. Or it would be convenient for two self-supporting women, who might revolt at the ordinary flat or boarding



BRICK AND SHINGLE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE:
NO. 103: FOR THE COMFORT OF A SMALL FAMILY.
CORNER OF DINING ROOM LEADING TO KITCHEN,
SHOWING THE INTERESTING FINISH OF WALLS.



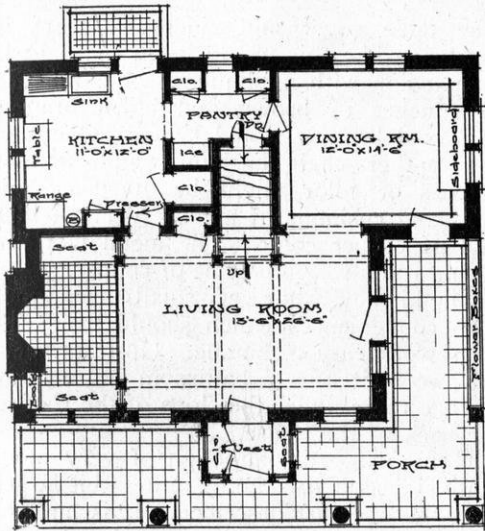
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE OF BRICK AND CYPRESS CLAPBOARDS: NO. 104: THE RECESSED PORCH IS ESPECIALLY INTERESTING.

VIEW OF LIVING ROOM, SHOWING RECESSED FIREPLACE WITH COZY SEATS, BOOKCASES AND WELL-ARRANGED WINDOWS.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR SMALL FAMILIES

fireproof wall, and also does away with the dampness that is one of the great disadvantages of a newly plastered wall.

Over the scantling a waterproof building paper is applied, which as a non-conductor



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: NO. 104: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

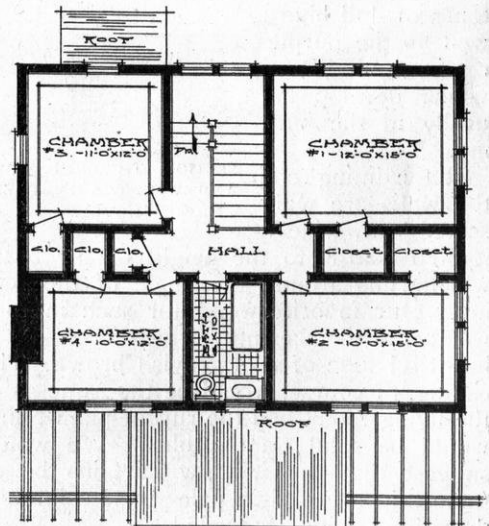
of heat and moisture makes it impossible for dampness to form on the inner wall, as would be the case if the plaster were applied directly to the brick. Over this waterproof paper, is nailed to the scantling, wainscoting, straw board or any other interior finish.

In the case of this house, the walls are built of hard-burned brick in the natural dark red color, the gables are sheathed with wide cypress boards, V-jointed and darkened so that they show the natural reddish brown color and strong markings of this wood, forming a pleasant and harmonious contrast to the brick. The square pillars of the front porch are made of brick like the wall, and the main roof is shingled and stained to a warm brown tone that harmonizes with the brick and with the boarding of the gables. The roof of the former, being necessarily much flatter than the main roof, in order to allow head room in the chambers on the upper floor, is not sufficiently steep in pitch to be shingled. Therefore, it is covered with ruberoid, the upper edge of which runs to the ridgepole beneath the top courses of shingles which extend the entire length of the roof, forming a finish at the top for the dormer roof. This ruberoid, of course, is painted the same color as the roof shingles, and may be battened or not ac-

cording to the taste of the owner. The rafters supporting it are left exposed. The floor of the front porch is made of either red or gray cement marked off into squares, and the foundation is of split field stone. The window frames are of timber, finished in the same coloring as the gables, and the sash is pure white.

The front door opens into a small vestibule which is little more than a recess in the living room. The end of this vestibule serves to hold a coat closet and the partition wall gives to the living room a "jog" that breaks up what would otherwise be a plain square in shape. The fireplace is directly in the center, and the dining room is as much a part of the main room as is usual in a Craftsman house.

As we have been asked to resume our custom of giving suggestions for the color scheme of rooms in this house, we have selected a combination of grayish brown, old blue and very pale straw color for these rooms. The walls of the living room might be paneled to the height of the frieze with beaver board held in place by strips of oak or cypress which would give much the effect of a paneled wall. The beaver board, which has a rough surface with a very in-



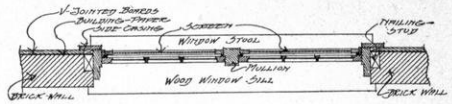
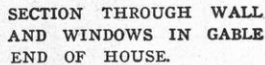
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: NO. 104: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

teresting texture, can be finished in any color desired, as it can be painted or stained just like wood or plaster. In this case a charming color effect might be obtained from painting the beaver board in a very soft shade of gray-blue, like the lighter tone of Canton china, and in having rugs

CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR SMALL FAMILIES

showing as a predominating tone the darker shade of Canton blue. The ceiling would be a very pale straw color, not yellow enough to give any effect of that color in the room, but just tinted sufficiently to take away the coldness of dead white plaster. The frieze, of course, would be of beaver board put on lengthwise to form an unbroken surface and painted to match the ceiling. The fireplace, if built of tapestry brick, would be a little more expensive than if plain brick were used, but the color effect would be much more beautiful, as the tapestry brick shows tones of dull blue as well as the purples, reds and browns which develop naturally in the burning.

In the dining room the walls are wainscoted with wide V-jointed boards to the height of the beam which runs across the angle of the ceiling. Our favorite wood for such interior woodwork is chestnut, which takes on a beautiful tone of cool grayish brown. The ceiling, of course, would be the same as in the living room, and the rug of plain filling would be solid Canton blue. We would suggest that the window curtains be of some thin material in pale straw color like the ceiling, with a stenciled or embroidered figure in the darkest shade of Canton blue.

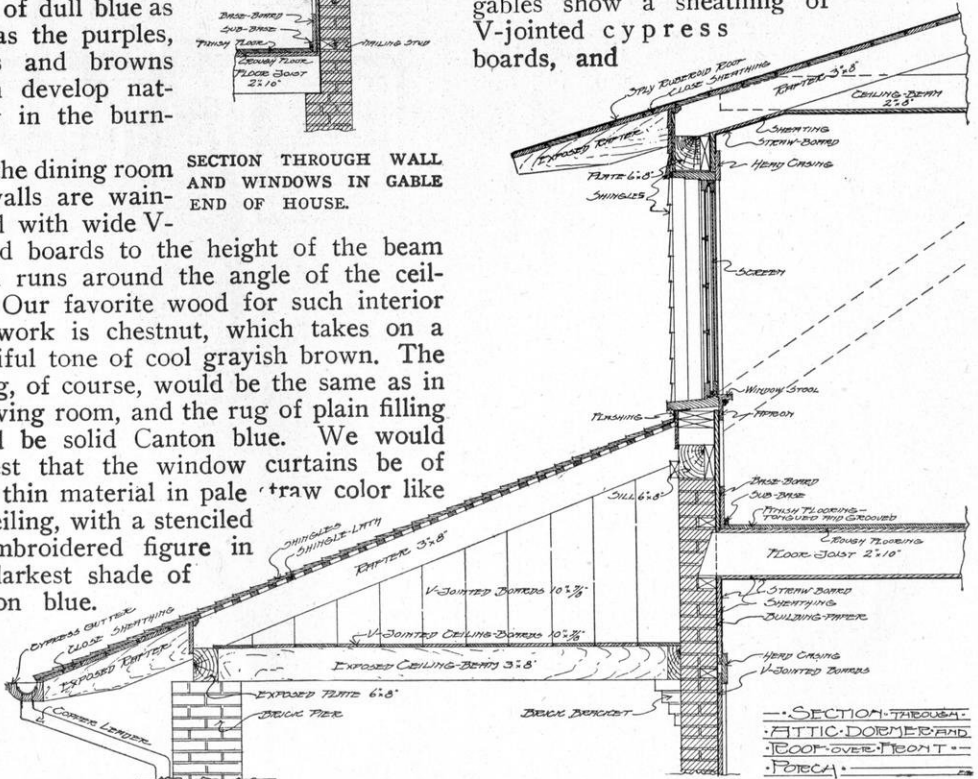


PLAN THROUGH WINDOW AT FIRST STORY:

The table cover and sideboard scarf in a scheme like this would be in the natural linen color with appliqué in blue relieved by touches of brown and burnt orange. The cool browns would be carried out in the leather chair cushions, and sharper accents of color might be given by pillows and cushions of a more decided blue and of copper color. The metal work in such a room would best be of copper.

The kitchen, while very small, is equipped with conveniences which should make the housework easy to handle. Upstairs there are two bedrooms, a bathroom and a large storage room under the slope of the roof at the back of the house.

House No. 104, although of very moderate size as houses go, is quite a bit larger than the one just described. It is built of brick with the construction already described, but in this case the walls of the lower story are 12 inches in thickness, and the walls of the upper story only 8. The gables show a sheathing of V-jointed cypress boards, and



FIGHTING THE BLIGHT ON SHADE TREES

the door and window framings are all of the same wood. The round pillars of the porch are painted pure white, these with the window sash serving to relieve the subdued color scheme of the house. One interesting structural feature is seen in the posts which frame the entrance door and form the corners of the small vestibule. These are solid square timbers and the bricks between are laid up just as they are in the walls, giving a construction that is really what it appears to be instead of the ordinary half-timber construction which shows merely strips of wood nailed on the outside. The roof is of rough-finished slate, preferably dark red in color, and the ridgepole is of tile. The porch, which extends across the front of the house and partly down one side, is floored with cement in the usual way.

The whole end of the living room is occupied by the big fireplace nook shown in the illustration. This forms the chief structural feature of the house and also gives the keynote of color. The hearth, which extends over the entire nook, is paved with Welsh quarry tiles and built-in seats on either side offer a delightful suggestion of home comfort, particularly as the wall spaces flanking the chimneypiece are shelved for books, and the whole nook is lighted by small casement windows set high in the wall. The chimneypiece up to the mantelshelf is hard-burned red brick with cement above, finished in a tone that harmonizes with both the brick and the walls. The walls in this room are wainscoted up to the ceiling with chestnut boards, and the ceiling, which is crossed by massive beams, is of plaster tinted to a warm rosy gray tone. The prevailing colors in the room are a dull earth red that tones with the brick and tile of the fireplace, and varying shades of grayish brown, like that of weathered oak. The big rug in the living room would show a combination of these colors, and the smaller dining-room rug might be of solid red. Also, the ceiling of the dining room, where more color is admissible than in the living room, might be of a dull red tone very close to that of the tile. The window curtains would be of natural-colored linen or linen scrim, with embroidery in coral, and high notes of color might be given by having cushions of varying red tones verging on the coral scattered here and there on chairs and settles.

This house boasts a pantry as well as a kitchen, but otherwise its housekeeping ar-

rangements are quite as simple as in the case of the smaller dwelling. The upper floor affords room for four chambers, with plenty of closet room and a bath. These rooms are of moderate size and very simple in shape, being arranged to afford the greatest amount of room possible with the floor space in a house of these dimensions.

Naturally, the color schemes given here are of the most tentative character, and are intended merely to serve as a basis for developing individual schemes of decoration. The choice of colors, of course, would depend entirely upon the exposure of the house and the sunniness of the rooms. Our own choice of colors is almost invariably a combination of the forest and wood tones of green and brown, especially as these admit a harmony of colors that are as rich and varied as those of the autumn woods, but we recognize also the possibilities of dull blues and reds and warm gray tones in connection with the natural color of oak and cypress, and in a house that is so placed that the rooms are filled with sunlight nothing could be more beautiful than a decorative scheme based upon the varying tones of dull soft blue. We find it safest to keep all the colors dull, especially when the basis for the whole scheme is one or the other of the natural wood tones.

FIGHTING THE BLIGHT ON SHADE TREES

THE rapid increase of the blight that is destroying so many shade trees, especially in New Jersey, has at last aroused a number of the municipalities in that State to take action to stop it, if possible. Twenty-three towns and villages were represented at a conference held recently in Trenton, and careful and thorough investigation of the trouble promises to be the result. The conference was called by State Forester Gaskill, and measures will be taken to secure a State appropriation for the forthcoming battle against the gypsy and brown-tail moths, which are held chiefly responsible for the wholesale withering away of the finest trees. These pests have cost the New England States an annual expenditure of more than a million dollars. The ravages of either pests or blight are plainly to be seen in every woodlot as well as in the shade trees upon which depends so much of the beauty of our towns and villages, and it is to be hoped that action to remedy both will be quick and vigorous.

HOUSE DESIGNED ON CRAFTSMAN LINES

A HOUSE AT ST. DAVID'S, PA., DESIGNED ON CRAFTSMAN LINES: BY JOHN L. GREY

DURING the past decade a higher standard of taste in domestic architecture has unquestionably been established. In and about our really progressive cities and towns spurious ideals have been set aside, and the American homes of to-day, those which have been designed with thought and built with individual interest, have established beyond question the fact that a national style of architecture for our simpler dwellings is actually in process of development. From my point of view I should scarcely say that a national type of building is as yet established, nevertheless, there has come about in this country gradually a greater appreciation of the need of building for our own kind of life, for our own comfort and enjoyment. Also we have slowly come to a more genuine appreciation of the creations of our forefathers—true crafts-

tiously to express in each house designed at least some of the owner's individuality, and, wherever possible, to harmonize the house with its site by the use of such materials as may be found in the neighborhood.

That constructive materials possess beauty in themselves apparently was not realized during the decadent period in our national architecture; thus wood, the natural grain of which would have provided a play of



HOUSE AT ST. DAVID'S, PA.: OWNED BY H. K. MULFORD



MR. H. K. MULFORD'S HOUSE DESIGNED BY L. V. BOYD

men in their utilization of local materials to build them homes adequate for their requirements—and, with that increased appreciation, our architects have sought conscientiously

light and shade, was usually smothered with paint. And although the "run of the kiln" made possible a wealth of color, bricks were

chosen rather for their uniformity, resulting in a wall absolutely dead in effect. Even the rugged beauty of boulders was scarcely appreciated until the advent of our renaissance, when daring craftsmen began to use more freely the rough field stone in house construction—though infrequently as a basic material, but rather, where the site called for such treatment, as a uni-

fying agency between the house and its boulder-strewn surroundings.

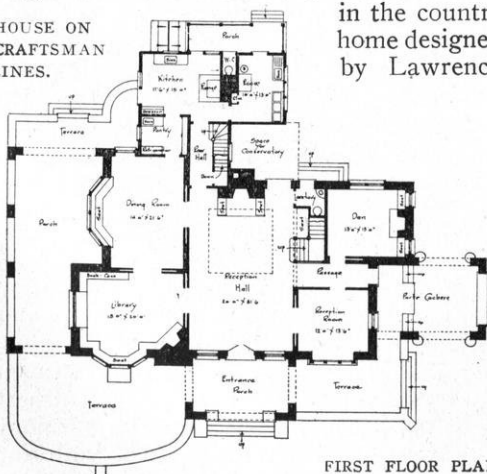
It is still, unfortunately, often difficult for an architect, however much he himself may be imbued with a proper appreciation of

HOUSE DESIGNED ON CRAFTSMAN LINES

the logical simplicity of structural material and compositional beauty, to wean his clients from a desire for houses marked by a more complicated and pretentious—but really less effective—appearance. In this statement, of course, the prospective builders of large houses are particularly referred to, as in our smaller homes possibly the greatest strides have been made toward creating an environment well adapted to the pursuits of “the simple life” so strenuously advocated during recent years.

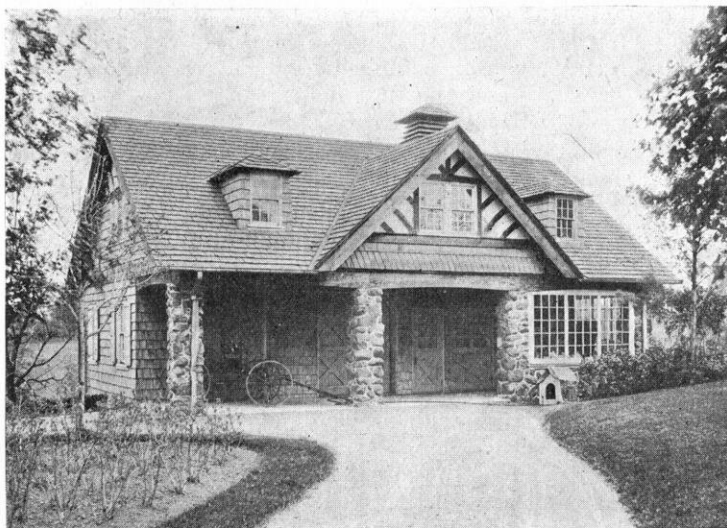
The return to country life has undoubtedly exerted a beneficial influence on the architecture of our homes, for it is naturally much easier to impart one's own individuality to a home unmarred by the juxtaposition of other houses, more or less indifferent architecturally. Happily, too, the site selected for the country home, or the adjoining country, frequently abounds in a wealth of material, the use of which in the house is a powerful factor in harmonizing it with its environment.

HOUSE ON CRAFTSMAN LINES.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

Visscher Boyd for H. K. Mulford, Esq., near St. David's, Pennsylvania, for not only did huge boulders add rugged touches to the home grounds, but on nearby farms boulders were found in sufficient quantities to permit of their use for the entire first-story

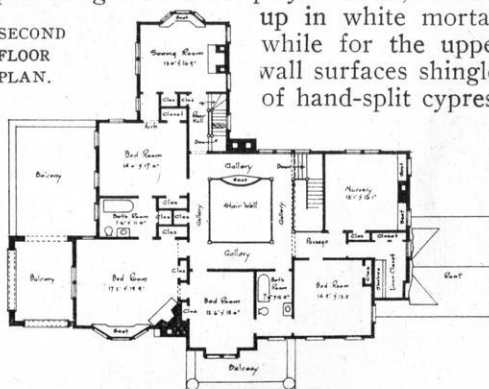


STABLE FOR THE ST. DAVID'S HOUSE.

walls of the house, for the encircling terraces and for the chimneys.

The boulders, glinting with mica and providing a beautiful play of color, are laid up in white mortar, while for the upper wall surfaces shingles of hand-split cypress

SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



were used, laid nine inches to the weather and stained a soft pearl-gray, which blends most acceptably with the coloring of the boulders. Used intelligently, half-timber effects are often desirable in relieving what might otherwise be deemed austerity of design. The utilization of this medium here has been most judicious, the half-timber of the gables providing only “high lights” to the composition, rather than dominating it. The panels of plaster are of gray-white, the timbers being of chestnut rough from the saw and stained a warm umber, while on the roof the cypress shingles are stained moss green—nature's own color completing an interesting and effective color scheme.

With the brow of a hill as its site and the

HOUSE DESIGNED ON CRAFTSMAN LINES

consequent magnificent views a vital consideration, it was essential that the house should be especially well equipped for outdoor life. As a result the first floor plan shows, on practically three entire sides, a terrace, open where light is especially essential indoors, covered to create entrance and living porches, and varying in width with the importance of the views to be obtained.

Of the exterior features possibly the porte-cochère and the sleeping porch are the most interesting. The former is admirable in its accessibility and relation to floor plan and is especially noteworthy for the skilful handling of a difficult problem. The treatment of the second-floor sleeping porch as an integral part of the entire design is also good, coming as a distinct relief when one considers the atrocious additions which are frequently made to a house in order to secure outdoor sleeping quarters.

The entrance porch leads directly into a fine living hall, twenty feet wide by thirty-one feet long, and opposite the entrance is a large fireplace where built-in seats create a cozy inglenook. In order that the living hall may be robbed of no space, the stairs rise from an alcove to a gallery, which adds much to the interest of the great hall, and beneath the stairs a lavatory is conveniently located.

Occupying the corner between the main entrance and the porte-cochère is a small reception room, and beyond it the owner's sanctum is quite isolated from the general living rooms. The library, at the left of the entrance, is equipped with built-in bookcases and seats, while a wide bow window and a large corner fireplace increase the room's attractiveness.

The dining room, which also has a large bow window with built-in seats, is connected by sliding doors with both the library and the hall, making it possible to throw open all the rooms of the first floor when occasion arises. The numerous wide openings between the various rooms have created charming vistas, particularly as the quartered white oak woodwork is stained a tobacco brown and finished in Craftsman style uniformly throughout the entire suite. The abundance of windows and French casements has also contributed largely to the success of the house, giving almost an out-of-door atmosphere within, as well as

affording a wide outlook in all directions over the beautiful rolling Pennsylvania landscape.

Those who have had difficulty in finding a suitable spot for the addition of a conservatory to their homes will appreciate the wisdom of a space being provided during the planning of the house, and the space allotted for a conservatory here is particularly good, as it will open up still another attractive vista from the living hall.

An ample service department completes the first floor, the service stairway, running from the basement to the third floor, being compactly arranged in private halls. On the third floor are located the servants' rooms.

Some of the special advantages of the planning of this house are as follows:—the second-floor rooms are very generously provided with closets, two of the rooms in the owner's suite have open fireplaces. Another advantageous arrangement is the opening of the various rooms into each other, while the generous proportions of the sleeping porch give ample provision for the entire family to sleep out of doors.

The general idea of the house is repeated in the design of the stable, with similar materials. As the same color scheme has been used for the stable as for the house, the little building has been developed into an attractive spot on the estate, which proves conclusively that for whatever utilitarian purpose a building may be erected, beauty of design and execution are attainable.

Summing up the characteristics which distinguish the St. David's house, one immediately discerns perfect adaptability to the conditions demanded by the setting, the wise employment in its development of local materials; in the color scheme of the exterior a rigid adherence to nature's subdued greens, browns and grays, and, penetrating deeper, one feels that the owner's individuality has not been subjugated entirely. Further, the originality of design and treatment and the complete absence of pretentiousness mark the house as consistently in harmony with Craftsman ideas and also with the tenets of our form of government. Therefore the house is well worthy the attention of those who hold high the cause of improved domestic architecture in the United States.

AN ATTRACTIVE SHINGLE BUNGALOW

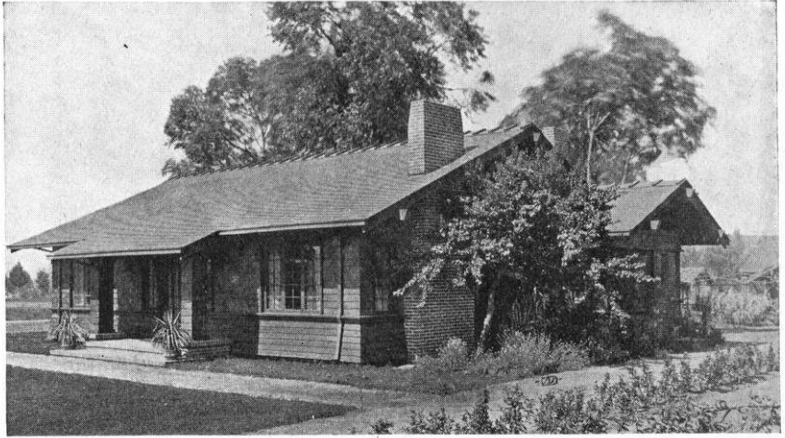
AN ATTRACTIVE SHINGLE BUNGALOW: BY LILLIAN H. WALKER

THE strong suggestion of formality in the lines of the exterior is one of the most interesting features of this little bungalow designed by Mr.

Roy F. Bancroft, a Los Angeles architect, for Mr. M. M. Cook of Tropic, California, and built at the cost of twenty-five hundred dollars. This formality is obtained by the equal spacing of the doors, windows, columns, downspouts, etc., from either side of the center of the front elevation, which may be noticed on the floor plan. The strong, simple lines of the sloping roof, with the broad overhang, supported by heavy purlins at the ends; the unusually broad saddle-boards, and the massive, though simple lines of the chimney, are especially distinctive in this bungalow. The window sill, or water table, is carried around the entire house as a sort of belt course, below which is resawed redwood rustic. All

to the flat pitch in the roof, the shingles there are not exposed so much. A detailed drawing shows the simple framing of the windows.

The front entrance of this bungalow is nothing more than a wider overhang of the roof supported by two shingled columns resting on brick buttresses which are placed at either end of the wide brick steps. Instead of the usual door, French windows are



BUNGALOW DESIGNED BY ROY F. BANCROFT
FOR MR. M. M. COOK, OF TROPICO, CAL.

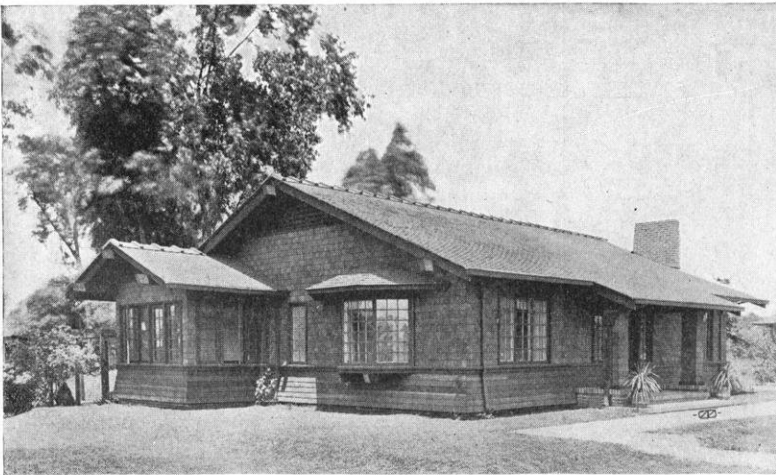
effectively used at the attractive entrance.

The exterior of the bungalow, including the roof and sides, is left in the natural color, linseed oil being used merely as a preservative. The outside window and door casings are in dark green.

The interior is very conveniently arranged throughout. The living room is 16 x 24 feet, with a large brick fireplace occupying one end of the room, stained and polished to match the mahogany color of the woodwork. The bookcase doors are of leaded glass, marked off to correspond with the square lights of the outside sash. The ceiling has four beams

running parallel with each other across the room. There is a wide open doorway between the living room and dining room.

The dining room wainscot is about five



SIDE VIEW OF MR. COOK'S BUNGALOW.

the outside walls above this water table are covered with redwood shingles laid about $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches to the weather. Owing

AN ATTRACTIVE SHINGLE BUNGALOW

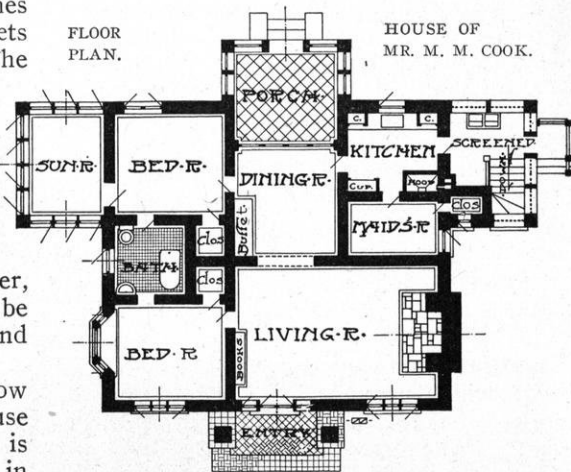
feet 8 inches in height, made of 3-inch red-wood channel board. Four feet from floor is a thick plate rail 6 inches in width, supported by square blocks of wood acting as brackets. One foot 8 inches above the plate rail, or at the top of the wainscot, is another shelf which is 12 inches in width by 2 inches in thickness, supported by heavy brackets hanging down nearly to the plate rail. The treatment of the buffet is in keeping with the rest of the woodwork, and the whole is fashioned after the Dutch style. The doors are leaded glass, and a beveled plate glass mirror is at the back of the countershelf. The west end of the dining room is practically constructed of glass doors hinged together, so that the entire end of the room may be opened, throwing the dining room and porch into one.

From the entrance of this little bungalow one gets a glimpse through the entire house into the garden beyond. The porch is placed at the rear, and is constructed in such a way that in the summer time the glass sash and doors surrounding the entire porch may be taken down and screens inserted. The porch doors open into a very attractive little garden enclosed with shrubs and flowers, where one is entirely secluded from view. The pergolas overhanging with wisteria are a mass of bloom in the spring, and add a pretty coloring to the general effect. At the opposite end of the garden an artistic little tea house has been added, the out-

white enameled woodwork and nickled hardware. One bedroom opens by a wide glass door into a sun room which is surrounded on three sides with adjustable glass casements and screens. This sun room is used as a sewing room, and is an

FLOOR
PLAN.

HOUSE OF
MR. M. M. COOK.



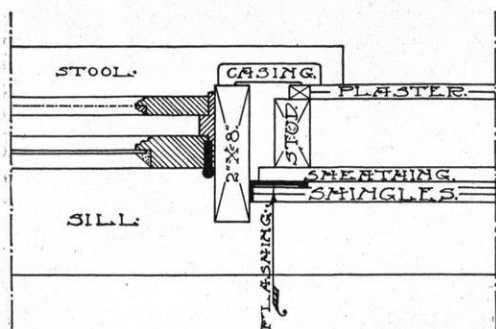
ideal sleeping porch—a practical combination.

The cabinet kitchen is especially complete and convenient, making the work therein more of a pleasure than a hardship. It is finished in white enamel, and is equipped with bins for sugar and flour, cupboards for pots and kettles, smaller ventilated cupboards for preserves, and cupboards with glass doors for chinaware; also drawers for smaller utensils and kitchen articles. In one corner of the kitchen, next to the flue, is a large built-in hood which comes down low over the stove and carries off all the smoke and odor.

The maid's room is off the kitchen, and is so situated that it is apart from the living quarters of the house. The screen porch is equipped with stationary laundry trays. The stairs lead down into the cellar, which is used as a furnace and coal room.

FOR A SUMMER KITCHEN

AN excellent idea for a summer kitchen can be carried out by leaving an open space about 18 inches or 2 feet wide between the roof and the top of the walls. The framework, of course, would support the roof in the usual way. This would insure the elimination of all odors of cooking, and would so greatly reduce the temperature of the kitchen that work in it during the summer months would be pleasant instead of wearisome.



DETAIL OF FRAMING WINDOWS IN MR. COOK'S HOUSE.

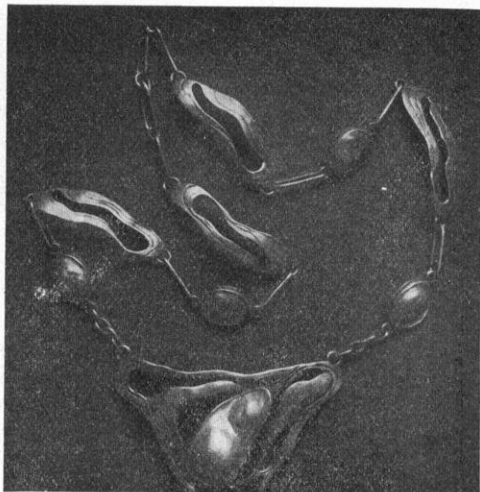
lines of which are reflected in an irregularly shaped pool.

Again referring to the interior, the guest chamber is placed at the southeast corner of the house, and has a large area of window space on two sides, making it a very bright and airy sleeping room. The bathroom is between the two bedrooms, and finished in

THE IMAGINATIVE CRAFTWORK OF BLANCHE LOUISE HUTCHINSON: BY SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

IN Miss Hutchinson's work I find a rare sensitiveness to beauty, an art sense both subtle and vigorous, achieving expression in a small output of craft jewelry, of which every piece bears the dual stamp of art—inspiration and sincerity. She is young, somewhat inexperienced, even at times lacking a little in technical mastery, but distinctly apart from and above the majority of her craft by the force of native intelligence.

When I speak of inspiration in this connection I mean that the contemplation of

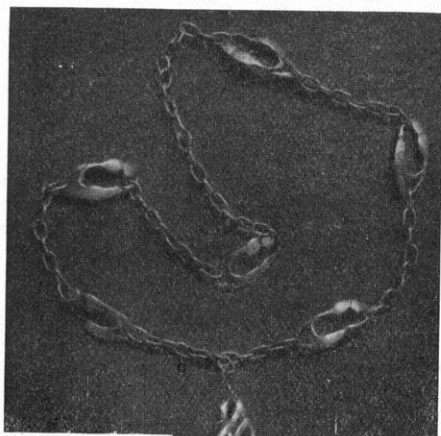


THE CHARM OF THIS PIECE OF JEWELRY IS THE DELICATE BEAUTY OF THE SEA MOTIF EXPRESSED IN THE BOLDEST TECHNIQUE.

the result might as well be achieved by machinery. Rather she has sought for each

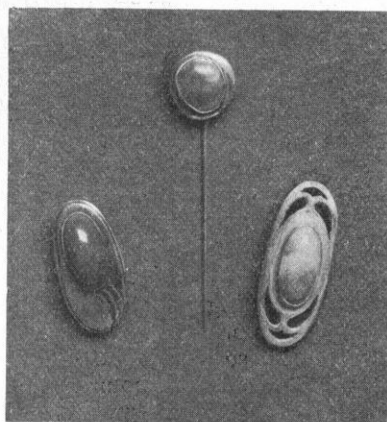
problem an individual solution dictated by nothing but the inspiration gleaned from her materials. I have a vision of the incalculable influence for good to be exerted on American national development by true craftsmen, and the jewelers may play no small part in it, since the appeal of our jewels is so intimate and seductive; but unfortunately the majority of workers trained in this craft seem either incapable of original concepts or cowed by the ogre of public bad taste. Now it seems to me that the golden rule of jewelry-making might be stated thus: consider your materials till you conceive a design which shall express what beauties and meanings you sense in them, and execute that design as best you can, to the end that each ornament may be a work of art self-warranted and self-sufficient.

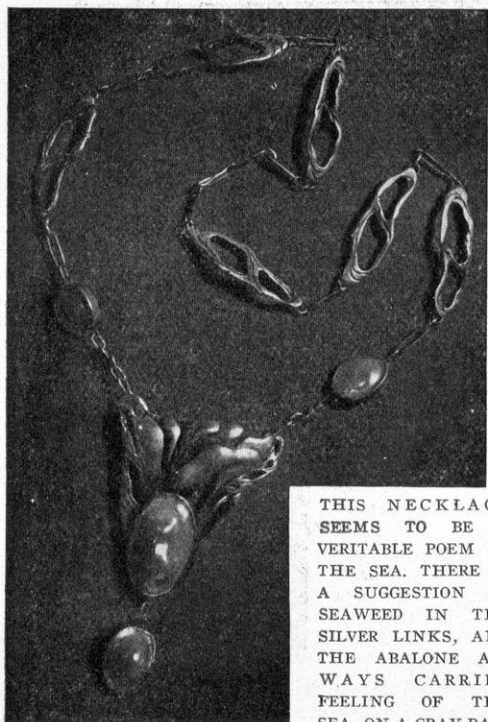
Miss Hutchinson's most notable achievement to date has been the demonstration of some possibilities of the abalone pearl. The abalone, a large shell-fish culled by Chinese coolies from the rocks of California coast waters, yields an iridescent inner shell generally starred with large irregular pearls



IN ALL OF MISS HUTCHINSON'S USE OF THE ABALONE SHELL, THE SETTING IS SILVER LINKS THAT SEEM A PART OF THE SEA,—FOAM ON THE WAVE OR SEAWEED FROM THE DEPTHS.

the stone or shell to be used, summoning up all the instinctive and acquired knowledge of how to use it, is the creative process by which each design is evolved and each piece of work brought to completion. Miss Hutchinson has not specialized on the Etruscan style, rung the changes on the Egyptian, gone to the Orient for suggestions, or learned the trick of meeting mediocre taste which calls for meaningless curleues and minute evidences of technique, till





THIS NECKLACE SEEMS TO BE A VERITABLE POEM TO THE SEA. THERE IS A SUGGESTION OF SEAWEED IN THE SILVER LINKS, AND THE ABALONE ALWAYS CARRIES FEELING OF THE SEA ON A GRAY DAY.

or blisters. These pearls are among the finest semi-precious materials available to the craftsman. But they are hopelessly beyond the understanding of the unimaginative or mediocre mind. I have seen splendid abalones treated as turquoise or amethyst or bits of glass or lumps of paste might be treated, stuck indifferently in a setting having as much correspondence with their peculiar characteristics as a piece of machinery would have. Even when individually considered they will betray the unimaginative into a weak sentimentality, a fussy or vapid treatment. For their most apparent quality is a wonderful variety and exquisite delicacy of color. Every good abalone pearl is a miniature rainbow in sweet confusion, or a vista of unimagined sunsets. But also every abalone is, first of all, a creation of the sea, a delicate blending of all its mystic lights and colors, yet born of the strength and the beauty of the sea.

A realization of this fundamental character of the abalone is the secret of Miss Hutchinson's treatment of it. She, too, understands and loves the sea. A small pearl gives little opportunity for the development of this idea, but even in her treatment of these she brings out all the character of each by a fine irregularity of form and a careful toning of strong silver setting.

DECEMBER GARDENING: BY HANNA RION

THE friend who had spent some time with us during the summer when the garden was in its poppied, rosy heyday wrote to me when December snows arrived: "Now that winter is here I suppose your friends may expect to hear from you once in a while, as you will certainly be forced willy nilly to lay down your rake and hoe."

It was the second of December when I smiled quizzically over this letter and wondered if this city moth would believe me if I told her I looked forward to one of my busiest months in the garden—that there would not be a day's cessation of the labor and joy in the out-of-doors.

This is a blessed provision of necessity, for with the first brittle taste of December and the crisping of energy, the very frost in the nostrils whets the muscles to toil, and with every breath of the ever-chilling air there is the message to hurry, to achieve, before the ice-bound days of January are upon us.

So on the second of December I tossed aside the gray artificially scented letter, and sallied forth with my garden partner, arms laden with our precious horde of freshly arrived Japanese lilies, making our way toward the Peony Kingdom. Then from the cellar was fetched the big box of sand which we had carefully stored away one warm scarlet-splashed autumn day, in expectation of this exciting December morning.

The few inches of snow were lifted with a spade and the earth proved to be frozen only a little over an inch. Holes twelve inches deep were dug, then the good old wheelbarrow was squeaked upon the scene laden with a rich compost of old manure and decayed sod and weeds. The holes were given two inches of compost in the bottom, then a heaping trowel of sand was thrown in to make a bed for the great luscious, burr, artichoke-like Auratum bulbs to lie in, with a counterpane of the same sand to cover them. We then filled the hole with the mingled compost and original soil.

Leaves which we had also prudently saved in gunny sacks for this purpose, were then piled over the hole, while over them moderately fresh manure was laid for the triple purpose of holding the leaves in place, warmth and spring fertilization.

My garden partner and I always have great difficulty to avoid coming to blows over the subject of depth in planting. Haven't you met the variety of gardener who would, if left to himself, always plant everything in the center of the earth's axis if he could dig that deep? Well, then you know what I have to contend with, and what spirited discussions and stilted dignity occur before a compromise is reached.

The larger Auratum bulbs should be planted ten inches deep; the Speciosum Melpomene and smaller lily bulbs about six inches.

All told we planted twenty-six lilies among the peonies; the latter will give the bulbs shade about the stalks in summer, conserving the moisture, while the foliage of the peonies will make exquisite leafy vases for the bouquets of lilies to rise from.

With tired backs but gleeful hearts we trudged toward the house, and on the way I stooped and brushed the snow off a border, finding a quantity of very fresh sweet alyssum smiling happily under their glittering cover. Across the path in a nook under the white lilac were several clumps of brave purple stocks looking like monster double violets.

The next few days were spent distributing manure about the raspberries and blackberries, mulching strawberries and rhubarb. The hardy chrysanthemums were reluctantly cut down, for they still displayed touches of yellow, red, pink and white in the center within the brownish edges of the frosted outer petals. The stalks were cut close to the new growth already courageously making haste for the next season. The plants were then mulched with leaves and manure.

Between labors we sat on the garden bench under the pines where the chickadees came and "sassed" us while a red-headed woodpecker drummed on the tree trunk above our heads.

The green Dutch and white Italian benches are always left out all winter in our garden, for why should we not enjoy a peaceful comfortable hour in the out-of-doors when it is in its most beautiful white winter stage?

Each morning after breakfast we steal out to find if Bre'r Rabbit has been to visit us during the night. I always feel a little thrill when I see the pathetic hunted tracks of the poor things. I wish there were some way in which one could convey a general

invitation to all their race to make winter quarters in the safe refuge of our garden where many borders of Scotch pinks will feed them generously. Here we find half-frozen apples from which a rabbit made a midnight supper, and there he has nibbled the Brussels sprouts.

This reminds me of that most profitable of all winter vegetables—Brussels sprouts. It seems so delightfully paradoxical to go out in a December snow and pick quarts of these tight little green rosettes, which are only made more delectable by the very cold that is death to most other members of their vegetable family. Last year we gathered sprouts far into January.

For our lunch we now dig into the frosty ground and pull forth appetizing parsnips, while for salad there is the chicory. By cutting down the chicory leaves in the fall, banking slightly as for celery, then placing rather fresh manure over them to quite a depth, it is possible to have fresh salad far into the winter from one's own garden.

The idle hotbed had been filled in the late fall with the celery not put in the deep earth trench. Just before Christmas we took off the great covering of corn shocks and snow from the top and on opening the sashes found not a trace of frost inside; the celery leaves were as green and white as though they had been flourishing out under a summer sun. We selected the most perfectly developed ones, filling many crates which we stored in the cellar for our own use during the next two months. One particularly fine crate we sent to friends in the city, to add to their Christmas cheer. On the 24th the Christmas tree was cut—always with a qualm, for it seems so cruel to end its life in the woods for such a brief gay existence indoors.

We had saved enough sand from the lily planting to use for the Christmas tree. The trunk was placed in a tub or bucket and the sand filled in about it, making the firmest and neatest arrangement possible and the simplest.

For the Christmas table decoration there is nothing prettier than cyclamen. No other flower will stand the hardships of indoor winter life as well as the cyclamen. It needs but little sun and will continue to bloom under the most vacillating conditions of heat and cold, light and darkness. It only seems fair though that between meals it should be given a chance at some bright window to enjoy a more natural existence.

CRAFTSMAN DESIGNS FOR BOX MAKING

These plants can be raised from seed and in this way one can obtain a great variety, and by having several plants they may take turn in brightening the dining table.

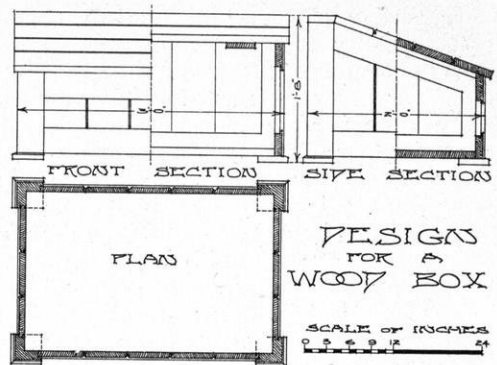
With the first of January approaching we look forward to the arrival of the catalogues from the seedmen and rosarians; then the search for novelties begins, the glad renewal of acquaintance with beloved old flower-friends and the ever new delight in the never varying pictures. Then although perhaps the gardening hands will be folded for a time, losing their freckles, tan and callous spots, the gardening brain is working harder than ever, planning the spring campaign of beauty, dreaming at night of the fall planted bulbs, forswearing during the day the dress planned for Easter, in favor of those marvelous azaleas which smile at you from the cover of one particularly enticing catalogue.

So the season merges from one dream to another—an endless circle of hope and work, always garlanded with blossoms, which only bloom the more in the mind's eye when the trees bow earthward with the snow and your plant children lie tucked in their white beds, dreaming perhaps as you dream of the great Spring Pantomime.

CRAFTSMAN DESIGNS FOR BOX MAKING

THE approach of the holiday season sets every home worker in wood and metals to planning Christmas gifts, for those articles that are useful, but not too large or elaborate, are usually most in demand. We have during the year published a number of designs for the smaller furnishings that would make admirable holiday gifts to the members of the family or to friends who like gifts that not only are unusual in themselves, but that have an interesting personal association with the maker, so in the present issue we give only designs for such commonly used articles as wood boxes and a shoe box.

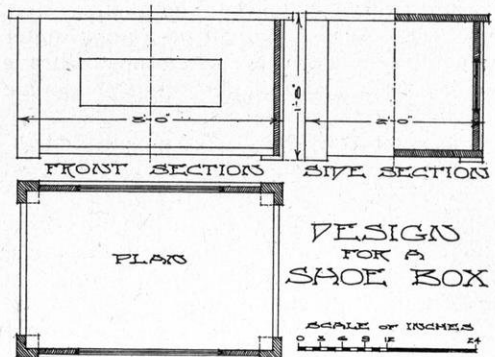
These are all intended to be decorative as well as useful articles of furniture, and if they are carefully made and due attention is paid to the finish of the wood and metal any one of them ought to harmonize with its surroundings when placed in a well-furnished room. Oak would be the most desirable of all woods for making boxes like these, which are intended for hard use and long wear, and the metal hinges, pulls and



WORKING DRAWING FOR CRAFTSMAN BOX NO. 1.

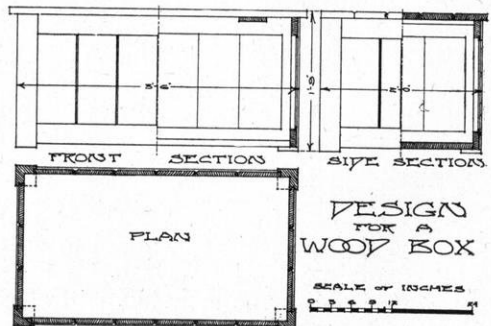
escutcheons could be of iron, copper or brass, according to the finish of the wood and the kind of metal most used in the general furnishing of the room.

Wood box No. 1 measures 3 feet in length, 2 feet in width and is 20 inches high at the back. The top slopes down toward the front, which is only 13 inches high, and the corners are 4 inches square. If very



WORKING DRAWING FOR CRAFTSMAN BOX NO. 2.

massive construction is desired, these corners can be made of a solid square piece of wood having the inside cut out to conform to the shape of the box, or each one can be made of two flat pieces of wood glued to-



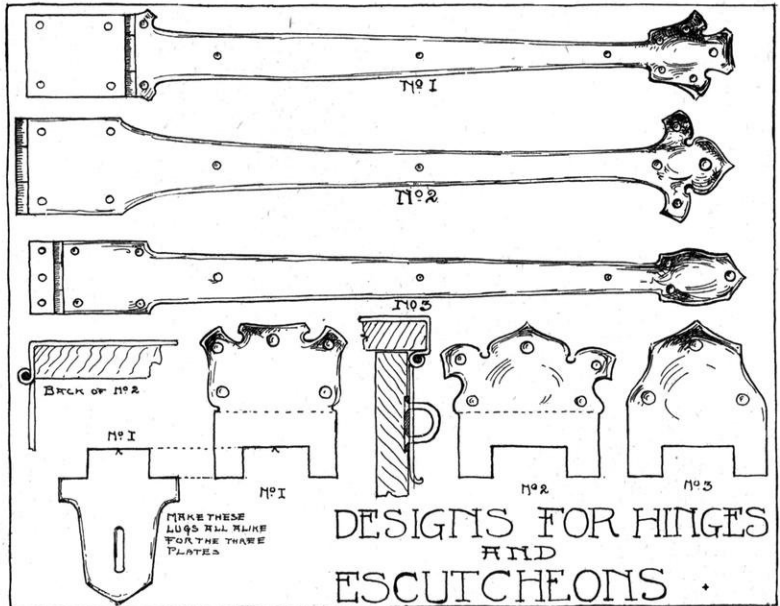
WORKING DRAWING FOR CRAFTSMAN BOX NO. 3.

CRAFTSMAN DESIGNS FOR BOX MAKING

gether at the corner. In the latter case a rabbet should be cut in one of the pieces, as shown in the small detail. The corner pieces are fastened firmly together with dowel pins, and are further strengthened by the square blocks placed inside of each corner at the bottom of the box. The front and sides are framed at top and bottom, giving the effect of panels, but instead of the usual panel, wide V-jointed boards are used. These boards are fastened with dowel pins to the frame,

which is rabbeted on the inner edge to allow them to fit in. A solid bottom is fitted into the box after it is framed together, and the corner blocks rest directly on the bottom. The back is flush with the top, which projects slightly over the sides and front of the box. The top, which is made of V-jointed boards, is held together by a cleat screwed into the boards from the inside. This cleat is beveled at the edges and the ends, so that no roughness in finish is revealed when the box is open. The long strap hinges also serve to strengthen the top.

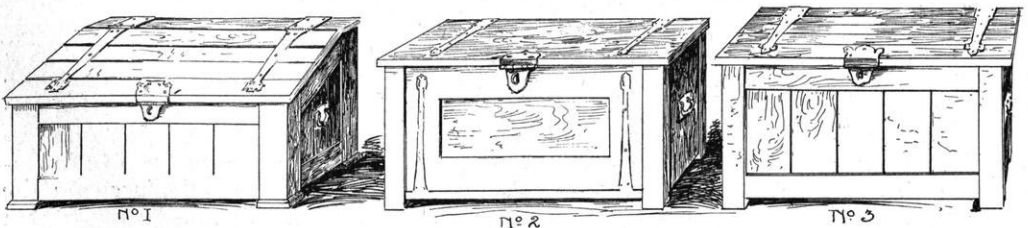
The shoe box, which is No. 2 in the group of boxes, is put together in much the same way as the wood box just described, except that paneled sides and ends are used instead of the V-jointed boards, and the corners are plain at the bottom instead of being capped for greater strength, as in the case of the wood box. The panels are made exactly as they would be in a larger piece of furniture, and are not glued to the frame. The groove which holds them is deep



enough to allow the panel to expand and shrink according to the temperature. The top is made of two wide boards carefully joined together, to give the effect of a solid piece, and the long strap hinges are used to decorate both the top and the front of the box. There is a reason for this, as the front is hinged so that it opens like the front of a desk, allowing either the top or the front to be opened, or both, as convenience demands. This box as shown here is 3 feet long, 2 feet wide, and 20 inches high, but like all these models, the dimensions may be changed at will, according to the size required and the place in which the box is to stand.

The square wood box, No. 3, is 3 feet 6 inches long, 2 feet wide and 21 inches high. The construction is much the same as that already described. The corners are made like those of the shoe box and the V-jointed sides and ends are the same as in the first wood box.

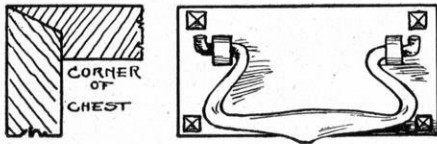
All the hinges, handles, pulls and escutcheons intended for use on these boxes



CRAFTSMAN DESIGNS FOR USEFUL BOXES.

THE SUNKEN GARDENS IN DENVER

can easily be made at home by anyone who has learned even the rudiments of metal work. For the sake of convenience, the hinges are numbered in the same order as the boxes, but of course they can be interchanged at will, according to the taste and fancy of the worker. Hinges No. 1 and No. 3 have just the usual hinge construction. No. 2 differs slightly, as is shown in the small detail drawing, which illustrates



how the strap is bent around over the top and is there hinged, so that the plate extends down the back of the box about two inches. It is best to make this plate short, so that it can be countersunk into the edge of the box. Hinge No. 3 is made for the front of the shoe box, but its design is that of the ordinary strap hinge. In interchanging these designs, one thing should be kept in mind, and that is that the first wood box needs the long back strap, as it is hinged directly on top instead of at the back. This plate need not be bent down at the back unless desired.

The illustrations of the escutcheons explain themselves. They are all very simple and easily made, and the lug or dropped part of each escutcheon may be made a little longer or shorter than the design if necessary. A hole is cut in this to slip over the staple. The escutcheon should be hinged under the front part of the lid, allowing the lug to drop over the staple, which is fastened to a small square plate and countersunk in the face of the box. For boxes of the sizes given here these escutcheons should be about 3 inches wide. The handles at the ends are made in the same way that we have often described. A lug should be left on the top of each handle, to catch or stop on the face plate, so that the handle may remain at right angles with the face of the box. This is a protection taken to clear the hands of anyone lifting it from being caught between the handle and the end of the box.

There is no end to the usefulness of such boxes as these. Carefully lined they would be convenient for shirtwaist boxes, or could be fitted up for extra blankets and pillows, and take their place as a piece of useful furniture in a room.

THE SUNKEN GARDENS IN DENVER: AN INTERESTING PUBLIC IMPROVEMENT: BY FRANCES LYNNE

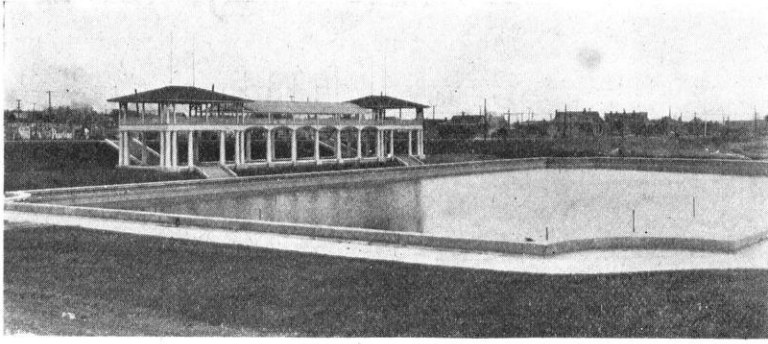
NO city is more progressive than Denver the Beautiful. No city has accomplished more in a short time in the way of boulevard systems, parks and public improvements of all kinds for the benefit of the people. The accompanying illustrations are of the new Sunken Gardens just completed, and clearly demonstrate what can be done to advantageously beautify unsightly spots with comparatively small expense.

Particular interest centers in these Gardens because of the fact that not less than a year ago, the site of the Gardens was a city dumping ground, a menace to health and public comfort. Tin cans, bottles, barrels, refuse of every description was dumped there daily. For years the place had been an eyesore to the residents of that district, in fact, to the entire community whose interests centered in the advancement of the city and its proper sanitation.

When Mayor Speer mapped out the magnificent boulevard system which is now nearing completion, this unsightly spot came into prominence as it fell directly in the path of the proposed boulevard. So something had to be done. It was then that Denver's progressive, public-spirited Mayor hit upon the unique idea of the Sunken Gardens. These Gardens are built on bottom land that was filled in by the city, and then used to form the bed of the artificial lake. The bottom of the lake is cemented, while a concrete wall extends around it. Under the coping of this wall are hundreds of electric lights which sparkle and reflect in the water. The lights work automatically; the bulbs are colored red, white and blue and when the Gardens are illuminated the effect from the shore is extremely beautiful.

The pavilion or pergola was first owned by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company and used by them as a booth during an exhibition. At the close of the exhibition, upon the request of the Mayor, the booth was presented to him to use for any purpose he saw fit. He immediately had it removed and placed on the site of the Sunken Gardens to serve as a pavilion. It not only enhances the beauty

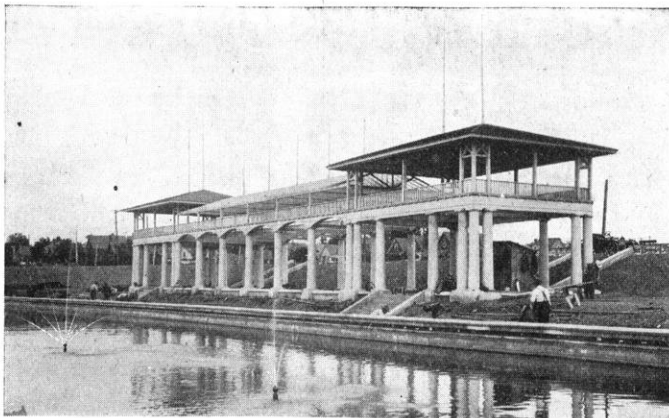
THE SUNKEN GARDENS IN DENVER



THE PAVILION AND SWIMMING POOL
IN THE SUNKEN GARDENS IN DENVER.

of the place, but it affords shade, shelter and rest to the many who visit the Gardens daily. And the greatest thing about this attractive pavilion is that it cost nothing, greatly decreasing the total expense of this worth while undertaking—an idea that might be profitably carried out by the mayors of other cities. The pavilion faces both east and west, affording not only a fine view of the residential portion of the city but also of the snow-capped peaks in the distance.

The water for the lake is supplied from a dam constructed by the highway department and flows into the lake through dozens of little fountains arranged at intervals, playing constantly and adding to the charming effect. The delicate spray wafted here and there by the wind cools the atmosphere and clarifies the air, adding much to summer-time comfort.



CLOSER VIEW OF THE PAVILION, REVEALING INTERESTING CONSTRUCTION.

A cement walk extends around the Gardens, on either side of which are grass plots and flower beds artistically grouped and arranged, forming a most captivating whole.

It is the purpose of the Highway and Park Commissioners to light the lake

on pleasant evenings, and during the winter months to turn it into a skating rink for the pleasure and enjoyment of old and young. This will make the Sunken Gardens the most sought after and attractive place in the city.



THE POOL BECOMES A FINE SKATING POND IN WINTER.

Considering that but a short time ago this was one of the most unsightly dumping grounds, the metamorphosis is truly remarkable, almost beyond belief. It furnishes an excellent illustration of what can be accomplished in spite of all obstacles, through determination, and stands as a living monument to the active patriotic man who not only conceived the idea but labored indefatigably for its accomplishment. In the course of time in dealing with matters of civic improvement one grows to realize that the first consideration is not always spending much money, but rather making use of what materials lie close to hand.

ALS IK KAN

THE "ARMIES" OF THE FUTURE

THE social ideal of the world today is universal peace, yet it is one of the paradoxes of human nature that the personal ideal of every man who is worth his salt is the good fighter. We deplore the idea of war, yet the prospect of it never fails to bring forth the wildest enthusiasm. The news of a battle is the first to be sought in the daily paper and we cheer at the sight of a regiment of soldiers marching down the street. War is wanton destruction, but it is also romance, for it brings forth the qualities that after all are the highest man has yet developed,—qualities that, strained to the utmost height of achievement during the storm and stress of the ages, have been the chief factor in evolving a civilization which is moving steadily toward the federation of nations in the interests of worldwide peace. And a large part of mankind still believes devoutly in the necessity of war as a preservative of the mental, moral and physical well-being of humanity, holding that the heights and depths of heroism and cruelty are at times indispensable unless we are to lose the strength and manliness of the race. In fact, the war party probably outnumber the peace party, for it includes the vast majority of those who cling to tradition and are easily moved by any emotional appeal. The peace party is the stronger, for it is in harmony with the spirit of the age and moves with the course of events, but it is as yet in the minority because the prospect of perpetual peace is anything but popular. As William James said: "Our ancestors have bred pugnacity into our bone and marrow, and thousands of years of peace won't breed it out of us."

But, in one of his last published utterances ("The Moral Equivalent of War," *McClure's*, August, 1910), this great advocate of peace suggests another use for the strength, heroism and love of fighting that form so indispensable a part of the human heritage,—a use that shall demand the utmost expression of these qualities,—but not for wholesale destruction. The struggle of humanity to shape its environment to its own advantage has gone beyond the period when one nation lived and grew only by preying on another, and the time is coming for all men alike to enlist in the struggle to conquer finally and completely the world

we live in and the forces which are ready to serve us as soon as we are ready to master them. He proposes that, instead of military conscription, there shall be a conscription of all our youthful population to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted against the adverse or hidden forces of Nature, giving all alike a taste of hard campaigning against a foe more difficult to conquer than any opposing army, as well as a term of service during which all social inequalities shall be wiped out and each man left free to show the manhood that is in him. By this means, to use his own words:

"The military ideals of hardihood and discipline would be wrought into the growing fiber of the people; no one would remain blind, as the luxurious classes now are blind, to man's real relations to the globe he lives on, and to the permanently solid and hard foundations of his higher life. To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dish-washing, clothes-washing and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries and stokeholes and to the frames of skyscrapers, would our gilded youths be drafted off, according to their choice, to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideas. They would have paid their blood-tax, done their part in the immemorial warfare against Nature; they would tread the earth more proudly; the women would value them more highly; they would be better fathers and teachers of the following generation. . . . We should get toughness without callousness, authority with as little criminal cruelty as possible, and painful work done cheerily because the duty is temporary, and threatens not, as now, to degrade the whole remainder of one's life."

At first sight, this does not seem a kind of service very likely to rouse the romantic enthusiasm with which a boy now enters one or another of the great national military schools to prepare for a lifelong career as a soldier, or the red-hot fever of excitement with which men rush to enlist in time of war, but after all is it not more a question of the traditional point of view than of the service itself? There is nothing specially conducive to self-respect in loafing around barracks, fighting sham battles for the sake of strategic training, and undergoing the deadly monotony of daily drill

THE "ARMIES" OF THE FUTURE

and parade, which is about all the ordinary soldier does in time of peace, nor is there anything very heroic in war as it is carried on today. When men actually came to grips on the field of battle, it was with the fierce joy in personal strength, skill and bravery that always comes with a deadly conflict at close quarters, but modern science has made such warfare obsolete for as long as our present civilization shall last. A battle now is more a matter of calculation and machinery, and the soldiers are mere counters in the game. Barring the one element of discipline that makes the men almost as unerring in action as the machine-guns, there is nothing much in modern military service to make it the best training-school for the nation's manhood, and in actual warfare the victory goes to the army that is most bountifully supplied with provisions and equipped with the latest improvements in the way of guns. The only real excitement, as well as the only chance for personal heroism, lies in scout and outpost duty, and in guerrilla warfare of the kind that seldom gets into the papers.

But as a matter of fact this kind of warfare is not so far from the primitive war against Nature and the natural foes of man. The British soldiers on the frontiers of India; our own men in the Philippines; all men struggling with conditions of savagery beyond the confines of civilization, are fighting the battles of organized society and are playing their part in the evolution of the race, just as all men played it in the tenth century. They are warring against conditions, not armies, and they are playing a legitimate part in the great world-drama because they form the advance guard of civilization, carrying the battle against Nature into the remotest corners of the earth in obedience to the stern and immutable law of the survival of the fittest. But in civilized countries this kind of warfare is a thing of the past, and the time is coming when we must seek another channel for the fighting qualities of the race.

Such channels are not hard to find, for the warfare against Nature is endless. The trouble is that they have belonged, not to the fighters, but to the toilers, and all the traditions of militarism tend to degrade the worker, no matter what degree of courage, or what steadfastness of obedience, may have been developed in him by the work he has to do. The circumstances of his daily toil may call forth more heroism than is

ever demanded from the soldier, but it is hardly counted as heroism because he is working as an individual for his daily bread, not as a member of a huge body of trained and disciplined men whose task is to maintain the glory of the nation. He works because he has to, and, unless some lucky chance makes him a member of the leisure class, his work is lifelong and his reward amounts to little more than the bare means of living. There is undoubtedly a chance for development of all the manly virtues, but he does not know it, and there is very little pride or inspiration to be found in the work itself.

But supposing the Government demanded that each citizen, regardless of social position, possessions, ability or need, must give three years of his early manhood to the service of the nation, just as it is given by a soldier under conscription, and that such service were made as dignified and honorable as military service under the best possible conditions. Suppose that the men thus enlisted were given the most thorough training for the work they chose to do, and the amplest opportunities for doing it,—not as workmen competing with one another for the chance to earn a daily wage, but as men in the service of their country, maintained, taught and paid by the Government during their years of service, whether they happened to be the sons of millionaires or the sons of miners and hod-carriers, and kept under discipline as strict as that of the German army. Would not such discipline and such service tend to sweep away all unjust artificial conditions, and in time develop a vitality and solidarity of national feeling equal to that of the sternest and most aggressive period of militarism? There would be no question of one class favored above another, or of one man reaping the results of his neighbor's toil, for each and every member of this great national corps of fighters against evil or difficult conditions would be a sharer in the work done for the good of the whole. Under military discipline that would discountenance all shirking and exact unquestioning obedience during the term of service, there would be few who would not emerge with a clearer sense of life's responsibilities and its compensations, better fitted to undertake the duties of citizenship than they could possibly be by any one of our present methods of education,—whether academic or industrial.

THE "ARMIES" OF THE FUTURE

Also, such national service would bring out the broadest *esprit de corps*. The pride in the company, regiment or army would expand into pride about national achievement, and work and dangers shared would make comrades of men who might otherwise remain as far apart as the poles in all that goes to make up human sympathy and understanding. The bitter strife between capital and labor would be impossible if employer and employee had ever worked side by side in the service of the nation, and under conditions which made officers of the men who possessed the most skill or ability. The very fact of such service, aside from anything else, would in time readjust the entire social structure upon a more equitable basis, for ignorance and indifference, the two most fruitful sources of discord and oppression, would have vanished in the years of a common interest.

The law of Nature demands that every man, if he is to bring forth and use all the manhood that is in him, must at some time in his life strip away all accessories and stand out in the open,—a simple man among men. The best men recognize this as if by instinct, as is shown by the longing of those most hedged in by fortune for the primal conditions of danger and hardship. They seek it as a luxury, joining exploring trips, hunting big game, doing anything and everything to gain the thrill that comes from battling in the open with elemental forces. Kings put their young sons into the army and navy, with instructions that they shall undergo the sternest discipline and do the hardest work in order that they may be fit to rule when their time comes. Captains of industry in this country train their sons to succeed them by insisting that they shall begin as common workmen and learn the business from the ground up. But such training, in spite of everything, is never anything but artificial. The prince is always a prince, and the knowledge of his rank tempers the rigor of his training; the son of the millionaire who puts on overalls for a time is as widely separated as ever from the man who must wear them all his life, there is no real equality or comradeship between them, nor does the future proprietor wring the quality of manliness from the pretense of being a workman.

But in compulsory Government service all would be in very truth on a footing of equality for the term of service, and the chances are that they would all get a taste

of the real thing, with the result that the workman's horizon would be widened and his possibilities for future usefulness increased, while the rich man's son would get a grip on life that no other education would give him. And there are plenty of chances for adventure. Not only is the work of the world to be done, and new and better ways invented for doing it, but Nature has yet many fields left to explore and to conquer. A term as a forester, planting, fostering and guarding trees from all their natural enemies, would not be a bad experience for any boy, and one or two experiences in fighting fires might be of as much use as a campaign in developing courage, resourcefulness and endurance. Stock-raising, frontier police duty in sparsely settled and lawless regions, mining and prospecting for new mines, exploration and development of new regions to be brought under tillage, reclaiming arid lands by installing irrigation systems, draining swamp lands that are now useless, pioneer work of all kinds, as well as the many forms of industrialism to be carried on in more settled communities, would make a three-year term of compulsory Government service,—whether State or Federal,—as valuable to the development of our boys as enlistment in the National Guard or going to a military school.

In the republic of the future it will not be enough for citizens to give money toward the maintenance of their government and the furthering of national enterprises; they must give themselves, heart, brain and strength, long enough to do their full part as men and patriots. This is what they have done in rendering military service, but there is more need for it in the service of society as a whole. It will mean education as well as work, for each man will be trained for his allotted service as he is now trained to be a soldier, and such education will be neither one-sided nor limited. Best of all, it will mean patriotism of the kind that lasts all the year round and holds itself ready to answer any call of the nation's need, from repelling an invading army to wiping out the San José scale, rendering navigable a river choked with silt, or cleaning up and rebuilding a fever-infested slum,—patriotism that rises above self-interest, class-interest, or even national interest, because the years of training for simple, hardy manhood will have given men some conception of the needs and aspirations of humanity as a whole.

THE MACDOWELL CHORUS

NOTES

THE MACDOWELL CHORUS: A NEW MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT IN NEW YORK

THE MacDowell Chorus has been organized in the endeavor to fill an important and long-felt want. For many years New York's musical public, surfeited as it has been with every other form of musical entertainment, has had absolutely no large, adequately trained mixed chorus, devoted to secular work and available for performance in connection with any of our several excellent orchestras. Of the city's three permanent mixed choruses—each of which is most admirable within its scope—one is a highly paid body of professionals, so small as to be restricted to a special field and very costly to employ; one is purely educational, and is accordingly of enormous size and of uncertain and varying efficiency; and the third is limited to oratorio work. Accordingly in the past when it has been proposed to perform any of the numberless great works requiring the services of a large and efficient mixed chorus, it has usually been necessary either to import an organization from some neighboring city or to train a new body of singers for the occasion only. The absurdity of such a situation needs no comment.

To fill this need in the city's musical equipment it was decided to convert the MacDowell Chorus from the choir of women's voices which was so successful during the past year into a mixed chorus of two hundred and fifty carefully selected voices; to place it upon a permanent basis; to organize it in such a manner as to insure its immediate and increasing efficiency, and thus to produce a body capable of work in choral music which shall rank with the work which in instrumental music is performed by the great permanent orchestras. To this end the organization has been carefully planned. The singers are unpaid, but are not required to contribute to the expenses of the association, and they also enjoy certain special musical advantages. The Chorus is to disband annually so as to facilitate the weeding out of unsatisfactory voices and undesirable members. The entire control of the musical side of the enterprise has been placed in the hands of its conductor, Mr. Kurt Schindler, whom one of our first critics has recently described as "one of the most thorough and genuine mu-

sicians in the country; a man whom to know and to hear at the piano is a joy."

Under these conditions the altogether exceptional body of singers already gathered ought speedily to develop into a chorus which need not fear comparison with any in America. The growth of the MacDowell Chorus in the single year of its existence has been phenomenal, but wholly natural because impelled by the enthusiasm of the Chorus itself and the demands from without upon its services. Sustained at first by a committee of chorus members, the organization is now incorporated, with a board of directors and several classes of members who, though they do not all sing in the Chorus, are yet vitally interested in the development of good music in this city. An efficient chorus, independent in organization, capable of singing all kinds of choral compositions, both religious and secular, should form part of the musical life of any American town as it does of German cities. New York is fortunate in having more than one choral organization each in its own way of benefit to the city and each contributing to the growth of artistic understanding in America; for not the least of the advantages of these organizations—besides their direct contribution to art in the life of a community—is their educational effect upon the members who compose them. We are musically still very young in this country, as compared with the old world. This does not mean that our operas and orchestral concerts may not equal, and in many instances even surpass, European performances. But such music is public music, and it is also to a certain extent imported; it does not spring from the people themselves nor does it, as yet, closely affect American life. We still lack the power to make music for ourselves. We have grown to be appreciative and often discriminating listeners, but we are little more. Music means for us an evening's entertainment in a concert hall or theater, it is rarely fundamental in our education and seldom indeed do trios, violin and piano sonatas, vocal duets or even good piano music form part of the family life of an American home, as in Europe. If music shall really mean anything to us we must be active as well as passive in its development. It is not enough that we should hear good music in public places and liberally open our purses to the support of the best. We must learn to *make* music as well as to listen to it. Only thus, from

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within outward, and from the bottom up can there come to us a musical growth that shall be vital, and in this connection we cannot be too thankful for the People's Choral Union and the Music School Settlement; these institutions are, however, not for the purpose of giving concerts, but solely for the instruction of their members and students.

It was for the dignifying of music as a part of education in this country that MacDowell strove as Professor at Columbia University. It was his hope that music should be regarded by university students not as a specialty but as a necessity to general culture as important as any of the other college Fine Arts courses. And it is this educational stimulus, this bringing of good music into the personal activities of American singers of all classes, that the MacDowell Chorus offers to its members while giving to the public adequate performances of great works. The aim of the Chorus is the best in art, and the rehearsals are necessarily instructive. The membership is open free of charge to all, professional, student or amateur, who have *sufficient vocal and musical ability* to conform to the high standards of the Chorus. The cost is defrayed by those who are able, and who want to give to the sustaining of the organization, and the generosity with which some of the rich amateur members have contributed to the Chorus fund has been impelled by a hearty spirit of coöperation and also by a certain grateful sense of obligation. For it has meant much to these amateurs to be associated with professional singers and to work according to professional standards. They have been brought into touch with the earnest side of music, they have learned to discriminate between the superficial and the real, they have taken home with them definite art ideals, and their musical experience has been enriched by working under great conductors. In no other way could they have received such inspiring instruction. The spirit of broad democracy which characterizes the membership of the MacDowell Chorus, including as it does the wealthiest art lovers and the poorest students, is in line with our American social ethics, while the high standard of the work sets before all a common goal—artistic proficiency.

The Chorus was founded in November, nineteen hundred and nine, under the auspices of the MacDowell Club of New York. Two months later Mr. Gustav Mahler, the

conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra, came to one of the rehearsals. To sing for Mr. Mahler was a severe test for so young an organization, for it meant to invite the criticism of the highest authority. The singers had only worked together for a few weeks, and many of them had never before sung under a conductor, yet thanks to the skill and musicianship of the leader, Mr. Schindler, the uneven body of voices had been welded in this short time into a well-balanced whole. Mr. Mahler sat on the platform near the piano, listening. When the notes had ceased under the upstroke of the conductor's wand, the great musician turned to the leader and said a few emphatic words of praise. Then he spoke to the Chorus, and taking his note-book from his pocket asked the members if they would sing at the next Philharmonic Concert. Thus began the public work of the young organization. So successful was the Chorus at this concert that Mr. Mahler reëngaged it for the next concert of the same series. Other demands followed these appearances with the Philharmonic Orchestra, necessitating the present larger development of the Chorus.

The immediate plans of the Chorus for the coming season give some suggestion of the immense field which awaits it. Besides engagements with various orchestras, two concerts of its own are being arranged. At one of these, to be given in coöperation with the Philharmonic Society, three modern French works of great importance will be performed for the first time in America. At the other, which is to be without orchestra, the proposed programme contains works of Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, Grieg, Othegraven and MacDowell, all important and all practically unknown here. These are but a fraction of the immense number of choral masterpieces which, for a lack of an unpaid secular chorus of the first rank, the New York musical public never hears.

The MacDowell Chorus offers at once a means of filling a definite musical need of the community, and also a fitting and permanent memorial to the greatest composer whom this country has yet produced. Before the appearance of the Chorus in January, soloists from the Chorus will sing at the MacDowell Club Christmas festival from rare sixteenth-century music collected by Mr. Schindler, who besides his able musicianship is a well-known connoisseur in the field of musical research.

REVIEWS

THE WILD OLIVE: BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE INNER SHRINE"

THE action of "The Wild Olive" moves so slowly that one is tempted at first to doubt its dramatic interest, the people seem to be doing quietly such eminently natural things. The lives of the actors seem interwoven with so loose a thread; and yet on careful observation each simple, seemingly unrelated act works out through its own environment to the most logical results. The woman who attempts to break the courage of the man she loves for her own happiness finds that out of his weakness she has created a strength that annihilates her; and her compact to marry a man she does not love to save the man she has always loved, works ill to all the fateful triangle, as such dickerings with fate is bound to. For the dynamic force of an action never ends, but is communicated indefinitely as it affects successive lives. The character of the young fiancée (and I remembered her more particularly as being widely engaged) is a masterly presentation of the girl so self-centered that every evil trait she possesses flowers out in her own estimation as virtue. Her supreme selfishness leaves one appalled at the man love which surrounds her, until one recalls that she is distractingly pretty, and loves love if not her lovers. Yet we have all known the women who pose even to themselves, and build little pedestals out of the minor faults of their friends. *Strange*, who evades the law until it forgets him, and eventually finding the world harder than the law, is another presentation of self-deception, vivid and overwhelming in spite of its subtlety of outline and slow development.

And yet the man is innocent, and all the storm of life which breaks over himself and his friends is born of the error and inadequacy of the courts of law of which he was a victim. (Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. 347 pages. Price, \$1.50.)

THE EVOLUTION OF WORLDS: BY PERCIVAL LOWELL

THIS book of modern astronomy, although written by a scientist who is affiliated with astronomical societies all over the world and whose life is devoted to the furtherance of astronomical investigation, is so clearly and almost colloquially pre-

sented that not only is it easy for the layman to understand, but scientists steeped in technicalities have taken grave exception to it as being undignified to the point of sensationalism. In fact, it is open to precisely the same objections that have so often been urged against the philosophical works of William James, because Dr. Lowell has approached his subject with the same freshness of enthusiasm and the same appreciation of its overwhelming interest, and has presented it so that it reads rather like a cosmic romance than a record of dry mathematical calculations. There is even an epigram here and there, and a sparkle of humor in the presentation of a fact that make it stick in the memory like a good story.

The opening chapter, which sketches the birth of all solar systems from nebulae, and the formation of the nebulae themselves, makes an appeal to the imagination that is heightened as the story goes on to recount the initial catastrophe that must in the nature of things have resulted in the birth of our own sun and his cortège of planets. The result of the most recent observations and discoveries regarding the major and minor planets of our system is followed by chapters on the formation of planets, and the history of their development along the recognized lines of evolution. Finally, there is the history of a planet, as astronomers deduce it from their observations of worlds in all stages of development. Some of Dr. Lowell's hypotheses regarding the probable end of our own globe are a little startling, but there is comfort in the thought that we shall not be here to see just what does happen to finish the career of the good old earth. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated. 262 pages. Price \$2.50 net.)

SUCCESS IN MARKET GARDENING: BY HERBERT RAWSON

THIS is a revised and enlarged edition of a well-known book by the author's father, which bore the same title and ran through several editions. In order to make it as valuable to the market gardener of today as it was to his predecessors, the book had to be brought up to date in many respects, especially with regard to a number of new varieties of vegetables now under cultivation. Therefore, after the death of the elder Mr. Rawson, the work of rewriting it was undertaken by his son, who has followed in his father's footsteps as a success-

ful market gardener, adding to the thorough training he received as a boy, the practical experience gained from years of work on his own account.

While fair intelligence and a knowledge of the first principles of gardening are presupposed on the part of the reader, the instructions given as to the best methods of raising vegetables for the market are explicit enough to be understood and applied by the veriest tyro. The earlier chapters are devoted to the preliminaries, such as location and soils, drainage, preparation of the soil, fertilizers, and the laying out and rotation of crops. Another division treats of the selection and growing of seeds, the cultivation, gathering and marketing of crops, the construction and operation of hotbeds, and gives some useful data regarding the capital and labor required to produce a given result. The last part of the book furnishes an exhaustive list of marketable vegetables, with directions for their culture, the implements needed, and methods of fighting ordinary plant foes and diseases. It is clearly and succinctly written, and is practical and reliable down to the last detail. (Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, L. I. Illustrated. 271 pages. Price \$1.20 net.)

HOW TO KEEP FIT: BY ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.

SO many people just now are interested in the study of hygiene, and so many books on the subject are being written, bought and studied with avidity, that the danger lies rather in the direction of over-emphasis in the line of effort toward self-cultivation than in the neglect which not long ago threatened to make us a nation of dyspeptics and nervous wrecks. Therefore, this latest of Dr. Schofield's books on the subject comes as a timely reminder of the exceeding desirability of moderation and common sense. The author writes from the experience of thirty years' work as a teacher of hygiene in England, and the conclusion at which he has arrived is that far more harm is done by constant dwelling on the subject than ever was done even by neglect. The position he takes is that "one man's meat is another man's poison," and that any set of ready-made rules, however admirable in themselves, needs a lot of adapting to each separate individual case. His main health maxim is: "Unhealthy organs are of less importance than an un-

healthy mind," and that, all things considered, the man who takes things as they come and does very much as he pleases in the way of eating, drinking and exercise, stands a far better chance of maintaining a normal degree of health and efficiency than the man who devotes so much attention to the state of his internal organs that he is in danger of becoming a hypochondriac.

Therefore, the advice of this well-known hygienist to the average man or woman is to avoid introspection and self-analysis as luxuries more dangerous to sound health than champagne, lobster or overwork, and to let Nature attend to her own business without too much interference. This does not mean utter disregard of wholesome food, or of sufficient fresh air and exercise, but the author contends that, given half a chance, the average human being will live in the way that is best for himself, and that the more he thinks about what he has to do or enjoy, and the less about how he feels or ought to feel, the better it is for him in the long run. (Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. 90 pages. Price 75c. net.)

A CHRISTMAS MYSTERY: BY W. J. LOCKE

THREE learned and self-centered old bachelors, each one so wrapped up in his own special pursuit that he has no time to be a human being in normal relation to his fellows, are the *Three Wise Men* in this modern tale of a humble nativity. No one but Mr. Locke would have thought of it, and certainly no one else would have told it as he has. It is full of the mystery of commonplace human life; of the pathos of birth and the grandeur of suffering and death. And yet the plot is that of every day. The three celebrities are invited to spend Christmas at a remote place in Cornwall, and meet by accident on the journey, each unwilling and yet all impelled to go in response to an invitation which all feel to be a bore. In the middle of a motor ride across the downs, the motor breaks down, and the *Three Wise Men*, seeking shelter in a hut, find themselves confronted with primal conditions for the first time in their lives. They pay the last rites to the dead and tend, as well as they can, the newly-born, coming at last to the knowledge of what life means and what it costs. It is far from being the conventional Christmas story, but it is alive with everything that Christmas really means. (Published by John Lane Com-

pany, New York. Illustrated with half-tones and decorated pages. 54 pages. Price 75c. Postage 10c.)

SONNY'S FATHER: BY RUTH McENERY STUART

THE same cordial welcome that was given to "Sonny," when he made his quaint little bow to the American public, will easily be extended to *Sonny's* children, as they appear in the delightful reminiscences of his proud old father, the elder *Deuteronomy Jones*. With the pleasant garrulity of mellow age, the old man discourses at length to his friend, the *Doctor*, in this latest book of Mrs. Stuart's, and his shrewd observations regarding men, women and happenings, as well as the diverse and most interesting characteristics of his six grandchildren, make a story as charming as "Sonny" itself. Life flows on quietly in the Southern town where they all live, but the dear old grandfather finds plenty to interest him and passes it on to his accustomed listener with many side excursions into his own special philosophy. The humor of *A Misfit Christmas*, the first story in the book, will appeal to many holiday sufferers, and *Sonny's* opinion of New York, formed during a family visit to the metropolis, is a wholesome glimpse of ourselves as others see us. It is safe to say that this book, at least, will not be a misfit Christmas gift, no matter where it is sent. (Published by The Century Company. Illustrated. 240 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)

EVOLUTION FROM NEBULA TO MAN: BY JOSEPH McCABE

THIS is a little book on the biggest subject in the world, yet it is not at all superficial. Its author has written much on some of the subjects touched upon in this broad outline of cosmic philosophy, and has given years of profound study to the others, so it is from the depths of comprehensive knowledge that he makes a general survey of the theories and investigations that are wrangled over by scientists and are almost unknown to the man in the street. The book belongs to what is called "The Twentieth Century Science Series," which is being published for the benefit of the busy man or woman who is interested in the researches and discoveries of modern science, but has not the time to read the exhaustive technical works upon the different subjects. Therefore, their aim is to give a general grasp of the topic under consider-

ation, leaving it to the taste and leisure of the reader to pursue it further or not.

The present work contains the story of evolution as it has revealed itself to geologists, biologists and astronomers. The results of their discoveries are woven into a continuous narrative, beginning with the development of the solar system from its parent nebula, and outlining the history of the earth from the early days of its formation, as revealed by geology, down through the appearance and development of plant and animal life to the days of primitive man. The story of humanity after the dawn of history is not touched upon, the book being confined solely to the main outlines of world evolution, of which the growth of civilization is merely a detail. Therefore, the closing chapter sketches the inevitable aging and final extinction of the globe, according to the theories deduced by astronomers from their studies of other planets, hinting at the various possible catastrophes that might at any time end our earthly career, and outlining the process of slow decay that, in case of escape from all the agencies that may at any time resolve the earth once more into a nebula, will ultimately send it adrift in space as a dead world awaiting annihilation as a preliminary to rebirth in a new system. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Illustrated. 121 pages. Price 50c. net.)

AN AFFAIR OF DISHONOR: BY WILLIAM DE MORGAN

THIS latest book of Mr. De Morgan's is something of a puzzle. Hitherto, he has evidently written for the sheer joy of expression, and in the pleasant, discursive way that is natural to a man who holds and appreciates all the experiences of a long life passed among many sorts of men. Part of the charm of his books lies in the way he talks about the people of his own creation, for his own interest in them is so sincere that it rouses and keeps alert the interest of the reader, and the lack of hurrying incident or obvious philosophy is very pleasant in these days of feverishly brilliant and somewhat breathless novels. But in "An Affair of Dishonor" there are none of these qualities. It is merely a tale of gallantry in the time of Charles the Second, and, while the people concerned are human and convincing enough in their frailties and inconsistencies, the story seems hardly worth the telling. As novels go, it is well

enough to while away an idle evening, but we have learned to expect more than that from the man who gave us "Alice-for-Short" and "Somehow Good." (Published by Henry Holt & Company, New York. 426 pages. Price \$1.75.)

A MOTLEY: BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

VAGRANT sketches of men and things, delicate mystical fancies, and studies of human nature in a hundred phases go to make up John Galsworthy's latest book, which is well named "A Motley." The characters, slight as are the snapshots which describe most of them, are of the kind you can walk around and view from all sides, so vividly do they stand out from the printed page. There are portraits as relentlessly truthful as any ever painted by Sargent, showing a whole type in one individual; little incidents, caught in passing, that are like flashlights upon the springs of human action, quaint fantasies that swing wide the door into the realm of pure imagination. Altogether, the book is a pageant of life seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass. We have learned to look eagerly for anything that bears the name of this virile, keen-sighted writer, and here we have the essence of his gift for portraying the hidden nooks and crannies of human nature. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 274 pages. Price \$1.20 net.)

MAD SHEPHERDS AND OTHER HUMAN STUDIES: BY L. P. JACKS

THE wisdom of simple men and the pride of the humble forms the theme of this book of character studies. It contains both philosophy and mysticism of the homely, penetrating kind that comes to men who live in the open and know nothing of other men's thoughts. As one grim old shepherd says of his companions on the hillside,—the stars: "You gets no for-rader wi' lookin' at the figures in a book. You must thin yourself out, and make your body lighter than air, and stretch, and stretch at yourself until you gets the sun and the planets, floatin' like, in the middle o' your mind. Then you begins to get hold on it." These plain men, living in the midst of the eternal verities, come very close to the truth of things, and the author has truth and simplicity enough in himself to let their thoughts stand in all their crude strength of conception and expression.

Therefore the book is notable in what it does not say as well as in what it does, and the stories it tells are full of a grim, saturnine humor that is entirely unforced. It is a book that adds considerably to the enjoyment of a reflective mood. (Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York. Illustrated. 251 pages. Price \$1.20 net.)

IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF HEINE: BY HENRY JAMES FORMAN

THE title of this charming tale furnishes its own description, for who among those who have loved Heine has not tramped with him through the wonderful Hartz mountains, that storehouse of legends and fairy lore. Mr. Forman for our further delectation goes hand in hand with this poet of lyric beauty, and through forest and over mountain trail together they see the people and country of today, not greatly changed one judges, from the stories Mr. Forman tells of the romance and superstition that still dwell in cottage and castle. You feel that Mr. Forman's pilgrimage is one of love, that he has been homesick for the beauty and charm of this land of inspiration; he is not tramping for copy, but joy of adventure—adventure of friendship and comradeship rather than the more stirring kind of the old days when the Hartz hills resounded to clank of mail and the tramp of gay caparisoned steeds. These adventures of today, the writer has touched delicately, leaving one a tender curiosity anent the Lady in the Diligence, and as to the possible outcome of the promised visit to Vienna. And the comrades on the road, though faintly outlined, are cheerful silhouettes, as are the sketches of the inns along the pleasant way, even the rainy days Mr. Forman has infused with divinest melancholy.

A rare quality possessed by this lover of inland ways is that of sincerity; no scene is strained out of the usual up to the dramatic, no character overdrawn to represent a time-worn type, no tale is pressed into an unnatural climax. You never say "How interesting, if true," rather always "How interesting and genuine." And so one follows after Heine with Mr. Forman, a happy traveler through serene and kindly ways, grateful and rested. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, New York. Illustrated. 256 pages. Price \$2.00 net.)

