The craftsman. Volume XXX, Number 6 September 1916

Eastwood, N.Y.: United Crafts, September 1916

Cover page
is not
available

Reproduced from "Impressions of the Art at the Panama-Pacific Exposition." By Christian Brinton; John Lane Co., Publisher.

"Whistling Boy": Frank Duveneck, painter.

THE CRAFTSMAN

PUBLISHED BY THE CRAFTSMAN PUBLISHING CO.

VOLUME XXX SEPTEMBER, 1916 NUMBER 6

STUDYING OUT-OF-DOORS: AN OPEN-AIR SCHOOL THAT FURNISHES A NEW IDEAL IN EDUCATION

EDUCATION, traveling ever forward, is now returning to its starting point—the open-air school. Trees and the sky were the first school roofs and the soft grass the floors. Letters were learned by writing in the sand with little sticks and the principles of arithmetic were worked out with pebbles gathered from the beach, lessons were driven home to the watchful, eager minds by observation of Nature and comments upon her laws by the teachers during the long walks through the woods and fields. School hours were from sunrise to sunset, and during all of this time teacher and scholars played, walked and talked together out in the open. Education was physical as well as mental; strength and agility of body were valued equally with mental force. Deportment, manners, style of speech were all formed by watching and by imitating the teachers. After a time schools were held in the porticos of temples or in the master's house.

The tendency of modern school architecture is toward cheerful, homelike buildings that restrict children's freedom as little as possible; the tendency of the modern instruction is to educate the body as well as the mind. The object of education nowadays is realized to be not just the filling of a child's mind with well tabulated facts, but to develop the body to the utmost perfection of its power and control and to train the mind to think for itself, to reason, to explore, to analyze rather than commit truths to memory. The purpose of art, science, mental training, etc., is not that an achievement may be reached in these things, but that through an understanding of them all round, useful, happy men and women of power can be created.

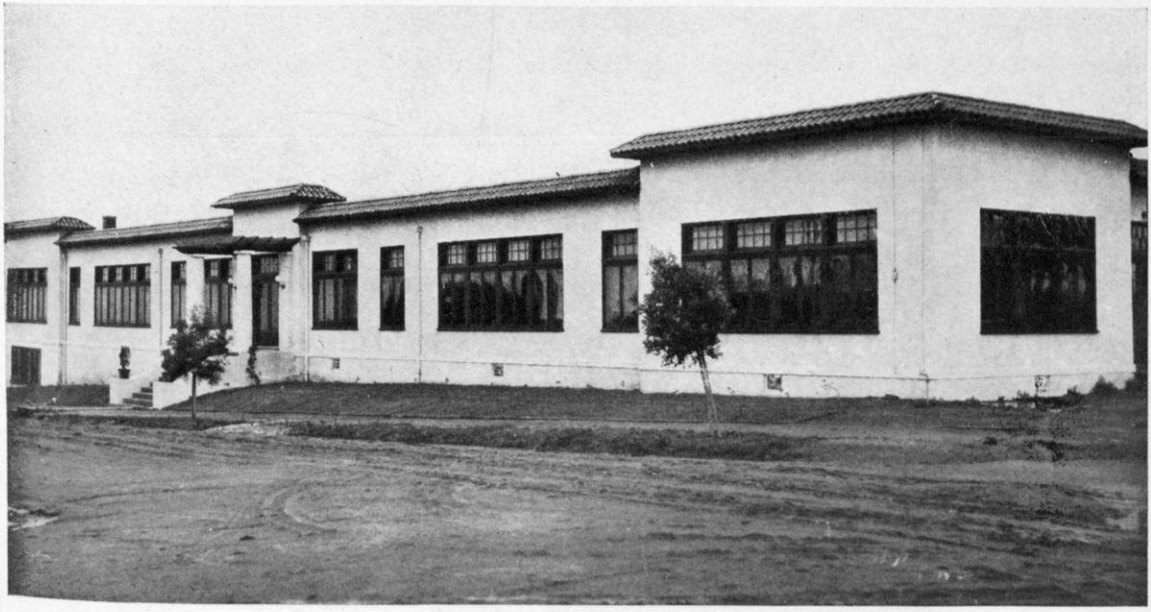
Every one recognizes that there is a magnetic force in fresh air, the smell of trees, direct sunshine, that there is highest inspiration in beauty of flower form, song of bird, delicate rippling of brooks and vigorous dash of surf on rocks. Why then have we denied these glorious stimulants to our children by shutting them completely away

by walls and roof? Because we have decided that fresh air was dangerous rather than life giving and kept our children away from it, we no longer are a race of Spartans, beautiful and strong of body, full of physical and moral courage, but are weak spirited, illy formed, diseased in eyes, teeth, lungs and heart.

THE open-air school experiment, first tried in America about nine years ago, was so successful that many communities both East and West quickly followed, until now there are over two hundred buildings dedicated to the education of the "whole child," not only his mind. Many devices have been tried in the East with varied success to keep the children warm during the severe winter months, such as providing them with foot warming plates or with woolly coats, hats and mittens, so that they looked not unlike groups of Teddy bears. The children soon grow used to outdoor schooling and prefer it to all others. They write their lessons upon snow banks, study the birds in their native haunts, and thrive exceedingly in health and happiness.

California, because of its mild climate, leads in open-air schools. Some are but simple rows of desks and chairs out under the spreading branches of pepper trees, with the blackboard hung on the trunk of the tree. Others consist of a roof supported by corner posts, three sides open to the air and the fourth serving a double purpose—rain-shield and blackboard. The Francis W. Parker school in San Diego, designed by William Templeton Johnson, is the first school as far as we know, to use the system of folding sliding doors. This plan protects the students from wind currents, yet gives them an abundance of fresh air and regulated light. Even in stormy weather the ventilation is perfect, for there are transoms above the outside windows and also above the folding doors. Class rooms, library, manual training rooms, lockers and a large auditorium are arranged in the form of a quadrangle with a covered portico running all around the inside.

The great open court in the center is devoted to play rooms and wild flower gardens. Only a little more than two wings are as yet complete, for the building is being erected on the multiple unit plan. The finished building will be a hollow square around a hundred-foot square court bordered with a covered portico to be used as drill ground, dancing floor, gymnasium or study rooms. Every room opens onto this portico. The inner walls are arranged with folding sliding doors, so that the rooms may be thrown entirely open, and they generally are. Large French windows with transoms above break the outer wall. The building is concrete.

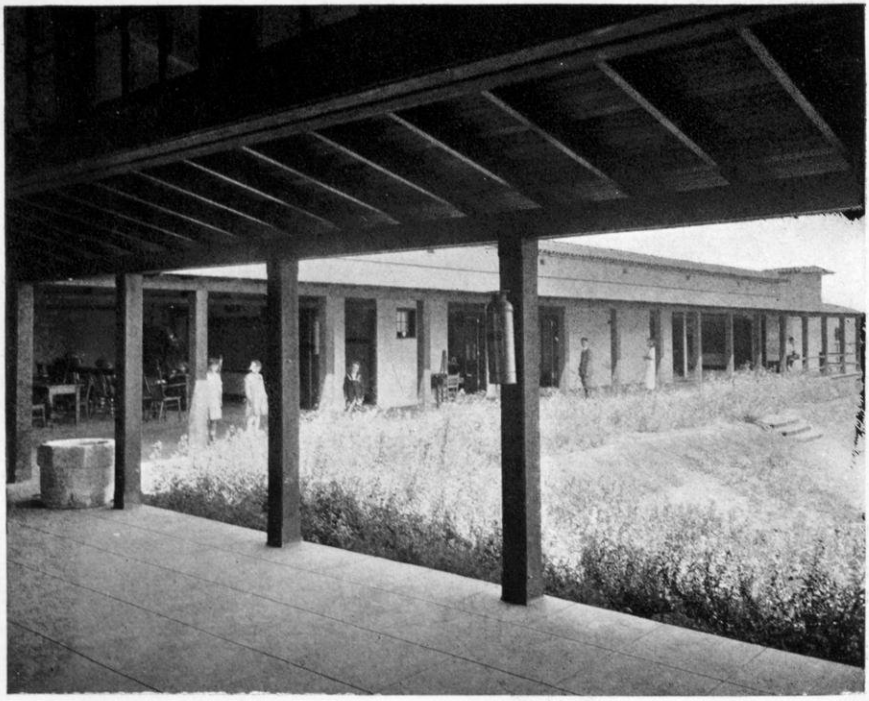


FRANCIS W. PARKER OPEN-AIR SCHOOL in San Diego, California, designed by William Templeton Johnson, built around the four sides of a great open court, the center of which is devoted to playgrounds and wild-flower gardens.

KINDERGARTEN ROOM of the open-air school, showing the sliding folding doors opening on to the glassed-in portico: Open-air fireplaces are provided to give warmth and cheer during the rainy season.

SCHOOL GARDEN IN THE INNER COURT of the San Diego open-air school: At present but two sides of this building are completed as may be seen in this photograph: When the entire plan has been developed this little garden will be enclosed.

CLASS ROOMS of this Francis Parker school open directly upon the great corridor extending entirely around the inner side of this school: Thus there is always sunshine and always shadow.



WIDE CORRIDORS are used as drill ground, dancing floors, gymnasiums or study rooms:

When the four sides are completed the children can march in their drills entirely around giving them an unusually fine gymnasium.

The front elevation which we are showing gives a fair idea of the building as a whole, for there is but little variation in the four sides. The four corner rooms have been projected slightly to prevent a too severe regularity of surface and the roof raised a little to prevent monotony. These slight variations of height and frontage, with the gentle slope of the land, give just enough diversity to be pleasing without diminishing the chief charm—simplicity. The great blocks of glowing windows and the red tile roof will, when the trees, vines and lawn are growing, make of this school a wonderfully bright, beautiful, homey place where children may study and play. There is nothing of the great, dull, prison-like severity of a city school. It looks more like a beautiful home. It is filled with toys, bright pictures and plants. The children are free to move about at will and there are many play hours when they may dance, run about, shout and play.

ONE of the great problems of modern school construction is lighting. One of the pictures in our group shows that the diffused system has been used so that the children's eyes are never put to any strain. Because of the sliding doors and great windows and the school rooms that face the four quarters of the universe, light can be regulated so that there is never a strain of eyesight. To add to the homelike quality in this room is the open fire needed even in California during the rainy season to give dryness to the atmosphere. All the exercises are had on the outside in the portico, for there is always a leeward side free from wind and rain. Directly opposite the front entrance is a large auditorium where school exercises, little plays, and dances are given. This auditorium projects beyond the face of the building wall, thus breaking it pleasantly and also providing an outside entrance so that visitors can attend the exercises given by the children without having to go through the main building. A screened porch also extends beyond the kindergarten room.

Since nothing stirs the mind like brisk, bodily exercise, athletics are always an important part of the outdoor school training. This school plan of Mr. Johnson's is ideal for this branch of education, for there are always the wide sheltered porticos and the sunny central court, so that the exercises may be had in or out of the sun, as the seasons require. Some of the exercises take the form of impromptu games, some of strict muscular discipline, some of useful work like gardening. The children learning how to plant and to cultivate vegetables for the table and to make their home and school beautiful

with flowers and vines love this play lesson with spade and hoe and nice dark earth as well as the lesson with pen or pencil and fair white paper. Study and play are thus quite alike pleasant to them and vacation time comes with regret rather than shouts of joy.

Another feature of importance of this school is that it is all on one floor. Of course in cities where ground is so expensive the one story building is not practical, but wherever possible at all its advantage far outweighs the cost of the land. Beside the obvious one of beauty and homey atmosphere which the one story cottage effect gives there is also a gain in safety, in convenience and cost. A building of this type costs less to erect and to maintain, is easier and cheaper to heat and to ventilate and is better lighted. Fire escapes and fire protection systems are unnecessary and danger of fire panic is avoided; the danger of stair climbing for growing children is also eliminated. The one story building is easily enlarged and altered and when built in the form of a hollow square the open court is an endless delight for beauty and for lessons in outdoor games and gardening. All these advantages and many others were pointed out in a recent issue of the school board journal by experts who have given the matter serious attention.

If, as Carlyle says, "The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses," then children educated in an open-air school are able to face life well equipped with a wealth impossible to compute—a heritage of life-long worth, one that would increase continually and diminish never. Education in an open-air school puts the child in possession of a knowledge, and therefore an appreciation of plant, bird, butterfly and four-footed animal form, of stars and winds. They learn to observe and to enjoy all those myriad mysteries of Nature that are a closed book to most people. Their eyes read wonderful tales in leaves and stones, their ears hear melodies of trees and falling water, their hands know how to weave and to build, their feet to dance lightly or march sturdily and tirelessly. Wisdom to them is the fairest and most delightful of enchanters, instead of a solemn, fearsome owl or a thin wise man with stick in hand that formerly frightened lessons out of their little heads instead of into it.

Reports as to the children's joy of the open-air school, as to their interests in study, in the alertness of mind and health of body have been favorable past even the hopes of the pioneer experimenters. Minds and bodies respond with the wholesome vigor hoped for. This Francis W. Parker school is a great step toward a perfect solution of the form of the modern substitute for those first schools under the trees with their slates of sand and books of leaves.

Carved window box: L. Link, sculptor.

CHILDREN THAT WILL NEVER GROW OLD: ILLUSTRATED BY THE SCULPTURE OF LILLIAN LINK

THERE was once, a long time ago, a little girl who, sad to relate, dearly loved to make faces—not the sweet, smiling faces that every one liked to see, but very cross, pouting, sulking, stubborn little faces. One day she went by herself into the woods and there, much to her surprise, she saw every naughty face she had ever made in her life hiding in the crooked knots and roots of the trees, in heaps of hard, sharp rocks and ugly ruts of the road—a most terrifying sight indeed and one that brought swift repentance. If it is true, as this tale infers, that we people the woods and fields with our thoughts, good or bad, then the grove where Lillian Link walks in the cool of the eve after her day's work is over, must be one of the most enchanting places in all the world, for there would be a host of adorable babies dancing down the sunbeams, sweet elfin pipers perched upon the toad stools, dear little girls cuddling their dollies, wee merry sprites standing prim and very still at the birds' bath, winged loves guarding the paths, also many winsome fairy-tale and everyday jolly children.

For from this young sculptress' deft fingers arise lovely little figures of children, fairies, elves, figures exquisite as the fancies that dwell in her mind. Delightful thoughts may not become visible among the trees and flowers of a grove as were the sour faces of the little girl. We cannot be sure about this, but we do know without a shadow of a doubt that the figures which take form beneath her modeling fingers are hiding among the flowers on many a New York table, dancing on many boudoir desks and playing around many window boxes

"Love Guards the Door:" By L. Link

fixed for all eyes to see and enjoy in fairest of marble or white plaster.

In Miss Link's modeling of children we see the exquisite, soft, dimpled flesh, life-like poise of little body and innocent, wondering spirit that to us represent the embodiment of the child. The use to which her statuettes are put, that of keeping the sweet vision of childhood before us in decorative form, shows a marked originality, is in fact a new expression of the child consciousness in art, for some of them are to be used as table fountains or used with arrangements of flowers, some stand upon the writing table or mantelshelf, the most delicious and inspiring of ornaments. Smiles come involuntarily to every one who sees them, hearts are quickened, memories are touched.

How striking the difference between her delicate interpretation of infancy and those sad faced little princes and princesses dressed like the lords and ladies of the Spanish court, the fat, chubby manikins of old Holland or even the wise, exalted beauty of the Holy Child painted by devout Italians. The children of Raphael's painting, of Michaelangelo's, Giotto's, the angels of Rossi's, the seraphs of Fra Bartolommeo's, are of childhood lifted beyond our everyday knowledge of them. They are so beautiful, so idealized, so different, that we think of them only as pictures of children. The Della Robbia babies seem more human. Boucher and Fragonard caught the alluring, happy, jolly beauty of care-free, rollicking children. Whistler, Sargent and Cecilia Beaux have given us the real flesh and blood children.

BUT all these are to be admired and to be looked at from a dignified distance; they are great things to be treasured in our galleries for all time. Miss Link's babies are unpretentious, unconscious, lovable, everyday youngsters. The little girl rocking her doll to sleep in dimpled arms is charming in its naturalness. The "Dancing Baby" makes every one want a flesh and blood baby exactly like it to balance and dance to music of its own laughter. In "This Little Pig Went to Market" there is all the wonder and romance of the age-old Mother Goose tales. How charming the thought that inspired the door knob, "Love Guards the Door!" This little gem of imagination and execution justly merited the Avery prize awarded it at the Architectural League in nineteen hundred and seven. All her work, however, is not in miniature. Some life-sized children there are who stand out in the garden upholding a sun dial, others play in fountains; but one characteristic they all possess, both great and small,

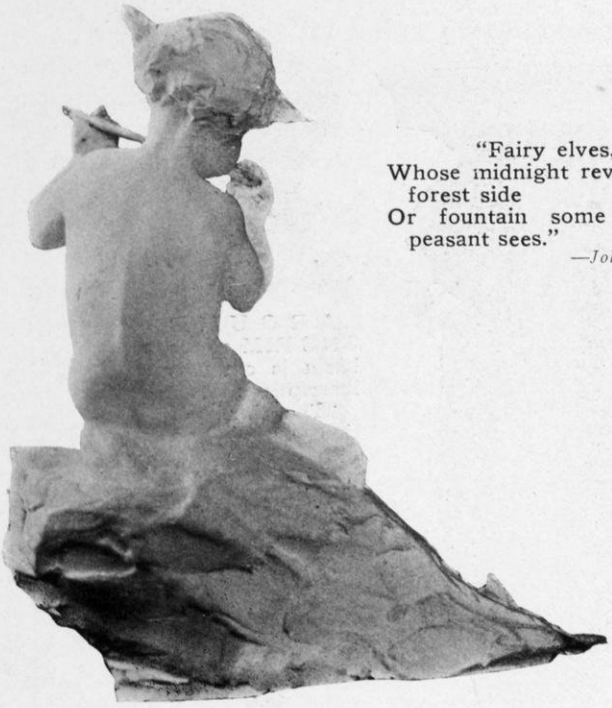
Sun - dial and bird bath designed by B. Lillian Link.

AROUND THE RIM of the basin is cut this inscription:

"The bird of time has but a little way to flutter and the bird is on the wing."

"Love's Hour stands,
Its eyes invisible
Watch till the dial's thin brown shade
Be born—yea, till the journeying line be laid
Upon the point."

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*



"Fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a
forest side
Or fountain some belated
peasant sees."
—*John Milton.*

"THE ELFIN PIPER" designed by B. Lillian Link, to be used in connection with flower arrangements or as a table fountain.

"The sweetest flowers in all
the world—
A baby's hands."
—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

"A baby's feet, like sea-shells
pink
Might tempt an angel's lips
to kiss."
—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

"THE DANCING BABY" designed by B. Lillian Link, won the Woman's Art Club sculpture prize.

"THE DOLL," designed by B. Lillian Link.

"Who knows the thoughts of a child?"
—*Nora Perry.*

"A baby's feet,
Like rose-hued sea-flowers
toward the heat,
They stretch and spread
and wink
Their ten soft buds that part
and meet."
—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

"THIS LITTLE PIG went to market," designed by B. Lillian Link.

that of exquisite fancy and perfect modeling. A most interesting phase of modern sculpture is that of using the child as a garden figure. All these modern children of art are laughing, or quizzically thoughtful or humorously mystified, but they are never the prim, melancholy little figures such as the old masters gave us. Abounding joy is the theme of the modern sculptors of children. Those beautiful Janet Scudder fountain figures where human cupids grasp a turtle by the tail or ride upon the backs of their slow-going chargers or coax a frog to a merry game, radiate an uncontrollable joy of life.

Children in all the grace of unconscious abandonment to play are surely the happiest of garden subjects, much more fitted to our American gardens than shrinking Dianas and self-conscious Venuses. The Scudder children of bronze among the lily pads are like the spirit of exuberant gardens made visible. The "Will-o'-the-Wisp" of Edward Berge, riding upon a spouting turtle's back, the bagpipe boy of Chester Beach, the "Elf Child" of Mabel Conklin are familiar types of the treatment of the child by modern sculptors —fanciful of thought, realistic of handling, merry, playful embodiments of joy and wholesome, healthful animal spirits. Sculptors and artists no longer give us picturesquely sad children in silks and laces or pale, prim, lifeless children, but children whose unrestrained good humor and happiness is fairly contagious.

Miss Link, in her diminutive expressions of child beauty and grace, has given us a new pleasure. When we see her "Dancing Baby" we in a sense become little children again, reach out for it, beg to be permitted to take it home with us, to keep it as our chiefest treasure. We have the longing of the child for a doll and at the same time the satisfaction of a "grown up" in the contemplation of an exquisite bit of art. It gives us back our youth as we look at it, we smile and forget our troubles. It is such a human, shapely little thing with a baby's solemn intentness of purpose and dimpled softness of body that its appeal is irresistible.

The children of her fancy will never grow old, will never lose their soft ringlets or gentle wondering gaze. They are like fairy folk who are small enough to perch upon one's shoulder, whispering lovely secrets, to hide among the rose on the table or perch upon a corner of the mantel embodiments of woodland mysteries. Yet withal they express the innocent sweetness of our children exquisitely as Tanagra figurine do the life of ancient Bœotia.

REINFORCING A DEMOCRACY: HOW I THINK IT CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED THROUGH THE CHILDREN: BY KITTY CHEATHAM

THE preparation of our children—future makers of America—is the great work that confronts us today. At this vital moment in the world's history—a moment of far greater import than many perhaps realize—we cannot shut our eyes to much of the imperfect training that passes as education. We are beginning a new era, and in the dawn of it we need enlightenment at every point of contact with our children. Before they can be helped they must be understood, and before they can be understood they must be loved. We must first of all appreciate that they are intelligent individuals. Even the tiniest babe receives this full recognition of his complete spiritual individuality from me.

Gilbert Chesterton has said, recently, that "every great artist in his heart scorns art as compared with the greatness of God and man." Let us, then, think of children, deal with them, not as unthinking babes, but as having an intelligent understanding of their own relationship to that profound utterance of the Great Teacher: "I thank Thee, Father, these things are hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes." The purity, innocence, sincerity and receptivity of the childlike thought, inspired that immortal utterance and it should be emblazoned in the consciousness of every instructor of the young.

The demands of the twentieth century children are imperative. The mothers and teachers of our future citizens must awaken to their responsibilities; must make themselves fit to judge what is proper to be taught children. Much that is valueless is given under the guise of learning. Last year I sat in the midst of several hundred little ones who were being "instructed" in one of our great institutions of art. The subject in hand was mythological, "Heroes and Monsters." We heard the experiences of Hercules strangling the serpent, of Perseus and the dripping head of Medusa, and I mentally protested, though I never heard of any of the accompanying parents doing so. A child's consciousness blossoms forth under the light of beauty and

By Permission of G. Schirmer.

DESIGN BY GRAHAME ROBERTSON for the cover of Miss Cheatham's book, called "Kitty Cheatham, Her Book," in which this lover of children is represented as the Pied Piper in modern education.

Courtesy of W. Heinemann.

"PETITE JEANNETON," from a drawing by Grahame Robertson in "French Songs of Old Canada."

Courtesy of W. Heinemann.

"CECILIA," from a drawing by Grahame Robertson appearing in "French Songs of Old Canada."

Miss Kitty Cheatham, Musician and Educator.

love just as the little budding things come up at the friendly touch of the sun. Why should the seeds of pagan myths be planted in this beautiful, fresh, virgin soil? What do these two particular ones illustrate and accentuate but the very qualities that are manifesting themselves in the universal chaos of today? When, instead of a world-wide obedience to that divine command, "Little children love one another," we find Cain again destroying his brother. These noxious weeds of malice, hatred, greed, jealousy, tyranny, despotism, etc., are trying to spread and choke out the immortal blossoms of love, tenderness, loyalty, unselfishness, humility and the desire to do unto others as you would have them do unto you—a mental attitude which is a firm foundation upon which to build the characters of our future citizens.

THERE are many progressive thinkers among mothers and teachers who are awakening to the great responsibility that art owes the child, and the many letters of inquiry that come to me are inspiring me with an earnest, unceasing desire to make my own offerings of increasing value and beauty. Artists should coöperate with all who touch child education in this great work of establishing a true democracy. We have limitless opportunities. The familiar musical composition, picture or story are the popular ones. Let us then ask ourselves, individually, with what we are making our children familiar!

We have it in our power to lift up the masses in this country by our own refusal to lower our artistic standards, and especially by giving to our young people only the best in all the arts. I have found that children will listen, breathlessly, to the little classics of Brahms, Mozart, and other of the great masters, and they love the inspirational folk tales. (This does not mean that they should ever be excluded from legitimate amusement and entertainment, and there is a wealth of rich material to draw from along these lines.)

They are starving for the "bread" of beauty, joy and inspiration, and are fed so often by the "stones" of sensationalism. What are the ideas back of each number on the programs we offer them today? (Cause and effect—the idea and its expression—cannot be separated.) I do not need to go into the ideas in the librettos of many of the well known grand operas that are given at our large opera houses, not only here but in other important American cities. Many—too many—children hear these operas which almost without exception express infidelity, viciousness, cruelty, sensuousness. The only antidote is to perpetuate through artistic effort "whatsoever

things are true, whatsoever things are lovely, . . . whatsoever things are of good report," all of which will find response in the child's consciousness, and express itself in new and undreamed of forms of beauty and purity.

Let us keep daily in mind that we are building for a better democracy. And we need constantly to rid ourselves of the idea that nothing has value unless it has the stamp of a century or so. We are a childlike nation whose constitutional greatness is founded upon its directness of purpose and utterance. We have the childish faults as well as the childlike virtues. We need to guard against imitation, while revering all that is good in the older nations—for any expression of truth is a universal truth—we must keep ever before us the great principles upon which this nation was founded, and also the fact that the makers of America were childlike men, who, in moments of great national stress, turned like humble little children to a Higher Power for guidance.

A friend of mine, aged five, asked her mother recently: "Are you sure God made everything and finished all He made?" Upon receiving an affirmative reply, she added, "Then what business is He in today?" It seems to me that we, who have the blessed privilege of guiding children cannot delay making ourselves fit to reveal the "business He is in today." The counterfeit expressions of art—the wrong methods of educational processes—will never unfold, the immortal "conceptions unconfined." There are many practical means of illustrating this, one of which is the feeding of our children's minds on the comic supplements of many of our Sunday papers, which are often badly written, badly colored, badly printed and express, certainly, not wholesome ideas.

WE cannot begin too early to encourage expression in a child. I have many grateful opportunities for speaking directly on these lines to children in my own recitals, and when I have been privileged to coöperate with our distinguished conductors, Josef Stransky, Leopold Stokowski, Dr. Horatio Parker, David Mannes—and others—in their symphony concerts for young people, (these concerts having been given by the New York Philharmonic and Symphony Society orchestras, also the New Haven Symphony,) I have always endeavored to bring to the attention of young auditors the fact that many of the compositions of our great masters, whose works have been heard on these programs, have been inspired by the simplest little tunes, and also that they themselves have risen, generally, above insurmountable difficulties, in their own childhood to give

"A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE," From a drawing by Grahame Robertson, illustrating "French Songs of Old Canada."

Courtesy of W. Heinemann.

THE OLD FAIRY STORY QUALITY is shown vividly in all of Mr. Robertson's drawings, possessing the power to stimulate the imagination as well as to satisfy the love of beauty so essential to the illustrations for children's books.

"OVER THE HOUSE-TOP, the mountain and stream, higher and higher, Love soon you will fly into the Dreamland on Love's Lullaby": From a drawing by Grahame Robertson to illustrate "Love's Lullaby."

forth later their immortal creations. These facts I like to emphasize with our American children, who, unfortunately, often have too much luxury surrounding them and are not taught self discipline and gratitude. There is a tendency among them to take things too much as a matter of course, and they are not taught often to appreciate so much that is being done for them. These orchestral programs also enable me to show what the great masters have written when they were children; Mozart, for example, who composed little classics at four; Mendelssohn, who not only composed at the same early age, but who at seventeen finished his great work, the Overture "To a Midsummer Night's Dream."

In addition to these two musicians, Bach, Brahms, Haydn, Beethoven, Moussorgsky, Tschaikowsky, Grieg, Dr. Arne, Sibelius—many others might be mentioned who have contributed to the musical literature for children, Stevenson, Kipling, Kenneth Grahame, William Blake, Graham Robertson, Louis Carroll, Christine Rossetti, Hans Christian Andersen, Selma Lägerlof, George MacDonald, Bjornson, Tolstoi, Fiona Macleod, William Allingham, etc., as well as our own Longfellow, Whittier, Field—have been represented on these programs for young people. I always endeavor to impress young people with their individual responsibilities, and after each concert I receive numerous letters, drawings, little bits of manuscript music, little poems and bits of prose. These are my priceless possessions and have proven to me that it does not detract from a child's love for music, as music, to help them along with any illumination that has come to me.

I am aware that I am touching upon one of the most vital questions of the day. There is only opportunity to speak on a few of its aspects, but I do want to say that in my large experience I have found that children love the best in all the arts. They have an intuitive sense of beauty. When one finds an abnormal desire for sensationalism, one must search for the cause in their environment and in the mentality of those who instruct them. It is not always possible to meet the needs of the individual child in large educational institutions, but it is possible—and imperative—that each individual instructor rise to meet the splendid opportunity that is being given him today.

MUCH is being said today about the necessity of teaching folk songs to children as a necessary adjunct to their education. I have looked through perhaps a thousand folk songs lately of Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany, Scandinavia, Finland, Hol-

AU JARDIN DE MON PÈRE.

land, Greece, Japan, China, etc., and have heard many of them sung by the people in these different countries. There are, however, comparatively few of these that I would teach to children. The folk song is, as a rule, the expression of a maturer consciousness and tells of national or domestic happening, and has little in connection with the child or the childlike attitude. Their value lies in the fact that they express the spontaneous utterance of elementary folk. I feel it is legitimate to corelate some of the lovely folk tunes with appropriate words for children, and this I have done in certain collections of my own. For inspirational value no folk songs exceed our own old negro ones and these should be heard and preserved in their original simplicity. One day I hope to speak at length upon the many interesting artistic compositions, both musical and literary, that are being written today. I hope to give a program this winter entirely of manuscript compositions by Americans, no longer a difficult task.

Solomon said, "When there is no vision the people perish." The childlike sense of wonder, of "seeing things," is sometimes obscured by the mists of materiality which surround them. The future of our country—of the world—lies in our children. Many who are in the thick of the mental battle which is being waged today—a battle greater than Waterloo or Gettysburg are too close to the old structure to wish to help tear it down; but every structure which is not founded upon truth and love must go and the revelation of those immortal ones "not built with hands" must come forth.

It is through our children that we must make our advance toward higher ideals, and it sweeps over me, as a great wave, how we cannot commence too early to inculcate in them all that is beautiful and ennobling so that they may bring a clear, pure vision toward those whom they may be called upon to instruct or to govern.

I am grateful to be the means of introducing our American chil-

dren to the distinguished English illustrator, Graham Robertson, who will be much known in this country in the future, as his work—in its imaginative and inspirational beauty—places him in the rank of the truly great. He has chosen as one of his illustrations a little lullaby which I should like to have taught to our very young children and the words of which, as they become a part of their growing consciousness, will make them true partakers of the new declaration of independence—the independence which will, to them and to all, mean the "glorious liberty of the children of God."

AMERICA—LOVE'S LULLABY

"Lullaby, baby dear, cradled in blue,
Angels and mother-love watch over you,
Under your slumber robe, precious one rest,
Lullaby, sleep-a-bye in your soft nest.

"Lullaby, little one, soar in your dream
Over the house top, the mountain, and stream,
Higher and higher, love, soon you will fly
Into the dreamland on Love's Lullaby.

"Lullaby, baby-bye, cradled in blue,
Sleep on and dream on your nap-a-bye through,
In your sweet slumber love's lullaby hear
'God and His angels and mother are near.'

"Lullaby, lullaby, mother-love sings
Over the cradle of peasant and kings,
'God is the Father and Mother of all,'
This is Christ's message to great and to small.

"Love clothes the lily in radiant white,
Love feeds the lambkins, and guards through the night,
Love broodeth over each hamlet and hall,
Love never faileth, but careth for all."

AUGUSTA E. STETSON.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Miss Kitty Cheatham, who so loves children that she gives her life to their instruction and entertainment, believing that the educational number of THE CRAFTSMAN will reach a great many parents and children, has expressed in this article her views on the need of a newer ideal of edu-

(Continued on page 645.)

THE PLAY-LEADER: A STORY: BY EMMA MAURITZ LARSON

AIN'T I get no swell fairy story today?" objected Kashmir, at the head of the moist, shifting line that reached from the desk to the door of the Shelter House. It lacked a long time of the close of the "Library Hour," announced in red and green water colors on the Playground Bulletin Board, but the Play-leader was actually closing and locking the travelling bookcases, and there was still one book in sight.

"I will have that 'Tales of Fire Horses' or such a book," announced Gotlieb confidently, from close behind.

"The books are all gone," said Miss Holly regretfully. "We'll have more from the Library tomorrow, enough for all of you." She tried to close the last case on one slim, no-colored book. There was a surge of protests.

"Please to give me that skinny one."

"If it's a Reading-at-school book our Sarah will take it off of you. She's learnin' lame Molly her letters wunst," said Rosy.

"It isn't a story book at all, or even a Reader, it's only——" Miss Holly tried to explain.

"If it is yet a Cook Book," interrupted Posy, hopefully, "our Sarah should have it. She says yesterday she gets stuck on havin' a Cook Book, since she cooks us once now."

The Play-leader laughed at the queer book in her hand. "Deary me, neither Sarah nor any of you would care for this book. See the long name on it, "A Manual of First Aid to the Injured." It is just about broken bones in arms or legs, and cuts and bruises, and how to help them when you haven't a doctor around. It seems to be full of long, hard words."

Snatches of discussion, in tones as torrid as the day, drifted in at the high open window beside her, and held her attention for a moment. A group of the older girls were waiting in the shade of the building for a game of basket ball, one of the keenly contested games of the summer-long tournament between the Gopher and Chipmunk teams.

"Gee, you don't see me standin' her bossin' another hour. If yous girls is all such scare babies, me I'll kick to Miss Holly all by my lone today."

"Oh, g'wan, Rebecca. Yous ain't got the manners to go on the road for the Chipmunks. Let Frieda do it; anyways don't tell the whole town now."

The voice dropped lower, and Kashmir's polite tones called the Play-leader back to forty anxious faces, waiting for one book.

"My fader," he said, "is so smart in the head, he could read them to me."

"I'm layin' out for to be a Doctor when I'm growed. I could still be readin' of that book whiles," said Gotlieb, kindly but firmly.

"Our Sarah she likes best those doctor books," urged Rosy.

"Our pop he's callin' her 'Doctor Sarah' for the funs, for she's wrappin' always our cuts in his old shirtses," put in loyal Posy.

It was plainly a case for direct appeal to the people.

"Well, what shall we do, children? Send the book to Sarah this time?"

"Sure," said Kashmir, first claimant, for the crowd.

"You have the lief off of me," offered Gotlieb magnanimously.

So the slim, no-colored, quite unattractive "Manual of First Aid to the Injured" was carried quickly home to Sarah in the proud care of the twins.

The others made brief work of forgetting the shortage of "swell" story books out on the open spaces of the big playground. Swings were flying high in whizzing arcs from the baked, trodden earth to the hot blue skies. Hooligan slides, whose slanting metal sheets reflected a glare intolerable to the eye, and that were like overheated furnaces to the touch of the bare hand, were thronged. The early summer eagerness to play with intense activity seemed scarcely lessened by the sudden onslaught of the heat. Turning over the peril and problem of it the Play-leader stood in the doorway.

The older girls lingered not far away.

"G'wan, Frieda. She's through with the kids," murmured one of the Chipmunks.

"No, not. She's up to something still," answered a yellow-haired girl in a blue and white middy blouse.

Miss Holly stood, mentally measuring the narrow but growing strip of shade cast by the building, trying to fit the swarms on the apparatus out in the sizzling heat into that constricted space. It was worth trying.

"Tell everybody," she sent a vigorous call out, "there's to be a real acting show right away near the Shelter House."

Pell mell they came; the news outstripped any wireless. There was a general mix-up for a moment until those too late for the improvised teeter seats understood that they had an equal chance in volunteering as actors or suggesting their friends. Stars of other impromptu play shows, "Cinderella" and "Snow White," so successfully given a week ago last Thursday, were enthusiastically supported for prominent places by loyal admirers. Two rival dramatic com-

panies were finally selected. One withdrew to the storeroom, the other to the sheltered Library corner of the Playroom to select stories for dramas and invent costumes and properties.

"Jiggers!" exulted the stage manager of the storeroom company. "But this is luck! We kin git all the broken chairs and stuff we need in here for 'The Three Bears.' Gimme that shawl for the grea' big bear, and that rope for tails and——"

The heavy rap of the rival manager sounded on the door.

"Say, we gotta have the cape an' the cotton an' the bunting an' the cheesecloth an' the carpenter horse an' a croquet mallet an' cardboard——"

"Ask for the wurld, why don't ya?" bluffed the man behind the door, but he shoved the needed articles through as narrow a slit as possible. "What ya gonna put on? High-a-wa-ta?"

But the stage manager of "The Proud Princess of Puffed-Uplia" withdrew in dignified silence behind the shield of the desk to make a royal steed, panoplied in purple bunting. The Princess, by election, sewed frantically on a long cape, bordering it with strips of cotton ermine specked with black ink. Her dark curls were damp and tight-ringed from her efforts.

"I'll never get it done, even with awful stitches," she worried, "and I wanted to make the gol' crowns."

The edge of the impatient audience out of doors began peeking boldly through the broad doorway, making it even harder to sew calmly on ermine borders. (If only the Proud Princess didn't have to speak so feelingly and constantly in her part of her "er-mine robes"!)

A tall yellow-haired girl in a blue and white middy appeared in the doorway, cuffing the curious heads back. They ducked, but the girl remained on guard.

"Oh, come on in, Frieda," begged the seamstress Princess, "and help us sew. Miss Holly's got the whole Queen dress to fix yet."

So Frieda dropped down on the floor beside the Play-leader, basting swiftly on the pink cheese-cloth.

"Us Chipmunk girls," she said in a low determined voice, "come today early a-purpose."

"Yes, I knew you were here, but it's too hot to play yet. It may cool off a little after the sun gets lower——"

"We been speakin' of something already," interrupted the girl. "We all ain't for havin' that there Sarah on our team no more."

"What! The captain of the Chipmunks, and a good player?"

"It's got her the big head then, else why should she talk always

so fierce when us girls misses the basket. She gets so cranky on us, and now already since we got six girls in the team, she don't never step out when her turn comes once. When all the girls gets to come to the Playground it's always yet Elsie that must step out when we are playing on the tournament. Elsie is too good. To be so good is dumb. Us girls gotta stick up for Elsie. Anyways us we ain't standin' for such a boss yet as that Sarah. She is no mother to us."

"Let me talk to her. She is just as hard on herself when she misses a ball, and she is so eager to win. She gets the habit of managing people at——"

But Frieda raised solemn eyes to the Play-leader, who was putting finishing specks of black ink on the ermine. "Och, it ain't for a bit of use, Miss Holly. Sarah is made such a boss yet, but it ain't for the Chipmunks to stand her scolding on us. The girls says so, and me I say so too. And now today already it must be that Sarah gets put out from us."

The Play-leader's voice was full of trouble. "You have the right to, of course, if you all agree. But I wish you would wait until tomorrow at least."

"Just today we will wait," agreed the messenger of the Chipmunks. "Then us Chipmunks will——"

But out of the storeroom door the littlest bear, wound round with bath towels, crept on four fuzzy legs to squeak:

" 'The Three Bears' has been ready 'most an hour."

Miss Holly and Frieda went out together to watch the fun. Close beside them on the edge of the crowd, with the late comers, beamed Rosy and Posy.

Rosy leaned over to say to the Play-leader,

"Our Sarah says such a book is so fine that she reads it already now. She says she don't come today anyways to the Playground because our pop give her the word to make the supper on the table early, so he goes tonight to the movies."

"The Three Bears" was fine and funny.

In the intermission Miss Holly hurried off to help the Proud Princess don her royal robe.

Rosy moved over, shyly at first, to Frieda's side. She pointed at the badge of buff ribbon with its clear printing of "Chipmunk" pinned on the blue and white middy.

"Our Sarah," she said, "has such a one. It stands 'Chipmunk' on it. Our Sarah says the Chipmunks will sure win already, but me and Posy better anyways say it in our prayer at night, 'Please, Heavenly Vater, to make those Chipmunk to win.' Me and Posy says it

such a way every night, then Sarah says we must quick to sleep go. She is sleeping in the middle of us, and when she is thinking we sleep, she tells the Heavenly Vater anyways herself. I am hearing her say, soft and low, 'The Chipmunks is the best players, Lord, and please to let 'em win, else I must be so cross on them to make them play good. And if I don't play good myself, strike me down like Eli's sons or other."

"But He wouldn't, would He?" protested Posy, tearfully. "Else who would see after pop and us if our Sarah was struck down."

"No, not. He wouldn't do such a thing," declared Frieda, firmly, but looking everywhere but at the twins. And in a moment she was gone, and dragging the reluctant Chipmunks away from the just beginning "Proud Princess" play to a hot empty space near the swings. She was talking fiercely to her teammates as she went. Later she brought a message back to Miss Holly, without word of explanation.

"The Chipmunks ain't goin' to put that there Sarah out, Miss Holly. And if any of them squeals to yous about her, yous'll be doin' me a favor wunst to send them to me. Me I'll get some sense in their heads. Our Sarah—she's a good —— player."

The girl lingered after all the others had gone home to supper, helping to lay away paper crowns and cheesecloth capes in the motleyed storeroom. Miss Holly looked up from her records of the day at the sound of a soft, gasping call in the broad doorway. She stepped out into the heated air.

A boy stood there, breathless with hurry and with the weight of his message.

"It is Frieda's fader," he half whispered, "cut very bad when he falls faint from the heats. Sarah ties him tight, with a stick yet. After comes the Doctor. 'Who have done this?' the Doctor says. Sarah says very cross, 'Me I did it.' 'You have help save this man's life,' says the Doctor to that Sarah. 'How you know to do it?' Then Sarah she cries tears and says, 'I read it in the Playground book just today already. I must make the supper early on the table for pop,' and she runs quick home. But still she comes back wunst and hollers, 'Frieda is on the Playground for that Chipmunks games. Otto better anyways go, and speak it to her easy. Tell her her pop get well,' and quick she runs home again, and I come here."

As gently as might be Miss Holly took the ill news in to Frieda, but quick on the heels of the boy messenger came another. It was Sarah herself. The damp hair clung to her forehead, but beneath it was a wavering smile.

"Pop makes the supper on the table himself. He says I have the

lief to come already and follow Frieda home wunst. We go right away now." Sarah's eager leading hand met Frieda's blindly groping one half way.

At the door of the Shelter House the captain of the Chipmunks turned. She shook her fist playfully at the Play-leader.

"Me I gotta scold on yous, Miss Holly," she said. "Yous should tell me when there is such a acting show on the Playground. I am having Fireman Mike bring lame Molly to see the grand acting wunst. Don't yous forget now, else I am mad on yous. Ain't it so, Frieda?"

OPEN WINDOWS! BY SARA TEASDALE

OUT of the window a sea of green trees
Lift their soft boughs like arms of a dancer;
They beckon and call me, "Come out in the sun!"
But I cannot answer.

I am alone with Weakness and Pain,
Sick abed and June is going,
I cannot keep her, she hurries by
With the silver-green of her garments blowing.

Men and women pass in the street
Glad of the shining sapphire weather,
But we know more of it than they,
Pain and I together.

They are the runners in the sun,
Breathless and blinded by the race,
But we are watchers in the shade
Who speak with Wonder face to face.

Reprinted from a group of "Songs in a Hospital," published in "The Yale Review"

THE "NEW ART" AS DISCOVERED BY E. H. SOTHERN

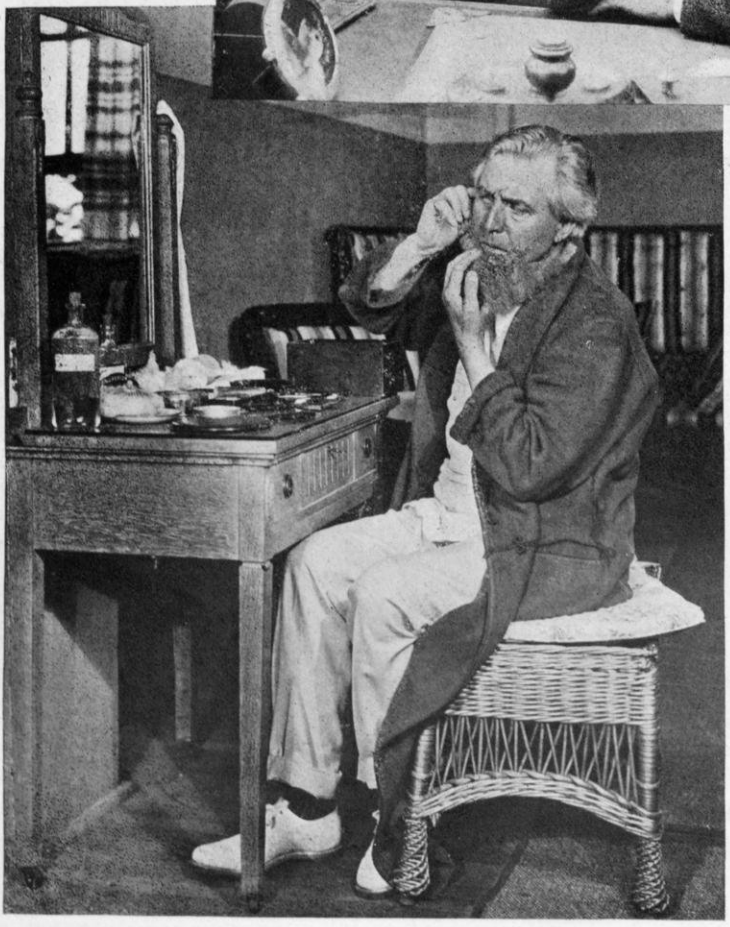
I HAVE discovered a "new art" in posing for the moving pictures, an art that I can perhaps best describe as the concentrated essence of expressiveness. When I first decided to "act" in the various pictures for the Vitagraph Company, people said to me, "Oh, but it will be easy for you because you are an actor of experience and have the nuances of your profession." And this seemed very reasonable; but I found when I began posing that "acting for the movies" was a very different thing indeed from acting for a living audience, and that my work in the past, all the experience that I had acquired in years on the stage, the gesture, the voice, the expression, not only did not avail me, but rather stood in the way of the work I had prepared to do in my real farewell to the American public, for that is what I consider this work with the moving pictures. I am actually saying good-bye to all my friends all over the country simultaneously, and this is an inspiration to me in my acting, because I feel that I am acting before the largest audience I have ever known—for three million people is really a very large audience!

Since I have commenced my work here and know the vast number of people who are entertained, instructed, whose thoughts are influenced, whose daily lives are made less difficult and sordid by the pictures from the reel, I have become vastly interested in the moving picture achievement. However much we may enjoy the legitimate stage from either side of the footlights, however much we may feel that it is the great means of culture of the present day, that it exacts the greatest mental response of any art from its audience, we cannot afford any longer to ignore the new art of the moving picture, an art that reaches ten million people a day across the planet, that is the fifth greatest industry in the world and one of the greatest, if not the greatest, influence over the youth of America in existence today.

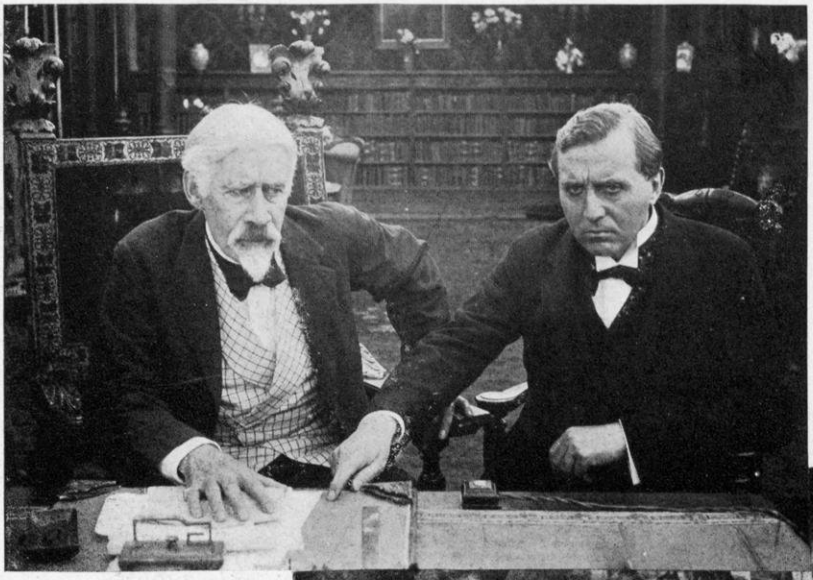
What shall we do with such a tremendous power for good or evil? I have been asked this several times in the last few weeks and I do not know that I am ready yet to answer it, although I am more and more convinced that it is a question that this nation must answer and that the influence must be set moving in the right channel. I have heard that the moving pictures influence the young people of America to a far greater degree than all the churches combined today. Now, we would consider it a very important thing if our churches were not all headed in the right direction, all eager to do the utmost for the enlightenment of the country they serve.

A RECENT PICTURE OF MR. E. H. SOTHERN: Although not posed for any part of a moving picture play, one feels in the sensitive quality of face and hands rich capacity for achievement in the "new art" of which Mr. Sothern writes in this issue.

AN INTERESTING STUDY of Mr. Sothern's expression in "The Chattel" which he has recently posed for the Vitagraph Company.

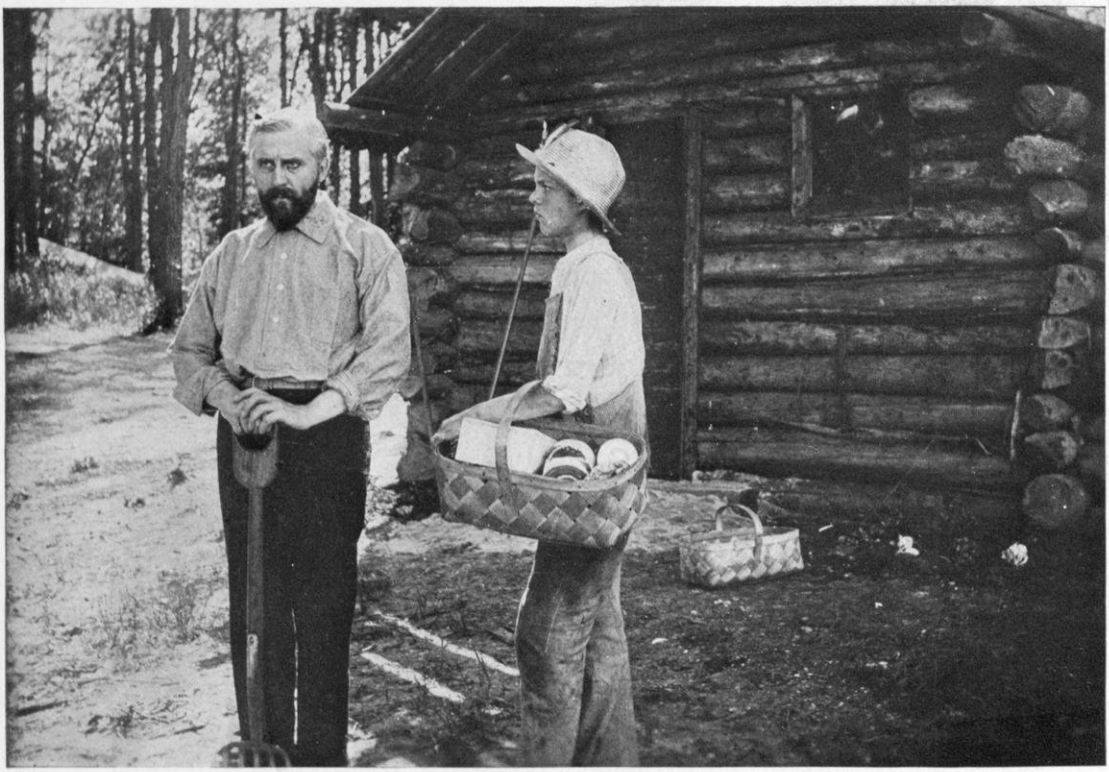


MR. SOTHERN making up in the Vitagraph dressing room for his part in "The Man of Mystery": In the very act of putting on the make-up one feels a subtle change in the expression of Mr. Sothern's face.



MR. SOTHERN in a serious moment in "The Chattel," a moment when dramatic activity, violent gesture are impossible, and all that he has to "say" must be accomplished through his facial expression: Shown above.

AN EXCELLENT idea of how complete a story can be told with the simplest gesture, yet every line of the face made dramatic.



A PICTURE OF MR. SOTHERN in one of the Vitagraph picture-plays in which it would be difficult for even his best friends to recognize him, so completely is he changed by make-up, pose and expression. When one realizes that this picture is without gesture, in fact, without movement on the part of either people and the matter of expression confined almost wholly to the eyes one appreciates how completely new and different from the usual work of the actor is the art of the moving play.

Naturally, while I am working here with the Vitagraph people, I am listening to all that is being done by the new art of the film, not merely to the facts about the size of the audiences and the enthusiasm, but the power of this art to reach the people along all the lines of democratic education.

SOME few weeks ago I was sitting in Central Park watching some children with their nurses; the nurses were very much absorbed in each other, and the children, though out of doors, seemed to be having rather a desolate time. It occurred to me that it would be a very wonderful thing if every park could employ a number of teachers to brighten the lives of the poor little rich children that were playing there, teachers who knew all about birds and squirrels and trees and flowers and who could make the hours out of doors a magic time for the little folks looking so drearily about into a world empty because not understood. But now it seems to me that a still greater work could be done in the parks and playgrounds all over the world by the introduction of moving picture lessons about outdoor life. I am as certain as though I could see those same little children that they would sit in delight before a moving picture showing them the merry ways of the wood folks, the story of the provident little squirrel, the aggressive sparrow, the busy bee, the wise little ant, or the miraculous legend of the growth of flowers; the way the park commissioners, for instance, get the green lawn that the children play on, or the story of the nesting time of birds, the feeding of the young. There is no limit whatever to the opportunity for the instruction of children through moving pictures. This, it seems to me, is the great power that the film will have in the future.

I can see the opportunity of education through the film extending out in so many channels that it is absolutely limitless. Just as today so many people are getting their musical education through the machine, so I believe millions of people in the future will receive their education by pictures. There is the problem of whether or no education that comes so easily will not possibly deaden the capacity for creative thought. I doubt if this problem can be settled except after testing out the matter through an entire generation of educational effort. While it really requires more mental effort to respond to the written word than to the picture, it is a well known fact that the pictures make a more indelible impression upon the memory, and this is an immense advantage for children in public schools, in any method of education that has a limited time and a varied curriculum, with children who have but a few years of educational opportunity.

It has not yet been proven that the so-called machine music has diminished the output of musical genius. As a matter of fact, here in America at least, more music is being created than ever before. And while music does not come to people through a mechanical process with the same spontaneous beauty that it possesses straight from the hand or the voice of the great musician, pictures could be used in a process of educating children by the reel which would be quite as good, if not better, than any illustrations that are published in the average school book. Also the very magic of what the reel could accomplish, for instance, in such studies as botany, horticulture, architecture, bird life and animal life, must stimulate the imagination of any child of even average interest in life.

A QUESTION that has also been asked me many times since I have been interested in moving pictures is the effect of the ordinary photo-play upon the mental and spiritual quality of the moving picture audience—the play that has been produced wholly to amuse—melodrama of the most exciting, intoxicating character. "Can this be good for our young people, whose lives must of necessity continue drab and monotonous?" Personally, it seems to me decidedly that it is good for them, and the more drab and monotonous their lives the more important that some entertainment should be provided which will furnish a contrast, will bring them escape for the moment from their gray existence, which through sheer interest and excitement will furnish mental stimulus. The vital thing in every life is that it should possess, at least occasionally, some exhilaration, some release from material pressure. We cannot hope that people whose lives are all barren, filled only with exhaustive labor, so planned that hope does not illuminate even youth, should greatly desire to spend the few spare moments with which fortune favors them, in education of however cheerful or popular a nature. The sad, the sick, the hopeless need violent reaction in any entertainment which is given them, and there is little danger through this reaction, certainly not as much as through continued mental depression.

One of the strangest experiences in this posing for the "movies" is the absence of the audience. It is like acting in a continual rehearsal until you realize suddenly that you must become accustomed to doing without that wonderful stimulus which the audience offers to every actor who moves it. I am sure all actors like myself on the legitimate stage rely equally for producing emotional effects upon good scenery, the use of the voice and the response of the audience. Also on the legitimate stage we have an opportunity of testing effects

again and again. We have an entire stage at our disposal, and if a "picture" is not satisfactory at one angle we may test it out at another; I am sure too that every actor relies upon certain modulation of the voice to infuse emotion not only in the audience, but into his acting. We do our acting before the moving camera absolutely denuded of such help as this, with even our gestures limited, with our space for moving about cut to the narrowest allowance. If we attempt to express some sudden violent emotion with a wide gesture we are told quickly that we are out of the picture, if we stride across the stage to express irritation, annoyance, we are out of the picture, if we glance away from the people with whom we are acting our glance is out of the picture. In fact, the first thing to learn in acting in the "movies" is to keep in the picture. Everything is limited for the actor except his facial expression, and that must be exaggerated beyond anything he has ever permitted himself on the legitimate stage. Frequently, every variety of emotion—anger, rage, pride, joy, sorrow—must be given out through the reel to the canvas and then to an audience solely by the varying expression of the eyes and the mouth. That is why I feel, as I said at the beginning of this article, that I had discovered a new art which was the essence of concentrated expression.

ANOTHER thing you find very quickly is that you have no opportunity of working up to your scene. In the play written for the legitimate stage usually an actor works up through his first and second act to the final culmination of emotional expression in the third. I shall always remember my bewilderment when I discovered one day that I was being called upon to pose my third act first of all because that scenery was ready and the lights were placed so that that particular part of the room could be best photographed. And it may be that in one moving play an actor will be photographed in various parts of a building or various parts of a town or various parts of a country, according as the director desires to make a particular play intensely and vividly realistic, so that there is no opportunity for putting yourself in a psychological state and living your part from hour to hour, of becoming the actual man you portray.

In the moving picture art you are never your hero for one moment, you are always yourself intensely interested in showing through your expression the kind of a man the hero was, for you see you are never with your audience. You are working for the screen, not for the people, and you are doing what the screen demands. That is why every expression must be intensified in moving pictures, because

(Continued on page 642.)

TWILIGHT GARDENS: BY FLORENCE BECKWITH

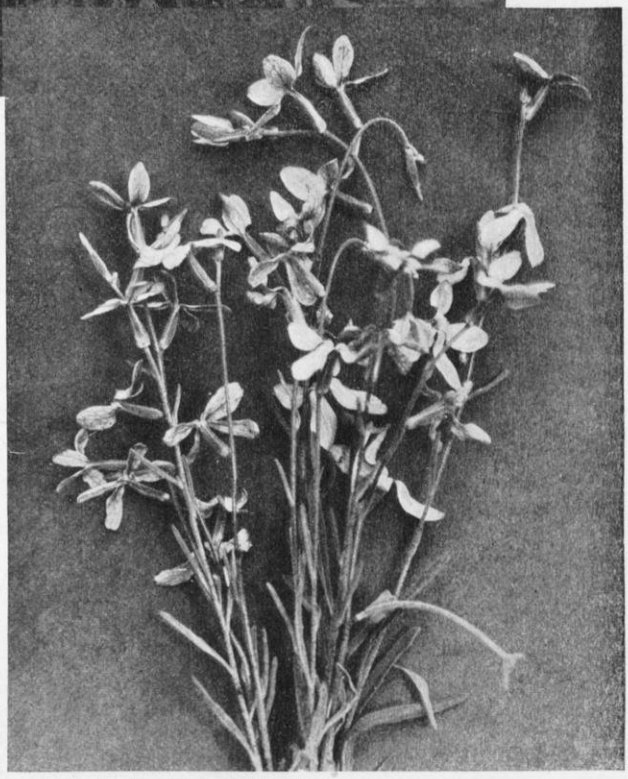
LOWERS which by their bright coloring add to the attractiveness of the garden all through the long summer days are almost limitless in number. Those which display their beauty only at evening are not so numerous and are apt to be overlooked, particularly if they are subdued in coloring and unobtrusive in other ways. Possibly, too, one reason why they are not better known is, that we do not visit our gardens often enough in the evening to make the acquaintance of those flowers which are almost more lovely then than many which bloom in the full noonday glare.

Two plants which make the garden particularly attractive during the twilight hour are *Matthiola bicornis* and *Nicotiana affinis,* and both ought to be better known and more generally cultivated by all garden-lovers.

A modest little flower, so modest that it is quoted in but few catalogues and its merits scarcely known, is *Matthiola bicornis.* It is a member of the same family as the stock, or gillyflower, and its fragrance is somewhat similar. The foliage is an inconspicuous, grayish green; the blossoms are single and at first sight seem to have no particular beauty to recommend them, being a purplish lilac, or lilac pink in color, and, it must be confessed, somewhat resembling those of the radish, only larger.

During the day the flowers are closed, and the plant being rather weak-growing and inclined to be a little sprawling in habit, makes no show whatever. In fact, if one sees it for the first time during the day, some surprise is felt at finding it among the gayer beauties of the garden. But, as evening approaches, the plants straighten up, the blossoms open, and the fragrance which they emit is not only delicious, but absolutely entrancing. Sweet-scented stock, evening-scented stock, night-smelling stock are some of the common names which have been given *Matthiola bicornis,* and they are all not only suggestive of the fragrance of the blossoms, but also indicate that they are particularly volatile in the evening. The specific name bicornis is given on account of the peculiar two-horned seed pods, which make an interesting feature of the plant after the blossoms have withered.

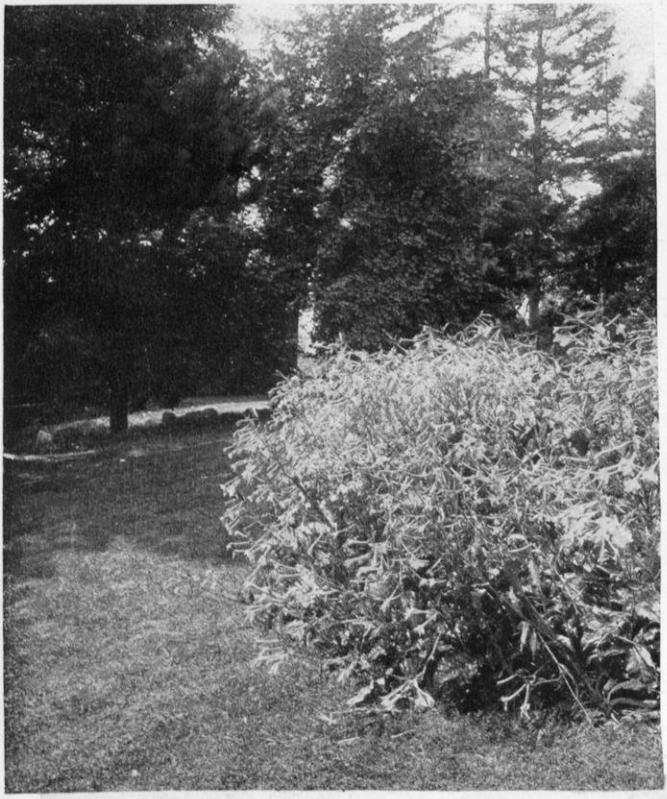
The transformation which occurs in this evening-scented stock just at nightfall is very interesting, and the observer becomes quite absorbed waiting for the change. One moment the flower hangs drooping, pale and scentless; the next it stands erect and filled with a fragrance which is wafted through the garden and is perceptible at a



NIGHT BLOOMING STOCK is a modest little flower with grayish green foliage and small lilac pink blossoms: During the day the flower is closed and has no especial beauty, but at night it awakens, straightens out its stems, opens the blossom, and emits one of the most delicate perfumes of the whole garden.

The transformation from listless daytime insignificance to brilliant charm of evening is almost as sudden as the transformation of Cinderella in the ashes to the radiant beauty of the ballroom.

From Photographs by Nathan R. Graves.



NICOTIANA all through the sunny hours hang their blossoms modestly upon their stems, but as twilight approaches the blossoms open up into wonderful white trumpets exhaling a wealth of fragrance:

They can be found on even a starless night through the invitation of their perfume: They are especially prized as cut flowers and will stay fresh in dim rooms for days at a time: They also make charming hour plants.

considerable distance. It is not an evanescent odor, but one which permeates and clings, and yet is not of the heavy, cloying kind, but deliciously, spicily sweet, an odor of which one feels that it is impossible to have too much.

PLANTS of the Matthiola can be raised in the hot bed, or in boxes in the house, or the seed can be sown in the open ground at the proper time in the spring. If allowed to go to seed, they will sow themselves, thus giving no trouble after the first year. Try a mass of the plants in some corner of the garden, or, better still, near a veranda where the family gather in the evening; you will surely be delighted with their charming fragrance, and the modest beauty of the blossoms will grow upon you the more you see of them, so suited do they seem to the twilight hour.

Nicotiana affinis, like *Matthiola bicornis,* is not an attractive plant by day. All through the sunny hours the coming blossoms hang drooping on the stems, greenish yellow in color and weak and nerveless in appearance. But, as twilight approaches, the whole attitude of the plant changes; the blossoms straighten up and become stiff, white, alert, and exhale a wealth of fragrance which fills the surrounding air.

As soon as the dew begins to fall, or earlier if the plants grow in a shaded place, the long, tubular, white flowers begin to expand, and the delicious fragrance which they send forth is all-pervading and entrancing. As darkness falls upon the garden and the bright-hued flowers which rendered it gay become invisible, the starry blossoms of the Nicotine shine forth in the gloom of the moonlit night, transforming the quiet nooks into scenes of beauty which rival those of fairyland, and producing a veritable realm of enchantment.

As we wander forth to enjoy the beauty and the fragrance, we find we are not the only visitors to the enchanted garden. A hawk moth, or little "lady bird," as some call it, is visiting each fragrant blossom and thrusting his proboscis into its long tube in search of the hidden sweets, while his whirring wings make a low-toned musical accompaniment which seems attuned to the quiet of the night. In the very early morning, before the blossoms close, gay humming birds also visit the Nicotine flowers, claiming their share of the nectar, which can only be reached by their long, slender bills and the extended proboscis of the "lady bird."

Not only is the Nicotine a valuable adjunct of the garden, but the blossoms are prized as cut flowers. If supplied with fresh water, every blossom on the long stalk will open in time, and if kept in a room re-

moved from direct sunshine the flowers will not close during the day, though only at night will they exhale their fragrance.

Nicotiana affinis also makes a charming house plant. Cuttings taken in September and grown in good soil will make nice plants for winter blooming. The large pale green leaves have a texture as soft as velvet, and the tall stout stalk crowned with an abundance of pure white blossoms produces an almost tropical effect, making the plant available for many schemes of evening decoration. Mingled with palms and ferns the effect is particularly beautiful.

Plants of Nicotiana can be raised from seed sown in hot bed or cold frame, or they can be grown from cuttings which root readily and soon form fine specimens. There are several varieties upon the market, all of them pretty and most of them more or less fragrant. Some pink varieties keep open during the day and are very showy. But my affection goes out to *Nicotiana affinis,* which I first knew and which has nobly stood the test of time. Give it a trial, and you will soon be convinced of its beauty and desirability as an evening bloomer, and your garden will never after seem quite complete without the pretty starry blossoms with their delightful fragrance.

NIGHT also reveals the full ethereal beauty of the Madonna lily, *Lillium candidum.* The night air distils a fragrance unperceived by day and as they stand arrayed in the purest of silver robes with cups upturned to the moon they look the very incarnation of heavenly spirits. St. Bruno's lily, *Paradisea liliastum,* also seems unearthly in its beauty. This "star-lily from Paradise" requires the evening hour to bring out the full sweetness of its perfume and the full delicacy of its beauty. There are many other lilies that should be found in the twilight garden. *Lillium auratum* or gold-banded lily, Japanese lily, the yellow and orange day lily and the funkia or Corfu lily are all fragrant and exquisite at night.

Oenothera or the evening primrose waits until the sun has set before opening its lovely lemon-yellow flowers and shaking out its sweet perfume. It is easy of culture, but likes best a half shady spot in sandy soil. There are several species suitable for use in garden borders that are beautiful by day as well as night. It is this flower that makes the summer nights in the Sierra so full of wonder. Descending night carries their perfume far down the valley from the upland meadows where they grow in great perfection.

Paenoia is another flower that is at its best at night. There is something cooling and gently refreshing in the perfume of the peony, some-

(Continued on page 643.)

ALICE IN BLUNDERLAND OR EDUCATING THE EDUCATED: BY NEWTON A. FUESSLE

N the slope of one of the ridges of the Catskills is a cottage which houses a curious university club. It has little in common with university clubs of the cities, save that its members have plucked degrees from the branches of higher education.

These university clubmen on the hillside know literature, philosophy, and science—history and economics. They know football scores and Flaubert, track records and Terence. Their conversation is that of bright, clever, proficient, successful fellows of affairs—of useful participants in the world of work.

Yet not one of them works. They have not worked for months. Some of them will never do a lick of work again. Their minds are sleek and bright. But their lungs are torn with lesions and punctured with deadly cavities. The schools they attended for fifteen or sixteen years fitted their brains, but ignored their bodies. They were taught how to think and work, but not how to live.

All day they lie in their long invalid chairs, wrapped in heavy blankets. They blink at the hills and yearn for the passports of health back to the centers of human activity from which they are exiled.

Some of these men are far-advanced consumptives. Their days are numbered. They cannot possibly recover. The rest are moderately advanced. None was predisposed to the disease. With each it was once in the incipient stage, when with prompt and proper treatment it might quickly have been arrested. Each could have kept himself free from infection altogether if he had been taught how to breathe, sleep, eat, work, and play.

Each felt the early warnings—coughing, shortness of breath, unwonted tiredness, rising temperature afternoons and evenings, loss of weight and appetite, night sweats. But they did not know how to interpret these simple and indubitable signs of warning. They knew all about the signs of the zodiac—but of these signs of incipient tuberculosis they were in dark and imposing ignorance—worse luck.

During all the years they spent in grammar school, high school, and college, none of these targets of the Great White Plague learned one single definite fact about the intelligent care of the human body, its ills, its fortification against disease, or the symptoms of even the commonest diseases.

They followed paths of learning through schools and colleges which, while purporting to take young blades and hone them keen and fit for carving out their careers, in other words to fit them for life,

did not fit them in the slightest degree to perceive and discern the foes of life.

MULTITUDES of my generation have plugged through scores of required courses at school, not one of which taught them how to prevent or even recognize ordinary physical ills. It occurs to me that it were wiser had we been left in profound and benighted ignorance, for instance, of arithmetic, and taught to call in a professional statistician when computation became necessary—than to be left to the grace of Heaven and the family doctor for physical guidance. For is not the physical more important than the fiscal?

At college I saw fortunes spent every autumn to teach football candidates how to elude opposing tackles, but not a cent to teach them how to elude tuberculosis, typhoid, pneumonia, or cancer. We were required to dig out Latin roots and to unkink logarithmic gnarls, but there was no required course in intelligent living.

There was a perennial, concerted, rock-ribbed, steel-girt conspiracy of silence against the human body. The educational system frowned upon bad taste in deportment, manners, language, and literature; but bad taste in life itself was quite the proper thing. It was deemed more important to know quadratic equations than the simple fact that to sleep habitually in a room where the sunbeams never enter is as suicidal as a nibble of cyanide, albeit somewhat slower.

I do not decry the epic value of the classics, or the fine mental discipline of mathematics. But I do beg leave to call respectful attention to the exclusion of an adequate study of the nearest and dearest thing to a student—his body.

Why all the bother to teach us, as youngsters, to rattle off the names of the teeth, the chemical ingredients of the pancreatic juice, the action of the bile, the r. p. m. of the stomach, and the names of the muscles in Latin—but little or nothing of the care of the teeth or stomach, the value of clean air, sun, and intelligent habits, or how to make it lively for the advance agents of death.

Fifteen years hence this ignorance of the educated will be no more. The New York Public Schools dropped lyddite on educational traditions when they adopted the present syllabus, a darkness-cleaving document by Dr. C. Ward Crampton, director of physical training. This man got tired of seeing A. B.'s having walking typhoid for weeks before they knew there was anything seriously wrong with them, and Phi Beta Kappas with galloping consumption who thought they simply had a cold. Knowledge of the body, he decided, should henceforth be included in the school curriculum.

EDUCATING THE EDUCATED

ROCHESTER, New York, has also cast fulminate upon unworthy educational practices. Rochester is the city whose health officer made everybody gasp by calmly proposing that the public schools be closed up until the children could be repaired. Elsewhere there are spots of light on the drab map of public schooling which are making the dawn of a better day tinge the horizon. These signs promise eventually to redeem the educated from ignorance.

Long before New York's public schoolchildren of today learn how to decline *amo,* they are taught to decline indiscriminate kisses. Long before they learn how Gettysburg was fought, they learn how fire is fought. The toothbrush drill precedes the first spelling drill. They learn the intelligent way to sneeze or cough. Long before they take up the avenues of Cæsar's entrance into Gaul, they are instructed in the avenues of entrance of regiments of bacilli into the human body. Gotham's tots learn the necessity of frequent airing of bedding—the proper cleaning of ice-boxes—the curability of phthisis. No longer the pathetic spectacle of Alice in Blunderland. When Alice reaches the age of six and matriculates in New York's public schools, she is now ushered at once into the wonderland of genuinely useful knowledge of her wisp of a body. And it begins to look as if the public schools of the future were to be a vast system of service stations on the highway of human life.

I have seen high school youths of the past run ten miles on a dusty, canvas, twenty-six-lap indoor track—but systolic blood pressure was never taken—and never was a stethoscope placed over the heart after even the most violent and prolonged athletic efforts. School spirit was the thing; the student's body was the negligible means to an ephemeral end.

More female school and college teachers still die of tuberculosis than of any other disease. This popular plague can be warded off if one only knows how. These teachers fall prey to this pallid handmaiden of death simply because they don't know how to fight it. Yet the training of our children has been blissfully given over to this compact army of organized ignorance of a disease which slays ten per cent. of all Americans and causes the deformities of seventy-five per cent. of all our cripples.

I know one man—the head of a large educational enterprise—who has infected at least three of his office associates with consumption before he knew that the tubercle bacilli are as deadly as Krupp shrapnel, and that sputum containing them should be kept between covers and burned. Such ignorance, in the future, will not be tolerated in either instructors or students.

EDUCATING THE EDUCATED

WHEN the last chapters of the dark ages of education are written, it will be recorded that employers of labor made the discovery that the physical is every whit as important as the fiscal long before boards of education began pumping vitality into perfunctory and meaningless courses in physiology. Employees in some branches of railroad service must submit to physical examination once every thirty days, and may not stay on the job unless they are found one hundred per cent. physically fit. Railroad heads know that no engineer can concentrate on his signals, steam gage, and Johnson bar if his stomach is running on one cylinder or his liver drop-kicking goals from the forty-yard line.

The gentle art of bumming from school used to be provocative of all manner of pedagogical wrath. Today sensible educators send truants to the doctor. Of eighty truants recently examined in New York City, only seven were free from physical defects. On the other hand, ninety-one per cent. had defective teeth, twenty and one-tenth per cent. defective vision, twenty-six and two-tenths per cent. defective nutrition, ten per cent. defective nasal breathing, ten per cent. hypertrophied tonsils, and twenty-five per cent. orthopedic defects.

The public schools of my day knew that nearly one-quarter of all babies died before their first birthday, and that nearly one-half of these deaths were from digestive disorders that proper feeding would have prevented. Yet the schools taught the girls of the upper grades nothing about the care and feeding of babies. Nearly one-quarter of all inmates of blind asylums are victims of the terrible ophthalmia neonatorum, a severe inflammation of the eyes of the new-born. But the schools said nothing to the girls who were destined to become mothers about the frequency of the disease, nor that one drop of a solution of silver salt put into each eye soon after birth will in nearly every case prevent it. Alice indeed emerged into Blunderland; sheer and utter unpreparedness for life was her lot on her graduation from school. She had studied everything from cabbages to kings—save and except subjects that relate to the human body and its care.

WERE you taught that any sore which does not heal in a few weeks may develop into cancer—or that pain is one of the very last symptoms, coming at an hour when remedial measures are often much too late—or that eighty per cent. of all stomach cancers are preceded by definite gastric symptoms for over a year—or that cancer in its early stages can be completely removed by surgical operations, while if permitted to run on, it is certain death?

In my schools we were too busy studying everything from the

conquest of Carthage to Canaan to pay any attention to the more practical but less romantic conquest of the ills that flesh is heir to. The boards of education had completely forgotten Aristotle's adage that care for the body should precede care for either intellect or soul.

The contempt of the colleges for the subject of the human body was universal in my day. It is almost so today. Courses in hygiene and preventive medicine, if offered at all, are not required courses—with, I believe, the single exception of Princeton, where all freshmen are provided with the shield and buckler of the study of hygiene for one hour a week.

The University of Chicago requires a course in physiology—but in the charitable and philanthropic division of the College of Commerce and Administration only. It is not deemed necessary that those preparing for careers in business, law, teaching or the ministry should understand the human body, its health, or the foes of health.

Columbia generously permits one half unit of physiology to be offered for entrance—but in the school of practical arts only. In other divisions, any knowledge of the human body is not recognized as desirable lore for matriculants to offer for entrance.

Such, roughly, is the conspiracy of higher education against the human body. Yet graduates from college are supposed to emerge from the recondite wings of their Alma Maters and take their places in an economic system which places an enormous premium upon the robust, the fit, the strong, the forceful.

But the beginnings of the big change are here. The dark seas of public education are being charted by a few bold navigators who refuse to be ruled by tradition. The girls in the seventh and eighth grades of New York's public schools are learning the secrets of nursing infants, artificial feeding, the modification of milk, the reduction of food with weight increase, the perils of over-feeding, and the signs of the various diseases of babies.

There are special courses for boys preparing to go right to work from the grammar school. They study the subjects of fatigue, good habits, occupational diseases, the use of the noon hour, utilizing holidays and Sundays. They learn seasonal hygiene, fire prevention, first aid to the injured, and the laws that safeguard the health of workers in the industries.

Gotham's tots are taught to demand clean service from milk dealer, grocer, fish man, butcher, and baker, and to report at once the careless handling of food or the sale of spoilt food. The child labor law is now explained to New York's schoolchildren as conscientiously as the provisos of the Magna Charta were drummed into us of yore.

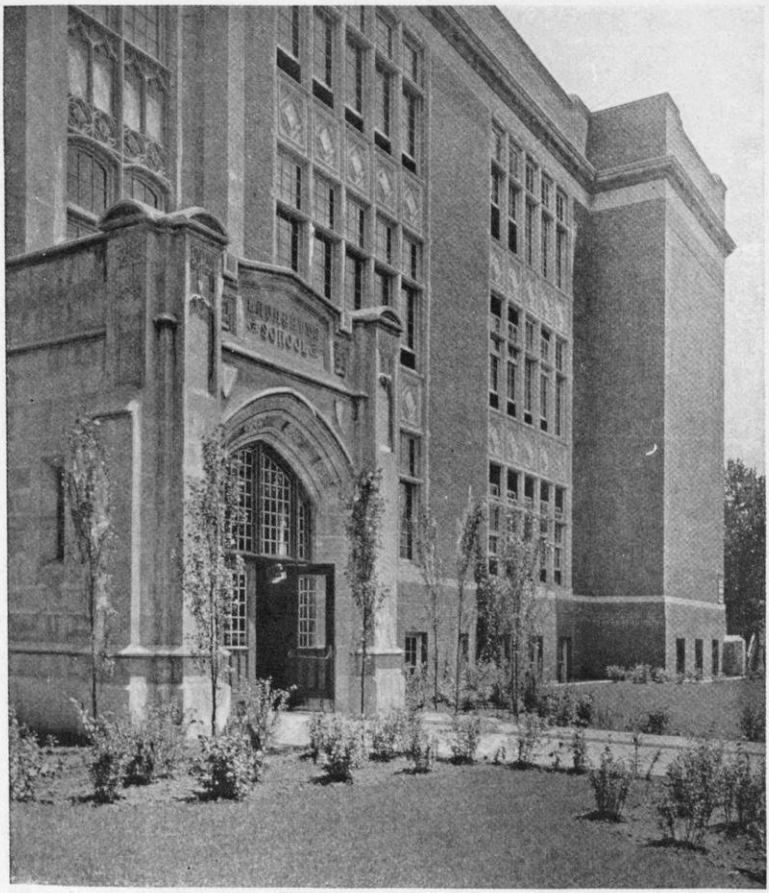
NEW AMERICAN SCHOOL ARCHITECTURE WHICH PROVES THAT THE SCHOOL HOUSE SHOULD BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, SANITARY, COMFORTABLE BUILDING IN THE WORLD

THE value of good architecture in school buildings cannot well be overestimated. As an educational factor it is of the first importance. Beauty of environment influences the growing mind more than all the oral impressions received during class hours because it quietly, stealthily forms ideals, stimulates reverence for external and internal nobility, shapes good taste and cultivates love of the beautiful. It has been pointed out by such men as McKim, St. Gaudens, Olmsted, that no other class of structures are so closely connected with the progress of the nation as its schoolhouses.

Surely no architectural work could have a higher purpose than school designing and it truly taxes to the utmost the ability of even the best designers. Every department of the work requires specialized study. The difficult problems of heating, lighting, ventilation, humidification, acoustics must be thoroughly understood. The building must possess the great merits of beauty and of intense practicality, the designer must have intimate knowledge of the needs of different departments, must fully understand the requirements of kindergarten, manual training and classical departments.

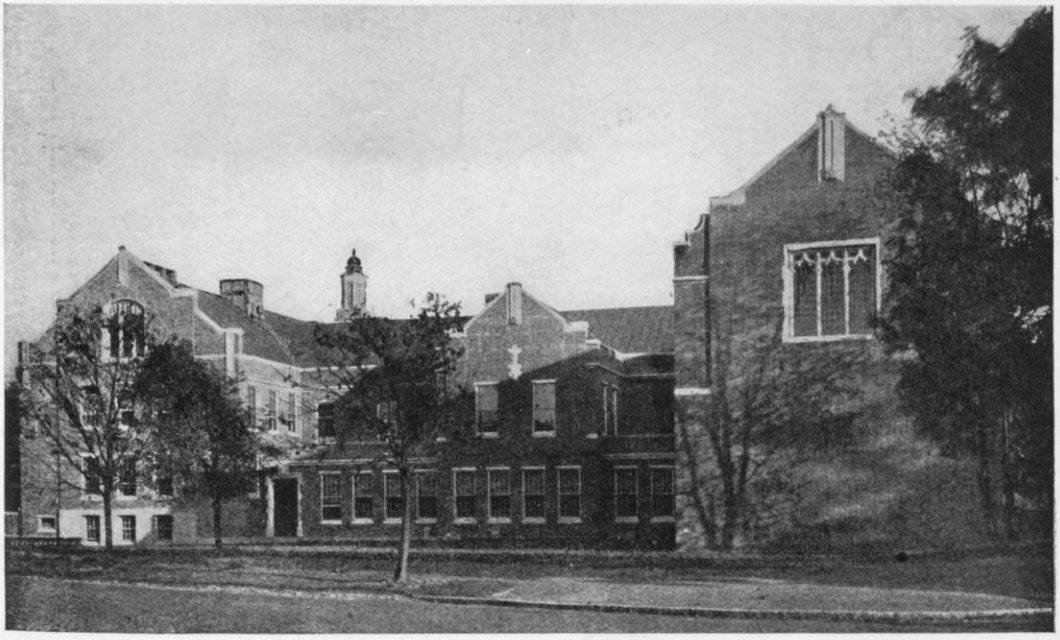
The modern high school of the best type includes in one building not only large class rooms, small recitation rooms, gymnasiums and swimming pools with their lockers and dressing rooms, chemical, physical and biological laboratories, lecture rooms, study halls, cooking, sewing, lunch rooms, etc., but they must be conveniently grouped, must be connected with corridors, must be fireproof and therefore built of brick, stone, concrete or some such unburnable, indestructible material. Thus it may be seen that to design well planned, well constructed, æsthetical, satisfying buildings requires an ability amounting to genius.

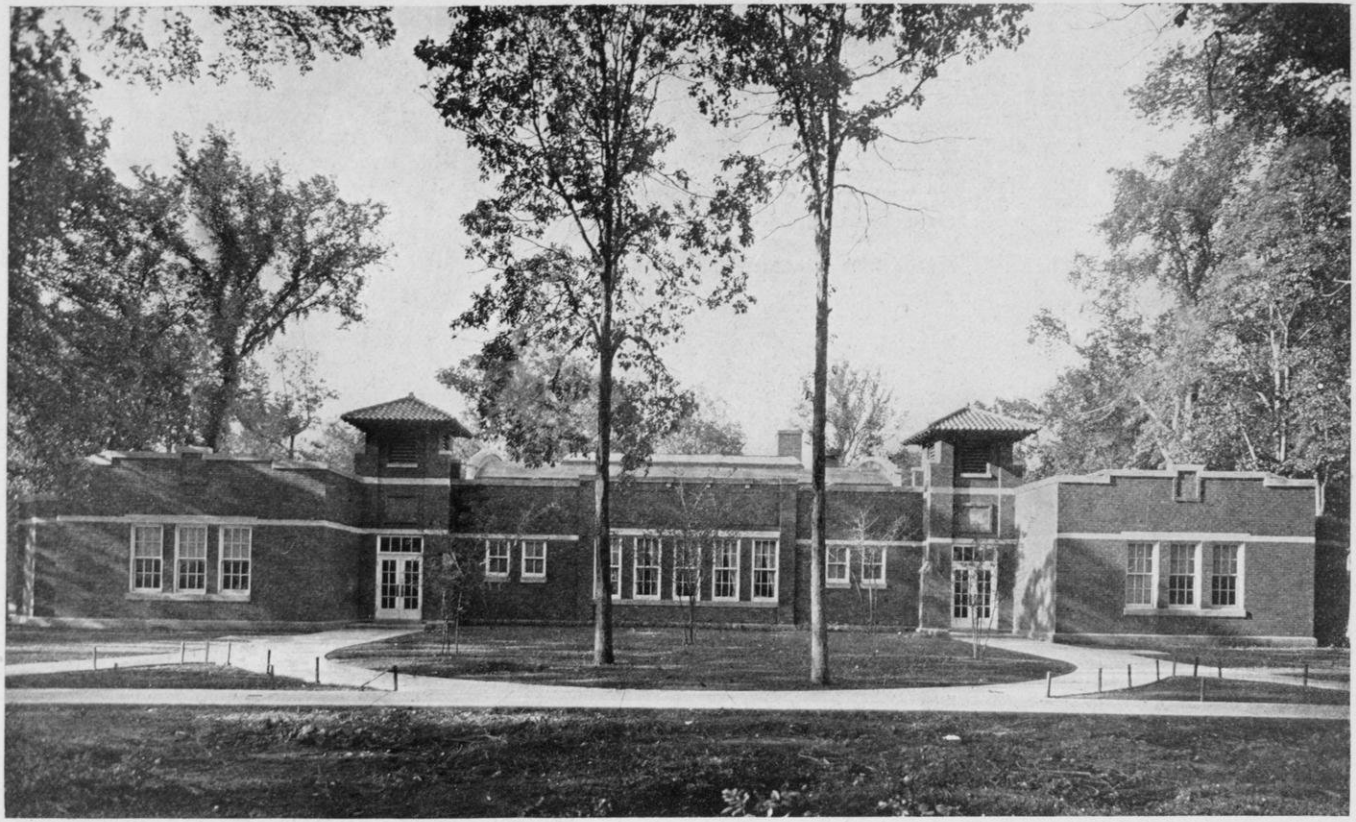
There is one other important art that must be grasped by the modern school architect—that of surrounding his building with suitably laid out grounds. Schools to be properly supplied with the necessary play lawns and athletic fields, walks shaded by trees, experimental gardens necessary for practical and artistic uses, require larger area than is usually obtainable. So much ingenuity must be brought to bear upon the disposition of the space allotted. Nat-



LAFAYETTE SCHOOL, Newark, New Jersey, shown at the left, is worthy to be classed with the best of municipal buildings: Of brick and stone it surely is fitted to inspire and direct the children's ideal of dignified architecture: E. F. Guilbert, architect.

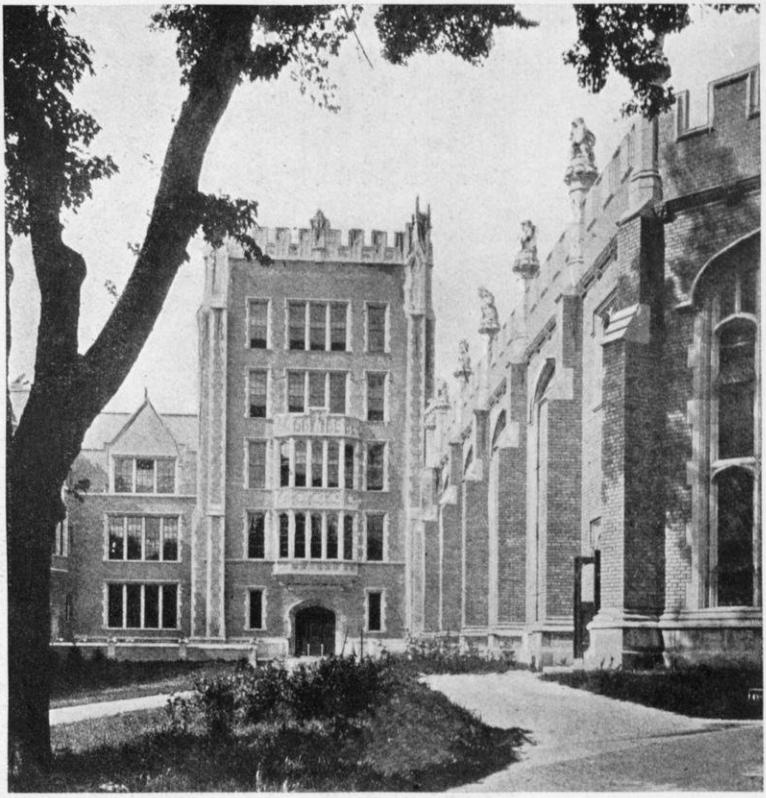
WINSOR SCHOOL, Longwood, Massachusetts, seen below, shows the rich beauty that can be obtained by brick: R. Clipston Sturgis, architect.



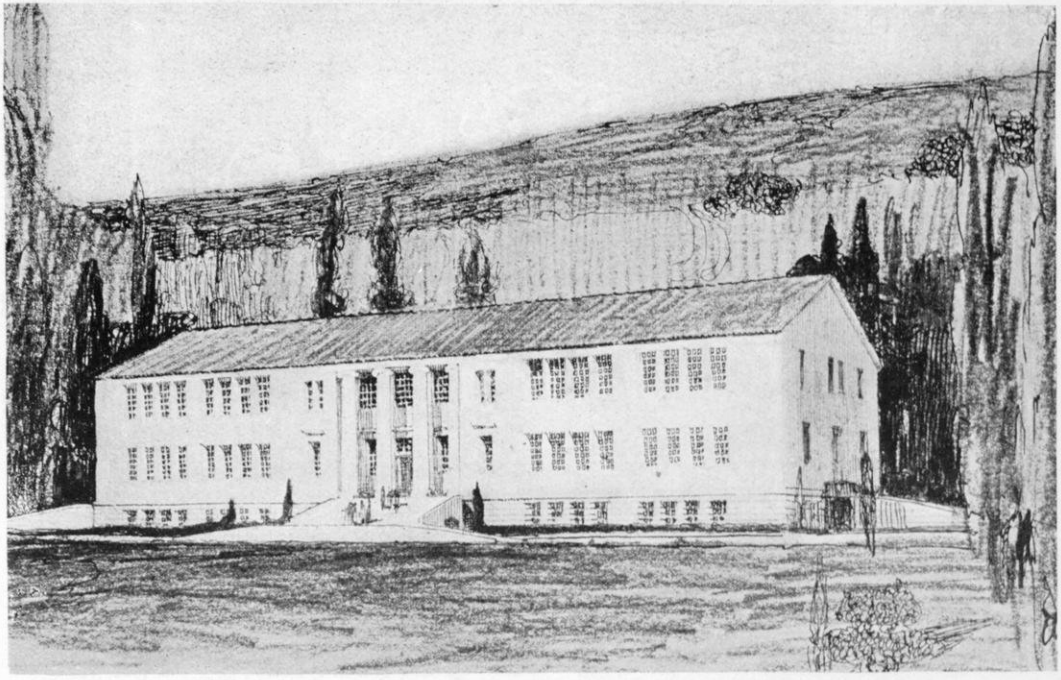


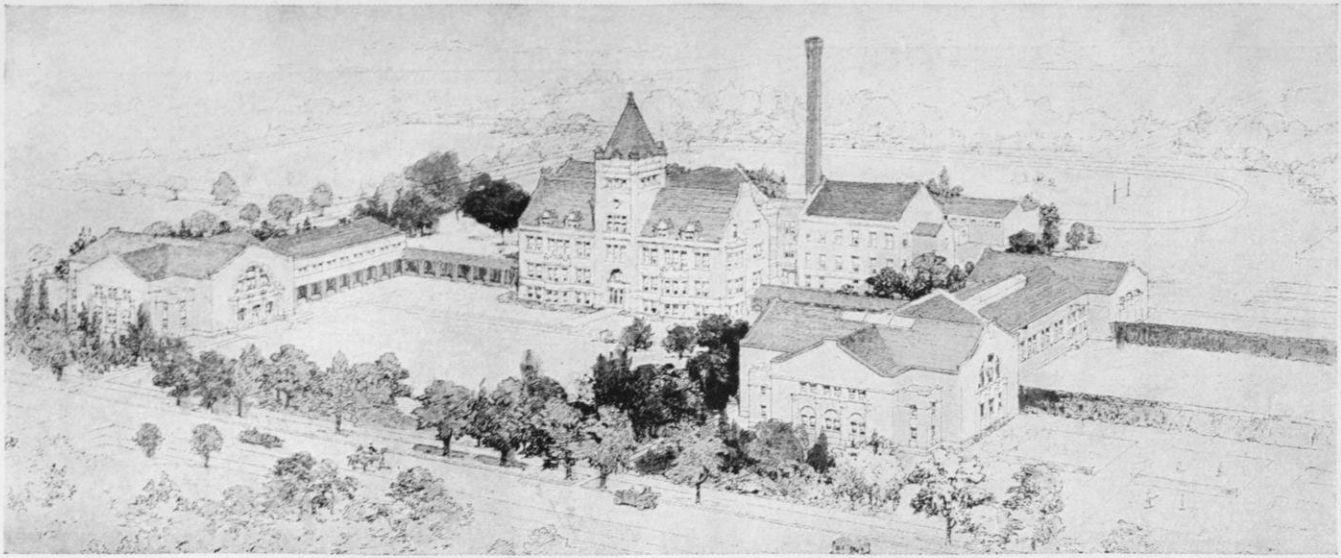
LINCOLNWOOD SCHOOL, Evanston, Illinois: Perkins, Fellows and Hamilton, architects: An excellent example of the one-story type of schools designed especially for community purposes: This school is open the year round, parents and children together enjoying its library, gymnasium and the lectures given in the large auditorium.

HIGH SCHOOL, Flushing, Long Island, C. B. J. Snyder, architect: Part of a magnificent new high school group of brick ornamented with stone: It has all the dignity of the old English universities.



HIGH SCHOOL, Santa Paula, California: Messrs. Allison and Allison, architects: The extreme simplicity of this is in perfect keeping with the historic tradition of the west coast: shown below.

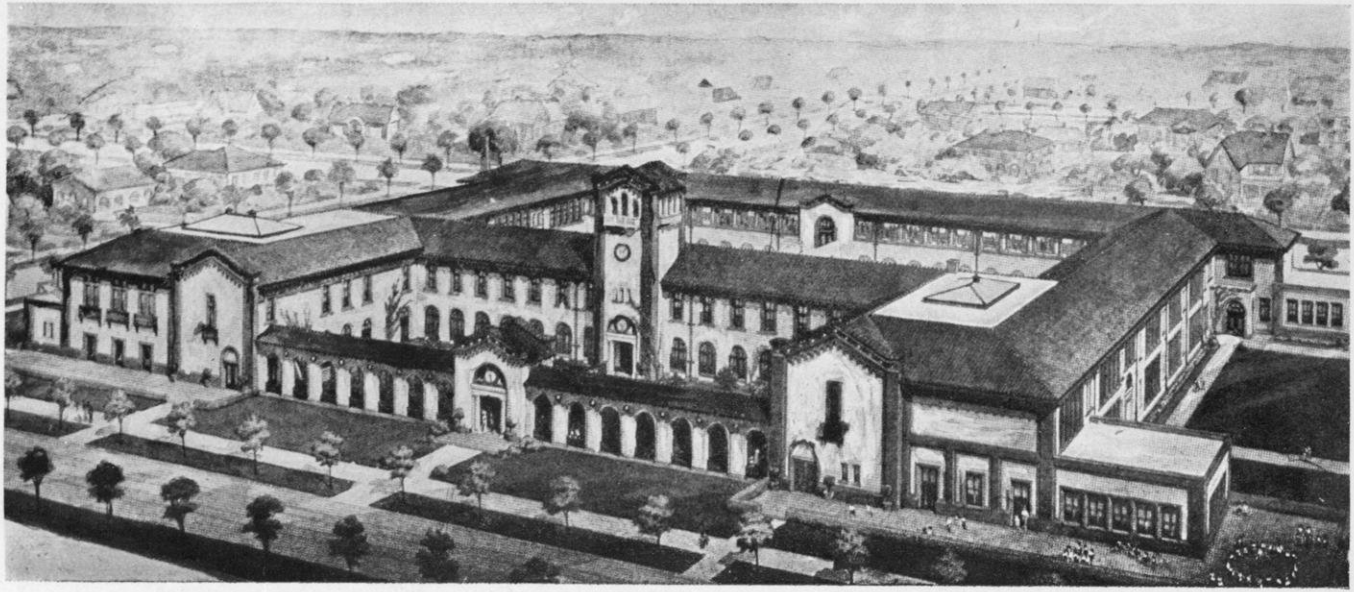




PARENTS AS WELL as children may live the year round in this picturesque school house in the West: The plan is especially worth studying with the buildings surrounding on three sides an open court, and the delightfully planted approach: The architects, Perkins, Fellows and Hamilton, have accomplished a great deal in designing so extensive a structure without monotony in either form or roof line.

AN UP-STAIRS PLAY-ROOM is the novel feature of the beautifully designed Oak Park schoolhouse in California:

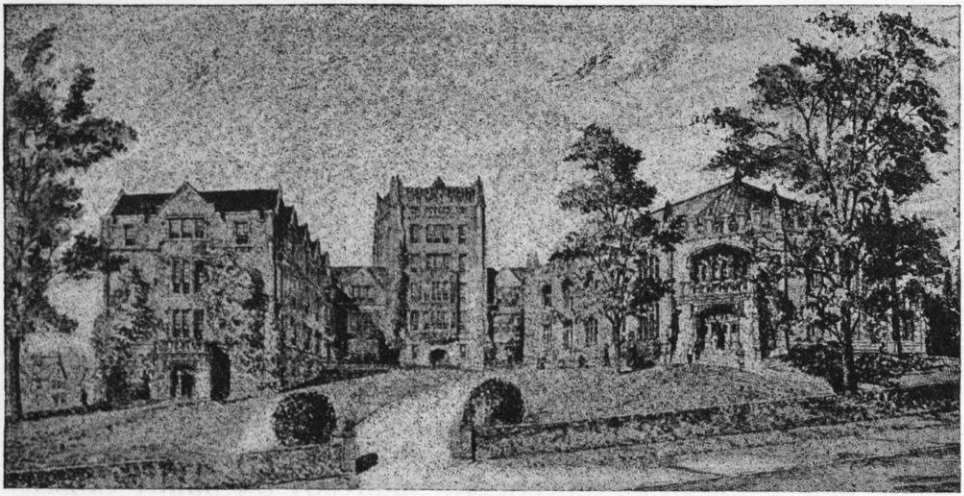
One can see at a glance that it has been planned for light and air: It is also architecturally an achievement: John J. Donovan, architect.



urally no rule for laying out school grounds can be laid down, nor any successful example absolutely followed for the site, locality and size of lot in individual cases varies so tremendously; but generally speaking the great field, the most vitally necessary feature, is of first consideration. Trees and flower beds are grouped in relation to this broad expanse, either rimming it entirely or in part. Evergreens are generally used freely to insure winter effects and deciduous trees planted in connection with them for summer shade. Flowering trees and shrubs such as magnolias, tulips, chestnuts, dogwoods, hawthorn, snowballs and lilacs are used for color effect and general interest.

"PARAMOUNT in any discussion of schoolhouse interior," says C. B. J. Snyder, superintendent of buildings, Board of Education, New York, "comes the question of lighting, both natural and artificial. Questions of heating and sanitation, important as they are, after all concern only indirectly the pupils' capacity for study in comparison with lighting, which is related directly to the sense of sight and as such is of fundamental importance." Extensive experiments have been carried out in public school buildings of New York City to determine the most satisfying colors for walls, ceiling and woodwork. Green was tried with all its varying tones, both for walls and woodwork, but though some tints were satisfactory they absorbed a great percentage of light. The ordinary dull finish of oak furniture sometimes produces an unpleasant effect upon the eyes and the presence of too much green is constantly felt. From a sanitary standpoint smooth finished surfaces of wood seem to be preferable, and for color harmony light tones of buff for the wall, with almost white or ivory toned ceilings. Besides the importance of restful color of the room there is that of excluding direct sun rays by blinds, shades, etc., located at both top and bottom of windows, so that the light may be perfectly regulated. Numerous experiments have also been conducted by Mr. Snyder to determine the best artificial light, the best height for equipment, and of utility of clear or frosted globes. Details of expert experimentation, lighting, heating, humidification and such vital topics are amply explained in the book, "Modern School Houses," compiled by *The American Architect*, New York, a full review of which will be found upon another page of this magazine.

A school building must be designed nowadays so that it may meet the parents' as well as the children's need, that is, it must be planned to be the social center of the neighborhood. Naturally, then, the assembly hall must be large and with outside or separate entrance.



Flushing, Long Island, High School: C. B. J. Snyder, architect.

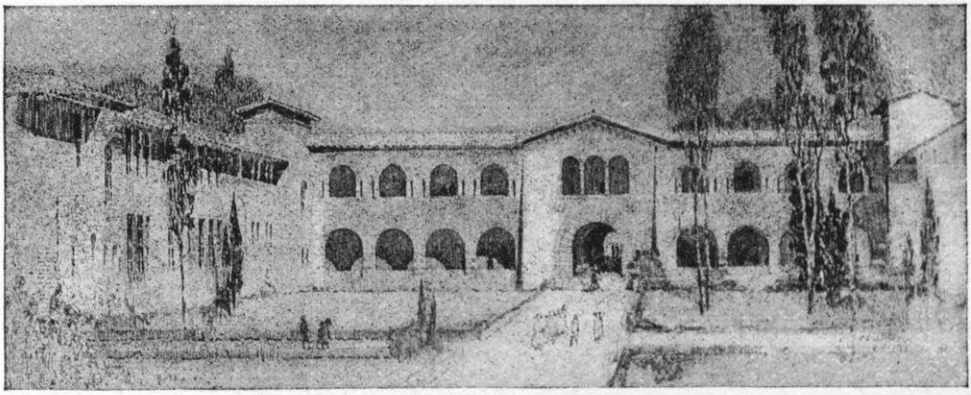
If the building be but a small one, the social hall or gymnasium could be used for lectures by bringing in folding chairs. In many public schools courses of scientific, literary and travel lectures are arranged for certain fixed nights throughout the winter; then on the other nights the hall is leased for special purposes such as neighborhood plays, folk dances, moving pictures by the health board, social discussions of art, drama or municipal questions. The school building is also used during the summer for extra courses of study, sometimes it is also used as a night school, so the city property is seldom idle, always used for the profit and the enjoyment of those who contribute to its erection.

WE are showing a photograph of the Lincolnwood School, Evanston, Illinois, as a fine type of one story building adapted to community purposes. The advantage of the one story building is that there may be overhead lighting for every room and that there is no danger from fire panic. The large assembly room of this building serves for the physical culture exercises and also as a connecting link between the two rows of class rooms that occupy both sides of the building. A kindergarten room is separated from this main hall by folding doors so that both rooms can be thrown into one when desired. This building has been enjoyed by the whole community ever since it was first opened, for Christmas pageants, plays, lectures, etc.

The new Trier Township High School, Kenilworth, Illinois, is on the group plan. The central plan is devoted to academic and

scientific work, the west unit to assembly purposes and the east to physical culture, the north to shops and flower plants. This school is open the year round. Grown-ups as well as children use the swimming pool and shops under the direct supervision of expert instructors. The hall seats one thousand people and the stage accommodates two hundred, so is large enough for commencement as well as dramatic performances. An excellent departure from the usual is the social room or mess hall made with wide fireplace at one end and a faculty lunch space at the other. Four hundred people may be seated at one time and the floor cleared for dancing or drills in a few moments by storing the tables under the assembly stage. Lectures followed by refreshments and dancing can be had in this room without in any way disturbing the regular school sessions. The Oak Park School, Sacramento, California, has an upstairs playground which provides an outdoor play space during the rainy season. Two large open courts bordered by cloisters on either side of the commodious assembly hall and the play room are often the scene of school pageants, dances, plays and drills.

Everywhere there is a feeling that the buildings erected by the public should be for the benefit and enjoyment of the parents as well as of the children. Factories are being driven out of the cities to the river banks, where they once flourished. With them go many workers and their families. Then schools are erected where the children get the education needed and the parents their touch with progress and entertainment that keep them contented and abreast of the times. The "little red schoolhouse" is coming to represent the beating heart of both city and rural districts in the most practical and æsthetic of ways and with no loss of its beloved, old romantic flavor.



Training building of the State Normal School, Los Angeles, California: Allison and Allison, architects.

IS MUSIC NEUTRAL? AND SEVERAL OTHER IMPORTANT MUSICAL QUESTIONS: DISCUSSED BY CLEOFANTE CAMPANINI, MANAGER OF THE CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY

HE question of neutrality in art is a very interesting and significant one. In the first place, art is born through the emotions. It is emotion that carries inspiration to the mind and it is through the emotion again that that inspiration is expressed in art. How can we expect the emotions, which are the most intensely personal things in the world, to remain neutral? And as music is the most emotional of all arts it stands to reason that it must be the least neutral. We can no more in these complicated war days expect the Germans to applaud French music or the French to hold German music on the board, the English to enjoy Hungarian dances, and the Russians to appreciate Austrian opera than we can expect any of these nationalities to meet whole-heartedly to appreciate the accomplishment of the other. In fact, it is quite as difficult to establish neutrality in music as to establish neutrality in a war zone, for war itself is no more emotional than music; in fact, probably the most tremendously individualistic, the most tremendously vital conditions that can be expressed in humanity are brought to the surface in war and in the creation of music.

And so when I am asked if it is possible for all the musicians here in America to take an impersonal stand about music, when I am asked if it would be easy to bring together in one opera French and German people, Italian and Hungarian, Russian and Bulgarian, I am very frank to say, no. When the day comes that art is so impersonal that it is not touched by nationality, then we shall have a thinner, more meager art, we shall have a purely technical art. I doubt if even in so impersonal an art as the Greeks presented in the highest days of Athenian beauty if their art would have been appreciated and recognized by the Persians or by the Romans in conflict. After all, when we think out this matter of neutrality in art, we realize that the most intimate expression of a man's spirituality, of his soul, is the music he writes, the picture he paints, the sculpture he models, and in the utmost depths of a man's nature do we also find the roots of the flower of patriotism.

Of course here in America, the more impersonal we can be in our attitude toward foreign music, the better, that is the better for the public. It would be a mistake for a director of an opera, for the conductor of a symphony concert, to attempt any musical discrimination,

GERALDINE FARRAR AS "CARMEN:" One of the most picturesque personalities on the Metropolitan stage today in her most picturesque rôle: One of the Chicago Opera Company stars.

CONCHITA SUPERIA, a charming young Spanish singer who has greatly delighted Chicago audiences: One can imagine her most important and sympathetic part has been "Carmen," though she has appeared in other roles suited to her voice and beauty.

Courtesy of Matzene.

Courtesy of Matzene.

LUCIEN MURATORE as "Don Jose" in "Carmen:" The new French tenor who will sing the leading role in "Aphrodite" with Mary Garden this winter at the Chicago Opera House:

Mr. Muratore will also sing in "Venise," by Ginsburg, and in various operas with Maria Kousnezoff: Mr. Campanini is greatly interested in Mr. Muratore's future and believes that his art will bring much pleasure to American audiences.

Courtesy of Matzene.

MARCIA VAN DRESSER is not a new member of the Chicago Opera Company, but a most valued one, and the fact that Mr. Campanini promises her appearance in her most popular roles this winter will add much to the pleasure of Chicago's music lovers.

MARIA KOUSNEZOFF, the great Russian prima donna, as "Manon:" Miss Kousnezoff will sing with the Chicago Opera Company this winter and is booked for some very interesting performances with Lucien Muratore, the French tenor:

She has a personality of rare vivacity and her debut in Chicago is anticipated as one of great brilliance: Shown above.

Courtesy of the Moffett Studios.

CLEOFANTE CAMPANINI, manager of the Chicago Opera Company: A man with far-reaching interests in the world of art and drama, as well as music.

Mr. Campanini has planned that the new operas to be presented in Chicago this winter shall all be staged in the most modern fashion, simple in outline, simple in form and brilliant in color.

no matter what his nationality. We who are providing musical feasts for the American public must make these feasts as rich as the art of all countries will allow. I see in looking over the Metropolitan lists for last year that very little French music was presented. On the other hand, Mr. Gatti-Casazza was most impersonal in his presentation of German, Italian, Russian, English opera, so that I feel it was not a personal question that the French music appeared so seldom; but rather the difficulties that every music director must find in preparing music of different nations on a rich and beautiful scale.

WE have had excellent productions of French opera in Chicago as well as German, Italian and English, and I expect this coming season to have a cosmopolitan opera company. Chicago is eminently a cosmopolitan city and I wish the people of every nationality, also the cutivated people who understand the music of all nationalities, to feel that they are having music from every land, old music and new music with old and new singers, with the richest presentation that can be given in any city.

I am extremely interested in the new stage setting, at least new in America. Gordon Craig has been inspiring stage management for years in England, indeed his activities have spread all over Europe just as Reinhardt has developed wonderful color and simplicity in Vienna and Munich. Here in New York you have had Urban, Ordynski, and Bakst has influenced the whole world. It has been my great good fortune to find in Chicago a young Irishman, Donneggy, who is absolutely in the spirit of the new stage art. He staged "Martha" for me last winter with great brilliancy and success. This coming winter he will stage "Cleopatra," which we will present with Mary Garden for the first time in Chicago. Also he will have charge of the scenes in "Natoma," which we will bring out in English for the first time and which Victor Herbert himself will conduct for us. In fact, every new production in Chicago this winter will, so far as I can tell at present, be staged by Donneggy, whom I consider a distinct genius in the new stage art.

I wonder why it is that we have neglected so long the opportunities of color on the stage. In the opera we have sought practically every other art as a hand-maiden to music. We have the greatest singers, the greatest dancers, drama, literature; but we have forgotten that the big gift of Nature is color and we have either filled our stages with neutral tones or we have left them bare, we have either killed the imagination of our audience or we have overworked it, and we have not realized that the emotions can be stimulated almost as powerfully

through color as through music or drama. This winter I intend to test out the use of color in a brilliant emotional way in connection with the new operas at the Chicago Opera House.

But great as this problem of stage production is, perhaps the most difficult problem we have to face in America is the question of the *star production.* In foreign countries we find the greatest interest in the *ensemble* production; we find that first of all people want to know what opera they are going to hear, what musician they are going to enjoy; but the question most often asked at the New York box office is, "who is going to sing?" And if you go contrary to the expectation of so many stars in proportion to the length or the size of the opera, then you find the public is disappointed. I think there is but one way to overcome this, and that is to convince the American people that the great thing to enjoy is the music itself.

Of course this music can only be greatly enjoyed if it is beautifully presented. However, it is not necessary that it should only be sung by the most famous people; often fame is a matter of chance on the stage as well as in the studio. And very great singers are not as well known as they are entitled to be. I believe the time will come here through increased love of music and greater appreciation of art, when we can have the *ensemble* production rather than the one- or two-star productions. This does not mean that we will have less interest or less enjoyment of the great singers, it only means a greater opportunity for many singers. This change, however, in the attitude of the public toward the star will not come at once. America is truly a nation of hero-worshipers and there is worship of the great singer, the great painter, the great soldier, the great diplomat, perhaps more here than in any other country, so that in addition to the advertising value of the star there is also the appeal to a very splendid emotion in the heart of the public. This appeal we do not want to lose, but we do want the greater understanding of each kind of music and singer.

You will readily see that I myself have not been able to do away with the star system in operatic production when I tell you of the people who will figure in the musical world of Chicago this coming winter. Some of the greatest artists are to be with me, many already famous, others that are bound to be; for the newer names I am sure are going to stand in a short time for rich musical production. I am planning already to produce "Aphrodite," which will be staged by Mr. Donneggy. Mary Garden is going to sing the leading rôle and Lucian Muratore, a French tenor new to America, will be co-star with her. I shall produce "Griseldis," by Massenet, with Alice Zeppilli and the new Western prima-donna, Marguerite Buckler.

I AM very much interested indeed in the remarkable progress that the young American singers are making in this country. Your women have beautiful voices and have the emotional quality essential to become great singers. As yet I find the men more absorbed in commerce, though no longer wholly so. There are men with rare voices and musical temperament; but in the main with your great appreciation of music you are not developing an adequate proportion of singers or creative spirits. In the new opera, "L'Oracle," I shall bring out Rosa Raisa and Giulio Crimi; in "Venise," by Ginsburg, you will see Maria Kousnezoff, the great Russian soprano, and Muratore will sing with her.

Chicago as yet has not had Humperdinck's "Königskinder," and Geraldine Farrar will sing it for them in the part of the Goose Girl, which is one of her great creations. Two Americans will sing with her, Clarence Whitehill and Francis Maclennan. The Italian beauty, Lina Cavalieri, will appear in "Pagliacci," and if we produce "Herodiade" Mary Garden will of course sing *Salome*. Besides the stars whom I have already mentioned, we have the great good fortune to welcome at the Chicago Opera House, Olive Fremstad, Margarete Matzenauer, Marcia van Dresser, Hector Dufranne, and George Hamlin will also return.

The Wagner operas we shall produce as we did last winter—Sunday afternoons and evenings, and "The Ring" will be presented in its entirety. Egon Pollak has been engaged to direct the Wagnerian performances. We are hoping next season to add to "Tristan and Isolde," Tannhäuser," "Parsifal," "Lohengrin" and the great folk-song opera, "Meistersinger." So you see after telling you how important *ensemble* opera is, I am immediately telling you that we are engaging one of the most remarkable assortment of stars ever brought together in the operatic world. I do not feel that I am contradicting myself in this, because while believing in the best and working for it and hoping for it, I must in the meantime adjust myself to existing conditions, and the star is the existing condition today. Of course, we will have ballet at the opera and the utmost good work in our choruses.

I have been asked how we are going to acquire this great education for music which we are all talking about and seeking in this country. Of course in a way we are already acquiring it through the operas which we present in the large cities, through our great symphony orchestras, through our smaller companies of musicians, groups of people who are presenting chamber music, through the smaller orchestras which we find in almost every city in the country; but I feel that perhaps the shortest and most important way to achieve it would

be through the formation of small opera companies so that every city of moderate size could have its own group of people prepared to present opera with a director and a conductor, with choruses and dancing. Possibly occasional visiting stars would help out in these opera companies, but in the main they would have to depend upon their own native talent. I believe this would be a wonderful way in which to develop native talent, both the voice and for the orchestra. I do not see why such companies could not be offshoots from symphony orchestras. This has been successful in Vienna and in some of the small cities in Austria. I believe that the very moment people began to form these companies they would find latent talent all about them, there would be a greater study of music, the public schools would be forced to have richer courses in musical study. This would give a wider field for the presentation of American music, it would create an immense demand for the American voice, though I should not advocate by any means the limiting of the work of such opera companies to English productions. They should be a means of wide culture, and this of necessity means a study of the music of different countries. Also the study of music all over the world and the opportunity to hear the best music is an essential part of the education which I should hope for from these associations.

It is possible of course that at the very beginning there might be traveling opera companies. These of necessity would be limited in their production of different languages. There would be perhaps one or two operas in French, two or three in German, one or two in Italian, one or possibly two in English. The stage setting would be very simple, which would not in many cases lessen its beauty, and the orchestra would of necessity be restricted in size. I should like to see this begin at once. I believe that it would be the first step in making America a great musical nation.

I have been asked why it seems impossible to establish well organized and permanent opera companies in the larger American cities, why Boston has failed and Philadelphia. I think there is but one reason for this, that an attempt at the very beginning is made to do things on too large a scale. Grand opera must grow, it cannot be born fully formed and fully developed. The organization itself of such a tremendous musical endeavor must be fluent, capable of growth, must develop through growth, and I believe that every city that is willing to start an opera company on a simple enough basis, to feel its way with the public, increase according to the demand made upon it or according to its desire and ability to become a culture

(*Continued on page* 638.)

Wild roses in bloom over the porch at Rosemary Cottage.

GREEK DRAMA AND FRENCH MUSIC IN NATURE'S LOVELIEST THEATER: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

T was just at twilight that we climbed the stone stairway to the hilltop, passing great jars of rose-colored bloom and merging through a vast stone arch to the edge of a sunken garden that seemed a succession of beautiful flowering terraces and that held the eye for a moment before it rested on a blue lagoon and then over formal clusters of trees out to the wide blue sea. It was like a vision of some fair old, old Latin garden with the rich-flowering cup-shaped hill ending in the line of blue, the deep foliage at the right, the two slender figures of Hermes guarding the bridge which crosses the lagoon from the hillside to the stretch of green turf.

Mrs. Faversham and I sat down on the edge of the top terrace that circled the great amphitheater and slowly, through the dusk, I began to realize that this lovely green cup on the top rim of which we were resting was the amphitheater of which so much has been written—the outdoor Greek theater on the estate of Mr. Roland B. Conklin at Huntington, Long Island. I have been studying outdoor theaters for a number of years and had heard a great deal about the beauty and wonder of this place; but I realized there in the twilight as I looked down from terrace to terrace, over one flowered wall to another, down until the blue lagoon cut my line of vision from the green stage beyond them that I have never seen or imagined such a

beautiful outdoor theater as Mr. and Mrs. Conklin have just completed, and which will be opened in September by Mr. William Faversham in Richard LeGallienne's presentation of "Orestes," especially made for Mr. Faversham's performance.

Before my twilight glimpse of the green amphitheater, I had asked Mr. Conklin just how he had developed this outdoor theater plan and he said, "It means three summers' vacations." For it has taken all summer long for three years to design and create and complete this beautiful place of entertainment.

Some years ago it seems that Mr. and Mrs. Conklin, while traveling in Europe, were very much interested in the fine old Greek and Roman amphitheaters and especially delighted with the one at Warsaw, Poland. Indeed, the only really suggested inspiration for this beauty spot on the Conklin estate is the Warsaw theater, so much so that when Mr. Ordynski visited it a few weeks ago he said at first, "It is wonderful, unique!" And then after standing silent and looking over the terrace to the sea for some minutes, he said, "Somehow it reminds me of the theater at Warsaw."

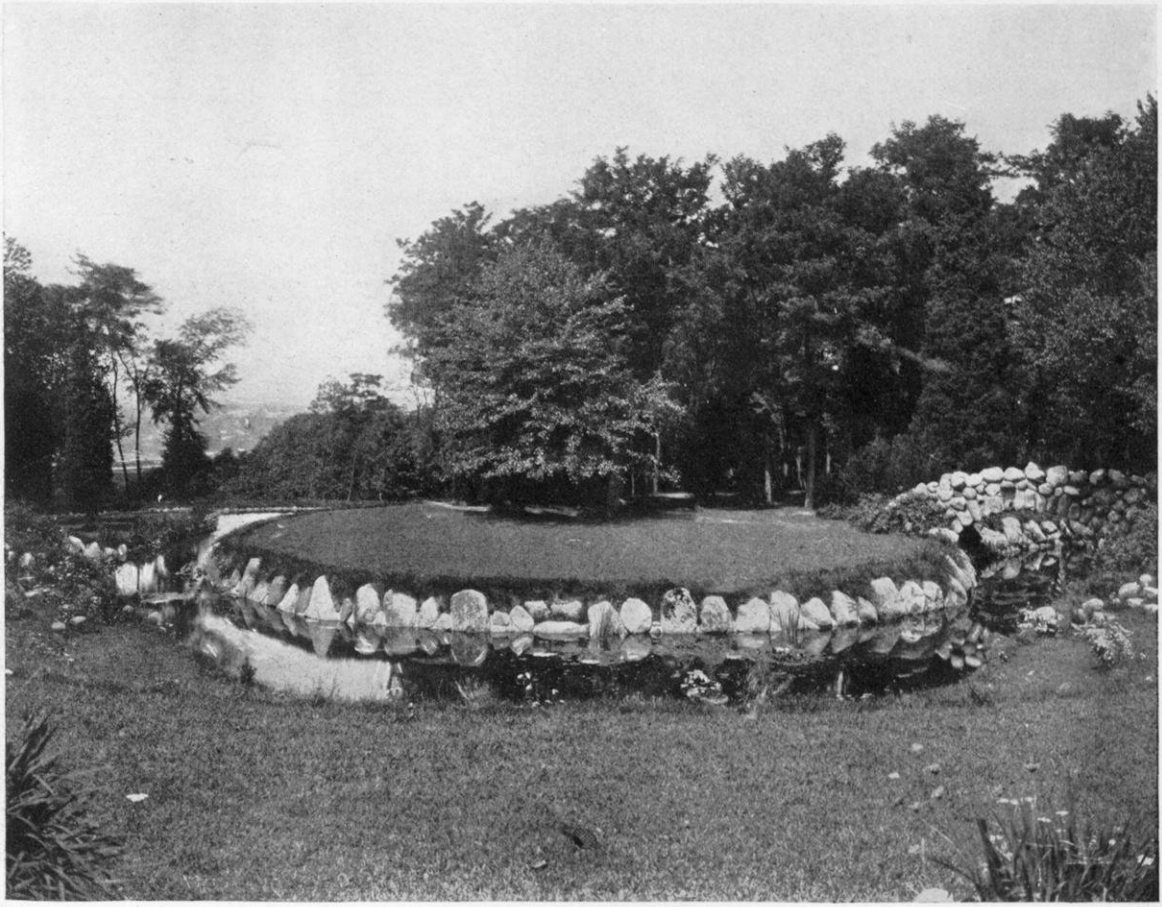
As I talked with Mrs. Faversham about the beauty of the theater, she said, "It is very hard to imagine how much hard work and how much expense is hidden under all this green, back of the stones and wall flowers, for every terrace is supported by a stone structure and where the front wall of each terrace is revealed seventy-nine varieties of wall flowers have been planted. In addition to this one hundred varieties of wall flowers have been brought over from Switzerland in seed packages to be planted and tested and eventually added to the American collection when proved worthy and beautiful enough. One of the wonders of this amphitheater to me is the fact that it will grow more beautiful every year. I can see the time when all the stone walls below the terraces will be gorgeous tapestries with lovely outline patterns in green vines running through. Of a more beautiful place to present a Greek play with rich and rare music we have never dreamed." And so it seemed to me.

LATER, the sun dropped away entirely, leaving just a pale rose canopy over the stage of the theater, and I could imagine there, *Orestes'* return to his own land, *Clytemnestra's* terrific arraignment of her husband, *Electra's* appeal to her brother that the father's honor should be vindicated, *Cassandra's* appearance in the magnificent train of *Agamemnon,* no longer a priestess, only a woman heartbroken and prophesying her own death. I could picture figures moving in and out of the green grove beyond, *Orestes* at last going

Photographs by Permission.
of Leopold Mannes.

ROSEMARY COTTAGE on the Conklin estate at Huntington, Long Island, where Mr. and Mrs. William Faversham are planning the production of "Orestes" in Mr. Conklin's beautiful open-air theater: Front view of the centuries-old cottage, hardly visible through the canopy of blossoming wild roses.

AMPHITHEATER OF THE "NATURAL" OUTDOOR THEATER built by Mr. Roland Conklin on his estate at Huntington, Long Island, at an expense of forty thousand dollars: The rock support of each terrace is half hidden under wall flowers: Beyond the trees one can get a glimpse of the sea and at the right of the picture just an edge of the green turf stage.



STAGE OF THE OUTDOOR THEATER on Mr. Conklin's estate, showing the rock foundation, the grove at the back, the bridge over which actors pass and the blue lagoon which flows in from the sea and from which the unique water curtain will rise between the acts of the ancient Greek play.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AS "MARK ANTHONY:" Mr. Faversham has entire charge of the production of "Orestes" at the outdoor Conklin theater: The music for this production will be under the management of Mr. David Mannes, who is at present living at Huntington, and working daily with Mr. Faversham for the perfection of the presentation of the Massenet music.

mad with the tragedy that fate had forced upon him. I could see, too, the Greek dancers on the green turf with the gray Hermes regarding them gravely. And then I could imagine the wonderful curtain of water which will be used to hide the stage from time to time, which will rise up out of the blue lagoon a solid sheet, a thousand shades and tones from the lights that will be thrown over from the hill above. And then through the woods and over the lagoon I could hear the strains of Massenet's tormentingly beautiful music, the music that will fill the air as *Cassandra* kneels in desperation before *Apollo,* the music that will go softly out to the audience as *Orestes* mourns over his fate, the music that melts through the shadows as *Clytemnestra* declares her love for the new king and her never-ending revenge for the death of *Iphigenia.*

And Mrs. Faversham told me, as we sat there with perfume and night bird calls all about us, that they are to have the great good fortune of an orchestra of seventy-five pieces from the New York Symphony, directed by that rare musical spirit, David Mannes. Mr. Mannes is spending the summer with his family at one of the cottages on the Conklin estate, and many evenings are spent at the Faversham's house, a lovely centuries-old place called Rosemary Cottage, where scenes of the play are worked out together, with the music and the various actors and artists.

The evening after our twilight vision of the play in the beautiful amphitheater, Mr. Faversham showed us something of his plan for the first act of "Orestes," playing for us each character with miraculous beauty and understanding. Then, from time to time, the music would flow out under his words, melt into his voice and we would feel for the moment, through the magic of one man's voice and genius, as though we were really out on the green hillside seeing the whole beauty of "Orestes."

These evenings at Rosemary Cottage, with the smell of the sweet brier blowing in the low casement windows and the tang of the salt air coming to us as the wind freshened, are such rare evenings as one likes to picture, where groups of people, vitally interested, loving beauty, understanding art and willing to give their time, their energy, the very things that are a part of their capacity for living, to gather together something of rare significance for the happiness of the people who see it and for the benefit of a much needed American charity. It is so one likes to think of art, producing beauty and giving good gifts to the world and it is not always so that one can view art in this country because, unfortunately, America has made art a luxury. We count beauty for the rich, as we do jewels

and champagne and comfort, and the spectacle of a group of people all eager to produce the greatest beauty they know for the sake of art is a rare spectacle, and one that cannot be too widely recognized.

AMERICA is bound to be interested in the people who are going to work with Mr. Faversham and Mr. Mannes for Mr. LeGallienne's play, "Orestes." To begin with, of course, we shall have Mr. Faversham as *Orestes*, Julie Opp as *Cassandra*—and a magnificent figure we can imagine her in the rich robes of the conquered priestess with the tragic Massenet music, Miss Julia Arthur has offered her services for *Clytemnestra,* and there is a whisper that Phillis Terry will add her fine Saxon beauty as *Electra.* Also we have been told just as we are going to press that Nijinski is to dance in the Greek dances. Surely this will add such beauty to the perfumed, verdant amphitheater as will provide the treat of a century to lovers of art.

Already groups of people are getting together to plan costumes and to rehearse the various parts that the production of the play shall be as perfect as the opportunity for its presentation. I understand that there will be no scenery as such, only beautiful costumes appropriate to the time (meaning Greece) and to the place (meaning Huntington), with much white as the Greek play demands and much color as today we are asking for in our outdoor theater productions.

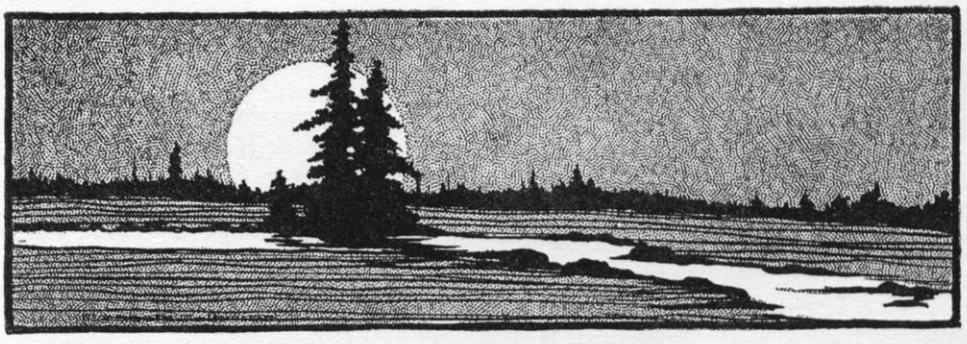
Perhaps one of the most interesting things in connection with this production of "Orestes" is the community spirit that has been developed; and that makes one realize how little community spirit there is in the average large city. Here is a small group of people, artists and lovers of what is valuable, and instantly the purpose develops that puts before the world something that would otherwise have been missed. We find Mr. LeGallienne offering his play gladly without a hint of what should be returned to him, we find Mr. Kennerley, who is the publisher of the play, offering the presentation of it, Mr. Conklin facing the immense difficulty of adjusting the seating arrangements, the wonderful curtain and various plans for the comfortable housing of the orchestra, the plan for rehearsals, the light equipment, which will be extremely beautiful and quite unique in effect, and then the artists themselves all eager to contribute, that one supreme thing may be presented.

THIS is really the opening of the theater, although we understand that the quality of the situation was tested out some years ago by those good friends of THE CRAFTSMAN, the Coburn Players. "As You Like It" was presented there from the stage as

it stands today, but without the terrace, the lagoon, the bridge, the curtain of water and the formal stage planting; so that we really have the first production of the play, the opening of the loveliest outdoor amphitheater in America, and a group of artists and musicians such as one seldom finds congregated in even the most elaborate of metropolitan performances. The proceeds of the play have already been arranged to be given to the most popular charity in America today, the families of the guardsmen who are at present on the Mexican frontier. A group of Long Island society women are in charge of the sale of seats and vastly interested in the production as a means of accomplishing both beauty and good.

There will be two performances of "Orestes," one in the afternoon and one in the evening of September sixteenth, and it is hard to decide which will be the more alluring of the two, the one under the brilliant blue sky (for, of course, we are taking it for granted that it will not rain), with all the flowers gaily strewn over the amphitheater and a far glimpse of the sea, or the night performance with the extraordinarily interesting scheme of lighting, with the deep green stage and woods beyond, the mystery of the dark lagoon and the shining water curtain hemmed in by shadows.

Although Mr. Faversham is planning an important production himself in New York this fall, Bernard Shaw's delightful comedy, "Getting Married," he is practically giving up his summer to the Greek production at Rosemary Farm. And but a few days will intervene between September sixteenth and the beginning of rehearsals in New York, at which we understand there is a promise of the presence of Mr. Shaw himself to make sure that all is as amusing and satirical and bewildering in the production as he had planned in writing the play.



"AN ANCIENT HOME OF PEACE:" HOW THE MODERN ARCHITECT ADDS COMFORT TO BEAUTY

"Somewhat back from the street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat."
—Longfellow.

MONG the private papers of Henry Ryecroft, we read this delightful comment which will find echo in every sensitive heart: "When one is at home how one's affections grow about everything in the neighborhood. . . . Beginning with my house, every stick and stone of it is dear to me as my heart's blood; I find myself laying an affectionate hand on a door post, giving a pat as I go by to the garden gate." Deep rooted in every normal man's and woman's heart is a love of the home that sheltered them in childhood and the one that later they created for themselves when they left the parent nest. This love of the home is of a different quality from any other form of love. It is on a par with that marvelous instinct or heart hunger that guides the birds through the tractless air back to the very nest in the orchard or on the ledge by the sea, where they first looked out upon the world and found it good.

Though man, like the birds, travels thousands of miles away from his childhood home, though he has founded a finer house in a better land, yet his affections cling to the old home with unaccountable tenderness. We are constantly hearing of men who have perpetuated the memory of the log cabin or the tiny cottage in which they were born by incorporating it, unchanged as possible, into a splendid new house. We know of a man who built a great inn around the one-room adobe hut that his parents had built in their pioneer days. All through New England we find beautiful country mansions with the little house of the grandparents forming a most pathetic and altogether charming little wing. Even the passing stranger loves to see these outward, visible signs of man's respect for age, for family history and old-time picturesqueness.

We also come across many splendid old mansions remodeled to suit the needs and ideas of the present day so skilfully that all the simple, sweet, ancient flavor is kept unspoiled, yet every modern demand and need has been supplied. Unfortunately, however, many of the finest of this country's old houses have been irretrievably injured by unwise, unsympathetic restoration.

The foundation of Colonial architecture is perfection of proportion with dignified delicacy of detail. When the roof lines are altered,

simple doorways exchanged for ornate porches, characteristic small windows substituted by great groups out of sympathy with the old style, when conspicuous pergola wings are attached instead of a modest arbor and the new house painted in violent colors, the result is enough to cause an uprising of the whole community. It is a crime against good taste and against national history to thus ruin the few splendid relics of Colonial architecture yet remaining, even though the ruin was frankly unintentional. However, architects are approaching the task of restoration with more reverence than formerly, also with more knowledge and understanding. Some architects make what might almost be called a profession of remodeling old houses, devoting time, energy and genuine interest to their work.

Books on what to do and what not to do in restoring Colonial houses are eagerly received and studied by young architects and people about to turn the neglected old family homestead into one suitable for modern use. People genuinely anxious to keep the charm of the old do not rush into extensive alteration as in recent days with little thought of the final result, but approach the work with commendable degree of reverence.

THE grounds of the old Colonial country mansions have often suffered as severely as the houses themselves at the hands of unscrupulous "restorers." As an example of rare skill and unquestioned success in the remodeling of both house and grounds we are showing a Colonial mansion at Versailles, Kentucky, the work of the architects, Hoggson Brothers. Many a house and its grounds, they affirm, are disappointing even though the greatest care has been taken with the work, because of the lack of some slight change, some touch of genius that would draw the whole together. Sometimes the proportion between house and ground may be wrong and thus everything is thrown out of balance, sometimes the location of an established feature is unfortunate or the coloring of the house is a false note; often beauty not quite won because a view is lacking may be gained by the cutting away of minor shrubs or even of the sacrifice of a fine tree or two. The change of direction of a driveway may create a sense of spaciousness in small grounds by having it wind in and out of trees so that the house it approaches may be seen and disappear again, instead of leaving it a straight line from the highway to the door.

The aim of the landscape gardener is something more than a creation of visible beauty. He must create also the subtle spirit that appeals to the heart and to the mind of the beholder through family or

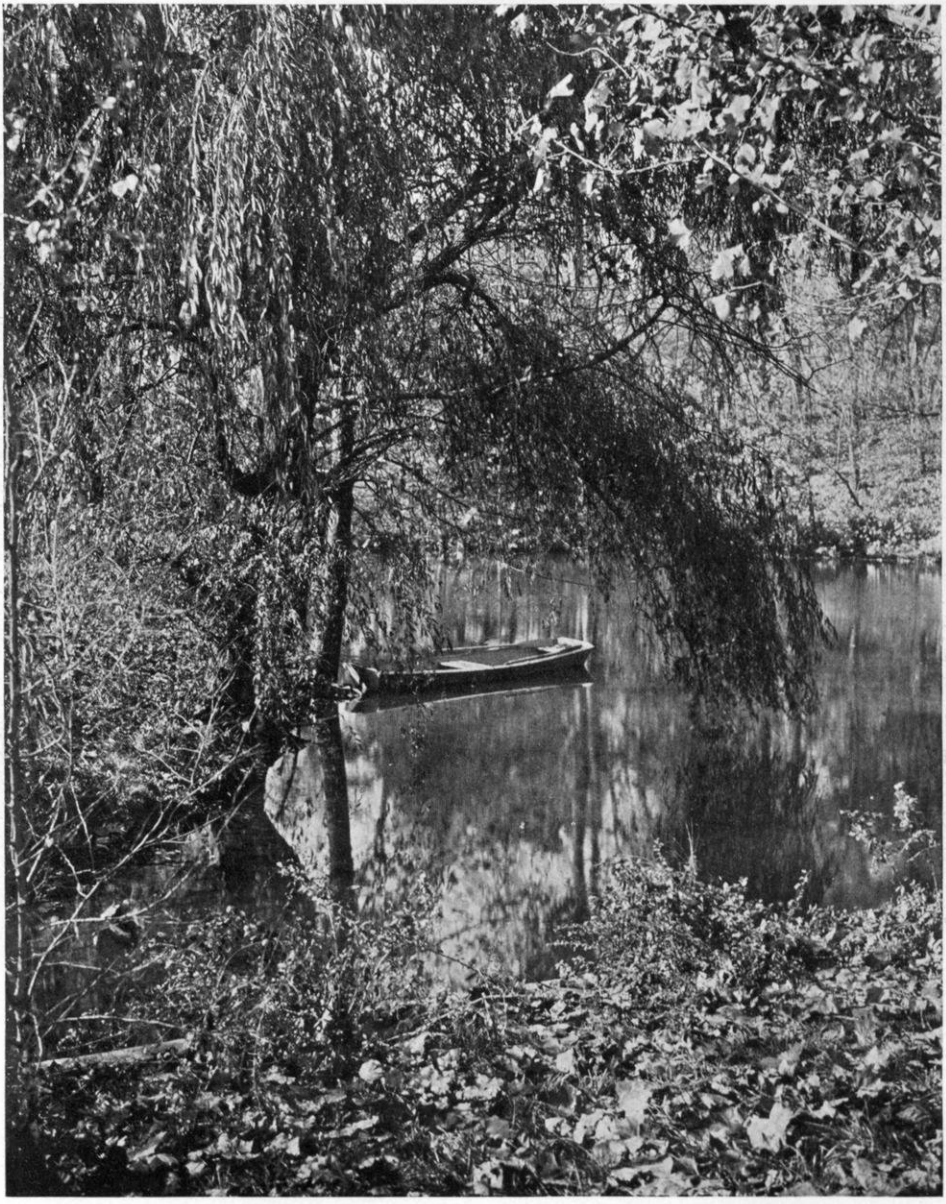
national association, through tradition and history. The landscape architects' tools are wide stretches of lawn, great driveways and little paths, masses of flower color, stately trees and flashing water. With these he must somehow retain the beloved atmosphere of the past as a background to the freshness of the present. He must also consider the future, the time when young trees will be full grown and when the house may need a new wing perhaps. Trees, flowers, brown earth, water are indeed wonderful things for man to work with and we heartily agree with Hewlett when he says that "Garden making properly allied to architecture is as near as a man may get to the divine functions." Wordsworth also gives high appreciation of garden making, for he says that "laying out grounds may be considered as a liberal art in some sort like poetry and painting and its object like that of all the liberal arts is, or ought to be, to move the affections under the control of good sense."

The photographs which we are showing of the Hoggson Brothers' work prove how reverently and wisely they remodeled the grounds to suitably support, to frame and to grace the finely restored old mansion. Though this large estate is elaborately laid out there is nothing falsely ornate about it. On the contrary, it is singularly simple and therefore most restful, dignified and gracious. A generous spirit of old Southern hospitality radiates from it as it should in such a locality, yet the house is the perfection of up-to-date comfort. All that we love of the past is there and all that we demand of the present is there also. This is because the spirit of the old architecture has been adhered to in both mass and detail. There are certain characteristics of the old that must not be interfered with else the ancient flavor be lost, but there are many other changes that can be made that make for increased comfort, yet will not mar the old atmosphere. These architects know well the points to be rigorously retained and those that may be changed to advantage both in the house and in the grounds. They have shown that they know well how to make the most of the existing favorable factors of site and style of building, they have arranged the driveway and trimmed the trees so that from many angles the house is seen appropriately and most effectively framed by the trees. Sometimes the trees needed as frames are set in groups, sometimes they are single noble specimens, one on each side like sentinels. These architects also know well the art of contrast, of light and shade as well as qualities, as may be seen in the feathery, lacily delicate young tree standing beside the great columns of the fine old Southern Colonial porch. It looks like some dancing child playing about the old grandparents.

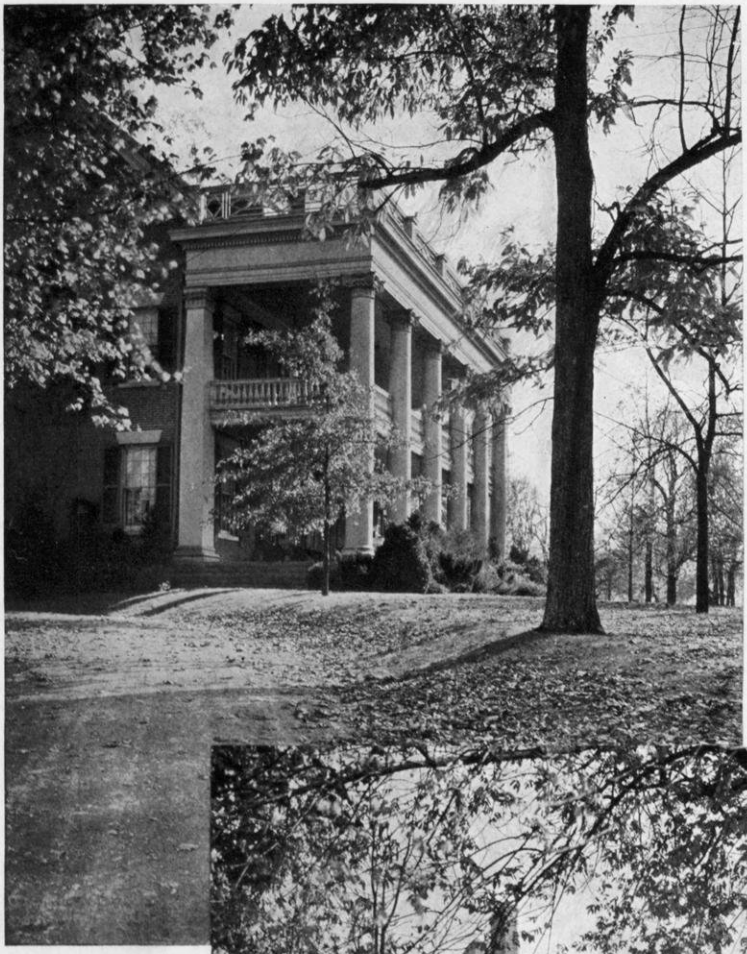
AN OLD KENTUCKY HOME and grounds so skilfully remodeled by Hoggson Brothers that the spirit of the old South has been fully retained, yet every requirement of complicated modern life obtained.

THIS SAME OLD KENTUCKY HOME seen across the little lake wisely left in its natural, rugged, unpruned loveliness.

All the wild beauty that Nature loves to create has been retained: Less skilled architects might have trimmed away the overhanging branches and so destroyed its ancient charm.



THE WILD TANGLE of this bank is far more beautiful and full of delight to people who love natural planting than any smooth lawn could possibly be: Though upon a recently remodeled estate, this little pool might be in some far away mountain valley.



THIS COUNTRY HOME with all the joy and privilege of the free outdoor life and the comfort and convenience of the city dwelling, though remodeled, has in no sense of the word lost its old charm, as is so often the case with careless restoration:

Every natural advantage from the standpoint of health, view, light and comfort has been utilized to the utmost.

THE SOUTHERN COLONIAL PORCH of this old home makes pleasant outdoor living rooms: Great old trees give shade and new ones border the wide driveway.

Another artistic triumph is the treatment of a little pool. All the wild ragged beauty that Nature loves to create is retained because it was so fully appreciated. Less skilled architects might have trimmed away the branch that swayed so gracefully to the surface of the water, ruffling it when the breezes come. The wild tangle of the bank is far more beautiful and full of floral surprises than if it had been clipped away and a smooth lawn laid in its stead. The wild bank and untrimmed tree being just in the right place are full proof that these designers and architects can be trusted to make the most of whatever material comes to their hand. They have fused the best of the old and of the new in one inspiring monument to the past, the present, and to their own ability.

The reason for the invariable improvement of every old building entrusted to their care may be found in their gift of seeing with open, unpretentious eyes, the beauty already existing, of carrying its feeble or great suggestions on to completion without altering its inherent quality. Their methods are constructive instead of destructive, they build from whatever clue they discover that is worth while instead of tearing down with careless disregard all the good work done in the past. No one without an unbiased appreciation of beauty could look through the limitations of the old, beyond the existing imperfections of design and perceive the fair nucleus of the new home. Every effort to save the fine old landmarks of American architecture is now being put forth by the owners and by the architects. Some, through knowledge, are able to carry the best of the old on into the new requirements, others through ignorance or because of unfortunate personal taste destroy with rough hand the fine ancient charm.

Some old farmhouses still standing beside New England's roadsides show doorways that for grace of proportion and delicacy of detail cannot be improved upon; some of the windows are finished with finely modeled cornices, some have two-story porches ornamented with perfectly turned columns. Most of these old houses have roof lines that are interesting because so simple.

Small changes often cause great havoc. Sometimes just the removal of a familiar old lilac bush by the corner of the house will change the sweet, wholly unpretentious spirit so beloved to a cold, formal, prosperous atmosphere shorn of all romance, that is anything but desirable. In these photographs the unerring judgment of the restorers is plainly apparent. Not a single characteristic detail has been lost, not a single obtrusive modern necessity has been introduced. It surely is an inspiration to see so perfect a bit of restoration including both house and grounds.

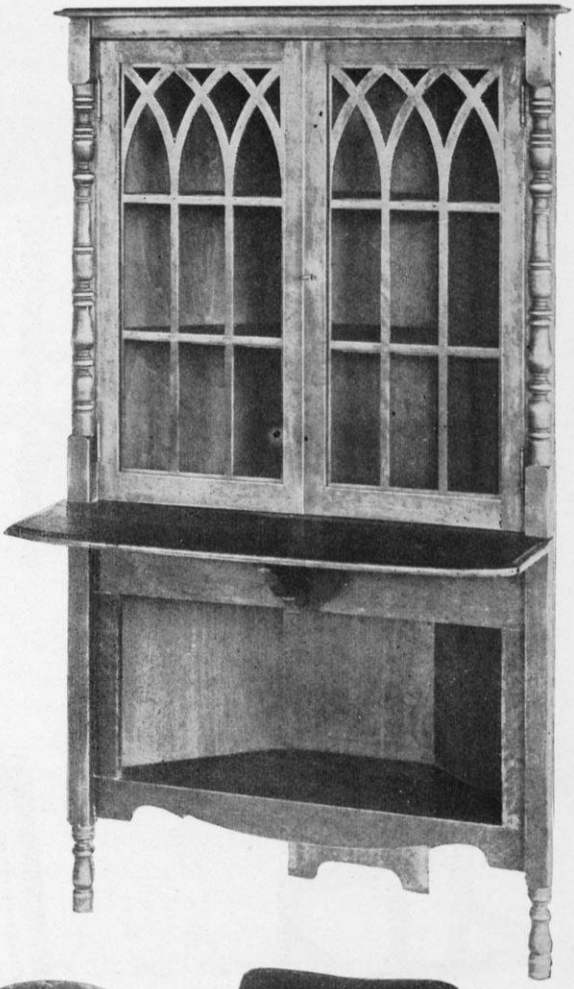
"THE NOTABLE FEATURES in the Chromewald furniture, designed by Gustav Stickley, are the decorative distinction and originality of design and above all the beautiful finish which is in fumed antique in blue or gray or brown:

"When one sees the Chromewald furniture one does not think of a special type or period or school of design, but rather of warmth, harmony and artistic ensemble:

"It has been said to resemble most intimately the beautiful finish of a century-old violin."

From the Grand Rapids Artisan Record.

CORNER CUPBOARDS like the one shown at the right would add a charmingly decorative color note to even the most luxurious of rooms: Though there is a suggestion of quaint old fashioned grace about it, it is decidedly modern in line and in its introduction of color: Equally interesting in delicacy of line is the Chromewald settee: Here is ample opportunity for bringing it in harmonious color relation to a room in both covering and pillows.



A PROGRESSIVE STEP IN AMERICAN CABINET-MAKING

AS Grand Rapids has become one of the great furniture centers of the world it will be particularly interesting to the friends and admirers of Gustav Stickley to learn that his new Chromewald furniture was the center of interest at the recent furniture conference and exhibition held in that city. Already THE CRAFTSMAN has spoken more at length of the elegance of design and the richness of color and the beauty of finish in the Chromewald furniture, and at the Grand Rapids exhibition there could be no doubt that all these features in the furniture were noted, appreciated and remarked upon by some genuine craftsmen.

As yet in the history of American cabinet making there has been very little originality, almost none save the Colonial furniture, and in recent years the Craftsman. We have always felt that any furniture or decoration that expressed the artistic spirit and was technically good craftsmanship belonged definitely to the realm of art, and it has been this magazine's pleasure to present from time to time the newest original designs and richest antique models that the world has produced now or in the past. And we feel today that if furniture making has taken another progressive step it will interest all home makers and artists to know about it. Hence, we are quoting an article culled from the Grand Rapids "Artisan-Record," which presents the point of view of the press as well as furniture makers of that city in regard to Chromewald furniture, Mr. Stickley's recent triumph in craftsmanship:

"This season's innovation is Chromewald furniture, exhibited by Gustav Stickley.

"Much interest attached to the announcement made before the opening of the season that Gustav Stickley, who incidentally is editor of THE CRAFTSMAN magazine also, would exhibit in the Grand Rapids market after an absence of some fifteen or sixteen years.

"In view of the waning popularity, in some sections at least, of the straight-line stuffs that originally made Mr. Stickley, his factory and magazine famous, there was considerable conjecture as to what he would have to present to the trade to take the place, in some measure at least, of the Craftsman stuffs. It was fully appreciated by all well-informed furniture men that it would be something worth while, for Gustav Stickley is an artist in the manipulation of cabinet woods. Even when the Craftsman type of furniture was at the height of its popularity, and was being widely imitated, the intelligent furniture men appreciated that there could be just as much difference between

Designed and Executed by Gustav Stickley.

THREE INTERESTING PIECES from a new dining room set of Chromewald furniture: Mr. Stickley feels in these pieces that he has expressed the real farmhouse feeling in furniture, that is, a feeling of hominess, of comfort, of beauty and of permanence: And it is so rarely beautiful in finish with the lights and shadows of the grain revealed and the surface of such exquisite luster that "one's hand involuntarily reaches out to touch and smooth the surface of the wood."

two pieces, which to the eye are similar in style, as between two distinct periods. The difference might lie perhaps in the subtle lines, proportions, choice of materials, and application of the materials to advantage through artistic understanding. These features may not be so precisely marked that they can be pointed out, but they are there just the same, and the trained and experienced eye realizes it. The Gustav Stickley Craftsman furniture was never successfully imitated.

"The anticipated innovation brought out by Mr. Stickley this season he has christened Chromewald furniture. The notable features are the decorative distinction and originality of design, and especially the beautiful finish, which is in fumed antique, as he terms it, in blue, gray and brown. The characteristic style? When one sees the Chromewald furniture he does not think of a special type or period or school of design. He is impressed with the warmth, harmony and artistic ensemble of the furniture itself. There is a generous amount of cabinet wood. Perhaps the nearest comparison would be to that of a centuries-old violin.

"The new process of finish was invented and perfected by Mr. Stickley himself, and it really reverses the usual course of finishing furniture. The first treatment of the wood is to wet it to bring up the loose fibers. It is then sanded and polished and rubbed with wood oil, before it is fumed. After the fuming process the final finish is applied. It is doubtful if there is any finish now used on wood that possesses the permanency of this finish. And it is so rarely beautiful, with the lights and shadows of the grain, that one's hand involuntarily reaches out to touch and smooth its surface.

"The present Gustav Stickley line is not large, embracing library, chamber and dining room suites and many odd pieces, but it is certain to grow. As the originator expressed it, he aimed to produce the 'farmhouse feeling' in design and finish. Those of us who were born outside of the cities will surely agree that he has succeeded. We believe he has brought out a real American style of furniture which will eventually become quite as much the vogue in refined homes as existing copies of any of the old masters. And it is most gratifying to note that the trade is coming to appreciate the new departure. Many of the most discriminating buyers from all sections were very enthusiastic over the showing."

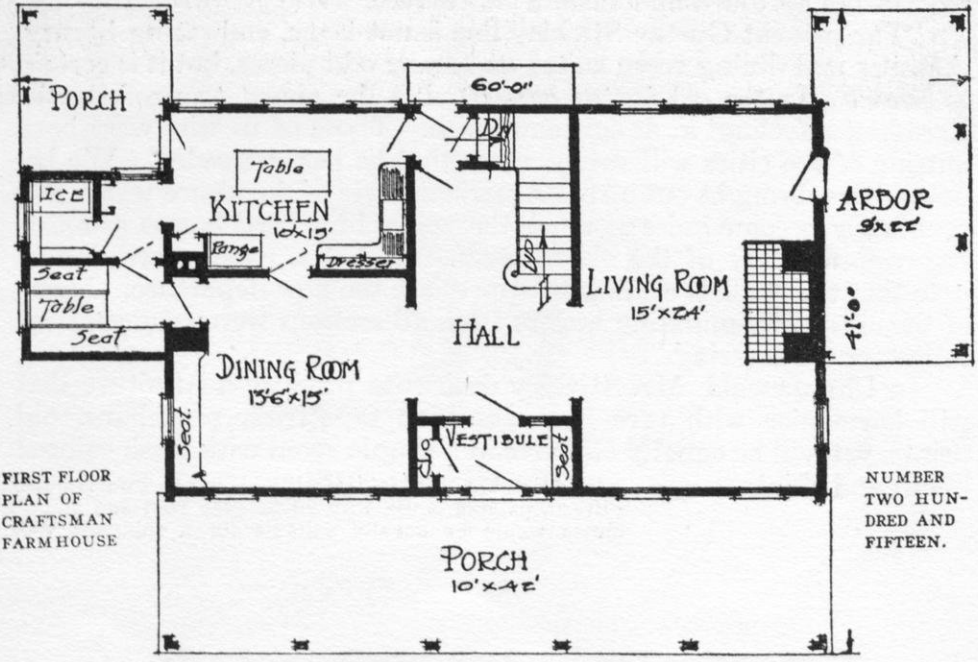
In Chromewald, Mr. Stickley desires to produce a furniture that will harmonize with rare brocades, rich tapestries, porcelains, old prints, yet will be equally effective in a simple room with fresh colored linens and chintzes.

A CRAFTSMAN FARMHOUSE AND A GARAGE OF VARIED USEFULNESS

A NEW ENGLAND farmhouse of a few years ago was generally a sad looking appendage to the great hay barn and big cattle sheds. Barns and stables occupied the site that commanded the best view over the country; were, in fact, conspicuously installed in the front yard. Nestling under the shadow of their imposing importance was the lowly homestead. The front door, if there was any, was seldom used. Members of the family, farm hands and neighbors came and went through the kitchen which conveniently faced the barnyard. This utilitarian plan enabled the farmer's wife to keep a sharp eye upon the "creatures" and thus not be tempted to neglect the hour when Bossy must be milked or the pigs fed, but the horses could look out of their warm stalls over the beautiful valley and dream of new-mown hay.

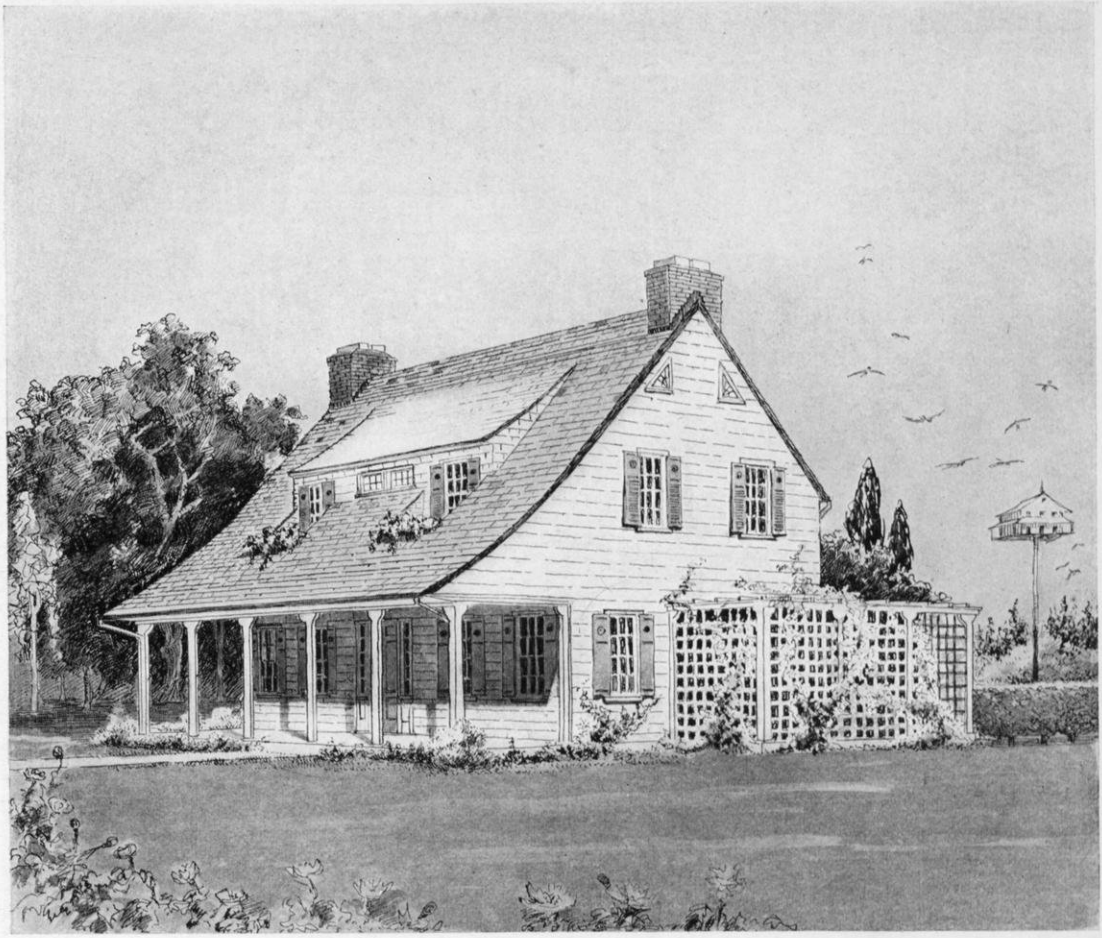
Progress, civilization, or whatever its name, has changed the status of the farmhouse most vitally. It now stands near the finest trees (where formerly the reapers and plows rested in the shade). It is now given the position of honor in the front yard; barns and stable have been removed to the rear. And little wonder that its importance has increased, for architects are designing such shapely, attractive, serviceable little and great houses that no one would think of subjecting them to the indignity of second place.

The city people (the second generation of farmers' sons) are returning rapidly to the family farmhouse for the summer season, because they love its fields and hills. Of course they demanded better houses, so the architects have learned to remodel the old

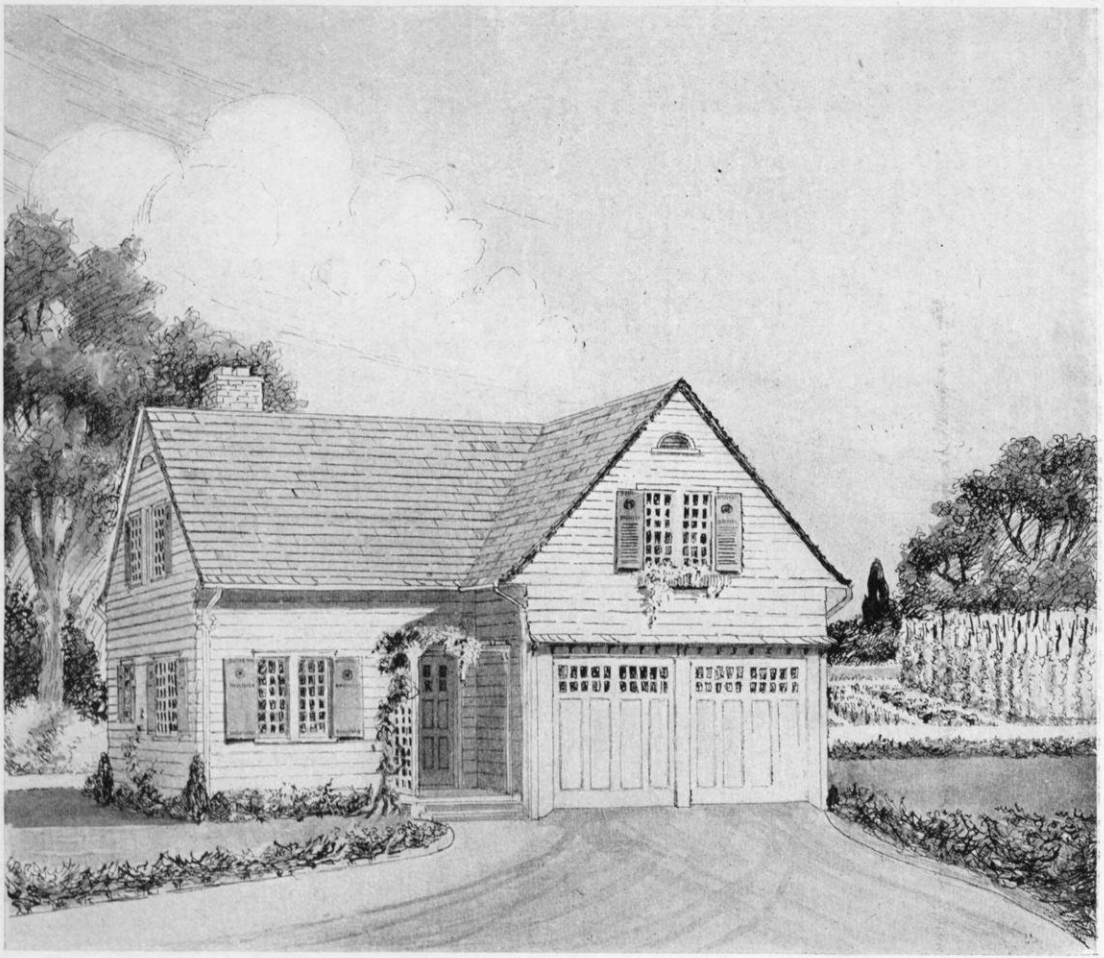


FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF CRAFTSMAN FARMHOUSE

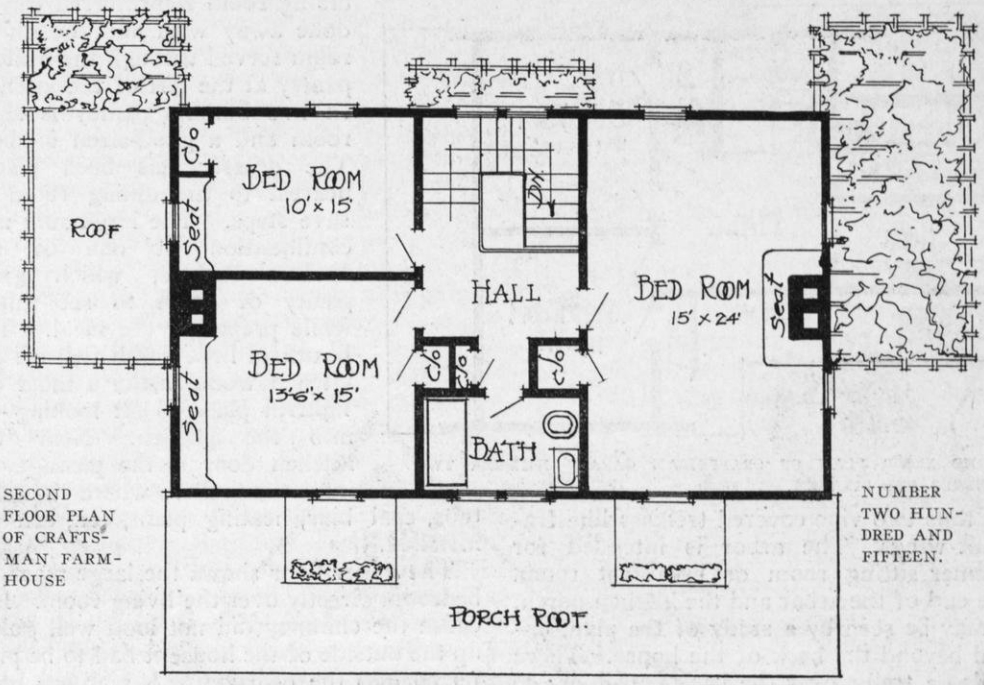
NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN.



CRAFTSMAN FARMHOUSE, Number Two Hundred and Fifteen, painted white with silver gray roof and apple green blinds would be equally suitable for a suburban dwelling.



CRAFTSMAN GARAGE, Number Two Hundred and Sixteen, designed to be used on the same estate with farmhouse Number Two Hundred and Fifteen, includes chauffeur's living quarters: Blinds to be made with wheel motif cut-out such as shown in pen and ink sketch.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF CRAFTSMAN FARMHOUSE

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN.

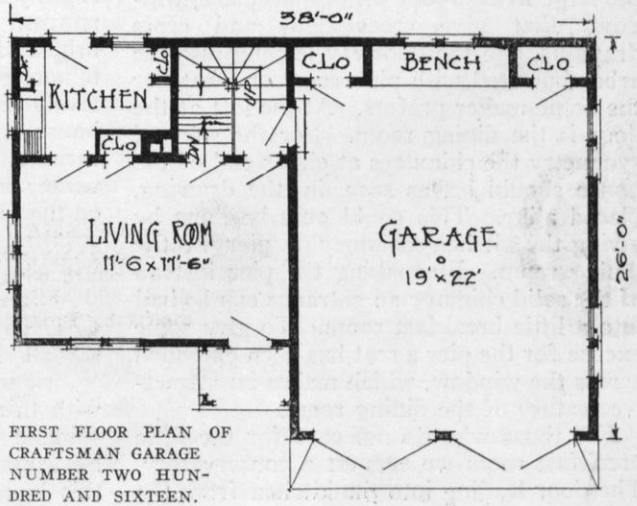
houses so charmingly, and to design new ones so attractive in every way that a new standard and ideal of farmhouse has been created. As far as light, heat, pleasant fireplaces, wide windows, commodious rooms, facilities for work, etc., are concerned they are equal to anything to be found in town or city.

NEW TYPE OF FARMHOUSE.

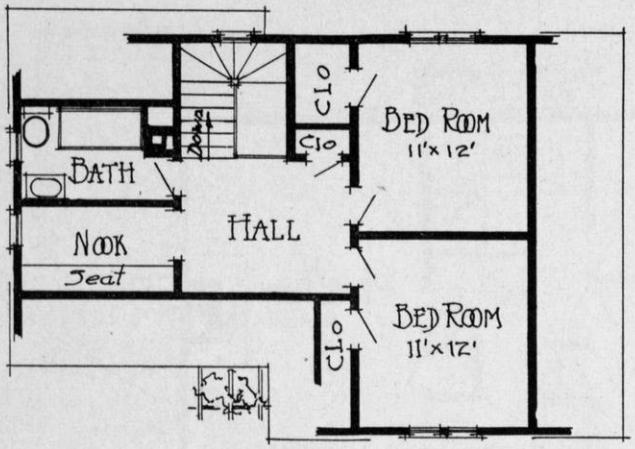
WE are this month offering a plan for a small but roomy farmhouse. This design known as Number Two Hundred and Fifteen, is beautiful enough for erection on any town lot or for any suburban residence. If this house be painted white, with silver gray roof, apple green blinds, with flowering vines clambering over the trellis, it surely would radiate that sweet, simple home atmosphere every one wishes to secure in their own home and love to see in the home of others.

The roof lines are particularly graceful. The long sweep over the porch and the shorter one in the back make a fine silhouette against the sky. By cutting through the roof line and gracing the cut with flower boxes, both a decorative and useful feature has been gained for this roof. The house should be of clapboards, white pine or some such material, roof of cypress or cedar, chimneys brick, the columns of the porch rough hewn window sash. On either side of the chimneys in the attic are installed small glass windows to give light, thus making good use of the big space for storing.

The front elevation of this house would show the kitchen wing almost balancing the white arbor as shown in the drawing. The top of the kitchen roof is left flat and a trellis made exactly like the arbor, crosses the face of it. To all appearance the house



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF CRAFTSMAN GARAGE NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF CRAFTSMAN GARAGE NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN.

has thus two vine covered trellises like fragrant wings. The arbor is intended for summer sitting room or breakfast room. The end of the arbor and the kitchen porch, as may be seen by a study of the plan, extend beyond the back of the house. There is also a trellis over the back hall door; so from the back or the garden end of the house the three trellises make most effective decorations.

A study of the floor plan reveals a small vestibule provided with closet on one side and seat on the other. If seat is not desired, another closet can be made instead. The upper part of the door leading into the hall is glass. At the rear of the hall are the doors leading into the garden. If left open there would be a fine current of air sweeping through.

Directly to the right of the front door is the large living room with its fireplace, windows that give cross light and cross draughts, and the doorway leading into the arbor bowered with pink roses or whatever the home-maker prefers. At the left of the door is the dining room. For the sake of symmetry the chimneys at either end of the house should be, as seen in the drawing, placed alike. This could only be done by giving the kitchen chimney a pier in the dining room. By making the pier instead of the solid chimney an entrance can be had into a little breakfast room. To give some excuse for the pier a seat has been extended across the window, which makes an attractive feature of the dining room.

For those who do not care for the little breakfast room we suggest a conservatory. The door leading into the kitchen from the dining room if preferred can be done away with and the dining room served through the butler's pantry at the left of the kitchen. In this butler's pantry is shelf room and a good-sized ice-box. The dresser has been placed nearest to the dining room to save steps. The large sink is a continuation of one of the dresser shelves, which gives plenty of room to set things while preparing the meal. The beautiful little porch just off the kitchen would make a most delightful place to sit looking off into the garden. Near the kitchen door is the passageway into the cellar, where laundry tubs, coal bins, heating plant, etc., can be installed.

The upper floor shows the large master's bedroom directly over the living room. Because the chimney did not look well going up the outside of the house it had to be projected into the bedroom. A seat has been built around this, not only for convenience but for cozy effect in the room. If desired this large bedroom could be made into two smaller ones, such as shown on the opposite side of the hall. The bathroom is in the center of the hall and lighted by the two windows shown in the elevation drawing. Each room has been provided with windows which will assure cross draughts for warm weather and abundance of light for dark days.

The cuts in the roof made to accommodate the two windows have been given a slightly slanting floor, so that the water will run off beneath the flower boxes. The bright flowers against the apple-green blinds, gray roof and white walls make a lovely bit of color from the outside of the house and also from the rooms. Because farmhouses are so often closed during the winter we have given this house solid blinds on the first floor and shutters on the second, so that it can be securely closed for the winter.

New Type of Garage.

SINCE garages are an important part of all farm life nowadays, we have designed a garage to be used in connection with this house. Of course it is perfectly suitable for a house of any other type. Servants' quarters have been arranged in this building, so that if desired the farm-

house can be entirely closed in the winter and the farmer's overseer or caretaker can live comfortably in this garage. There is a good sized living room and kitchen on the first floor, living room to be used also as a dining room during the winter. Under usual circumstances the gardeners, farm hands, etc., would eat in the kitchen of the master's house during the summer. However, this arrangement can be adjusted in several different ways. All of the helpers' meals could be served in the living room of this garage during the time of greatest summer work if desired. The entrance to the garage is through two sets of twin doors. When the four doors are closed they have the effect of two wide sliding doors, as may be seen in the elevation. This gives a better arrangement than if the doors were sliding, because they can all be opened at once to give full light in the room. At the back of this garage is a large work bench, one closet for tires and another for clothing or tools. The door leads from the back of the garage into the little hall, so that the chauffeur can go directly upstairs without having to go around the outside of the house, which makes it extremely convenient.

Upstairs there are two large bedrooms, a good-sized hall and bath. A window has been placed at one end of the hall so that by leaving the bedroom doors open a good current of air can be obtained. It would be possible of course to insert a dormer in each bedroom, but it would cut up the line of the roof and the plan as shown would be all that is necessary. Each room has a large closet. This garage, known as Number Two Hundred and Sixteen, is made and painted exactly like the main farmhouse, but should be planted to small evergreens and barberries. Nothing makes a better border for a roadway than barberries. They thrive better under the annoyance of dust than any other plant and are bright looking during the winter.

Another use could be made of this garage if so desired—that of a studio. The great doors faced north, and provided with larger glass would give splendid light for this room. This garage even would serve as a good model for a small house. Instead of the garage would be living room, instead of the garage doors a row of casement windows; entrance could be provided by door immediately to the right of the entrance door. Thus with a little adjustment a small sized farmhouse or summer cottage could be made from this plan. The roof lines are effective and the proportions graceful. Blinds have also been provided for this little garage in case it needed to be securely closed for the winter. Because it is primarily designed as a garage we suggest the design of cut-outs should be in the form of a motor wheel such as is shown in the little drawing on the same page with the elevation.

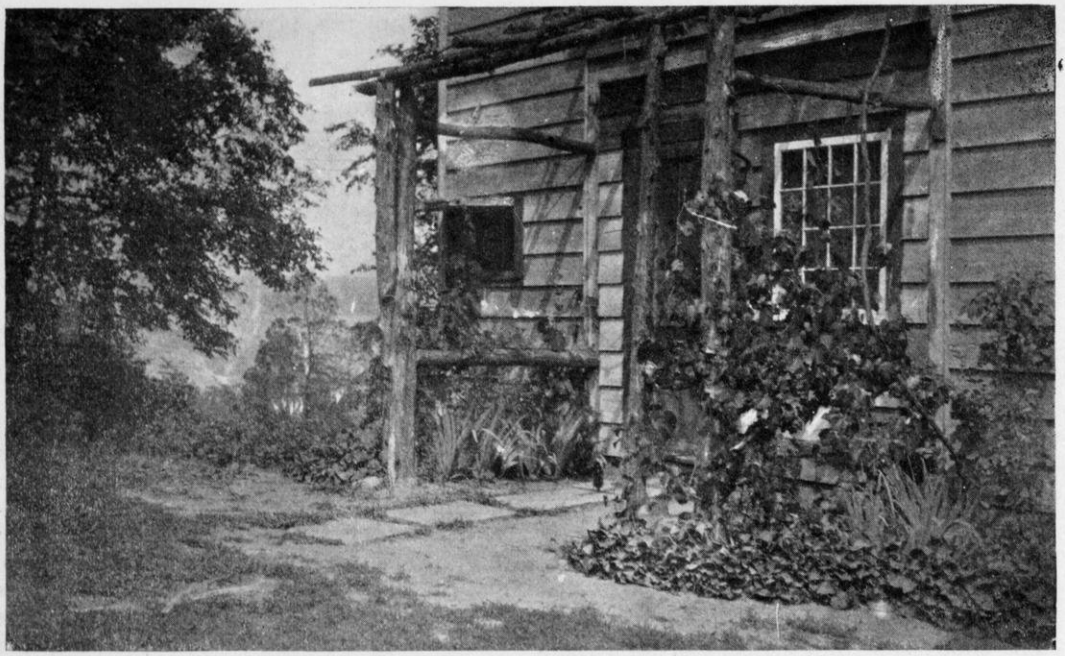
A SCHOOL OF HEALTH

THE Rockefeller Foundation, 61 Broadway, announced recently that it had decided to establish an Institute of Hygiene and Public Health at Baltimore in connection with Johns Hopkins University, where the problems of sanitation in great cities would be studied, and men trained to fit themselves to meet these problems. The amount to be expended was not disclosed, but it was hoped, the statement asserted, to create an institution as useful in its field as the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. October, 1917, has been fixed tentatively as the date for opening, it being the opinion of the Foundation that it will take at least a year to erect and equip the institute and to supply it with a teaching staff.

"The possibilities of usefulness of men so equipped have been found to be without limit in such efforts as those made by the American Red Cross in combating typhus in Serbia and by the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation in its campaign against hookworm disease throughout the world," the statement adds.

"An institute of hygiene will become the central feature of the new school. Funds will be provided by the Foundation for the erection of a suitable building in proximity to the hospital and the medical laboratories of Johns Hopkins University. In this building will be housed various laboratories and departments needed in such a school, such as those of sanitary chemistry, of physiology as applied to hygiene, of bacteriology and protozoology, of epidemiology and industrial hygiene, of vital statistics, a museum, and library.

"Dr. William H. Welch, now Professor of Pathology, and Dr. William H. Howell, Professor of Physiology at Johns Hopkins University, will undertake the work of organization."



ENTRANCE TO THE STUDIO OF RALPH M. PEARSON, A MEMBER OF THE ELVERHÖJ COLONY.

THE CRAFT WORK ON THE "HILL OF FAIRIES": BY HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

ON the border of the New York upland, near a steep crag falling into the Hudson River is an insignificant little frame house that served as the studio of George Inness when he was creating an American school of painting. Scarcely a stone's throw farther up the road lies one of the youngest artist colonies of the country, Elverhöj, where a group of earnest workers are striving to develop an American school of decorative art.

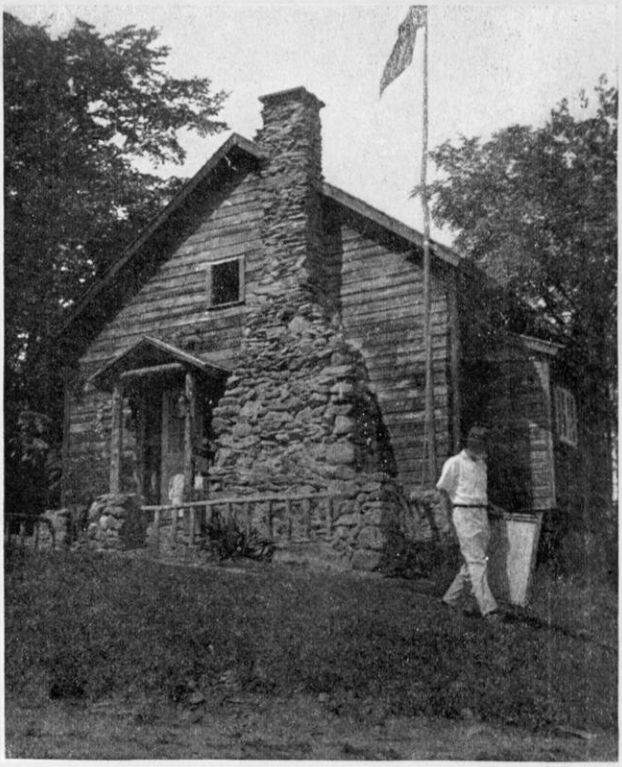
In Danish fairy lore, Elverhöj is the hill of fairies, where misty shapes dance in the moonlight, luring mortals to the spot beneath which hidden treasures are buried. The name was given the colony by its founders, Mr. A. H. Andersen and Mr. Johannes Morton, two of the citizens of foreign birth who are enriching American life with the best traditions of the land of their origin. The founders believe it to be the duty of every painter and sculptor to give of his artistic power in the service of beautifying the surroundings of everyday life. The problems of line and color that meet the designer of a tapestry or a piece of jewelry are essentially the same, it is claimed, as those that have to be conquered in the execution of a picture or a statue, and the designer therefore needs the same training as the creative artist. On the other hand, the artist, by grappling with these problems in the harder medium, will gain a sense of structure and composition which will give him an added strength when he returns to the more imaginative forms of art. Mr. Andersen and Mr. Morton are both painters, who are also masters of the silversmith's craft, and they are proud that not only the design but every detail, from the cutting of the silver sheet to the last delicate modelling of the finished article, is the work of their hands.

The motto of the colony is to "live close to nature for inspiration," "to cultivate the essential faculties for great work in quiet surroundings and in intimate association with the purest sources of inspiration." Mr. Andersen found the spot that seemed suited to his purpose at Milton-on-the-Hudson in an old colonial mansion said to be a hundred and fifty years old. The veranda looks out upon a terrace, and beyond it is the broad, quiet stream of the Hudson ruffled by the tides that sweep in from the Atlantic. The old-fashioned rooms give a grateful sense of space and quiet, and their possibilities have been developed by the artists themselves, for although their ideal of a simple

life does not demand that every man should be his own carpenter and stonemason, they are proud of being able to exchange the painter's brush and the etcher's needle for the hammer and the trowel if need be.

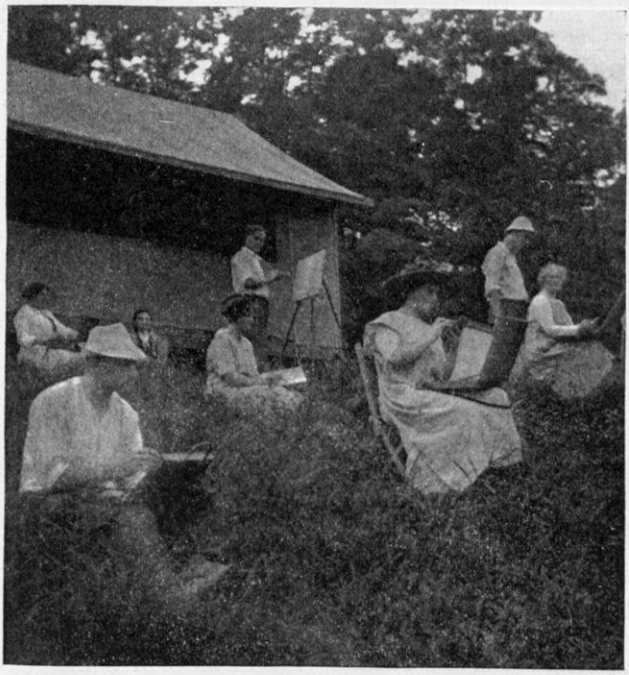
The colony has acquired thirty acres of land stretching back from the edge of the river slope, and the founders hope that it will be the site, in years to come, of permanent homes for the workers who will be associated with them. House-tents are pitched on the grounds for the pupils in the summer courses, and an old barn has been rebuilt to form a painters' studio with good lighting facilities and with space enough for occasional social gatherings. Near the main building, capping a little knoll, Mr. Ralph Pearson has constructed a picturesque little house where he practises the etcher's art and gives lessons to his classes.

The school of painting, which last year was under the charge of Mr. David Ericson, has several pupils of promise. They portray the characteristic American land-



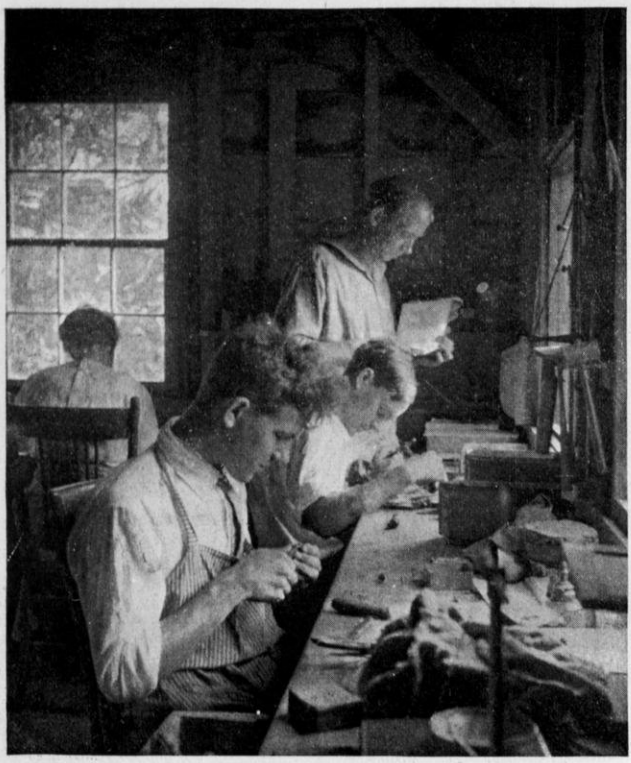
ONE OF THE STUDIOS ON THE "HILL OF THE FAIRIES."

scape of the region, the gently swelling hills and the glory of the maple and sumac in autumn, or the lights of Poughkeepsie softly glimmering across the expanse of moonlit water, where the river steamers glide like colossal glow-worms. The locality is rich in vegetation, dark, gaunt cedars and white trunks of sycamores mingling with the usual deciduous trees of these latitudes. The traces of human labor in the old houses and roads and the stone fences give that touch of intimate suggestiveness which we find nowhere except in the Atlantic States.



HOUSE TENTS MAKE EXCELLENT SUMMER QUARTERS AT ELVERHÖJ.

The eight permanent members of the colony are all men and women from the Middle West. Mr. Ralph Pearson is the vice-president of the Chicago Society of Etchers and some of his best work is a glorifying of the labor that has built the western city. Mr. Andersen studied in the Chicago Art Institute and was for a time associated with Mr. Morton in work in Racine, Wisconsin. The two are Danes by



CORNER OF THE METAL-CRAFT SHOP.

birth and bring to their task that spirit of reverence and that integrity of design and execution which characterize the master workmen of their native country.

In Europe designs of buildings, furnishings and ornaments have been forming for centuries, and those nations have been most successful in developing good models which have consciously adapted the old national arts to modern uses. One of the best examples of this is in Sweden, where a cultivated cosmopolitan taste is brought to bear on the problem. There we may see the little yellow or red house with white casements merely expanded and beautified to form fashionable villas. The greatest sculptor of Sweden thinks it no robbery of his art to design a pair of andirons or door hinges, and sometimes a table with no decoration beyond the beauty of its lines will bear a famous signature burned in the wood, as an artist signs a picture. The tapestries, which in olden times formed a protection against the cold, have been made to satisfy that need of the eye for warmth and comfort which is so strong in northern countries, and artists like Gustaf Fjaestad in Sweden or Gerhard Munthe and Thorolf Holmboe in Norway have drawn designs for tapestries, which are as notable as their paintings. In Denmark the national art of pottery has flowered in the Royal Copenhagen porcelain, to which the best artists of the country furnish the designs.

We have nothing exactly corresponding to this in America; there is no peasant art that can be transplanted in richer forms to the homes of the wealthy. The creation of an American decorative art must therefore be a conscious effort to collect the best that has been produced by other nations and weld them into an organic union.

With this in view, the artists of Elverhöj are developing an individual style in gold and silver work. They have not only studied their art in their native Scandinavia, but have pursued the knowledge of it in the dingy streets of Prague and Vienna, where the old wizards of exquisitely wrought jewelry still are found and their success is attested by the fact that they have won distinction even in Austria and Belgium. Scandinavian traditions are followed in the liberal use of silver, which, it is thought, gives a softer glow than gold and is capable of being more subtly modelled. Where gold is used in order to give a high light or a richer glow it is usually treated to give it a mellow color. The extremely simple, massive ornaments suitable to the tall, full-bosomed women of the North have been modified to suit the less robust beauty of the American woman, but their delicacy has not been carried to that point of over-elaboration which we see in the Orient. Spring flowers of New York have been used for the brooches with leaves of silver and freshwater pearls from the Mississippi for buds. The glowing California tourmaline is given a dignified setting of oak leaves, while the dandelion and golden rod have been conventionalized to form other pretty designs. The abelone shell of the Pacific Coast is the basis of a delicately wrought lavaliere, in which the silver

frame carries out the suggestive lines of the sea shell. In every case the artist seeks to develop American materials and designs founded on American flora.

In the classes in weaving Norwegian tapestry has been studied. Though less known in this country than the French it has the advantage of being simpler and quicker of execution. Moreover, the fine, firm finish, the subdued richness of coloring obtained through the use of vegetable dyes, and the good, simple patterns combine to give it a high degree of uniform excellence. Bookbinding is another craft practised at the Elverhöj colony, and pottery is sometimes done in connection with the metal work for various household articles.

Among the products of the Elverhöj workers there are none that proclaim their handmade origin merely by lack of finish. There is none of that affectation of crudity which has sometimes followed the reaction against the machine made in household furnishings — when the gold-embroidered onyx table gave place to one of rough-hewn logs even more inappropriate to a modern living-room. We still see the effects of this movement in the metal dishes cast to imitate hammering and in the rectangular furniture guiltless of a single conciliatory line. The newer principles of household decoration take cognizance of the fact that vile construction cannot be hidden by an elaborate finish, but they also realize that a true design deserves a beautiful execution. Harshness is no longer confounded with simplicity nor slovenliness with artistic feeling.

The Elverhöj artists are returning to the spirit of the master craftsmen of olden times, who combined artistic sense with industrial excellence, and who refined their work to the highest point compatible with the retention of the personal touch. While they appreciate the value of the manual training gained by the practise of sloyd in the schools, they believe the time is now ripe for the separation of this more mechanical skill from the finer kinds of handiwork. Their ideal is that of the artist who applies all his genius and all the power gained in years of training to the construction of an ornament or a piece of household furnishing, thereby lifting it to the level of an art.

AN OUTDOOR SKETCHING CLASS AT ELVERHÖJ.

Thus this colony of men and women are working under ideal conditions. They obtain the stimulating companionship of other art students such as is generally obtained only by trips to France or Italy, and in a region rich in material from which they may make careful studies and gain inspiration for design.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE CRAFTSMAN

OWING to an advance in the price of binding materials and labor, the cost of binding THE CRAFTSMAN on and after September 1 will be:

One—When numbers are returned for binding: Half binding, canvas and leather, $3.00. Full limp leather binding, $3.50.

Two—When we furnish numbers: Volumes I to XIX inclusive: Half binding, $4.00, full leather, $4.50. Later Volumes: Half binding, $3.50, full leather $4.00.

It would be to the advantage of those wishing to have THE CRAFTSMAN bound to send in orders before the fall rush.

IS MUSIC NEUTRAL? AND SEVERAL OTHER IMPORTANT MUSICAL QUESTIONS

(*Continued from page 606.*)

center, and especially willing to use all the material at hand, whether vocal instrumental, dramatic, literary or scenic, will in time produce a valuable and permanent addition to musical development in this country. But first of all, and without fail, each musical center must realize that it has a mine of wealth in its own community. I firmly believe that it is more important *to make music grow than to transplant it.* I also believe that the way to help it grow is to transplant so much that is beautiful that it becomes a source of inspiration.

An interesting question was recently put to me in regard to nationalism in music. I am sure that all musicians will agree with me that most music very definitely has a national quality. For instance, we feel in Chopin's music the Polish people, the Polish enlightenment, exultation, sorrow, the terrible struggle, the unquenchable courage; Verdi is essentially Italian, gay, fluent, amiable; Debussy, the ultra-modern French sentiment, the thing that in its search for the super-quality in art has almost passed over the horizon of unbalanced art. This same spirit has flashed out through modern French painting, architecture, sculpture; it is the seeking to express the ineffable through material channels. In Wagner we feel, too, a certain intense nationalism, a sense of the unconquerable supremacy of music, the struggle for an ethical development through the emotions. On the other hand when we think of Beethoven we instantly feel a large, generous, cool impersonality. We do not link him up with any age or any generation, with any cult, with ambition. We see him only as something significant to every people and every epoch. The great spirits of all the world for all time to come will respond to Beethoven. Others who have evoked enormous response from the heart of the world may become a changing fashion. There is at present an enormous vogue for Wagner, perhaps twenty years from now we shall be thinking of something else and then he will return to us later; Debussy has filled our ears; we hear less of Tschaikowsky, but who can tell when the heart of the public may desire just the thrill that these artists can evoke; but the universal artists will never be subject to variation of popularity. They become, in a way, elemental and we do not speak of them so often, just as we do not remember the wind or the sunlight, but we need them for the refreshment of our lives.

I have been hoping very much to produce Russian music in Chicago. This is not an easy undertaking because Russian opera to be effective should be sung by Russian singers, the music played by a Russian orchestra, there should be Russian dancers and a Russian conductor. This really cannot be done anywhere in the world except St. Petersburg or Moscow. It seems to me, however, that if we cannot get the complete Russian *ensemble* that the next best thing is an Italian presentation of the Russian music. This was done last winter at the Metropolitan. "Prince Igor" was sung in Italian, directed by an Italian conductor, under Italian management, and I am told that the effect was very beautiful. I can realize also that it may have lacked the tremendous vitality and dramatic emotional quality that we associate with the Russians; but Chaliapini himself, the great Russian tenor, has said that when Russian music cannot be presented entirely by the Russian people, he believes that it is most sympathetically done by the Italian artists.

I have been asked if I expect to bring back to America much musical material. I cannot say with this terrible tragedy overshadowing all of Europe. Who can tell what art will develop? Many of the singers are on the battlefield, others are too heartbroken or too deeply interested in working for their country to wish to leave it, and yet I feel it essentially to be there. I feel that I must look over every field of artistic opportunity in order to bring together the quality of musical expression which Chicago is expecting of me.

I feel that I should not close this deep expression of my interest in the production of America and especially in Chicago without reiterating the fact that I am amazed and delighted with the progress of musical conditions in the West, the increased number of important American singers, the work of the American composers which are having a wider and wider hearing, the musicians interested in all musical productions. I see a change here that is positively overwhelming, and I believe that America from being the greatest musical audience in the world is bound to become a great and progressive musical center.

PORTABLE BUNGALOW OF CALIFORNIA REDWOOD SET UPON A FOUNDATION OF CONCRETE BLOCKS.

THE BRUSHWOOD BUNGALOW: BY ALICE B. MUZZEY

WHEN I decided to invest in a portable house, to live in it all the year, and, furthermore, to put it up in the dead of winter, I took every preliminary step before consulting those whose opposition would be strongest, my family and my overcautious friends. When the project was finally submitted to these well-meaning antagonists but one cry arose on every hand, "Think twice before doing it." Think twice! Why, I had thought one hundred times before laying it before them in its most plausible and persuasive form!

I told them that I was on the eve of ordering, from a catalogue, a bungalow measuring nineteen by thirty feet, containing a living room, three bedrooms and a bathroom; that I intended to place it on leased land, and to put into it nearly my little all, with the view of getting a steady income by renting two bedrooms to women who felt as I did, that boarding-house life was impossible, that they must have independence, that they wanted a home. Incidentally, I may say that two came to me immediately and that many others have applied for rooms I could not give, in the year since the house was built.

And then I went ahead.

There came a time, to be honest there were many times, when I felt that I needed a man's assistance; but having set out to do this thing in the face of opposition, how could I ask it? So, alone and with fear and trembling, I went to the owners of the land, to the municipal building for my permit, and to the assessor's office; for, mind you, who knew whether a portable house would be allowed in the best residence section in town? Plainly I told my story; it was to cost $1,800; yes, it could be only a frame house of simplest construction at that figure; no, I had never seen one like it; *but* the idea pleased the City Fathers. One and all, the supervisors, underwriters, authorities for water, gas, sewage, all who must be talked to, gave me hearty and disinterested coöperation. Never shall I forget the proud day when the Supervisor of Buildings cast his mighty weight against my paper partitions, and pronounced them fit! "Never been anything like it here before; it's the talk of the City Hall." Of course these portable houses have been used for years in the coun-

SIDE STEPS OF THE BRUSHWOOD BUNGALOW, WITH DECORATIVE SHRUBS IN JARS.

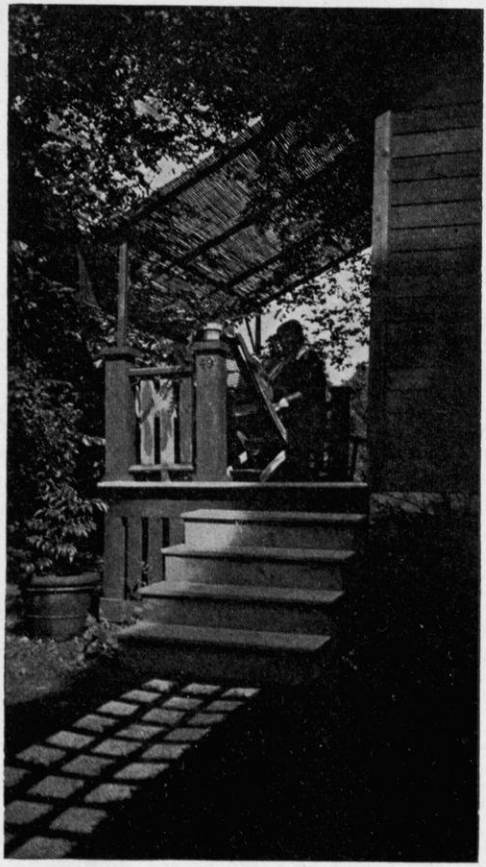
try or in the suburbs, but that they were feasible for city streets was an innovation.

Finally the day came when a wire notified me that the house was on its way. I had engaged a contractor for the masonry and carpenter's work, but I shall never do it again for these houses. Given a competent carpenter and two assistants, the house could have been put up easily by following the plan, although I admit that the finish would not have been the same. But these little bungalows depend on artistic effect, rather than on detail, for their charm. I was fortunate in having the help of a clever handy-man for the final touches, the perfect hanging of doors and sliding of windows.

The bungalow is of California redwood, oiled, with overhanging eaves, exposed rafters and sills of Georgia pine stained to match the redwood; the trim is dark green. It is set upon a foundation of concrete blocks. As the house is built on leased land, the entire cellar is not excavated. That being naturally the first step in building, led me to think that I should not have enough money left to put anything above it! It is surprising how stupefying these first big bills are and how easily one meets them toward the end.

My bungalow is constructed for winter use. Hard though it may be to believe, only the thinnest of clapboards, a two-inch dead-air space, moisture-proof paper and wall-board will keep out the elements, and so perfectly is this done that during the coldest weather a window in the living room is often left open and the gas at its lowest, except in the early morning. We all remember the country wood shed of our youth, with its heat and smell of pine knots; just like that is my little house in its genial warmth and fragrance of the woods; no damp plaster holds the cold, and fresh air circulates throughout. Winter gales pass over our heads, rain patters on the roof, "Little we fear the weather without."

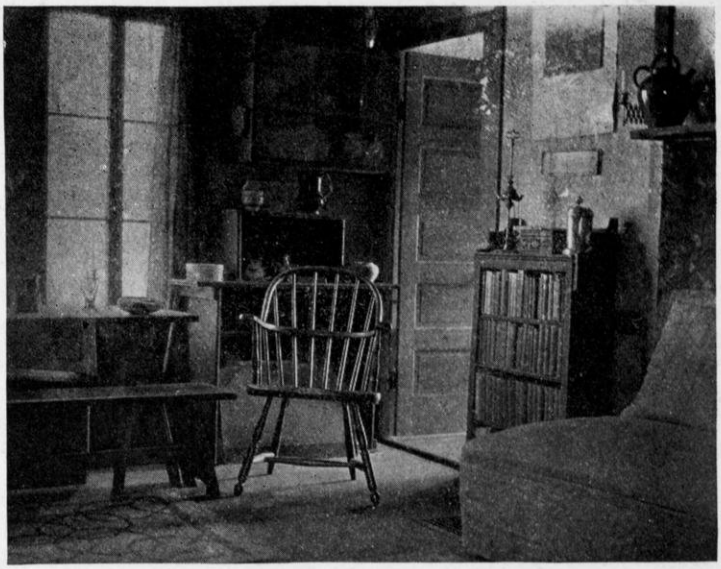
Not to draw too strong a picture, I must confess that the bungalow is also warm in summer! On sultry days I find it hard to catch a breeze so near the ground, but high trees shade the roof, and, for that matter, far better to be warm in summer than freeze in winter.



PATHWAY OF CONCRETE BLOCKS LEADING FROM THE STREET TO THE FRONT PORCH.

From the porch the living room is entered directly and surprises every one by its spaciousness. The casement windows — the artist's "north light"—and the sunny south windows light it admirably. Some day this room will be completed by an open fireplace, an outside chimney being added. The two guest rooms have windows on the garden; my tiny "stateroom" and the bathroom take up the remaining space.

The walls and ceiling are the original pinkish-violet tone of the wallboard, undecorated, and all the woodwork is treated with a weathered oak stain, much diluted, making a charming color scheme.



ONE CORNER OF THE KITCHENETTE IN THE BRUSHWOOD BUNGALOW.

In the basement, below the bathroom, is a tiny kitchenette and the hot water heater. Here we get simple breakfasts and an infrequent luncheon; we all dine out. The house is heated by a hot-air furnace, with natural gas for fuel and lighting. My bill for January has just come; it is $6.30. Where and how else could one have been perfectly comfortable in zero weather for such an absurd sum!

I confess to some feeling of disappointment when the walls of my future dwelling were going up; they looked so frail, so inappropriate to city streets; but, by comparing the photographs you may see how one idea led to another, until I hear now on every side of its alluring charm. And the end is not yet.

It has been a never-ending pleasure to me to see the effect of my little home on the passer-by. Motors slow up, people call to their companions, little children point, lovers linger,—thinking no doubt of happy prospects in beginning housekeeping so comfortably and so reasonably,—and, most of all, the tired householder of wide estates looks with envy on my simple home.

That the house came to be put up in the wintertime was due in the first place to the necessity of securing my land and beginning to pay rent for it in December; also, because I wanted the house ready for occupancy, tenants in and garden started before summer; but, chiefly, because, in a slack time, laborers were cut of work and glad to give me their service as quickly as I needed it. From the staking out of the foundation until I moved in, two months later to a day, all went forward without a hitch. The entire week that the framework was going up we had sun and no wind, and the following month was mild. One most important consideration in getting a house of this construction is that it can be occupied immediately. There is not the danger of living with damp plaster and there are no delays to let it dry before papering. It is finished the day the workmen step out.

Naturally, I realize that this type of house is not adapted to any and every tenant; it is essentially a home for women of limited income who will themselves do the very easy housekeeping entailed. One little four-year-old girl turned to her mother, after searching in every nook and cranny, "But, mother, where is the daddy that goes with this house?" No, it surely is not a "daddy house," although it would serve admirably for an unpretentious couple to start married life in. But the point I wish to emphasize is that it offers a solution to the problem of having one's own home for a very small sum, without the limitations of an apartment. It is a genuine homestead, set upon land that can be cultivated and enjoyed.

After the house was made livable came the best part of all, the planning and planting of the garden. Just before our first snowfall I had put iris, daffodils and hya-

cinths in the staked-out flowerbeds. I well remember that the ground was so frozen that I could hardly scrape up enough earth to cover them, and that night the snow came to tuck them in until March. But it was the middle of April before the ground could be trenched and a path laid. This I made of six-inch concrete tiles, set three inches apart; also "portable" and in harmony with the informal house. Only grass seed was sown on the upturned soil, but my lawn is almost as perfect as my neighbors'. Four-foot-wide garden beds extend across some thirty feet away at the back of the bungalow and also enclose a plot centered by a large bird-bath.

I had flowering plants, mostly perennials, from April until frost, and there are hundreds of bulbs to welcome the second summer on the place. This year it has been a "friendship garden," filled with gifts from those very same doubting souls who prophesied for me in the beginning such dire failure. They have all rallied to my standard and say, *now,* that I have a wonderful business head!

THE "NEW ART"

(Continued from Page 579.)

through the expression alone, most rapidly presented, will the people who have nothing to do with your personality, your voice, your gesture, receive an impression of the picture you are trying to convey. In the legitimate theater an actor sees a play as a whole. He is deeply affected, for instance, by the entire life and psychological development of *Hamlet,* his heart beats with *Hamlet's* sorrow, his pulse quickens with *Hamlet's* joy. If you were to put "Hamlet" on the screen none of these things would happen; you would tell the people by your expression only how *Hamlet* looked when he felt these emotions. In other words the moving picture portrays the emotion the character feels without the actor's feeling it at all.

On the stage a man is within the bonds of nature, he is persuading his audience as to the reality of his presentation. For intance, both Bernhardt and Booth would induce certain moods by the words uttered, by the voice in which they were uttered, by the surroundings of the stage. In the moving picture all these opportunities are wiped out. You stand in the corner of an immense room where three or four other plays are going on; you inhabit only a narrow strip of a corner where your own play is going on. Probably you have only the illusion of scenery on two sides of you. At first you even hear the stage directions given to the other actors and lights are going up and down all about you and people are passing everywhere. Occasionally to your astonishment, at least during rehearsal, they walk through your "set," and by chance the new hand may delay in the "set" when the reel starts so that you can no more count upon any outside illusion to help you with the development of your creation than you could if you were walking down Broadway. Your entire picture must come mechanically from your brain, you cannot acquire any inspiration, any stimulus. Either you have the face to express what you mentally recall of the plot, or you have not. In other words, either you are a good moving picture actor or you are not. A moving picture actor never tries to feel any emotion, only to help the audience to feel it.

It seems to me that really the successful moving picture actor is a man who can rise superior to his environment, who can become most completely absorbed in an idea. It is really a triumph of mind over matter, a reversal of all the methods employed for the most complete realization of dramatic achievement on the legitimate stage. While if you let yourself become conscious of the people, sounds, light or shadow about you it will be impossible to present anything through the moving picture camera except surprise, horror, disappointment and despair. It is the art of concentration, of self absorption developed to the highest degree.

Also one learns many lessons in discipline. All actors apparently are schoolchildren under the "movie" school-master, called the director. No inspiration, no emotion, no relief, no desire to express beauty or grace counts at all against the order of the director "to keep in the picture, move this way, look in this direction, keep your hand down, stay in line." He is the man who knows the mechanics of the situation and the mechanics control everything in moving picture plays. You may express the most abounding beauty, the profoundest emotion, the richest gesture, but if the camera is not making a note of it you have not accomplished the task the director has set for you. Also he knows the expression that will carry

on the canvas, he knows the look that the audience will answer; in other words, he knows the machine and the audience and he knows how to make the actor a satisfactory connecting link.

I have been told that already Mr. Edison or some other wizard of the moving picture world is devising a machine that will take down the actor's words as the reel takes his expression and that both will be reproduced simultaneously in the future moving-picture play. I am not sure whether this will render the actor's work simpler or more complex, whether the fact that his voice is to be reproduced will add to the mechanical difficulties or whether it will give him greater inspiration for his expressions. I question if any actor could tell until he had accomplished the feat and had heard himself talking to himself some yards away on the stage.

I have also been told though not in connection, naturally, with the moving pictures that wonderful instruments are being devised whereby records may be kept of all one's daily existence, every word, thought and gesture, so that in days or years to come one may have the horrible experience of seeing exactly how one appeared to the world in all one's daily relationships. The possibility seems too terrible to contemplate. As life is today we are mercifully permitted to let certain deeds and words grow hazy in our own memory. It seems to me that such an instrument as this would be a complete realization of the old story of Nemesis, more terrible than the power of any retributive Greek god. But these wonderful instruments are happily but visions of the future.

It reminds me of the story of Flamarrion, of the scientific projection of pictures of a man's life on the waves of light, all of these waves of light passing on to the stars; and eventually at death, a man moving toward infinity more swiftly than the waves on which his life was pictured so that as he passed on to his final judgment he had an opportunity of reviewing his entire life, a suggestion which seems to add unnecessarily to the horror of death.

So many people have asked me why, in "playing" for the "movies" I have not put on Shakespeare. The reason seems to me interesting enough to mention in this article. Unless a play can be copyrighted by the moving picture firm that is to produce it, it is no sooner presented to the public successfully than immediately a dozen people may produce it in their own way or in imitation of the original production, without hindrance, and this means, of course, a great loss to the original producer and as it is a little too late to copyright Shakespeare it would mean too great a financial risk for any film company to produce his plays with any degree of beauty and success. And so my work in the "movies" must be in such plays as may be presented exclusively by one firm. This is a matter of regret both to the firm and to myself as I would like nothing better than to speak to the vast film audience through those plays which have become most endeared to me in my work as an actor. On the other hand, I have had the fresh experience of working along new lines, developing new ideas and speaking this new language.

TWILIGHT GARDENS

(*Continued from Page 584.*)

thing that breathes of old-time hominess and the simple sweetness of village maidens. The white peony is like cloth of silver at night and the flesh-pink like a fair rose. Fragrant also is the white pendulous snowdrop of the Galtonia or Cape Hyacinth as it is sometimes called. It takes on new grace under the spell of the moon. Hardy phlox will waft its night perfume all over a garden; heliotrope, though invisible, can easily be found by following its trail of sweetness. If the modest-hued lavender, hidden by the night shadows, be brushed in passing it salutes the visitor with unforgettable fragrance. Carnations, Sweet Williams, clove pinks, arabis, sweet alyssum, meadow-sweet and the bulbs, hyacinths and tulips, are sweetest of all at night and for vines to climb to the upper windows there are clematis, jasmine, and, best of all, the roses.

In the twilight garden there is a subtle pleasure of imagination in lieu of the visual beauty of day. Perfume is a gift of day as well as of the night, but as the shadows of evening soften details marked by the sun, a mystery and a sense of infinity hovers over the world bringing mental enchantment. "Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge."

THE NEW YORK COMMUNITY CHORUS

THE New York Community Chorus means and provides for the free, regular meeting of the people of New York, any or all, irrespective of previous musical knowledge or training of any kind, winter and summer, indoors and out, in public halls and parks, to sing together for the joy of singing and for what song can do to awaken and inspire the community spirit.

It is not merely another choral society of the usual kind; for instead of using people to serve the ends of a traditional musical art, it uses the living power of song to serve the ends of the people, unifying them in vision and purpose. Through system and practise it lifts mass-singing, commonly ragged and ineffective, to the plane of beauty and power.

It is thus a movement of a new kind, in closest accord with the foremost ideals and efforts of the time, social, recreational, political, musical and spiritual. All progressive movements meet and find new life in the Community Chorus.

Socially, it means unity, good-will, brotherhood, the breaking down of old divisions and barriers.

As recreation, it represents one of the highest and most profitable forms which public recreation can take, a physical exercise and an emotional outlet through a beautiful artistic medium available to all.

Politically, it is a powerful creator of the spirit of democracy, intensifying, extending and vocalizing that spirit under the most desirable and advantageous conditions.

Musically, it is the discovery of that ground which America has sought these many years, a musical ground that is high and at the same time common to all; it gives a musical soul and voice to the people, and is the beginning of a true people's musical art.

Spiritually, it is the meeting place of all creeds, all faiths that own a God and seek the brotherhood of man, a place where the simplest and truest in all faith is pledged in song.

The Chorus is holding its present series of weekly meetings at the Mall, Central Park, under the auspices of the Park Department, and has the hearty coöperation of the Park Commissioner, Hon. Cabot Ward. These meetings are held on Sunday afternoons from two to four o'clock, when not only the Chorus itself, but the several thousands of persons who are present join in the singing. On an evening in the second week in September a "Song and Light" Festival will be held in the park. Special indoor rehearsals of the Chorus will be held for this purpose.

The New York Community Chorus originated in January, 1916, at a meeting in the Music School Settlement of New York, 55 East Third Street, called jointly by the Musical School and the People's Institute. Subsequently weekly meetings during the winter were held in various High School halls, and the Chorus gave its first public concert at the DeWitt Clinton High School on April 22.

Mr. Harry Barnhart, the leader of the New York Community Chorus, holds the high position which he occupies in this movement through his deep insight into the principles of people singing and his wide experience in this field in many parts of the country.

The invitation to join the Community Chorus is extended to all. No knowledge of music is required and no voices are tested. New members may enroll at any of the public meetings or by corresponding with the secretary.

The fundamental idea is that this singing shall be free to all, and there is no membership fee. A prospectus is issued for the specific purpose of raising funds with which to carry out the work of the Chorus and the movement for public singing throughout the entire city. The expenses of carrying out any out-of-door plans are considerable, including the necessary employment of a sufficient orchestra to accompany and support the Chorus.

Among the people of varied interests who are coöperating in this work are Mr. Arthur Farwell, president, Mrs. Samuel Untermeyer, Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin, Mr. M. Morgenthau, Mr. Max Eastman, Mrs. Howard Mansfield, Mr. Otto Kahn and Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne, and many others including Mr. Harry H. Barnhart, conductor, and Miss Ernestine Evans, secretary.

Such community work for music could be duplicated with profit throughout the country.

REINFORCING A DEMOCRACY

(*Continued from page* 565.)

cation. She believes that our democracy can only be reinforced through the right training of our children, so that the educators of the future will understand the best in our civilization and help to produce it.

Miss Cheatham has given THE CRAFTSMAN permission to reproduce not only a picture of herself, but the cover of her book, which shows her as the Pied Piper of the American children today; also a lovely illustration of the spiritual child by Grahame Robertson, as well as various illustrations from the work which Mr. Robertson has done for various books of song. THE CRAFTSMAN is indebted to G. Schirmer & Company for the reproduction of some of these illustrations, and for others to W. Heinemann, London.

It seems only right in presenting an article of Miss Cheatham's to speak a little more at length of Mr. Grahame Robertson's work, already well known in England. He seems to have so found the absolute spirit of beautiful childhood and his work so belongs in Miss Cheatham's books that we feel American children cannot know and love him too quickly and heartily. There are many things one might say of Miss Cheatham and her work in educating American children toward a more beautiful democracy, but as she expresses so much of this in her own article we will leave her words to speak for her, adding only our word of thanks to her for this message to THE CRAFTSMAN readers. "Love's Lullaby" is reprinted by courtesy of the Victor Talking Machine Company.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE CHILDREN'S LIBRARY OF WORK AND PLAY: HOME DECORATION: BY CHARLES FRANKLIN WARNER

IN a book on "Home Decoration," at once delightful and profitable for our youth, from "The Children's Library of Work and Play," we find set forth the opportunity for children to learn much that is valuable and interesting in home making without for a moment feeling the drudgery and tediousness of actual lessons. The way in which children are taught design, building, decoration, furnishing and craft work is through the story of how a house was designed and built and finished, inside and out by boys and girls. This was actually done recently in one of the public schools of a well known New England city. The girls designed the house and arranged the plan of the floor space and the boys did the foundation, the masonry, the roof, etc. A limited appropriation, about $1,000 for building material, was available; economy in space as well as expense was important.

The lessons which the boys and girls of this school learned from the planning, building and furnishing of this prize house probably involved an amount of valuable information that they could not have accumulated in three or four years of study. First of all, they acquired a vital and intelligent interest in mathematics, they became conscious of the value of line and proportion; they recognized color for the first time as something essential to the beauty of home making, they realized the work involved in the production of a comfortable chair to study or read in, in the making of a bedstead, in the weaving of a rug. In fact, in the building of this home the essentials of home making were made clear to a group of boys and girls. If at the end when it was finished and beautiful the girls were taught to cook a meal, then it seems to me that the last detail of simple house making and home making had been accomplished.

For a long time we have let our children feel that housework was something to be avoided and that study was a hardship and that play was the main desirable occupation of childhood, so that it is really essential for us to lead them back to a fine understanding and enjoyment of the value of work and all that it brings to the world by just such a process as this prize house, made by schoolchildren in New England. (Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York. 374 pages. Price $1.00 net.)

MODERN SCHOOLHOUSES: PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN ARCHITECT

OWING to the great popularity and universal usefulness of the "Modern Schoolhouse," published in 1910, this second volume has been prepared, thus bringing before the public the latest phases of American schoolhouse designing and building. Both the articles and the illustrated schools are by the best exponents of school architecture in America. The build-

ings described are all of recent construction and therefore represent the last word on the subject, making the large volume of rare aid to present-day architects. This volume should be on the reference tables of every large school that the varied plans, dignity and impressive beauty of the buildings may be of general inspiration.

The 169 large plates showing exterior and interior views and floor plans are alone invaluable. The chapters, covering 75 pages, on ventilation, lighting, humidification, etc., having been written by men of wide experience, offer expert suggestions. The combination comprises an unusually complete opportunity for close study of both the practical and æsthetic needs of modern school buildings. (Published by the American Architect, New York. Part Two. 169 plates, 75 pages of text. Price $7.00.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

"A HANDBOOK of American Private Schools." An Annual Publication. (Published by Porter E. Sargent, Boston, Mass. 604 pages. Price $2.50 net.)

"THE Legacy of the Exposition." Interpretation of the Intellectual and Moral Heritage Left to Mankind by the World Celebration at San Francisco in 1915. (Published by the Panama-Pacific International Exposition Company, San Francisco, California. 187 pages.)

"ANNUAL Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution," showing the operations, expenditures, and condition of the institution for the year ending June, 1915. (Published by the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. 544 pages.)

COSTUME EXHIBIT AT THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB IN OCTOBER

A SPECIAL exhibition and sale of costumes, theatrical and masquerade, as well as costume drawings, will be held under the auspices of the National Society of Craftsmen, 119 East Ninteenth street, beginning Wednesday, October 4th. Chairman of committee in charge, Thomas Raymond Ball.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF "THE CRAFTSMAN," PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1916.

State of New York } ss:
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred A. Arwine, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of the Craftsman Publishing Company, publishers of THE CRAFTSMAN, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management of aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Name of — Post-office address.
Publisher, Craftsman Publishing Co., 6 East 39th St., New York.
Editor, Gustav Stickley, Morris Plains, N. J.
Managing Editor, Mary Fanton Roberts, 142 East 18th St., New York.
Business Manager, Gustav Stickley, Morris Plains, N. J.

The names and addresses of individual owners, stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock:

Gustav Stickley, The Craftsman, Inc., 6 East 39th St., New York City.
Gustav Stickley, Morris Plains, N. J.
Fred A. Arwine, 6 East 39th St., New York City.
George H. Cruess, Morris Plains, N. J.

The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: NONE.

The two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRED A. ARWINE,
Treas. of the Craftsman Publishing Co.,
Publishers of THE CRAFTSMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of April, 1916.

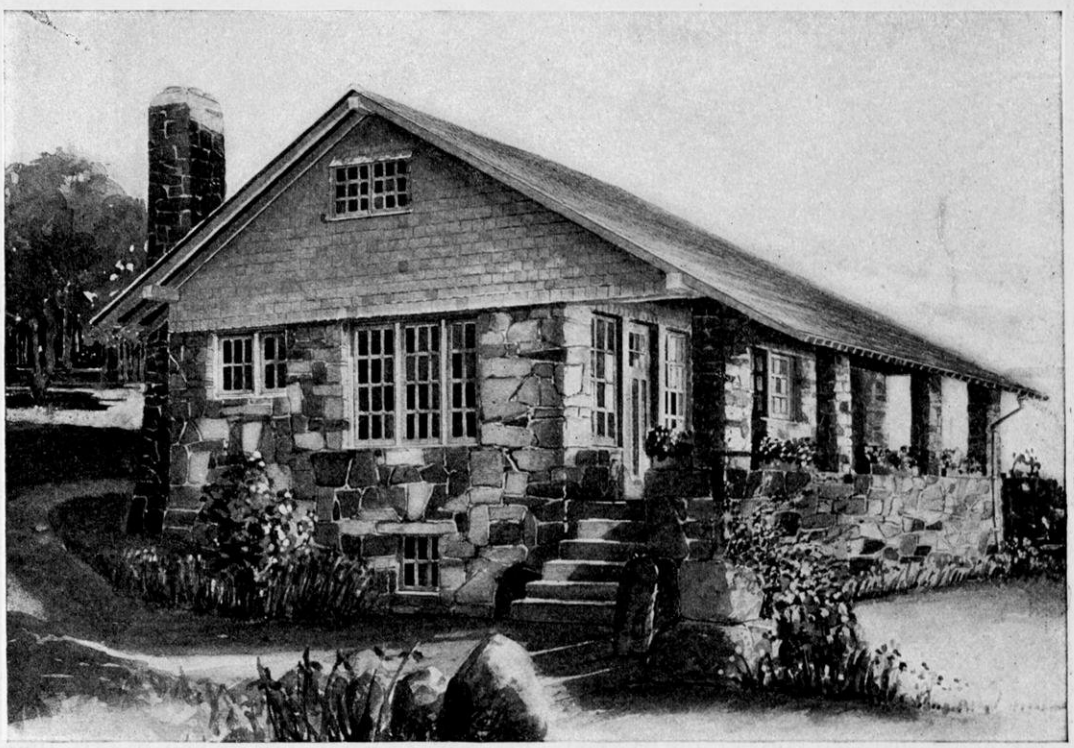
[SEAL]

ALFRED S. COLE,
Notary Public, Bronx County No. 19,
Bronx Register No. 619,
New York County, No. 54.
(My commission expires March 30, 1918.)

FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

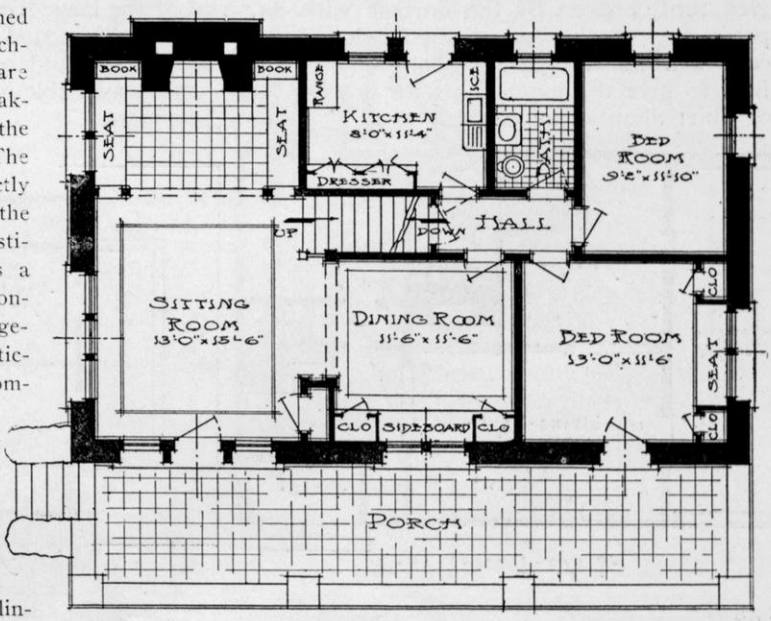
"WHERE can I see Craftsman house designs?" In answer to this persistent demand, we are publishing each month in the CRAFTSMAN MAGAZINE four Craftsman houses. This will be continued until we have reproduced the two hundred house designs which we have on file. A front elevation and floor plans will be shown on each page. We will furnish tentative estimates and cost of complete plans upon request.

Address: Service Dept., Craftsman Publishing Co., 6 East 39th St., New York City.

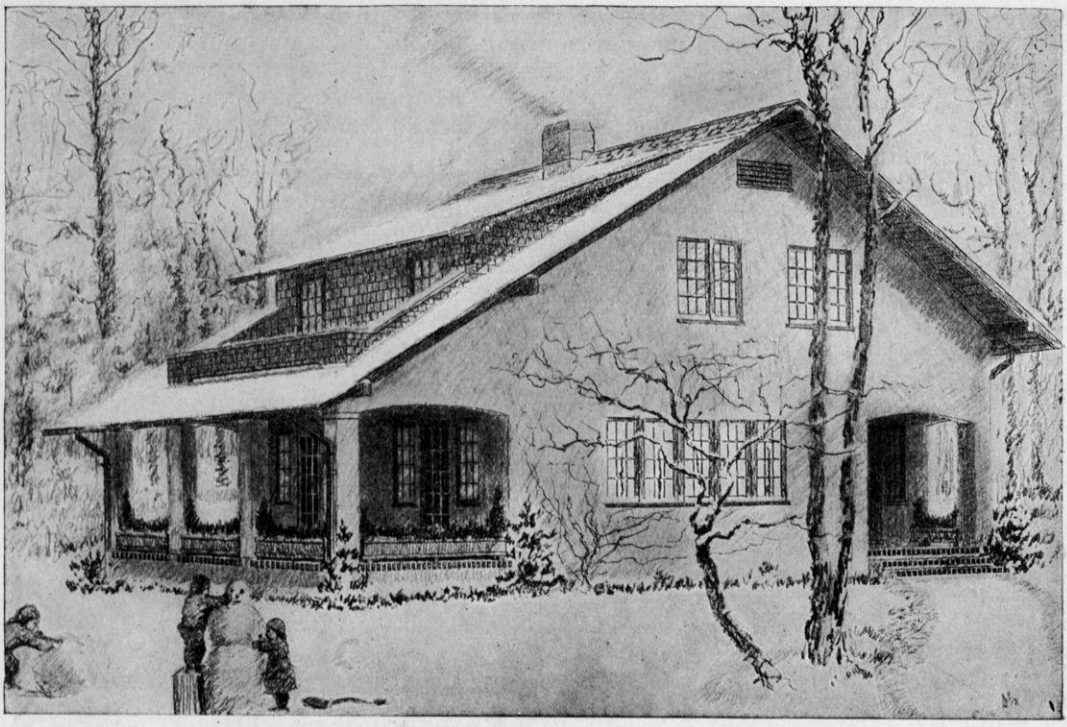


NO. 93: FIVE-ROOM CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW

BUNGALOW No. 93, planned for a hillside site at Larchmont, N. Y. The walls are rough stone blasted out in making the excavation. Above the walls shingles are used. The entrance door opens directly from the sheltered porch into the sitting room, with neither vestibule or hallway. There is a small closet on the right, convenient for coats. The arrangement of the inglenook is particularly worth noting, for it combines practical comfort with a decorative, craftsmanlike construction. Among the drawings of the bungalow are details showing the exact design and measurements of the big stone chimneypiece with its stone shelf, alcove, wood lintel and tile hearth.



FLOOR PLAN OF STONE AND SHINGLE COTTAGE: NO. 93.

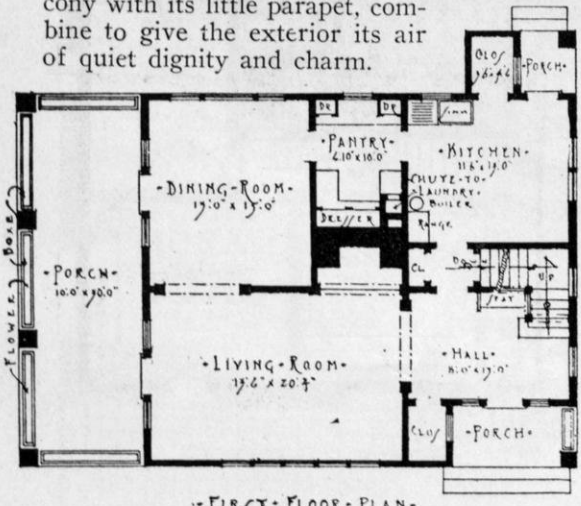


NO. 149: CRAFTSMAN SEVEN-ROOM CEMENT HOUSE

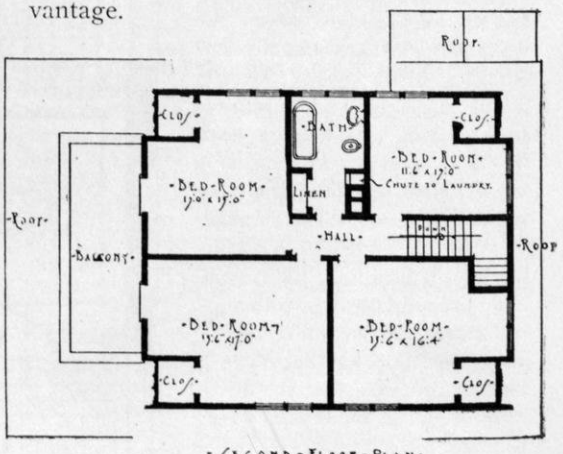
CRAFTSMAN house No. 149 has been planned for simple needs, and while every feature has some practical purpose to fulfill, our endeavor has been to secure as much architectural beauty as possible in the natural construction.

The ample sheltered porches, the pleasant window groups, the long slope of the shingled roof, broken by the dormer with its protecting overhang and the sunken balcony with its little parapet, combine to give the exterior its air of quiet dignity and charm.

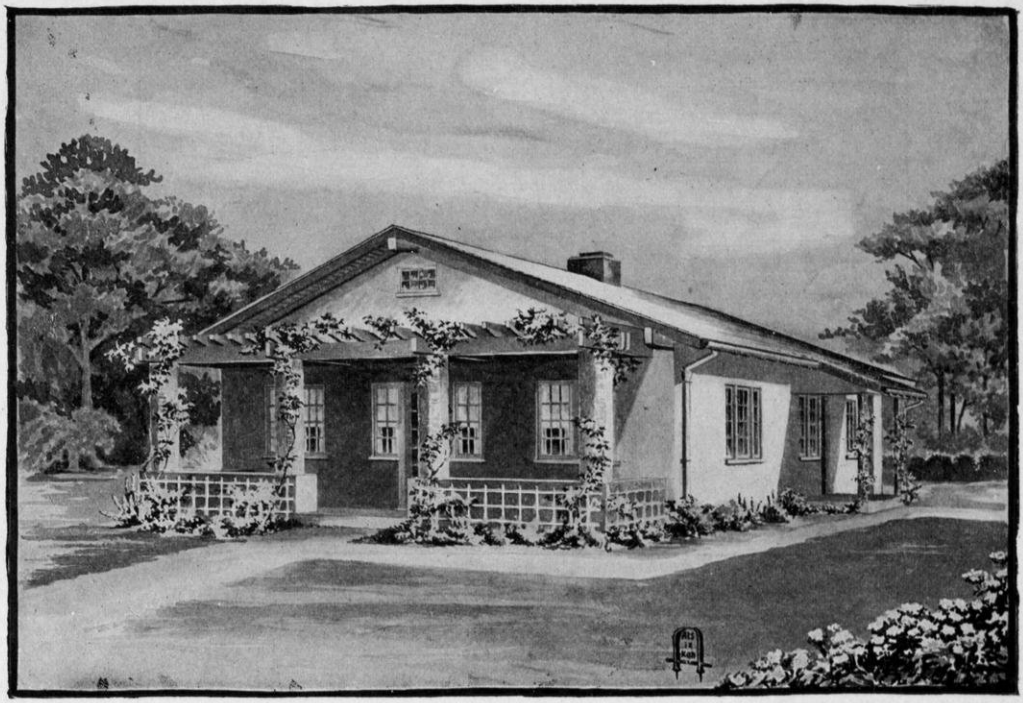
From the small corner porch you enter the good-sized hall with its inviting little seat beside the staircase and the convenient coat closet lighted by a window on the side. Through the wide opening on the left you are greeted by a glimpse of the hospitable fireplace, recessed just enough to give the effect of a nook, yet not shut off from the rest of the large living room. The arrangement of the second floor is as compact as it is simple and as the plan shows, all space available has been used to the best vantage.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



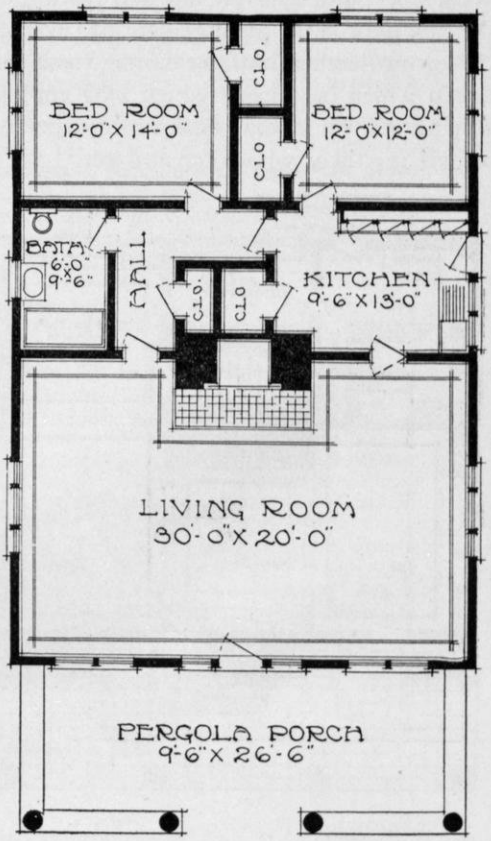
NO. 124: CRAFTSMAN CONCRETE BUNGALOW WITH PERGOLA PORCH

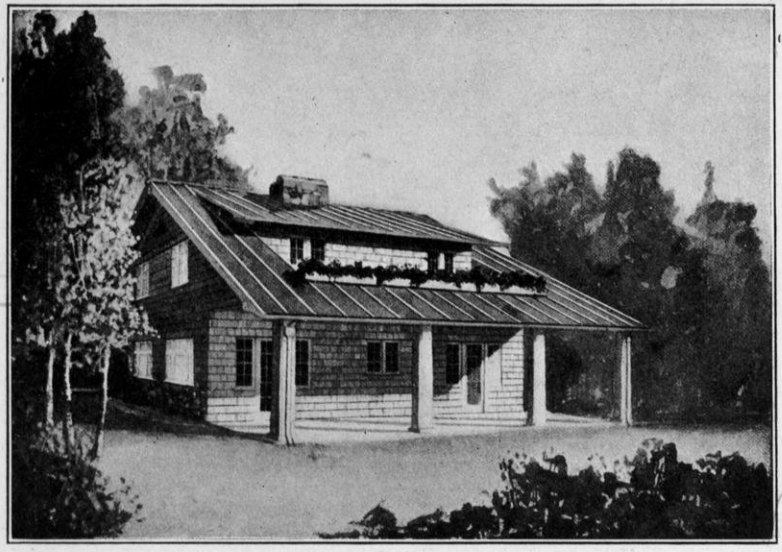
BUNGALOW No. 124 is so arranged that it may be built on a small and narrow lot. In selecting this plan, however, the size and style of neighboring houses must be considered, as so low and small a dwelling would not appear to advantage unless buildings about it were fairly low and similar in style.

This bungalow would look well in either cement or shingle construction or the main wall could be in cement and the gables in shingles or boards if greater variety in materials were desired. If an attic were needed for storage the walls might be carried up a little higher and the roof raised, or the ridge might be higher and the roof somewhat steeper so as to give more headroom.

A pergola porch extends across the front of the house and as the bungalow will probably be built near the street, we have suggested a parapet around the front porch and if this does not give sufficient privacy, flower boxes might also be placed between the pillars. We suggest hewn logs to support the pergola beams and side porch roof as these will give a more informal appearance than columns of turned wood or cement.

For a bungalow of such simple character, planned for a small family. it seemed best to have no separate dining room, but to make the living room as large as possible and to use one end of it for dining purposes. We have, therefore, planned the windows and wall spaces with this in mind, so that there is plenty of room for piano, bookcase and desk on the left of the room, and sideboard and possibly a small china closet on the right.

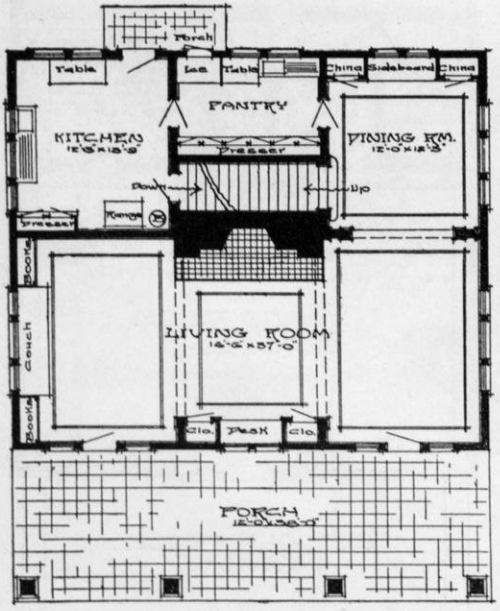




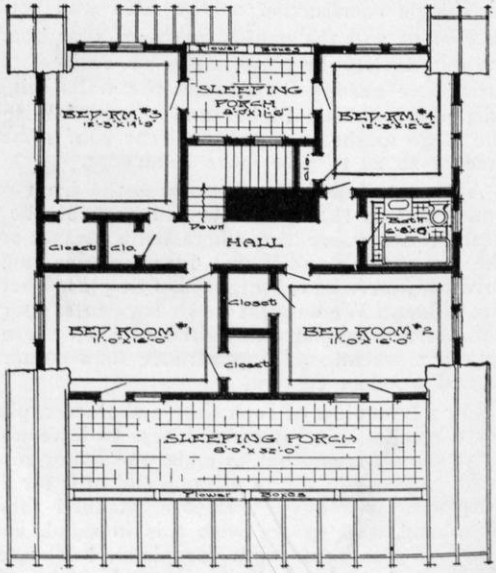
NO. 101: CRAFTSMAN SEVEN-ROOM HOUSE WITH TWO SLEEPING PORCHES

CRAFTSMAN shingled house No. 101 is simple in design, compact in arrangement and comparatively inexpensive to build. Its one unusual feature on the first floor is the arrangement of two coat closets projecting into the living room between which is a space which may contain either a built-in writing desk or drawers and a shelf for those who come and go.

The four bedrooms on the second floor are provided with ample closet room and also each bedroom opens out onto a sleeping porch. The rear sleeping porch could readily be converted into a sewing room or sun room. The great fireplace of split stone and the built-in furnishings of living room and dining room are charming possibilities in this simple and homelike house design.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

Index to Vol. XXX of The Craftsman

TOPIC INDEX

Aeroplane, The: A Poem—By Edward Wilbur Mason, 501.

Alice in Blunderland or Educating the Educated—By Newton A. Fuessle: The story of generations who have taken required school courses but who have been left utterly ignorant of ordinary physical ills and their prevention, 585.

"An Ancient Home of Peace": The restoration of the few remaining relics of Colonial architecture; a Colonial house at Versailles, Kentucky, remodeled by Hoggson Brothers; How the spirit of the old architecture has been adhered to both in mass and detail, 616.

Architecture, Colonial, Varieties of—By Harold Donaldson Eberlein: From "The Architecture of Colonial America," 91.

Architecture on the Old Mesa Land, New Hopi: a modern Hopi house described, 374.

Architectural League in the Guise of a Magician, The: The Annual Exhibition given in Italian Garden as a setting; The Pageant in the garden; The mural decorations richer than in former years; Exhibition of sculpture unusually large; Architects taking seriously the problem of home-making; Mural decorations for home; The work of the landscape gardeners, 3.

"At Night My Garden Sings": A Poem —By M. E. Crocker, 129.

"Battle and Other Poems"—By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, 512.

Beach, Chester, Subtle Emotions Shown in the Sculpture of—Mr. Beach's sculpture suffused with a radiance from within; A sculptor not bound by tradition or convention; "The Stoker", "Great Grandmother", Portrait of Mrs. A. M. Purves, "Ideals", 350.

Birds, Ten Excellent, 220.

Book Reviews: "City Planning with Special Reference to the Planning of Streets and Lots"—By Charles Mulford Robinson; "The Architecture of Colonial America"—By Harold Donaldson Eberlein; "English Ancestral Homes of Noted Americans"—By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton; "How to Attract Wild Birds about the Home"—By Neil Morrow Ladd; "Primary Handwork"—By Ella Victoria Dobbs; "Aunt Phoebe, Uncle Tom and Others"—By Essie Collins Matthews, 120.

"The Flower Art of Japan"—By Mary Averill; "Decorative Design"—By Joseph Cummings Chase; "Chats on Japanese Prints"—By Arthur Davison Ficke; "Historic Styles in Furniture" —By Virginia Robie; "Good Taste in Home Furnishing"—By Maud Ann Sell and Henry Blackman Sell; "The Making of a Home"—By Eben E. Rexford; "Practical Stage Directing for Amateurs"—By Emerson Taylor; "Our Early Wild Flowers"—By Harriet L. Keeler, 221.

"Travels in Alaska"—By John Muir; "Old Time Gardens"—By Alice Morse Earle; "Colour"—By George H. Hurst, 331.

"Child and Country"—By Will Levington Comfort; "American Churches"— By Ralph Adams Cram; "Chats on Old Silver"—By Arthur Hayden; "The Law of Architecture and Building"—By Clinton H. Blake; "Michelangelo"—By Romain Roland; "The Dune Country" —By Earl H. Reed, 426.

"Problems in Farm Woodwork"—By Samuel A. Blackburn, 530.

"The Children's Library of Work and Play": Home Decoration—By Charles Franklin Warner; "Modern Schoolhouses"—Published by The American Architect, 646.

Bringing the Arch to American Architecture: The arch first valued for its constructional power; Its early forms and later development; The romantic beauty of the arch where it is used for other purposes than construction; Use of the arch in modern homes and gardens, 14.

Broadway's Canyon: A Poem—By John Gould Fletcher, 364.

Bungalows from Craftsman Ideas, Oregon: Bungalow built by Mr. F. E. Watson; A house made to fit into the landscape and meet the needs of the family for whom it was erected; The bungalow described, 101.

Bungalow, The Brushwood—By Alice B. Muzzey: A portable bungalow of California redwood upon a foundation of concrete blocks, 639.

Bungalow with Palatial Furnishings, A Charming Simple—By Charles Alma Byers: A Bungalow home in Pasadena, California, designed for John P. Cudahy, Esq., 520.

Cabinet Making, American, A Progressive Step in: Gustav Stickley's new Chromewald furniture described, 624.

Candlestick, The Return of the: Its Decorative Value: Unique candlesticks shown by Yamanaka & Company; Candlestick designs by Lillian Link, 201.

TOPIC INDEX

Carnations: A Poem—By Margaret Widdemer, 159.

Children That Will Never Grow Old: Illustrated by the Sculpture of Lillian Link: Miss Link's statuettes of children; Children as garden subjects; The charm of her interpretation of babyhood, 547.

Chorus, The New York Community: A chorus which gives a musical soul and voice to the people; No knowledge of music required; No voices tested; Work of Mr. Harry Barnhart in inducing everybody to sing, 644.

"Common" Plants in a Lovely Garden, Designed and Managed by One Woman—By Edward I. Farrington: The garden of a Southern woman, 475.

Community Farming Proves Profitable—By Albert Marple: The Community Center of a novel farm settlement in California; How a number of families in a large city banded together to start a farming community of their own; The operating plan, 98.

Contrast: A Poem—By Marjorie Muir, 455.

Cool Tombs: A Poem—By Carl Sandburg, 405.

Craft Work on the "Hill of Fairies"—By Hanna Astrup Larsen: The Elverhöj Colony: A group of earnest workers endeavoring to develop an American school of decorative art on a crag over the Hudson at Milton-on-the-Hudson; Elverhöj artists returning to the spirit of the master craftsmen of olden times, 634.

Craftsmen, Early American—By Walter Dyer: From "Early American Craftsmen", 116.

Dance, For a: A Poem—By Edgar Lee Masters, 282.

Doll House, A Real, 103.

"Dwelling Houses Full of Pleasantness" Beginning to Fill Our Land: New houses which express individuality; Houses in half timber construction, brick, cement, and shingles, 64.

Education, The American Girl's, not Human Enough: Madame Yvette Guilbert suggests a remedy for the incompleteness of the American girl's education; Work the foundation of every kind of education; Through work comes a knowledge of life and of humanity, 365.

Empty Vessel, The: A Modern Story—By Miriam Crittenden Carman, 489.

Farmhouse, The New American, Planning for Beauty and Comfort in the: The line between city and country life steadily diminishing; Country houses built by city people; Designs for farm buildings by Alfred Hopkins; Long Island estates which show buildings representative of what is being accomplished in modern farm architecture, 53.

Flowers, Wayside: Their Love Stories and a Few Scientific Facts—By Martha Bunting: Legends of the rose; Beauty of common wayside flowers, 23.

Furnishing the Garden in the Modern Way for the New Outdoor Life: Garden furniture which will stand extremes of heat and cold and grow old gracefully; Beauty and strength in concrete garden furniture; Concrete and semi-porous jars for flowers, 308.

Furniture, A New Type of: Mr. Gustav Stickley's new Chromewald furniture described, 408.

Garden, By-Paths in a Lovely: The garden of Mrs. Gotthold in Greenwich, Conn.; Garden paths which lead to the soul of the garden; The personal home gardens made by a woman of leisure, 278.

Garden, Everybody's—By Rebecca J. Lose: What everyone may do in planting his favorite flower; Some of the old-time flowers and their memories, 152.

Garden in Nova Scotia, My—By Caroline G. McCurdy: One woman's personal experience in garden-making, 448.

Garden-Making, The Art of: Garden designed by Ferrucio Vitale for Dudley Olcott, Esq., of Morristown, New Jersey; The architecture strictly formal and the planting most informal; The garden described, 356.

Gardens of Our Great Western Deserts, The Beautiful—By Rosalie Jones: Plant life of the desert; The value of the desert to mankind, 384.

Gardens, Twilight—By Florence Beckwith: Night-blooming flowers, 580.

Gates and Entrances, Garden—By E. I. Farrington: Important suggestions regarding garden entrances, 398.

Getting Acquainted with Your Own Family in Vacation Time—By Jessie Wright Whitcomb: An ideal outdoor holiday for mother and children, 525.

Greek Drama and French Music in Nature's Loveliest Theater—By Mary Fanton Roberts: The outdoor Greek theater on the estate of Mr. Roland B. Conklin at Huntington, Long Island; Three summers spent in creating this beautiful place of entertainment; Plans for Mr. Le Gallienne's play "Orestes", with Mr. Faversham as Orestes, 607.

Home, A Modern Colonial, Tradition and Comfort Blended in a: Characteristics of the modern and early Colonial architecture; Houses designed by Bernhardt Müller in which he has met

the needs of modern living and preserved the beauty of the early Colonial exteriors, 270.

Home-Making in America: Art the power of telling the world how nature inspires the artist; American women should learn to understand gardening and to become decorators of their own homes; Home of Mrs. Truesdale in Greenwich, Connecticut, with an account of her work in the decoration of her home and planning of her garden, 179.

Home of the Future, The: Number Three: What Will be the Contribution of the South in the Development of American Architecture—By C. A. Ziegler: The principle of producing a truer and simpler art through adversity; Home building in the south, 41.

Number Four: The New Architecture of the West: Small Homes for a Great Country—By Irving J. Gill: Architecture the book of the world; The frankness and chaste simplicity of the cube house; Types of buildings which are characteristic of their locality; California influenced by the Spanish Missions; Houses recently built in California which are sanitary and labor-saving; The house should be simple and plain as a boulder, leaving to Nature its ornamentation; The new architecture of Irving Gill, 140.

Home-Making, A Story of: House along Craftsman lines designed by the Long Building Co., 216.

House, A Picturesque Craftsman, on a Unique Site: "Hillkrest" built at Menomonie, Wisconsin, after Craftsman plan No. 85; The house described, 95.

House of Seven Fireplaces: From Craftsman Inspiration: House built and owned by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hutchins of Norfolk, 418.

House of Wood, A Word of the: Dignity and simplicity of early American homes; Value of wood as a constructive material; Characteristics and comparative merits of different woods, 34.

House Planned by the Owner—By M. Roberts Conover: Description of cement house at Atlantic Highlands planned by the owner, 209.

Houses, Country, for Luxurious Americans; Architectural League Exhibit: Houses designed for H. H. Rogers, Herbert Coppell, Dr. Frederick Peterson, F. Burrall Hoffman, Jr., 463.

Houses, Craftsman: Two New Craftsman Designs: Small Houses with Comfort and a Sense of Space; The re-establishment of The Craftsman House Series; Houses Nos. 209 and 210; A thirty-foot house planned for a fifty-foot lot; A second house of wide clapboards designed to give the utmost space for its size; How the planting has been arranged, 312.

Craftsman Town and Country Houses; Two New Designs: House No. 211, of brick; Six rooms and sun room; No. 212, Craftsman Summer Camp, 416.

A Craftsman Town and Seashore House: Town stucco house No. 213; Summer house by the sea, No. 214, 523.

A Craftsman Farmhouse and a Garage of Varied Usefulness: Craftsman Farmhouse No. 215; A small but roomy farmhouse; Craftsman Garage, No. 216; A garage in which servant's quarters have been planned, 628.

Houses, Small, that Combine Beauty and Efficiency: Delightful and practical small houses designed by Aymar Embury, 392.

Is Music Neutral? Discussed by Cleofante Campanini: The question of neutrality in art; Music greatly enjoyed only when beautifully presented; The Opera in America, 598.

Is There a National Spirit in the "New Poetry" of America?—By Amy Lowell: "The New Poetry" and its inspiration; Poetry which contains the heart of the race; Poets who write as the influences around them cause them to feel; The new poet records, he does not moralize; Examples, 339.

Japanese Print as a Reformer, The: The Japanese masters of color combinations; How a Japanese print may suggest a color harmony for an entire room; Suggestions for the use of these prints in a decorative way; Japanese home interior; Japanese arrangement for serving tea, 130.

Lattice Work, The Architectural Beauty of Well-Designed: Gardens never quite complete without arch, screen or bower of lattice; A few ideal ways to use trellis architecturally, 256.

Laughters, The: A Poem—By Louis Untermeyer, 396.

Log Cabin Club House: Club house designed by D. Knickerbacker Boyd, for the Merion Cricket Club Golf Association at Haverford, Pennsylvania, 523.

Making Birds at Home in a Museum: An unique natural history display at the Chicago Academy of Sciences; Twenty habitat groups of birds, showing their homes and in feeding, 325.

Mill, The Old—By John Mätter, 406.

Morris, William—By E. L. Cary: An extract, 207.

"New Art", The, as Discovered by E. H. Sothern: A new art discovered in posing for moving pictures; The power

of this art to reach the people along the lines of democratic education; A limitless opportunity of education through the film; How shall it be used? 572.
One Man's Story—A story of the readjustment of a life-work; How Mr. Gustav Stickley evolved the Chromewald furniture; A type of furniture truly American, having the sturdiness of old peasant work and the beauty of the court periods, 188.
Open Windows: A Poem—By Sara Teasdale, 571.
Oriole, The: A Poem—By Edward Wilbur Mason, 90.
Paradise, The Old Road to: A Poem—By Margaret Widdemer, 269.
Photography, Poetry in: Remarkable flower photographs by J. H. Field, 250.
Play-Leader, The; A Story—By Emma Mauritz Larson, 566.
Porch of Charm and Fragrance, A—By Albert Marple, 424.
Porch, Trysting Place of House and Garden, The: How, if given a porch, the matter-of-fact house will show its romantic side; The pergola porch and its possibilities; Porches to live in by day and sleep in by night; The architect's problem of the porch, 292.
Putting Your Civic House in Order—By Mary Richards Gray: How civic improvement work was combined with school instruction in Los Angeles; Prize winning school garden planted by students of Laurel School, Los Angeles, 283.
Rail Fence is Supplanted by Concrete Wall—By Albert Marple: Description of concrete wall in Southern California which does the work of a boundary fence; Method of construction; Its advantages, 109.
Rehearsing a Community Masque, What Artists Did for It and What It Did for the Public—By Mary Fanton Roberts: A dress rehearsal of Percy Mackaye's "Caliban by the Yellow Sands"; A first impression of the orchestra, stage settings, lighting and costumes; A Shakespeare celebration which came from the heart of the people; An appreciation of Mr. Mackaye's work, 483.
Reinforcing a Democracy—By Kitty Cheatham: Children must first be loved, then understood; Much that is valueless given to children under the guise of learning; Miss Cheatham's observations of the child nature; Her ideals for the development of children, 554.
Rooshian, The: A Story—By Margaret Ashmun, 470.
Roses—By Will Levington Comfort, 264.
School Architecture, The New American: Value of good architecture in school buildings; Requirements of the modern school house; A few modern school buildings erected for the benefit of, and enjoyment of, parents as well as children, 590.
Sculptor and the Garden, The: Another Chance for the Fairies: How the playspirit has been brought into the garden; Tendency toward humorous sculpture in the garden rather than the strictly classical; For every size of garden have been sculptured fairylike figures of laughing children, or funny animals to keep us in remembrance of childhood days; Garden figures by modern sculptors described, 240.
Seeing Our Plays Out-of-Doors—By Sheldon Cheney: The open-air theater two thousand years old; The Greek Drama born in dances about the altar; Classic type of playhouse fell into disuse fifteen centuries ago; Growth of the open-air theater movement; "Greek" theaters in California; Nature theaters, 435.
Shakespeare: A Poem—By Sigmund B. Tokoph, 488.
Shutters, Old, for New Houses: Shutters should be ornamental as well as invulnerable; Some interesting modern adaptations of old shutters; Unusual design for shutters employed by Dwight J. Baum, 104.
Some of the Famous Open-Air Theaters in America—By Jessie Welborn Smith: Development of the civic outdoor theater idea throughout the United States; Some of the famous open-air theaters which are already established, 502.
St. Austell Hall, the Home of John Gribbel at Wyncote, Pennsylvania—By Martha Bunting: Gardens and paths of beauty; An estate suggesting the English home of Mr. Gribbel, 84.
Stagecraft, The New: Illustrated by Josef Urban's Imaginative Setting of Shakespeare—By Dorothea Lawrence Mann: Theory of the new stagecraft; Impressionism and symbolism taking the place of liberalism; Mr. Urban's previous work and his method, 168.
Studio that Is a Series of Mediaeval Pictures, A: The Mediaeval studio of Mr. Ben Ali Haggin; An artist's instinct for the association of beautiful objects; How rare works of art gathered from many countries and dating far back into the Middle Ages have been harmoniously placed, 160.
Studying Out-of-Doors: An Open-Air School that Furnishes a New Ideal in Education: The Francis W. Parker

Open-Air School in San Diego, California; A school built around the four sides of a great court where are playgrounds and wild-flower gardens; How the children may work or play in sun or shade but always in fresh air; The building described, 539.
Sun-Dial for a Garden Wall; Concrete sun-dial, 529.
Table Setting, New Ideas in Color for, 214.
Tulip Borders, Springtime and—By Helen Wilson: Advice as to color schemes in spring planting; What to do with tulips, 78.
Value of "Clean" Color in Decoration and Its Effect upon the Emotions—By Albert Herter: Only recently that we have lost our fear of brilliancy and purity of color; Color should never be so depleted as to excite no emotional reaction; No force so powerful for delight, irritation and depression as color; America losing her provinciality; The use of painted wood in home interiors, 125.
Vanishing Red, The: A Poem—By Robert Frost, 383.
Water Gardens—By E. I. Farrington: How beautiful water gardens may be made at slight cost; Best plants for water gardens and how to care for them, 300.
Way of the Northern Sea-Coast Folk: The simple hardy people of Newfoundland, Prince Edward's Island and Nova Scotia; Their strength of body and of purpose; Beauty of the simple architecture of fishermen's cottages; Miss Watson's photographs of the people, 456.
Winter's Turning: A Poem—By Amy Lowell, 407.
Woods, The Twelve Secrets of the—By Ernest Thompson Seton: The story of the Woodcraft League told by its founder; A new education for the American girl, 231.

INDEX OF PERSONS

PAGE

Adams, Herbert 5
Adams, Maud 446
Aitken, Robert 12, 434
Alexander, John W. 484
Andersen, A. H. 634
Armour, C. W. 100
Ashmun, Margaret 470
Atterbury, Grosvenor 100, 468
Averill, Mary 139, 221
Bakst, Léon 127
Baum, Dwight J. 105
Beach, Chester ..... 350 et seq.
Beckwith, Florence 580
Bernhardt, Sarah 442
Bitter, Karl 12
Blackburn, Samuel A. 530
Blake, Clinton H. 428
Borglum, Solon 12
Boyd, D. Knickerbacker 523
Bracken, Clio 246
Brenner, Victor 12
Brewster, George S. 54
Brokaw, C. W. 55
Bunting, Martha 23, 84
Byers, Charles Alma 520
Campanini, Cleofante 598
Carman, Miriam Crittenden 489
Cary, E. L. 208
Cassell, Dr. 126
Chanler, Robert 11
Chase, Joseph Cummings 222
Cheatham, Kitty ..... 554 et seq.
Cheney, Sheldon 435
Childs, Alfred D. 66
Coffin, Marian C. 7, 100
Comfort, Will Levington 264, 426
Conklin, Roland B. ..... 607 et seq.
Conover, M. Roberts 209
Coppell, Herbert 466
Craig, Gordon 168, 603
Cram, Ralph Adams 427
Crampton, Dr. C. Ward 586
Crenier, Henri 244
Crocker, M. E. 129
Cudahy, John P. 521
De Vries, William R. 270
Dobbs, Ella Victoria 122
Dougherty, Edward 52
Dow, George B. 303
Dow, Tracy 36
Downing, Walter 52
Duse, Eleanora 438
Duveneck, Frank ..... opp. p. 539
Dyer, Walter A. 116
Earle, Alice Morse 331
Eberlein, Harold Donaldson 91, 120
Edgar, Mrs. J. Clifton 7
Embury, Aymar 392
Ericson, David 635
Eyre, Wilson 276

PAGE

Fairbanks, Jonathan 37
Farrington, E. I. 300, 398, 475
Faversham, William 608
Farrar, Geraldine 599
Ficke, Arthur Davison 222
Field, J. H. 255
Fletcher, John Gould 364
Fraser, James Earles 12
French, Chester 244
Fulford, Mrs. Geo. T. 16
Fuessle, Newton A. 585
Garden, Mary 603
Gatti-Casazza 603
Geiger, Caroline 100
Gibson, Wilfrid Wilson 512
Gill, Irving J. ..... 140 et seq.
Godfrey, Jonathan 468
Goodhue, Bertram 100, 467
Gotthold, Mrs. 278
Gray, Mary Richards 283
Gribbel, John 84
Guilbert, Madame Yvette 365
Guinness, Bridget 246
Hackett, James K. 170
Haggin, Ben Ali (Frontispiece)
opp. p. 125, 212
Haines, R. T. 118
Hamilton, James R. 260
Harriman, Mrs. Edward 11
Hay, John 12
Hayden, Arthur 427
Herbert, Victor 603
Herter, Albert 125
Hoffman, Burrall F., Jr. 468
Hoggson Bros. ..... 618 et seq.
Hooper, Parker Morse 35
Hopkins, Alfred 53
Howell, Dr. William H. 633
Hugo, Victor 249
Hurst, George H 332
Hutchins, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. 418
Hyatt, Anna 12
Irving, Henry 168
Jennings, Oliver G. 100
Jones, R. E. 483
Jones, Rosalie 384
Johnson, Will Templeton 540
Keeler, Harriet L. 224
Keen, Charles Barton 38
Keller, Arthur 19
Kousnezoff, Maria 601
Ladd, Neil Morrow 121
Lanier, Charles D. 121
Larson, Emma Mauritz 566
Larsen, Hanna Astrup 634
Le Gallienne, Richard 608
Link, Lillian 205, 547
Lose, Rebecca J. 152
Lowell, Amy 339, 407
MacKaye, Percy ..... 483 et seq.

PAGE

Magonigle, H. Van Buren 10
Mann, Dorothea Lawrence 168
Mannes, David 612
Manship, Paul 242
Marple, Albert 98, 109, 424
Mason, Edward Wilbur 90, 501
Masters, Edgar Lee 282
Mätter, John 406
Matthews, Essie Collins 122
McCartan, Edward 243
McCurdy, Caroline G. 448
McIntire, Samuel 117
McLean, C. S. 35
McNair, Mrs. William 10
Montgomery, George B. 9, 100
Meade, Frank D. 260
Morris, William 207
Morton, Johannes 634
Moulton, Robert 325
Muir, John 331
Muir, Marjorie 455
Müller, Bernhardt 271
Muratore, Lucien 600
Muzzey, Alice B. 639
Noyes, Alfred 443
Oakley, Violet 11
Olcott, Dudley 9, 357
Olcott, Chauncey 38
Ordynski 608
Parkinson, John 32
Parsons, Marion Randall 331
Patton, A. W. 103
Pearson, Ralph 635
Peterson, Dr. Frederick 467
Phillips, Wendell 12
Phyfe, Duncan 118
Pitkin, William, Jr. 9, 100
Prouty, Dwight M. 117
Purdon, James 262
Reed, Earl H. 428
Remick, Arthur W. 106
Reuterdahl, Henry 11
Revere, Paul 118
Rexford, Eben E. 223
Roberts, Mary Fanton.....188, 483, 607
Robertson, Grahame 555
Robie, Virginia 223
Robinson, Charles Mulford..... 120
Rogers, H. H. 463
Rolland, Romain 428
Rose, Ethel 374
Rowley, A. J. 11
Rumsey, Charles Carey 241
Sandburg, Carl 405
Sanford, Edward F. 12

PAGE

Saunders, Harry T. 41
Schiff, Mortimer 55
Scott, M. H. Baillie 77
Scott, Rufus W. 48
Scudder, Janet 12
Sell, Henry Blackman 223
Sell, Maud Ann 223
Seton, Ernest Thompson 231
Seton, Miss Ann 236
Seyfarth, Robert 257
Sharp, David 52
Sharpe, Henry D. 100
Smith, Jessie Welborn 502
Smith, Harry Knox 8
Snyder, C. B. J. 595
Sothern, E. H. 572
Speyer, James 55
Staunton, Dr. Frederick A. 71
Stetson, Augusta E. 565
Stetson, F. L. 54
Stickley, Gustav .....409, 624 et seq.
Stiegel, Baron 119
Superia, Conchita 600
Takeuchi, Seiho 134
Taylor, Emerson 224
Teasdale, Sara 571
Thompson, Mrs. W. R. 100
Tokoph, Sigmund 488
Tompkins, John A. 100
Truesdale, Mrs. W. H. .....179 et seq.
Untermeyer, Louis 396
Urban, Josef .....168 et seq.
Van Dresser, Marcia 601
Vernay, Arthur S. 68
Vitale, Ferruccio .....9, 357 et seq.
Vreeland, Walter J. 70
Warner, Charles Franklin 645
Watson, F. E. 101
Watson, Miss 461
Weinman, A. A. 4
Weinert, A. 12
Welch, Dr. William H. 633
Wharton, Anne Hollingsworth 121
Whitcomb, Jessie Wright 525
Whitman, Walt 340
Widdemer, Margaret 159, 269
Willard, Aaron 117
Willard, Simon 117
Willard, Susan B. 258
Wilson, Helen 78
Winthrop, Egerton L., Jr. 106
Woodruff, Frank M. 325
Woods, J. H. 260
Yellin, Samuel 10
Ziegler, C. A. 41