# The craftsman. Vol. X, Number 3 June 1906

Syracuse, N.Y.: Gustav Stickley, June 1906

https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Q5VII6GNL36H78T

http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/UND/1.0/

For information on re-use see:
http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

Cover page
is not
available

Photograph by Arnold Genthe

BLISS CARMAN

#  THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME X    JUNE . 1906    NUMBER 3

## Contents

Bliss Carman - - - - - - - Frontispiece

The Ghost House - - - - - *By Bliss Carman* 279
A Quiet Day in the Catskills
*Illustrated*

Christ as Modern American Artists See Him *By William Griffith* 286
New Conceptions of the Nazarene by Mine Notable Painters
*Illustrated*

Old-Time Southern Life Found in the Hidden Courtyards of New Orleans - - - - *By Campbell Macleod* 300
*Illustrated*

"Every City Has its Place of Refuge" - *By Marion F. Washburne* 308
*Illustrated*

A Nocturne. A Story - - - *By Katharine Metcalf Roof* 311
*Illustrated*

Hopi Indians—Gentle Folk - - - - *By Louis Akin* 314
A People Without Need of Courts, Jails or Asylums
*Illustrated from Paintings by the Author*

A Departure in Church Building - - - *By a Stranger* 330
The Second New Jerusalem Church in California
*Illustrated*

Guild of Dames of the Household - *By Mary Rankin Cranston* 335
One Practical Solution of the Servant Problem

Maori Wood-Carving - - - *By Florence Finch Kelly* 340
Destruction of an Ancient Art by Civilization
*Illustrated*

What is Architecture ? - - - *By Louis H. Sullivan* 352
A Study of the American People of To-Day

Protest in Favor of a National Architecture in Hungary - - - 363
*Illustrated*

The Mother Craftsman. A Poem - *By Elaine Goodale Eastman* 365

Distinctive American Rugs - - - - - - - 366
Designed and Woven in the Homes of Country Women
*Illustrated*

Open Air Wash-Days - - - - - - - - 378

Home Training in Cabinet Work: Fifteenth of Series - - - 380
*Illustrated*

Craftsman House: Series of 1906: Number v - - - - - 386
*Illustrated*

Als Ik Kan - Notes - Reviews - Our Home Department

The Open Door: Suggestions of Interest to Builders and Home-Makers

PUBLISHED BY GUSTAV STICKLEY, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

*25 Cents Single Copy : By the Year, $3.00*

Copyrighted, 1906, by Gustav Stickley. Entered November 18, 1902, at Syracuse, N. Y., as second-class matter.

Model 116

Model 36

Model 157

Architectural
Ecclesiastical
and
Decorative
Marbles

Model 216

Portraiture
Modeling
and
Garden
Marbles

# CARRARA MARBLES
## AT FIRST HAND

**H. T. DEMPSTER** **CARRARA, ITALY**

**Prints and Prices on application to office address, Sarzana, Italy**

Kindly mention The Craftsman

# THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

VOLUME X JUNE, 1906 NUMBER 3

## THE GHOST HOUSE: A QUIET DAY IN THE CATSKILLS: BY BLISS CARMAN

ALWAYS travel to and from Twilight Park by the West Shore Railroad because it is more direct and can land its passengers in the heart of the hills without change. But if you were coming to visit the Catskills for the first time, I think I should prefer to have you make the trip from New York either by steamer or by the New York Central road, because in that way you would have your first view of the mountains from a distance and not miss the pleasure of a gradual approach.

It should be early June if I had my choice. On one of these rare mornings when earth is spell-bound in beauty and the city grows irksome, you should take a train from the Grand Central, if you are too impatient for the river boat, and for two or three hours resign yourself to the luxury of travel. As you swing out into the open and begin to put on speed, you should feel care slip from you like a winter overcoat. Then as you swept along the east shore of the Hudson, where the shining track winds and follows the glittering waterway, you would sit in your chair enchanted by the loveliness of the world, and absorbed in the moving pictures running past, until suddenly the great blue range would appear and you would see it change and grow upon the horizon. You would have time to quiet your citified nervousness a little, and begin to regain your poise, as you watched those old, deep-bosomed, motherly hills. Then you would be set down at a little flag station and ferried across the river, to find yourself in the quiet, old town of Catskill, with its dreamy, unmodern air, its touch of leisure and romance, and its Rip Van Winkle memories.

There you would find that there were still two ways of reaching the delectable mountains, ten or twelve miles to the westward, and the roofs of Twilight half way up the side of High Peak. You could take a train by the narrow, winding, little road that would whisk you out in no time to the base of the hills. There you would transfer to an elevating cable car, which would pull you up a couple of thousand

feet on a grade like a toboggan slide, while you watched the earth enlarge and unfold and sink away below you, and finally land you on the roof of the range, deafened a little by the sudden altitude.

If you should prefer, however, you could take the highway, either afoot or in a hired vehicle, and enjoy the serenity of summer to the full, the strong tan of the sun, and the taste of the sweet air on the open road. In that case, after winding among rolling foothills and farm lands occupying the great valley of the Hudson, you would pass through Palenville, a delightful little village lying among its trees, close under the long shadows of the mountains and just at the mouth of the Kaaterskill Clove. From there to the upper levels the road climbs up the cañon with a noisy, beautiful, headlong stream for its companion all the way, with walls of green on either side rising sheer and cool, where you may look up through the leaves and see summits of fir and bare, gray ledges towering above you against the blue. This is the front entrance to the Catskills, one of the enchanted portals by which you may leave the clanking workshops of the world for a while and come out into God's green, blue-domed out-of-doors.

AFTER you have followed this road up the Clove for a mile or two you might look up and see ahead of you on a rounded shoulder of High Peak several houses peeping out of the woods. They are the outposts of Twilight, and you have still a long, steep pull to reach them. At one point not far from here I could put you on a trail that would lead up through the hemlocks and bring you out almost under the eaves of the Ghost House itself. But unless you are woodwise you would very likely go astray, and anyhow it is a foolish man who puts sign boards on his own trail. So you would have to stick to the road, cheered now and then by glimpses of Ledge End Inn and your destination looking down on you from above, until you turned in at a gate and found yourself at last in Twilight.

If you followed the lower Ledge Road as it creeps around the side of the Clove you would find yourself in a forest settlement of summer cottages and log cabins hidden away under the trees; and if you held to this road for half a mile or more, you would come to a place where it skirts a precipitous ledge and where you could look down into the beautiful cañon, through which you had just toiled

upward so laboriously. A little further on there is a path leading off the road on the ravine side and down through a tangle of bushes. If you were to push in there you would discover the top of a crazy flight of steps pretty well overgrown with underbrush, and as you descended cautiously, thinking perhaps you had come on the traces of a buried civilization, you would suddenly spy a roof and gable end through the leafage, and finally at the last step set foot on the piazza of the Ghost House. There is no other way to reach it except by the trail I told you of, and no other point in the world from which it is visible, except my neighbor's porch which you passed on your way in. You may think I ought to cut out my overgrown path and make my steps look a little less like a death-trap. Not for the world.

It is a small, slab-covered building, very unpretentious, and, like all the Twilight cottages, intended only for summer use, and unplastered. In one corner of the living-room there is an open fireplace of brick, for it is often cool in the mountains even in July, and on many evenings a fire of logs is comfortable as well as companionable. In another corner the stairs go up to three bedrooms above, where you can lie and hear the rain drum on the shingles above your head, or be waked up by the thrushes at the first break of dawn. Under these stairs are a door and other stairs down to the wood-pile and open-air bathroom. As it was built on so steep a site, only the back of the cabin rests against the hillside; the front is ten or twelve feet off the ground. This under space, partly floored, partly bare earth and rock, is only enclosed by slabs set two or three inches apart, letting the air blow through at will and the morning sun come in to keep it fresh and dry. There was no bathroom in the house when I moved in, so here I constructed one. The water pipe runs overhead under the floor of the house, and where it is about seven feet from the ground I had a faucet put in. Under this I laid a piece of flooring four or five feet square, and my bathroom was ready for use. It has neither onyx nor marble nor decorated tiles nor silver fittings; it only cost two or three dollars, but Diana herself could have made no more refreshing toilet in her sylvan stream than you may make here. The vigorous douche comes cold and forceful from our reservoir farther up the wild mountain side; the sun and the wind will be your attendants, the shy woodbirds will make music for you as fine as any private orchestra, and all the serene beauty of the forest morning will be there to sweeten the beginning of your day with courage.

# A QUIET DAY AT THE GHOST HOUSE

FROM the piazza you look out through the beech trees which stand immediately about the Ghost House, and see almost nothing but forested hills. You are looking eastward down the ravine; to the left and right are mountain walls, covered with hemlock, beech, maple, chestnut, ash and basswood; the Kaaterskill stream sounds murmurously far below you, in the bottom of the gorge, and your eye is led down along the cañon to the top of Palenville at the edge of the great plain of the Hudson.

If you lived in such a place as this you would open your doors and windows on Decoration Day and leave them open until you came away in the fall. You would not have half a dozen visitors in the season, except the wood-mice and ground squirrels. You would have all the privacy of the wilderness, and yet all the essential luxuries of town. You could be as solitary as you pleased, and yet have plenty of pleasant society for the asking, as soon as you had discovered that Thoreau didn't know everything after all. You would have to make your own bed and build your own fire, but your laundress would come and give the place a thorough Christian cleaning as often as it needed it. If you are like me, your daily routine would be regular, but not inflexible. You would get up early enough to feel the earliness, to taste the freshness and solemnity of the first hours of the day and hear the thrushes at their best. (There are more birds in the woods around the Ghost House than anyone but John Burroughs could name, and nowhere do the thrushes sing more wondrously.) After you had dressed and pottered about a little, and sat on the porch a while, and perhaps done a few strokes of work, you would climb your steps and wander over to the Inn for breakfast. You would be thankful that you had such a clean, quiet, comfortable place to go to, and come back smoking your cigarette, and be ready to work again by nine o'clock. It would probably be about nine, if you ever took the trouble to look at your watch. There you would stay, sticking to your task until one, unless you wanted to climb High Peak or walk over to Palenville Overlook by way of Wildcat Ravine. After dinner you would have time to answer your letters, and then about three or four you would probably go for a long walk, getting home for supper at six. In the evening you would be likely to visit your neighbors for a bit of a chat or perhaps some good music or reading. You would carry your own lantern with you to light you

THE GHOST HOUSE, WHERE BLISS CARMAN LIVES FROM JUNE TILL NOVEMBER

LOOKING DOWN THE CLOVE FROM THE GHOST HOUSE PORCH

over the stones and roots of the dark wood paths and to keep you out of the mud when it was wet.

IT does not aim to be the simple life, you see; it is only simplified to a certain extent, in certain directions, to suit your particular needs and preferences. One may enjoy camping out for its own sake, and there is an unquestionable zest in getting back to nature, as we call it. But that does not prove that we should live perpetually under canvas. Everybody who has tried it knows that in our climate a tent is almost as comfortless a dwelling as can be devised. It will not necessarily expedite the writing of your novel to spend three or four hours a day cooking your own food and washing your own dishes, nor will it inevitably increase your aesthetic appreciation of nature to sleep out in the rain, though a fair amount of rough life is undoubtedly wholesome and tonic. It is useless to ask men of the twentieth century to live the life of the twelfth, or of the Stone Age. We are more complex in our nature than the people of those times, and our life must be more complicated. On the other hand it is undoubtedly true that we surround ourselves with a lot of complications and complexities that are only hindrances to our freedom and development and happiness. It is good to get rid of these unnecessary things, but every man must determine the limit of simplification for himself. It is perfection, not simplicity, that must be our aim; and perfection, in life as in art, is attained only gradually by eliminating all that is unhelpful and unessential, and retaining only what is indispensable for the beautifying of our daily lives, the increasing of our intelligence, and the strengthening and ennobling of our hearts. It follows that we will cast aside many experimental ideals in the process,—ideals not necessarily wrong in themselves, but partial and imperfect.

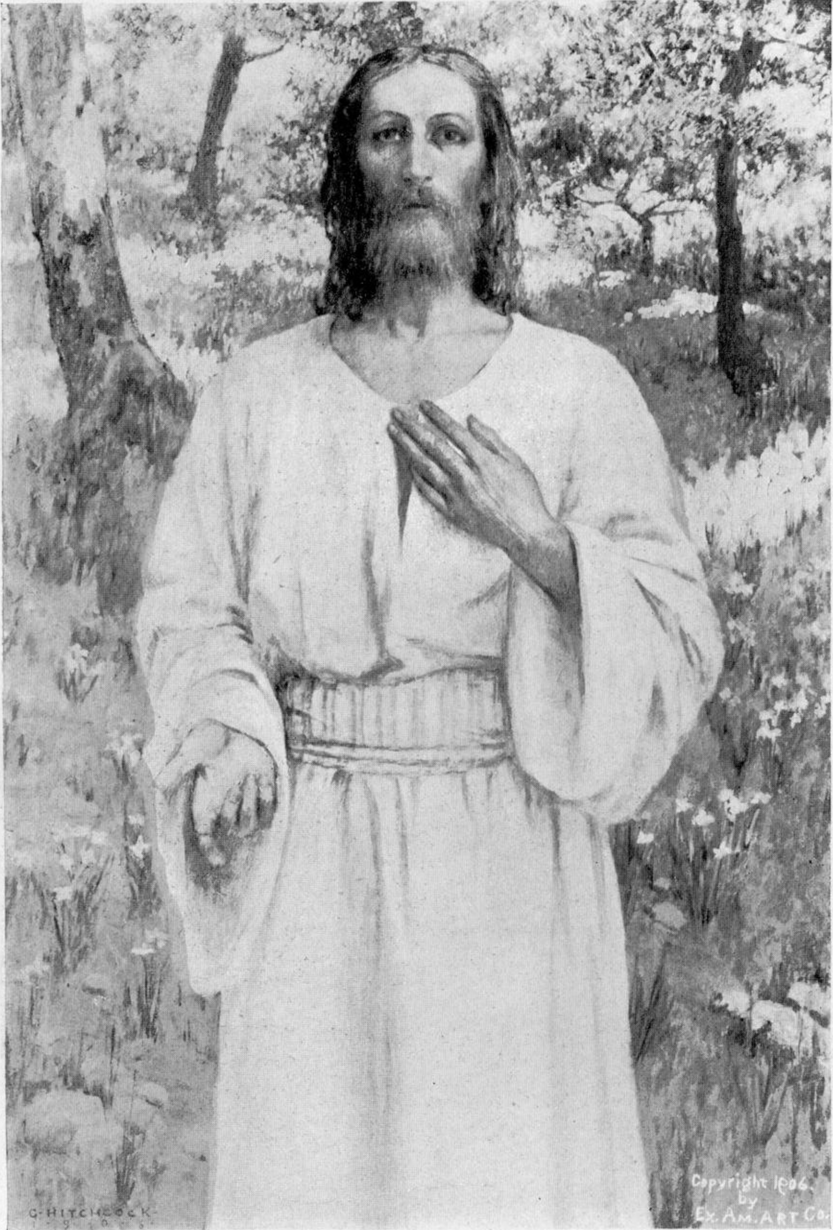
The simplicity of Greek art and Japanese life, for example, was not achieved without many sacrifices, and an appreciation of its value implies a considerable degree of culture and experience. And I doubt whether the somewhat austere yet liberal ideals of the Ghost House would appeal to you or prove satisfactory unless you had already graduated from a good many enthusiasms, hobbies and pursuits.

# CHRIST AS MODERN AMERICAN ARTISTS SEE HIM—NEW CONCEPTIONS OF THE NAZARENE BY NINE NOTABLE PAINTERS: BY WILLIAM GRIFFITH

OW did the Savior look? As a Raphael, a Titian, a Hofmann or a Leonardo da Vinci, among the supreme early masters, imagined, or as more nearly approaching the conception of a John La Farge, a Will H. Low, a George Hitchcock, a Frank Vincent Du Mond or any one of six other prominent American painters who have recently completed canvases which are now inaugurating a new era for our country in religious art? This question,—anent the physical appearance of the Christ,—which the Christian world has been asking for nearly two thousand years, is inspired by something deeper than mere shallow curiosity; it is often the effort of a reverent imagination to realize to itself that which is of intense spiritual interest, the personality and appearance of the divine Character in a concrete, material embodiment. Those records which have descended from Apostolic times only suggest an answer to the foregoing query; nearly everything is left to inference, as an artist might paint a face from some casual knowledge of a character or clothe a tradition in contemporary dress.

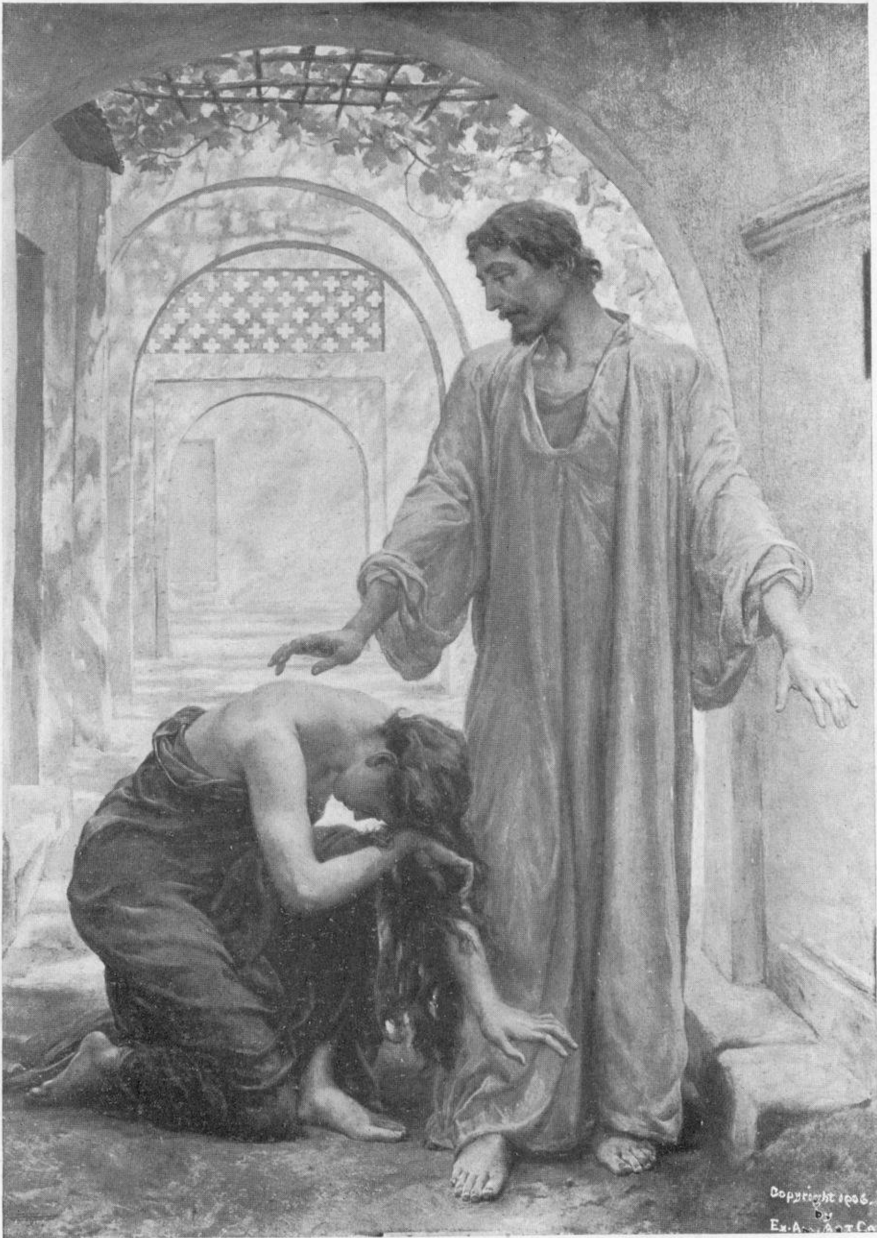
On first thought one is inclined to accept the canvases of the mighty pioneers of painting as supreme and final, and therefore to dismiss any and every radical departure from the popular conception as presumptuous, not to say profane. But, when it is emphasized that there is nothing authentic, no guiding star to actuality in the premises, we may, without transgressing, question the infallibility of the older and mightier masters. For nearly all the Scriptural characters are purely mental pictures, abstract, without feature and void of form if not environment. They are absolutely without dimension and without physical attribute—only spirit. Was Judas or Thomas the taller? Had Mary any lines of care in her face, or were the Magi of patriarchal aspect? Had Peter an aggressive chin? Was the Savior dark or light of eye and hair? No answer appears. Nearly everything is assumption, and hence modern artists are privileged to modify or repudiate the earlier ideals of the Christ without exposing themselves to criticism, at least on such a score.

CHRIST AND THE ADULTERESS
BY FRANK VINCENT DU MOND




CHRIST THE PREACHER. BY G. HITCHCOCK

ECCE HOMO. BY GARI MELCHERS




CHRIST AND THE OUTCAST WOMAN
BY WILL H. LOW

# CHRIST AS AMERICAN ARTISTS SEE HIM

AMONG these half-score paintings by La Farge, Low, Hitchcock, Du Mond, Kenyon Cox, Charles C. Curran, Frederick S. Lamb, Joseph Lauber, Gari Melchers and Carl Marr, there is a prevailing simplicity of treatment in marked contrast to the heroic canvases of many of the older masters. With two exceptions the artists in this noteworthy exhibition have chosen to depict the single figure of the Savior, without attempting to tell any story other than the attitude and expression may convey. Of these two exceptions the Du Mond canvas is by far the more striking and dramatic in point of action, though lacking the quiet power and haunting appeal which imbue the same subject, Christ and the Outcast Woman, as treated by Will H. Low. Rarely, indeed, has this artist shown such sorcery of conception and execution as is here revealed. The white-robed Christ is shown standing in an arcade with a compassionate hand outstretched above the kneeling woman. Dismissing the majestic, the spiritualized, the care-worn and likewise the sorrow-laden types of the Savior, which have offered such abundant opportunity to painters in the past, the artist has chosen to depict, in-so-far as a picture may translate the spoken word, His appeal to human charity of thought and judgment as being applicable to everyday modern life.

The result is a Man compassionate and just, gentle yet strong, one whose thoughts have left a certain impression of nobility upon a face which otherwise might pass unnoticed among those who knew Him as the son of Joseph, the carpenter.

Standing before this—and the same may be said of a majority of the paintings in this collection—one faces a Savior in art whose physiognomy certainly suggests little or nothing of the Hebraic type. Gallic, Celtic, Teutonic or Slavic these types may be, but, curiously enough, one scarcely detects the Hebraic characteristic in them at all.

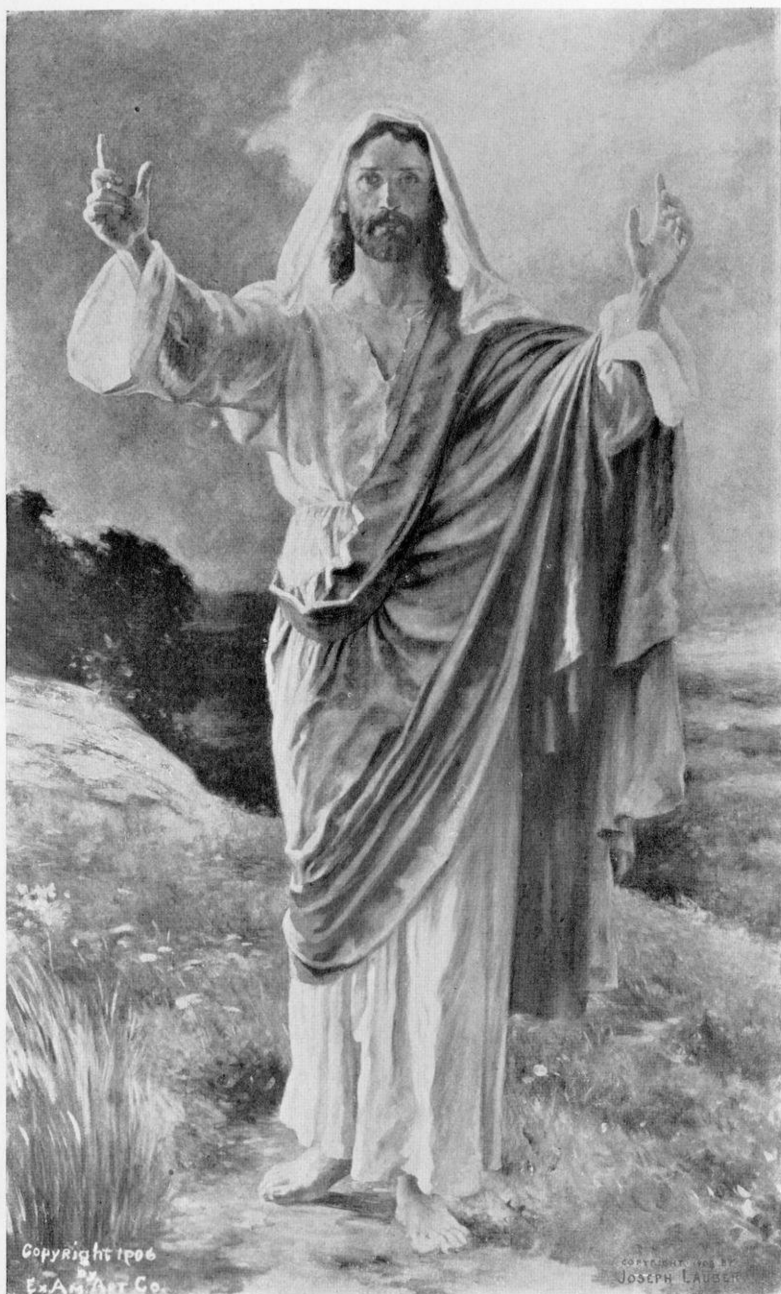
Yet here also we are completely in the dark with respect to the facial lines. Was the Christ face that of a Hebrew, as commonly recognized or assumed? Who shall say? Among the Jewish people, as among other racial types, there are and were divergencies which may warrant this reasonable license, a license which, in itself, gives the present contributions to the growing gallery of Christ pictures a special and unique significance.

This artistic solecism, however, cannot be applied to the Savior

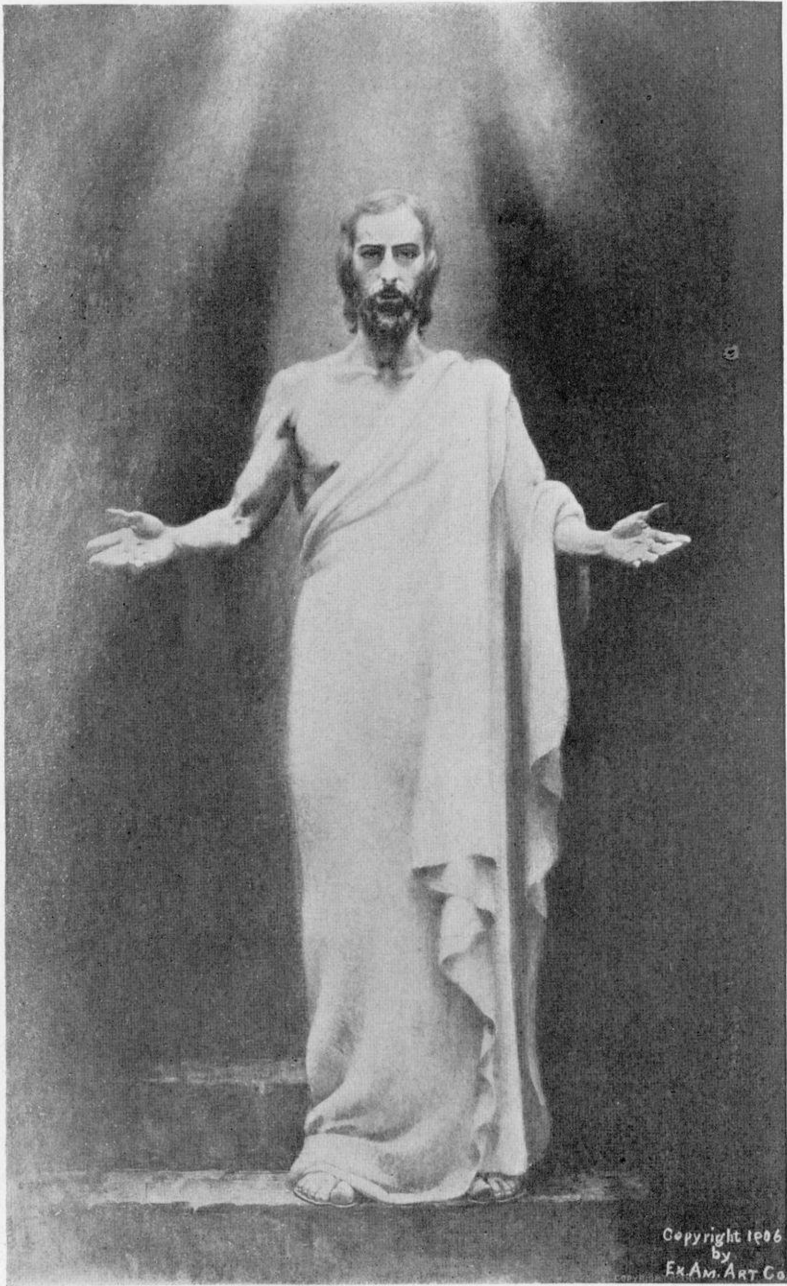
idealized by Frank Vincent Du Mond, a distinctively Jewish type both in face and attitude. Here we find Christ emerging from the synagogue. Robed in white, with the dark, open portal of the synagogue as a background, the Redeemer stands over the accused woman in a determined attitude of protection. Mingled warning and admonition are shown in His face as He confronts the clamoring mob. There is a militant forcefulness about the figure that is entirely original and that appears in striking contrast to the figure on the Low canvas. The woman, in terror of her accusers, huddles abjectly at the feet of the Savior, while to one side, in the shadow, a self-centered Pharisee is shown reading the Mosaic law. This, with a female figure in an attitude of scornful denunciation on the other side of the figures in the foreground, is evidently intended to typify the narrowness and Pharisaism of the dogmatic Church. Critics and connoisseurs will no doubt compare this really forceful and finished work with the well-known Baptism by the same artist, and it is no small praise to say that the newer painting shows a distinct advance over the previous one in mastery of conception as well as portrayal.

WE will turn now to Christ the Shepherd, a theme, founded upon the fourth verse of the Twenty-third Psalm, which has once more inspired the genius of John La Farge. While the Savior here follows on the more conventional lines laid down by Tintoretto, Zimmerman and the earlier masters, there is a benign restfulness about the face and figure which is in admirable keeping with the subject. But one is tempted to say, on viewing the picture (can it have been designed for a memorial window?) that our best-known exponent of religious art, as Mr. La Farge is admitted to be, has contented himself with striking a less ambitious note than he sounded with his masterly Arrival of the Magi, in the Church of the Incarnation, New York, and likewise with his great fresco showing Nicodemus propounding questions to the Master from a scroll, the latter looking down upon him in the attitude of a careful listener, in Trinity Church, Boston. Beyond a suggestion of holy calm, such as may only be associated with the great Shepherd of men, one might fancy this to be the figure of a Judean tender of sheep who is prospering and well content with his vocation.

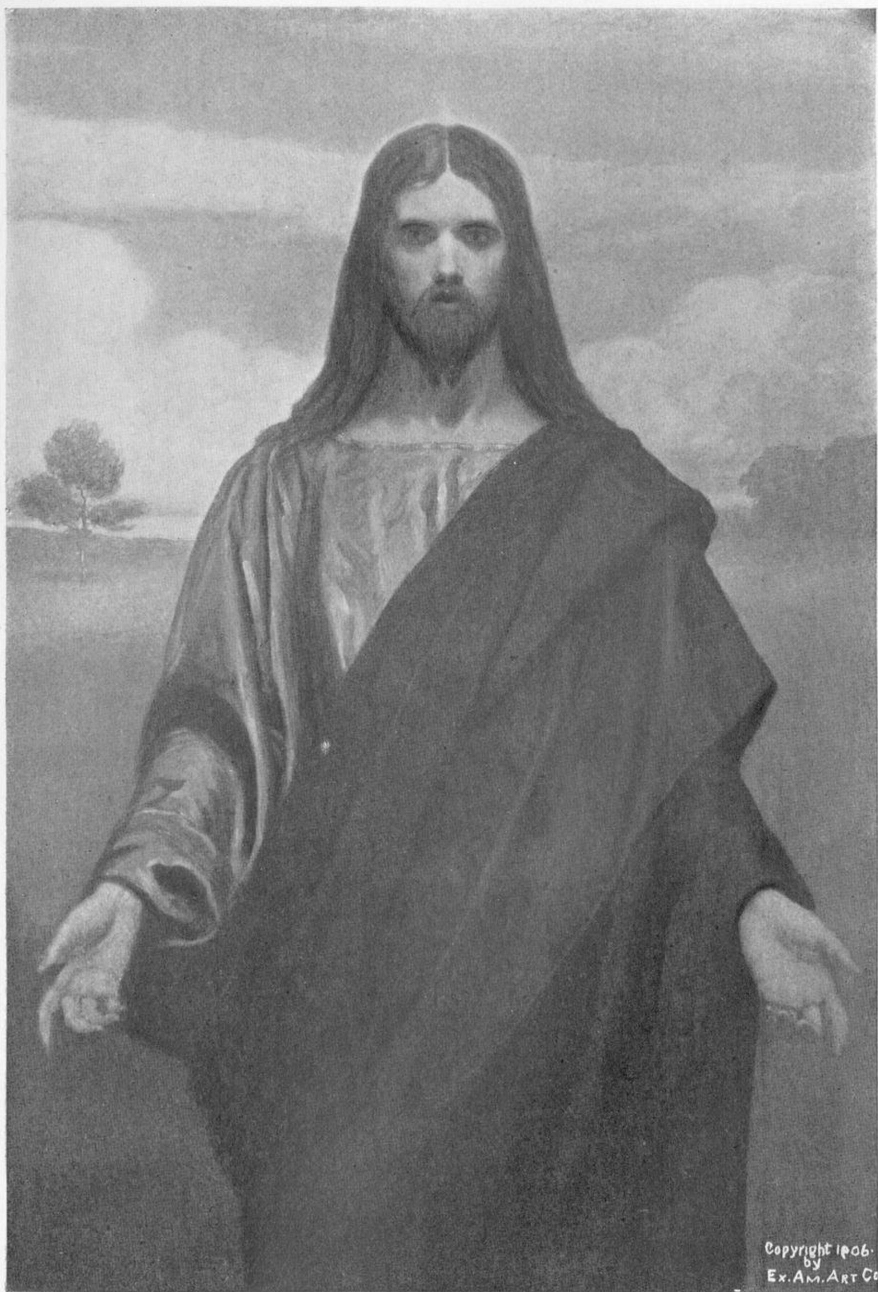
In combining conventional with a distinctly modern ideal of the




CHRIST ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP
BY JOSEPH LAUBER




"COME UNTO ME." BY CHARLES CURRAN




"COME UNTO ME." BY KENYON COX

CHRIST THE SHEPHERD
BY JOHN LA FARGE

Christ, Frederick S. Lamb and Joseph Lauber have scored very distinct achievements in very dissimilar ways. The latter has painted Christ on a hill top illumined by a late afternoon sun. He is clothed in a creamy white garment and dull red mantle, a light cloth covering the head, through which the sunlight streams on the face. The landscape background is in autumnal tints, with full, rolling clouds and a patch of clear sky symbolizing a stormy career, the ensemble being a figure illumined by a burst of sunshine through a rift of cloud on a sombre day. Nowhere among the early masters is there a face even remotely reminiscent of the one on this striking canvas. It is a thoroughly individual conception of the artist, only the long hair and short beard suggesting the traditional character.

Speaking of his painting, by way of explanation, the artist says he chose neither a scene from the Christly ministry, nor the Man of Sorrows, nor the traditional, visionary figure remote from men and surrounded by a nimbus, but was most impressed with the spiritual power and quietness of the Savior, the giving of self, and the love, the mercy and charity He brought into the world, especially for the oppressed and over-burdened. This spirit is very admirably portrayed on a canvas which promises to have and hold a superior position in the gallery of Scriptural art.

Assuming a paradox, it would be difficult to imagine two paintings of one subject so original and, at the same time, dissimilar in both treatment and conception as the Lauber canvas and that of F. S. Lamb. Where the former has painted a man, the latter has depicted an idea. Christ is here revealed standing on a mountain coign, with the traditional Jerusalem at his feet. The time is late afternoon, and the Savior is supposed to have visited the mountain to meditate and pray.

While intent on saving the Old Jerusalem, there comes to Him the vision of the New, which rises in dreamy perspective behind the head and forms a cross against the sky. The artist thus conveys a suggestion of the sacrifice which the Son of Mary must make in order to achieve redemption for the world. The striking originality of this idea lies, of course, in the communal viewpoint taken by the artist, a viewpoint quite as modern as it is original in religious art. In deliberately refusing to paint the Savior of sinners—the *individual* personified—the artist has succeeded in the difficult endeavor

of suggesting the larger idea, which is more in keeping with modern thought and tendencies, the saving of the city or, in other words, the community. Traces of Boulanger, and perhaps a suggestion of Lefebvre, under whom this distinctively modern artist studied in Paris, may be detected in the treatment.

REFERENCE has been made to the Du Mond painting in the present collection as being conceived in the dramatic, rather than decorative spirit; or, otherwise, in direct contra-distinction to the spirit pervading the more conventional Christ pictured by Kenyon Cox. Instead of venturing into newer territory, Mr. Cox, whose position is firmly enough established to weather a flurry of criticism, has chosen to follow in the footsteps of Professor Hofmann, whose painting of the same subject, Come Unto Me, has, in certain features, anticipated the present one. In both the older and newer canvases the single figure of the Savior is shown looking out at the spectator with outstretched hands, and both painters have produced an ideal of the Christ that is happily designed to satisfy the popular imagination. The facial expression is characteristically suave and placid: too much so, it may be ventured, for a divine Teacher and Healer who is crying to weary humanity to come unto Him for rest and surcease of trouble.

More nearly expressing this divine invitation is the Christ in Gethsemane, by George Hitchcock, also a graduate of Boulanger and Lefebvre, whose preparation for his latest—if not greatest—work, Christ the Preacher, has been marked with an admirable series of religious paintings including his Hagar and Ishmael, Flight into Egypt, Magnificat, and the Holy Mother. All these pictures have been a new departure in religious art, since they have all been painted directly from the model out-of-doors and usually with a remarkable chiaroscuro effect. In his present canvas the Savior is portrayed as the Man and Worker among men, the moment being when our Lord was addressing the multitude beneath Him on the sunny slope of the Mount of Olives.

Rarely has an artist studied with such success the brilliancy of sunlight and luminosity of shadow in the Holy Land, or given so much care and loving attention to the landscape effect, qualities which have more often than not been neglected in attempting to depict

the purely religious sentiment of the subject. The little, white flowers, appropriately named stars of Bethlehem, which fairly embroider the Mount of Olives, the red earth, the sparse grass, the gnarled and twisted boles crowned with their scanty, blue-green foliage, have all been carefully studied on the spot, and faithfully rendered. Standing in the shadow is the white-garbed Redeemer whose figure is accented by reflections of the vibrating blue sky above Him. While making no attempt to portray the more dramatic moments of Christ's life, the artist has clearly foreshadowed, in the attitude, face and figure, something of the sadness and agony which were to come.

In his Come Unto Me, Charles C. Curran has formed and expressed a totally different conception of the physical attributes of the Christ to any other idealization in the exhibition. Whereas Kenyon Cox has followed the strictly conventional idea, we find here an example of modern symbolism expressed in a lean, muscular figure, the hair parted on the side instead of the middle, the upright pose, the spare face surmounted by no halo and the scars in the outstretched palms indicating that the earthly mission has been completed and that the Savior stands in His final attitude toward man, with the hands extended in compassionate invitation.

BY contrast to its nine companion paintings, or rather eight, since the Kenyon Cox may scarcely be termed modern, Gari Melchers has painted an Ecce Homo in the Mediaeval, romantic spirit of a Guido Reni. The mien is downcast, without being agonizing, the dominant color motif is blue, with sombre minor keys, and instead of the customary crown of thorns a golden nimbus encircles the head, symbolizing the divine hope of the resurrection.

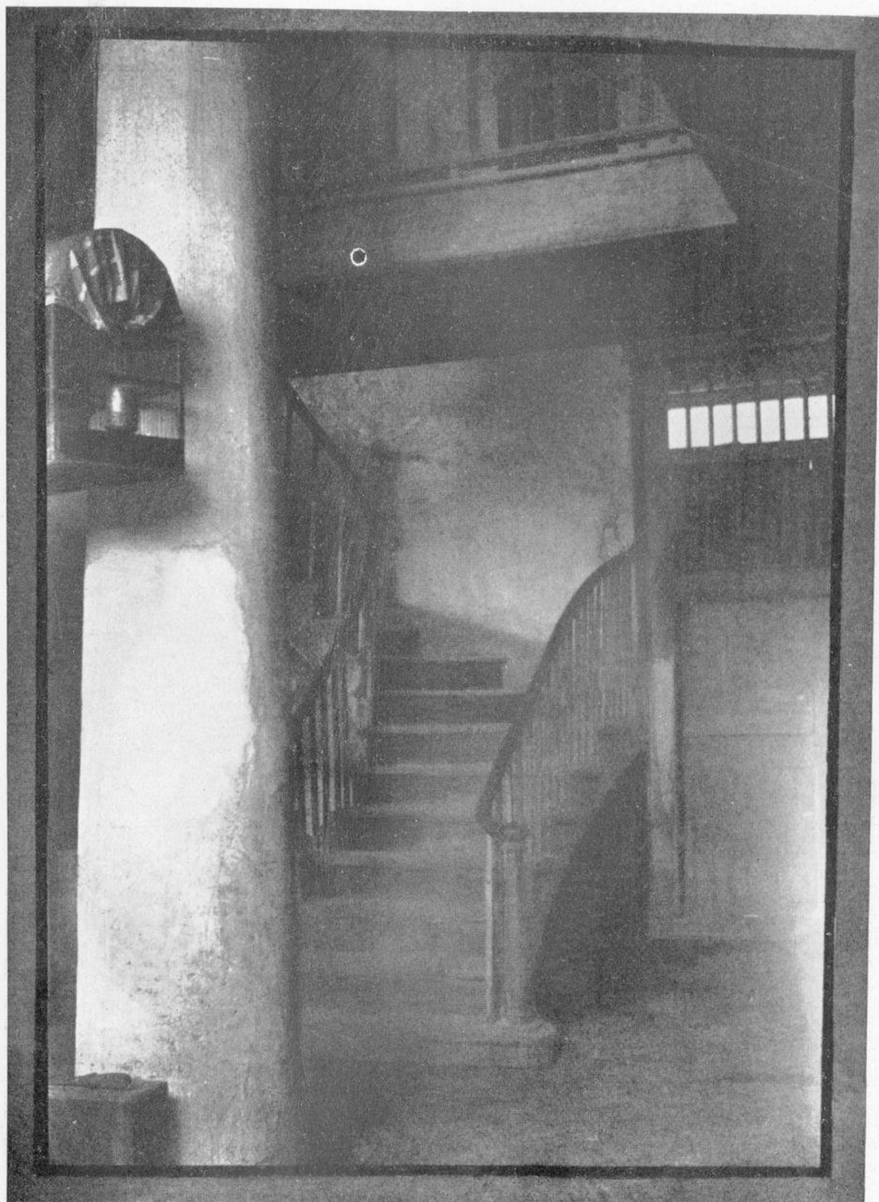
In fact, one concludes on viewing these canvases impartially, that no little temerity was required of the artists represented in this really notable exhibition. Had the prevailing note of their work been merely imitative, the effort would still have been praiseworthy, but, in view of the pronounced originality and modern verve shown by these foremost American painters, there is in this collection a declaration of independence which promises well for the future of our country in religious art.

# OLD-TIME SOUTHERN LIFE FOUND IN HIDDEN COURTYARDS OF NEW ORLEANS: BY CAMPBELL MACLEOD

ONCE upon a time—can you not recall it? You were many years younger and more sensitive to impressions, you were reading that book of books, The Arabian Nights. It was a most alluring story, scented with garlic and all the delicacies of the East, you unexpectedly found yourself fighting a way through a narrow, tortuous street, swarming with children, merchants, black slaves and chattering old women, following a tall man, a magician in a high turban. Suddenly he halted before a green door and pulled a bell cord. You heard distinctly footsteps approaching on the other side. Then— How it happened that Fortune favored you is not in order for explanation here, but you found yourself admitted into a Realm of Mystery to which that unpretentious green door led, and what you saw in that Inner Court has already been described in ten times a hundred tales that will never die. All this happened years ago. But it comes back in a heap—If—

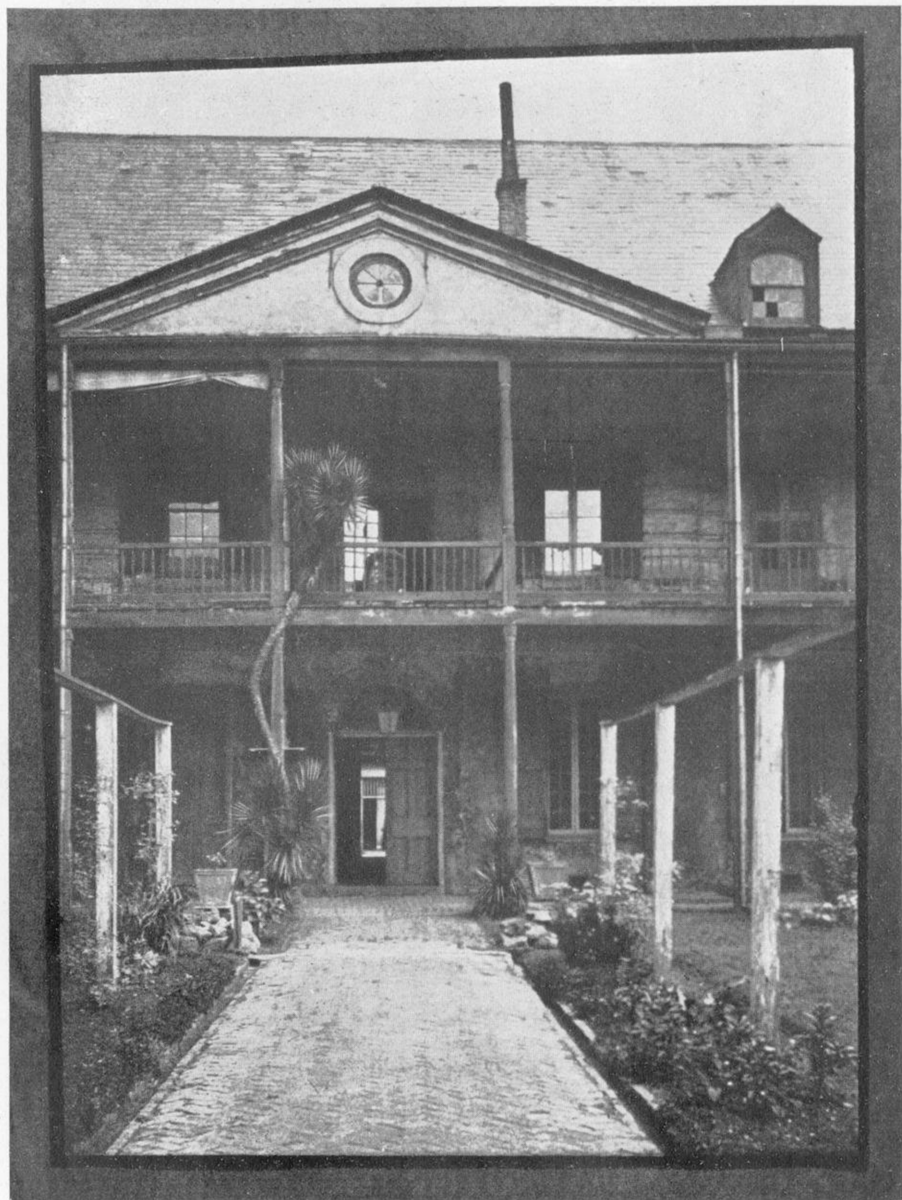
You leave Canal Street, which is the principal thoroughfare of New Orleans and the neutral ground between the old and new sections of the city, and turn your footsteps down the old Rue Royal, Rue Bourbon or Rue Chartres for a glimpse into story-book land. This French quarter is the most picturesque and interesting part of the city. Every square has its legendary or realistic story. In order to see this French quarter at its best and breathing in these later days all the quaint poetry and atmosphere of the early days of New Orleans you must rise early and loiter lazily through the quaint Faubourg. These streets are very narrow and very dirty.

"But where are the courtyards?" you are asking as you stand before one of the windows of the most famous of the antique shops that flourish in this section. Right at your very hand! Turn away from this "shop of tears." See, that green door. Walk up boldly and pull that shiny iron knob. Once, twice, yes, three times. It's ten to one that the servant whose duty it is to admit visitors is taking her noonday siesta. Far inside you can hear the tinkle of the bell. Presently shuffling footsteps approach. The door is opened cautiously by an ancient negress. Don't get frightened or confused because you happen not to be on the visiting list of the family whose



Photograph by Elizabeth A. Pinckard

OUTER COURT AND STAIRWAY OF THE OLD ABSINTHE HOUSE



Photograph by Elizabeth A. Pinckard

"IN THE HEART OF THE CITY THE CREOLE PRESERVES THE INTIMACY OF THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE"

Photograph by Elizabeth A. Pinckard

LANTERNS OF COLONIAL DESIGN ARE FOUND IN SOME OF THE OLDEST COURTYARDS

Photograph by Elizabeth A. Pinckard

"DEMAND BOLDLY IF THIS ISN'T THE COURTYARD OF THE HOUSE BUILT FOR NAPOLEON"

threshold you have asked permission, as it were, to cross. Instead, demand boldly if this isn't the courtyard of the house that was built for Napoleon. (You'll find more than a dozen mansions claiming this distinction on Royal Street alone.) She courtesies low. Listen, she avers without hesitation that most certainly it is. To her, Napoleon? that name sounds familiar—ah, well, everybody who is anybody has partaken of the hospitality of her white folks. Most certainly he of whom you speak,—he must have come with the others.

BUT you have accepted her invitation to enter, for the courtyard seen through the long *porte cochere* is most alluring, and a closer view, now the door has clanged and the key is turned, does not dispel the atmosphere of unreality. Such a feast of bloom and blossoms! Such a wealth of luxuriant, tropical plants as one might expect in South America or on the bank of some lush bayou, but never in the heart of a great city in a paved courtyard! A fountain, rather what was once a fountain, is the receptacle of violets and "sweet Alice." Mingled with the fragrance from these is the sweet olive. Pots of every shape and size are placed here and there and everywhere. These hold geraniums and dwarf orange trees. Tucked in the corners of the yard are orange trees of a larger growth on which blossoms and fruit hang in every stage of maturity. Here the Sacred Palm used in ceremonials in the Catholic church on Palm Sunday is usually found. Also the vivid cannas, banana plants and luxuriant caladiums. The backgrounds of these courtyards are tall, brick walls, which are often times hung with a heavy curtain of ivy or some creeping plant. Not a few of the plants most tenderly cherished by these good and superstitious Creoles are nurtured like aristocratic infants for the good luck they are supposed to bring those who tend them. "Sweet Basil" is always to be found in the borders to some of the beds, likewise the "Guinea pea," which bears an oddly shaped lavender blossom. Both of these are believed to bring money, lovers, health and all sorts of good fortune.

Old Spanish water jars and Ali Baba vases are placed effectively about the entrance. In these the many jessamines, dear to the southern heart, grow to perfection. In every courtyard, too, are found the old cisterns, often piled three deep, one on top of another. New Orleans is peculiar in that no well can be sunk or bored in it. The

lamps or lanterns used in the Colonial period in Louisiana are found in a number of the older courtyards in an excellent state of preservation.

Don't, if you are a student of architecture, attempt to classify the building of these courtyards. All through the Latin quarter the houses retain many of the characteristics of the French and Spanish domination. The tunnel-like entrance to the houses, enriched with the mullioned windows and the spiked galleries that project over the sidewalks, are much the same as are found in Mexico, Cuba, Spain, and in fact all Latin countries. The galleries, constituting the real living-room of the family, extend all the way around the courtyard. On these the Creole families gather in the evening for the confidences so dear to the feminine heart or for the men to smoke their everlasting cigarettes. These galleries were many years ago, when the old part of the town flourished in all its splendor, the theme of the poet and the story teller. From them, the fair senoritas flirted with and cast flowers to the enamoured swains below. The Spaniard of those days, like the un-Americanized Creole of to-day, was entirely indifferent to the location of his house. It might be over a bar-room or a tailor shop. For once through the door leading to his courtyard he shut the world out and took his ease under his own vine and fig tree. Both of which flourished wonderfully in these courtyard confines.

NOW that you have discovered the open sesame into one, you will find a number of interesting courtyards up and down the street mentioned. Here are a few of the most famous. But even these show signs of neglect; the former beauty may be judged by the possibilities the deserted and dilapidated remains present to-day.

One of the most picturesque courtyards, and most interesting, is that of the Old Absinthe House which was built in 1798. It was here that absinthe was first sold in America. This house is still open and is one of the most interesting places of the old quarter to the stranger.

Paul Morphy, renowned as the champion chess player of the world at nineteen, lived in an interesting and typical old house on

Royal street. The courtyard to this is one of the most picturesque on that street.

The house that was used as Jackson's headquarters in the war of 1812 is now used as an antique shop, but the courtyard is large and must have been very beautiful when well kept. The staircase leading to the gallery from the lower court is made of solid mahogany, carved in one piece.

The oldest building in Louisiana, the ancient Archbishopric, on Chartres street, boasts of one of the handsomest courtyards. The building was erected in 1727 and remains exactly as it was first erected. Visitors will remark the ancient staircase of cypress, worn by the passing of generations. In the courtyard is seen one of the oldest and best preserved specimens of the "Spanish dagger." It dates back, so those who claim to know aver, to the building of the palace, and indeed its height and dignity indicates anything but youth.

Secure from vulgar curiosity the Creole and his family in the heart of the city preserve the intimacy, the privacy of their domestic circle. Indeed, it is as if one passed for a brief space through the fence leading to wonderland. For back of those unpretentious green doors another language is spoken, other customs and manners obtain and even a type of people separate and distinct from the American lives its own care-free life, enjoying to-day and leaving to-morrow to bring its own care and sorrow.

# "EVERY CITY HAS ITS PLACE OF REFUGE": BY MARION FOSTER WASHBURNE.

N a desperate day, when life was choked with disorderly detail, I met, on the crowded street of the city, a minister whom I knew. His delicate face, fair with age and spirituality, the thin white hair blowing about it, had an effect, in the crowd of redder, heavier faces, like the high notes of a piccolo in an orchestra.

"My dear child!" he said, holding my hands. "You look tired."

"I want a mountain," said I, "some place of refuge, high above the swirl of things, whence I can look down and perceive them in due relationship."

"I have often longed for it," he answered.

Then as we walked on together we planned for a city which should lie at the foot of mountains, near enough to be within reach of every inhabitant, yet far enough away for healing quiet and loneliness. Later I came to know that every city has its place of refuge—it may be an ocean, or a river leading to peaceful country meadows, or a broad lake, full of clean water, over-arched with clean air, to which one's clean thoughts rise like gulls. Denver, when I saw it, most nearly realized the city of that day-dream. For here, bound to it by a half-dozen roads of iron and of earth, visible at the end of every street, rise the noble mountains; and to them in the heated season flock crowds of weary over-driven people, seeking respite. They leave behind them all shams, and live, as you see, most simply, asking of their houses merely protection from the sudden, fierce mountain storms. The inhabitants often sleep outside and eat outside, and build big bonfires outside to sit about and for warmth on the crisp mountain evenings.

Such homes as these nestle in many wild nooks, sheltering wholesome, hearty young men and women, and renewing the youth of older ones. I wonder why, after tasting these simple and enduring joys, they ever return to varnished and decorated city homes, and artificial city lives: but I am very sure that, sometime or other, this simplicity will outweigh that elaboration, and the city life brought to conform to the pattern seen in the mount.

EVERY CITY HAS ITS PLACE OF REFUGE

LUINI'S "SALOME" IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

# A NOCTURNE: BY KATHARINE M. ROOF

" *ISERERE, d'un alma gia vicina. Alla partenza che non ha ritorno*—" the song came out of the darkness, accentuated by the pulse of the strings. A thousand reflections quivered over the waters of the Grand Canal. Here and there a gondolier's oar struck out little ripples of light. The sound of the water slipped into the sound of the music and the salt smell drifted in on the sea wind. Colton leaned back in his gondola and sighed. To be alone in Venice of all places on earth! It was against art and nature. He had come from Florence that day. Fugitive memories of his visit there and of the day's journey returned to him—the white winding roads, the sunlit vineyards, the keen light and blue shadow. He recalled the beautiful Italian girl, with the laughing mouth and tragic eyes, who had got on at Bologna; the blue Tuscan hills and the olive slopes below Fiesole; but most of all, the face of that picture in the Uffizi which had drawn him back at the last minute for another look,—the face of Luini's "Salome," with its faint, mysterious smile, turned slightly, yet with no human woman-like aversion, from that dreadful head upon the salver,—he could see it so plainly in the darkness.

They were gradually slipping into the moving crowd of gondolas about the music boats. He saw the silhouettes of the musicians on the floating pavilion, and caught occasional glimpses of the faces of the occupants of other gondolas, now shadowy, now distinct in a sudden flash of light.

"M*ISERERE, miserere,*—" the mournful chant rose to a crescendo. There was a sense of waiting, a breathless premonition in the rests between the chords. His gondola scraped another in passing; he caught the scent of old rose leaves. His hand hanging over the edge of the boat came in contact with something silken; he looked down and saw the drapery of a woman's sleeve. He glanced up instinctively to see her face and started—how that picture tormented him, pursued him! And that smile,—like a delicate, penetrating dissonance of cruelty contained in some tender melody—it stirred strange vibrations within him. He passed his hands over his eyes and looked again. Still he fancied he saw her sitting there, looking at him over her shoulder from under her lowered eyelids:

"A shadowy lure with doubtful smile mocking its own strange charms."

She drifted past him; he half laughed and leaned back in his gondola. It was a positive obsession, that picture; and one might imagine anything in this mysterious music-filled darkness. His gondola overtook the one that had passed him and together they drifted with the tide. He saw that the prow of the other boat was of a curious pattern unlike those about them. He looked again to see the face that had caused his hallucination—again she was there, she seemed to beckon to him. Again he felt those odd inner vibrations; he had an elusive sensation as of things recalled from some previous existence—of music heard in dreams. He put out his hand and caught the edge of her boat to stay it. He had felt that it would escape, phantom-like, at his touch, but it did not. His eyes wandered over the curiously cut silken gown, the strange flowing arrangement of hair.

"FROM whence comes the Signorina?" he asked in Italian, and waited, scarcely drawing his breath.

And in the same tongue, but with an unfamiliar accent, she replied, "I come from the South."

"From Firenze, perhaps?"

She nodded. The light from a passing gondola revealed her for an instant distinctly. A force, of which the attraction that had drawn him so persistently to the picture seemed the premonition, impelled him to detain her. Still holding to the edge of her gondola, he drew the two boats more closely together.

"Stay here, I beg, while we listen to the music, and tell me of what they sing, for I do not quite catch the words."

"They sing of love and torture and death," she answered, "the things that make woman's happiness."

He laughed, yet a shiver passed over him. "Surely it is love that makes a woman's happiness and not such grisly things as torture and death."

Again that smile compounded of all possible meanings. "Whom a woman hates or loves she must either kill or torture. For the end of hate is torture or death; and to love is to be tortured, and the end of love is death; therefore both hate and love are one."

He let go of her gondola and it drifted a hand's width away. A

waft of dead flower perfume, dim, insidious, swept across his senses, blurring his consciousness. She leaned forward and he felt rather than saw her eyes.

"Come with me," she whispered.

He felt drawn by the meshes of some invisible net. The dancing lights swam before his eyes. He heard the slow, continuous swish of the water.

"But where?" he asked.

He saw her slowly shake her head. "I cannot tell. You have the choice. I hold in my hands both heaven and hell. You choose: I cannot give." She held out her closed hands toward him.

"But if death—one does not know whether heaven or hell comes after," he murmured.

She laughed softly. The gondola slipped into a ray of light from a palace window, illuminating for a second her subtle smile, then they passed into darkness and he could only hear her voice.

"Choose love, and you will have both heaven and hell; if death, you have but one. Choose quickly for the time is short."

For an instant he hesitated, then laid his hand upon her left hand. "I choose this," he said.

*"Miserere,* the death word of the dying. There is no return from whence his spirit's flying—" sang the voices out of the darkness. Her gondola began to steer slowly on ahead, and over her shoulder the smile still beckoned. Her voice came back, soft yet distinct: "Follow, follow—"

"*Avanti! avanti!*" he cried to his gondolier. But the man did not respond. *"Avanti!"* he repeated impatiently. He turned and saw the gondolier move and reach for his oar. Colton pointed toward the gondola ahead and the gondolier began to follow. But when they came up beside it they found it occupied by two men. They hurried to overtake the next ahead, only to find that it contained a *duenna* with two young girls. It must have been that in the moment that he had turned his head he had lost sight of her. And though they searched half an hour they could find no trace of the gondola with the antique prow.

"The signor has perhaps slept also," politely suggested Antonio.

The *miserere* came back faintly from the music boats. Gradually the thinning crowd of gondolas turned homeward, with an occasional dip of the oar in the black, silent water. Colton could feel still that light touch on his hand.

# HOPI INDIANS—GENTLE FOLK: A PEOPLE WITHOUT NEED OF COURTS, JAILS OR ASYLUMS: BY LOUIS AKIN

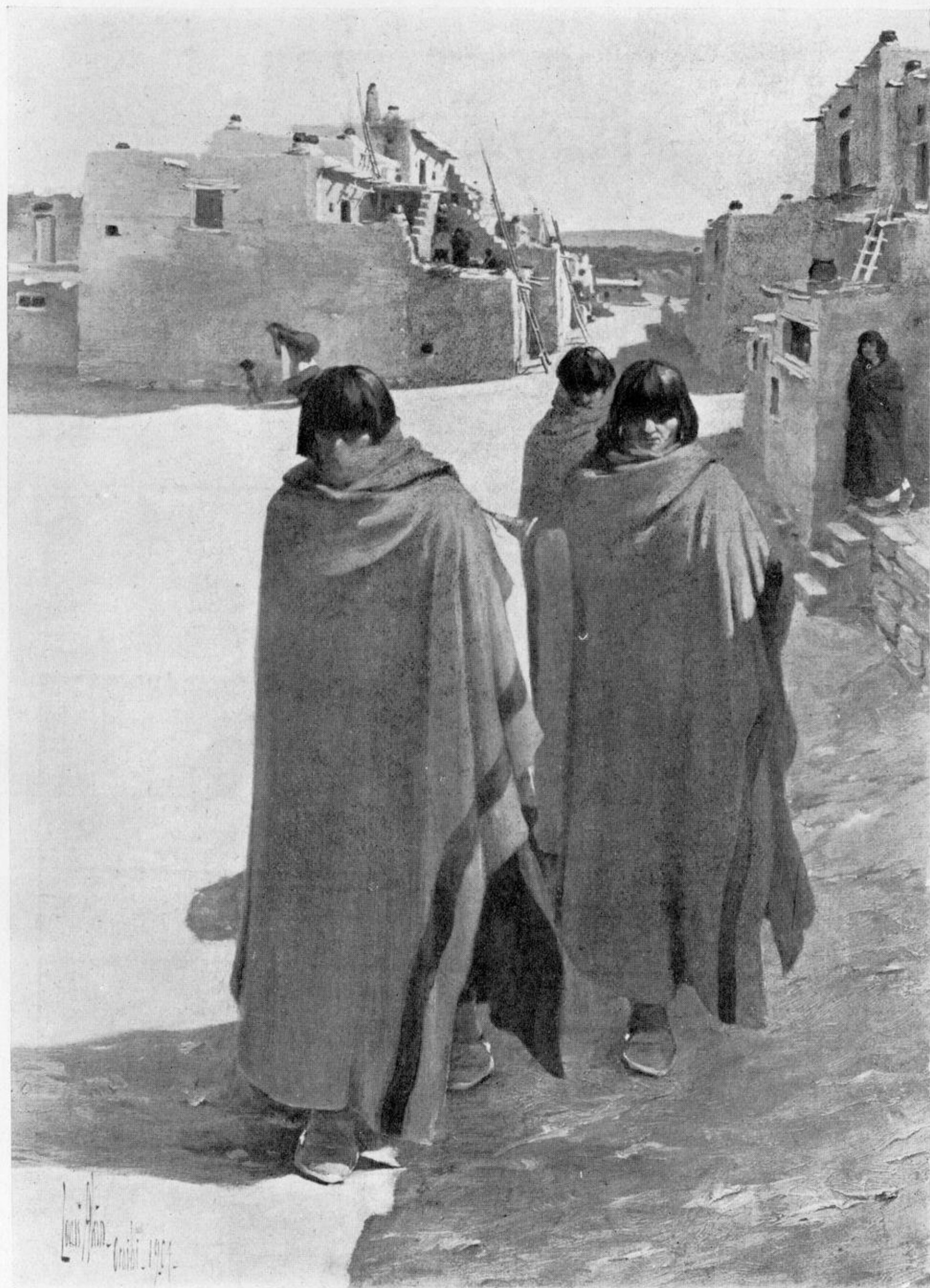
IN the vague North of Arizona, beyond that clean-cut horizon of keenest blue, and yet two days' travel through the Painted Desert—a spot that has felt less of the White Man's influence than any inhabited place in America—lies the land where the Hopi and his ancestors have dwelt in contented independence for unknown centuries; where ruin upon ruin, older than Egypt, verifies the oral traditions of archaic times, and where to-day these good people live, love and labor in ways but little changed from the utmost simplicity of prehistoric ages.

To those few in the outer world who ever heard of them at all they are mostly known as Moquis—this through the publicity gained by their annual Snake Dance. But *Moqui* or *Moki* is a misnomer. Hopi is how they would have us know them—because it is right, and because it means something to them and is justly symbolic of their racial characteristics. Peaceful—gentle is its significance—and the worst word they know to apply to an offender is ka-hopi—the negative of Hopi—or pas-ka-hopi, the superlative of this; and any one as bad as this is hopeless. Moki in their language means dead, and the accepted theory of its first application to them as a tribal name is that the Navajo, their long-time enemy, in a spirit of derision so called them on account of their distaste for warfare, and love of a quiet-stay-at-home life. According to the Navajo code they were "dead ones." From the Navajo, whose country entirely surrounds the Hopi, the early traders and settlers acquired the word Moki before ever seeing the Hopi; and from the trader it easily passed without question to the Government representatives, so it now stands as the official appellation in the Indian Department. But ask a Hopi if he is a Moqui—his quick resentment will be convincing enough.

The Hopi Reservation, about fifty miles square, is entirely within the boundaries of the great Navajo Reservation, but under separate administration. There are seven villages through which two thousand Indians are scattered. The first faint view of Oraibi, the largest village, is gained five or six miles down the trail, where by close attention the block-like houses can be picked out and distinguished above the like-formed rock of the mesa which they crown.

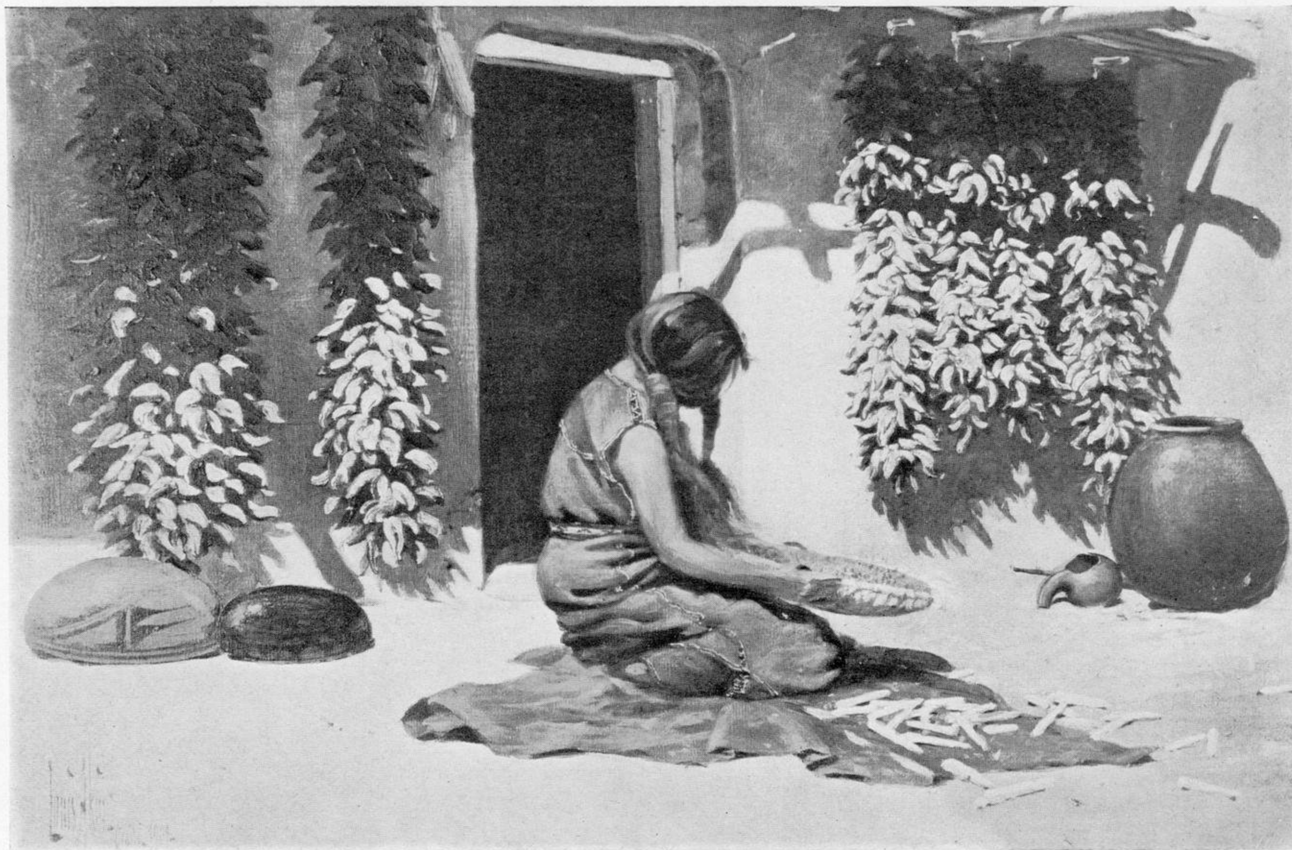
In following the horse trail directly, the view grows plainer and

MR. AKIN IN INDIAN DRESS AT THE DOOR OF HIS HOPI HOUSE



HOPI MEN IN THE STREETS OF ORAIBI

SQUASH BLOSSOM HAIR-DRESSING OF THE HOPI GIRLS—THE BUD, FULL-BLOWN FLOWER AND SEED POD, FOR THE YOUNG GIRL, DEBUTANTE AND MATRON



A HOPI MATRON PREPARING CORN FOR THE MILL STONE

then is lost, as the way winds closer, up through scrubby peach orchards and melon patches, past a deep, Oriental-looking spring, then squarely up a narrow, precipitous passage where your pony climbs like the goat he has to be, and out on the summit full into the village street. At once everybody in town knows there are strangers within the walls. It isn't wireless—it's dogs.

A BAHANA (White Man) has no reason to complain of his reception, for the Hopi has a strong, fine sense of hospitality. Appear at his door, and a courteous form of welcome awaits you. He bids you enter, expresses "thanks that you have come," shows you to a seat and then adds a phrase to the effect that "you are welcome to remain forever." The mother or daughter brings food and you eat whether it looks inviting or not, if you'd retain their utmost goodwill and respect. But it's all good, take my word for it, and don't wait for knives and forks; it's good form to dip or gouge into anything with your own original tools. And then, when you go, you are asked most cordially to "come again very soon."

My first visit was on a flat hunting expedition, accompanied by youthful Mah-si′-wa, who could speak a little English, and the first place I entered was the one I wanted and finally secured. It was the upper floor of a two-story house, occupied then by the family, but Nav-ah-hong-a-ni-ma was willing to rent it out and move downstairs, as it was nearing autumn when they all move into the lower stories for more warmth. So, upon my quickly agreeing to pay her seventy-five cents a week for two or three weeks—all she asked and which astonished her, for she had expected me to offer her twenty-five cents, and have an hour's joyous haggling before coming to an agreement at fifty—she moved her few chattels out and swept the floor. The room was about eighteen by thirty-five feet, a door at each end and a couple of small windows of one pane of glass set directly into adobe. The front ten feet of the floor was some two feet above the rest, with stone steps to reach it, and that higher part half partitioned off by a low wall part way, giving it a gallery effect. In three corners were tiny, quaint fireplaces, one a sunken oven, and in the other corner the mealing stones, set in a shallow trough in the adobe floor with a wee, unglazed window beside them. A broad, low banquette on one side offered a cozy couching place with another half partition at one end,

giving it semi-privacy. Then there were sundry cubby holes in the walls and a couple of storage bins which furnished seating space. The stone walls were smoothly plastered with adobe by hand, in a way that leaves no square corners or hard, straight lines, and all but the floor was neatly whitewashed with pure, white clay.

Hung to pegs near the ceiling, and forming almost a frieze around the room, were bunches of dried herbs, red peppers, dried muskmelon, dried boiled sweet-corn-on-the-cob, neat packages of corn-husks cured for various uses, and ears of choicest corn of many colors for next year's seeding. All this I asked her to leave, for I liked it, and also I kindly permitted her to leave a large pile of cool, ripe watermelons in one corner. Then she brought water in a wikurra, I bought a load of scrubby fagots that Sah-koy′-um-na had just brought in, unpacked my few food supplies from the traders, and my blankets and painting duffle, and was at home. "At home" is correct. That first day was my reception day though no cards were sent out. Nearly all the men in the village, some of the women and a few of the bolder or more curious children came. All were interested to know what object I could have in coming there and settling in such an apparently permanent way in the midst of them.

These gentle folk are very susceptible to gentle treatment and it wasn't long till I began to feel highly gratified to see that I was winning their confidence to an unexpected degree, even in the conservative faction. Yes, even the children, playing about the streets in their little bronze pelts, soon reached a point of confidence where they wouldn't run screaming for home or the nearest shelter when I appeared, and eventually the time came when they'd run joyously to me, calling me by name—my Hopi name—instead of scattering; then, indeed, was my pride unspeakable. The ambitions of a few recent school teachers to augment their roster had led them to drag their nets very closely for kindergartners, and the unnecessarily brutal means they employed were quite truly enough to justify all mothers and weaned infants in their terror of a Bahana.

MY two or three weeks lengthened into months, and yet into nearly a year, before I finally jogged down the trail for the last time toward the outer world, with a very small roll of canvases, but a great wealth of happy memories; for I didn't do

much actual work, the conditions were against it. There was too much of living interest in this new world that I found myself a part of. How could I paint when Ke-wan-i-um′-ti-wa came to spend an afternoon in my education, making me get up and "act out" things to be sure I had my lessons right? How could I paint when an old grandmother wanted me to see by every detail how much better than modern methods was the good old way of building up the clay for a piece of pottery? Or, when Pu-hu′-nim-ka, with a tiny yucca-fiber brush in her deft, tapering fingers, permitted me to watch her penciling the old, intricate design on one of her gracefully modeled bowls? Or, when Ku-ku-ti′-ti-wa, the lame boy, came to borrow tools and get advice in fashioning a finger-ring of lead, set with a rough, blue stone, the model for one he planned to make in silver and turquoise when he had acquired the necessary tools and knowledge for that advanced work? How could I paint when there was a rabbit drive to join, or the spinning "bee" for the bridal robes of some good friend's daughter, or a ceremonial foot-race, or when our Katcinas were going to Shungopavi to dance, to show "those Shungopavis" how easy it is to make the rain come when a people have superior knowledge and stand high with the Cloud Spirits, or when there was a nine days' ceremony on at home and never a minute of it, day or night, that hadn't some real interest in it.

So I didn't paint and there are no regrets. When old Ho-ve′-i-ma, the crier,—he of the great voice—stood on the highest house-top and announced that on the third day all were invited to come to the fields of one who was too old and feeble to get his planting done alone, and help him to finish it, it was worth more to me to join the groups that trailed down into the plains before sunrise and see two weeks' work done in a few hours by people who live very near to the Golden Rule. And the charm of it is that such communal work is done with the utmost cheerfulness; song and laughter are everywhere, and when the task is done there's always a big dinner ready at the home of the one benefited, in which also the woman of the house has had the co-operation of her friends. Such occasions come often, as when a man wishes to start a new blanket. If he were to spin all the yarn alone he'd spend weeks at it; but let him invite his friends to come to a kiva on a certain day to help him, and presto! all the yarn is spun in no time, everybody has a good, social time and a

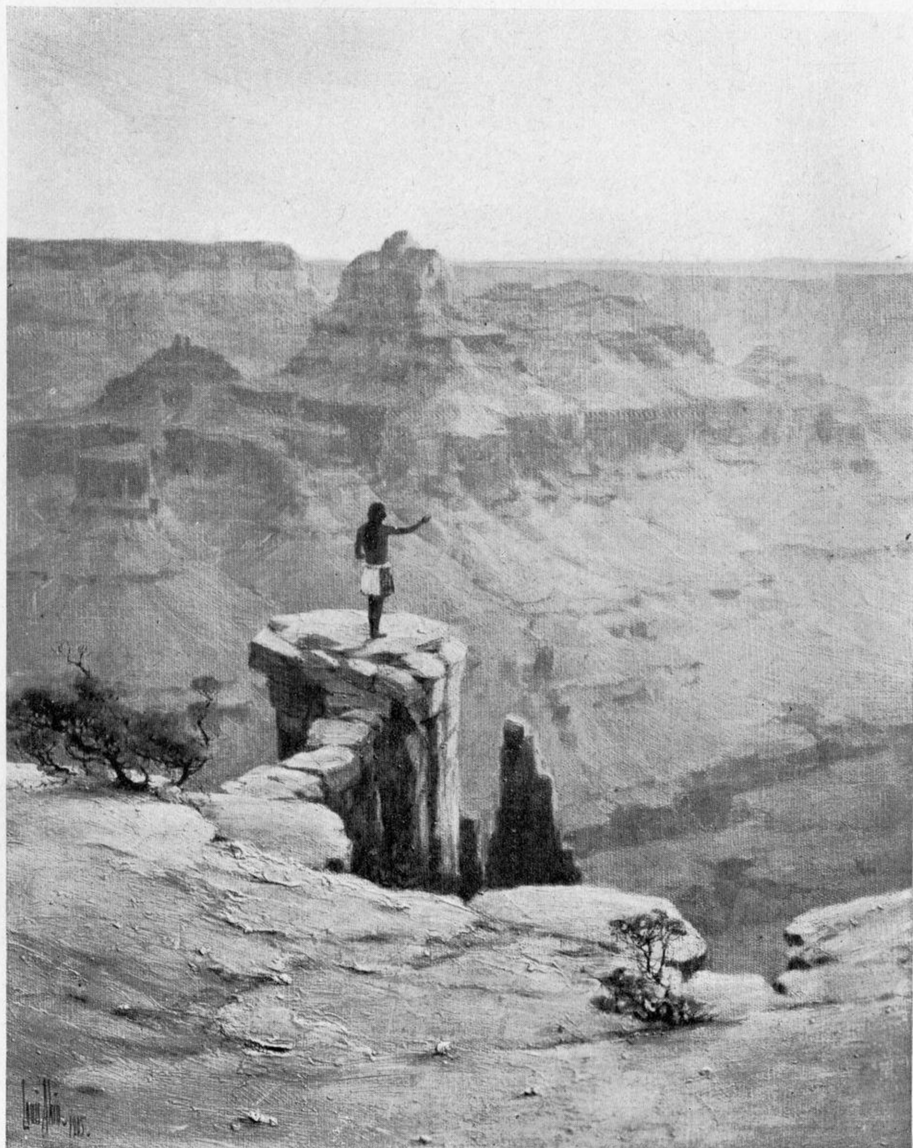
dinner, and he is ready to set up his loom next day. An odd feature of Hopi life is this, that the men do all the spinning, weaving, embroidering of ceremonial robes, knitting of leggins and the sewing of the garments made popular by the advent of calicoes and velvets. This, too, in addition to cultivating the fields, herding the flocks, gathering the fire-wood and taking their part in the many ceremonies. So they are a busy people.

THE Hopi were the original weavers of the Southwest and taught the Navajo the craft that has made him famous—"her," rather, for it's the Navajo women who do their weaving, the men devoting their time and energies toward the business end, disposing of the women's products at the trading posts. Very few specimens of the Hopi's exquisite work reach civilization, for nearly everything they make is for their own use. The women of the tribe are most conservative and adhere to the native dress woven in one piece, folded, laced together with colored yarns and belted in with a long woven sash of bright hue. It is black, a diagonal weave, with a ten inch border at top and bottom of dark blue in an embossed diamond pattern. This is caught over the right shoulder, leaving the left bare, and they generally wear a mantle of a smaller blanket, or of calico, caught over the left shoulder and flowing free behind. With this arrangement of costume and their own odd method of hair-dressing it would be a long trip to find anything more picturesque than a group of women and girls gathered for their daily trading bee and "mothers' meeting" on a kiva roof, or on a house terrace, weaving their bright-colored trays and lunching, or particularly on the house tops, viewing a "dance" in the plaza, when each one wears her best. At such times the unmarried girls are supposed to retire modestly to their homes before the close of the ceremony that they may not have to mingle with the dispersing crowd.

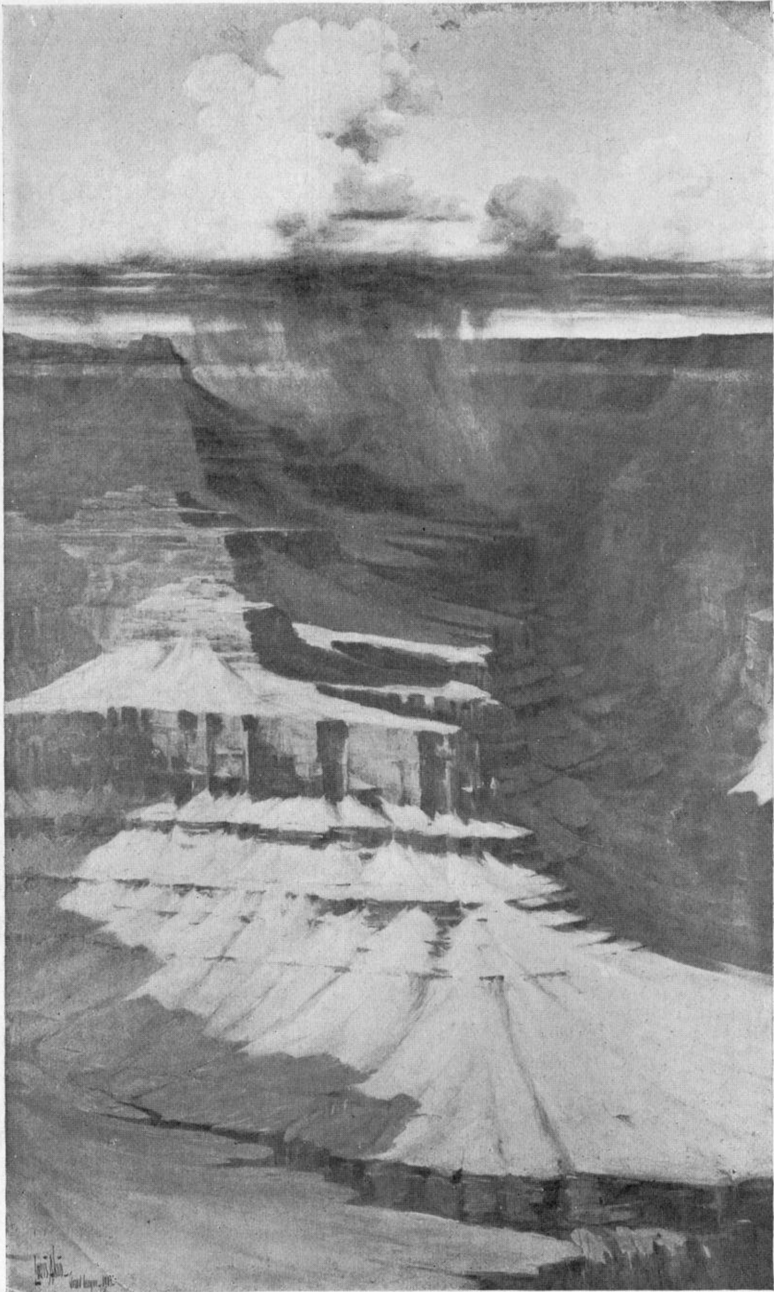
Every man is an artist unto himself, in a way, in Hopi-land, for every man has his part in religious rites some time each year, which requires of him the painting of various symbolic designs; so every man is able to go out and gather from Mother Earth his own necessary colors, grind and prepare them, make his brushes of yucca-fiber, and finish his work neatly and artistically.

Then, too, they make for one festal occasion many Katcina dolls,

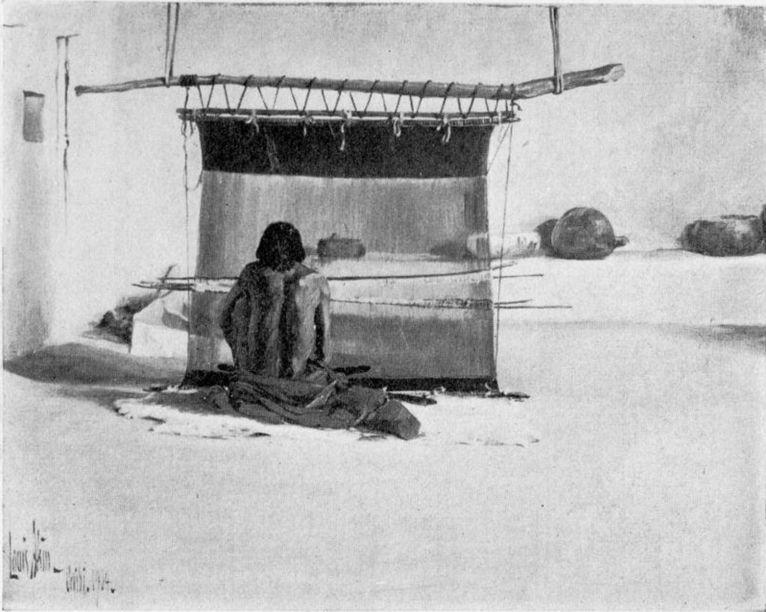
MARKET PLACE IN THE HEART OF A HOPI VILLAGE



OFFERING SACRED CORN MEAL TO THE RISING SUN IN GRAND CAÑON



"THE SPIRIT HOME OF THE HOPI IS GRAND CAÑON"



THE HOPI WERE THE ORIGINAL WEAVERS OF THE SOUTHWEST

MUSIC IS A PART OF ALL THEIR RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES

carved from cottonwood in very simple forms that have come down to them as correct from the days when stone and bone tools superinduced simplicity of treatment, then painted in the detail of costume of some particular variety of Katcina. There are about two hundred and fifty separate and distinct Katcina personages, each of whom has some special influence with some of the various Elemental Spirits. In the Katcina ceremonies, which last all through the planting and growing season, these mythical beings are impersonated by variously masked and costumed groups of dancers who, for the time, lose their own identity and are consecrated to the rites of the occasion and spend days in song and prayer for the successful growth and maturity of the crops. These dolls are given to the little girls, with decorated bows and arrows for the boys, on the last morning of the Powamu ceremony which marks the opening of the Katcina season in February. More than mere gift, they symbolize the good-will of the Katcina represented and are more highly prized as blessings than as toys.

IN all forms of craftsmanship the Hopi excels; although the Navajo has practised silversmithing a hundred years or more, getting it from the Mexicans, the few Hopi who have taken it up recently are proving themselves vastly superior workers. Their combined artistic and mechanical sense enables them to provide pieces that are without crudeness, yet show strong individuality in form and finish. When Lo-mah′-wi-na of Shungopavi finishes a ring or bracelet, it isn't like anything anyone ever saw anywhere, and it is perfect!

In pottery, which only the women work in, the lines and proportions couldn't be improved on by a hair's breadth, while the composition and balance of the painted decoration on a pot or bowl are entirely satisfying, even though we haven't the slightest idea of the meaning of any one of the endless variety of graceful designs, nearly all of which have religious significance. Their drawing is developed to a state of finished conventionality and symbolism that is beyond the comprehension of a Bahana. In basketry their productions are not wonderful. Pottery takes the place that highly finished basketry fills in other tribes. So they only make the flat tray of twigs, generally with a symbolic design, perhaps a Katcina, woven into it in

the soft-toned colors of their native dyes. These they use for any household purpose that a loosely woven tray will serve.

It would seem as though there is hardly an act in the day's work or play that hasn't some religious association, and it is all sincere to the very utmost, not thoughtless form. When a man smokes a cigarette or pipe, each puff of smoke is a cloud symbol and implies a prayer for rain—and he means it. When a man brings home from the hunt a rabbit or two, his wife or mother takes them at the door, lays them on the floor, gets a pinch of sacred meal and breathes a prayer of gratitude while scattering it over the game—and she means it. It is distinctly a religion of environment. As life and happiness depend upon the success of the agricultural crops, each of the elements that has any part in their germination, growth and maturity is represented by a spirit to whom supplication is made to that end in many ways, all with the utmost fervor and sincerity. They do not recognize one Great Spirit, but there is the "Sun Spirit," the "Moon Spirit," "Cloud," "Thunder," "Lightning," "Wind," and "Fire" spirits, "Spirit of Germination," of the "Underworld" who keeps the springs running, and yet a few more. At any rate they *live* it day by day, and it has been effective enough to keep them a gentle, peaceful, honest, industrious people, with a pure blood and no necessity for courts of justice, jails or orphan asylums for untold ages.

In all my time there I never saw the remotest sign of a quarrel between men, women, or children, and though my house was open most of the time and littered over with things that every visitor coveted, I never had a theft but through one man. There must be exceptions to even the Golden Rule. He got away with a pipe and some silver buttons once when posing for me, and though I forbade him coming to my house and denounced him in well-defined terms, he came cheerfully along just the same, bearing no malice for my harsh words.

THE Paradise or Spirit House of the Hopi is in Grand Cañon, and there is sent, during certain important ceremonies, a messenger priest who makes a votive deposit in the shrine erected there, tenders a prayer offering of sacred corn meal to the rising sun and carries back with him certain waters and herbs for use in further rites. Shrines are everywhere in the vicinity of Hopi towns. Some are shrines to distant mountains, rivers, the ocean, some to prehistoric

or traditional homes of ancestors or clans, and in nearly every field is some manner of shrine in which to deposit especial prayer offerings prepared by the priests for the purpose, which the fortunate ones proudly carry to the fields with perfect confidence in their efficacy. The indoor religious ceremonies are held in underground chambers known as kivas, of which there are fourteen in Oraibi. Each man belongs to some one of the fraternities occupying these kivas.

There are songs for every work-a-day act or occupation, for any mood, for any weather. It may be Nah-si'-kwap-ti-wa, off before sunrise on his old burro after a load of scrubby wood, from six or eight miles back on the higher mesas, whose vocal expression of the joy of living comes drifting back to you in the gray dawn, or it may be a shepherd on his early way to the corrals, or two or three young gods in breech-clouts, astride one burro, "pegging it" toward the fields. It may be a group of little animate bronzes playing in the sand, or Mrs. Masho'-hong-wa crooning over her youngest, or perhaps an ardent youth who stands alone and stately out on the rocks towards the sunset, yet within good hearing of "Her" who is of a bevy of maidens taking the twilight hour away from the corn-grinding. It may even be Her back later at her task where she spends so many tedious hours, but always there is song.

Then if it really be Her, back at the mealing stones again, and the fire has flickered low, and her weird song comes haltingly, intermittently, perhaps even ceases, you may have an idea that a lithe, blanketed young form has quietly appeared at the tiny open window just by her side, and though the meal must be ground, what he has to whisper may be too interesting to lose a breath of.

But always there is someone, somewhere, singing at her grinding.

# A DEPARTURE IN CHURCH BUILDING—THE SECOND NEW JERUSALEM CHURCH IN CALIFORNIA: BY A STRANGER

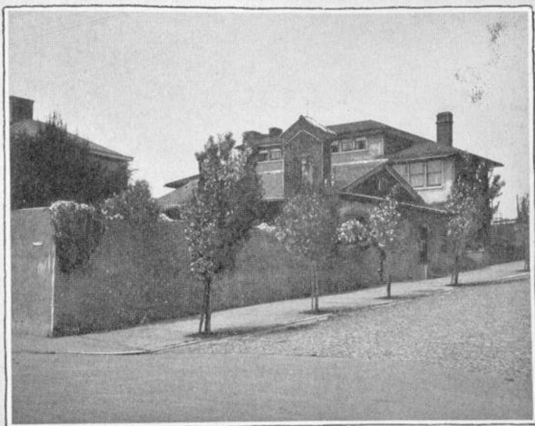
"IF thou shouldst ever come by chance or choice to Modena,
Stop at a palace near the Reggio gate"—

are the opening words of a poem by an English poet that tells in succeeding lines of a picture of a beautiful bride and of her joy and jest and tragic death. Now, I would change these words to read: If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance to San Francisco, stop at a Church out near the Golden Gate, and in a few succeeding prose lines tell of a joy entirely free from jest, and of life instead of death.

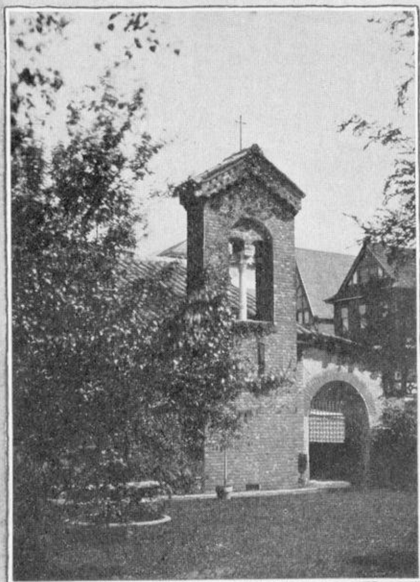
A strong, simple-minded man, one who appreciates and loves the simplicity of nature, conceived the idea of giving to his people of the city a simple country meeting-house. Others of his kind joined hands with him, and to-day on the sunny side of one of San Francisco's barren hills, in the heart of one of the best residence sections, you will find an ideal village church, set down in its own garden. And that garden is not filled with rows of little green mounds and their attending headstones, but is a grassy slope extending to the concrete wall, whose severe lines are hidden by the caressing touch of numerous and varied vines. This grassy slope is spotted o'er with trees, so naturally grouped that one feels God's hand had dropped the olive, thorn-apple and pine cone from which these trees have grown. The dark red of the Japanese plum tree and rich green of the stately English yew and Italian cypress give variety. As our eyes were filled with their beauty, our hearts were likewise filled with thankfulness to these distant lands for their contribution to this garden symphony.

Amid the shrubbery one will find a simple iron cross rising from an ivy-covered stone base, which was taken from one of the old Spanish Missions before the days of preservation and restoration began. There is also a Japanese cypress that tells the story of its centuries by its knots and gnarls.

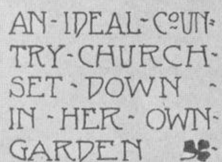
We enter through an iron gate and tiled portico, by a long box of ferns, that hold their leafy fronds aloft exultingly, and all unconsciously are thrown into bold relief by the dark red wall behind them. Before we realize it we are right in the garden, and in the inclosure comes the feeling of "A world of strife shut out and a world of love shut in."



THE ENTRANCE AND VINE-COVERED WALL ABOUT THE GARDEN

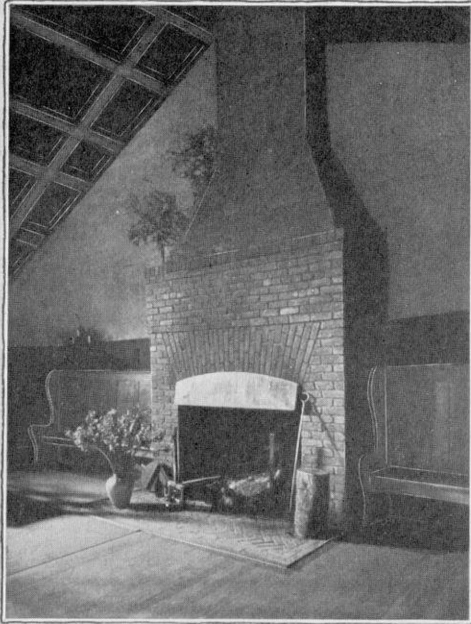


# SWEDENBORGIAN CHURCH NEAR THE GOLDEN GATE SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



AN IDEAL COUNTRY CHURCH SET DOWN IN HER OWN GARDEN

THE TOWER & GARDEN



AN - OLD - FASHIONED - FIRE - PLACE
IN - THE - SWEDENBORGIAN - CHURCH

A - SIMPLE - ALTAR - AND - TIMBERED - CEILING

# A DEPARTURE IN CHURCH BUILDING

DURING these autumnal days the simple tower surmounted by its small iron cross is truly beautifully attired in its dress of Ampelopsis leaves; while close by a single white rose is trying to tell its tale of June days with a few belated blossoms; and at her feet we found red, ripe, wild strawberries doing their best to emphasize her story of the spring-time. Close by the walk that leads to the entrance is a round, shallow basin—partially shown in the picture of the tower—which the gardener always leaves full of water for the birds. "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, shall in no wise lose his reward."

Over the entrance, supported by a bamboo trellis, is a grape-vine, and as we stepped under its shadows the strings of our hearts were vibrant with the memory of the Master's words: "I am the vine, ye are the branches." The sweet silence of this simple garden had pervaded our spirits, and we were content to remain within its spell, when the lines of the poem reverberated through our minds like a long lost voice, saying:—

> "But ere thou go, enter the house
> —— prithee, forget it not—
> And look awhile upon some pictures there."

The atmosphere of reverence which one perceives with his first breath is a strong rebuke to the simply curious person who would enter. Instantly we feel that it is no place for the being who does not care to hear his Maker's voice. Before one is seated there is the consciousness of a friendly feeling extended by the warmth that comes from a generous supply of pine knots ablaze upon an ample hearth in an old-fashioned fireplace near the door. The piney odor, unhewn timbers and profusion of pine boughs, both green and brown, make one feel that the forest is near.

The room is longest from east to west, and the walls of the gable ends are finished in rough gray plaster, while the ceiling is wooden, the arch of which is supported by Madrono timbers with the bark on, selected for that purpose, while they were yet a part of the forest in the Santa Cruz mountains. On the north side there are no windows, but instead, four pictures. These pictures have no frames except the plain, dark stained panels of the wall set between the uncut timbers that support the roof. Consequently one can easily imagine one is looking through a window away off into the meadow or the hills.

I AM informed that these pictures depict the four California seasons, and if they needed names, could be aptly described by passages of Scripture. The first,—Winter—where large, old trees lift their giant branches aloft, forming nave and chancel with their leafy arches, against a cold, dark sky, might be called "The Groves were God's first Temples." The second,—Spring—with its stream of water running through a fresh, green meadow under a sky filled with departing rain clouds, "For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come." The third,—Summer—with its burdened field made more yellow by the summer glow that comes with waning light, suggests that "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few," and likewise the command, "Thrust in thy sickle and reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe." The fourth,—Autumn—is just a plain country road ascending an ordinary hill, through sere, brown fields, awaiting the awakening the rain will bring. But the sight of that *ascending* road fills one's soul with an Excelsior feeling, and to the listening ear comes the words: "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of Holiness."

"When the twilight veils the sky," and there is no longer any sun to make this beautiful place light, numerous candles, held in place by wrought-iron candelabra, shed forth their soft light. The picture of the altar shows how the pine, with bough and cone, is used for decoration. But beyond its simple beauty it is to us a symbol of the ideal Christian. "For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters." "His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars." Over the altar is a small, round window. We know not the artist's thought when he made this expression of it in glass, but flower and bird at once suggest, "Consider the lilies" and "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."

# GUILD OF DAMES OF THE HOUSEHOLD—ONE PRACTICAL SOLUTION OF THE SERVANT PROBLEM: BY MARY RANKIN CRANSTON

HE Guild of Domestic Dames of the Household in England is a training school for domestic servants. It differs from other organizations of like character in that its object is to attract educated women to household work, and, through them, to raise the standard of such employment to the level of other vocations. The domestic service question, which may now be called the world riddle, as it has spread to almost every country, is perhaps the most important of all the problems clamoring to be settled, since upon its solution depends the preservation, and failure to solve it means the destruction, of the home. It is quite fitting that England, pre-eminently a home-loving and home-making country, should have made the first successful attempt to solve this problem along genuinely economic lines.

That such a question exists to-day is due primarily to the fact that women, characteristically uninventive, are still following the outgrown domestic methods of their grandmothers, and failing to develop the originality necessary for twentieth century housekeeping. It is not strange that unprogressive mistresses on the one hand and a highly developed factory system on the other should have depleted the ranks of household workers, causing the demand to so far exceed the supply that a difficult situation has arisen.

THE Guild of Dames of the Household, formed in 1900 by Miss Nixon, Lady Knightly of Fawsley, Miss Brabazon, Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson and others, endeavors to create a better understanding between mistress and maid in order that the mistress may have more conscientious service and that the maid may be something more than a drudge; that she may have time for her very own in which to rest and amuse herself after the manner of all other human beings. The Guild insists upon the maintenance of good conditions of work and fair conditions of freedom from work or, in other words, sufficient time off duty and the elimination of causes which have discouraged educated women from entering the field.

At Brabazon House, as the training school is called, domestic service is considered a profession, and the charming old English

word dame is substituted for the objectionable word servant. Without doubt this happy change of name and the fact that students are not only called ladies, but are consistently treated as such, have done more than all else to encourage desirable women to enter service. And why should not our maids be treated as rational, self-respecting women? In view of our great need for the intelligent, conscientious service that makes household machinery move without friction, the members of a family circle should be deeply grateful to those who make life comfortable through ministering to their wants. One of life's highest laws is that of service and everybody comes within its scope. The trouble is that certain kinds of service are considered desirable and other forms undesirable.

If houses could be planned by women who spend most of their lives within them instead of by men, as they are to-day; if housekeepers would make use of the existing labor-saving devices for the elimination of drudgery and would invent more; if our maids were shown more consideration instead of being openly, arrogantly treated as inferiors; if hours of labor could be regulated as in other industries; and if, above all, the objectionable word servant could become obsolete—then only captious, irritable mistresses would find themselves harassed by a domestic service problem. In other words, some one may say, a revolution is necessary to inaugurate a reign of peace. Not at all; in reality it is not nearly so great an undertaking as that. It would mean merely the application to housekeeping matters of that good old rule to do unto others as we would have them do unto us. Nor would this mean that our maids should entertain their company in our drawing-rooms, play on our pianos or sit in our boxes at the opera, but that instead of paying no attention to their human desires and needs there may be an attractive sitting-room of their own, or, if the limitations of space should forbid that, the kitchen, which must then be the sitting-room as well, should contain pretty things as far as consistent with the daily work which goes on therein, that properly furnished bedrooms may be well lighted and heated and bathing facilities provided. Surely these are not unreasonable demands, but merely what every human being has the right to expect.

AN applicant for training at Brabazon House must first of all fill out a blank in which she gives, among other facts, her age, previous occupation, references, religious denomination, whether single, married or widow, and in which she agrees to rise early, work faithfully and to do all in her power to "uphold the dignity of labor." There is then a probationary period of two weeks after which she is accepted as a resident student at a weekly charge of from twelve to fifteen shillings ($3.00 to $3.50). If, during her probation, she is found unfit or undesirable, she is quietly asked to withdraw. The lessons extend over a period of one to three months, according to previous experience and natural aptitude.

Cooking dames are taught good, plain cooking, care of the kitchen, kitchen utensils and cooking stoves, and some house work. House and parlor dames are taught the care of rooms, sweeping, washing of linoleum, crockery, etc., polishing of furniture, grates, "boots," care of silver and china, setting the table and waiting at table. Nursery dames learn how to care for babies and young children and their nurseries, and study kindergarten work. As real, live babies are indispensable for practical training, the Guild has opened a nursery which receives children of working mothers and the small children of families having illness in the house. The babies are admitted for long visits, the length of time being decided by the superintendent. Great care is taken to prevent the weakening of parental responsibility, which might ensue from an over-long residence at Brabazon House. There is, however, little danger of this where so many women find it necessary to work and where nurseries are so scarce as in England.

For the first six weeks of her stay each dame assists in the nursery, dividing her time between care of the babies and the kindergarten; then she becomes head nurse for another six weeks if she has proven herself to be a baby lover and a reliable student, and has entire charge of one baby. Under the guidance of a teacher this nursery dame bathes, feeds and exercises the baby, being relieved two hours daily by an assistant. Alternating with teacher or assistant she takes her small charge for three nights at a time and in this way learns to observe all the changes of babyhood, is conscious of the responsibility placed upon her and has the pleasure and reward of seeing the results of her care.

THE dames in training are usually young women compelled to be self-supporting and without the means for specialized study, which is always expensive. There are others who have had few opportunities for intellectual development. The average woman is inherently domestic; many prefer household work and are better fitted for it than for any other occupation, and so, many of the students at Brabazon House come from this grade of women, who are willing to enter service provided they may work under reasonable conditions. The students belong to these three classes and Brabazon House has been full since the day it was opened.

Last year seventy-one dames were enrolled; positions were found for forty-one, ten were unsatisfactory and were rejected while students, nine were taught that they might properly do their own work, four gave up, five are continuing their studies, and two are yet to be placed. As in other professions, a certain number fail to develop the adaptability which makes for success. At present one hundred and fifty dames are at work in various households. One lady, who has a beautiful home not far from London, employs nine of them, who do all the work of her house to her perfect satisfaction.

While the demand for their graduates is far greater than the supply and the Guild could place the dames many times over, great care is exercised to ensure improved conditions of work. An employer, in making application for a dame, must state clearly and fully what her duties will be, must agree to give her a separate bedroom not in the basement, and not require her to live with ordinary servants if these are in the house; must specify the amount of time off duty daily, weekly and on Sunday, and must consent to her wearing the simple uniform and badge of the Guild and not to require her to wear any other distinctive dress. The salary must also be agreed upon. When these matters are disposed of the Guild brings the mistress and dame into communication with each other, usually with happy results for both. For this service the employer pays one shilling (25 cents) to the Guild; there is no charge for the dame.

THE two extremes of society, the wealthy who employ a retinue of servants at high wages, and the poor, financially unable to keep a single maid, are not concerned with the domestic service problem; but the thousands of families in neither one of these classes,

the families which are the back-bone of national life in all countries, are greatly disturbed by it. The crying need in household work to-day is for good, "all around" servants, and this is the demand which the Guild of Dames of the Household endeavors to satisfy.

Salaries in England are low for all kinds of work. Good stenographers may be had for $25.00 to $35.00 a month, not many receive the higher figure, therefore the compensation the dames receive, $6.50 to $17.00 a month, may be considered very good, especially when it is remembered that in addition they are given board and lodging. Nor is fancy cooking expected of them, only simple desserts and absolutely no ices, since English people consider them detrimental to health and regard their preparation as a most complicated performance—almost worthy of a place in the category of the black arts.

If, in the United States, along with a training school modeled after the one at Brabazon House, there could be a training school for mistresses, which would stand for uniform methods of household work, would regulate wages and hours of work, would educate the housekeepers upon the subject of giving truthful recommendation, would insist upon a standard of honor which would make it impossible for one mistress to entice away another's maid, and last, but by no means least, would emphasize the impertinence of attempting to regulate the maid's life down to the minutest detail, as is so frequently done by well-meaning but misguided women, peace, in time, would take the place of present strife.

Is it too wild a dream to imagine a home presided over by a sensible mistress, a graduate of such a school, and with the domestic machinery in the hands of a capable dame, who takes pride and conscious pleasure in her work, and who realizes that she is a valued member of society because she dignifies her profession? One of two things is very certain, either mistresses and maids must turn over a new leaf or we shall be forced to evolve a method of co-operative housekeeping.

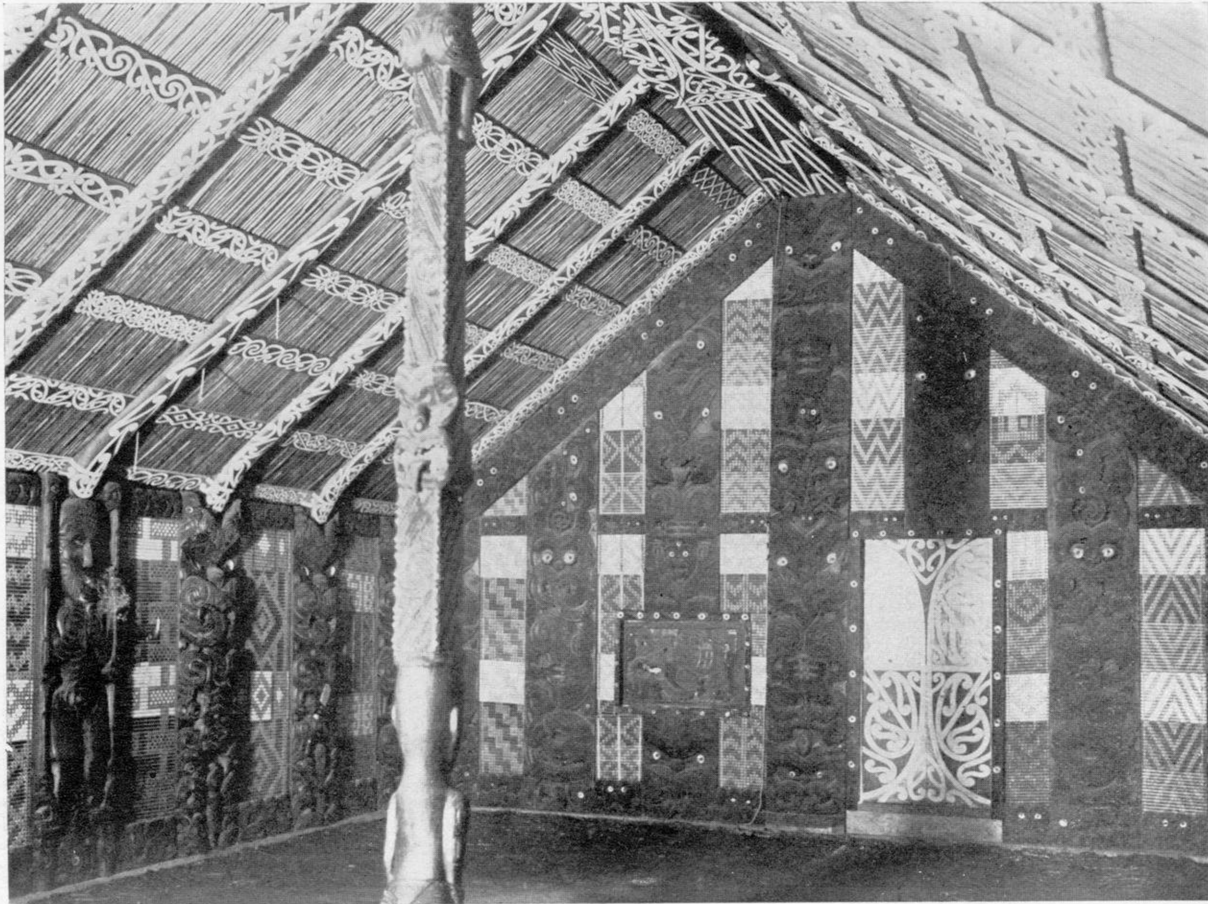
# MAORI WOOD-CARVING—DESTRUCTION OF AN ANCIENT ART BY CIVILIZATION: BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

HY does the civilization of the white race always act upon a primitive people and their culture like a foul wind? The devastation and degradation which have been wrought among the Maoris of New Zealand by two generations of contact with the white man are one of the worst examples of that invariable result. It must be admitted that the ideals, methods and results of that civilization have been pretty hard on the white race itself, and perhaps it is not to be wondered at that any people less vigorous and forceful should have succumbed under its influence. The Maori has gone down before its breath until, in numbers, he has become a mere handful, in character, the pale shadow of his former self, while of his culture there is left nothing but a folk-lore which he has almost forgotten and a knack in wood-carving out of which has gone all meaning and spontaneity.

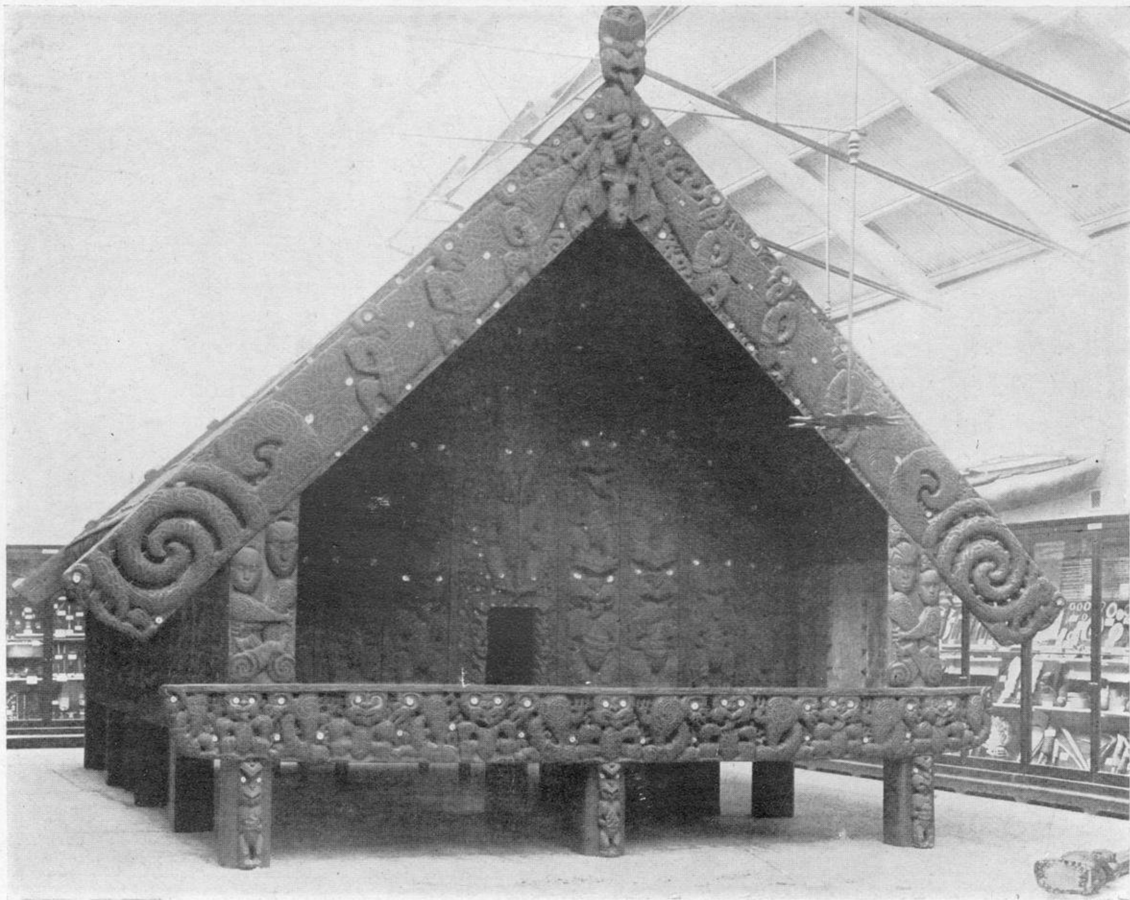
The early traders, missionaries and settlers in New Zealand found a savage race, cannibals, in the Stone Age of development. But they were brave, high-spirited, chivalrous and noble far beyond the character of the most savage races, and they won from their white conquerors a loyal admiration, affection and respect which to this day one finds ardently voiced among those New Zealanders who knew the Maori as he was a generation ago.

It is, however, his endowment of artistic feeling and its development along the line of wood-carving that make the Maori of the pre-civilized day especially remarkable among savage races. He seems to have been possessed by a passion for the beautiful to which he was able to give, even with his primitive tools of stone and shell, an expression of genuine artistic worth. He surrounded his fortified villages with palisades, which he surmounted, at a distance of a few yards, with huge wooden figures, their faces carved in intricate patterns to represent tattooing and their bodies covered with decorative carved patterns. He made beautiful with carving and inlaying of shell, his war canoes, his weapons of war, his implements of labor, even the fishhook which a big capture might at any time wrench from his line and carry away. Upon his war canoes and certain

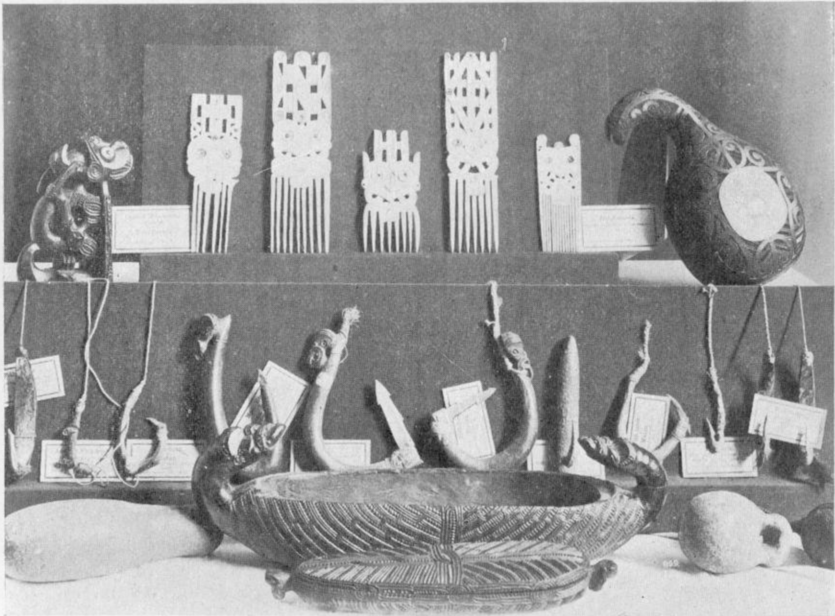
CARVED DOORWAY OF A NEW ZEALAND HOUSE



CARVED INTERIOR OF A MAORI ASSEMBLY HOUSE



CARVED STORE HOUSE BUILT FORTY YEARS AGO FOR A MAORI CHIEF



CARVED FIGURES DECORATING AN OLD MAORI HOUSE

A CALABASH, FISHHOOKS AND COMBS, CARVED BY ANCIENT MAORI ARTISTS

kinds of his houses he lavished an amount of beauty, loving labor and care that fill the modern white man with amazement.

IN the museum in Auckland is a war canoe which was built some seventy years ago and taken by the colonial troops in a war with the Maoris thirty years later. It is eighty-two feet long by seven feet in its greatest beam, and would easily carry a hundred paddlers and fighting men. Others were known to the early settlers that were much larger, varying from a hundred to almost two hundred feet in length. But they were all made after the same model and carved and decorated in the same way. The hull of this museum specimen is made of one huge log of totara—a native tree, peculiar to New Zealand—hollowed out with fire and stone axes. Top-sides, elaborately carved from end to end, are lashed to the hull with flax fiber through holes bored with a wooden drill pointed with quartz. But it was upon the figurehead and the tall stern-post of the canoe that the Maori love of decoration chiefly spent itself. The stern-posts were always six or eight feet tall, the pattern of solid carving pierced through, so that they had a very delicate, lacy look. The pattern is always in spirals, accurately measured, and finely cut, while down the center runs a double, heavier line. Mounted on the top of this is a small, distorted figure, apparently representing a human being. In Maori folk-lore there is a story of a prince, the Lord of Fishes, who had a pet whale that bore him safely and swiftly on ocean journeys whenever he wished to go. It is possible that this long line, made double for the purpose of increased decorative effect, represents Tinirau and his whale, Tutunui. At the base of the bow-piece, carved also in spirals and curves, there was, in all the large canoes, a prostrate figure of Maui, hero and demi-god especially beloved and admired by the Maori. He was as crafty and resourceful as Ulysses, and was accustomed to turn off tasks by the side of which the labors of Hercules were mere child's play.

The preparation of these exquisitely carved stern and bow-pieces required time and patience. They were made of totara wood, the stern-pieces from slabs hardly more than an inch in thickness, and in order to prevent the timber from cracking, only a little could be done at a time. Love of the beautiful must indeed have been deeply ingrained in the hearts of these people when they could work for

years, with infinite pains, their only tools, bits of shell and pieces of sharp stone, upon these decorations which added no whit to the efficiency of their war-ships, and whose only purpose was to satisfy their artistic cravings. But perhaps the most remarkable thing about their work is that so much of it is beautiful even to the civilized and cultivated eye.

THE two kinds of houses which were most carved and decorated were the assembly halls or council chambers and the store houses belonging to the chiefs and nobles. The store houses were smaller and for them the labor was all spent upon the outside. They were set upon posts two or three feet high, to protect their contents from the visits of the native rat, and even these posts were often elaborately carved into representations of human faces and bodies. In one of these houses that has been preserved in the Auckland Museum, the sides and ends of the structure are made of slabs of totara wood set upright, each one solidly and elaborately carved to represent a human form grotesquely conventionalized. These figures, used in all their houses and palisades, represented either heroes from their mythology and folk-lore or historical characters, the ancestors usually of the persons owning the house or of the leading men of the tribe. The faces were tattooed, and the arms, legs and entire bodies covered with an elaborate carved pattern of zig-zag lines, curves and spirals. Almost always the male human figure has its tongue thrust out. For in Maori custom this was the act of defiance and told of high spirit and indomitable courage. In the later carvings, even of the old time, as the figures became more and more conventionalized, the tongue was split, or doubled, doubtless with the idea of introducing variety and of making it more decorative, and it also was covered with a carved pattern.

In none of the old carvings is the figure given its full complement of toes or fingers. Three is the usual number. There are some students of Maori lore who trace the reason for this far back to the beginnings of the Polynesian race—of which the Maori is a division—in the valley of the Ganges river, before the Aryan race had come down from its primal home to drive out the Gangetic races and send them forth to their wanderings through the Islands of Indonesia and the Pacific Ocean. And they find in it only another form of that

wide-spread, symbolic expression of the idea of the trinity which speaks alike in the three fingers of Buddha and in the three fingers which the Catholic Priest holds up as he pronounces the benediction.

Every house, for whatever purpose, had a verandah in front, made by continuing the sides and roof several feet forward from the front end. The interior of this was solidly and richly carved and decorated with feathers. The human figures had always eyes made of pieces of iridescent haliotis shell—the abalone of our own Pacific coast—fastened in with wooden pegs. The barge-boards and another set on edge across the front of the verandah were solidly carved, usually with a pattern in which a mythical, nondescript figure called "manaia," a sort of spirit of evil, was repeated over and over again in combination with parts or whole of the human figure. In a small, carved store house, made about seventy years ago with primitive tools, this pattern—illustrated in the tail-piece of this article—shows "manaia" whispering temptations into the ear of man, who, with most commendable moral courage, has thrust his tongue far out in scorn and defiance of his tempter. One of the human figures in this carving is male and the other female, and there are some who find in it a sort of Maori Garden of Eden episode. But in my study of Maori myths and legends, I could find no warrant for such an explanation.

AN immense amount of labor must have been involved in the carving of their tribal meeting houses, of which there was one in every village. They were often of large size—one that has been preserved at the Thames is eighty feet long, thirty-three feet wide and twenty-four feet high. Each of its side walls is formed by twenty elaborately carved figures of ancestors or heroes alternated with exquisitely woven panels of reeds and flax in varied patterns. The rafters are gaily painted, red, black and white, in graceful patterns that show both an artistic eye and a careful hand, and the space between them is filled with the woven reeds and flax.

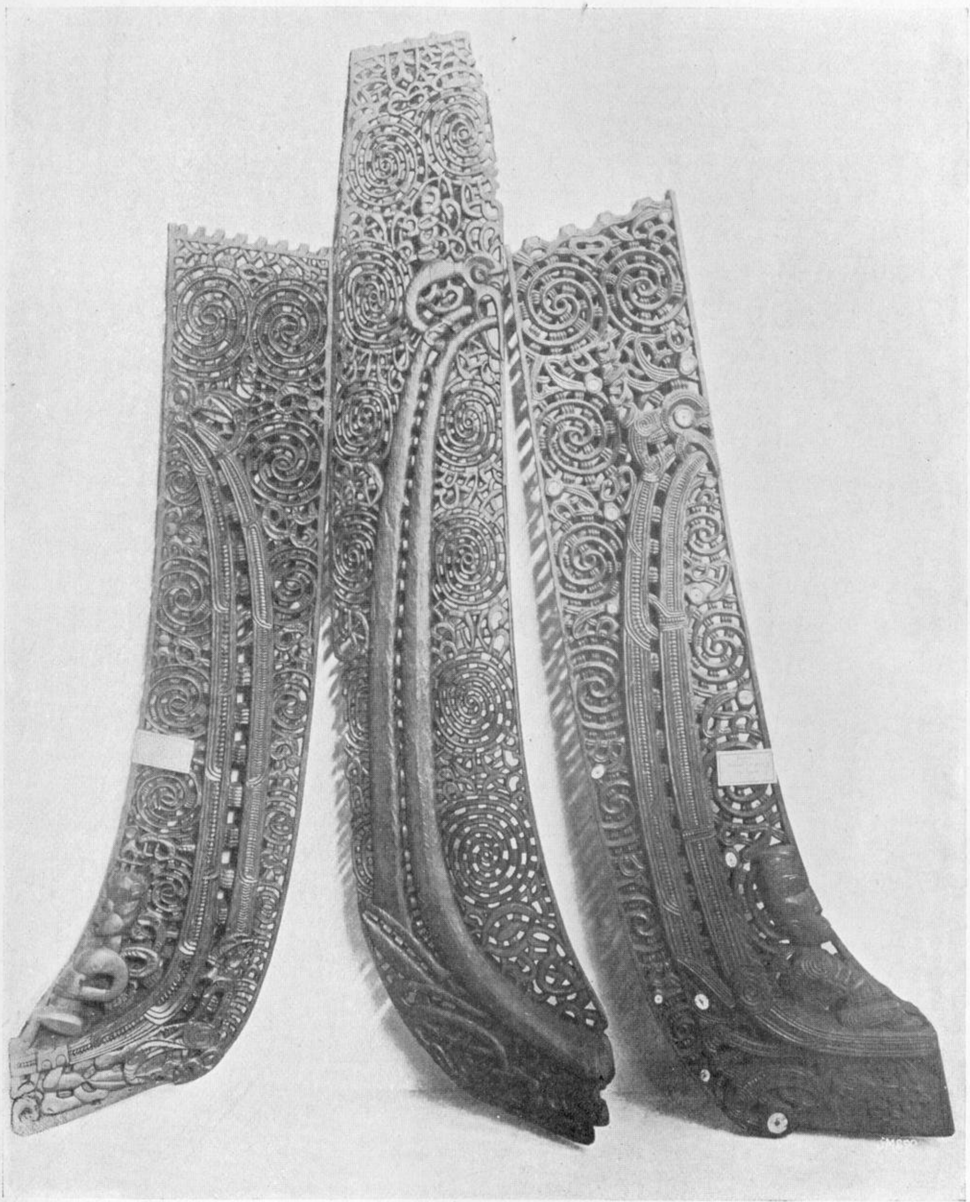
The lintel of the doorway was always richly carved, and often the whole doorway was made very massive and imposing with carvings and decorations on each side. One lintel that I saw was a Dantean dream of twisted and distorted human bodies, tossed arms

and dismembered limbs, all intertwined and woven together with graceful curves and spirals.

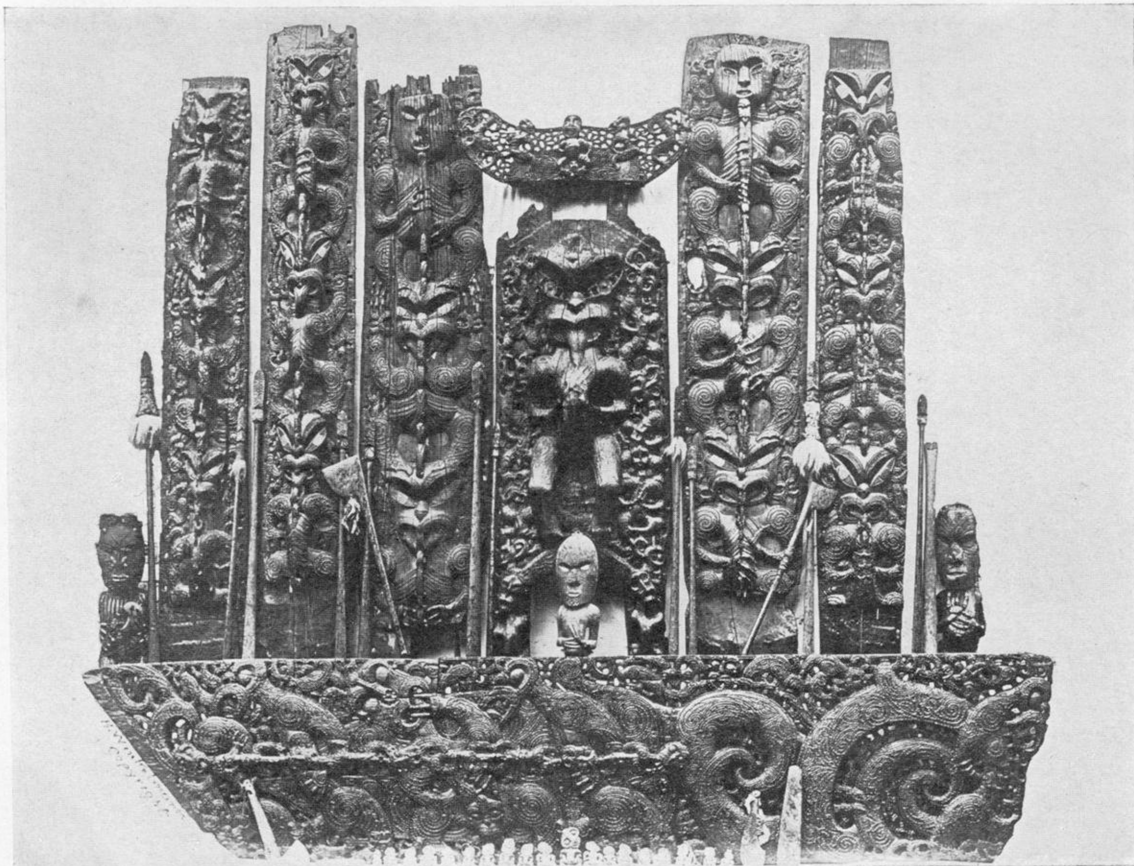
Their wooden bowls, urns and boxes, used for serving food to chiefs, for holding preserved birds, the feathers of the "huia," and articles of personal adornment, were often beautiful in both form and decoration. Sometimes the box was held in the grasp of grotesque human figures upon which the carved spirals were made to accentuate the appearance of muscular development and strength. Or the handle of the cover was made of two such figures, faces upward, heads together, knees bent and bodies braced. The entire surface of boxes and figures was covered with carved combinations of spirals, short waved lines, and straight horizontal and vertical lines.

In the Maori carving, a decorative figure that occurs over and over again is a double curve, very suggestive of two serpents with bodies loosely coiled around the heads. They are usually covered with fanciful decorations of short lines and curves combined into patterns, and two small figures on the head apparently are meant to indicate eyes. But snakes are unknown in New Zealand, and there is nothing to indicate that they ever existed upon the Islands. A carefully carved burial case, in the form of a lizard, exhumed from a cave and believed to be about two hundred years old, offers an equally inviting vista for speculation as to the origin of the idea. For there is no reptilian form on the Islands that is like it in shape. The Maoris are the only branch of the Polynesian peoples who developed wood-carving, and in their ornamentation, both in wood-work and in tattooing—which with them was really a carving upon flesh—spirals and scrolls were a local invention. And yet, a keen Maori student told me that when a wood-carver of to-day starts to make a scroll pattern he begins it by making a Swastika and develops his scroll from that figure. He does not know why, except that he gets a truer result.

IN Auckland I saw a number of carved slabs recently exhumed from a cave where they had been buried for almost a hundred years. They are part of a house, originally composed of eighty pieces—so says the tradition of the tribe to which it belonged—which was taken apart and hidden to prevent its being destroyed by a warring enemy. The pattern on one of the slabs is a marvelous and



CARVED STERN POSTS OF A MAORI WAR CANOE



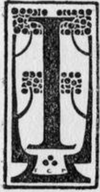
Copyrighted by Beattie & Sanderson, Auckland

DETAIL OF CARVED FIGURES FROM SIDE OF A MAORI HOUSE

bewildering combination of designs, part human, part animal, intertwined and superimposed, but all full of meaning, if one only had the key to the symbols. The other slabs represent either mythological or historical characters. One, which can be made out in the illustration—the slabs are about ten feet high and the figures of more than life size,—shows a man playing the flute. He is Tutanekai, whose lady-love, Hinemoa, had been forbidden to see him. But he played his flute on the island where he lived, knowing she would hear and be assured of his loyalty. And on the shore of Lake Rotorua she listened, until finally, in the dead of night, she sprang into the water and swam to the island—about three miles. There, after romantic adventures and quaint instances of primitive resourcefulness, she discovered herself to him, and they lived happily forever after. On the shores of Rotorua you can find many descendants of this pair of lovers, now in the ninth generation. For the well-born Maori, even now, can recite his genealogical tree for seventy generations.

These slabs are excellent examples of the Maori's art of wood-carving as it was in the days when it was the spontaneous expression of his religious feeling, his artistic sense, and his passionate desire to make things beautiful. Nowadays, with the best of steel tools, he makes fairly good copies of what his ancestors did with bits of shell and stone. But he no longer even knows the meaning of the forms he cuts upon the wood. His ancestor was a cannibal and ate the enemy he had killed in battle and offered up human sacrifice, perhaps even his own son, when he dedicated a new house. But the work of his hands was art. The descendant is civilized and a Christian. But the work of his hands is the merest pot-boiling, without meaning or interest for him, except as a means of getting money, and with but little charm for others.

# WHAT IS ARCHITECTURE?—A STUDY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE OF TO-DAY: BY LOUIS H. SULLIVAN



F I say that the aspects of our thoughts are readable in our current architecture, I am not saying too much, for acts point surely to the parent thoughts, and in everything that men do they leave the indelible imprint of their minds. If this suggestion be followed out, it will become surprisingly clear how each and every building reveals itself naked to the eye; how its every aspect, to the smallest detail, to the lightest move of the hand, reveals the workings of the mind of the man who made it, and who is responsible to us for it. Everything is there for us to read, to interpret; this we may do at our leisure. The building has not means of locomotion, it cannot hide itself, it cannot get away. There it is, and there it will stay, telling more truths about him who made it than he in his fatuity imagines; revealing his mind and his heart exactly for what they are worth, not a whit more, not a whit less; telling plainly the lies he thinks; telling with almost cruel truthfulness of his bad faith, his feeble, wabbly mind, his impudence, his selfish egoism, his mental irresponsibility, his apathy, his disdain for real things. Is it cruelty to analyze thus clearly? Is it vivisection thus to pursue, step by step, to uncover nerve after nerve, dispassionately to probe and test and weigh act after act, thought after thought, to follow every twist and turn of the mind that made the building, sifting and judging it, until at last the building says to us: "I am no more a real building than the thing that made me is a real man"?

If so, then it must, correspondingly, be a pleasure and a genuine beneficence to recognize and note, in some other building, the honest effort of an honest man, the kindly willingness and frankness of a sincere mind to give expression to simple, direct, natural thinking, to produce a building as real as the man who made it.

And is it not, as naturally, helpful to recognize and note in still another building, a mind perhaps not too well trained, perhaps not very sure of itself, but still courageously seeking a way: the building showing where the mind stumbles and tries again, showing just where the thought is not immanent, not clear, not self-centered?

Is it not the part of wisdom to cheer, to encourage such a mind, rather than to dishearten it with ridicule? To say to it: Learn that

the mind works best when allowed to work naturally; learn to do what your problem suggests when you have reduced it to its simplest terms; you will thus find all problems, however complex, taking on a simplicity you had not dreamed of; accept this simplicity, boldly, and with confidence; do not lose your nerve and run away from it, or you are lost, for you are here at the point men so heedlessly call genius—as though it was necessarily rare; for you are here at the point no living brain can surpass in essence, the point all truly great minds seek, the point of vital simplicity, the point of view which so illuminates the mind that the art of expression becomes spontaneous, powerful and unerring, and achievement a certainty; so, if you would seek and express the best that is in yourself, you must search out the best that is in your people; for they are your problem, and you are indissolubly a part of them; it is for you to affirm that which they really wish to affirm, namely, the best that is in them, and they as truly wish you to express the best that is in yourself. If the people seem to have but little faith it is because they have been tricked so long; they are weary of dishonesty, more weary than they know.

But to simplify the mind is, in fact, not so easy. Everything is against you. You are surrounded by a mist of tradition, which you alone must dispel. The schools will not help you, for they, too, are in a mist. So you must develop your mind as best you can. The only safe method is this: Take nothing for granted, but analyze, test and examine all things for yourself, and determine their true values; sift the wheat from the chaff and reduce all thoughts, all activities to the simple test of honesty. You will be surprised, perhaps, to see how matters that you once deemed solid fall apart, and how things that you once deemed inconsequential take on a new and momentous significance. But in time your mind will clarify and strengthen, and you will have moved into that domain of intellectual power wherein thought discriminates, with justice and clarity, between those things which make for the health and those which make for the illness of a people. When you have done this your mind will have reached its balance; you will have something to say, and you will say it with candor.

IN the light of the preceding statements the current mannerisms of architectural criticism must often seem trivial. For of what avail is it to say that this is too small, that too large, this too thick, that too thin, or to quote this, that or the other precedent, when the

real question may be: Is not the entire design a mean evasion? Why magnify this, that or the other little thing, if the entire scheme of thinking, that the building stands for, is false, and puts a mask upon the people who want true buildings, but who do not know how to get them so long as architects betray them with architectural phrases?

Why have we not more of vital architectural criticism? Is it because our professional critics lack penetration? Because they lack courage? Is it because they, who should be free, are not free? Is it because they, who should know, do not know? Do they not see, or will they not? Do they know such buildings to be lies, and refrain from saying so? Or are they, too, inert of mind? Are their minds, too, benumbed with culture, and their hearts thus made faint?

How are our people to know what, for them, a real and fitting architecture may mean, if it is not first made clear to them that the current and accepted architecture, with which their minds are rapidly being distorted, is false to them? To whom are we to look if not to our trusted critics? And if these fail us, what then?

But, the cynic may observe: what if they do fail us? They write merely in the fashion. For everybody else betrays everybody else. We are all false; and why should a false people expect other than a false architecture? A people always gets what it deserves, neither more nor less. It's up to the people anyway. If they want a real architecture let them become real themselves. If they do not wish to be betrayed, let them quit betraying. If they really wish loyalty, let them be loyal. If they really wish thinkers, let them so think. If they really do not wish humbug architecture, let them cease being humbugs themselves. There is so much of truth in this discouraging view that I shall later clarify it.

For the moment, however, in passing, let us consider our architectural periodicals. They float along, aimlessly enough, drifting in the tide of heedless commercialism, their pages filled with views of buildings, buildings, buildings, like "words, words, words." Buildings in this "style," that and the other; false always, except now and then and here and there in spots, where the "style" has been dropped in spots, and where, in consequence, the real building appears in spots; or where the architect, under "compulsion," has had to let the "style" go and do something sensible; or, rarely, where

the architect, of his own free will, has chosen to be clean, and has expressed himself with feeling, and simple, direct eloquence. The publishers may well say: Make the architecture and we will publish it; we are but mirrors of the times. If our pages are filled with pretentious trash it is because architects make it. We publish what our critics write, such as it is, and what architects write, such as it is. We give our readers, who are mostly architects, what they give us. If they want better they will let us know. We are willing.

And a word concerning "Handbooks on Architecture." All that need be said of them is that they are the blind leading the blind.

Concerning more ambitious works, while they contain certain, or rather uncertain, attempts at philosophy, such discussion is left in the air as a vapor; it is not condensed into terms of vital, present use.

Thus it happens that the would-be searcher after architectural reality finds no aid, no comfort. He is led into a jungle within whose depths his guides are lost and he is left without a compass and without a star. Why is this so? The answer is at hand: Because it long and tacitly has been assumed by our would-be mentors, and hence, by our amiable selves, that the architectural art is a closed book, and the word FINIS was written centuries ago, and that all, obviously, which is left for us moderns is the humble privilege to select, copy and adapt. Because it has not been assumed that all buildings have arisen, have stood and stand as physical symbols of the psychic state of a people.

CONFRONTING this ignoble apathy of those we have trusted, let us assume, if it be but in fancy, a normal student of Nature and of Man. Let us assume a virile critic, human and humane, sensitive to all, and aware of this modern daybreak. He will have been a life seeker of realities. His compass, pointing ever to the central fact that all is life; his drink, water and the knowledge that act and thought are fatefully the same; his nourishing food, the conviction that pure democracy is the deepest-down, the most persistent, while the most obscured desire within the consciousness of man. So equipped he will have traversed the high seas and the lands, from poles to equator, all latitudes and longitudes of the prolific world of repressed, but aspiring humanity. He will hold history, as a staff, in his hand. He will weigh the Modern Man in

a just balance, wherein he will set against that man his accountability to all the people. He, as dispassionately, will weigh the people collectively against their manifest responsibility and accountability to the child and to the man.

Let us suppose him, now, in his wandering, to have come into Our Land. That he views our architecture, weighs it, evaluates it; then, turning in thought, looks out upon us as a people, analyzes us, weighs us, takes our measure, appraises us; that he then places people and architecture in the great balance of history, and thoughtfully weighs, carefully appraises; then places the people, with all their activities, in the new balance of Democracy, again to weigh, again to appraise; and then puts us with our self-called common sense into the serene balance of nature; and, at the last, weighs US and OUR ALL in the fateful balance of All-Encompassing Life, and makes the last appraisement! What, think you, will be his revaluing of our valuations of things, of thoughts, of men?

What he might say would prove a new and most dramatic story.

But surely he might, in part, speak thus:

"AS you are, so are your buildings, and as your buildings so are you. You and your architecture are the same. Each is the faithful portrait of the other. To read the one is to read the other. To interpret the one is to interpret the other. Arising from both, as a miasma: What falsity! What betrayal of the present and the past! Arising from both, as the most thrilling, the most heart-piercing of refrains, as the murmur of a crowd, I hear the cry: 'What is the use?' that cry begun in frivolity, passing into cynicism, and now deepening into pessimism. That cry which in all times and in all peoples became the cry of death or of revolution, when, from frivolity, it has merged through apathy into an utterance of despair! Your buildings, good, bad and indifferent, arise as warning hands in the faces of all. Take heed! Do you think architecture a thing of books—of the past? No! Never! It was always of its present and its people. It now is of the present and of you! This architecture is ashamed to be natural, but it is not ashamed to lie; so you, as a people, are ashamed to be natural, but you are not ashamed to lie. This architecture is ashamed to be honest, but it is not ashamed to steal; so, then, by the unanswerable logic of Life,

you are ashamed to be honest, but you are not ashamed to steal. This architecture is filled with hypocrisy and cant. So, likewise, are you, but you say you are not. This architecture is neurasthenic; so have you burned the candle at both ends. Is then this Democracy? This architecture shows, ah, so plainly, the decline of Democracy and a rank, new growth of Feudalism—sure sign of a people in peril! This architecture has no serenity—sure symptom of a people out of balance. This architecture reveals no lucid guiding principle, nor have you yet evolved a lucid guiding principle, sorely though you now need it! This architecture shows no love of nature—you despise nature. In it is no joy of living—you know not what the fullness of life signifies—you are unhappy, fevered and perturbed. In these buildings the Dollar is vulgarly exalted, and the Dollar you place above man. You adore it twenty-four hours each day. It is your god! These buildings show lack of great thinkers, real men, among your architects; and, as a people, you are poor in great thinkers, real men, though you now, in your extremity, are in dire need of great thinkers, real men. These buildings show no love of country, no affection for the people. So have you no affection for each other, but secretly will ruin each and any, so much do you love gold, so wantonly will you betray not only your neighbors, but yourselves and your own children for it!

YET, here and there, a building bespeaks integrity—so have you that much of integrity. All is not false—so are you not wholly false. What leaven is found in your buildings, such leaven is found in you. Weight for weight, measure for measure, sign for sign, as are your buildings, so are you!

A colossal energy is in your buildings, but not true power; so, is found in you, a frenzied energy, but not the true power of equipoise. Is this an indictment? Not unless you yourselves are an indictment of yourselves. There stand the buildings, they have their unchanging physiognomy. Look! See! Thus is this a reading, an interpretation.

Here and there are buildings, modest, truthful and sincere; products of a genuine feeling existing in you. They are not truly ashamed where you are not ashamed; they are natural where you are natural; they are democratic where you are democratic. Side by

side they stand against the false and feudal, all intermixed. So are your thoughts intermixed, democratic and feudal, in a strange and sinister drift.

Your buildings show no philosophy. You have no philosophy. You pretend a philosophy of common sense. Weighed in the balance of your acts, your common sense is light as folly; a patent medicine folly, an adulterated-food folly, a dyspeptic folly, the folly of filth and smoke in your cities, and innumerable everyday follies quite the reverse of that common sense which you assume to mean clear-cut and sturdy thinking in the affairs of daily life.

You tacitly assumed philosophy to be an empty word, not a vital need. You did not inquire, and in so blindfolding your minds you have walked straight to the edge of an abyss.

For a sound philosophy is the saving grace of a democratic people! It means, very simply, a balanced system of thinking concerning the vital relations of a people. Nothing can be more so, for it saves waste. It looks far behind and far ahead. It forestalls crisis. It nurtures, economizes and directs the vitality of a people. It has for its sole and abiding objective their equilibrium, hence their happiness.

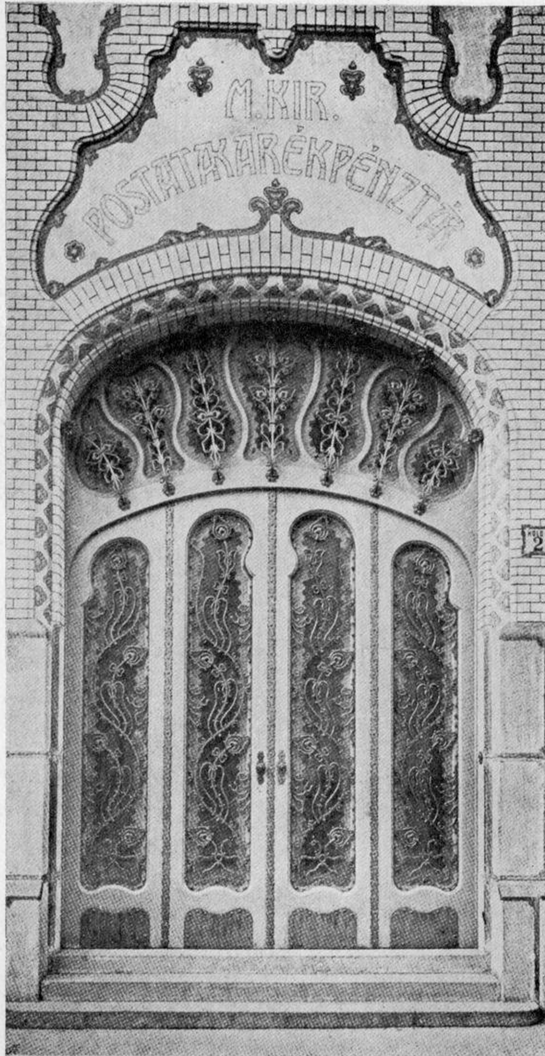
Thus foibles and follies have usurped in your minds the vacant seat of Wisdom. Thus has your dollar betrayed you, as it must. And thus has *not* been given to the world that which was and still remains your highest office, and your noblest privilege to give, in return for that liberty which once was yours, and which the world gave to you,—a sane and pure accounting of Democracy, a philosophy founded upon Man; thereby setting forth, in clear and human terms, the integrity and responsibility and the accountability of the Individual,—in short, a new, a real philosophy of the People.

Let such philosophy be the spiritual first-fruit of your fair and far-flung land. For you must now think quickly, and with a penetration, concentration and simplicity, the necessity of which you have hitherto belittled and denied. Your one splendid power and reserve lies in your resourceful intelligence when forced by your distress into a crisis. Your architecture hints at this in its many-sided practicalities. Your history in this land has proved it. Use this power at once!"

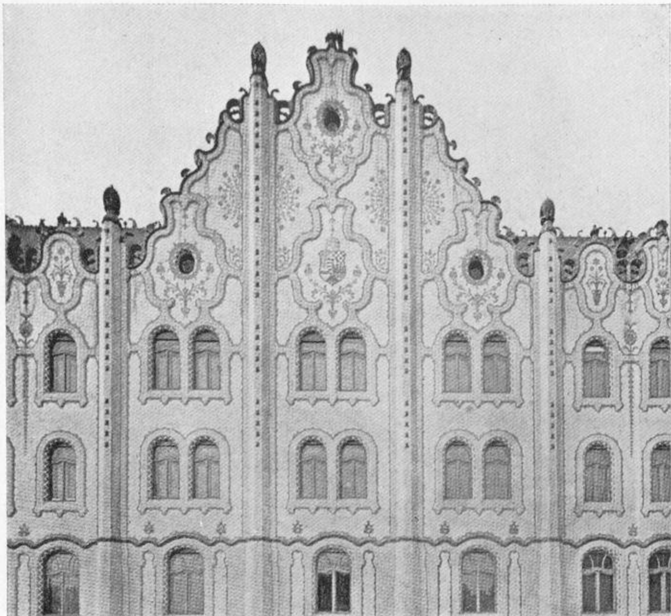
(*To be continued*)

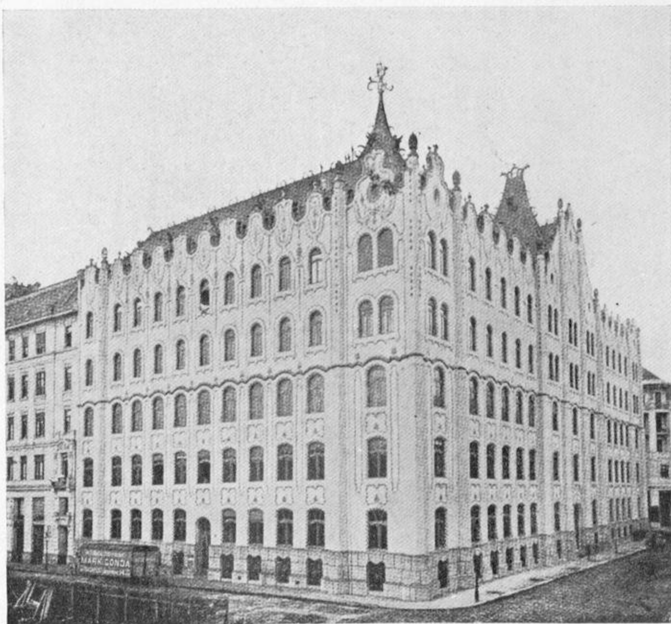
W. Elmer Schofield

"SAND DUNES NEAR LELART"
A PICTURE THAT HAS RECEIVED WIDE RECOGNITION AT THE ACADEMIES OF 1906



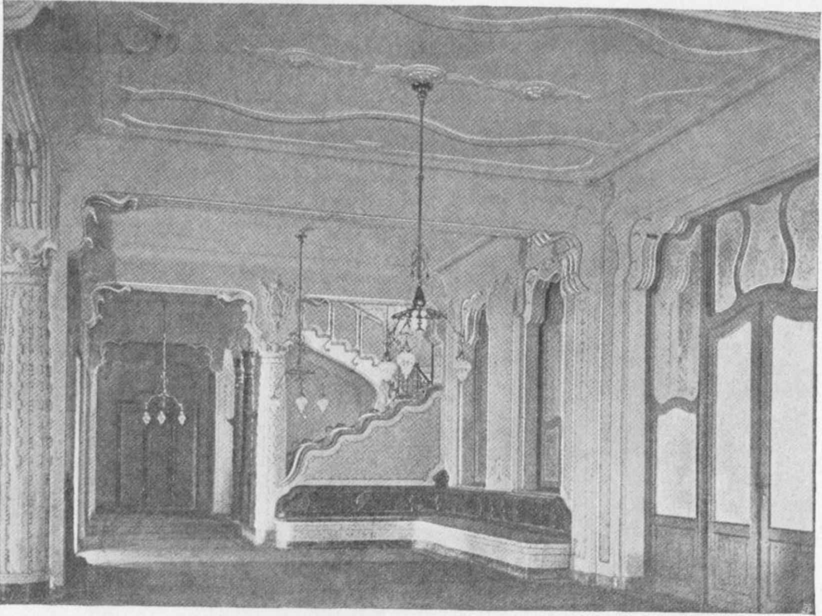

DECORATED DOOR, MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE BANK

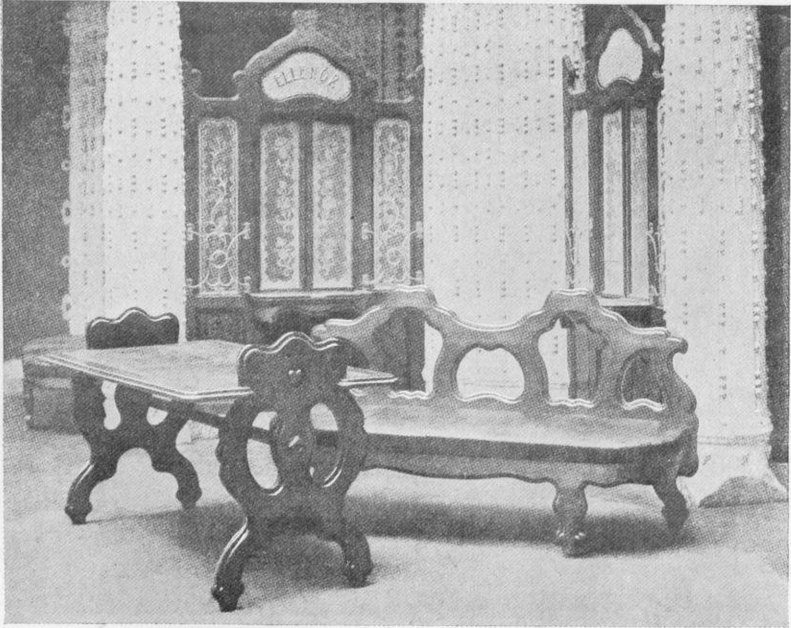




FRONT ELEVATION SHOWING GABLE

NEW POSTAL SAVINGS BANK IN BUDAPEST.
ODON LECHNER, ARCHITECT





ENTRANCE HALL AND NOVEL WINDING STAIRWAY

HUNGARIAN FURNITURE IN THE MAIN HALL

# A PROTEST IN FAVOR OF A NATIONAL ARCHITECTURE IN HUNGARY

NE of the most important buildings in the new style of architecture that is developing in Hungary is shown in the pictures of the Royal Hungarian Postal Savings Bank which illustrate this article. Professor Odon Lechner, the foremost architect of Budapest, who was given free hand in designing this building, is known as the father of the nationalistic movement of Hungarian art, whose purpose it is to break away from the old school and create a style that will appeal to the national spirit and taste of Hungary.

In wandering through Hungary we find at once the earliest and most primitive monuments of art and the most modern and most exaggerated styles. The treasures of architecture of this land are very large, but often without decided sign of the real Hungarian genius. Only here and there in the architecture of the simple peasants does one find traces of a national style, causing the architect to feel that a lifetime is quite too short to create a school willing to work always toward an expression of Hungarian spirit in building and interior decoration. Yet in spite of the difficulties, "the Master," as Lechner is lovingly called by his pupils, is gradually achieving important expression. In all his work, the results of his ideals and heart-studies are plainly visible; moreover their effect is also visible on the work done by his followers of the younger generation.

When the Postal Bank was started, Lechner was not only eagerly watched by his admirers and his students, but also by the followers of the orthodox ideas, the ones who did not believe in any artistic freedom in architecture, especially those who hated to see any nationality in an architectural style.

And it may be said that Lechner triumphed over all. He not only infused the quality of his nation in this building, but showed plainly his own individuality and made clear the researches and studies of his already very productive life. He was naturally somewhat hampered in the execution of this work owing to the limitation of space, the cost and the practical purpose of the building. But on the other hand the moderate cost of the building, which did not exceed more than $240,000, was the source of decided inspiration to the architect, as it compelled him to utilize less expensive materials, which forced him to employ forms of design which could not be

employed under other conditions. Terra cotta was the material most often substituted, and many novel architectural opportunities came to him through its use.

LECHNER is an artist as well as an architect, and for his buildings, as well as for the color schemes of his decorative work, he studies and searches constantly for new building material, marbles, natural and artificial stone, glasses, etc. He freely mixes glazed and unglazed terra cotta, he mixes steel with cast iron, etc., to achieve the exact effect in color and "texture," and to conform to the novel structural effect demanded in this new-old national style of building.

The front elevation of the building was mostly the point of criticism. The eyes of the architects had been used to a division of front by cornices, balconies and large ornamental decorations. The uneducated class who favors the often unnecessary and unnatural use of ornament, does not understand the honesty and beauty which simplicity and natural ornamentation presents. They are looking for the plastic art, which with its pilasters, columns and caryatids have nothing to do with the structure of roofs in modern building construction, although they were necessary and hence beautiful in the days of our ancestors when structural material was in its infancy. The methods of the old builders, with the materials at their disposal, cannot be applied with right artistic effects in the case of modern building materials. To the followers of the old schools this elevation of the bank building was strange indeed. It showed art and engineering well combined; and here we find for the first time in Hungarian architecture the tall pilasters on the corner of the building. These pilasters announce freely that they are a structural necessity, and they really do satisfy the eyes as to the stability of the building.

As a matter of fact this structural effect is in no way new. We find it in the Mediaeval Gothic structures and in the old architecture of the Orient. It is also frequently found in the corner decorations of the old English architecture. Lechner started from the principle that wherever the building is tied by cornices going around, no such pillars are necessary, but where there were surfaces in large dimensions they must be "tied together," and the pillars became at once useful and decorative.

In all buildings erected by Lechner the principle of ornament springing out of utility is noticeable; yet this modern Hungarian is most vividly in harmony with the best of Hungarian art. His work has the wild beauty that is associated with Hungarian music, with Hungarian painting, with the very sound of the language. It is Lechner's purpose to hold to the style of building that has grown out of the temperament of the nation, yet to simplify it and adapt it to modern commercial conditions.

In looking up all details in the pictures shown, you will notice that the smallest part of the exterior and interior has been well studied, and shows the desire of "the Master" to be faithful to his country as well as to his own ideals, and to create for Hungary an architecture at once beautiful, permanent and national.

## THE MOTHER CRAFTSMAN

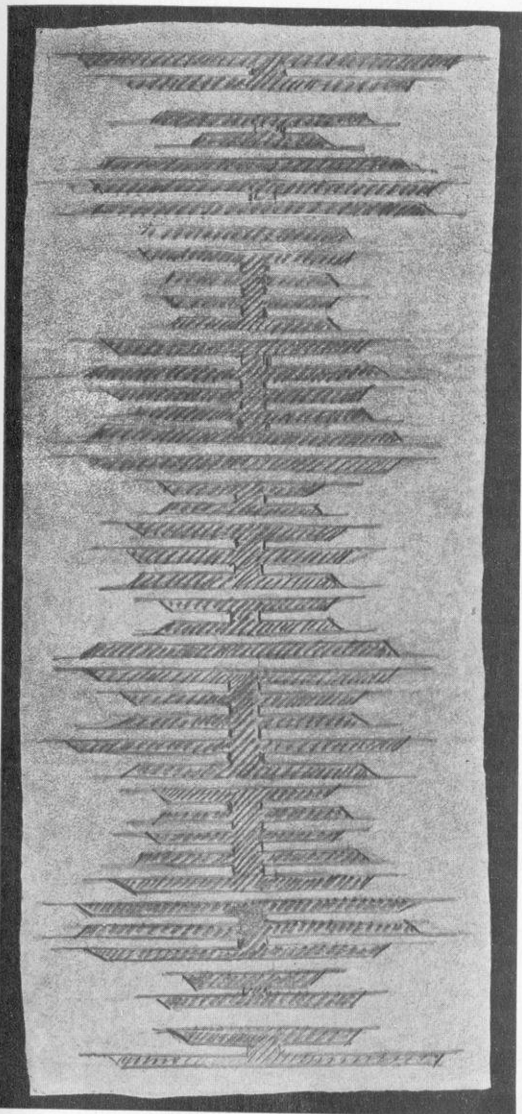
MANY there be who toil to serve mankind
With various tools, in Protean forms of art;
Some joining more of skill with less of heart,
Some all inapt, and most a little blind;
One, with her woman's soul upon her lips,
Herself the willing tool, in using blest,
Still hovers, like a bird upon the nest,
Her sentient work with brooding finger-tips;
The finer craftsman she, who labors not
In senseless wood or stone or paint or clay;
The tender flesh her touch hath ne'er forgot,
The plastic mind reveals her subtle sway
Who proudly, secretly, with prayers and tears,
Creates sweet life, through unrecorded years.

*—By Elaine Goodale Eastman.*

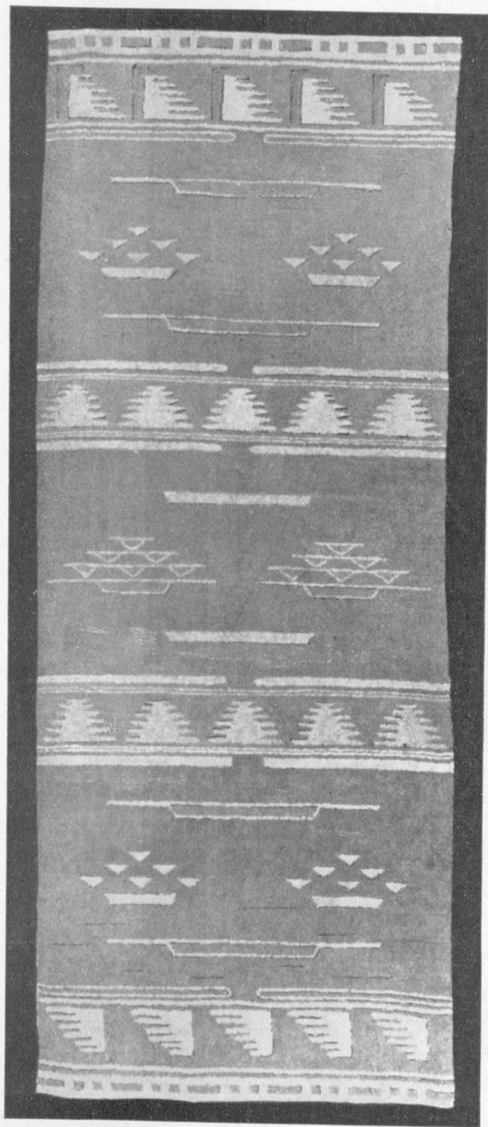
# DISTINCTIVE AMERICAN RUGS: DESIGNED AND WOVEN IN THE HOMES OF COUNTRY WOMEN

NO country in the world has so few home or village industries as America, and in no country are they more necessary. The tension of life is so great with us that, without the relief of some form of creative work that shall add its quota of beauty or usefulness to the sum of our common possessions, its petty cares and trials are apt to result in a narrow and apathetic outlook of which the inevitable result is a feeling of hopeless discontent. Especially is this true of women, not the alert, aggressive woman who has fitted herself to become an independent wage-earner, but the home woman whose actual livelihood is earned for her, and whose activities are limited to the care of her house and children. No matter how inadequate the means she may have at her disposal, convention or her own lack of training and experience dictates that her time be spent in the thousand small cares of her home, or in what she may find of social enjoyment within her reach. These restrictions bear most heavily upon the farmer's wife and daughters. In no rank of life does the wife have so little money, so little authority and so few interests outside the walls of her own home. Unless a farmer is so prosperous as to be accounted wealthy, ready money is a scarce commodity in the household, and almost the only expedients the wife and daughters can resort to for "spending money" are the familiar ones of selling butter and eggs, or taking in summer boarders. These are all right as far as they go, but they go a very little way when compared with the many interesting and ingenious home industries by which the farm and village women of other countries add considerably to the family income, and which serve to occupy pleasantly and profitably all their spare time.

It is not that the American woman lacks energy or ability; the lack chiefly is of opportunity and training. The sad truth told by often-quoted statistics as to the prevalence of insanity among farmers' wives, shows clearly the effect of mental and nervous energy left to turn back upon itself and ferment in a life of monotonous household care and the sordid trials incident upon the possession of only insufficient means. Even on the brighter side, there is the record of



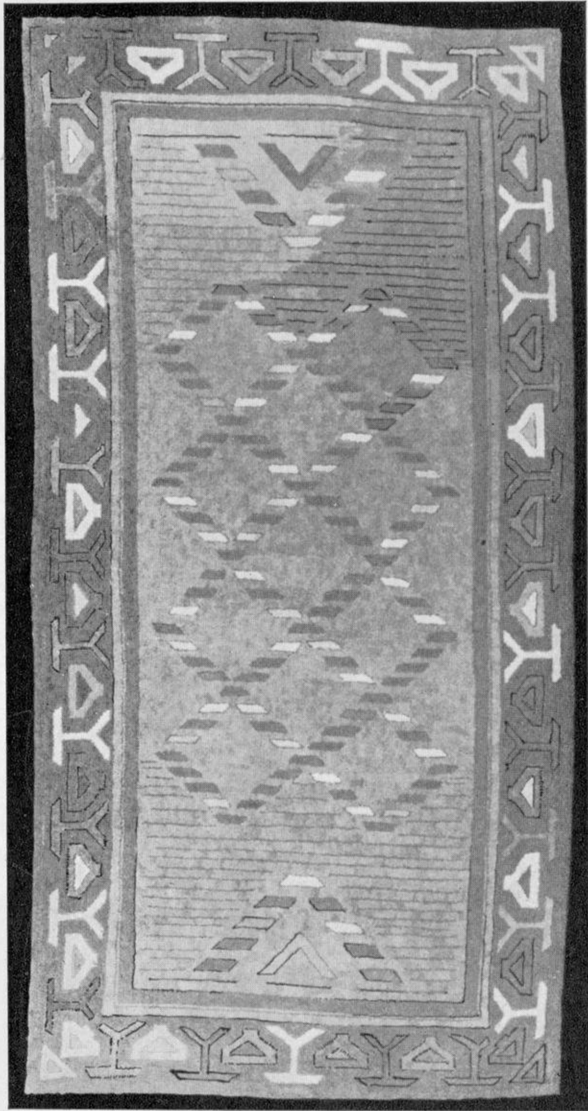
Designed by Helen R. Albee



Designed by Helen R. Albee

A PRIMITIVE DESIGN WORKED OUT IN RICH RED AND BLUE

RUG OF APPLE-GREEN IN MODIFIED INDIAN DESIGN



Designed by Helen R. Albee

LATTICE DESIGN WITH INDIAN BORDER
THE COLORS GREEN, RED, ORANGE,
BROWN AND BLACK

time and energy turned to such poor advantage that the results are either nothing at all or pitifully meagre. Where the need for money is great, so great that the women of the family must become wage-earners to help meet expenses, the daughters leave home for the hard and dangerous life of shop or factory girls, and the mother joins the army of country women who make possible the sale of many of the cheap garments in department stores by sewing for whatever price they can get—in most cases a few cents at most for a single piece. In more prosperous homes, where the man is the sole provider or where the farm yields sufficient for a fairly comfortable livelihood, the spare time of the women is most often spent in the making of useless and usually hideous "fancy-work," which is at best little more than a pathetic expression of the natural human desire to create something that shall give pleasure.

HARDLY more than the suggestion and a little training are needed to turn this creative energy into the production of wares that might be as beautiful as the laces, embroideries and hand-woven fabrics made and sold by the villagers in many of the countries of Europe, and for these wares there is a profitable and ever-increasing market. In many cases the first knowledge of a craft does not need to be taught, as with the famous Abnakee rugs, which the art sense and altruism of one woman have developed from the common "hooked rug" of New England. The evolution of these beautiful rugs is a story familiar to everyone interested in handicrafts in America, and it is an enterprise the success of which illustrates perfectly any argument in favor of the possibility of developing home industries in this country.

Mrs. Helen R. Albee, whose training in the principles of design made it possible for her to carry to such success her idea of establishing this lucrative home industry in the hill region of New Hampshire, needed only the suggestion. A chance word from an observant friend opened her eyes to the possibilities of the sturdy and durable, but usually hideous, rug made by drawing strips of cloth through burlaps or coarse canvas. These hooked rugs were to be found in most New England farmhouses, but the crudity of their design and coloring, and the fact that they were usually made of strips cut from

any worn-out garment that had utterly passed its usefulness, precluded any possibility of their possessing value as a salable commodity. In fact, no one thought of selling them, except perhaps now and then to a neighbor, and yet nowhere is there a greater need of some source of income other than that derived from crops than exists in the farm region of New Hampshire.

Mrs. Albee did some very thorough experimenting herself before she organized her rug-making as an industry. There were fabrics without number to be tried before just the right material was found which would give the thick, velvety pile and firm springiness beneath the tread that characterizes these rugs, and there were endless blends and mixtures in the dye-tubs before the soft, subtle shades were discovered that give to each rug its perfect coloring. When she herself had arrived at a pretty clear knowledge of what she was about, she began her systematic efforts to interest the neighboring women in the new industry. Owing to the conservatism and aggressive independence of the women, this was the most uphill work of all, but it finally succeeded, and now some of the most beautiful modern rugs are made in the neighborhood of Pequaket, New Hampshire.

In the charming book, "Mountain Playmates," in which Mrs. Albee tells of her experiences in rejuvenating an abandoned farm, she also gives a brief sketch of the inception and development of the industry that has made her famous, but her method of work is given more fully in her book on rug-making, which is most helpful and suggestive to all workers. The strongly distinctive designs are all original, the outcome of patient experimenting, as were the dyes and fabrics used. In the early days of her rug-making, Mrs. Albee was a devotee of the curved line, and all her designs were expressive of the infinite subtility of curves, later, the strength of the straight line became evident to her as belonging peculiarly to this work, and the rugs sent out now from the farmhouses around Pequaket show designs that are almost primitive in their strong simplicity. As Mrs. Albee says herself of the evolution of her designs: "The decorative forms used by our own Indians, as by all primitive peoples, appealed to me greatly, yet their symbolism would be meaningless to us, however expressive of Indian religion and legendary lore. The only thing to do was to think myself back to the viewpoint of the primi-

tive craftsman, and then let the designs grow of themselves from the clear and simple thought out to inevitable combinations of form and color. Reproduced or imitated designs would mean nothing as artistic productions, and if one only thinks clearly enough the combinations seem almost to form themselves."

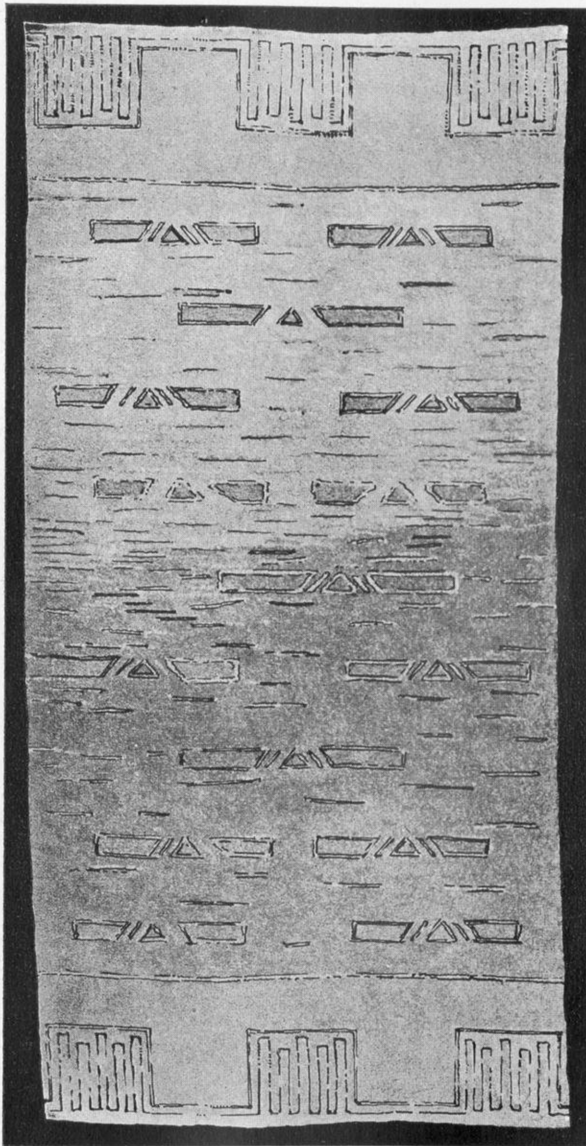
THE consequence of all this thought and experiment is the establishment of an industry that is bringing rich returns to a group of country women in the White Mountains. The rugs they make under Mrs. Albee's direction cannot be woven fast enough to supply the demand for them, and they are tolerably costly rugs, too. They represent one expression of the vigorous national spirit that is beginning to show itself in all forms of art in this country, for they are distinctively American in their strong simplicity and practical usefulness. The same feeling goes into their designing and workmanship that inspired the craftsmen who wove their very strength into the rich fabric and intricate symbolism of the old Oriental rugs, and like those superb creations of humble hands, they fulfil absolutely the purpose for which they are made. As the jeweled coloring and silken sheen of the old throne-rugs, prayer-rugs and hangings belonged to the dim gorgeousness of Eastern palaces and mosques, so the vigorous forms, subtle blendings of color and stout durability of these mountain-made, modern rugs belong to the simple and "usable" beauty of the best modern dwellings, where the business and pleasure of the energtic life of to-day is carried on.

As to the opportunities for mental development that lie in the doing of such work as this, the work itself is sufficient evidence. To the woman who thinks at all, the very making of such a rug will open up hitherto unknown vistas of inquiry and speculation as to the principles behind the design, the properties of the plants or dyes which give the color, the possibilities of color combination and the reasons for the keen pleasure always felt in the doing well of beautiful work. Such thought is the outgrowth of cultivation, it is true, but it is also the outgrowth of imagination and a certain poetic insight that is inborn to a greater or less degree in some of us, and big work like this is in itself a means of cultivation and development greater than is to be found in schools or books. It is as broadening

to the mind, as, on the other hand, trivial and imitative work, undertaken merely to kill time or to foster personal vanity in showy possessions, is belittling. The money earned in this way, while the home life goes on uninterrupted, is precious, but it is nothing in comparison with the educative effect and the ever-growing pleasure of the work itself. As Mrs. Albee says of her own first efforts and experiments:

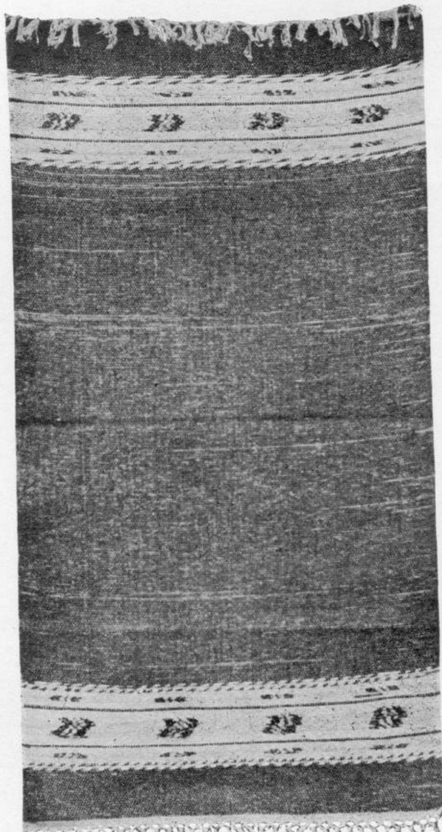
"That I had never seen a rug executed, and had merely heard the process described, seemed of no consequence, nor did my absolute ignorance of dyeing daunt me. Such trifles could soon be mastered. I stood ready to rush into all sorts of things where archangels would have feared to tread. With a community wishing home employment on the one hand and an enthusiast eager to advise and reform on the other, nothing seemed easier than to fuse the two into an immediate and successful enterprise. The forest and wayside began to wear a different aspect. They were no longer habitations of the spirit, they were commodities that would yield their secrets to me. The crimson thyrsus of the sumach, the superb yellow of the goldenrod, the cinnamon brown of ferns excited me. How did Nature secure these hues? Were her colors fast? Where was her laboratory and what were her mordants? I revelled in color as never before. I saw combinations that filled me with despair. What beautiful mysteries lay on every hand awaiting the touch of the alchemist! I knew not what hour they would reveal themselves, or what the disclosures would be. I did not wish manuals of dyeing; I preferred to learn for myself and be my own text-book. During intervals between our meals the kitchen stove was covered with vessels of all sizes, with brews and stews of every description."

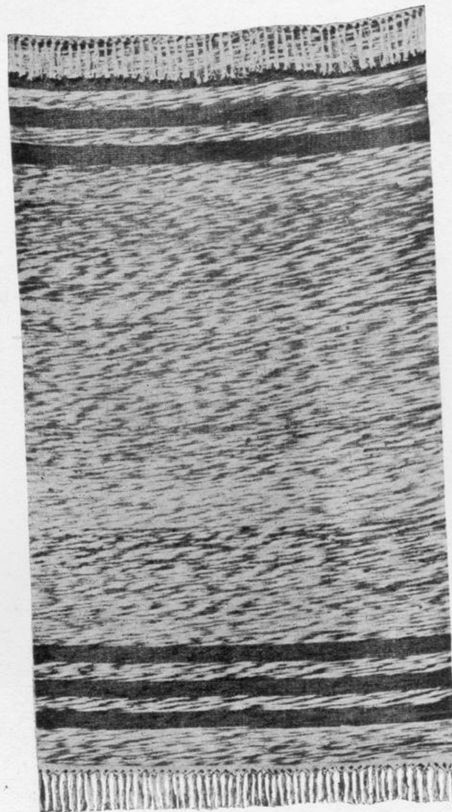
THIS and much more of vivid, delightful chat is found in "Mountain Playmates," chat that gives a glimpse of the joy found in this work. Of the work itself, the illustrations shown here give some idea of what has been evolved from the patchy monstrosities formerly seen in every farmhouse. Even though the color is lacking, the designs speak for themselves and the color may be imagined by anyone who has ever seen these rugs. The design which shows as the most indeterminate in the pictures is really one of the most beautiful of the rugs. The center ground is of two tones of soft

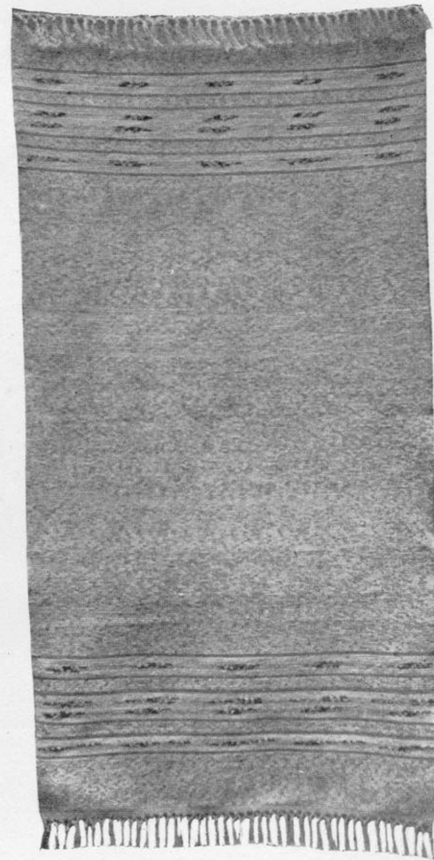


Designed by Helen R. Albee

A RUG IN TWO-TONES OF CHOCOLATE BROWN, WITH SKETCHY FIGURES IN APPLE-GREEN


Designed and Woven by Mrs. Mabel Tuke Priestman





MARTHA WASHINGTON RUGS

chocolate brown, the color shading from one tone to the other at the center. The small, sketchy figures are in a light, clear apple-green, outlined with soft orange-yellow. The ends are made to contrast pleasantly by putting the ground in the apple-green, with the simple border figure in brown outlined with yellow. In the most Indian-looking of the rugs,—the one crossed by four bands of roughly triangular figures,—the ground is of apple-green, with threads of a darker tone irregularly woven in. The bands are of soft orange, with the figures,—which appear lighter in the cut,—of a very dark blue. The smaller figures, which appear between the bands, are of blue, with an orange outline around each, this scheme being reversed in the center of the rug. The rug showing the latticed design and the well-defined border has a center ground of pomegranate red. This has a mottled or stippled effect, the color varying in tone from pomegranate to red, yellow and brick. The figures are in varied colors,—rose, apple-green, soft red, orange, brown, and dark and light blue, each outlined in velvety black. The border figures are also in many colors on a ground of apple-green. Simplest of all is the rug showing a primitive figure of short irregular horizontal bands that extend the length of the rug. In this, the ground is of varied tones of light brick-red, and the figures of very dark Prussian blue, outlined in orange-yellow.

ANOTHER style of rug, totally different in effect from the rich and deep-piled Abnakee, is called the "Martha Washington." It is the evolution of the old-fashioned rag carpet, as the other is of the hooked rug, and it is as suitable for bedroom use as the richer rug is for the living-rooms. This woven rug is very soft and demure in coloring, and is light and washable, so that it is excellently adapted for all of the daintier uses of a woman's especial room.

It is now six years since the first Martha Washington rugs were started in a woman's studio at Philadelphia. At that time they were made of plain materials which were dyed with vegetable dyes, the ground work presenting a cloudy appearance which charmed artists and made the rugs very popular with discriminating buyers. Denims in soft colorings were much used for raw material,

torn in strips in order to give a rough appearance to the rug. No intricate border-making was then attempted, only three or four bands of contrasting color being used. Only one loom was kept going, but the products of this supplied the demand at that time.

The industry grew until it was found that several looms would be required to fill the orders. Nine foot looms and intermediate sizes were installed and intricate designs were made for the borders, adding much to the effectiveness of the rug. In the early days of the industry the material was either torn by hand or cut with a large meat knife, but as its scope increased, and the material was bought in fifty-yard pieces, a circular cutting machine was found necessary to save labor. This machine cuts the material in one-inch strips fifty yards long, and leaves no frayed edges as do the other modes of cutting.

A later rug made by the same weavers is called the Priscilla, and this closely resembles the original Martha Washington. This is also made from new material, but it is torn into strips. After it has been torn it is put into hanks and dyed in beautiful soft colors, which will wash and remain fast. The borders on these Priscilla rugs are merely plain bands of color at either end, as the rug is intended for Colonial furnishing, and does not seem to need the elaborate borders that the more finished Martha Washington rug requires.

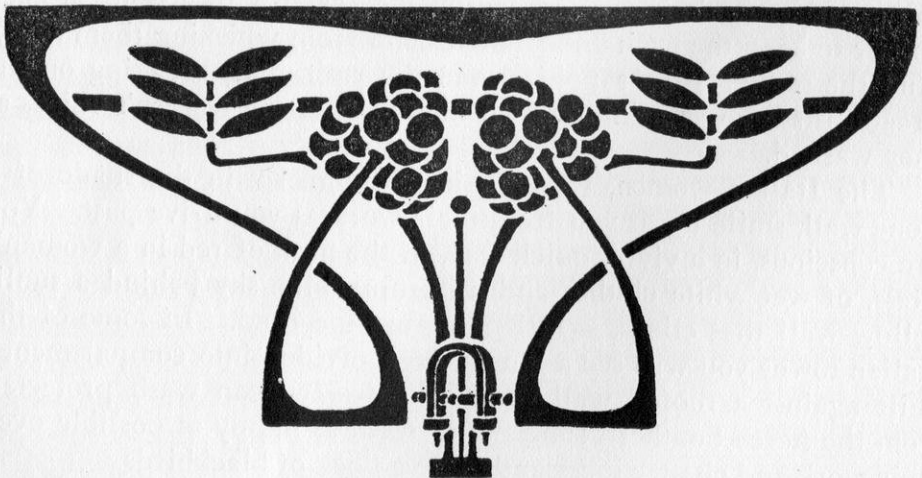
One pattern in the Priscilla rug is made by winding a strip of white material with blue, green, or some other color for the body of the rug. The bars at either end are of solid color, forming a strong contrast to the iridescent effect of the center. Another variety has a solid color for the body of the rug, with three-inch bars at the ends, while a third is made by twisting two colors together, such as blue and green for the body of the rug, the bars being made of either blue or green as required.

The latest product from these looms is called the John Alden rug, which is very much like the Priscilla, as it presents a coarse texture. This rug is woven in a loose basket-weave which is very attractive. The colors are dyed in the same manner as for the Priscilla rugs, and the same kind of borders are used,—except in the bath rugs, which have a special border suitable for this purpose. These rugs are heavier than either the Martha Washington or the Priscilla, as a

three by six weighs nearly six pounds. The Martha Washingtons are used in bedrooms and in all the rooms of the summer cottage, while the John Alden and Priscilla rugs can be used especially for porches and bathrooms, on account of their washable properties, and their strong, heavy texture.

In the old colonial town of Germantown just outside of Philadelphia, a band of weavers is busily at work turning out some quaint little rugs called the Dorothy Manners rug. These are made in many different colors and sizes, and are very picturesque in appearance and heavy in weight, being woven principally in the hit or miss style with plain borders. The Old Colony Weavers, as they are called, take great pride in the fact that their rugs cannot be bought by the trade, as their industry is carried on exclusively from the loom to the home direct.

The spread of home industries is slow with us, but it has its start. Women are beginning to realize the possibilities of loom, rug-hook and dye-pot for beautiful, original and lucrative work, and it does not take long for the American woman to grasp an idea when once it is presented to her in attractive form. From rugs it is easy to advance to beautiful home-woven fabrics of all kinds, and from these will inevitably spring beautiful decorative work that shall have its own meaning and fill its own place in the lives of the workers as well as of those for whom the work is done.



# OPEN AIR WASH-DAYS: OUTDOORS IS THE CONTINENTAL WOMAN'S KITCHEN

ONE of the first impressions of the picturesqueness of the Continental working people that strikes the eye of the tourist is the sight of the women washing clothes in the canals and rivers. The custom seems to be quite universal in France, Belgium and Holland, Italy, Switzerland, and, to a less extent, in Germany. In the primitive fashion still used in France, the clothes are washed on the stones by the side of the river and beaten with a wooden implement designed for the purpose. The subject has been immortalized in a sketch of Jean François Millet's. As to the results of the process, it must be admitted that only home-woven materials of the thickest and strongest are calculated to survive the treatment. But, judging from the fine, strong, ruddy look of the women, the custom is good for the washers if not for the clothes.

They make pictures that remain in the memory, these workers in the sun. No matter how brief the first glimpse, when the galleries of dead masters have become a confused recollection you will be able to shut your eyes and see them as if you had passed them yesterday,—that group of Normandy peasants in white cap and kerchief, hollowing out the loose beach stones in the wake of a fresh-water spring on its way to the sea. When the pool was filled a large stone was placed for a washboard and work began. Then, when the clothes were washed and rinsed and wrung out with a strong play of muscle in brown arms, they were spread on the beach with a stone at each corner to keep the excitable French wind from whisking them away. And the sea was like sapphire, and the rush of it, breaking on the great cliffs beyond, mingled with the sound of the women's voices as they washed.

The Italian women, washing in a trough set in the shade of a stone wall, smile up at you from their work as you drive past. You are conscious, in a vivid, quick way, of the flash of red in a woman's dress, of wet white clothes and a burning blue sky behind a sunlit yellow wall that climbs a hill following the road. In some of the Italian towns you will see a long trough divided into compartments, built against a roofed wall where the women can wash protected from the fierce Southern sun. They seem as happy as possible over their work and chatter incessantly like a flock of blackbirds.

## OPEN AIR WASH-DAYS

The Swiss women may be seen washing in the bowl of a large fountain on days so chilly, and in water so cold, that it makes the beholder shiver to look at them. Yet they seem cheerful and unconscious of discomfort.

Walking along the border of a canal in some of the smaller Dutch towns, you will discover a pink-cheeked woman on the little wooden boat-landing in her back yard, bending over a pile of colored cotton clothes that are being cleansed in the ever useful canal.

Wandering about the streets of Strasburg near the river you may come on a part entirely given over to floating wash rafts where the women work in groups with an outfit slightly less primitive than that of the washer on the banks. On the Seine in the center of Paris the same work goes on less picturesquely. The Parisian process is a combination of complacent unprogressiveness with a sinister artificial means of obtaining modern effects. The chemicals that mingle with the cold waters of the Seine when the clothes are washed are as destructive as the stones of Normandy or Brittany. And who would not prefer to have their garments mangled by the stones of the river to having them eaten by the chemicals of Paris?

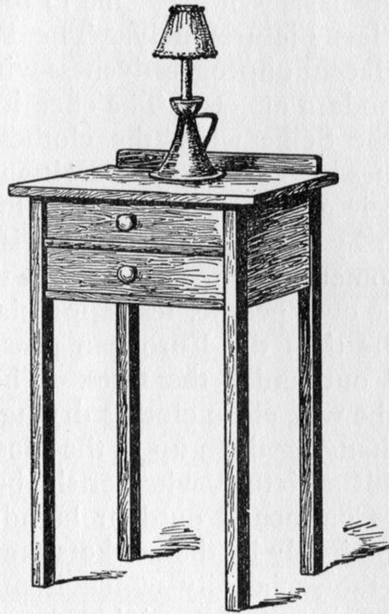
There is always something appealing about the outdoor aspect of wash-day. Even our own people, less appreciative of the value of the world of outdoors than the European peasant, sometimes have the washtub carried out under the trees. There is, too, a sweet, homely smell about the wet, clean clothes drying on the line; and the bare-armed woman, hanging them up in the sunshine while the wind blows, makes of herself a picture, whether she be young or old.

A feature of the Continental outdoor laundry custom, probably appreciated more consciously by the workers than the joy of the open air and sunshine, is the sociability which it makes possible. It is then that the love affairs of the neighborhood are discussed and passed upon and young cheeks bending over the work are made rosier by an old woman's sly jest about a lover. It is then that confidences are exchanged and advice, asked and unasked, is given. Certainly the simple people of Europe seem to have more capacity for enjoyment than our working people, and to mingle in some simple, homely way something of the joy of life in their day's work.

# HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL EXAMPLES IN STRUCTURAL WOODWORKING. FIFTEENTH OF THE SERIES

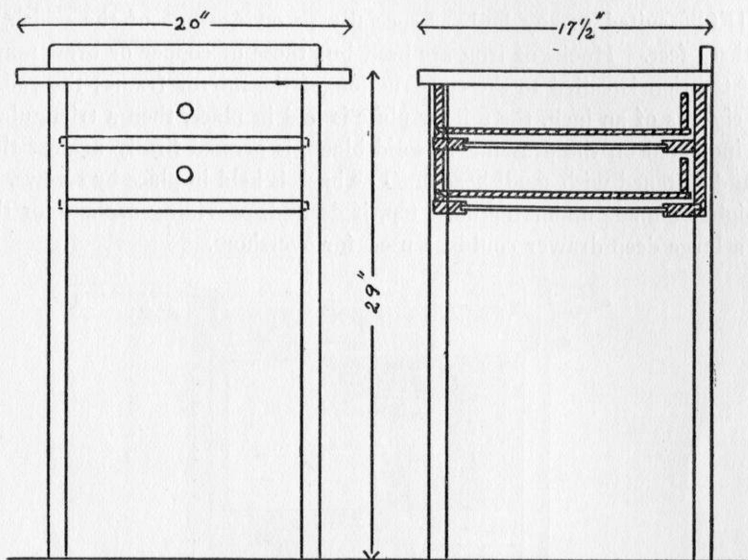
## BEDROOM STAND

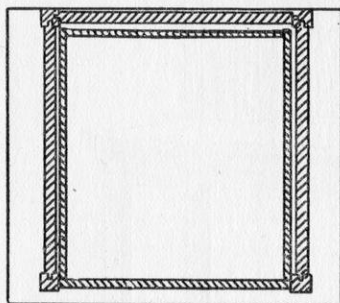
THIS is a small table primarily designed for use in a bedroom, to stand near the bed and hold a lamp, candle or one or two books, but it is convenient in any place where a small stand is needed. The top of the back is to be dowelled in place with three half-inch dowels. The top is fastened by table fasteners placed under the wide overhang at the sides. The drawers are to be dovetailed together and all edges slightly softened by sandpapering.



### MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR BEDROOM STAND

| Pieces | No. | Rough Long | Rough Wide | Rough Thick | Finish Wide | Finish Thick |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Legs ........... | 4 | 29 in. | 1½ in. | 1½ in. | 1⅜ in. | 1⅜ in. |
| Top ........... | 1 | 21 in. | 18 in. | 1 in. | 17½ in. | ⅞ in. |
| Top of Back ..... | 1 | 18 in. | 1¾ in. | 1 in. | 1½ in. | ⅞ in. |
| Sides ........... | 2 | 17 in. | 8¼ in. | 1 in. | 8 in. | ¾ in. |
| Back ........... | 1 | 16 in. | 8¼ in. | 1 in. | 8 in. | ¾ in. |



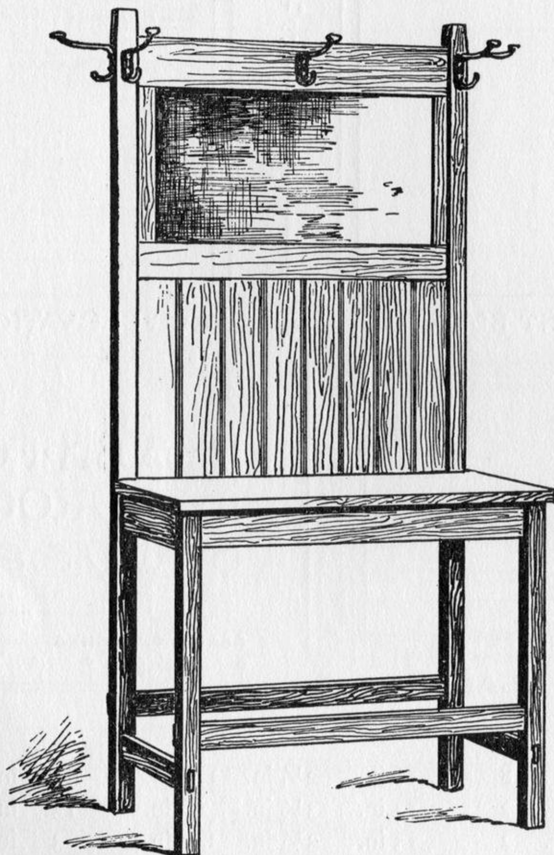

DESIGN·FOR A·BEDROOM STAND

SCALE OF INCHES

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dust panel rails... | 8 | 16 in. | 2¼ in. | 1 in. | 2 in. | ¾ in. |
| Dust panels ...... | 2 | 14 in. | 13½ in. | ⅝ in. | 13 in. | ½ in. |
| Drawer fronts ... | 2 | 15 in. | 3¼ in. | 1 in. | 3 in. | ¾ in. |
| " backs ... | 2 | 15 in. | 3¼ in. | ¾ in. | 3 in. | ½ in. |
| " sides .... | 4 | 16 in. | 3¼ in. | ¾ in. | 3 in. | ½ in. |
| " bottoms.. | 2 | 14 in. | 15½ in. | ½ in. | 15 in. | ⅜ in. |

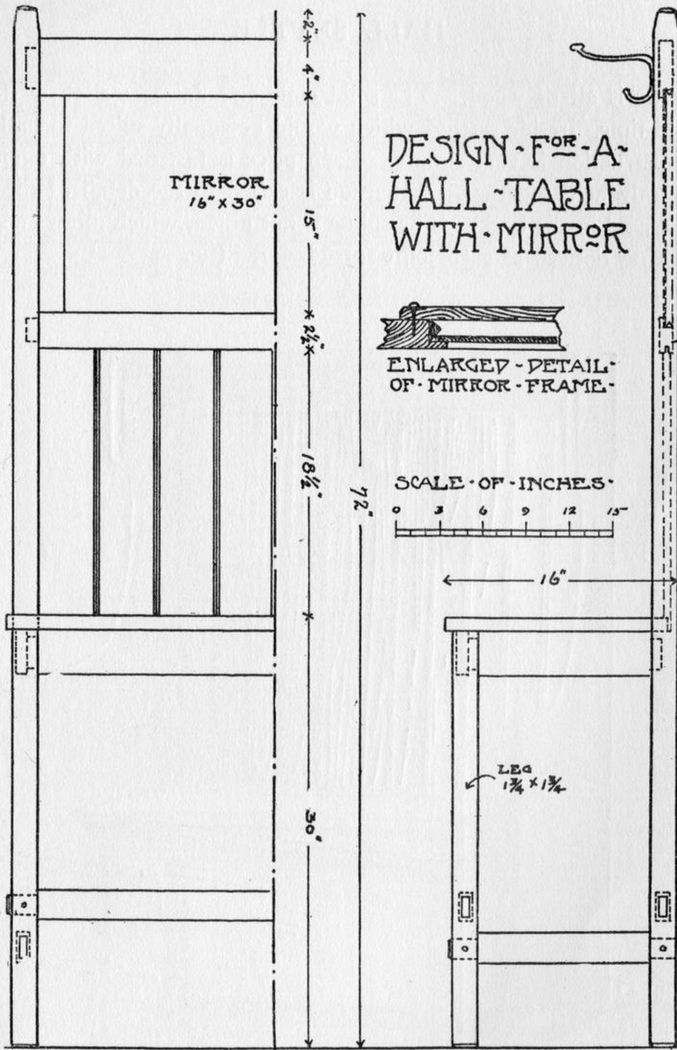
## HALL TABLE WITH MIRROR

A PIECE suited to any hall. Especially so on account of the width, which is three feet. Hooks of iron are best, but those of copper or brass may be used. Attention is called to the construction of the mirror frame; the rails are rabbeted five-eighths of an inch, the mirror plate is laid in place, then a triangular piece of soft pine, indicated on the drawing in solid black, is pressed firmly against the edge of the glass and fastened with small beads. The back is held in place by screws. A small drawer might be made under the table top, if desired, providing a place for the clothes brush, or a large deep drawer could be used for overshoes.



### MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR HALL TABLE WITH MIRROR

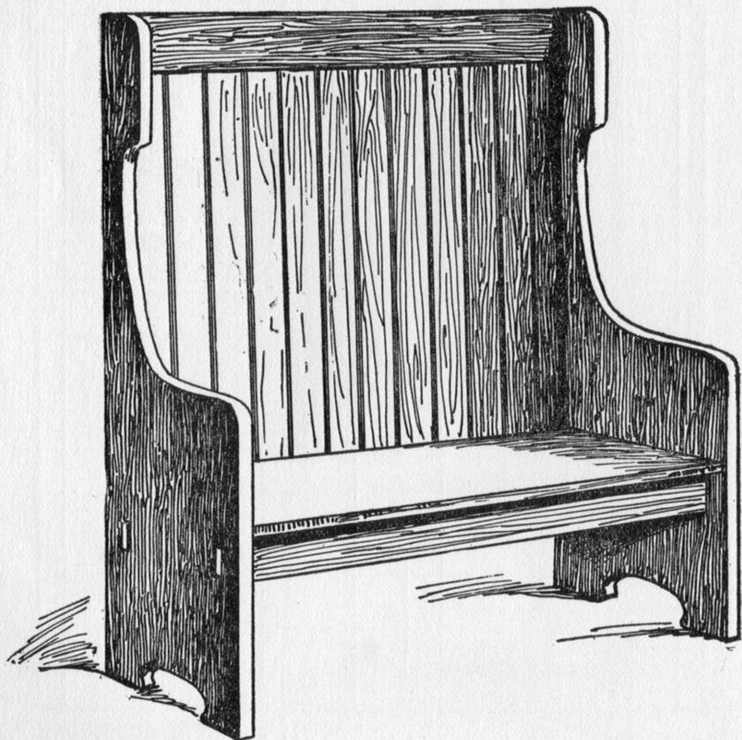
| Pieces | No. | Rough Long | Rough Wide | Rough Thick | Finish Wide | Finish Thick |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Back posts . . . . | 2 | 73 in. | 2 in. | 2 in. | 1¾ in. | 1¾ in. |
| Front posts . . . . | 2 | 30 in. | 2 in. | 2 in. | 1¾ in. | 1¾ in. |
| Stretchers . . . . | 2 | 37 in. | 2¼ in. | 2¼ in. | 2 in. | 2 in. |




| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Stretchers .... | 2 | 17 in. | 2¼ in. | 2¼ in. | 2 in. | 2 in. |
| Table top..... | 1 | 38 in. | 16 in. | 1 in. | 15½ in. | ⅞ in. |
| Table rails.... | 2 | 37 in. | 3¼ in. | 1 in. | 3 in. | ⅞ in. |
| Table rails.... | 2 | 17 in. | 3¼ in. | 1 in. | 3 in. | ⅞ in. |
| Top rail...... | 1 | 37 in. | 4¼ in. | 1 in. | 4 in. | ⅞ in. |
| Center rail.... | 1 | 37 in. | 2¾ in. | 1 in. | 2½ in. | ⅞ in. |
| Side stile...... | 1 | 18 in. | 2¾ in. | 1 in. | 2½ in. | ⅞ in. |
| Mirror back... | 1 | 33 in. | 20¼ in. | ½ in. | 20 in. | ⅜ in. |
| Back ....... | 8 | 21 in. | 4½ in. | ¾ in. | 4¼ in. | ½ in. |

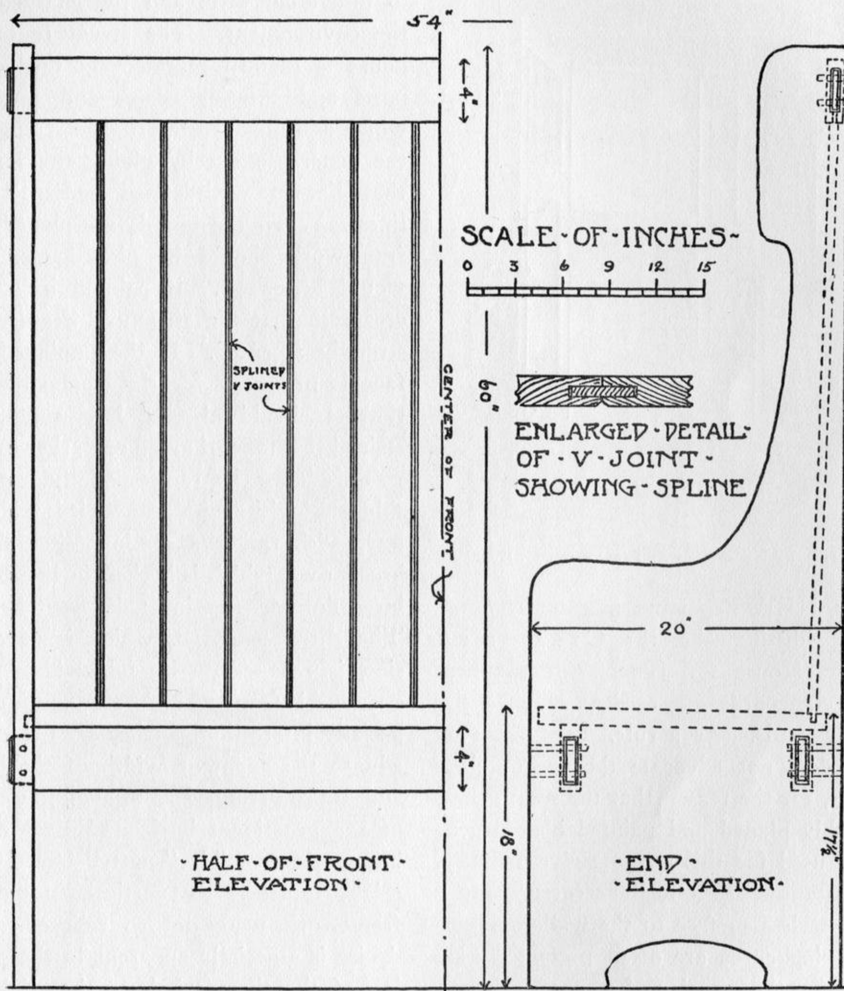
## HALL SETTLE

THIS settle is all of wood. The solid ends and flat seat slightly sloped suggest the old-time, fireside settle—which would be equally suited to hall or fireplace. Its construction is very simple. Each piece is fastened with tenon and pin so that all are firmly held together. Attention is called to the detail of the V joint and spline which is used in the back. The spline is not glued, which allows a slight shrinkage without being noticed as each joint spreads but little.



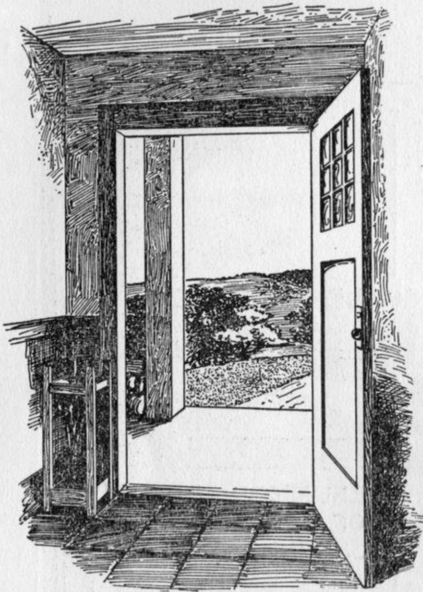
### MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR HALL SETTLE

| Pieces | No. | Rough Long | Rough Wide | Rough Thick | Finish Wide | Finish Thick |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ends ........ | 2 | 61 in. | 20½ in. | 1½ in. | pattern | 1¼ in. |
| Seat ......... | 1 | 54 in. | 19 in. | 1¼ in. | 18½ in. | 1⅛ in. |
| Top and Braces | 3 | 55 in. | 4¼ in. | 1¼ in. | 4 in. | 1⅛ in. |
| Back ........ | 13 | 40 in. | 4⅜ in. | ¾ in. | 4⅛ in. | ½ in. |




DESIGN · FOR · A · HALL · SETTLE ·

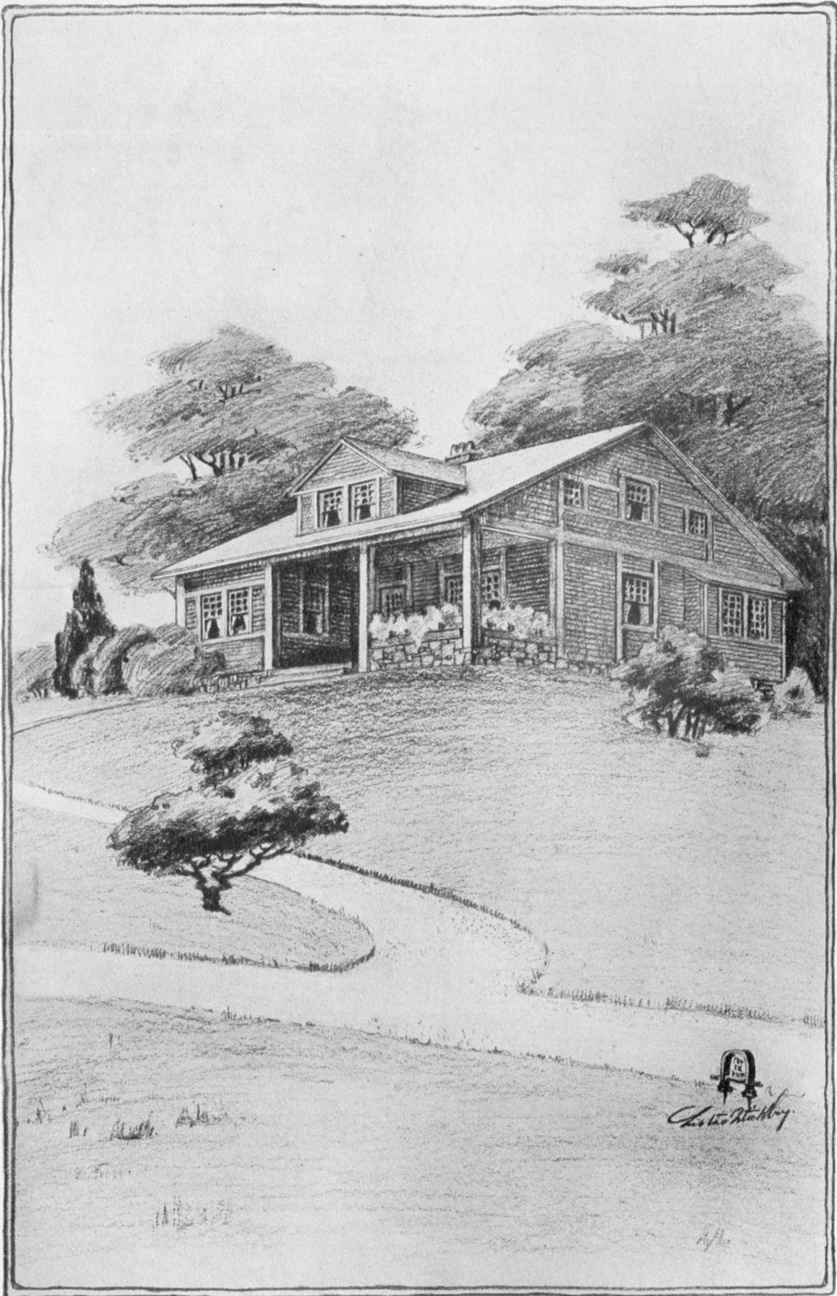
# CRAFTSMAN CLAPBOARD HOUSE: SERIES OF 1906: NUMBER V



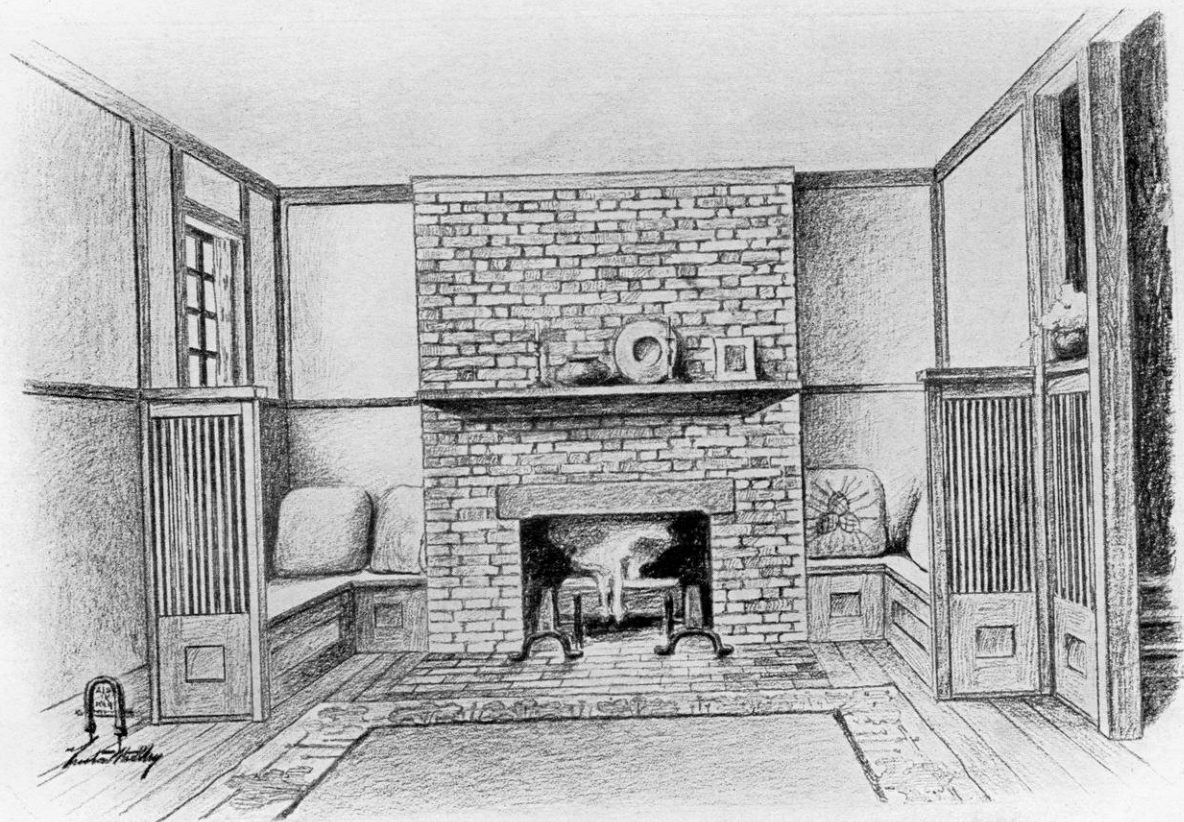
DOORWAY OF CRAFTSMAN HOUSE

A NEW departure in exterior finish distinguishes the Craftsman House for June. For the first time, clapboards are used to sheathe the outside walls. As a rule, THE CRAFTSMAN does not advocate the use of clapboards, for the reason that the small, thin, smoothly planed and painted boards generally used for this purpose give a flimsy, unsubstantial effect to the structure and a characterless surface to the walls. However, clapboards are often preferred as a finish for the exterior of a wooden house, and they may be so used as to remove these objections. In the building shown here, the clapboards are unusually broad and thick, giving to the walls a sturdy appearance of permanence in place of the slight and trivial effect so often seen. They are of cedar or cypress, stained either brown or green and may be planed or left with the rough surface, according to individual taste and the character of the environment. The structure of the house is plainly revealed by the corner posts and exterior beams and uprights, which add much to the rugged strength of the general effect by giving the interest that lies in well-defined constructional lines. When the boards are planed, this framework should be planed also, and would be effective if painted in a light cream so that the structural features are strongly accented. If the unplaned surface is preferred for the clapboards, the timbers should also be left rough, and stained to a tone of green or darker brown.

This house has an especially comfortable and inviting appearance; it is wide and low, with rather a shallow pitch to the broad roof, which is broken in line by the large dormers, set in at different heights. The entrance porch, which is of ample size, is recessed to its full width. The structural features make the exterior especially interesting, as they are planned to add to the apparent width of the house, and are so arranged as to avoid, by means of the prominent horizontal lines of the beams, any possible "spotty" effect which might result if the vertical lines of the framework were not so relieved. This device is especially apparent in the grouping of the three windows that light the gable. The plan of the house makes it necessary that these be rather far apart, but they are pulled together by the beams so as to form a symmetrical group rather than to give the impression of three separate windows in a broad wall-space. The same effect is preserved throughout the



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1906.
NUMBER V



END OF A CRAFTSMAN ROOM GIVEN UP TO FIREPLACE AND FIRESIDE SEATS

lower story by the massive beam that extends the entire width of the house, not only defining the height of the lower story, but serving as a strong connecting line for the window and door framings, which all spring from the foundation to the height of this beam. At the side of the house the wall-space is broken by the square bay built in the dining room for the accommodation of the recessed sideboard.

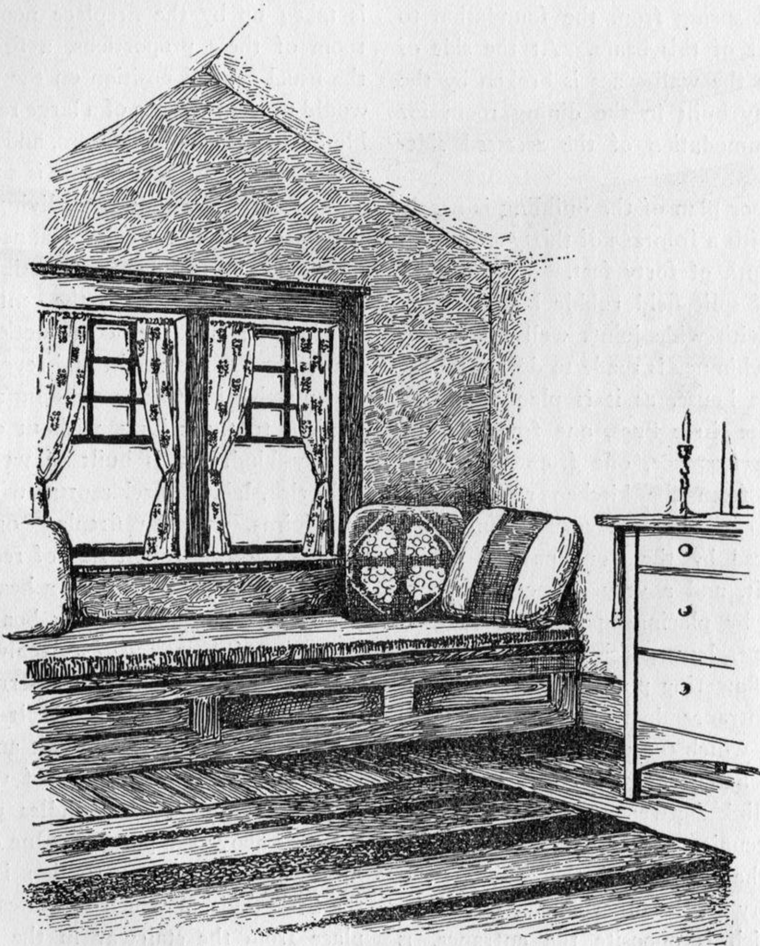
The floor plan of the building is nearly square, with a frontage of thirty-seven feet and a depth of forty feet. The foundation is of split field rubble laid in black mortar, with wide joints well raked out. A single chimney is made to do service for the entire house, as it is planned to accommodate three flues, one from the living room fireplace, one from the heater and one from the kitchen range. The sheltered effect of the recessed front porch is enhanced by the stone parapet which encloses it, and a very attractive feature is added by placing upon the coping of this parapet long porch boxes filled with vines or flowering plants.

The entrance door opens into a small vestibule, which serves to cut off draughts from the hall. This hall forms the connecting link between the living room, which occupies nearly the whole of one side of the house, and the dining room and library on the other side. The staircase, which is opposite the entrance, is placed well toward the back of the house, giving as much width as possible to the hall. A small coat closet occupies a few feet of space that has been made available between the vestibule and the living room, so that the lines of both hall and living room are uninterrupted.

The living room has the advantage of every ray of sunshine that strikes that side of the house, as it is not sheltered by the porch. It is quite a long room in proportion to its width, and the entire rear end is taken up by the fireplace nook. In a room of these proportions, a fireplace in the usual central position on the side wall would prevent the use of a large reading table in the center of the room, and the comfort and convenience of this is so much a part of home life that every living room is the more inviting for being planned so as to make such an arrangement possible. The fireplace in this room is the central point of interest in the construction. The mantel-breast is straight and severe in line and massive in effect, extending as it does straight to the ceiling, without ornament of any kind. It is built of well-burned red brick, laid in black mortar with raked-out joints, and the fireplace opening is capped with a straight slab of reddish cut stone. The mantel-shelf is a heavy oaken plank, supported by another board set at an angle. The effect of a deeply recessed nook is given to the fireplace surroundings by two high-backed seats built into the corners and extending at right angles into the room. These seats are of wood and paneled, with slender spindles placed in the ends above the panels. One especially interesting bit of construction is seen in the little division which separates the fireplace from the stairway in the hall. It is a panel surmounted by spindles, exactly the height and structure of the end of the seat and carried out to about the same width. The posts at either end extend to the ceiling beam, leaving all open above the top rail that finishes the *grille* of spindles.

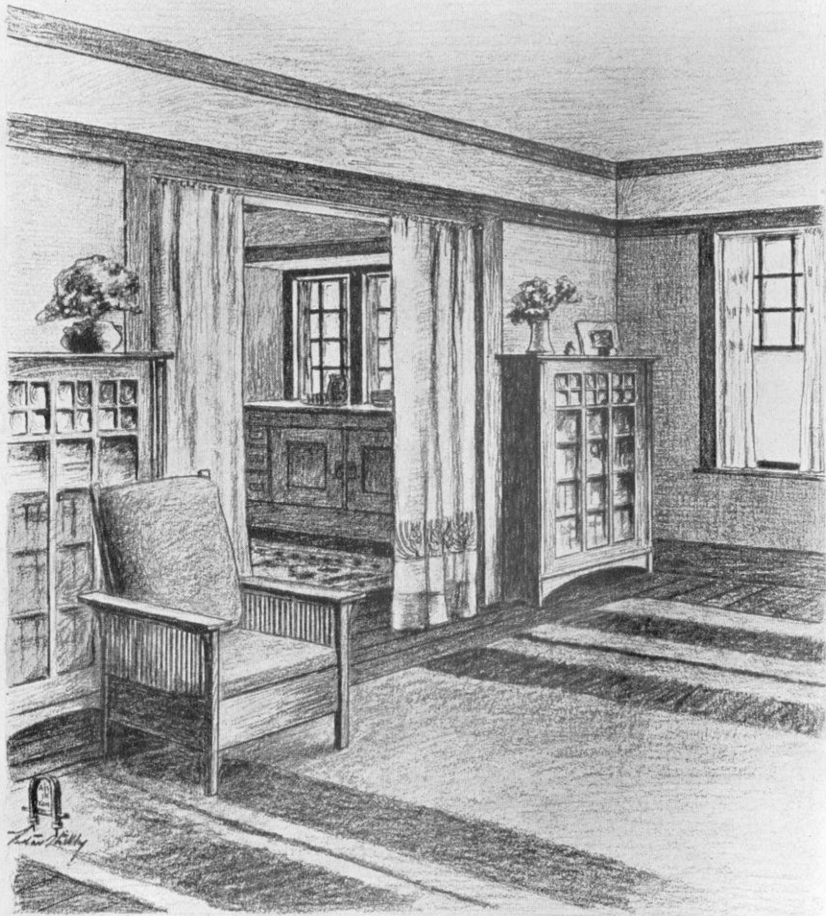
# CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER FIVE

The same structural features that give character to the exterior of the house, are seen in the interior in the framing of the windows and in the division of the wall-spaces by means of beams and uprights. living room has no frieze, but a corner beam divides the ceiling from the walls, and a broad wainscot rail runs all around the room at the height of the mantel-shelf. The library has a frieze suggested by

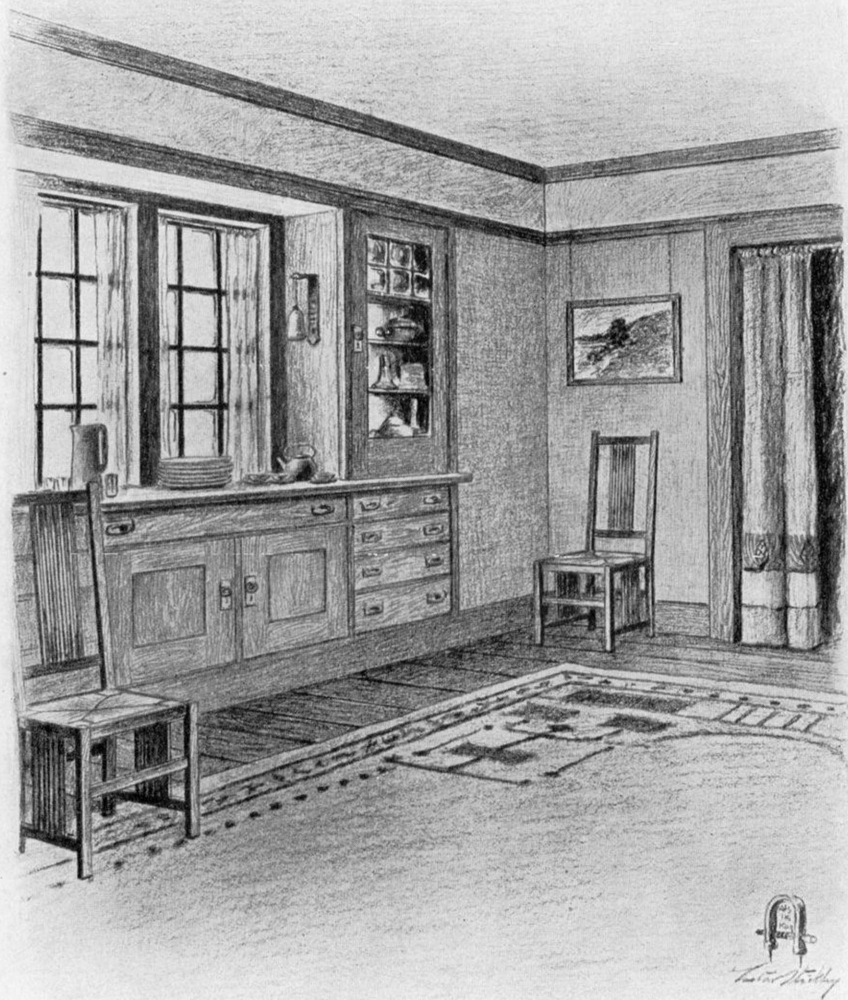


WINDOW SEAT IN THE GABLE END OF AN UPPER ROOM

The room is lighted by double windows in front and triple ones at the side. A single casement, set high gives light to the fireplace nook, and another single window looks out upon the recessed porch. The carrying a similar rail around the room on a level with the tops of the door and window frames, which brings it about the width of a frieze below the corner beam at the ceiling angle.

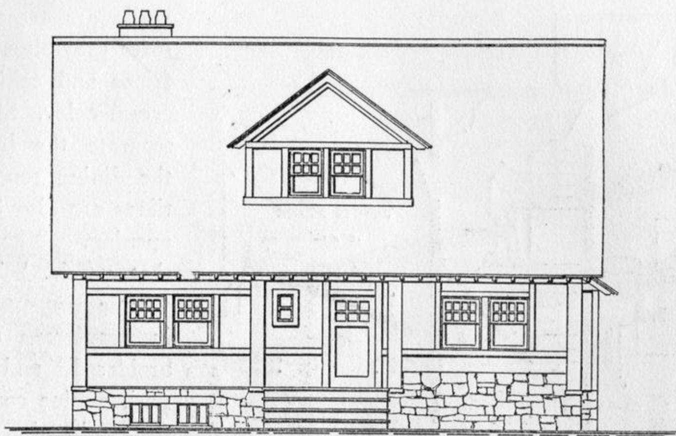


LOOKING THROUGH LIBRARY TO RECESSED
WINDOW IN DINING ROOM



RECESSED WINDOW IN DINING ROOM WITH BUILT-IN SIDEBOARD

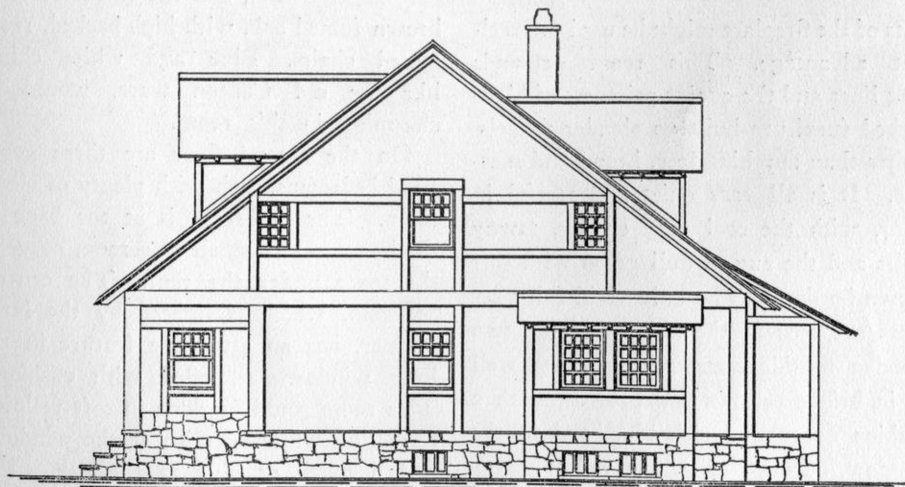
# CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER FIVE



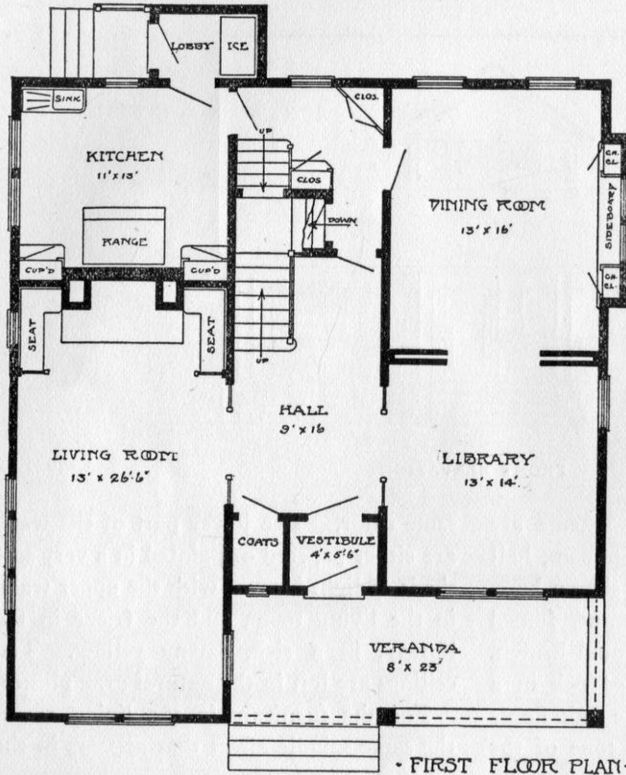
FRONT ELEVATION

Both woodwork and color scheme are uniform throughout the living room, hall and library. In the house as shown here the woodwork is all of chestnut, fumed and stained to a warm autumnal brown, and the furniture is of fumed oak in a darker shade of brown. The oak floors are finished in still a darker tone of the same color. The lower part of the walls are either papered or painted in a very soft shade of light brown, with the upper walls in the living room, and the frieze in the library, in a rich, tawny yellow. The ceilings are left in the natural gray plaster.

For the furniture in the living room, the same spindle effect that appears in the



SIDE ELEVATION




· FIRST FLOOR PLAN ·

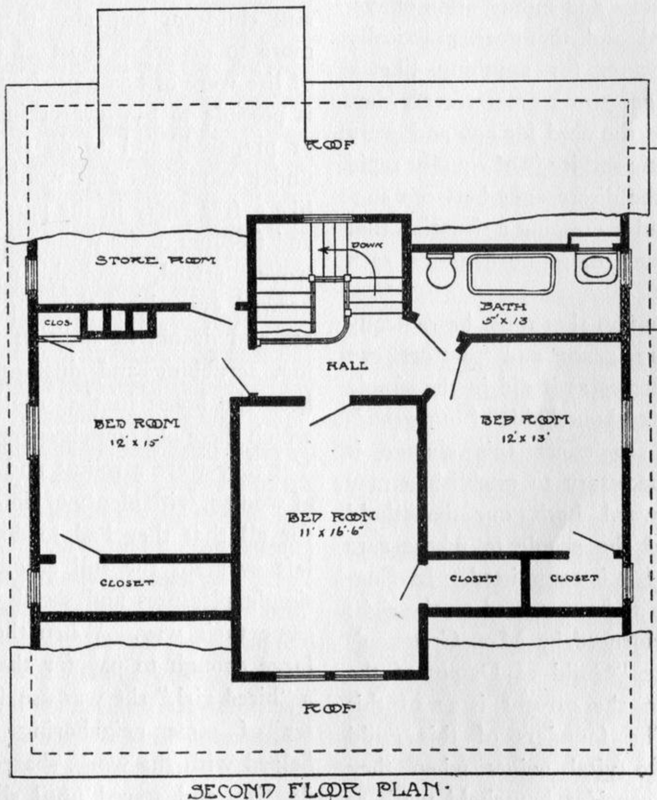
seats of the fireplace might be used to excellent advantage. This room demands long lines and the quaint primness of high-backed furniture built on slender models rather than anything low, broad and massive. It is all very quiet and restful in color, with the cool gray ceiling, tawny walls and the rug of dull green with soft brown borders. The only vivid color accents are seen in the pillows of the two wooden fireside seats, which might well be in bright yellows and browns, with a cushion or two of rich blue, and in the window, curtains of golden yellow.

In the dining room the woodwork is the same as in the other rooms, but the walls are treated in very soft gray-blue, with the frieze and ceiling in deep cream color. Sliding doors separate the library from the dining room, and portières are also hung in the opening. The portières that would belong to the scheme suggested here are in gray-green canvas, embroidered and appliquéd with a pine cone motif, as these colors harmonize both with the brown of the library walls and the blue in the dining room. The principal structural feature in this room is the window-bay filled with the recessed built-in sideboard and china closets. The windows above are curtained with thin white muslin or bobbinet, and the furniture is in brown fumed oak, with high-backed, rush-seated chairs. Blue and white china, like the old Canton ware, would be charming in this room.

On the second floor are three good-sized bedrooms, each with plenty of closet room. The bathroom is at the back of the house, and a small storeroom occupies the space under the roof. The central bedroom, which is lighted by the large dormer, has an attractive feature in the long window-seat, piled with cushions. This room could be done in soft yellows, with thin white curtains at the windows and a touch of blue in the rug. The furniture would be in white enamel, including the wooden bedstead.

The bedroom over the living room might be treated in soft rose color, the walls in Japanese grass-cloth of silvery rose and the woodwork in ivory enamel. The rug would be best in tones of dull rose and pearl gray. The furniture would be of silver gray maple, with rush seats in the chairs,—the yellow of the rush giving just the right contrast to the scheme of rose, white and gray. The small bedroom next the bath could be done in soft greens, with a ceiling of natural gray plaster. The furniture would be of light oak, and the floor-covering of Japanese matting of cool gray greens with a light yellow figure. The floors throughout the upper story would best be of comb-grain pine or maple.

The cost of this house as estimated approximates $6,500.




SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

# ALS IK KAN

THIS is the age of social and industrial problems, and of these none stands in more urgent need of solution than that discouraging riddle known as the "servant question," especially among people of moderate means who must necessarily maintain small establishments. Good, reliable domestic servants are at a premium everywhere, and the difficulty found in procuring from employment agencies and immigration offices, even untrained and therefore practically incapable servants for anything like a reasonable wage, grows greater every day. Unfortunately, the need for any and every kind of domestic service is of equally rapid growth, and the discrepancy between supply and demand is creating a situation that grows more and more burdensome each year.

It is a situation that must be radically changed before peace and comfort can reign in our homes as it did in the simple and well-ordered households of our grandmothers, and to effect this change it seems to be necessary to establish a new viewpoint toward both our household machinery and the people to whose care the running of it is committed. In England they seem to have started on the right track, as is evidenced by Mrs. Cranston's account of the "Guild of Dames of the Household" in the present issue of this magazine. The founders of this guild struck on two vital points when they undertook to consider household work as a trade or profession for which careful preliminary training is required, and to attract to it educated and capable women by assuring for them practically the same standing that is accorded to the trained nurse. But there is a third point of still greater importance which does not seem to be included in the theory of the guild, and that is to so simplify the household machinery that the care of a home will not be so burdensome as to deprive its mistress of all strength and opportunity for other interests and pleasures unless all the work of the house is done for her.

Women of earlier generations had few pursuits outside of the care of their homes and children, but also there was much more to do when most of the necessities of life were of home production. Now it is possible to buy everything ready made or prepared, and to do it at prices and under conditions that would have seemed like a free entry in the paradise of leisure and freedom to the women who spun, knit, wove, sewed, cooked, preserved and brewed everything that the family wore, ate and drank, in addition to the sweeping, scrubbing and dusting necessary to keep the house in that spotless order for which these old housekeepers were famous. Yet they were a robust and contented lot of women, with plenty of time and strength for all that they had to do, and enough left over for the full enjoyment of such simple pleasures and social intercourse as came their way. When the income was large enough to pay for the assistance of a "hired girl," she was usually the daughter of some neighboring farmer, who helped with the work, shared in the family life, and stayed until she married, if such luck came to her as the chance of a home of her own, or for all of her working days if it did not. In any case, the term of service was measured by years in-

stead of weeks or days as it is now, and domestic upheavals were few and far between.

The change to the very unsatisfactory conditions that obtain to-day began when the rapidly growing wealth and prosperity of Americans brought with it the desire to ape the pomp and formality that characterizes the establishments of the nobility and gentry in England. This, done very well so far as outward appearance goes by the very wealthy, soon came to be thought "the proper thing" by those only moderately well off, in whose simpler homes this policy of utter separation of life and interests soon brought about conditions of mutual antagonism and misunderstanding that have resulted in the much vexed servant question of the present day. In older countries, the rigidly-drawn class distinctions, as well as the perfect ordering of great households, are the outgrowth of centuries, a survival of the old feudal spirit that often carries with it the greatest personal attachment and consideration between master and servant. The corps of servants is so large that its members form a little social group of their own, with every facility for social intercourse, and, in many cases, for free home life in some cottage on the estate. The servants who live in the great house have their own quarters, with sitting room, dining room, etc., and are allowed their own entertainments in the house and out of it, with as much freedom for the exercise of individual tastes and pursuits as they would have if engaged in any other employment. They have, of course, no association with the master and his guests, but it is regarded in the same way that the employee of a large shop or factory would regard his own non-association with the members of the firm, not with the resentful sense of personal degradation that comes to the single servant who finds herself placed on much the same footing in a small home where her association with the family is necessarily much closer, and where she has no other resources unless she goes out and finds them.

While it is possible for very wealthy Americans to maintain as perfect domestic conditions, with a large corps of servants, as may be found in the best-regulated English homes, the adoption of the aristocratic viewpoint and attitude, without the equipment necessary to carry it out successfully, seems to be at the root of the whole domestic trouble among people of moderate means. This is by no means to be taken as an argument for personal and social intimacy between mistress and maid; that, under present conditions, would be impossible for both and would only make matters worse by increasing the mutual discontent. The only practicable remedy lies in a total change of our present method of doing things. The more intelligent and capable girls, those who would be fitted to make a success of household work and domestic economy if it were regarded as a profession, feel so keenly the sort of stigma that is attached to domestic service as well as the lack of all individual life and freedom, that they enter by choice into the far harder service at shop or factory rather than submit to it. Even when the mistress is inclined to be kind and considerate, there is always the sense of a great gulf fixed i all intercourse between the two. The maid's room in most small houses is anything but an attractive or homelike place, but that and

the kitchen, which is also none too attractive in most houses, bounds her entire home life. Her hours of work are so ill-defined that she never escapes from the sense of being at someone's beck and call, and her freedom to enjoy her own pleasures in her own way is too often at the mercy of the petty surveillance and interference which one woman so well knows how to inflict upon another who is in her power and whom she regards as an inferior. The girl is really a working woman who should be as much respected and as self-respecting as an employee in any business house, but she has it constantly impressed upon her that hers is a condition of servitude, not of employment. The consequence is that the only girls available for housework are those who lack the ability to do anything else, and who would only misunderstand and misuse the freedom that should be given and accepted as a right, not a concession. Under these conditions the mistress, however sensible and well-meaning, is helpless, and so is the girl. It is the conditions that must be altered before a better understanding can be brought about between them.

One side of the question is being handled in a very sane and practical way by such training-schools as the Guild of Dames of the Household referred to above. The other lies wholly in the hands of the employers. Under the present complex conditions of life it is almost impossible for a woman who has a fair-sized house and family to manage her work without assistance, unless she gives up to it her whole time and strength, to the exclusion of all outside pursuits and enjoyments, of which she rightly feels the need if life is to mean to her all that she is capable of making out of it. The house itself, if it is like most modern houses, needs as much care as a hot-house plant. The numerous rooms must be curtained, draped and decorated, and filled with furniture and bric-a-brac, until the mere sweeping, dusting and arranging of them takes up time enough to have disposed of all the work of caring for a simpler and more conveniently arranged house. Then the meals must be elaborated into several courses, each with its full service of dishes and silver, so that the dish-washing becomes one of the most troublesome items of the day's work, and so it goes. Everything, although on a comparatively small scale, is as complex and elaborate as if a large staff of servants were maintained to do nothing but attend to the minutiae of its care, and this in a house where the mistress must depend on one ignorant, incompetent girl for assistance, or else do the whole of it herself. It is small wonder that the servant question becomes of the first importance and that the care of a home is regarded as a bugbear.

The only possible solution of this problem would seem to be a return to first principles:—to strip our home life as far as possible of its cumbersome and unnecessary machinery and then apply common sense and modern methods to the care of it. Every other branch of industry has been systematized, organized and lightened by the introduction of labor-saving devices, but women still retain the domestic methods of their grandmothers, however far they may have departed from the wholesome simplicity of their lives. Housework, with a very few exceptions, is done in the hardest and most rounda-

bout way. It would take but a little well-directed thought and energy rightly applied, to modernize it as factory work has been modernized. If houses were so planned and built as to reduce the labor of caring for them to a minimum, and that care were entrusted to well-trained professional houseworkers who should occupy the same footing with regard to their employers that any mechanic or other skilled employee holds without question, the care and friction attendant upon housekeeping would be no more than that of any other business.

A glance at any one of the Craftsman houses will illustrate our meaning as to planning a house with an eye to convenience and economy of time and effort in the care of it. With unnecessary divisions of space eliminated, as well as unnecessary and perishable decoration and furnishing, the burden of care and expense connected with it is greatly lightened. When the beauty of a house lies in the interest of its structural features, the harmony of its color scheme, the exquisite finish of its woodwork and the charm and convenience of its arrangement, it is a beautiful and complete thing in itself, that is only marred by the introduction of more than the absolutely necessary furnishing, and that makes all fussy draperies and bric-a-brac seem out of place and intrusive. The fact that the tendency of the best modern thought upon the subject is in the direction of attaining as far as possible the fine simplicity that is found in the homes of the Japanese, where elimination of the unessential is carried to the farthest point, points to a well-founded hope that just here lies the main factor in the solution of the servant problem. It is possible that the day is not far off when our domestics will come in when needed, or at their regular hours of employment, and will do efficiently and swiftly the necessary work, going to their own homes when it is done, with the pleasure and privilege of living their own lives outside of their work, and that, even in the event of "no servant" the work of the house may be made so light that it will not unduly burden the mistress of the household and her daughters to do it for a time without assistance.

It is all a matter of economy in the methods of work and of more sanity and simplicity in our daily life,—the application to domestic affairs of the same principles that are producing model industrial conditions in our factories. When this is done, domestic service will no longer be left perforce to those incapable of intelligent work in any direction, and the "servant question" will be a thing of the past.

# NOTES

AMONG the pictures at the Society of American Artists' exhibit, of which space did not permit mention last month, one of the most interesting was Miss Mary Foote's excellent portrait of Miss Ellen Emmet, which is not only technically admirable but has in addition that quality commonly known as a "speaking likeness." Kenneth Miller exhibited an able portrait of himself, and Victor Hecht's two portraits, while not especially sparkling from the technical standpoint, also carried to the beholder the conviction of a successful likeness. Philip Hale's portrait of an old lady has a well-expressed face although the rest of the figure lacks substantiality. Sherman

Pott's portrait of Mrs. Alexander is another freshly painted canvas bearing the hallmark of the good likeness while not possessing any especial art quality.

The Lydia Emmet portrait of a little boy which was awarded the Julia Shaw memorial prize, is a workmanlike but rather tame performance. M. Petersen's "Shop in Chinatown" shows a very successful and pleasing treatment of a conglomeration of strong colors. Jean Mac Lean exhibited a number of studies of city life done with a rather deliberate mannerism of tone, popular just now with some of the younger artists. While these artificial effects are often successful as a method of attracting attention, yet their value as a means of progression along the legitimate road of art may be doubted. Nevertheless the work of the young woman in question has a pleasing vitality and freshness. Lilian Genth's "Quay in Brittany" furnishes another example, also agreeable in color and composition, of this toneful treatment of outdoor subjects.

Gustave Cimiotti's landscape "Foliage Clusters" is done with a stained glass color effect that is striking and pleasing. Edmund Redfield's prize picture "The River Delaware," although done with a free use of the brush, is empty and unimaginative, and more suggestive of paint than of water. "The Crest," by the same painter, which received a medal of the second class at the Carnegie Institute, is far more interesting. Abbott Thayer's "Winged Figure" is not one of his successes.

The sculpture, which forms a much smaller part of the exhibition, is stronger in good animal subjects than in portraits and figures. A great deal of the work is conventional and smacks of the art school. Borglum's pathetic horses have the sad appeal of realism. They are the strongest argument for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that that rather inactive organization could possibly obtain. Both studies,—"Tamed" and "Evening,"—are strong and moving. The bewildered little lamb "Just Born" is also delicious. Albert Humphrey's "Cubs Playing," "Good Morning" and "The Nursery" are adorable studies of small tigers and their mother, and all have a most sympathetic appreciation of the animal. Eli Harvey's "Lion Cub Surprised" is another humorous appreciation of puppyhood. Anna V. Hyatt's study of "Tigers Watching" is also an exceptionally lifelike piece of work.

Among the portraits, H. A. MacNeil's bust "Margaret" is very living, and Charles Keck's bust of Gertrude Lindenthal is good, while his "ideal" subjects are conventional and uninteresting. The same is true of Abestenia Eberle's portrait of Miss Hyatt which is very delicately felt in the modeling, while her small figure "L'Isolee"—one of the many efforts for the Rodin motive—is nothing more than an artistic platitude.

Richard George's bust of W. B. Northrope is another excellent portrait and Alexander Calding's "Man Cub" is an amusing study of a naked child. The exhibit, however, was far from being representative of what our sculptors might offer if they would.

THE exhibition of portraits by Wilton Lockwood at the Century Club was notable. It is seldom that one has the opportunity of seeing together so many portraits of a high degree of excellence.

In characterization, in treatment,—especially of the face—in a fortunate knack of catching the most individual trick of attitude, Mr. Lockwood is extraordinary. As a rule he may be said to be more successful with men than with women. The little boy in white, however, is one of the most interesting canvases in the collection. It is not only living but has caught somehow that exquisite appeal of childhood that is rarely found in even the best of the many captivating portraits of children made by American artists of the present period. The family group, that unsolvable problem to so many painters of all schools, is perhaps the least successful canvas of those exhibited. Yet the portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell is striking in its revelation of the two individualities.

THE pictures exhibited by the Woman's Art Club at the National Arts Club galleries, could hardly be considered as representative of the painting of women in a country that has produced Cecilia Beaux, Adelaide Chase, Ellen Emmet—perhaps one should add Mary Cassatt—and women capable of such professional handling of the brush as Mary Foote and Louise Huestis. The latter's excellent "Portrait of a French Sculptor" which was exhibited at the Academy earlier in the season, was easily the most professional canvas in the room. Among the water colors, Rhoda Holmes Nichols' still-life composition of cherries, a Japanese print and a glass of water, furnishes another example of the principle that anything can make a picture when selected by the eye of the artist. Jean Mac Lean's "Child in Brown" was a freshly painted canvas, a little hard and scarcely important, yet much above the average of the other pictures. Harriet Lord's "Poverty," a study of a mother and baby, was well expressed. The portrait of a woman in violet, by Elizabeth Finley, while lacking in quality, had a well touched-in head. Mary Cassatt's "Cup of Tea" was an insipid canvas, having that artist's mannerisms without her good points.

THE collection of landscapes by William Lathrop, at the Montross galleries, was something that no lover of outdoors or outdoor pictures could afford to miss. Few landscape painters approach so closely to the sentiment—the very smell of the country—as he does. His subjects are essentially American and hold the simple, subtle essence of our farm country,—the bare, homely, home-like farm houses, the sunny barn yards and weather-worn out buildings; all seen, not as still-life, but in their own atmosphere, just as they lie before you of a summer afternoon. An inexpressible poetry is in them all, and the feeling that goes to the heart. The bloom which is like that on the skin of unplucked fruit is in their morning mists and springtime hazes. There are several brooks in the pictures,—a blue morning brook, a mysterious, shadowy midsummer brook, a silvery springtime brook, and a gray-blue, frozen winter brook,—all with the power to carry one outdoors into the woods and fields, into a day with just the color and feeling that the painter saw. There are long, low stretches of golden brown fields, sunny hill-sides and warm-colored barn yards. There is a quiet village at dusk, and the

turn of a village street. There is something in all that must touch the memory of every American who has ever lived, in any part of his or her youth, in the country. Technically, they are equally satisfying, being done with a broad, clean, fresh use of paint and brush.

A COLLECTION of water colors and prints of Japanese subjects by Helen Hyde, has been on view at the Klackner galleries. While the water colors do not rise above the average in any sense, some of the prints, which are done in the Japanese manner from wood blocks, are both charming and sympathetic. Miss Hyde knows Japan sufficiently well to see the people she paints with a comprehension more intimate than that of the usual foreign painter. Her studies of children and of mothers and babies are the most successful, both from the artistic and the human standpoints. One black and white print of a small Japanese child running in fright from the grotesque faces of the lighted stone lanterns among the trees, has a feeling that is both Japanese and Western. Another study of a creeping Japanese baby questioning the face of a strange Japanese animal conventionalized into a china jar, is novel and delightful.

THE Annual Exhibition of Fakirs at the Art Students' League, although lacking the marked quality of successful caricature that it has had in some other years, yet furnished enough amusement to repay one for the visit.

Perhaps the most astonishing "fake" of all was that of Kenyon Cox's "Study of a Wild Goose" which was represented by a very much bewildered tame live duck provided with food and water which occupied a wooden tray at one end of the room, and uttered from time to time a protesting quack. Childe Hassam's rather mannered technique furnished material for some amusing caricature. In one parody of his nude figures among summer foliage, the whole was made of strips of colored tissue paper used to represent the painter's impressionistic mosaic touch. Some of the posters submitted by the students were excellent.

THE sale of the art collection of the late Joseph Jefferson was the most successful financially of any held this season. The pictures, numbering seventy-four, were comparatively recent purchases, as all of Mr. Jefferson's first collection, with the exception of two canvases, was destroyed by fire several years ago. When Mr. Jefferson heard of the two that had been saved he exclaimed, "I am so glad that I have something with which to start a new collection." The famous actor was very fond of his collection and also regarded it as a good investment, which it has proved to be. The Mauve pictures alone were sold for an enormous advance upon the price paid for them. Mr. Jefferson was a great admirer of this modern Dutch artist before his pictures obtained a popular vogue. The largest price of the sale,—$42,250—was paid for Mauve's "Return of the Flock." Another canvas by the same artist brought $28,100.

There were a number of other Mauves in the collection, also several examples of Monticelli and Daubigny, a Rembrandt and a Joseph Israels, and portraits by Nicolas Maes, Gainsborough, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Other painters represented were Couture, Diaz, Constable and de Goya. There were also several examples of Greuze, for whom the picture-loving actor seems to have had a misguided admiration. The Rembrandt was bought by a Dutchman who will take it back to Holland.

Some of the landscapes exhibited by Arthur Hoeber at the Clausen Galleries have a pleasing quality, especially one study of green marsh land with distant trees wrapped in mist in which the strong green of late spring is treated in such a way as to retain the impression of its freshness without the crudity that so frequently results in the attempt to express it on canvas. Two canvases, "The Pond," and "Edge of the Woods" are also interesting.

THE Brandus collection, exhibited before sale at the Fifth Avenue Galleries, contained several important pictures and a number of worthless ones. Of the Barbizon school there were three Corots, one Rousseau, one Daubigny and four by Diaz. There was an interesting Sixteenth Century example of the School of Cologne, two Cluets and several examples of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Peter Lely and one Romney, a Bellini, a Roybet, a Bronzino, a Van Loo, a Hobbema; also examples of Ziem, Thaulow, Jules and Julian Dupré, Henner, Cazin, Troyan and Inness; a number of good but not extraordinary, examples of the Dutch school. It is difficult, however, to find anything absolutely poor among the portraits of the older Dutch painters. There was also an uninteresting collection of Eighteenth Century French Portraits.

Of the Italian pictures the Bellini was distinctly interesting and the Bronzino unimportant. The Sir Joshua Reynold's portraits were not representative of the artist's most charming phase, although the large canvas of the Duchess of Rutland is gracious and pleasing. The Sir Thomas Lawrence portrait of King William IV is a clean, clear cut piece of painting, but the two other portraits reveal that tendency to fall into the sin of prettiness to which this lover of beauty was subject. The Gainsborough is also a rather smooth and uninteresting example.

One of the Corots was a three-quarters figure of a girl. Examples of Corot's figure painting are not numerous and are always of interest, while not, of course, bearing comparison with his landscape.

The figure in question is not one of his most important, but its clear purity of touch is pleasing. One of the landscapes is of the familiar but never too familiar kind,—the delicate, spring-like French trees and small figure that belongs. The third canvas is of his first period,—one of the "ideal" landscapes, rather dark in tone with a Greek temple in the middle distance. The one Daubigny, "The Road," is very beautiful and very characteristic of the kind of French country represented.

# REVIEWS

IN "Garrison the Non-Resistant" Ernest Crosby has written a book that deals rather with types and conditions and the philosophy of government and social reform than with the life of one man. It will repay careful and thoughtful reading to all who are interested in the race problem of the present,

as well as the rights and wrongs of slavery that led up to the Civil War of the past. In this very method of treatment, though, one gets a clearer idea of Garrison, his work for the right, and the philosophy of life that ruled his every action, than could be obtained from the most detailed biography. The book is a study of the practical efficacy of the principle of eliminating evil conditions by overcoming them with good, rather than by crushing them with violence. It is a study of Christianity as applied to the possible solution of the vexed questions of civilization. The possibilities of making a practical application of the doctrine of nonresistance are made the subject of a clear and logical argument which presents both sides of the case, finally arriving at the conclusion that Garrison was right, and that the lesson of all social revolutions and reforms proves him to have been right in his view of the matter, even though his zeal led him at times to exaggerations that, if carried into effect, would have defeated the purpose to which his life was devoted. To quote from the summing up of the case: "The only safeguard against such a danger (the French Reign of Terror) is the utter repudiation of all violent methods of reform. Once permit yourself to rely upon rifles and prisons, and the descent is easy to all kinds of cruelty and torture. The lesson of all history is that men are not to be trusted with the power of life and death over their fellows; and any revolution which claims for itself any such power carries in its bosom the seeds of a counter movement which will bring in again the supremacy of the party of reaction. The best mental exercise for reformers is to accustom themselves to the idea of dispensing with the use of physical force, and of commending their cause to the higher powers of influence, persuasion and truth. And Garrison was the true prophet of such a peaceful method. He had the genuine spirit of reform which we might do well to accept from him as an inheritance......Wherever the cause of justice may call us, let us be careful to go in his spirit, for, as one of his fellow-workers truly said: 'Non-resistance is the temper of mind in which all enterprises for humanity should be undertaken.'" ("Garrison the Non-Resistant," by Ernest Crosby. 141 pages. Price 50 cents. Published by The Public Publishing Company, Chicago.)

THE latest of Anna Katharine Green's ingenious and interesting detective stories is called "The Woman in the Alcove." It is a story of murder, robbery, love, mystery and final triumph of innocence, as interesting as "The Millionaire Baby." Of course, there are a dozen false clues to the mystery, each plausible enough to throw the most acute disciple of the school of deduction off the track, and the final and right solution is so carefully hidden that the interest of the reader is sustained by keeping him guessing up to the last chapter. To the novel-reader, there is always much fascination in a well-told detective story, and this one is told very well indeed. It is as intricate as a game of chess and as exciting as a melodrama, just the sort of a book to while away a lazy summer afternoon. ("The Woman in the Alcove," bv Anna Katharine Green. Illustrated.

372 pages. Published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

A TEXT-BOOK that should prove of value to both teacher and student of drawing is "Lessons on Form," by A. Blunck. It teaches the clear understanding of the use and meaning of ornament by lessons upon the nature and principles of the geometrical, natural and artistic forms which have already served, or can be made to serve, as models or motifs; upon the mutual relations that exist between the conformation and the use of ornament as such, and upon ornament as a symbol of connection, of support, of free and confined endings, and as a decoration for plain surfaces. The lessons are supplemented by a great many drawing exercises, from the simplest forms of ornament to the most complex, all arranged upon a surface marked off into squares. The author is a German architect, and the book was written and drawn at the special request of the Prussian Ministry of Commerce and Industry. ("Lessons on Form," by A. Blunck. Translated from the German by David O'Conor. Size 11½" x 8½". 124 pages. Price $3.00 net for English Edition. Illustrated. Published by Bruno Hessling, G. M. B. H. Publisher of Architectural and Art Industrial Works. 64 East 12th St., New York.)

FOLLOWING "Puvis de Chavannes" and "Dante Gabriel Rossetti" in Newnes' "Art Library" Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co., N. Y., will issue at once two interesting additions to this well known series, viz.: (No 16) "The Later Works of Titian," with 64 full-page reproductions of his work, in half tone, and an interesting introduction by Henry Miles, together with a list of the principal works of Tiziano Vecellio; and (No. 17) "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," with 56 full-page reproductions in half tone of the works of the brotherhood—Ford Madox Brown, Wm. Holman Hunt, D. G. Rossetti, Sir John Everett Millais, and the Italian Pre-Raphaelite Painters. Each volume has a frontispiece picture in photogravure.

A BOOK that will be welcomed by many mothers as well as by teachers and settlement workers is "Occupations for Little Fingers," by Elizabeth Sage and Anna M. Cooley, of the Domestic Art Department, Teachers College, Columbia University. As stated in the preface, the book was written in response to a number of demands from settlement workers, grade teachers and busy mothers at home, who are constantly asking: "What can I do with my children? They want something to do." This book is meant simply to furnish some ideas and to act as a suggestive medium, and its usefulness in that field should be great. Designs and simple, clear directions are given for making all manner of interesting and attractive articles, some of them in dolls' size and others that might be used as presents to grown-up friends. All manner of pretty and useful designs in cord-work are shown, such as curtain cords, doll's or baby's hammocks, lanyards, toy whips, etc., and a number of charming suggestions for raffia-work, all amply illustrated. Coarse sewing follows, then paper cutting and folding,

with full directions for making all kinds of pretty things. For older children there are clay modeling, weaving, beadwork, minature carpentry in making dolls' furniture and upholstering it, crocheting and knitting for girls and all manner of absorbing occupations for boys.

The needs of both mother and teacher are considered as well as those of the children, and many an answer to the cry of "What shall I do?" will be found in this useful little manual. ("Occupations for Little Fingers," by Elizabeth Sage and Anna M. Cooley. 154 pages. Illustrated. Price $1.00. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons. New York.)

"THE Voice of Equality" by Edwin Arnold Brenholtz, is a book of poems written in the rhythmic prose style of Whitman and Carpenter, but lacking the poise and the grasp upon realities that distinguishes "Leaves of Grass" and "Towards Democracy." The tone of Mr. Brenholtz's book is rather frenzied and discordant, although earnest, as if he had drunk too deeply of the new wine of freedom of thought and expression. It is the cry of the revolutionist rather than the sane argument of the reformer, and its lack of poise and coherence takes away from its strength. Still, it is interesting as another exposition of the steady advance of the spirit of democracy, and needs only more repose to set free the strength of some of the ideas advanced in its pages. ("The Voice of Equality," by Edwin Arnold Brenholtz. 107 pages. Price $1.25. Published by Richard G. Badger. The Gorham Press, Boston.)

THE third part of Section I. of "Building Construction and Superintendence," by F. E. Kidder, has just been given to the public. Mr. Kidder had been engaged for years upon this work, which was the last achievement of his life. Few men in the profession have had the large experience he had had in practical work of this character. His knowledge of general construction was well known to architects and builders through his published books, and the articles from his pen appearing at frequent intervals in architectural, building and engineering journals. His experience, ability and practical good judgment had caused him for some years past to be called frequently into consultation by his professional brethren in intricate and difficult structural problems.

It was with this ripe experience and knowledge, both of the subject treated and of the needs of architects and builders, that he entered upon the preparation of this, which he intended to be his most elaborate and complete treatise on construction, and had not death interfered, he would have carried to completion the whole work, the first section of which is presented in this volume.

A review of its pages shows a careful and conscientious discussion of the subject, and that in clear language, uncomplicated by mathematical formulas that are suited only to the engineer. Simplicity and thoroughness, clear description and full explanation are the characteristics of the treatise. This section carries the subject far enough to meet the needs of most architects and builders, although the second and last sec-

tion is fully laid out and will later be completed and published.

The following subjects are treated in the book: "Types of Wooden Trusses and the Mechanical Principles Involved"; "Types of Steel Trusses"; "Layout of Trussed Roofs—Bracing of the Roof and Trusses"; "Open Timber Roofs and Church Roofs"; "Vaulted and Domed Ceilings, Octagonal and Domed Roofs"; "Coliseums, Armories, Trainsheds, Exposition Buildings, Etc."; "Computing the Purlin and Truss Loads and Supporting Forces"; "Stress Diagrams and Vertical Loads for Trusses Symmetrically and Unsymmetrically Loaded." ("Building Construction and Superintendence." By F. E. Kidder, C. E., Ph. D., Architect, Fellow of American Institute of Architects, Author of "The Architects' and Builders' Pocket-Book." Part III: Trussed Roofs and Roof Trusses. 306 illustrations. Section I., 298 pages. Price $3.00. Published by William T. Comstock, New York.)

SCIENTIFIC wood-working is the subject of a compact "Manual of Carpentry and Joinery," written by J. W. Riley, lecturer in descriptive geometry, building construction, carpentry and joinery, at the Municipal Technical School at Rochdale. In the book, which is clearly written and fully illustrated, the simplest types of construction have been clearly set forth and the principles they embody have been emphasized continually. The elementary parts of geometry, mensuration, and mechanics have been given a good deal of space, for the reason that students of carpentry and joinery constantly begin their work without this necessary preliminary knowledge. Among other special features of the book are the chapters on tools and woodworking machinery, and a large number of diagrams are given of the details of construction. From the first chapter, which is a concise treatise on woods, their characteristics, and the best method of treating the different varieties, to the last, which deals with workshop practice and special construction, the book is a complete manual of instruction in all manner of carpentry and cabinet work and should be exceedingly useful alike to home workers and professional joiners. ("A Manual of Carpentry and Joinery," by J. W. Riley. 500 pages. 923 illustrations. Price, $2.00. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

THE CRAFTSMAN wishes to correct an error that appeared in the May number in an article on The People's Institute. The People's Choral Union, which was by Mr. Russell credited to the work of The People's Institute, is an entirely separate organization, established (prior to the inception of The People's Institute) by Mr. Frank Damrosch, to whom New York City is most widely indebted for education and growth in musical matters.

# OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

## A REAL LESSON IN HOUSE BUILDING

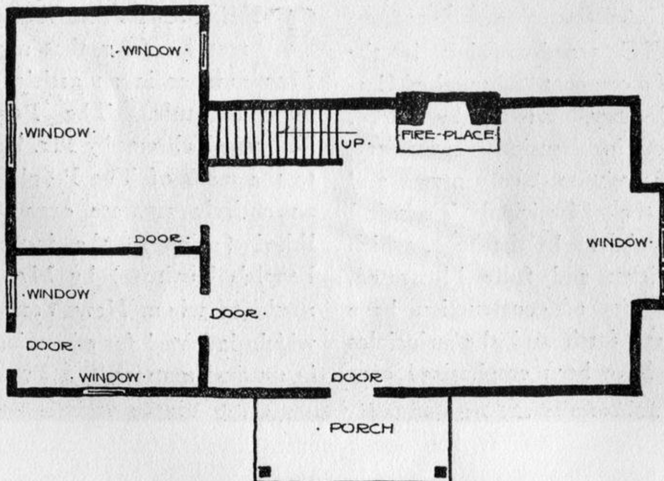
THE house shown in the Home Department this month was not designed by Mr. Stickley, nor is it a Craftsman house in the technical sense of the word; but it is very genuinely an expression of what the Craftsman movement stands for, a home inspired by the taste and needs of the people who are to live in it, built for comfort, arrranged to afford the man who is to live in it the utmost opportunities to pursue the work of his life contentedly and successfully, and arranged so that the mistress thereof should find in it the maximum of brightness and convenience with the minimum of labor.

And so this little house standing alone in the heart of a great western plain is in spirit if not in letter a Craftsman house, and was in fact designed and partly constructed by an artist deeply in sympathy with Craftsman aims and purposes.

The pictures and description of the simple little dwelling were sent in a letter to Mr. Stickley back in April. The letter began:

"We have been living out in our 'hut' all winter. I have been painting Indians in the various reservations for fifteen years, and have built my 'hut' in just this spot because I wanted to paint the winter landscape here as well as the Indians,—to paint them day after day and month after month. At first I just had a studio out in the fields and then we decided that we ought to build a house so that where we were working best we should also live best, and here are the pictures of what the house has grown to be indoors and out: plain outside, comfortable within, near the work of our life, almost the essence of it."

It is interesting to follow the letter and see what can be accomplished in the most remote territory, in the most primitive conditions, with the simplest ideals, and only local materials at hand to work with—a




FLOOR PLAN OF THE "HUT"

THE LARGE ROOM IN THE "HUT," WITH
A GLIMPSE OF THE BEDROOM

CORNER OF THE "HUT" SHOWING FIREPLACE AND WINDOW

home constructed without asking a favor of civilization, grown, as it were, out of the very soil, an answer to a need. There is so much sentiment about such a house that it is difficult to remember the important details of size and wood and workmen.

The hut was built entirely by Indian boys with a carpenter to superintend them. Naturally the design was along the simplest structural lines, for the workboys were untrained, acquiring skill as they built the house. But they worked carefully and obediently and finished every detail, roof, floor and walls. Then, so the letter reads, "My wife and I did the rest." And perhaps to take up the thread of the letter here would give a better idea of the charm of the interior of the "hut" than any transcription could afford.

"From the start we planned our house for comfort and for roominess, yet with the utmost simplicity and always with a view to harmonious effects so far as color and line were concerned. The peeled pine logs for rafters and general woodwork are oiled, darkened with burnt umber to give color and tone. The doors and windows are stained much darker.

"The plaster is gray, and the floor of oak, stained. The fireplace for either wood or coal is good and large, with a heavy oak board for a mantel. The bricks were a sickly billious color, (they came from dismantled old Ft. Custer near here) so I stained each separate brick with turpentine and a touch of Venetian red, and there is not the least suggestion of paint about them.

"The interior of the 'hut' is about sixteen or seventeen by twenty-four feet. A six-foot balcony at one end gives room enough for an extra single bed when wanted, and is decorative as well. The window at top of other end of the room where the cold north light comes in I did not like, so, with opaque paint for the leading and transparent paint for the glass, I imitated the old German *putzen scheiben,* and now get a flood of warm, colored light. Our candelabra is a tremendous fossil elk horn hung by blackened trace chains from the roof. The candle holders are fastened on to screw eyes (or eye screws), then put in drilled holes. (This was a harder job than painting Indians!)

"A great robe decorated with colored porcupine quills is on one wall; a buffalo skull over the fireplace, shields, skins, Navajo rugs, other Indian things and several pictures complete the decorations. The large Navajo rug is gray and black. The furniture dark oak, the table and one or two other pieces were made here, the book-rack is from the Craftsman shops.

"The curtains and portières are soft green, also from the Craftsman shops. As a whole it is a restful, quiet harmony in warm browns, grays and greens, the bits of Indian decoration giving a relief of high color. Nothing seems to jar on one, nothing is crowded. When the candles (twelve) are lighted and a couple of big logs are on the fire the room is very beautiful in the mellow, warm light, or at least we who have planned it and enjoy it think so."

Besides this one large living and working room, which is the ideal way to dispose of space in a small house, there are also a sleeping room and small kitchen built out at the end of the "hut." The

studding and rafters of these little annexes are stained just as the two larger rooms are. The kitchen walls are covered with Sanitas, an idea from THE CRAFTSMAN and the wood-work is painted gray.

In the tiny bedroom the wainscoting and floors are covered with Japanese matting, and the color scheme is all of harmonizing grays and browns.

The price of this small but apparently ideal dwelling place is not given. It would have been interesting to know just how much, or rather how little, money it took to create a place so full of simple charm, of peace and beauty; for if one stops to think into the question, it is the building of just such homes as this, born of necessity and finished as a witness to the taste of the owner, that is helping to bring about a reformation in American architecture, which was up to the present century, and still is, almost wholly false and imitative, unlovely and without possibilities of real convenience or comfort.

The owner of this "hut" is an artist of repute—a member of the faculty of the Cincinnati Art Academy for ten years. An interesting collection of his Indian paintings is in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and Mrs. Phoebe Hearst has purchased over a hundred of his paintings of Indians and plain life for the University of California, as art treasures and to be used as reference in the study of history of the North American Indian.

During the present summer the "hut" will remain empty, for the artist and his wife are to spend the time studying the Pueblo Indians for a fresh collection of paintings.

The "hut" is called *Absarokee,* an Indian word for Crow.