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"OUR COW," ERICH SCHMIDT-
KESTNER, SCULPTOR.



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“HAI, JOE, WHERE ARE YOU MARCHING?” A STUDY OF WAR: BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT



LABOR-GANG was trenching for tile in a near field and I went to the boss to hire one of his men. Of course I could have one, he said, remarking that they were treading on one another's feet, as it were. . . .
“Take Joe, over there. . . . Hai, Joe!”

A derby hat at any season is unmitigated, but in the first days of August, in the splendid fury of summer, this approach was not unlike the passing of a kitchen-range. Joe was clapped in it. The whole field had a pent and airless look—from this crown of labor, heavy, sagging and mossy. I inquired of the boss if Joe were hopelessly addicted. He feared so, but added:

“You'll forget that. Joe's a bull with a pick.”

I led him to the house and brought forth a wide light straw. In firm quiet manner, I took the bleak hearse from his head and hung it from a projecting stone high against the cobbled masonry of the stable, wondering if it would affect the pigeon-crosses, as Jacob's rods of hazel and chestnut at the water-troughs ring-streaked the new-born calves. Joe's troubled face looked less lardy under the straw-thatch, though his eyes turned often to the cobble work. In the afternoon, I found the straw hat hanging there, too gentle and humane to alter Nature in any way, unless to puzzle the hawks for a day or two, and stimulate the spiders to new manners of suspensions. The derby was back in place, clamped solid under the arc of the pick.

The idea was to shelve a Roman path from the shore to the top of the clay-bluff, a fifty-foot rise. Joe, comprehending presently, tore loose at the bank with a brute strength altogether new to me. I regarded him frequently and with alarm lest he turn blue. He could forget himself in that rending labor, as one at his best forgets the instrument when typing with machine. Labor, the heaviest and least inspiring, yet it filled him so that he asked no more. Having found his work, he lost himself and the illusion, time; gave himself to his task—a celestial profit in that mystery which touches the spirit of creativeness and silently fits a man to live indeed.

It was the children who found out that Joe was Russian; that he

WAR! BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

had been in this country for a year, had a wife and baby boy at home, shortly to be sent for. In the afternoons, they would fill his dinner-box with tomatoes, radishes and cucumbers. Meanwhile the path shadowed forth from the bluff, and Joe paved it with gravel from the beach. I found it good to be with him from time to time, found possibly something of that excellent simplicity which Tolstoi turned back to re-discover. He recalled to my mind Manchuria, too, the Christless havoc of the war-days there, and the morning I awakened to hear a brigade of his fellow-peasants shouting forth its soul in song—singing, it seemed to me, as men never sang before, led singing to the slaughter of Liaoyang—faces like Joe's, miles of them, decent simple men, the stuff to make gods from, and murdered like a pestilence of vermin a few days afterward, not by the Japanese, but by the debauched appetites of their princes.

And now Russia was at it again, all Europe in frightful demolition, and the poor of the world to pay. First the flower of the people, then the stalk—all but the root to go. Every ship and shell, the last confiscations and the first by the strong hands of war, indemnities demanded by victor, wounds of pride, the cessations of almighty trade, even the infringements of neutrality, to be paid by the poor of the world—the bewildered and hunger-driven poor, first in blood and then in famine and labor. And from the undermen, from the maimed and the heavy-laden must the earth be replenished again.

A last time. . . .

IT was one of the children who very recently asked Joe if he would have to go away and fight. His pick poised and then lowered with its own weight. His hard rounded palms opened to the sky. A look of childish terror came into his face.

"No—no—no!" he said, shaking his head, as a child aroused from evil dream. I saw that there was added terror, because the little boy had spoken it.

It signified the destruction of all he had worked for, the wrecking of his dream. Not vague, nor dull, nor greedy, this dream—a clear, clean home-making, labor-giving conception rather; a dream that had found its form through thousands of tons of labor, hewn and graven in earth-clay, but clearly done in the sight of God, I think, an equitable holding.

It was not the fear of war, but the fear he would be called. Across the world, but still cornered. In the heart of a strange country, yet he was not his own law. . . . Joe lived with desperate frugality, slept in the corner of a factory, yet every stroke of his strong hand was constructive and not for self, done with simple valor for a woman

WAR! BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

and child. He was established in the beginnings of individuality, because he worked for others; heroically on his way, requiring no sentiment to call forth the honor of worthy men. For there is but one path. Genius nor prophet need ask to be more whole-heartedly on the way. One path without beginning and without end, but every path runs two ways. Those who rise against the grade, who face the East, are brothers.

Yesterday, he touched the old hat as I approached, leaned the pick-handle against the rim of the trench for he was hip-deep in the ground, and rolled a cigarette, the one fine thing that Joe does with his hands.

"I go back to Russia," he said, quietly.

"To your family, Joe?" I asked.

"No—to fight."

No terror now, not even the opposite swing to apathy. The call had come, the dream was ended, his prayer failed, his entity lost. The pressure of centuries had prevailed upon the beginnings of his personal spirit. . . . He worked until six as usual, said good-bye as usual. The children ate their supper in silence. Joe meant Russia and world-war to them; to us all, the war was more intimate and horrible. . . . "*In a space of fifty square yards,*" I read from a Belgian chronicle, "*the bodies of two hundred Germans lay crying for burial.*"

"Why, that's just the size of the vegetable garden," said one of the children.

At the end of dusk that night, last night, I went out alone to the edge of the bluff. Stillness, save for the crickets and cicadas; the trees still and the sky pure, the white magnolias blooming again. The Lake tranced the last of the light; lakes of corn were a silent background; children laughed in the distance among the pleasant lights of the neighboring cottages. The two noblest planets seen from earth were in the sky and no others yet, a rare visitation—Jupiter rising in the East, Venus setting in the West. The land teemed with richness and peace; and the white immortal reflections in the sky completed the globe of promise. Yet fifty years from now they will say (never quite comprehending) of this waning summer of nineteen fourteen, "In the midst of that year, all Europe went suddenly insane." . . . A last time.

HOW clear it is that lawless ego turns insane—and yet, so long have the multitudes lost themselves in obedience to a few families that have never learned to govern themselves, much less their race; the many fallen victim often to imperial sons who have not the intelligence to keep themselves clean, mere galvanisms of degraded

WAR! BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

passions. Inbred, luxury-lapped, world-fattened princes, played upon by every illusion and destructive force of the world of matter, nurtured in nests of softening, out of which any common man, not stupid, would pluck his own son as from a net of the devil; and the fortunes of whole races of men in the hands of such decadents—down-grade men, their *backs* to the East, drawn not to Heaven nor any ideal, but like other brute material, answering with little or no complication, the pull of the earth's center. Before God, that man is king only who has mastered himself, and this is the last time for the multitudes to be slaughtered and betrayed by the mock divinity of war-lords.

It was very clear (though I had been unable to perceive it before this rending of Europe and the world) that there must be a great war to end war. In no other way was that master of lies to be destroyed—that the only safe peace is in the presence of great armaments. All the seers and prophets of the world could not make themselves heard in the din of gun practice and riveting armor plate. The poor will die and the poor will pay, and then the poor will speak—that is the high and thrilling hope of this hour. Peace, not as a policy, but as a principle—the old love of man for his neighbor—that is the very essence of our future welfare and nobility. It is tragically clear now that war, in its very nature, could not die a lingering death, but must die with violence—a passing that will rend the world.

A passing, too, of the last imperial house, and all the barbarism and flunkeyism appertaining; for the spiritual deformity of kings is the breeding-bed of war. The passing of Hohenzollern, Hapsburg, Romanoff and other national parasites and baneful autocracies, all roots and lines that ramify them, not only cut down but burned afterward—the trade-cunning of Krupp and his like with them—that this may be the true and final extermination of the army worm. The strong peasant stalk and bloom where they cling and devour—this is the great sacrifice. A last time, for the poor of the world must now perceive the truth. The final tragedy of God's many—that the dream and the spirit of peace, conceived in agony, brought forth in this planetary parturition of war, may emerge not a dream, but clothed in the body and brain of flesh to move forever among men.

"In a space of fifty square yards, the bodies of two hundred Germans lay crying for burial," and on the same sheet, this cry of America, "Now is the time for us to profit!" The States of America must go to their knees to be rid of that temptation—the voice of the trade mind at its worst and lowest, a blend of green and yellow, of covetousness and cowardice, in the presence of Europe's ineffable disaster, which if not overcome now will bring us to the pass of Europe or worse, before it is done. The spirit of peace flees to fields of carnage

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from the atmosphere of that conception. But such a shame will pass. The formal neutrality and the substantial neutrality of these States shall not be fouled in such a crisis by the dollar.

There is no law to prevent us accepting in silence the inevitable advantages of Europe's disruption, but to campaign and aggressively to accumulate trade in this hour (in which it verily seems that the high God is testing the earth to find His few) such is the final debauchery of virtue.

Here is the chance for us to become workmen, not squirrels. The very streets are full of the strange new needs, because we are suddenly denied the products of European workmen. We miss their mastery in chemicals and minerals and wood. Here is the spur of need to make us workmen and masters of the secrets of matter—but to remain *masters* of matter in spirit and truth, the whole reason and purpose of manhood, adding to matter the intuitions of the spirit, and not making matter our God, for world-wars and every immortal wretchedness is the price of just that.

Never before in the history of the United States was there such time and incentive for austerity and contemplation, such need for sensitiveness to reality, for flippant and temporal things to be put quite away—such a need to burn and weep and pray for the abatement of agony and the new reign of God in the world—such a need to give and not to gain, to love and not to seize.

In the spirit of hope I tried to see clearly the demon of Russia cast out, her lofty and inimitable genius manifesting free-handed at last. . . . Miles of bayonets rusted in their fixity, miles of ashen faces and sodden gray coats—the dust of their tramping, the heaven of their singing. This was the Russian peasantry on the march, a moving storehouse of the earth's future spirit, the genius of her coming days. They leave the sane brown yielding earth, all gilded with the beauty of harvests, for the red fields of madness. They march from cosmos to chaos. . . . There is an end to the singing; the hour has come of fire and blood. Through the wind tattered smoke, there is the strewn field covered with silent men and writhing men. The remnant rises and marches on. . . . But one face to me, not in helmet nor cap, but in a derby, old and absurd—a face of torture and bewilderment—rising from the field and marching on. . . . “Hai, Joe, turn back to the woman and the boy! Hai, Joe, where are you marching?”

It is the peasantry of the world marching forth a last time to find its prophet.

REMEMBRANCE: GREEK FOLK-SONG

NOT *unto the forest—not unto the forest, O my lover!*
Why do you lead me to the forest?
Joy is where the temples are, lines of dancers swinging far,
Drums and lyres and viols in the town
(It is dark in the forest)
And the flapping leaves will blind me and the clinging vines will bind
me
And the thorny rose-boughs tear my saffron gown—
And I fear the forest.

Not unto the forest—not unto the forest, O my lover!
There was one once who led me to the forest:
Hand in hand we wandered mute, where was neither lyre nor flute,
Little stars were bright against the dusk
(There was wind in the forest)
And the thickets of wild rose breathed across our lips locked close
Dizzy perfumings of spikenard and musk . . .
I am tired of the forest.

Not unto the forest—not unto the forest, O my lover!
Take me from the silence of the forest!
I will love you by the light and the beat of drums at night
And the echoing of laughter in my ears,
But here in the forest
I am still, remembering a forgotten, useless thing,
And my eyelids are locked down for fear of tears—
There is memory in the forest.

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

YOUTH, ART, AND THE LOVELY OLD LUXEMBOURG GARDENS: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS



IN the morning, the Luxembourg Gardens are almost empty. The women have not yet come with their embroidery and knitting; the students are in the ateliers, waiting for fame; the poets are sleeping, forgetting moonlight cafés and young girls with tender eyes from the Provence; the *goffre* man has not commenced to make waffles for the children and the birds. The fountains play very softly in the shade, and the only music is in the trees. A world of deserted beauty gathers about one. And yet the Garden is never lonely. The souls of all those who have loved it, seem to linger there. The great and the young have left their delicate imprint upon the spirit of the place. And rich memories touch the shadowy walks, the sunlit, simple flowers, the statues benign and somber.

As you walk through the green aisles toward the old Luxembourg Gallery, an understanding of the real France comes to you, the France that is wise and thrifty, imaginative and sensitive, the France of strong mothers, of gay little children, of unworldly poets, of scientific artists—a France forever young. It is this marvelous, unquenchable youth that has made France a nation of progressive experiments, a nation of eager striving for new accomplishment. Always the young poet has a hearing, the young painter with his new and amusing technique has his audience, the investigator of truth beyond magic, his following. And so the creative world has turned to Paris sure of finding there an environment sympathetic, curious, kind. There is probably no other nation in the world so eager for knowledge, so ready to give aid in the development of individuality. Hence there is no country with so rich and diversified achievement in art, science and industry.

Naturally this open-mindedness, this delight in the new and strange, has its obverse side, and the merely novel, the wholly eccentric often for the moment whirl through the Paris boulevards and are accorded a reception at once cordial, humorous and bewildering—L'Art Nouveau, for instance, Futurist clothes, purple veils and "Eggist" sculpture. But these are surely a small and amusing price to pay for the hospitable spirit that welcomed Lalique, Rodin, Poiret, Bourdelle, Carrière, Isadora Duncan, Verlaine—all splendidly liberated souls owing their freedom to French enlightened sympathy.

While Europe, as a whole, is still bound hand and foot to the formal and the classic in art, France has her great Luxembourg

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Gallery open to the men of today, to Sargent, Whistler, Henner, Corot; for not only is Paris curious and alert for the new and the individual, but she is eager to welcome and make permanent all that the new can express, all that the individual has to say. Puvis de Chavannes circles the Panthéon, Rodin has set his seal upon the Tuilleries Gardens, and within the lovely old Luxembourg Palace we find on every wall the men with strength to escape the traditions of the eighteenth century. Here is recognition of what is most beautiful and valuable in the art of today.

THE significance of a gallery like the Luxembourg is not only that it houses fine examples of modern achievement in all the plastic arts, but that it is an immense inspiration to the artists of today. The living man whose works are in the Luxembourg realizes that the world is with him, that his message has been heard. It seems to me that nothing can be more detrimental to the progress of art than the old theory that all a man's ideals, enthusiasms, joys must remain during his lifetime unappreciated, that he must always work, always strive to express the splendor of his soul only in the end to discover he is his own sole audience. Surely in the long run the lack of sympathetic contact in the enjoyment of art—even of one's own—must prove paralytic. Movement is necessary for health everywhere, whether it is a dark green pool in the forest or a stagnant reservoir of hope and imagination in a garret. Sunlight must sweeten it, art and motion purify it to be as productive as its birth into the world would warrant. For a man to walk through the vast halls of the old palace museum and find the work of his hands upon the walls or upon some well-placed pedestal, must be the kind of earthly reward for sacrifice and fine endeavor that is just as purifying and freshening as oxygen for the green pool.

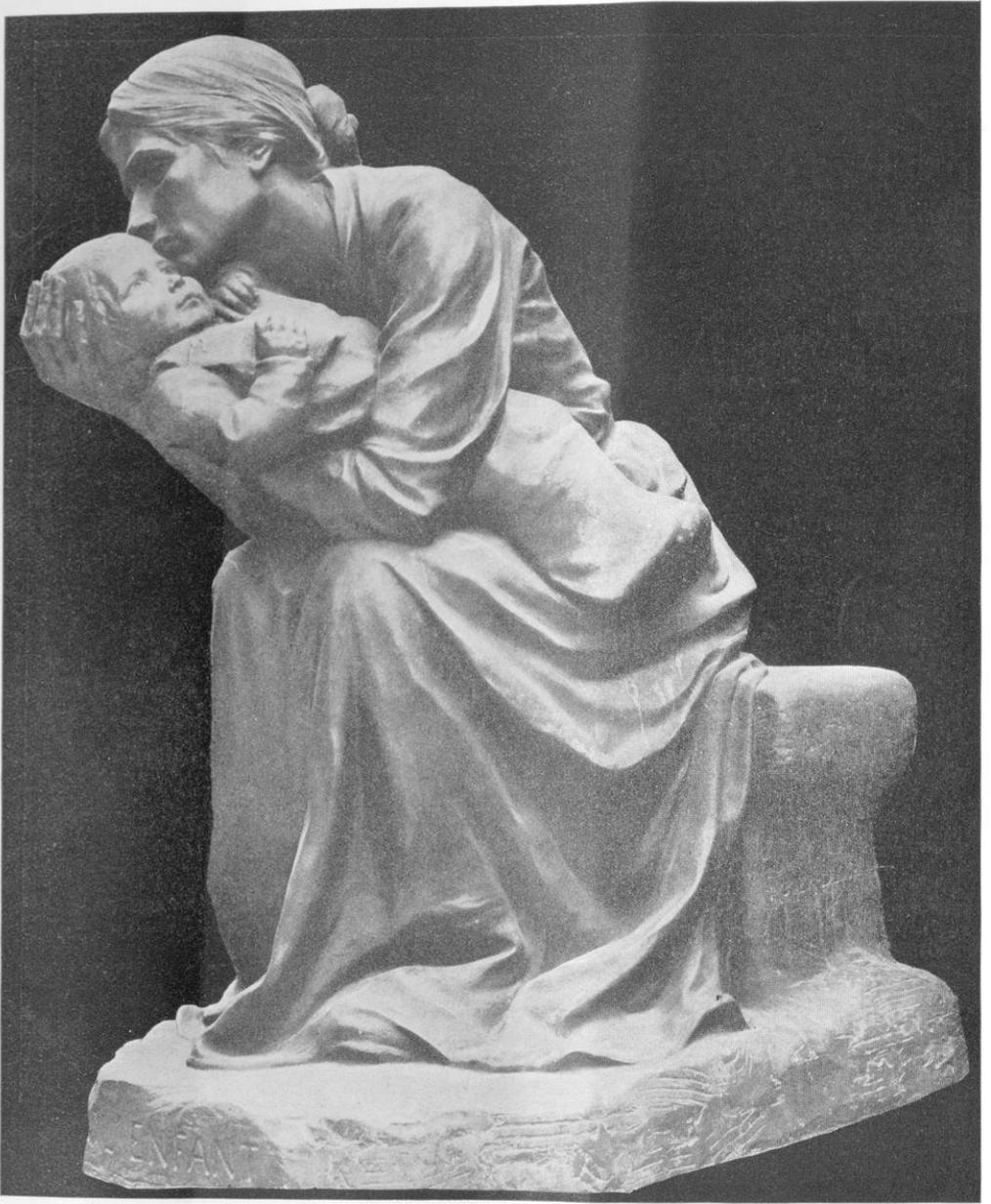
We have been too slow, the world over, in granting permission for the greatness of the present century to stand erect amongst us. We have hunted new life, new dreams, new beauties into the dark corners of the world. We have refused recognition to the glories of our own time. We have been strangely without self-reliance, without courage—this especially in America, although it is true to a large extent in England, pathetically so of Italy and wholly so of Spain. France alone has practically always kept her vision clear for any access of beauty wherever or in whomever it might be born. She has been a true republic in art and letters, as well as in politics. And so her museums as well as her libraries, her great buildings, her little shops, have all been open for the freshest, the most vigorous, the most original thought of the day. And the result—the widest accomplish-



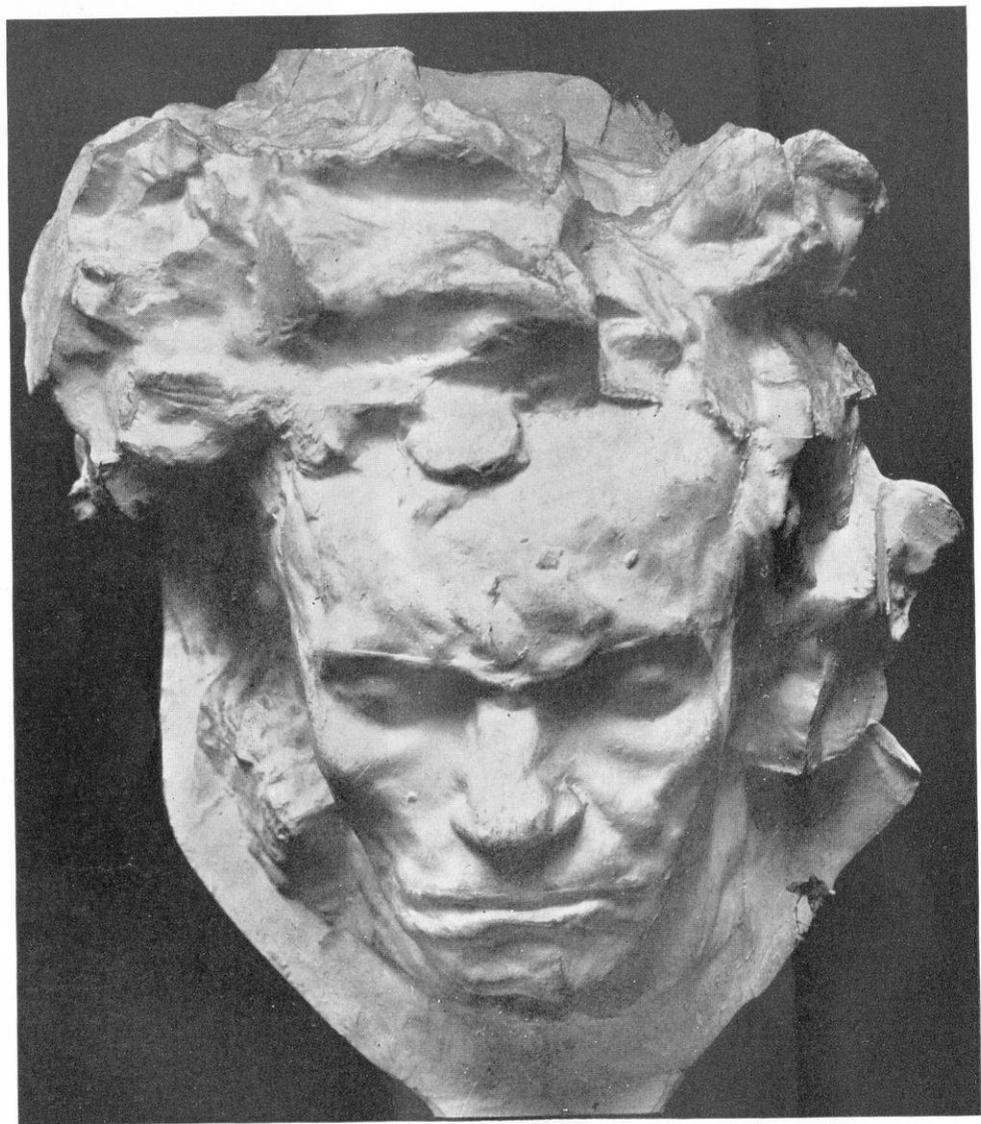
"COLD," ROGER BLOCHE, SCULPTOR: FROM
THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERIES, PARIS.



"A STUDY OF LOVE," EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE,
PAINTER: FROM THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERIES.



"THE BABY," ROGER BLOCHE, SCULPTOR:
FROM THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERIES.



"BEETHOVEN," BOURDELLE, SCULPTOR:
FROM THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERIES.

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ment for the youth of this country which stands with its hat off before all youth.

THE illustrations we are using in this article present the work of three great modern men—Bourdelle, one of the most vigorous and mighty of the sculptors of his age; Carrière, an artist, delicate and ethereal, a painter of the soul, and a man whose name is little known on this side, Roger Bloche, whose sculpture presents a depth of feeling, a tenderness, a searching emotional sympathy that has seldom found its way through marble to the human heart.

These four illustrations were selected from a large collection of photographs of the work of modern men as possibly the most significant not only of the greatness and variety of the technique of today but also of the type of subject which seems more and more to be interesting our really great men in sculpture, painting and literature. We have come far from the vague, classic ideal of purely impersonal beauty which rendered Greek art famous, to an expression of vital, soul-searching human emotions. Our artists of today are humanitarians as well as technicians, and what they are striving to present is their own impression of the beauty of all the goodness of the world, the beauty of kindness, gentleness, courage, unselfishness, devotion, the beauty of a mother's protective love, of a lover's sorrow, of a little child's happiness—in other words, an understanding of the elemental, ageless beauty of all times. And then the aim seems to be to present these wonderful qualities through a technique so fluent, so broad and free and luminous that the emotion of the artist reaches us before an appreciation of his methods. This is indeed the modern spirit in art, and the spirit which dominates the galleries of the old French museum and which lingers with one out into the lovely Luxembourg Garden, which through ages of affectionate usage has become an abiding place equally beautiful and comforting for the young and the old, the poor and the rich.



THE HERO: A RUSSIAN WAR STORY: BY EVGENY TCHIRIKOV

Translated by John Cournos



HERO? Who is a hero? Field Captain Puisin. . . . In his day he had been mentioned in the despatches from the theater of war as a hero. Leading his company, he was the first to mount the hilltop. With a dexterous blow of the sabre, he knocked, out of the hands of a Japanese, the enemy's standard.

The portraits of Field Captain Puisin appeared in his day, in many journals, with the inscription: "The hero of N—— Hill, Field Captain, etc." In these portraits he appears handsome, young, with audaciously turned-up moustaches, and the daring glance, if not that of an eagle, at least that of a hawk. His fur cap rests a little more on one ear than on the other; his head is turned a little sideways and lifted high. . . . More than one maiden in the provinces, upon looking at a new number of *The Niva*, would pause, with attention akin to rapture, to scrutinize this portrait; and sigh at the sudden trepidation in her heart. . . .

"Look, Glashenka, what a handsome fellow!"

"The hero of N—— Hill." . . . Really, a hero! One could see that at once. . . .

The Field Captain had had this picture taken just before his departure for the battlefields.

"I should like to take your photograph, with Rembrandt effect. Will you permit me?"

"How?" asked Puisin doubtfully.

"With Rembrandt effect!"

"Well, go ahead! I don't mind. I should like you, however, to catch the most prominent trait in my character. . . ."

The "Rembrandt effect" was successful.

"Hm. . . . Not at all bad!" observed the Field Captain afterward, examining the first proof; and, as he twisted with his fingers his left moustache, he passed a mental reflection upon himself: "A right smart-looking lad!" . . . Even his wife, accustomed as she was to daily contact with the future hero, flashed her eyes and whispered with tender pride:

"Volodka! What a handsome husband I have!"

"Really?"

"See for yourself!"

And looking at the portrait together they both admired it.

"What a pity you did not take a full length! Upon my word, you look a real hero here! . . ."

Liuba pressed close to her husband; they embraced each other, then gave way to tears. . . .

THE HERO

"And you too? . . . Don't. . . . It doesn't become you! . . . A captain!" . . . murmured Liuba through her laughter and tears.

"Fiddlesticks! I won't. . . ."

"Heroes don't weep, and here . . . there are tears in your eyes. . . ."

And they both laughed as they looked caressingly at each other.

"I will prove to you that I am no coward, that I am exactly as I am in the portrait!"

"Well, beware! I want to be proud of you. Do you hear?"

"Yes!" answered the Captain resolutely, then shook his head and wiped dry with his handkerchief his merry eyes.

"And what are you doing here?" he asked his servant, who had become an unintentional witness to this touching scene. "What are you crying about?"

"We might die, your honor, together. . . ."

"Not 'your honor,' but 'your excellency,'" corrected Liuba.

"So, so! I, too, have a wife in the village. . . . And a little lad—Meetka, by name. . . ."

"Look here, Stepan, don't you abandon your master *there!* Keep a good watch over him!"

"I'll do my best, lady! Everyone in our company loves his excellency very much. They would do anything, . . ."

"Good! Good! Now don't stand there snivelling! We are not two women!"

"So, so, your excellency! I'll stop. . . . No, not women. Heroes, your excellency!"

The somewhat perturbed Ameeshka circled between and around their feet, and barked joyously at the heroes.

"And what is the matter with you, you little silly? As if you understood anything! Now whom are you trying to bark at? It is plain, Volodia, she does not want you to go to war! . . . You don't want him to go? . . . Yes? . . ."

"It's food she's always begging!" explained the servant.

WHAT a short time has elapsed since all this had taken place! . . . It might have been yesterday. . . . But how everything has changed! . . . Field Captain Puisin had been made full Captain at the time of his discharge; and not alone was he a captain but a hero. . . . He had kept his promise, although he little resembles now his portrait, which he and Liuba had admired so much. The captain's legs had been left behind in a strange and distant region.

The hero has been granted rank, the cross of St. George, a pension

THE HERO

for life. . . . He could hardly expect to be granted another pair of legs. And since that time—it is already the third year—the Captain does not arise from his soft and comfortable chair on wheels. Now he can only sit in his chair by the window and look wearily out into the street. Like a beggar thrust out of doors, he confronts the brightly illuminated windows of the temple of life and timidly listens to the joy of existence. . . .

They had taken away from the Captain his legs. And the Captain's legs had taken away from him everything, absolutely everything. The Captain has been forgotten by everyone, abandoned by everyone; he has become like a broken toy cast aside by the children. Only two have remained faithful to him: his servant Stepan, and his little dog Ameeshka. The servant diverts the Captain with stories of street occurrences, and reminiscences of the past, while Ameeshka, as before, stands up on her hind legs before the Captain, and begs a lump of sugar; and, as before, licks his hand and continues to romp about the rooms. Of the Captain's former personal effects there remain only the clock, a double bed, and many, many portraits. . . .

And here is another day fading away. On the opposite side of the little gray house a small flame is seen to glimmer suddenly. In the room of the hero everything is impressively still. Only the clock on the wall continues its measured beat, to the accompaniment of string-like, metallic echoes. So ticked the same clock even in the old days, when the Captain was yet Field Captain.

"Tick-tack, tick-tack!" goes the clock. To the Captain it is no longer a clock, but Sergeant Mironov making his soldiers mark time, and crying exasperatingly:

"One-two! One-two!" . . .

As for the metallic echoes, they do not emanate from the clock at all; they are the sounds that come with the clank of his own scabbard.

Afterward he can hear the rattle of arms, the discharge of muskets;—he can hear cries, groans, the neighing of horses. . . . Then suddenly he feels something strike him, burn him sharply; he feels himself thrown to one side. . . . Then nothing more. . . . When at last he has opened his eyes he sees people throng around him, busying themselves with him; he hears them whisper among themselves. . . . And here from among these unfamiliar faces there emerges, as out of a mist, a fair woman's head with *retroussé* nose and blue eyes.

"Well, if it isn't Liuba's little head!"

"Listen, Volodia, be in good health and return a hero!" says the fair little head, smiling through its tears, while two hands place on his neck a small gold medallion containing a portrait and a lock of light blonde hair.

THE HERO

The Captain trembles at this importunate recollection. His blood rises to his head; he feels a clutching at his throat.

The curly-furred Ameeshka still stands before the chair, looks at the hero and wags its tail. . . . Tears trickle slowly down the hero's cheeks. . . .

"Your excellency! Your excellency!"

"Ah! What!" murmurs the hero, giving a sudden shudder and opening his eyes. "What is it, Stepan?"

"Let us forget! We are not women!"

"You, Stepan. . . . But, I've just dozed off and had a dream."

"What do you say to having tea? Just for a little cheer! I, too, am feeling a bit down-hearted . . . that is how it is, your excellency, the heart is sick! Since that day, when you lost your legs. . . ."

The hero turns his face toward the window. He does not wish Stepan to see his tears. . . . But Stepan had seen them.

"What's the good of weeping? It is all the same—new ones won't grow in their place no matter how much you cry!" mumbles the servant, wiping the steam off the windows with the palm of his hand.

"I saw our mistress in my dream."

"She'll come back . . . see, if she don't come back. I, too, had such a dream, expecting her return. . . . Simply because this lieutenant Temliakov, though he is in the artillery, is only showing off his boot-legs. . . . Against you, he is a good-for-nothing. . . . 'Pon my word! You are a hero, your excellency, and he . . ."

The hero is silent. He knows that Liuba will never return, just as well as he knows that he will never grow new legs.

Ameeshka continues to wag her tail. She whines.

"Hungry again . . . be quiet! One feels badly enough without you," grumbles Stepan.

The clock continues slowly:

"Tick-tack! Tick-tack!"

"Your lady, your excellency, will come to her senses. And there's my Avdotya. She's about the worst! I no sooner returned home than I found her grown somewhat in girth . . . well, you know. Because of them, these women, there is much sin on earth. . . . Come on Ameeshka, we'll prepare the *samovar!* . . ."

PEONIES, THE SWEET WITCHES OF THE GARDEN: BY ELOISE ROORBACH



THE FRAGRANT MARIE JACQUIN.

THE shouts of praise to the God of Beauty that once rang through the classic groves of Macedonia, as men and women garlanded with flowers, wound their way to Apollo's shrine, find an echo in our land whenever we speak the name of our garden favorite—the peony. "Pæon, Pæon!" they ecstatically shouted, repeating that charmed name over and over again as they called upon him to imbue them with his own fair spirit,

or besought him to abide forever on earth. As we look at our beds of full-blown peonies, the fancy comes to us that the kindly God of Beauty must be keeping tryst with his worshippers, must be incarnated in some miraculous way in the form of these flowers that bear his name. These resplendent blossoms that perennially grace the earth, seem especially designed to reveal the presence of Beauty, to whomever believes in it and watches for its coming.

Though our peonies were christened with Apollo's name Pæon according to some writers, others assert that the genus Pæonia was named in honor of a mythological physician Pæon who ministered to the gods wounded in the Trojan War; still others assure us that it was named from the ancient island of Pæonia, where it was first discovered flaming like a fire across the mountain valleys. For in those days, before plant specialists gave it hybrid form and color, it was the color of sacrificial fire.

The Chinese call it *Hoa Ouang*, "King of Flowers," and hold it in the greatest reverence, as symbol of the God of Heaven, exalting it as the Japanese and the Hindoos exalt the many-petaled lotus. The Chinese regard its pure white or glowing silken petals and gold heart as divinely beautiful and honor it in their poetry and in religious ceremonies as fit symbol of heavenly grace. They have brought it to a high state of cultivation, doubled its size, refined the texture of its petals, given it the exquisite tints of the rose.

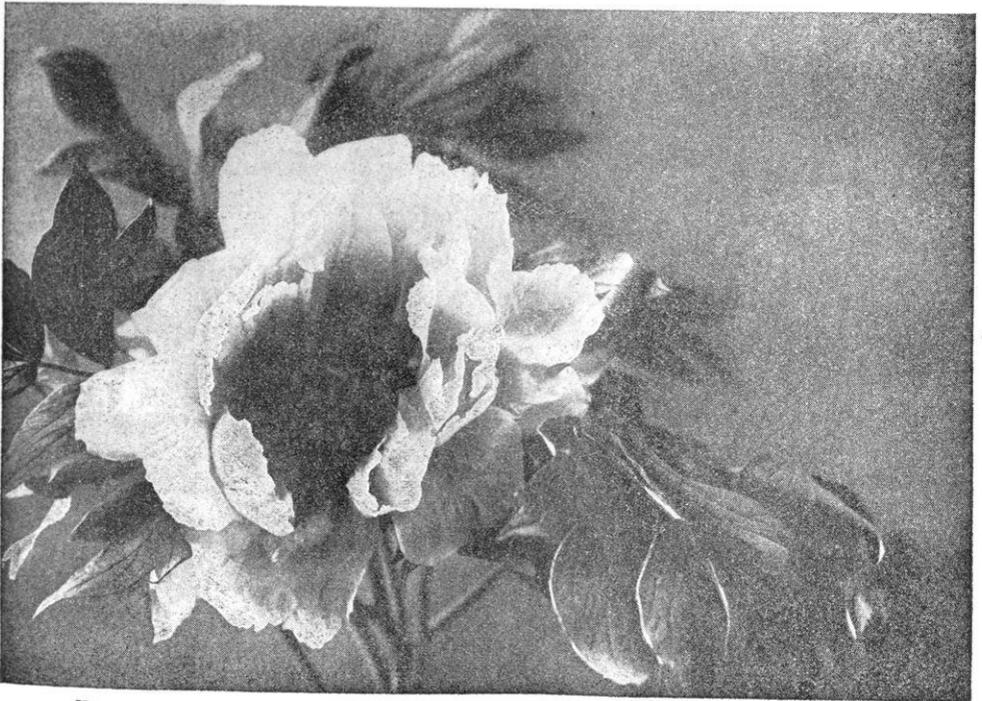
Spain says this flower is the "Rose of the Mountains." Germany, with a most amazing, inexcusable lack of poetic imagination, calls it "the Gouty Rose!" Our New Englanders speak of it lovingly as the "piny," and can pay no dearer compliment to their fresh, wholesome

THE WITCHES OF THE GARDEN

village maidens than to tell them they are as "sweet as a piny rose."

The old-fashioned single red peony has been in cultivation since the time of Pliny, but the peony as we know it in our gardens today is of modern development. The species known as *officinalis*, indigenous to Europe, is the flower of Greek temple gardens and was supposed to drive away evil spirits, avert tempests and bring good fortune to all who dwell within a radius of its perfume. Wonderful healing properties have been attributed to the acrid watery juice and the dried and powdered roots. The Spanish Californians still consider the root of *Pæonia Brownii*, the dark red, wild peony, a sure cure for dyspepsia when eaten raw. The Indians ground the dried roots into a powder and used it for various remedial purposes. Strange superstitions hover around this wild peony of the West, perhaps because it is almost black, an unusual, supernatural color for a flower. Witches might have touched it, they say, or the Evil One set the dark seal upon it. Troubled spirits like it well and demons obey its enchantments.

It is quite interesting to trace the origin of the popularity of our common garden flowers. In nearly every case they were first valued



HOA OUANG, THE CHINESE SACRED PEONY, WITH PURE WHITE PETALS AND GOLDEN HEART.

THE WITCHES OF THE GARDEN

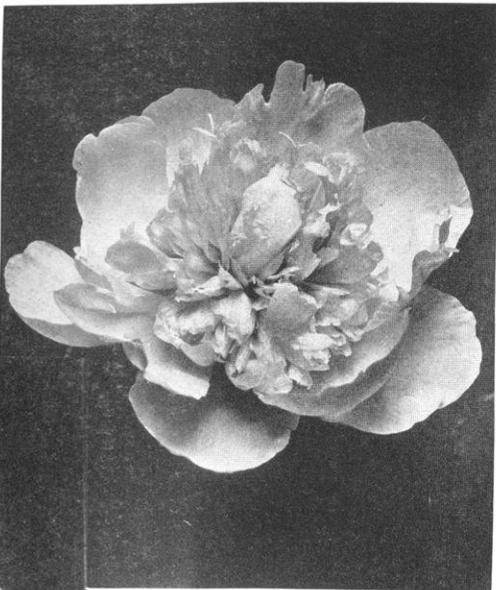
for their usefulness rather than their beauty, cultivated in gardens for their medical rather than decorative qualities. Miraculous as well as remedial powers have been attributed to the blood-red peony; demons were supposed to fly to the spot where it bloomed, and a bit of the root worn around the neck was believed to avert enchantment. "The ancient Greeks," so writes Dr. Coit, "when digging up the plant, were careful to do so at night only, as it was said that if any one attempted to meddle with it in the daytime the green woodpecker, assigned by the gods to protect the plant, would dart at the eyes of the intruder."

Now that the romantic days of witchcraft and superstition are at an end, the peony is being valued merely for its beauty—and is that not enough! No other flower takes just the same place in a garden-lover's affections. There is something so loyal in the way it blooms faithfully in long-neglected or deserted gardens, something so friendly in the way it rushes into its niche by the front door or its special corner of the garden at the first touch of the spring sun, something so democratic in the way it flourishes in the humble cottager's garden or a king's sumptuous park. It asks but little and gives much, making a brave yearly showing of gorgeous color once it has been given permission.

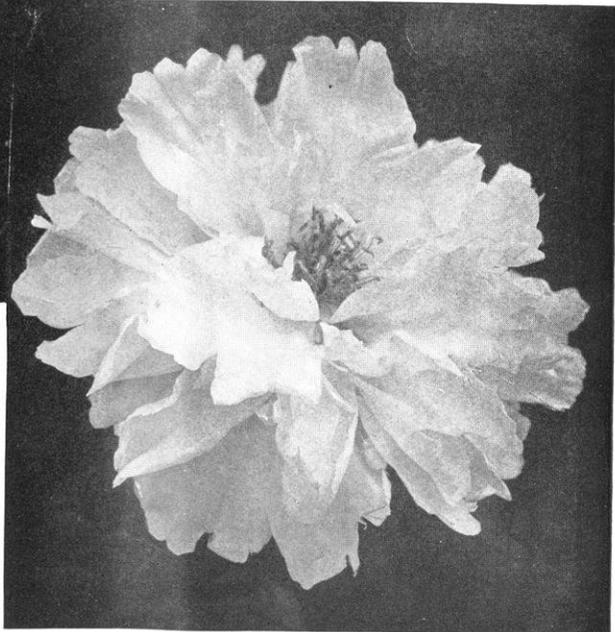
THE original form is quite likely the ten-petaled, white, cup-shaped peony with the clustered yellow stamens, that spread from China throughout all Europe and was brought to our shores by the early garden-loving settlers. The present diversity of color and form has been brought about by the crossing of *Paeonia officianalis* and *P. albiflora*—a sort of modern scientific version of the fairy story of Rose Red and Snow White! The primary red and white now runs through every possible change of rose-pink, flesh, salmon, lemon, cream and tawny reds.

Peonies should be planted in the fall after the roots have ripened. By mid-September, the foliage is dry and yellow, showing that the roots have reached their time of rest. The plants should not be disturbed until the leaves lose their greenness, for until that time they are actively feeding the roots and developing the eyes from which the next season's growth begins. If the roots are removed from the earth while the leaves are green or the weather too hot, they will lack vigor and shrivel. The vitality of the removed root can be determined by an examination of the new pinkish buds or eyes as they are called which show among the roots ready to spring through the earth as the blossom-bearer of the next year. The best root is not one with many small eyes but one with but a few round, plump, wide-awake-looking

THE DUCHESSE DE NEMOURS AT THE RIGHT OPENS FIRST IN THE FORM OF AN EXQUISITELY SHAPED WHITE CUP WITH A LEMON-YELLOW CENTER: AS IT GRADUALLY EXPANDS ITS LARGE GUARD PETALS THE YELLOW CENTER PALES UNTIL AT THE PERFECT HOUR OF MATURITY IT IS A WONDERFUL CHASTE WHITE: THIS LOVELY PEONY OF CHAMELEON HABIT IS DELICATELY FRAGRANT, BLOOMS EARLY AND PROFUSELY AND IS MOST SATISFACTORY AS A CUTTING FLOWER: IT IS ONE OF THE MOST EXQUISITELY BEAUTIFUL OF ALL THE PEONIES, LIKE A ROSE IN GRACE AND COLORING.



THE MARIE JACQUIN AT THE LEFT WITH ITS LARGE OUTER PETALS AND QUIVERING GOLDEN STAMENS IN THE CENTER IS QUITE LIKE OUR NATIVE WHITE WATER LILY: IT HAS ALSO BEEN GIFTED WITH A RICH, LANGUOROUS PERFUME.



AN EXCEEDINGLY LOVELY PEONY IS THE LA ROSIÈRE AT THE RIGHT: LIKE THE OTHER TWO SHOWN ON THIS PAGE IT IS PURE WHITE WITH A YELLOW CENTER, CUP SHAPED, FRAGRANT, EXQUISITE: THE FLOWER IS DELICATE OF FORM, OF MEDIUM SIZE, GROWING UPON A BUSH OF MODERATE HEIGHT: ITS CLEAR GREEN FOLIAGE AND STOUT STEM TIPPED WITH THE CHARMINGLY GRACEFUL BLOSSOM MAKE IT A GARDEN FAVORITE AS WELL AS A SATISFACTORY ONE FOR INTERIOR DECORATION.



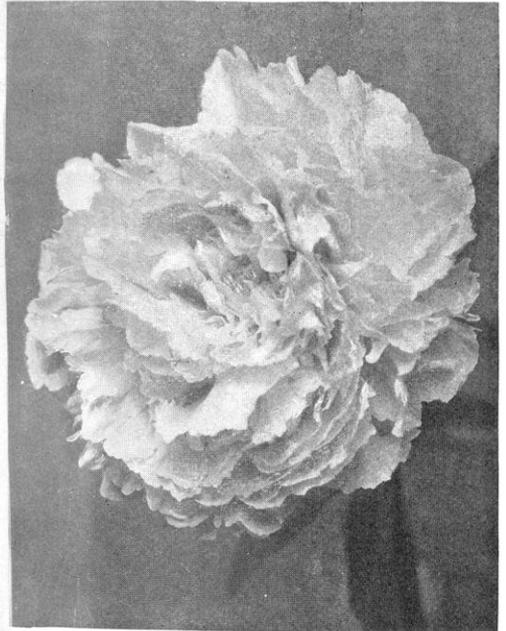
Photographs by courtesy of George H. Peterson.

PEONIES WHEN GROWN FOR LONG-STEMMED CUT FLOWERS SHOULD BE SET THREE FEET APART IN ROWS, FOUR OR FIVE FEET BETWEEN EACH ROW: PEONIES IN WELL CHOSEN VARIETY MAKE A SUPERB COLOR DISPLAY, ARE UNEQUALLED FOR WIDE PLANTINGS OF PARKS AND ROADWAYS, EFFECTIVE IN LANDSCAPE WORK, IN LARGE BEDS, AS INDIVIDUAL SPECIMENS AT THE EDGE OF A LAWN AND INVALUABLE FOR CUTTING AND INTERIOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES: EVEN THOUGH THEIR BLOOMING SEASON IS SHORT, THEY ARE STILL USEFUL AS BACKGROUNDS FOR THE SUMMER FLOWERING PLANTS.

THE BRILLIANT
 RED PEONY AT
 THE RIGHT,
 FELIX CROUSSE
 BY NAME, IS A
 GOOD BLOOMER
 AS WELL AS
 GROWER: ITS
 FULL, GLOBE-
 SHAPED
 FLOWERS ARE
 VALUED FOR
 MASSED COLOR
 EFFECTS: NO
 PEONY CAN
 EXCEL IT FOR
 GORGEOUS
 COLORING.

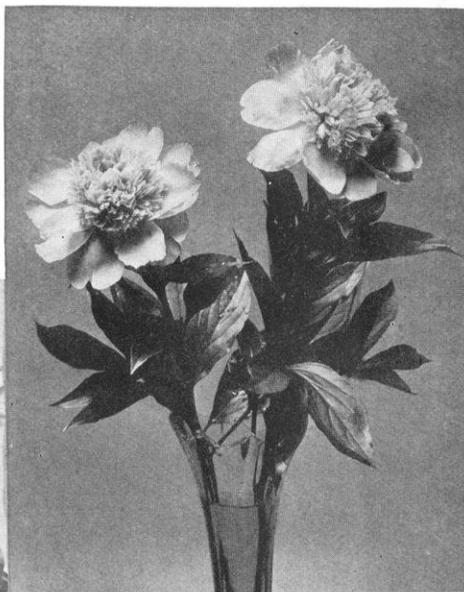


MADAME DE GAHLAU SHOWN
 BELOW IS A SUPERB LATE
 BLOOMING PEONY: IN COLOR
 IT IS GLOSSY FLESH PINK,
 SHADED WITH TRANSPARENT
 SALMON: THIS SHOWY PLANT
 IS OF MODERN DEVELOPMENT
 AS CAN BE SEEN BY THE
 CLOSELY PACKED PETALS, FOR
 THE ORIGINAL PEONY, FROM
 WHICH ALL THE GORGEOUS
 VARIETIES NOW SEEN IN OUR
 GARDENS HAVE DESCENDED,
 WAS SINGLE WITH A FEW
 LARGE GUARD PETALS AND
 INNUMERABLE YELLOW
 STAMENS AT ITS HEART.



ARMANDINE MECHIN AT THE LEFT IS A LARGE,
 BRIGHT PEONY, PERHAPS THE MOST BRIL-
 LIANT AND SHOWY PEONY IN CULTIVATION
 TODAY: IN COLOR IT IS A TRUE DESCENDANT
 OF THAT FIRST WILD FLOWER THAT FLAMED
 LIKE A FIRE ACROSS THE ANCIENT ISLAND
 OF PÆONIA: IN FORM IT SHOWS THE EXTREME
 OF HYBRID CULTURE POSSIBILITIES.

THE GENERAL BERTRAND AT THE RIGHT AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON BELOW ARE BOTH SHOWY, FINELY FORMED FLOWERS HELD ALOFT WITH MILITARY PERFECTION, ON LONG FIRM STEMS: THE GENERAL BERTRAND IS A DEEP, ROSE-PINK FILLED WITH SMALL SALMON-PINK PETALS EDGED WITH LIGHTER PINK: THE OTHER IS PURE WHITE.



MARÉCHAL MAC MAHON AT THE RIGHT IS ANOTHER PEONY OF STOCKY STRONG GROWTH, DARK GLOSSY FOLIAGE AND STIFF STEMS: IT PUTS FORTH AN UNUSUALLY LARGE FLOWER OF A BRIGHT RICH RED: ITS OUTER GUARD PETALS ARE VERY LARGE, THE CENTER PETALS NARROW AND RAGGED, BUILT UP HIGH IN THE CENTER, AN EXCEEDINGLY BEAUTIFUL PLANT, QUITE INDISPENSABLE FOR BORDERS AND SHOWY COLOR EFFECTS: PLANTED IN A SOLID BED IT MAKES A GLOW OF COLOR THAT IS UNSURPASSED FOR GORGEUSNESS.



THE WITCHES OF THE GARDEN

buds. One-, two- or even three-year-old plants can be purchased which will make a satisfactory showing the following spring. But if the purse is small and the stock of patience large, a package of seeds will bring equal results.

These gorgeous herbaceous plants will good-naturedly flourish in almost any soil, in shade, sun or partial shade. Like every other living thing, however, they will only reach the height of their perfection if given considerate care. They will more than repay for a proper scientific planting. They are great feeders, for they put forth a strong stem, heavy foliage and a wealth of bloom within a very short time. The finest flowers are obtained by digging a bed two or two and a half feet deep, filling it with pulverized loam or garden soil mixed with well-rotted manure, the proportion being about one-fifth the bulk of loam. If only new manure is obtainable, it must be made fine, mixed with the soil with a flat-tined fork and thrown in the bottom of the bed. The best way is to start a new bed in the spring by mixing new fertilizer and soil together and turning it over every two or three weeks, giving the heat and rains of summer time to disintegrate and blend the bed. Peonies thrive best in a soil which is not too light with sand or heavy with clay, and in a well-drained position. Each root should be set so that the upper eyes are two or three inches beneath the surface of the bed, about two and a half or three and a half feet apart, or even more if space permits. Florists who plant for long-stemmed cut flowers set them three feet apart in rows, four or five feet between each row.

No water is needed when planted in the very late fall, for the plant must remain dormant until the spring rains awaken it. Then much water will help greatly, if applied to the roots but kept away from the leaves. Much watering, especially if an occasional feeding of manure water be given, will produce strong, vigorous growth of stalk, full glossy foliage and large richly colored flowers. The tops of the plants must be cut back each fall and thrown back over the roots to make a mulch. In the spring remove the coarser part, add fertilizer and spade into the soil, being careful not to disturb the new buds.

This beautiful flower with its blaze of gorgeous color, year after year is almost immune from disease. Few insects disturb it. The tiny ants which visit its buds when they first begin to swell simply drink the sweet sap which exudes and do not injure the blossom in the least. The plant needs no winter protection, for it is a hardy, independent garden friend well able to take care of itself.

Hardly a garden is without this hardy, dependable, easily grown and brilliant "herbaceous rose." Colors to satisfy everyone can be chosen from any reputable grower. Among the rarely beautiful ones

THE WITCHES OF THE GARDEN

may be found the General Bertrand of large rose-pink guard petals well-filled with small salmon-pink petals tipped with lighter pink, the buds finely elongated, foliage full and rich. The Duchesse de Nemours, another aristocratic beauty, has large white outer petals and lemon-yellow with greenish reflex, slashed centers. As the bud with its delicate heart expands, it gradually pales to purest white. It blooms profusely and exhales a rare perfume. The Duke of Wellington is quite like it as to form and habit of maturing its yellow center to a pure white. The stems are long and fine, making it a good flower for decorative uses. Glossy white, tinged with red is the full cup-shaped Marie Jacquin. The weak growths often are almost single with golden stamens in the center that remind one of our native water-lily—as lovely in this form as in the more vigorous double growth. The Maréchal MacMahon, a strong grower, is of a deep rich red upon opening and blooms until late, a trait that makes it a universal favorite. Felix Crousse is a gorgeous flower, with dazzling red petals guarding a ruby-flame center. The Madame de Galhau, a profuse bloomer of late habits, is valuable for border effects. Its color is soft, glossy, flesh-pink shaded with transparent salmon. La Rosière is another delicately lovely white peony with small yellow stamen center like a rose.

These are but a few of many marvelously colored American descendants of those first wild, sturdy, flame-red and snow-white peonies whose beauty filled the Old World with a spirit of reverence or of superstition. They fill our gardens with incomparable beauty, and our hearts with gladness. If color were translated into music, a peony bed would be heard shouting pæons of praise to the highest.



THE MARIE JACQUIN IN BLOOM.

ARE WE TRAINING FOR WAR OR PEACE?

BY GUSTAV STICKLEY



THE war germ is latent in every nation. Its breaking out into malignant activity always depends upon the national state of mind. As a matter of fact, we may be unconsciously sickening for war when we seem most intent upon the profits of peace. In what appear the normal pursuits of a peaceful land we may be at any time nourishing the baleful spirit of destruction; for that which in its extreme manifestation is war, is also alive in all forms of pleasures and business in which the competitive spirit rules. In our athletic games, in our commercial conflicts, in our battles for social and political supremacy, the war germ is lurking. And when these aggressive forces inherent in all healthy nations get out of hand, it is time to put on the brakes and watch the danger signals.

It is well always to keep in mind that the war germ is stirring in all combats for aggrandisement, personal, national and racial. Peace conferences cannot destroy it, nor can the capture of one weary blood-stained nation by another ruthless and red, lessen its activity. Only the people of the whole nation can insure peace by developing within themselves the interests and elements that make for true progress. Trade to be sure, we must have. Well then let it be trade between nations of neighbors. Why should we build as Germany has done, so many factories that it has become in her estimation necessary to fight to make a market for her products? Why should any nation in the world permit her merchants to make three articles where one only is needed, and then find it necessary to go to war to sell the other two, resulting in a demoralization of the buyer, the merchant and, of course, eventually, the nation?

This kind of commercial struggle is fortunately for the progress of peace in this country beginning to be crushed. We are as suspicious of the merchant who can control humanity through commerce as we are of the ruler who can control it through fear. Through our recent close communication with Mexico and South America, we have commenced to realize how very close to actual warfare is the commercial battle that seeks to control, if not nations, enormous land products for personal aggrandisement.

While "he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before" is a benefactor, he who floods the markets with superfluous goods which he must fight to sell is nourishing the war germ in the most virulent fashion. How can the sane men of the nation strive for this over-production in factories when the finest farms practically all over America are under-worked? If we are going to work for peace in the future we must learn to produce constructively in-

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stead of destructively, we must realize that it is a mistake to regard all production as progress; growth lies only where the articles produced are of benefit to the world.

The poorest farmer in the world is in line with this sort of progress. When he gathers from the soil at harvest time what was not there in spring time he has enriched the world substantially and permanently, he has increased the nation's asset as no forced factory production, not needed and easily destroyed, has ever been able to. The factory when over-producing takes from human life a toll of health, strength and enthusiasm, which it converts into manufactured products; these when not needed by the world add to the care of life, provoking greed and envy. Moreover, these products made only to sell are often so poorly constructed that they cheat the people, and consequently represent a serious economic leak. Only what is needed is worth making. In our greed for commerce, we are sometimes making only to sell, we are competing with hundreds who are doing the same thing, we are fighting to get the best of them, we are fighting for markets, fighting for supremacy and trade. And as we are compelled to fight we cheapen our stock in trade in order to reserve everything for the battle. In the long run, this is like giving soldiers poor food to save money to buy better ammunition.

And we do this with our wide beautiful farms all about us, with the farmer crying for our help, with markets eager to be filled. Can we not forget the useless, the artificial, the unnecessary in our civilization for the sake of future peace, can we not give our thoughts to producing only what the world demands and so create the atmosphere which breathes peace as inevitably as oxygen breathes health? If we thus flood the national system with red corpuscles the vicious war germs must of necessity remain inert. Otherwise we of today cannot escape our share of responsibility for the wars of to-morrow. Whether we shall progress into peace or whether we shall in the future find about us such demoralization as Europe is now suffering, we are deciding today in our market-places, our schools, our factories, our politics. So much for the future—for the present is only the future in the making.

AS a result of Europe's present war, we are today facing problems which have not heretofore been ours since the republic was first established and at peace. We are once more, as in the early days of the colonies, thrown upon our own resources. If the war continues, even spreads as it now threatens to, we shall have to become absolutely self sufficient, our industries one and all must learn to stand on their own feet. For no longer can we turn to other

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nations for either raw materials or skilled labor. Whether we are making silk, wool, pottery, ceramics, furniture or fabrics, we shall have to seek our varied needed supplies at home. This is not taking advantage of a heart-breaking foreign situation. It is meeting war's adversities with what wisdom we must; if the result is good for the nation then we shall realize our added national strength. And surely in any case we shall see clearly the value and beauty of peace to America in contrast with the utter demoralization of war in Europe.

If, for instance, we find that the import of the English clay, for the glazing of our paper, stops, the science of today, coupled with the ingenuity of our Yankee inheritance, will certainly show us how to take our more porous product and find a way to refine it for such needs as we may have. If Germany will no longer send potash for our glass-making and ceramics, American capital will build the necessary factories for the production of this material which will not only help us through our present struggle, but make us permanently independent. In olden times, after peace came to us here, we learned how, in spite of all prophecies to the contrary, to design our homes, to build them, to weave our fabrics and rugs, to make our clothes, to produce our furniture. In fact these very difficulties, such as we faced in large proportion over a century ago, and as we must face in a smaller way today, all contribute in time to our power to gain commercial independence. Today we not only have the impulse to sustain the republic single-handed, but we have in our midst the inventor, the artist, the scientist, the chemist who will all flock to our assistance, and through this temporary struggle for readjustment we shall find a national growth, an increased stability.

It is a very good thing for a nation to know that she is equal to her own existence just as it is for a man to know that within himself lies the power to cope with life, that he can pay his own debt to existence every day.

May it not be that one of the by-products of this terrible struggle in Europe will be America's increased knowledge of her individual strength and resourcefulness? Is this not, as a matter of fact, just what a democracy really means if it is a success—the development of the individual; out of which is born the greater industrial progress, and that peace in the future which we must work for today?

I HAVE thought since we have heard recently of France's brave fight, and yet at times inadequate struggle with the German army, that possibly her strength as a democracy had rendered her incapable of fighting with the cohesion and the fury of the soldiers trained under the Kaiser. France has been working for the last half

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century for peace, she has been working for industrial success. Each individual has had his own opportunity to become as important as his own strength could make him, each man in France has looked to a future of health and prosperity for himself and his family. Such training for a nation, no matter how large the standing army, does not prepare adequately for war. Millions of people cannot, at one and the same time, concentrate on the sword and the plowshare. Their mind, their heart, their soul are working either for war or for peace.

If here, in America, a person of importance should suddenly say, to myself, for instance: "I feel that for you to commit suicide would be a great lesson in courage for the nation," I should be unutterably shocked. I should not have the slightest impulse to respond. I should say to this man, "My life has been used in preparing for peace, in working for my country, for my family. I have had no training to commit suicide, I have no interest in doing it, I have the courage to work, to die when my time comes." This is how my democracy trains us. If the same request were put to a Japanese man in whatever walk of life, undoubtedly, in a few moments, he would be dead. He has had the training for generations to respond to this call—not so much to work for his country, as to die for it. This is the monumental difference between a kingdom of one man, and of a government of the people by the people. In a Democracy *all the people are the government*, hence the government must be fair to all the people.

On the other hand, if our ideal is the soldier the spirit of warfare must be trained into men for generations; they must be trained to think with the mind of one man, trained to have the courage for death only, if the one man dictates it. It is thus that Germany's army has the power that is almost unquenchable. France gives her youth as gladly, as freely, as courageously, but her men are trained to use the plowshare. As we have said at the very beginning of this article, war is a state of mind; "as a man thinks so is he." If he is thinking peace, if he is thinking honesty, if he is thinking the best for the world, for his neighbor as for himself, then he belongs to a democratic civilization which demands that he do his utmost for permanent peace.

I can think of nothing so important for us today in America as to end all the little strifes, the little competitions, all the little warfares and make our nation a democracy in spirit as well as in name, the nation that believes in peace, works for peace, and in the end triumphs over all through peace.

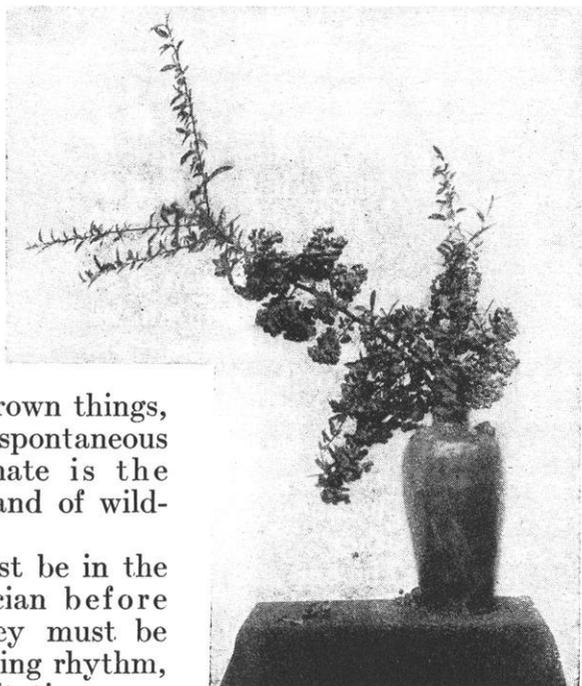
BEAUTY HARVESTS FROM FIELD AND FOREST FOR WINTER DECORATION: BY ANTOINETTE REHMANN PERRETT



“EVERY weed of thine, pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine, and every little hedge-row flower that grows, and every little brown bird that doth sing, hath something greater than itself,” said some fortunate one who could see the luminous, intangible beauty that hovers like an aura around every common object of earth. Some people easily see the fine spirit of beauty that enfolds the humblest weed as well as the highest star, others must learn to see it, must be educated to see it. Some walking through October woods see a shimmering, immaterial beauty drifting between the trees and hovering over the distant hills that somehow conveys to them a wordless message of high import. They see opal, over-tone colors where others see but the primary reds, yellows and orange that flame in maple and sumac. They note the decorative angular turn of a weed that has hung its ripened berries above a soft gray rock, take it home with them and give it a setting in accord with its genuine artistic worth. Immediately others observe that the spray thus set apart in an honored position is a wonderfully lovely thing.

A berry wand of the forest, captured on an Indian summer day, will transform a city room. A knotted twisted branch, whose treasure of seed is so cleverly guarded with protective thorns, yields true woodland beauty. The heavy dull atmosphere catches the jubilant spirit that emanates from all forest- and field-grown things, and becomes vibrant with spontaneous light-heartedness. Fortunate is the room that contains the wand of wild-wood magic.

Even magic wands must be in the hands of a human musician before their spell is released; they must be swung with an understanding rhythm, as it were, and the authoritative com-



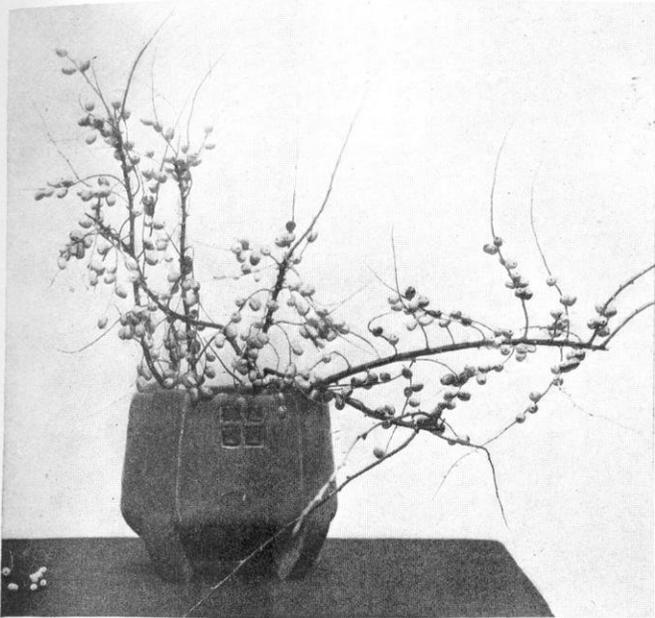
THE ORANGE HAW.

BRILLIANT DECORATIONS FROM FOREST AND FIELD

mand given. This is accomplished by a sympathetic arrangement of them on table, shelf, window ledge, in jar, vase, or basket. Find out what manner of bush the berry wand comes from and give it similar treatment in your room. For instance, the inkberry, or evergreen winterberry, is from a compact, well-rounded bush—give it place in an open Indian basket. The Wichuraiana needs the tall pitcher shape with a flaring top to make it feel at home.

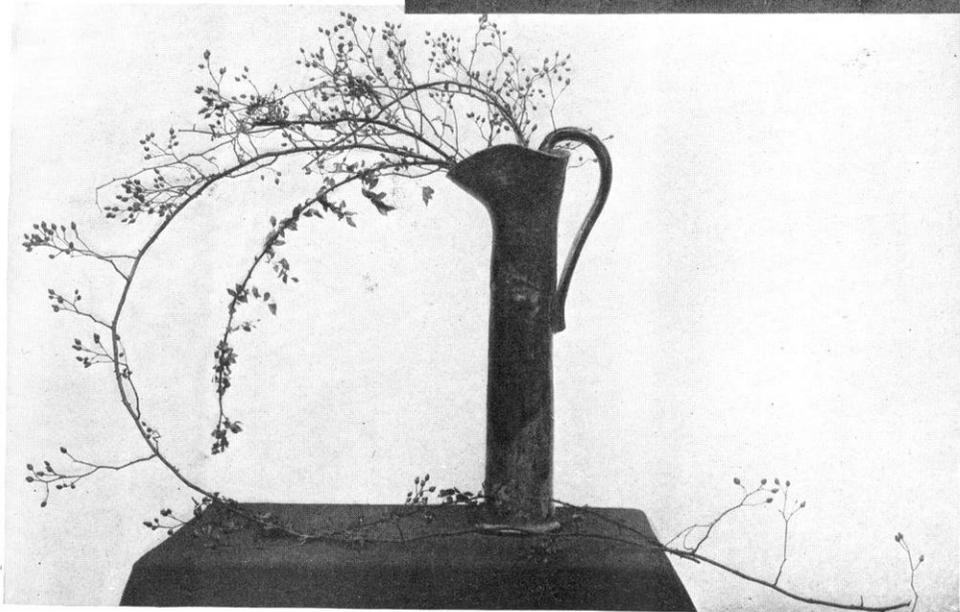
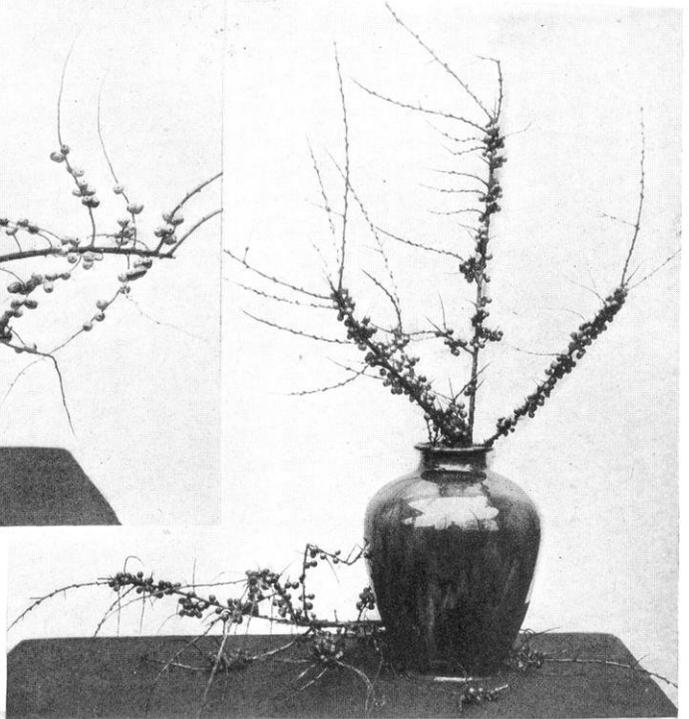
Every shrub has characteristics that go to make up its personality. In placing branches or stems of it in a vase or basket for decoration, it is the part of a true appreciation not to soften its peculiarities, but to sympathetically interpret them, and thus retain its inherent character. Take, for instance, the silvery *Eleagnus*. The dull white drupes that hang loosely like tassels from slender silvery twigs are pretty enough gathered into a small silver basket, but to be really characteristic and original, their reddish brown branches, their long bare budding-end branchlets guarded with spines, their peculiar characteristic curves and angles should all be retained. Then you will have something irregular and unconventional, something beautiful in its own unique way, something that has a fresh and salutary effect upon your environment.

IT is the same way with the *Hippophæa*, or sea-buckthorn. It is not only the conspicuous berries alone, varying from pale yellow to deeper orange tints, translucent and spotted with brown dots, that you need to interpret this European protector of the sand dunes, this saver of the alluvium of streams. It wouldn't be the *Hippophæa* if its berries didn't cling so numerously to its branches, but neither would it be the *Hippophæa* without its silver gray bark speckled with brown spots, covered with golden brown buds, guarded at intervals with silver spines, or without its every twig and branch ending in a thorn. Compare the blunt angles of the *Hippophæa* with the high-bush cranberry or guelder rose. The high-bush cranberry has straight enough stems but such curving and drooping twigs that it has together with its translucent scarlet berry clusters and its deep-ridged maple-like leaves an aristocratic grace. Compare, also, the two dogwoods, the red-stemmed one, the *Cornus alba*, and the dogberry, the *Cornus sanguinea*. The one right early loves to show its bare and thick red stems. The other keeps its foliage on from top to toe until well into November. The one is rugged, the other has garden graces. The one has straight stems, the other a curved and twisted mass of twigs and branches. All this gives them their differences in characterization and should be easily distinguishable even when they are used in room decoration.



SILVER ELEAGNUS IN A ROSE RED JAR ON THE LEFT: THE CHARMING CHARACTER OF BRANCHES CANNOT BE APPRECIATED UNTIL THE LEAVES HAVE FALLEN.

HIPPOPHÆA OR SEA BUCKTHORN WITH TRANSLUCENT YELLOW BERRIES SPOTTED WITH BROWN, ON THE RIGHT IN A YELLOWISH BROWN VASE.



THE JAPANESE TRAILING ROSE, THE WICHURAIANA, NEEDS A TALL VASE TO BRING OUT THE FULL BEAUTY OF ITS CURVING STEM HUNG WITH SCARLET HIPS.

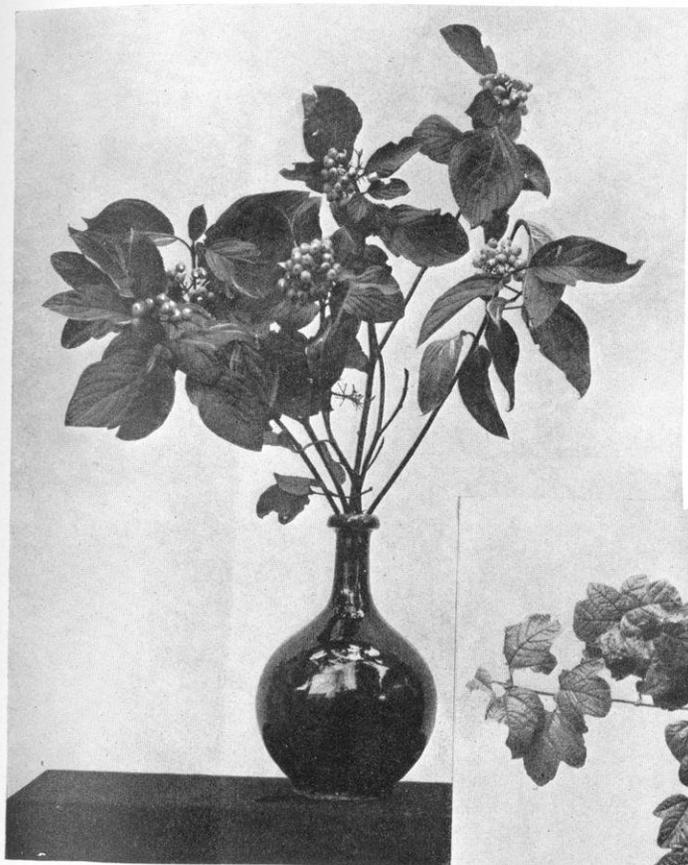


THE DOGBERRY WITH ITS SMALL CLUSTERS OF BLACK FRUIT, LATE STAR FLOWERS AND PARALLEL-VEINED LEAVES IN A TULIP VASE OF BLACKISH BLUE, AS SHOWN ON THE LEFT, MAKES A CHARMINGLY ORIGINAL NOTE OF COLOR IN A ROOM.



ON THE RIGHT IS AN ARRANGEMENT OF ENGLISH HAWTHORN IN AN OLD BRASS WATER BOTTLE: THE DARK RED HAWS AND LOBED LEAVES WITH THE GLINT OF BRASS HOLD THE VERY SPIRIT OF OUTDOOR AUTUMN COLORINGS: BRANCHES AND LEAVES WILL DRY WITH A PECULIARLY DECORATIVE GRACE IF THE JAR HOLDING THEM BE FILLED BUT ONCE WITH WATER AND NOT REPLENISHED: SLOW DRYING PRESERVES INDIVIDUALITY OF FORM.

BEFORE ARRANGING BERRIES IN VASES CONSIDER THE KIND OF BUSH THEY COME FROM AND GIVE SIMILAR TREATMENT IN THE HOUSE: PLACE THEM IN TALL SLENDER VASES OR ROUNDING, SQUAT JARS AS THEIR NATURAL MANNER OF GROWTH DICTATES.



THE RED-STEMMED DOGWOOD, CORNUS ALBA, SHOWN ON THE LEFT, FRUITED WITH WHITE BERRIES, CAN BE ARRANGED IN MANY ATTRACTIVE WAYS, FOR ITS LEAVES HAVE A PECULIARLY DECORATIVE, ACCOMMODATING WAY OF ADAPTING THEMSELVES TO ANY SITUATION: BERRIES BEGIN TO FORM ON THIS BUSH IN MAY AND CAN BE GATHERED AS LATE AS NOVEMBER, BUT THE LEAVES DO NOT REACH THE FULL INTEREST OF COLOR UNTIL THE FALL FROSTS ARRIVE.



ON THE RIGHT MAY BE SEEN THE BEAUTIFUL TRANSLUCENT SCARLET BERRIES OF THE HIGH-BUSH CRANBERRY AMONG THEIR DEEP-RIDGED MAPLE-LIKE LEAVES, ARRANGED IN A SOFT-TONED BLUE VASE: A GRACEFUL BIT OF WILD-WOOD GROWTH THAT WOULD TRANSFORM THE FORMAL ATMOSPHERE OF ANY CITY ROOM.

THESE PICTURES ARE ESPECIALLY WORTH STUDYING, FOR THEY SHOW A VERY HARMONIOUS ARRANGEMENT OF THE BRANCHES WITH RELATION TO THE VASES: THE CLUSTERED BERRIES AND FOLIAGE SEEM TO REPEAT IN EACH CASE THE LINES OF THE POTTERY.

IN THE DEERFIELD BASKET OF HOME-DYED BROWN WILLOW ON THE RIGHT, ARE CLUSTERS OF THE LIGUSTRUM MEDIA'S SHINING BLACK BERRIES: BELOW IS THE BROAD EVERGREEN WINTER-BERRY IN AN OLD INDIAN BASKET: AUTUMN BERRIES IN OLD BASKETS, REMINISCENT OF WALKS THROUGH FIELD AND GROVE, FILL A ROOM WITH THE FRIENDLY, WINNING CHARM OF BREEZY HILLS AND QUIET DELLS: THEY ARE GOOD FOR CITY WORKERS TO HAVE WITHIN CONTINUAL SIGHT.



BELOW IS THE JAPANESE PAGODA TREE WITH ITS GREEN, SAUSAGE-LIKE FRUIT.



HOLLY BRANCHES ALWAYS CARRY A HAPPY, FESTIVE AIR: THEIR GAY RED BERRIES HIDING AMONG THE THICK PRICKLY LEAVES ARE ASSOCIATED IN OUR MINDS WITH HOLIDAY MAKING: IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO ARRANGE THEM IN A WAY DEVOID OF CHARM, FOR THEIR BEAUTY CONTROLS ANY SITUATION: THEY ARE SHOWN AT THE RIGHT IN A SMALL GRAY-GREEN VASE OF BELGIAN POTTERY.



BRILLIANT DECORATIONS FROM FOREST AND FIELD

There is great variety in the structure of the fruited twigs to be gathered. There are hips on the roses and haws on the thorns. There are dry one-seeded drupes like the Eleagnus or the spiked sumacs, six-seeded berry-like drupes like the inkberry, juicy drupes like the common buckthorn or the crimson elderberry. There are bright red translucent drupes like the high-bush cranberry, nut-like seeds enclosed in pulpy, berry-like cups like those of the American yew, and real berries like the Hippophæa. There are pomes like the chokeberries, capsules like these of the Wahoo or burning bush, and curious pods like those on the Japanese pagoda tree. All these various fruits differ not only in structure but in shape. They differ, too, in the way they group. The berries of the Indian currant, for instance, fairly hug the branches, while the inkberries hang on long petioles singly or in twos and threes from the axils of the leaves. The high-bush cranberry, the *Viburnum opulus*, grows in convex clusters, the *Viburnum cassinoides* in very flat clusters. Some clusters, like those of the common barberry, are pendent, some, like those of the *Ligustrum media*, are terminal and pyramidal in shape. Some clusters are made up of berries all the same size, while the berries of the snowberry vary in size from the size of a marble to the size of a pea. Even among hips and among haws, the differences are very noticeable. Compare the small elongated hips of the Wichuraiana and their characteristic grouping with, for instance, the clusters of round hips of our native climbing rose, the *Rosa setigera*. Compare, too, the clustered hips of the English hawthorn with the large hips of our native cockspur thorn or with the roundish, crowded clusters of the evergreen thorn.

THERE is, too, a much greater variety in the coloring of the berries than one would expect to find. What color do you want for your decoration? A wonderful lavender? Then use the jewel-like clusters of the *Callicarpa*. Is it a unique steel blue? You will find it in the *Symphoricarpos*. Is it a rose shading to crimson? You will find it in many of the coral-berries. The snowberries, the red-stemmed dogwoods, and the paniced dogwoods have white berries. The Kinnikinnik, the *Cornus amomum*, has pale blue berries with a silvery sheen. The Hippophæa are a translucent yellow, the bittersweet a dull yellow. The evergreen thorn is a beautiful orange at first and then turns red later in the season. The matrimony vine has large scarlet drop pearls. In September, the inkberries are a rose red, changing as they ripen to a shining black. In the same way, the *Viburnum cassinoides*, before the berries turn dark blue and wither, are at first a rose-tinged cream and then part rose and blue. There

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are all sorts of red berries. The chokeberries are especially bright and plentiful in October. The black alder is one of our native hollies, and lovely for Christmas decoration. It is the Japanese barberry, however, that keeps its scarlet berries among the latest. In fact, there are a good many berries left when the new leaves appear. The same is true of the brownish black berries of Regel's and the common privet.

The twelve illustrations of this article are from photographs taken from berries gathered in a small park near our home and placed in the simple pottery, brasses, coppers and baskets that we had in our rooms. They were all used against a grayish green burlap wall and brown-stained oak. One of the best things about a soft, neutral wall is that it fairly courts decoration. We wish we could tell you, some time, of how we have used flower combinations in these rooms, but with the berries we only experimented this year with one kind at a time. The pale green pods of the Japanese pagoda tree seemed to take naturally to the Japanese fruit basket, and, together with the late panicles of butterfly flowers and against the dark green of the graceful, many-leaved foliage, were an interesting and curious sight. The shining black clusters of the privet, *Ligustrum media*,—they are very different from the berries of the common privet—were in a basket of dull brown-stained willow made in Deerfield from an old colonial model. The hawthorn was placed, on account of its size, in a brass kettle we picked up one day in the market-place of that wonderfully preserved mediæval city, Bruges, while the bittersweet was in the old Dutch turf pot made of dull brown copper with rings of shining brass. The Japanese barberry was in a hammered copper pitcher from the *Gewerbe* museum in Munich. The holly with its thick, dark green leaves was in a grayish green jar. The black clusters of the dogberries, with their parallel-veined leaves and the late clusters of four-pointed star flowers, make a rich dark scheme with the bluish black glazed tulip vase. The scarlet clusters of the high-bush cranberry with its rich deep foliage looks strikingly handsome in a Japanese vase of soft greenish blue. The reason for putting the *Eleagnus* in a jardinière of hazy rose red was that its white berries, as the season advances, have a faint rose brown tinge that harmonizes with the coloring of the pottery.

PEOPLE who do not use berries frequently in their decorations have no idea how large a variety there is to draw from. We were greatly surprised this fall to find over fifty kinds with only a single park as a source of supplies. It was, to be sure, a park planted by the Olmsteads, and one which sustains its interest the whole year round in a continuous succession of flowers and fruits.

BRILLIANT DECORATIONS FROM FOREST AND FIELD

Many are the berries that are native in different parts of our country that can be grown in our gardens. The evergreen thorn, for instance, is a very useful bush for garden decoration. It has not only lovely foliage, a bridal-like bloom, brilliant haws that stay on all winter, but it can assume almost any shape. It makes a fine hedge plant; it can be trained along walls; it makes a compact planting about the foundations of the house; it can be made to stand, a tall sentinel, by the doorway; it can be harmoniously grouped with other shrubs. The inkberry, too, is a plant to be considered wherever you want a medium-sized, fine-leaved evergreen with special winter attractions about the house or as a border. Of course, holly has a high place among evergreens. The *Wichuraiana* is lovely for trailing over walls or terraces or when it is merely allowed to lie upon the ground. The dogberry is a graceful garden bush with lovely red and purple colors in its winter stems, but the red-stemmed dogwood needs a larger place where it can be grown in stretches to form a touch of vivid red in the winter landscape. The hawthorn is a pretty tree for the front lawn or for grouping among the back shrubbery. The *Eleagnus* and *Hippophaea* are used at times, in the latter way, with much success, but they are more especially appropriate when grown with willows in places along the coast or on sandy banks, or in parks where this character is simulated along the waterways. The privet and high-bush cranberry are good wherever tall, hardy shrubs are wanted. The high-bush cranberry in our garden did valiantly north of tall trees caught in among buildings, and the privet grows well even in a smoky factory atmosphere. An interest in berries very soon forces you to an interest in winter gardens.

Our interest in berries made us hunt for them in household fabrics and design. We looked, for instance, through hundreds of samples of cretonnes and printed linens without finding one that had used the snowberry for its inspiration. Yet what could be more appropriate for a young girl's room, for instance, than these beautiful white berries of varying sizes picturesquely hugging their stems and tipped with wee pink flowers. We found hundreds of rose designs, trite and unimaginative, loosely put together, uninspired, with only the crudest feeling for design, but among them not a single hip. Yet wouldn't the *Wichuraiana*, with its decorative hips and lovely coloring, adapt itself easily to conventionalization? Of course, we are given such designs because we have so little knowledge of the great variety of plants about us. We know so few growing things intimately, and when we do, we fail to characterize them and to select those that are most appropriate for our purpose and most congenial to our personalities.

THE CITY OF LAUGHTER: BY CONINGSBY DAWSON



HERE was once a man who was dissatisfied with himself and the age in which he lived. He wanted to describe the world as he believed God had intended it—as he hoped it would become one day. He tried in half-a-dozen ways to describe it. At last, he wrote: “It shall be called the City of Truth—and the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing.”

Rather a strange combination of words, *truth* and *playing!* In this strenuous day, we shrug our shoulders. We know that the only road by which truth may be obtained is the road of labor. An unpleasant road! In our youth, we have to be urged along it and lashed along it, like the soldiers of Xerxes, unwilling to go into battle; as we grow older, we get the habit of plodding forward. Some of us are promoted and, in our turn, become whippers for the Army of Progress, flogging the younger generation into the forward march toward the invisible Eldorado.

Every age has had its Better Land, for which it has gone in search. For the Jew, it was the land of truth; for the Greek, the land of beauty; for the Dark Ages, the land of emancipation from the flesh; for the Renaissance, wisdom in the concrete form of loveliness; for the eighteenth century, personal and political liberty; in our day, it is the land of individual material success. For all it has been the dream of happiness, or, religiously phrased, the belief that by pressing ever forward some sudden bend in the road will bring Man within sight of God's face. The goal of the journey has been variously called. As William Morris puts it, “Men fight and lose the battle, and the thing that they fought for comes about in spite of their defeat, and when it comes, turns out to be not what they meant, and other men have to fight for what they meant under another name.” The name of the thing that is sought may change, but the method of its search has always been fighting. Only to this olden Eastern dreamer, sitting among his vineyards, looking down on a sun-bleached Jewish town, did it occur that the Eldorado might be a City of Laughter, the approaches to which were not roads but lanes of wild flowers and playing.

Incredible! An unacceptable gospel to our way of thinking! Almost as unacceptable as that advice of another Eastern philosopher that we should take no thought for the morrow because the hand that clothed the fields and fed the birds would clothe and feed us. “Gospels of laziness!” we say and shrug our shoulders. Or, trying to be reverent, we hunt for excuses, “Different ages have different conditions and different standards.” Playing, indeed! Take no thought for the

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morrow! If we taught our children the value of idleness where would they be the day after to-morrow? So, when a noted scholar dies at forty, who had boasted that he could work sixteen hours a day, live without exercise and exist on four hours' sleep, we rather tend to applaud him as a hero. He lived in a city; it was said his light was always burning when the last of his students crept into bed; his blind was always up when the earliest of them got back to his studies. This man was so industrious that, when he went on journeys, instead of watching the country, he took his stenographer with him and dictated. He was an exaggerated example of the indomitable American toiler, after which pattern we do our best to mold our children. But how much did he see of the marvel of the world which had been given him to inhabit? Always beyond the horizon there was a fresh landscape and beyond that another and another, spreading away like woven tapestries of magic and girdling the world. He worked—he died worn-out at forty.

The city is to be called the City of Truth—its streets are to be full of boys and girls playing. Nothing is said about the age of the boys and girls. Perhaps some of them are to be eighty; at all events, they are all to be young in spirit—they are to be playing.

I LIKE to think of the man who painted such a picture of existence. He had lived within walls, been the counsellor of kings, had seen empires rise, float away and burst like bubbles, had helped to marshal armies and had watched them march out to return in triumph or defeat. He had grown tired of the useless glory of the pageant. He listened for laughter, and heard only the droning sound of work; he looked for playing, and saw only men building and destroying. He went away to his vineyard on the hill and thought. This hurrying to and fro, this selfish capturing and snatching couldn't be what God had meant. It was then that he had the vision of the land to which the world was going—a City of Laughter, where men and women had always the hearts of boys and girls—"the streets of the city shall be full of playing."

All knowledge, all achievement which is worth the having, is attained in the spirit of playing, and not of work. A sweeping statement! But true if you consider it. Every work of art is a work of play. Was a great book ever written which was not undertaken in the child-spirit of adventure? Compare Boswell's "Life of Johnson" with the hack biographies compiled by other men. Boswell was a naughty child, eavesdropping when he ought to have been in bed. He hid under tables to hear what his master was saying; he spied through keyholes to catch him undisguised. He was the make-

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believe explorer of a continental personality which was determined not to be explored.

Which was determined not to be explored! There began the adventure. If Boswell had waited till his friend was dead and had set about writing his biography in a solemn atmosphere of duty, compiling memories and hearsay facts, like a laborious ant—who would care to read what he has written? It was the impertinence, the excursionist curiosity, the holiday merriment of the man that made him write a Robinson Crusoe life record of a very fat lexicographer—a record full of hairbreadth escapes for the biographer.

Play may be the best kind of work—the difference between work and play is a difference in training and mental attitude. Teach a child to play sadly and call his play work—you make him a laborer who toils even when he is playing.

The mistake which most of our educators are making is to stamp upon play the brand of drudgery. I remember a preposterous little book that used to be found with the Bible beside English beds; it was entitled, "Blessed be Drudgery." Puritanical cant! Drudgery was never blessed and nothing could ever make it blessed. The same kind of cant that found blessedness in pain and ugliness and all the other penalties of man's folly! Go to Nature. See what haste she makes to cover up faults and barrenness—she tries to make greenness everywhere. A tree dies. Moss and creepers climb about it. A river bursts its banks and scars the landscape. Flowers grow up to hide the havoc. Ugliness and drudgery are no part of God's plan for his world. If Man insists on inventing them, God leaves Man to do the explaining. Boys and girls playing in a green City of Laughter—that was what God meant.

Contrast this with the kind of world that we are giving to our children. Fields are rife with flowers and full of birds. Do we give them eyes to see them? Instead, we herd them in a walled-in world. We teach them about Nature with withered specimens and from text-books. Their learning would be play if we allowed them to pluck the flowers themselves. Every child loves animals—we make them read about them in Natural Histories written by pedants. We change their love into work.

THERE was a book from which, as a child, I was taught to read. It was called, "Reading Without Tears." I shed plenty of tears over it and learned very little in the stuffy schoolroom, stooped over a sunlit desk while the flies drummed against the shining window-panes. But by myself, sitting cross-legged with Grimm's Fairy-Tales in the nursery, how much I learned! I picked up reading

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without knowing it, because I was doing it of my own choice. The same way with arithmetic. I hated it until some play-person told me that it was nothing more than an endless battle between King Addition and King Subtraction—then I grew interested. Education should be a directing and not a compelling.

The instincts of the child are the instincts of the savage. Every boy and girl in growing up lives through, in his or herself, the entire process of evolution that forms the history of the race. There is the love of the open, the kinship with the animals, the desire for loveliness, the herd-spirit curiously combined with a fierce sense of the right to independence. Just as the savage lived in a play-world and made his great discoveries, which advanced the world's progress, in a spirit of playing, so does the child. But our modern educators try to hurry the child's development through these early stages by hothouse processes. Competitive examinations and the fear of failure soon rob the child of its confidence, light-heartedness and originality.

The last two centuries have been occupied with social battles for the Rights of Man. In this twentieth century, the battle has only just commenced for the Rights of the Child. Its right to green places; its right to select what it loves in the world; above all, its right to exercise its imagination—to learn by playing.

Gray faces everywhere! Men and women who know nothing but how to earn bread! In the crouching tread of cities the sound of the fear of life and the terror of death! And yet always between the stone cities lies the green City of Laughter, where work is play, where birds sing as they build their nests and rivers flow silver through meadows, certain of the sea and unhurrying.

The day is coming when, one by one, our wise men like the old Eastern dreamer will steal out from the walls of work into the grassy Metropolis of Laughter. There the work will still go on, but unknowingly. No one will be old; the streets of that city will be full of boys and girls playing.



THE ARTIST'S WONDER-STONE: HOW BARON DE MEYER SEES MODERN SPAIN



HERE was once a man who ceaselessly wandered through the quiet lanes and busy highways of the world hunting for the fabled stone that endows the finder with power to look through the mask of externals, through all sophistries of the mind and allurements of the flesh, straight into the transparent heart of things. Eyes touched with this wonder-stone see the fadeless beauty that hides within the transient form; ears hear the intent of speech and not the words; lips lose their power of deceit before it and speak but truth. The man stumbled upon many strange pebbles hidden among wayside flowers or buried in the dust of highways, and bought many a glittering gem from fantastically garbed wizards of the market-place. But the magic stone was not among them. One day, as he sat talking with an age-bent peasant as they rested together by the road, he saw the fine brave spirit of a true knight-errant shining through the tired old eyes, heard a voice of kingly dignity behind the uncouth dialect, felt the soft touch of understanding sympathy in the clasp of the toil-hardened hands. Looking about him he was surprised to find that he could see a divine beauty in all common things, the fine essence of rough exteriors. Yet he had no wonder-stone in his hand! By constantly peering into every eye, listening with unbiased mind to every voice, putting the pebbles of earth to test with anxious hope, he had gradually created within his own mind the invisible stone or clear perception that gives vision. Where else would the key to understanding be lodging except in the experienced, weighing and testing, penetrating human mind!

The talisman of true insight sometimes becomes the possession of artists when they steadily strive to portray the real man or woman behind the social mask of a beautiful or ugly face; of writers who continually seek the significant motive behind apparently insignificant deeds; of travelers who with the "open sesame" of a friendly heart become able to penetrate the castes and customs of all nations to the mysterious thread that binds the many into one.

Photographers have, for the most part, been absorbed in reproducing the beauty of external forms and the charm that lies in nicely related lights and shades. They have looked for the graceful composition of a landscape rather than for the atmosphere that makes it sentient; for striking attitudes of figures and intimate details of physical life rather than for the emotion that prompts each expression. They have focussed the lens of their cameras sharply upon the texture of a rose leaf, the velvet quality of tree shadow upon a white wall, the glint of sunshine on still waters, the swift fluttering of a humming



A TYPICAL BEAUTY OF GRANADA: FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON RUDOLF DE MEYER.



"THE SPANISH DANCER OF TODAY," FROM A
PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON RUDOLF DE MEYER.



"A MODERN CABALLERO OF GRANADA," FROM
A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON RUDOLF DE MEYER.



"DREAMING OF VICTORY," FROM A SPANISH
PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON RUDOLF DE MEYER.

SPAIN THROUGH THE ARTIST'S CAMERA

bird's wing as it hovers above a nectar-filled flower cup. They have made telescopes of their cameras and photographed the mountains of the moon; turned their lenses with microscopic force upon tiny insects of the grass, and revealed them as ferocious monsters of a trackless jungle; they have shown us with X-ray wizardry the beating of our hearts, the coursing of our blood, the flight of a cannon ball, the nervous system of an angle worm. Wonderful things indeed they have done in revealing the secrets, the inner workings, the external beauties of objects of physical life. But few of them try to photograph the soul of things—the Dweller beyond the Threshold.

It is the exceptional photographer who uses his camera with the insight of an artist, who strives to reveal not only the outward beauties of his subject but that inner significance of which the external is but the lovely shell. And such an artist is Baron de Meyer, some of whose studies inspired this article. He deliberately focuses his camera not upon the sparkle of an eye but upon the light that illumines the eye. He has somehow become possessed of the immaterial wonder-stone, the talisman of insight, and uses it as a lens! When he photographs a man the face is shadowy but the soul is clear; when he photographs a tree, its storm-resisting spirit shines through the bark of the twisted, staunchly fighting branches. He makes portraits of flowers—(not just pictures of them) a humanly modest or flaunting individuality showing in poise of stem, lift or droop of petal. A field of his photographing shows its hope or pride of harvest; a lane, its prim or sauntering air of haste or leisure, its aristocratic or plebeian way of marching proudly up a hill or shrinking shyly through a pasture lot or grove.

Readers of *THE CRAFTSMAN* are already familiar with the work of this photographer who penetrates the shell of things to the essential kernel, for they have seen, from time to time in this magazine, his inspired interpretations of humanity, his portraits of trees and flowers, his spiritual treatment of the usually lifeless, still life subjects.

Pictures of Nature are great or indifferent according to the treatment given them by the artist. He is the translator, as it were, who destroys or justly interprets their story of life. "Not all the mechanical or gaseous forces of the world or all the laws of the universe will enable you either to see a color or draw a line without that singular force anciently called the soul," says Ruskin. Baron de Meyer possesses that force "anciently called the soul," that essential quality of vision without which a picture is lifeless, inert, valueless as art. Unless a man has understanding, vision, insight, he sees but darkly. "Having eyes they see not."

His interpretations of Spanish life that we are publishing this month might easily be mistaken for reproductions of paintings instead

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of photographs. The camera does not usually pierce to the essential fact of a subject and leave the rest to its deserved second place. In its zeal for detail it generally leaves nothing to the imagination—and without imagination there is no art. When it is turned toward the face of a friend it has a diabolical way of recording any blemish of the flesh, of exaggerating every weakness of character. Some say that "the camera never lies." The truth is that it generally bears false witness; it reports but half the truth, a most malicious, evil trick indeed. Only in the hands of the artist does the camera give things their true value.

How wonderfully it has portrayed the questioning, balancing, half-laughing, quizzical, inviting yet defying look of the Spanish woman. She is just as we would remember having once seen her. The loose, dark hair, sensuous eyes, smiling lips, soft full throat and graceful upraised hand would remain in our memory, while the folds of the dress be forgotten—if observed at all. This is true art, not commercial photography—to retain the things that should be retained and to lose the things that are of no account. And the thoughtfully peering face of the man with the soft-lipped profile! His is the face of a dreamer, looking within his own soul for solution of that which his eyes see. How sensitively the camera, under the command of de Meyer, has portrayed the still, intent gaze. That look of the seer as the significant detail, the kerchiefed head, cap, coat and chin as unimportant details have been justly balanced and truly reported.

The treatment of light in the full-length study of the dancer lifts the picture beyond the field of the usual. It is handled masterfully, also in the other two photographs reproduced. In the one of the dashing young *caballero*, the artist depends upon a mass of shadows and concentrated spot of light for his interest. In the other he has dared the full blaze of the sun, the penetrating light that permits no shadow, that softens lines and blurs all detail. The strong light that produces strong shadows is difficult to handle in photography, for the negative is apt to show but a blank flare of light beside a blurred mass of darkness. Diaphragming for detail of shadow, the lights become deadened. In the photograph of the woman sitting at the table in the direct light of a window, he has managed with consummate skill to get softness of contours and detail of fold, even the glow of light upon the face glancing from the white cloth on the table. The outline of the hand on the bottle is nicely lost—as it naturally would be against the transparent bottle. Focusing the camera with an artist's insight, he has gained a remarkable balance of those powerful contrasts—sunlight and shadow—the intangible elements from which the infinite subtleties of beauty spring.

AMERICAN WOMEN AND HOUSEWORK: THE PROBLEM PRESENTED BY THE PROPHESED DECLINE IN IMMIGRATION



EUROPE'S most valuable export to America, if we are to consider the daily comfort of man, is undoubtedly the million or so stout workers which we have been in the habit of receiving from the continent every year. Regardless of the commercial or social prosperity of any foreign land, the stream of immigrants continued to flow to this country; Russia, Finland, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, the Balkan States, Greece, Hungary, Italy, all furnished their share of the annual million. Although as time has gone by these various nations have felt a certain depletion in their working lines, it has seemed impossible to lessen the human export. And, while much of this enormous influx of labor was unskilled, it nevertheless furnished us some fine ideals in the arts and crafts and agricultural pursuits. Even the untrained contingent found a warm welcome; the men, in our vast enterprises requiring much labor for little money and the women, however ignorant, helping to furnish leisure in American homes.

The present terrific and devastating war in Europe has brought about conditions that will put this source of supply almost out of our reach. The servant question will face us in America during the coming years as never before. With our great steamships landing in America practically without steerage booking, the question of domestic labor in this country develops into a problem so serious that it is important to consider it promptly and earnestly.

No longer can we cull our servants from the youth of our immigrants. The enormous foreign influx has stopped as abruptly as though death itself had intervened; today the nations which have been feeding us our labor, are mobilizing into their armies our farmhands, our house-builders, our road makers, our ditch diggers. As for our cooks, maids, nurses, factory girls, those that we are hoping for in the future, they are today working in Europe's fields, in the gardens and the shops. While our enterprises are enlarging, our standing supply of labor must inevitably decrease through sickness or advancement into higher fields of endeavor.

It is confusing, sociologically, to discover that in this most democratic of all nations, the great mass of our women know little of housework, that the great mass of our young men know little of farming. Back in the reign of Queen Victoria a strange futile "need of an aristocracy" developed—we trained our children to be professional, we divided all our democratic world into two classes, those who knew how to work and those who did not. Today among our American

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inhabitants the great mass do not know how to work; even those who have no money do not know how to take care of themselves. This situation has been made possible only because we have fed our unstable and shaking "aristocracy" upon the strength of foreign immigration. In no other way could we, as a nation, have ceased to use our hands for our own benefit.

It has seemed in the past as though the supply of the vigorous youth from over the waters was inexhaustible. A few people who have thought, have realized that in the course of time this flood of labor must cease, especially as the nations from which we are receiving our largest supplies are beginning to take every precaution to keep their useful workers at home; but in the main we have not looked ahead to any extent. We have thought it would be pleasant to have "professional servants," we advanced so far as to think it would be a good idea to bring up our daughters to know how to work; but, on the whole, we have gone on being comfortable, trusting to luck, and preferring idleness and indolence at any cost with our increased prosperity and increased idleness. Some of us have actually grown ashamed of labor, not labor inherently, because we are perfectly willing that *others* should work, but we have been ashamed to do it ourselves.

AT last, a man, powerful enough to change the destinies of the world, nods his head, and suddenly, without a word of warning, this seemingly inexhaustible stream of helpers from the north and south of Europe dwindles down and vanishes away. Today Europe demands the health and strength of every human being; she needs every pair of hands, every brain the continent holds.

"The wheat," said the Premier of France, in his appeal to the patriotism of the peasant women of his nation, at the beginning of the war, "stands unreaped and the time of vintage approaches. I appeal to the hardihood of the women of this land and to that of your children, whose age alone, not their courage, holds them from the fighting line. I ask you to guard the life of our fields, to gather this year's harvests left unfinished because our farmers have become soldiers. I ask you also to prepare for the harvest of the coming year. You cannot render a greater service to your country."

In response to this poignant call, we see today the blue frocks of the peasant women in the fields, in the vineyards, in the gardens. Old women and little children are helping to garner the wheat, to bind the fruit vines to the walls, to care for the cattle. The gay flowers will not be gathered this year for the Paris market, for *sous* are too precious to be transmuted into roses, bluets and thistlebloom.

AMERICAN WOMEN AND HOUSEWORK

In Paris, as in many other French cities, women have been commandeered for the men's work; they are selling tickets in the subways and collecting them, they are tending the shops, driving the wagons, cleaning the streets. They have indeed answered their "call to arms" with splendid enthusiasm, and if they have not stayed the battle, and cannot prevent the awful inroads of poverty and disaster, at least they are giving substantial help to the nation and added to the country's roll of honor in this time of disaster.

Nowhere in France, Germany, Belgium, Russia, do we hear of the women seeking to emigrate to avoid the war perils of their country. There are no deserters from the desolate firesides; the women are not only holding their homes for their sick and wounded, but doing valiantly the work which has been left to them as a legacy by the departing soldiers. The only homes vacant today are those ghostly houses in Belgium and France where the husbandmen are still in the trenches, where the fields are red beds for the dying invaders, and where the women and the children and the old men have been made aliens in their own land.

If the women, young and old, remain loyal to their country, in all this agony and terror and suffering of war, how can we imagine that in the somber after years, when they have grown used to lifting the country's great agricultural and commercial burdens they will turn traitor to their own country, to any appeal we may make to greed? However much we may need these hard working, capable, courageous women in our kitchens, our factories, in our nurseries, their own worn and wounded countries will need them far more, and will have a far greater claim upon their devotion and their strength.

AS to the possibility of a fresh stream of emigration flowing over to our land after peace has come to these sorrowing nations, the opinion is a divided one. On the whole the immigration bureaus, the people who should know best about conditions here and in Europe, prophesy that we shall find very few willing to leave their native land for many years to come. They tell us that although many of the countries of Europe will be greatly devastated and without much money for the reestablishing of their manufactures, still the call from the fields and the little shops and the small factories will be widely heeded by the humble folk. The men who survive the awful slaughter of war will be asked to return to their old trades; the old people will work in the shops and manage the immediate local business of town and country. In the great fields of France, Russia and Germany, the stout, hardy, strong-muscled women will help the returning farmers. What hope have we to draw

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these people away from their opportunity to rebuild the strength and the beauty of their own land?

The Rev. F. O. Evers, of the German Immigration Mission of New York, says decidedly, speaking for the Germans: "That he is confident the women of Germany will find so many places in the manufactories open to them at the end of the war that they will not be willing to leave their own country. The patriotism of the women," he says, "will surely keep them at home to repair the wounds inflicted by the present great struggle."

As for the nations which, up to the present moment, have not been drawn into this fearful conflict, nations which in the past have supplied us with the most intelligent and willing workers, Italy and Sweden, not only are they urging their people not to emigrate, but doing all that is possible to keep the strong and healthy young people in their own country. Should they fail, however, and should a small stream trickle to us from these two neutral countries, it will only furnish us with such a limited supply of foreign labor that it is not worth our consideration in studying the servant question as a whole. The Swedish women are, perhaps, the most developed and capable household servants that we get from Europe, but few in number; the Italians, although their steerage record has been great in the last few years, are not apt to find their way into our kitchens; the men become independent workers and the women seem to prefer to remain in their own little homes, however poor.

Up to date, we have only been able to secure the immigration statistics for the first three weeks in August, but it is interesting to contrast them with the entire month of August, nineteen thirteen, when the number which came to our shores reached one hundred and twenty-six thousand, one hundred and eighty. The figures we have for the first three weeks this past August reached only eight thousand nine hundred, and these were largely foreigners who took passage before war was announced the last week of July. The present expectation is that immigration will drop out of sight in the coming months; that while the men will not be allowed to leave the fighting countries, the women will not desire to.

THIS brings us face to face with the question of how America shall have her housework done in the future. Many vague remedies have been suggested from time to time as groups of men and women desired to experiment with theories. We have been told that the only hope for us was through coöperative living; we have been assured that eventually we must have trained servants who would come to us for a certain salary a certain number of hours

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a day, just as our trained nurses do; we have had hotel life offered to us as a final refuge. But strangely enough it has never been suggested that the American woman should once more, as in the early Colonial days, face the problem of managing her own household; by managing, we mean that she should be capable of doing her own housework, bringing up her own children and still remain an intelligent companionable woman. This has been done in the past, both here and in Europe, why not today?

The old ways in which women met their household problems probably would not appeal to the modern woman. Hence the situation as we find it must develop new methods. If women are to be responsible for their own home-making in America, as it is very likely the mass of them must be in the future, then we must prepare a pathway which shall not be too rough and stony for the modern type of woman to tread. In other words, we must bring to her housework and home-making the architectural wisdom, the scientific ingenuity that we have brought into our commercial world, where men live. We have for the sake of business activities improved our roads, built more convenient and interesting buildings, bettered our mechanical arrangements everywhere throughout our democracy. Men have insisted that if we are to be a nation of business men, by this we mean of the businesses of agriculture as well as merchandising, the inventive capacity of the race should be brought to bear upon the comfortable adjustment and progress of their labor.

If women are once more to become home-makers, if we are to find women proud of their cooking, of the management of their nurseries, of the simple beauty of their homes, we must put it within the strength and ability of the average woman to do the work of her home happily and comfortably. Probably the greatest aid which can be rendered the woman of the future as a housekeeper will be furnished by the American domestic architect. Whether man or woman, the builder of American homes in the future will make a very special study of the convenience and comfort of women in relation to their household problems. This does not mean that we shall have houses that are only practical, and dreary as the practical sometimes is; it means rather that as houses become more convenient, more suited to the needs of an intelligent age, they will inevitably become more beautiful, more satisfactory artistically as well as practically; that the architect, the scientist, will study all kitchen problems; that we shall find clean, wholesome, expeditious methods of accomplishing tasks that formerly were disgusting drudgery. The interior of the house, its furnishing, and its fitting will be simple as well as permanent. The minute women decide to face the difficulties

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of their own housekeeping they will do away with fashions in furniture and furnishings. They will decide upon a type of beautiful things such as homes were furnished with centuries ago, when women inherited the artistic comforts and decorations of their houses. And once more let me say that this will not lessen the beauty of American homes; it will in every possible way add to it, for articles that are made to be permanent inevitably receive imagination in conception, thought in design, and sureness in construction. One does not make or buy a poor inartistic article to live with forever.

It is possible that with the return of woman's interest in her home we shall once more develop a real sense of craftsmanship, and that the makers of the home will become the original craftsmen as they have been in the past, wherever the industrial arts have flourished.

With the reconstruction of American home life on a more humane plane of balanced happiness, there will always be found young people willing and eager to give help where they are sure of sympathy and kindness and instruction; there always will be too, the older people, the sad, the unsuccessful, who crave the opportunity of pleasant surroundings in return for service to others.

FROM the beginning of her establishment as a separate nation, America has held a beautiful ideal of womanhood. The heroism and wisdom of our pioneer mothers superimposed upon a desire for freedom and progress for all, flowered out into a conception of the American woman as a superior person, who with personal charm possessed also domestic virtues. But the very success of our nation, its wealth and ease has brought about a reaction from the more austere ideal of a century ago; our women, perhaps all unwittingly, are wasting their prosperity—accepting idleness and indolence, not as good in themselves, but as a badge of social prestige.

At this moment of heart-searching sadness and suffering in the midst of the collapse of civilizations, is it not worth while to make a new inventory of life's assets, and as we must face this intricate problem of domestic service, why not decide to reestablish a democratic ideal of home industry? Interest is essential for progress in every life—why not interest in and responsibility for the peace and beauty of homes, and the happiness and health of children?

We would ask the American woman to consider the value, not of returning to former household drudgery and isolation, but of discovering and making permanent a new ideal of democratic home life of which she is an integral part; to become the corner-stone of her own home, to develop a finer wisdom, a more balanced understanding of the essentials of progress.

BELGIUM, THE HERO AMONG NATIONS!



“THE Hour of Happiness has Struck for Belgium!” Thus wrote her great poet, Emile Verhaeren, in a brief, though wonderful, summing up of his country’s success, of her position in relation to the world, her artistic triumphs after long centuries of struggle, her heroism, her magnificent efforts in the dark places of her industrial enterprises. “At last,” says this famous poet, “Belgium has found happiness; not the superficial, the gay, the purely subjective happiness, but the joy of having overcome insurmountable difficulties, the joy of having built up a firmer industrial position among the nations, of having won the respect of the world, and of having added tremendously to the world’s permanent stock of beauty.”

And all this has been done with the lances of powerful nations pricking her, with internal conflict almost ceaseless since the twelfth century. If any nation in the world has ever grown on the foundation of its own ashes, this nation is Belgium; and not only has she succeeded in gathering up a splendid industrial army but she has given the world poets, musicians, painters, who rank among the greatest.

This was true of Belgium up to the last day of July nineteen hundred and fourteen. Today, Mr. Frank Jewett Mather, the most important art critic in America, writes that “in the city of Louvain alone have been destroyed more beautiful works of art than the Prussian nation has produced in its entire history. Not since the Teuton, Robert Guiscerd, at the end of the dark ages, sacked Rome,” Mr. Mather tells us, “has there been so great a sacrifice of the permanent beauty of the world by barbarians.” A contrast of touching import is presented in the words of Mr. Verhaeren, showing Belgium having achieved her happiest hour, and of Mr. Mather, showing us the destruction of much that Belgium has held most beautiful and sacred.

Although many of the smaller cities in this land of beauty have been sacrificed by the passing army, the deluge of devastation seems to have poured over Louvain—the most famous, the most beautiful, the most valuable city in the entire nation, if not for its size, in the whole world.

St. Pierre, the Louvain cathedral, containing greater treasures than any other of like proportion, has been ruined. Only the towers are left of this magnificent Gothic building which was flanked by beautiful chapels holding reliquaries of the saints and life-sized carved wooden figures. The Gothic stone and wood carving in the interior of St. Pierre ranked as among the finest in Europe. In addition to

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this, paintings by Van Papenhoven, Roger van der Weyden, and Dierick Bouts were destroyed. The latest news is that not only is St. Pierre in ruins, but that four beautiful churches of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries have also been obliterated—St. Jacques, St. Quentin, St. Michael and St. Gertrude.

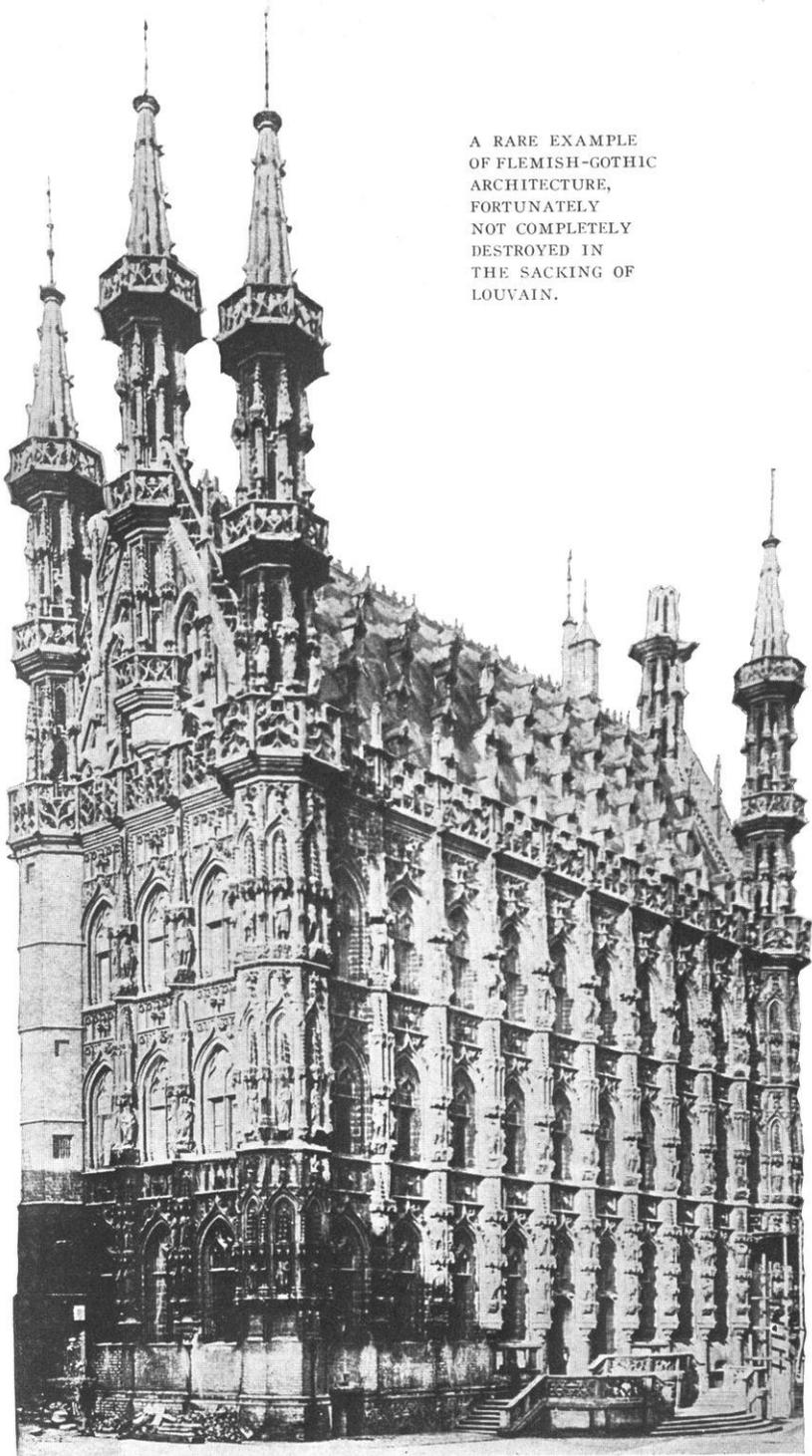
The Louvain cathedral was erected in fourteen hundred and forty-eight by Mathieu de Layens. Fortunately for the joy of the world, Louvain's famous Hotel de Ville, also erected by Mathieu de Layens in the fifteenth century, has not been destroyed. It has been injured and many of the wonderful stained glass windows have been broken, but the building itself, the greatest monument of Industrial Gothic known, remains for the pride of the Belgians, as well as for the lovers of art the world over. There were many famous town halls built in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries during the days of the supremacy of the Guilds in Belgium, but none so perfect as Louvain's Flemish Gothic structure.

UNLIKE many of the very splendid ecclesiastical buildings in France and Germany, the inside of Belgium's churches were as beautifully finished as the exterior. It was rare indeed in Belgium, and especially in Louvain, to find the empty desolate church interiors that are so generally seen in the heart of Europe, where religion has so often been associated with sadness, and where the spirit of the woe of the people seems to have filled the long aisles and the shadowy corners of the magnificent buildings.

As the immediate sense of horror over the disaster of Louvain sinks back into history and one looks out upon the destruction of this great and beautiful city, more and more one is filled with astonishment. It is not as though the Germans had come fresh from disaster at the hands of the Belgians, as though Germany had suffered destruction from Louvain, as though Teutonic women and children had been hurt, prompting revenge upon this old and great beauty. It all seems, even in cold retrospect, utterly ruthless, an act of vandalism, performed for the sake of joy in destruction.

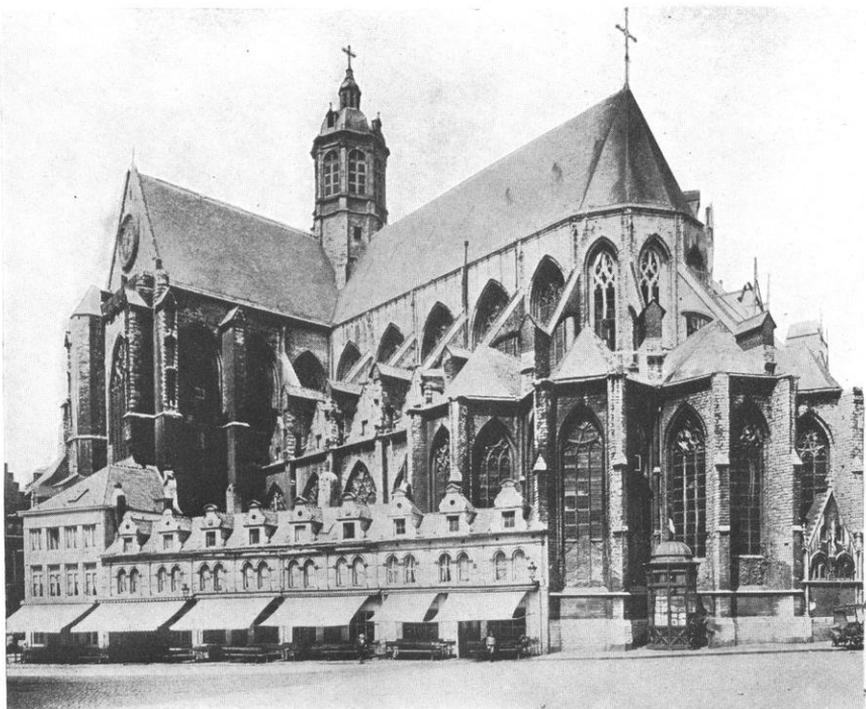
But a few months ago, we read of Belgium as "the garden of the world, her fields fertile and well-tilled, her roads beautifully paved from north to south, the gentle home of art and science, her money given freely to preserve her halls for painting, her universities dating back to the twelfth century holding wisdom not only for Belgium, but for France, Germany, Russia, America; her gardens, the loveliest in the world, her children trained to be farmers, gardeners, scientists, poets, painters. Today her halls of learning are in ashes, her cathedrals filled with soldiers, long lines of her homes burnt or destroyed

A RARE EXAMPLE
OF FLEMISH-GOTHIC
ARCHITECTURE,
FORTUNATELY
NOT COMPLETELY
DESTROYED IN
THE SACKING OF
LOUVAIN.



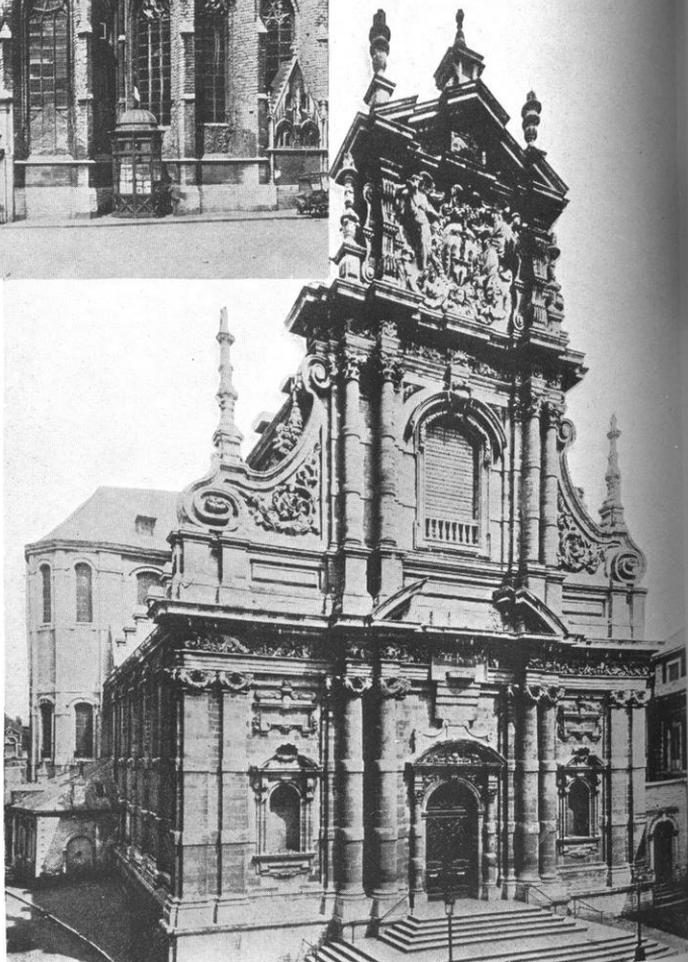
By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

HOTEL DE VILLE, LOUVAIN, BELGIUM: THIS MOST BEAUTIFUL TOWN HALL
IN THE WORLD WAS ERECTED BETWEEN FOURTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT
AND FOURTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE BY MATHIEU DE LAYENS,
MASTER-WORKMAN.

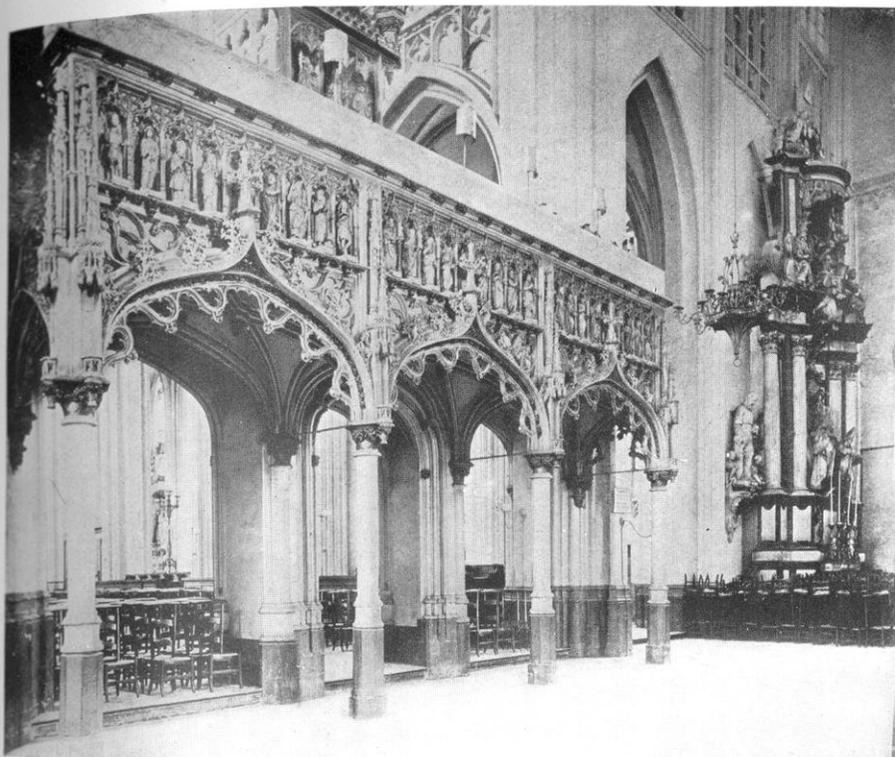


ACCORDING TO THE LATEST REPORTS THIS BEAUTIFUL OLD FLEMISH-GOTHIC CHURCH, ST. PIERRE, WAS COMPLETELY DESTROYED DURING THE SACKING OF LOUVAIN: IT WAS ONE OF THE RAREST EXAMPLES OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY FLEMISH-GOTHIC: THE BUILDING WAS STARTED IN FOURTEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE AND WAS FINISHED EARLY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE ARE TWO BEAUTIFUL DETAILS IN THE STONE AND WOOD CARVING OF ST. PIERRE.

THE CHURCH AT THE RIGHT IS ST. MICHAEL OF LATER DATE THAN ST. PIERRE: IT WAS A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF FLEMISH-BAROQUE ARCHITECTURE AND WAS BUILT FOR THE JESUITS IN SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY: SO FAR AS WE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO ASCERTAIN NOT A STONE OF THIS SPLENDID OLD BUILDING IS LEFT, A LOSS TO LOUVAIN AND NORTHERN ART, AND TO THE WHOLE WORLD; FOR NOT ONLY WAS ST. MICHAEL INTERESTING IN CONSTRUCTION BUT OF RARE BEAUTY IN DETAIL, INDEED ONE OF THE SIGHTS OF BELGIUM: IT IS HARD TO REALIZE THAT A COURAGEOUS NEUTRAL PEOPLE WITHOUT INTEREST OR GREED FOR WAR SHOULD SUFFER SUCH LOSS AS THE COMPLETE DESTRUCTION OF THESE TWO BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLES OF GOTHIC ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.



By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



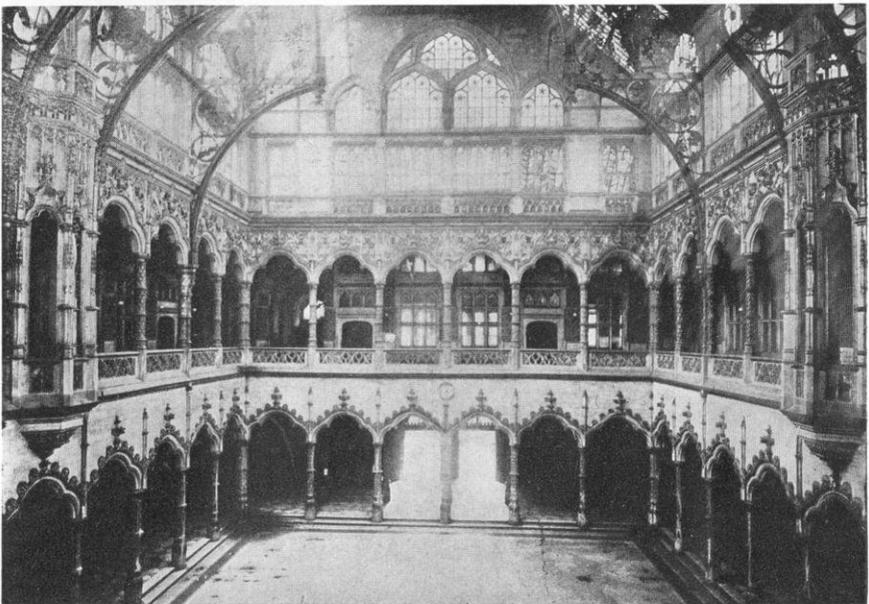
THE PICTURE BELOW SHOWS THE INNER ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE, LOUVAIN, AND WAS PROBABLY ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF WOOD CARVING ANYWHERE IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE: NOT AN INCH OF THE SPACE OF THIS ENTRANCE WAS LEFT UNADORNED: CHURCH HISTORY AND LOCAL HISTORY WERE CARVED ON THESE OAK PANELS WITH AFFECTION, GRACE AND SKILL.

ABOVE IS A SAMPLE OF THE RICH STONE CARVING FOUND EVERYWHERE THROUGHOUT THE INTERIOR OF THE WONDERFUL OLD GOTHIC CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE: WE UNDERSTAND THAT NOT AN ARCH OF THIS CHURCH IS LEFT INTACT SINCE THE SACKING OF LOUVAIN: PROBABLY NO MORE BEAUTIFUL, INTERESTING AND SKILFUL STONE CARVING WAS TO BE SEEN IN EUROPE THAN THE DETAILS SHOWN HERE: ALTHOUGH THE OUTSIDE OF THE CHURCH WAS DEFINITELY FLEMISH-GOTHIC THE INTERIOR SO FAR AS THE STONE CARVING WAS CONCERNED WAS VERY PURE GOTHIC: SUCH A FRAGMENT AS WE ARE SHOWING IS BUT ONE OF MANY WHICH ADORNED THE INSIDE OF THE CHURCH: INDEED ST. PIERRE WAS A TREASURE-HOUSE OF UNUSUAL AND EXQUISITE CRAFTSMANSHIP AND ITS LOSS TO THE WORLD IN INSPIRATION AS WELL AS JOY IS INCALCULABLE.



By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

AS WE GO TO PRESS THE BOMBS OF THE GERMAN AIRSHIPS ARE BEING DROPPED INTO ANTWERP THREATENING THE DESTRUCTION OF THIS RARE AND LOVELY BUILDING: ONE OF THE CHARMS OF THE ANTWERP CATHEDRAL IS THE WAY IN WHICH THE TOWN HAS GROWN UP CLOSE TO ITS WALLS: THE VILLAGE GREEN AS WE SHOW IT IN THIS PICTURE BEING JUST AT THE LEFT.



INTERIOR OF THE NEW TOWN HALL OF ANTWERP, SHOWING THAT THE JOY OF THE PEOPLE IN THEIR ARCHITECTURE AND THEIR SKILL AS CRAFTSMEN HAS NOT DEPARTED FROM THEM.

BELGIUM, THE HERO AMONG NATIONS!

by bombs; her green fields and fertile plains have been trampled into dust, her flowers are crimson with the blood of her own people."

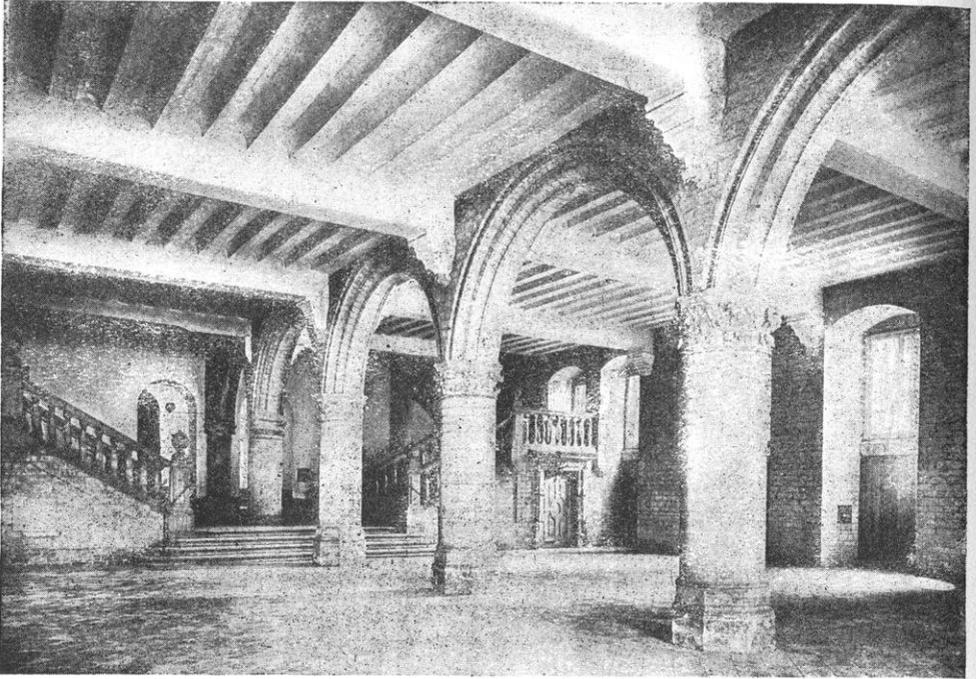
England says "we will not make peace until Belgium is recompensed to the last dollar." But how can we pay her for her sacrifice, for her lost people, for her ruined greatness? What medal is there splendid enough for her heroism, what song great enough for her mothers and widows? Her youth has been put to the sword, her beauty lighted by the torch. We may today, when we speak of Belgium, lift our heads, our hearts; indeed, for all time we shall recognize her as the most splendid, the most unselfish of all people; but how can we quench her tears, how can we stop her wounds?

THE most peaceful of all European people, Belgium has been from the beginning of her history, back in the ninth and tenth centuries, a battleground for distracted nations. She has passed through successive periods of culture as well as war since Julius Caesar established a permanent camp there during his campaign against the Belgians and the Germans. In the eleventh century, Louvain became the residence of the long line of Dukes of Brabant, and was the capital of the Duchy of Brabant, until Brussels wrested this distinction from her during an uprising of weavers against their feudal masters. In the fourteenth century, Louvain became a tremendous industrial center, with a population of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand and with two thousand four hundred woolen manufactories. But the weavers were a turbulent lot, and when they rose against the Duke of Wencelaus, he conquered, and thousands of the workers fled to Holland and England. And Louvain, with the triumph of her capital over labor, began to lose prestige, and the center of the woolen-making industry was shifted to more peaceful countries.

It was shortly after this that scholars began to pour into the lovely old town where they could glean from the parchments and the books which the Louvain castle contained facts of great interest. It was John, the fourth Duke of Brabant, who founded for these scholars the Louvain University, to which students from all over the world flocked in the sixteenth century. This university had become one of the most famous in Europe, fostering four thousand students and forty-three minor colleges. Today the old building is in ashes, not a single arch remains.

SO dearly did the people of Louvain love their town, their university, their cathedral, so valiantly had they worked in the past to sustain these works of art in their midst, that when the sound of cannonading from the German artillery was heard on the out-

BELGIUM, THE HERO AMONG NATIONS!



THE FAMOUS OLD UNIVERSITY AT LOUVAIN, DESTROYED BY THE GERMAN SOLDIERS.

skirts of the town, when the people realized that there was no hope for them, that the Germans must pass through and sack their city, in the midst of all the sadness, the sorrow, the terror, these gentle people of peaceful ways stopped to write out notices and to put them on the doors of their homes, on the gates of the university, on the entrances to the beautiful churches, begging the Germans not to burn their town, to take what they must, *but not to destroy Louvain*. This is, in a way, one of the most touching acts of sacrifice of all the many which these wonderful Belgians have to their credit during the heartrending weeks and months of torture they have been living through. There was no plea for any person, although the town should have been immune from the attack of the Germans—an unfortified town, a town without defenses, a town to which refugees had fled; but the one thought in the face of absolute personal disaster was for the city, to spare the city for the world wherever beauty lovers should be for all time. And the answer to the appeal was not only the murder of the helpless citizens but the destruction of churches, university and homes. But little is left at Louvain today but the shining spirit of the greatness of the destroyed people, a thing to remember as long as history gives space to splendid spiritual achievement.

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One of the interesting and rather extraordinary results of this sacking and burning of Louvain is the community of sympathy which has developed for Belgium throughout the entire world. The *London Daily Chronicle* speaks of it as something so infinitely more terrible than the death of human beings. "It is tragic," says the writer, "for individuals to die, but in a few years we must each pass away, and others will come who will replace us and others in turn to take their place; but these trophies and stepping-stones of the human soul need never have died." It is indeed a wound to civilized humanity that can never be healed.

It is like the Belgians that out of this great suffering and loss already they are looking into the future. Paul Ottet, who is president of the Union of International Associations at Brussels, has already made this vital suggestion to all nations, "that there should be some means, some truce which all nations will hold allegiance to for the preservation of museums and treasure-houses of art during war." Monsieur Ottet points out that the United States is in a position to be of great assistance in this regard by securing the coöperation of all neutral nations, and proffering to the belligerents a petition that "all parties in the great conflict now in progress should respect the wish of the whole intellectual world that priceless indicia of the world's development and civilization's growth be everywhere preserved." Again one lifts the hat to Belgium, in the midst of her struggle, the fires in her works of art scarcely cold, seeking to benefit the world as a whole through her desolating experience.

One begins to understand more and more clearly why so small a nation as Belgium has achieved so great a standing, why she ranks among the first of the industrial countries, among the most progressive educationally, among the most vigorous physically, why she decided to remain neutral to foster her own growth, why when she was attacked suddenly and overwhelmingly by a foreign power she insisted upon fighting her own battles alone and valiantly. Her spirit is indestructible, her intelligence unconquerable, and thus a future of radiant proportions seems assured to her. We feel that once more, in the future as in the past, Belgium's Hour of Happiness Will Strike!



THE HARTS: BY GERTRUDE R. LEWIS



THE Harts lived in an old place at the outskirts of the tiny town nearest the County seat, where the Honorable Josiah was the leading attorney. It was a semi-farm home, ample and interesting.

Tom Hart brought his young wife back, late in the summer, to spend a week. Mother Hart received them with open arms. It was evident that the time for some very enticing little shopping was come; but no small handiwork appeared in evidence, as they sat about, visiting, through the long pleasant afternoons. Whereupon Mother Hart announced her intention of driving to town and taking the daughter with her. As they bustled about in anticipation of the trip, Mother Hart noticed Laura's heightened color; and finally heard her ask, timidly, "Can you let me have some money this morning, Tom?" And she could hear Tom's deep, good-humored, "What do you want it for, Laura?"

Then it was that Mother Hart's voice called from the other room.

"Tom," said his mother, "come out here a minute, I want a little talk with you." They went out upon the porch. "Tom, I heard you ask Laura why she wanted money." Tom looked mystified.

"Tom, your father is the best man I ever knew—except my own—and, if I had it to do over again, I'd marry him to-morrow. But, I think I never go upstairs when he is in the house without telling him what I go up for. He gives me money whenever I ask him for it—I have sense enough not to worry him when he is hard up—but for every dollar I spend I return two dollars worth of explanation."

Mother Hart made a whimsical little mouth. "Your father wins more cases than any other lawyer on this circuit, and I am mighty proud of him as a cross-examiner. But he forgets that I am not on the witness stand. And much as I miss him when he is at the legislature, it is a real relief when I, a middle-aged woman, can use my judgment, and make my own decisions without being called to account like a child of ten. And I've made up my mind it should stop with this generation. Tom, what did you clear, over and above your expenses, last month?"

"About sixty dollars, I should think, Mother."

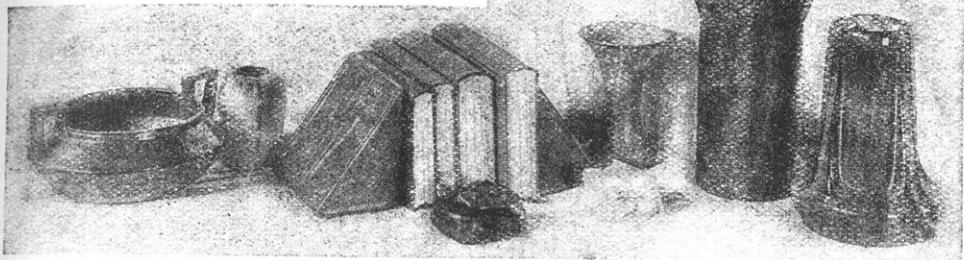
"Then you give twenty of it to Laura, and don't you ask her what she does with it. It's just as much hers now, morally, as it ever will be legally. And whenever she makes a mistake in buying, just call to mind one of your own. Now, go in, son, and get her."

Laura whispered, "Thank you, Tom," as he helped her into the phaeton. Mother Hart clucked "Git-ap, Whiskers." And they drove away down the town line, to revel in lawns, and laces, and bobbinet.

Tom closed the gate, and stood looking after them. "And Mother's had that up her sleeve all these years. Gee!"

THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN AMERICAN STYLE OF HOME FURNISHING FOUND- ED UPON BEAUTY, COMFORT AND SIM- PLICITY

AN INTERESTING GROUP OF FULPER
POTTERY IN VARIED TONES.



WHEN Joseph Pennell was in Panama he stopped to admire the lock at Pedro Miguel. "How is it," he asked the engineer, "that you make your arches and buttresses as fine as those of a cathedral?" "Oh, that's done to save concrete," was the reply.

Economy as the basis of beauty is not so strange as it may seem. It was through *elimination of the superfluous* that the loveliness as well as strength of that Panama structure grew, and the same principle may be found at the root of every successful work whether of art or industry.

Elimination is but another name for concentration, for the self-control that holds forces in command, governing and directing, preventing vacillation and insuring advance. Elimination does not weaken, but rather strengthens, wherever it is used. A good soldier discards everything but the essentials, for he cannot afford the least useless encumbrance; a runner trains away every ounce of superfluous flesh; a wise business man employs only vital workmen, permitting mediocrity—choking excess—no place. Success depends ever upon the ability to choose wisely—another aspect of that all-prevailing law of the "survival of the fittest."

In every phase of life in America we are coming to recognize the importance of elimination, and especially is this true in the furnishing

AN AMERICAN STYLE OF HOME FURNISHING

and decoration of our homes in what may be known as the American style. We are realizing that to create an environment of convenience and beauty, we must select, from the immense variety of articles, materials, colors and designs, the few which are essential to comfort and harmony. As a lawyer discards from his argument all minor facts and details, as a painter omits from his canvas every needless tone and line, so we must eliminate from our rooms all fittings and colors which would mar the unity and restfulness of the whole.

The value of this process of elimination is interestingly shown by the following incident. A wealthy woman, before going abroad, turned over the remodelling of a certain room to a man whose work in life was to create beautiful places to live in. "Make the room lovely," she told him. "I do not care what color, style or period you choose. Take all the time you need, spare no expense, only let it be restful—a harmonious, satisfying place that looks and feels like a home." Then she went away for a sojourn among the villas and palaces of the Old World, and often as she looked at their formal grandeur she thought of the room at home that was being transformed by a master workman from an inharmonious jumble of furnishings into a pleasant haven of rest.

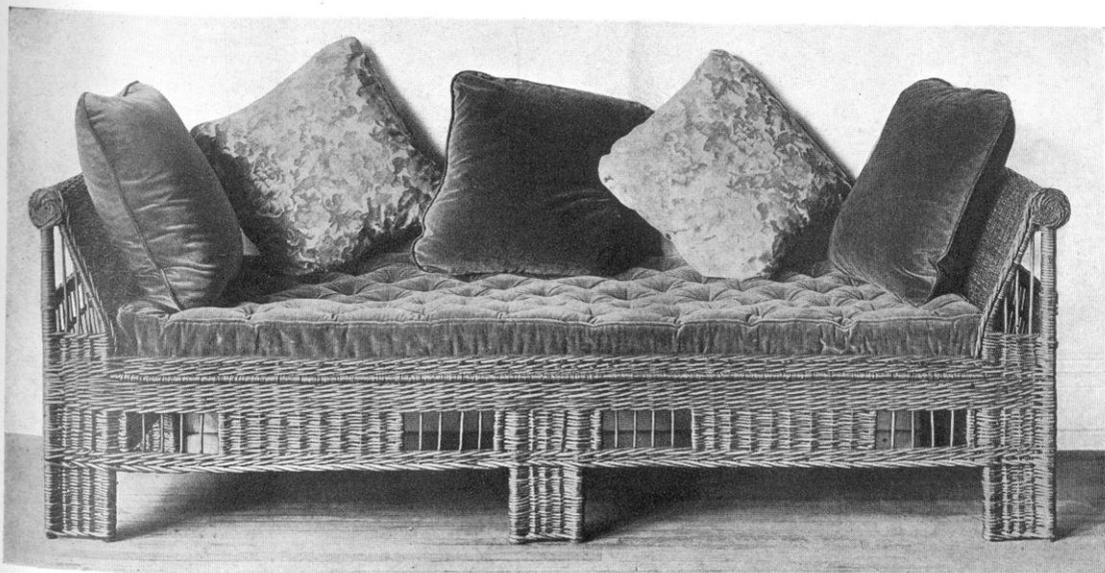
She was almost afraid to look at the room upon her return, for fear it would be a disappointment; for she had asked and was expecting much. But as she entered, every tense nerve relaxed and anxiety fell away, giving place to a most refreshing contentment. It seemed as though she were entering a still little grove. Everything was harmoniously related, nothing obtruded, yet each detail was full of a beautiful individual interest, as are the mosses, rocks, trees and paths of a woodland spot. Lights and shadows made the room seem alive with a quiet sunshine. She could not make a single criticism, could not desire a change; the place was absolutely satisfying, far beyond her hopes. And yet, throughout, the atmosphere was one of remarkable simplicity.

When the bill was presented, however, she looked puzzled. "Is it larger than you expected?" asked the decorator. "No, not exactly," she replied. "I would have expected a large bill if you had used many and elaborate furnishings; but it seems excessive to me for the few articles and for the simple effect." The decorator shook his head. "I have charged you," he explained, "not only for what I put into your room, but also for *what I left out.*"

This sifting process, this disentangling and putting in order of many factors is what the modern decorator keeps uppermost in mind when planning a room. Burbank develops thousands of plants that a perfect one may be found and brought to prominence. His whole



THE CRAFTSMAN WILLOW OF TODAY IS A LUXURIOUS ARTICLE OF FURNITURE: IT IS NOT ONLY GRACEFUL AND WELL PROPORTIONED BUT ITS CONSTRUCTION IS SUCH THAT IT IS FIRM YET FLEXIBLE, INTERESTING IN OUTLINE YET MADE FOR DURABILITY: IT IS UPHOLSTERED IN RICH VELOUR OR TAPESTRY IN SHADES SUITABLE FOR DRAWING-ROOM EFFECT: THE TONES OF THE WILLOW, VIOLET, SOFT GREEN, WOOD BROWN, ETC., FURNISH AN INTERESTING BACKGROUND FOR THE MATS AND CUSHIONS AND ARE ALWAYS PLANNED IN HARMONIOUS COLORS.





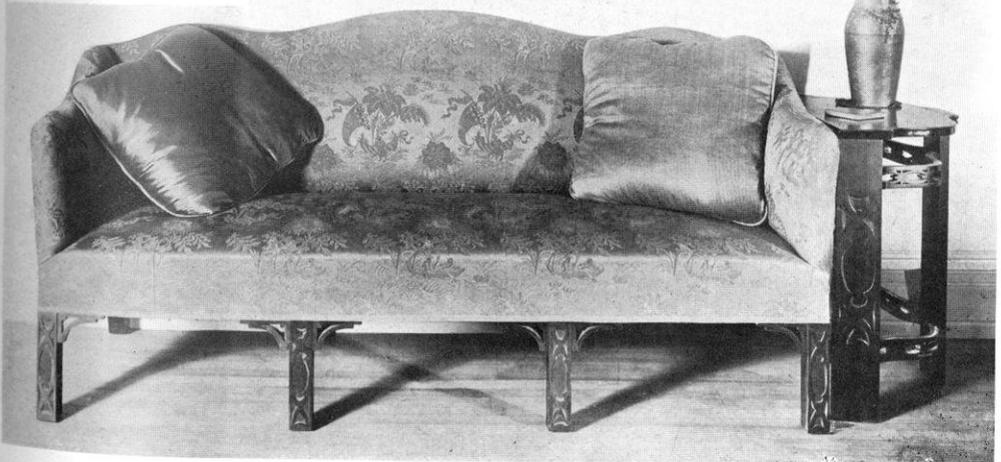
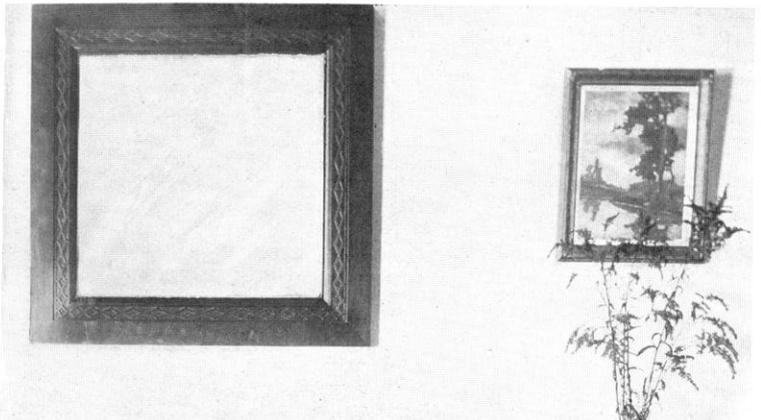
AT THE LEFT WE ARE SHOWING TWO INTERESTING PIECES OF MODERN FURNITURE, JACOBEOAN IN SUGGESTION: THE DARK OAK IS FINISHED IN A SOFT DULL BROWN, BEAUTIFUL IN COMBINATION WITH THE RICH TONES OF DRAWING-ROOM DRAPERIES, SUCH AS ROSE, BLUE, ORANGE AND WOOD GREEN: ALTHOUGH A NEW NOTE IN MODERN AMERICAN FURNITURE, THIS IS A STYLE THAT IS HARMONIOUS WITH COLONIAL, CHINESE CHIPPEWDALE AND CRAFTSMAN.

TWO ADDITIONAL EXAMPLES OF THE DARK OAK FURNITURE: THE TABLE IS COVERED WITH A CHINESE RUG IN BLUE AND YELLOW WHICH MAKES AN EXQUISITE COLOR HARMONY WITH THE WARM GREEN TONE OF THE POTTERY LAMP AND THE FLOWERS IN THE WILLOW BASKET: THIS FURNITURE IS ATTRACTIVE FOR SUMMER WITH THE CANE SHOWING: IT IS RICHER AND WARMER IN WINTER WITH LOOSE CUSHIONS IN COLORS TO CORRESPOND WITH THE DECORATIONS OF THE DRAWING ROOM: THIS FURNITURE IS MORE DELICATE IN LINE THAN THE OLD JACOBEOAN, YET RETAINS AN EFFECT OF THE RICHNESS AND STRENGTH SEEN IN ANTIQUE MODELS.





THIS GROUP OF CHINESE
CHIPPENDALE FURNITURE
GIVES BUT A FAINT IMPRESSION
OF THE BEAUTY OF A ROOM
FURNISHED WITH THIS NEW AND
DISTINGUISHED ADAPTA-
TION IN MODERN FURNISHING:
THE WOODWORK IS BROWN CUBAN
MAHOGANY WITH THE USUAL
CARVING IN SLIGHT RELIEF,
AND THE UPHOLSTERY IS IN
HEAVY MODERN BROCADE
OF CHINESE BLUE, SILVER
AND GRAY: A NOVEL
USEFUL PIECE OF FURNITURE
IS THE LAMP OR FLOWER
STAND AT THE HEAD OF THE
SOFA.





THOSE WHO HAVE FOLLOWED THE DEVELOPMENT OF CRAFTSMAN FURNITURE IN THE PAST WILL BE INTERESTED IN THESE FEW EXAMPLES OF OUR NEW DINING-ROOM SET: WHICH IN THEIR LIGHTER PROPORTION SHOW GRACEFUL CONSTRUCTION AND A PLEASING VARIATION FROM OUR EARLY MODELS.



THE TWO CHAIRS OF THIS SET HAVE BEEN ESPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR COMFORT AT THE DINING TABLE: THEY ARE RICHLY FINISHED AND INTERESTINGLY INLAID: THE ARMCHAIR IS AN ENTIRELY NEW MODEL, WITH SINKING ARMS IN ORDER THAT IT MAY BE DRAWN CLOSELY TO THE TABLE WITHOUT CROWDING.



AT THE RIGHT IS MR. STICKLEY'S LATEST MODEL OF A FUMED OAK SIDEBOARD: IN CONSTRUCTION AND FINISH IT MATCHES THE TABLE AND CHAIRS: THE DRAWER PULLS ARE HAND MADE WITH AN EFFECT OF ANTIQUE BRASS: IN THESE NEW MODELS THE DESIRE IS SHOWN TO RETAIN THE OLD IDEAL OF SIMPLICITY, WITH AN ADDED SUMPTUOUSNESS.



AN AMERICAN STYLE OF HOME FURNISHING

method of work is along the lines of elimination, wise selecting. People employ a decorator to help in the important part of finishing the work the builders began, because by long experience he has developed the power to choose rightly—just as Burbank can walk through large beds of flowers and see at a glance the ones to save and the ones to discard.

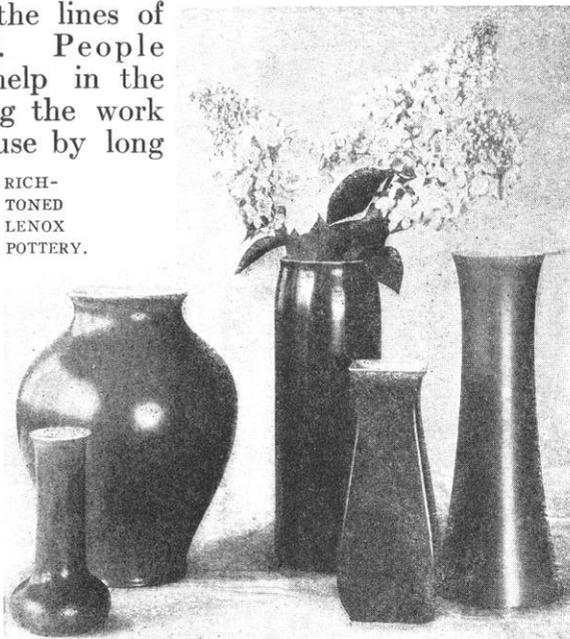
A knowledge of color harmonies is a necessity in furnishing nowadays, for the reign of the pink, blue and yellow room is a thing of the past. True, an impression of close harmony is the result, but

it is brought about by a combination of colors. The fine blue sky painted upon canvas is not made by an application of a single shade of blue, else it would look heavy, flat, like a blue porcelain bowl. The secret of painting a sky that is vibrant, alive, quivering, lies in clever touches of many tones of dark and light blues. Nature gives us the clue to the harmonious mingling of colors. Indian summer, the season when the world is glowing with the richest hues, remains in our mind as a season of soft tender lines because the infinite variety is so perfectly blended by the subtle quality of atmosphere. In a room, this unifying quality of atmosphere is good taste.

A good decorator knows what shades to gather, and puts them side by side with a sympathetic, we might say with a reverent taste. There must be some expression of authority, some point of attack, else the room will be weak, uninteresting. The attack or the first impression must be suggestive, a vision, as it were, instead of a bomb. For a vision is an incentive to thought and a bomb is destructive to thought, or to appreciation. The colors must have soft outlines. The tones of a many-hued opal cannot be defined, yet the soft fire transcends them all. The outline of a vase of strong color needed to give tone must not be obtrusive; it must be softened by a fall of a leaf or flower, before it is partially lost in a shadow.

From the beginning of the Craftsman Movement, the object has steadily been to create beauty by the elimination of the superfluous. The energy behind every Craftsman article has gone into the

RICH-
TONED
LENOX
POTTERY.



AN AMERICAN STYLE OF HOME FURNISHING



perfecting of lines, quality of materials and expertness of workmanship, instead of the elaboration of ornament. The effort of the Craftsman Furnishing Department has been to select the few absolutely correct objects necessary to the comfort of a room and to create harmonious atmosphere by color adjustment. For many objects confuse the mind, give an impression of disorder, or the sense of a show place rather than of a living room. A few choice things give an air of elegance, of classical perfection. A beautiful object needs no ornament. Applied ornament is generally resorted to as a

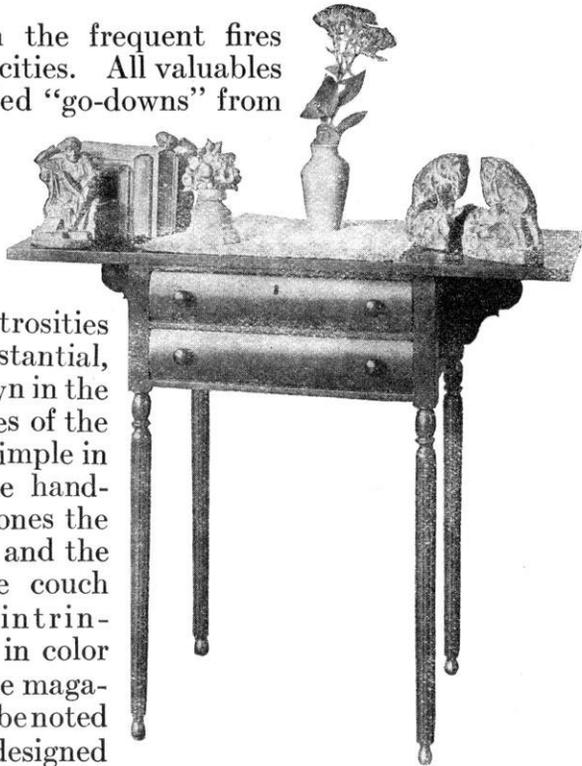
correction of poor lines; but these cannot be remedied by superimposed ornament, by much varnish or veneer.

The Japanese show their appreciation of a perfect article in a manner that has much to recommend it. They place but a single beautiful object in the niche reserved for it. The objects are changed to show honor to a guest, upon holidays, with the change of seasons or for any other good reason that occurs to the household. The room then is never monotonous. The involuntary glance is toward the niche where a beautiful object is to be found. It may be a flight of wild geese on a kake-mono, turning the memory to pleasant days spent out on the moors, or a carving of a god which gathers the mind within, or a flower that lifts one from sordid unhappiness. They say that the idea in Japan of showing but one perfect thing at a time originated from the



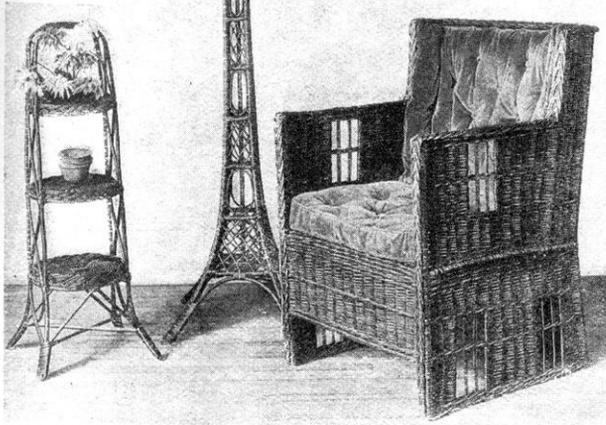
AN AMERICAN STYLE OF HOME FURNISHING

need of protecting treasures from the frequent fires that formerly swept the paper-built cities. All valuables were kept in fireproof buildings called "go-downs" from which one or two were brought out at a time. Whatever the origin of the custom, the result is a world-famed simplicity that puts the wholesale exhibition of valueless stuff in a most ignominious position. Compare the so-called ornamental monstrosities of but a few years ago, with the substantial, dignified arrangements of rooms shown in the illustrations of this article. The lines of the willow "day-bed" for instance, are simple in the extreme, yet with the exquisite hand-woven withes and the harmonious tones the result is luxurious and the pillows are of sically and we zinerack as hav to serve



luxurious and the upon the couch materials in trin-beautiful in color ave. The maga-must also be noted ing been designed a definite demand

—an orderly place for current literature. It is made light of weight so that it can be drawn within easy reach of an armchair by the fire, couch by the window, or swing seat on the porch. There has been an impression that if Craftsman furniture be used in a house, every other kind must be denied place, as not appropriate. This is a



mistaken idea. Articles of willow, Chinese Chippendale, or models of Jacobean suggestion give interest to a room and make for the comfortable sense of informality always brought about by the introduction of harmonious variety.

The danger of introducing, in the same interior, articles of a strik-

AN AMERICAN STYLE OF HOME FURNISHING



ingly different style is that more care is needed in their selection and grouping. Thoughtfully chosen and well-placed furnishings emphasize the beauty of every separate piece; each is complementary to the other. An infinite variety of fittings may be so harmoniously arranged as

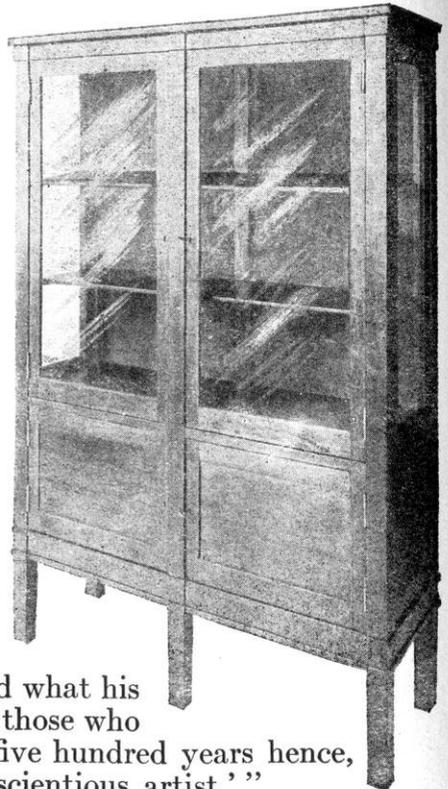
to give the charm that flowers, ferns and paths give to a woodland grove.

Thus we see that in order to achieve real distinction and beauty in American home furnishings, we must approach the undertaking

from the standpoint of elimination, or judicious selection of objects, textures and color harmonies. Sometimes the articles in a room will be perfect as to style and color, yet the result will appear awkward, coldly repellent. Or the interior may be *too* perfect, with an unpleasant air of aloof superiority, an unlovable trait in rooms as well as in people.

These difficulties are often remedied by re-arrangement, the couch in better light, pillows placed more naturally, chairs in sociable relation, lamp placed on a different table, books with bronze book-end turned at more graceful angle, pictures hung in closer relation to the furniture. Those who undertake the work in this interested and earnest spirit will feel a kinship with that

old Italian craftsman who, when asked what his ambition was, replied: "I should like those who examine the cupolas of St. Mark's five hundred years hence, to say 'This was the work of a conscientious artist.'"



PASSING OF THE WAR VIRTUES: BY JANE ADDAMS



“F all the winged words which Tolstoy wrote during the war between Russia and Japan, perhaps none are more significant than these: ‘The great strife of our time is not that now taking place between the Japanese and the Russians, nor that which may blaze up between the white and the yellow races, nor that strife which is carried on by mines, bombs, and bullets, but that spiritual strife which, without ceasing, has gone on and is going on between the enlightened consciousness of mankind now awaiting for manifestation and that darkness and that burden which surrounds and oppresses mankind.’ . . .

“At the present moment the war spirit attempts to justify its noisy demonstrations by quoting its great achievements in the past and by drawing attention to the courageous life which it has evoked and fostered. It is, however, perhaps significant that the adherents of war are more and more justifying it by its past record and reminding us of its ancient origin. They tell us that it is interwoven with every fiber of human growth and is at the root of all that is noble and courageous in human life, that struggle is the basis of all progress, that it is now extended from individuals and tribes to nations and races.

“We may admire much that is admirable in this past life of courageous warfare, while at the same time we accord it no right to dominate the present, which has traveled out of its reach into a land of new desires. We may admit that the experiences of war have equipped the men of the present with pluck and energy, but to insist upon the selfsame expression for that pluck and energy would be as stupid a mistake as if we would relegate the full-grown citizen, responding to many claims and demands upon his powers, to the schoolyard fights of his boyhood, or to the college contests of his cruder youth. The little lad who stoutly defends himself on the school-ground may be worthy of much admiration, but if we find him, a dozen years later, the bullying leader of a street-gang who bases his prestige on the fact that “no one can whip him,” our admiration cools amazingly, and we say that the carrying over of those puerile instincts into manhood shows arrested development which is mainly responsible for filling our prisons. . . .

“Let us by all means acknowledge and preserve that which has been good in warfare and in the spirit of warfare; let us gather it together and incorporate it in our national fiber. Let us, however, not be guilty for a moment of shutting our eyes to that which for many centuries must have been disquieting to the moral sense, but

PASSING OF THE WAR VIRTUES

which is gradually becoming impossible, not only because of our increasing sensibilities, but because great constructive plans and humanized interests have captured our hopes and we are finding that war is an implement too clumsy and barbaric to subserve our purpose. We have come to realize that the great task of pushing forward social justice could be enormously accelerated if primitive methods as well as primitive weapons were once for all abolished. . . .

“INDUSTRIAL life affords ample opportunity for endurance, discipline, and a sense of detachment, if the struggle is really put upon the highest level, of industrial efficiency. But because our industrial life is not on this level, we constantly tend to drop the newer and less developed ideals for the older ones of warfare, we ignore the fact that war so readily throws back the ideals which the young are nourishing into the mold of those which the old should be outgrowing. It lures young men not to develop, but to exploit; it turns them from the courage and toil of industry to the bravery and endurance of war, and leads them to forget that civilization is the substitution of law for war. It incites their ambitions, not to irrigate, to make fertile and sanitary, the barren plain of the savage, but to fill it with military posts and tax-gatherers, to cease from pushing forward industrial action into new fields and to fall back upon military action. . . .

“It is the military idea, resting content as it does with the passive results of order and discipline, which confesses a totally inadequate conception of the value and power of human life. The charge of obtaining negative results could with great candor be brought against militarism, while the strenuous task, the vigorous and difficult undertaking, involving the use of the most highly developed human powers, can be claimed for industrialism.

“Militarism undertakes to set in order, to suppress and to govern, if necessary to destroy, while industrialism undertakes to liberate latent forces, to reconcile them to new conditions, to demonstrate that their aroused activities can no longer follow caprice, but must fit into a larger order of life. . . .

“War, on the one hand—plain destruction, Von Moltke called it—represents the life of the garrison and the tax-gatherer, the Roman emperor and his degenerate people, living upon the fruits of their conquest. Labor, on the other hand, represents productive effort, holding carefully what has been garnered by the output of brain and muscle, guarding the harvest jealously because it is the precious bread men live by.”

From “Newer Ideals of Peace:” Published by The Macmillan Co.



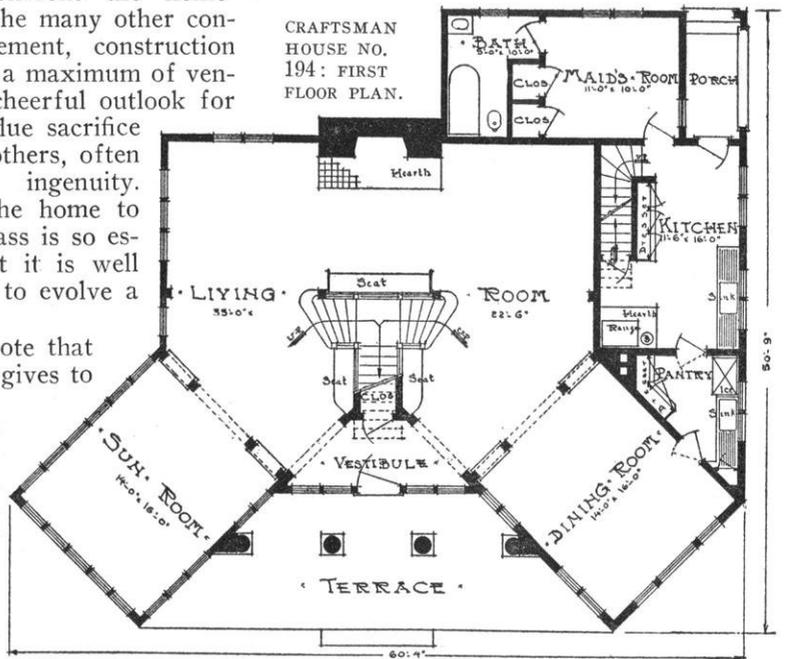
CRAFTSMAN STUCCO HOUSE WITH UNIQUE AND INTERESTING PLAN TO SECURE SUNLIGHT, AIR AND OUTLOOK

ONE of the most important and absorbing problems in the planning of a home is that of exposure. "In which direction shall the house face? How can I get the greatest possible amount of fresh air and sunshine into all the rooms? How can I take advantage of every pleasant view?" These are some of the questions that confront the home-builder in addition to the many other considerations of arrangement, construction and design. To secure a maximum of ventilation, sunshine and cheerful outlook for one room without undue sacrifice of these features for others, often requires considerable ingenuity. But this relation of the home to the points of the compass is so essential to comfort that it is well worth the extra effort to evolve a satisfactory plan.

It is interesting to note that the more attention one gives to the matter of exposure, the more original the plan is likely to become. The very difficulties to be surmounted open up interesting possibilities for interior arrangement and exterior development, suggest fresh ideas as

to the treatment of rooms and halls, the placing of windows, porches, balconies and other features. In fact, so many delightful opportunities may occur as a result of one's efforts to overcome obstructions and achieve the desired goal, that the result is apt to prove not only practical but charming in its uniqueness. And so the house planned with unusual arrangement and irregular outline to gain a useful end, succeeds in attaining through that irregularity a certain picturesqueness which is all the more satisfying because it is the by-product, as it were, of practical conditions rather than an attempt at originality for its own sake.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 194: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



PLANNING FOR SUNLIGHT, AIR AND OUTLOOK

THE Craftsman house which we are presenting here—No. 194—should prove of value to many home-builders, for it suggests an effectual and rather uncommon way of solving one problem of exposure. Incidentally, by arranging the rooms so as to obtain for each a generous share of sunshine, air and outlook, we have developed an interior at once convenient, comfortable and full of possibilities for a decorative handling of structural woodwork and furnishings. At the same time the exterior, with its various angles, its window groups, porches, balcony and pergola, holds decided architectural interest.

The house is intended to face the south. The kitchen and dining room will therefore have the morning sun; the noonday sunlight will brighten the dining room, front porch and sunroom, while the western windows of the sunroom and living room will have the later rays. In like manner the bedrooms, pergola and balcony will reap the benefit of the varied exposures. Needless to say, such a plan affords ample cross-ventilation. Moreover, the angles of the walls and windows will afford many views of the garden and its surroundings that would be impossible in the ordinary rectangular design.

The construction is stucco on brick, with roof of flat tile, the round pillars and the cross-beams of front porch and side pergola being of wood. This affords not only variety of material but also an opportunity for an interesting color scheme. For instance, if the stucco is left in its natural grayish tone or tinted a pale buff, the door and window trim may be a

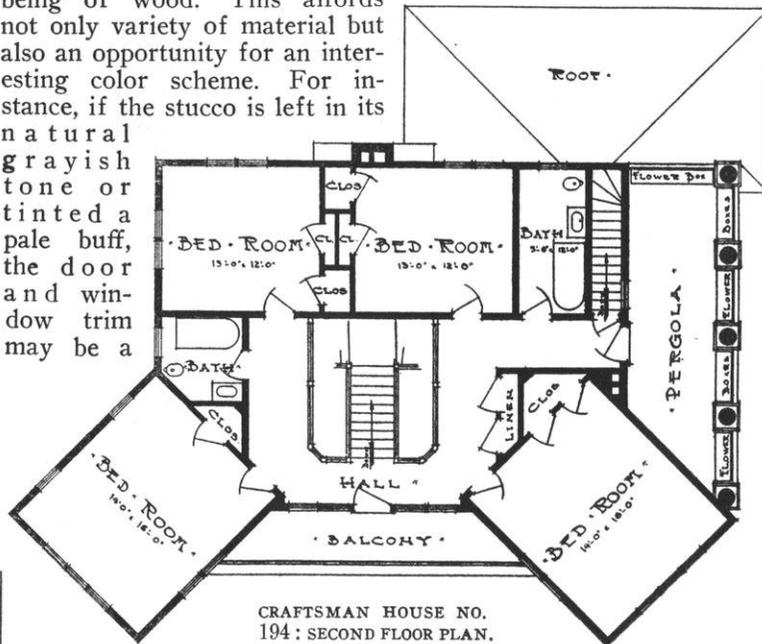
mass green with white sash, and the pillars and beams of porch and pergola either white or green, while for the roof, moss green or terra cotta would be most in keeping. An effective touch of red brick may be added in the steps and as a border around the porch floors.

The approach to the house is from a low terrace which fills the space between the front wings and adds to the air of seclusion. The rear of this terrace is roofed by the porch, as shown, with its turned columns and long beam above supporting the open balcony, which is reached by a glass door from the upper hall. Double windows on each side of the front door add to the hospitable air of the entrance and light the vestibule within.

This vestibule is indicated rather than defined by the staircase and the ceiling beams shown by dotted lines. The arrangement of the staircase is as unusual as it is interesting. Built in the center of the big living room, the lower steps ascend on each side, giving ready access from both sides of the house, and from the landing the main flight ascends to the big, light, upper hall. In the angles formed downstairs seats are built, while a third seat is placed behind the grille that separates the stairs from the back of the room. Directly opposite is a large open fireplace with tiled hearth, which can be enjoyed from every

part of the room, and which is yet sufficiently screened from the entrance to insure seclusion about the fire-side. The living room is well lighted by its windows in the west and north walls and indirectly by those of the vestibule, sunroom and dining room. The wide staircase well also permits light to come from the hall above.

The rooms that occupy the front wings are separated from the main room by post-and-panel construction, allowing a certain amount of privacy and at the same time leaving a pleasant feeling of openness






Gustav Stickley, Architect.

THIS CRAFTSMAN STUCCO HOUSE, NO. 194, WAS PLANNED ESPECIALLY TO SECURE THE UTMOST ADVANTAGE OF EXPOSURE: THE ANGLES AT WHICH THE WINGS EXTEND INSURE VARIED OUTLOOKS AS WELL AS A GENEROUS SUPPLY OF FRESH AIR AND SUNLIGHT FOR THE SUNROOM, DINING ROOM, AND BEDROOMS ABOVE, WHILE THE LARGE LIVING ROOM HAS THE BENEFIT OF WINDOWS ON THREE SIDES: THE HOUSE IS INTENDED TO BE BUILT FACING SOUTH.



Gustav Stickley, Architect.

SIDE VIEW OF CRAFTSMAN HOUSE SHOWN ON THE PRECEDING PAGE: IN ADDITION TO THE TERRACE, PORCH AND BALCONY AT THE FRONT AND MAIN ENTRANCE, THERE IS ALSO A SLEEPING BALCONY WITH PERGOLA COVERING ON THE EAST, IN A SHELTERING ANGLE: THIS DETAIL WHEN DRAPED WITH VINES WILL FORM AN ATTRACTIVE FEATURE OF THE SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL BUILDING.

PLANNING FOR SUNLIGHT, AIR AND OUTLOOK

through the whole interior. The sunroom is fairly walled with glass, as can be seen from the perspective and first floor plan, and one can imagine what a cheery retreat this will prove during the winter, especially if willow furnishings and plenty of shrubs, ferns and flowers are used; indeed, those who like growing things about them can turn this room into an indoor garden. As a place for the children to play in, it should prove most desirable, and if cement floor, grass rugs and very simple, durable furnishings are used it will have almost the air of a porch.

The dining room is also supplied with generous window groups—full length on the southeast and smaller casements set high in the southwest wall, with sufficient room beneath for chairs and sideboard. The china cabinet and serving table will find ample space on each side of the pantry door.

Although irregular in shape, the pantry is compact and convenient, with the dresser back to the kitchen chimney and the ice-box and sink beneath the windows on the right. The kitchen, also provided with dresser and sink with double drainboard, should prove a good working place, for it is light and fairly large, can be easily ventilated, and is effectually shut off from the rest of the house. The back staircase and cellar stairs beneath, being reached directly from the kitchen, will save traffic through the rest of the house, and the recessed service porch will form a sheltered outdoor resting-place for the maid. Flower-boxes along the parapet will help to link it with the garden.

Upstairs the arrangement is such as to make the best possible use of every available corner. In the center is the hall, which circles the staircase well and communicates also with the back stairs—the latter lighted by a window overlooking the pergola. The four light, airy bedrooms and two bathrooms give sufficient accommodation for a family of five or six, while the pergola affords a charming, semi-sheltered place for outdoor sleeping, and with well-filled flower-boxes between the pillars, and vines overhead, will add a picturesque touch to the home.

There is no attic, for that would have necessitated a higher roof and would have destroyed the broad, homelike proportions of the building; but the bedrooms are provided with plenty of closets.

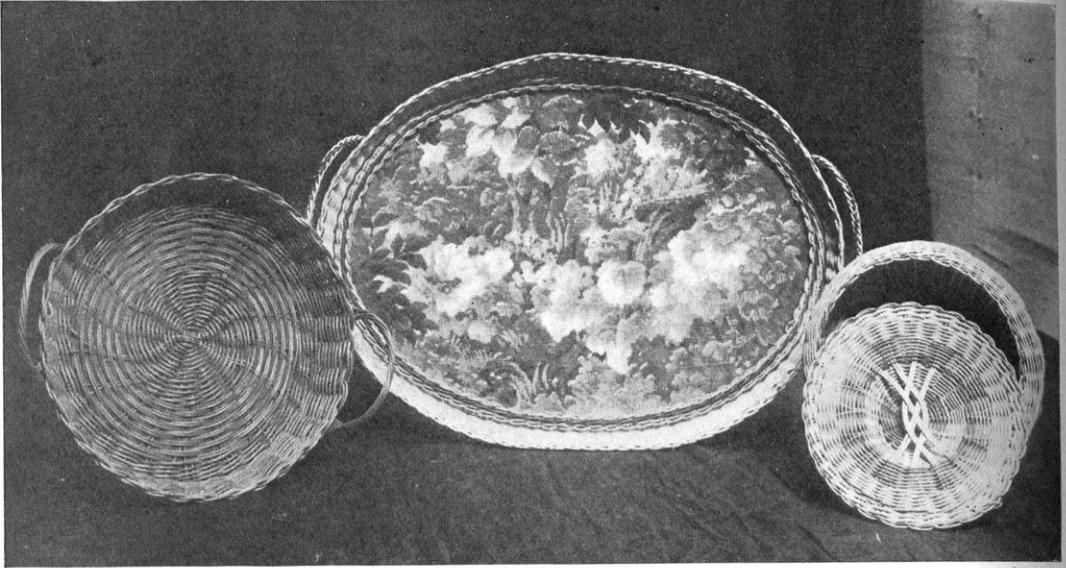
IN a house of this character, where the interior presents so many unusual features in lay-out and in the design of the structural detail, the opportunities afforded for an interesting and original handling of color schemes, furnishings and decorations are remarkably varied. For the benefit of those who may build from the design shown here, either just as presented or with modifications, it may be well to make a few suggestions for the treatment of the interior.

The living room, being practically divided by the staircase into two parts, with a fireplace nook, as it were, between them, will naturally be furnished in separate groups. The most satisfactory arrangement of floor coverings would be as follows: A hearth-rug before the fireplace; a larger rug in the center of the space on each side; a small rug in the vestibule, and others running diagonally across the entrances into sunroom and dining room to link them with the main room; grass mats in the sunroom, and a large central rug in the dining room.

In the right-hand portion of the living room, where there are no windows to break up the wall space, bookshelves and a willow settle may be used, with a reading table and lamp in the center and a few easy chairs. A lounging chair on each side of the hearth will add to the general comfort, and another beside the living-room window near the sunroom. The piano, preferably a "baby grand," may be placed in the corner between the living-room windows, with music cabinet nearby. A central table with a reading lamp, and possibly a small writing desk near the wide left-hand window group will complete the main furnishings. Willow pieces will be most suitable for the sunroom, with a reading lamp on a central table.

The living room and vestibule, being practically one, should of course be of uniform color scheme, and the same wall tint or paper should be continued up to the hall of the second floor. Interesting effects may be obtained by having tan walls in the living room, gray-green for the sunroom, and gray-blue for the dining room. For the curtains of the living room we would suggest a two-toned Madras, of golden brown, and for the dining room a touch of tan and yellow in the draperies.

Those who wish further details as to color schemes, materials and fittings may obtain them by writing to the Craftsman Department of Interior Furnishing.



CUT VIII: TRAYS AND SHALLOW COVERED BASKETS.

REED BASKETS, THEIR MANY USES AND HOW TO WEAVE THEM: BY MERTICE MACCREA BUCK

BASKETS are, and have been from time immemorial, so essential in the carrying on of our domestic life, that it is worth considering what styles are most suitable for various purposes, and what pleasure may be derived from making them. The accompanying cuts are of simple reed baskets suitable for country use. While of unpretentious design and of inexpensive material, they offer suggestions for receptacles for flowers and vegetables which may be elaborated to suit the worker's individual taste.

The great secrets of success in basketry are careful judgment as to form (and in this the fitness for purpose must be considered) and neatness of execution. A basket may be coarse, done with large material, and yet not produce a rough effect; but it must be solid, and tightly woven or it will soon begin to yield and grow "wobbly" when it is used. The work depends so much on the care of materials and the patience of the worker, and so little on tools—all that are needed being a pair of scissors, a rule, and a coarse knitting needle—that it is well to emphasize the importance of a little time being spent in get-

ting the reeds just right before starting to weave.

A few general remarks may be helpful in regard to the choice and preparation of material. Reed, varying in size from No. 00, which is about as thick as knitting cotton, to No. 6, which is as large as a lead pencil, may be procured by the pound from kindergarten supply stores. In selecting it, care should be taken to get bundles in which the strands are white and flexible. Nos. 2, 4 and 5 are suitable for the baskets shown here. If it is desirable to introduce color, the completed basket may be dipped in dye or painted, but it is well to limit the color schemes to greens and browns.

In working in a pattern in color, dyed



CUT VII: REED BOUQUET HOLDERS.

HOW TO WEAVE REED BASKETS

reed may be used. So-called Easy Dye, of light green, affords a pleasing shade, and if the reed is boiled about ten minutes in the dye, the color will be fairly permanent. Golden brown in the same dye is satisfactory. For those who are so fortunate as to know the old methods for dyeing with walnut bark, saffron, logwood, etc., artistic effects may be promised which will more than repay the labor expended; but color should be used sparingly, and in lines and simple bandings, rather than in elaborate patterns.

Perfection of execution is due largely to the condition of the material when the work is being done. The reeds must be rolled



CONVENIENT
BIRD'S NEST
OR BIRD-HOUSE
WOVEN OF
REEDS.

two or three at a time into coils, and soaked about ten minutes in hot water until they become pliable, to insure a fine tight weave. The accompanying pen-and-ink sketches show the method of starting the round bottomed baskets. The oval-bottomed



CUT IX: LARGE REED BASKET.

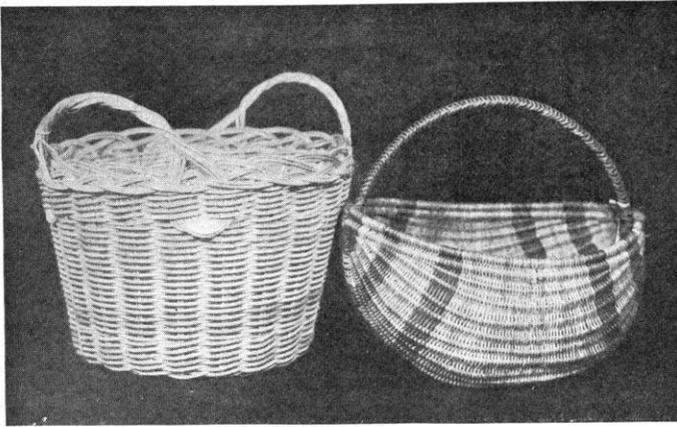
flower baskets are more difficult, and should not be attempted until some skill has been attained. The drop-handled flower basket is a particularly good model, as the folding handles make it easy to pack in a trunk.

In working at any basket it is well to insert extra spokes where the basket turns up, sticking in each almost to the center of the bottom. If necessary a knitting needle may be used to enlarge the space before pushing in the spokes. If it is desirable to give a spiral effect in the natural color and



CUT IV: 1 AND 3 JARDINIÈRES: 2 BASKET FOR TRANSPLANTING FLOWERS.

HOW TO WEAVE REED BASKETS



CUT III: VEGETABLE BASKET AND MELON BASKET.

brown or green, an uneven number of spokes must be used, with one weaver of white and one of the desired color, crossing between the spokes (see Fig. 3). Up and down stripes may be obtained by using an even number of spokes, and weaving with two strands. All such designs should be bordered by a heavy band of the natural color or of the dark color or the pattern will lack character. Beginners should be chary in the use of color.

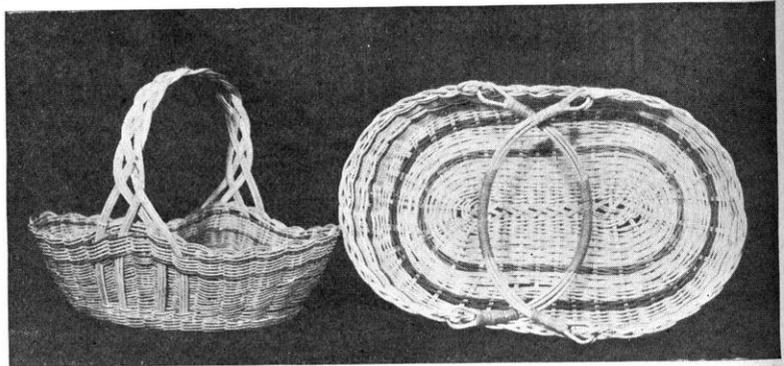
Care must be exercised in putting in handles, and in finishing the upper edge. A glance at the cuts shows the handles as being interwoven into the sides of the basket, and a close analysis of the real articles would show the ends as being carried into the bottom, so that the basket will hold a considerable weight without the handles pulling loose. In the melon-shaped basket, the handle is part of a circle forming the backbone, so to speak, of the whole structure. Another circle intersecting this forms the top of the sides. Figs. 4 and 5 show method of starting the basket.

While all these baskets are for country use, they are quite unlike in the purposes for which they are intended, and the reed bird's nest or bird-house might, perhaps, be excluded as not being a real basket. It is, however, eminently fitted for country use, and after a few weeks' exposure to sun and rain, the reed will take on the silvery tones of weather-beaten wood, and

seem a part of the landscape. Among our wild birds, bluebirds seem particularly willing to adapt to their own use a ready-made domicile, and even, it is said, to return to the same one year after year. This nest need not be very large, and may be fastened to a bough within sight of the house, as the bluebirds do not fly from their human neighbors. In Scandinavia such nests are very common, and the return of bird couples among the smaller feathered

friends is counted upon, just as is the annual visit of the storks, who find their rooftree homes prepared with a foundation of a cart wheel by their hosts, ready to be added to with each successive spring.

Not only birds, but their natural enemies, cats and dogs, may be provided with homemade resting places. A friend of the author's acquaintance has a tortoise-shell cat which rejoices in a hand-made basket of brown and buff, with a touch of turquoise blue, which looks particularly charming with his



CUT I: UPRIGHT-HANDLE FLOWER BASKET: AND DROP-HANDLE FLOWER BASKET.

tawny coloring. Finding this basket by the fireside, he proceeded to investigate with eyes, nose and claws, and the result being satisfactory, he at once took possession and has used it over two years.

The first requisites of baskets to hold potted plants, Cut IV, Figures 1 or 3, should be strength and simplicity; coarse materials, No. 5 for spokes and Nos. 3 and 4 for weaving, should be used. A wooden bottom may be used and this adds to the strength of the basket. Bass wood of $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thickness makes a good base. The size of the

HOW TO WEAVE REED BASKETS

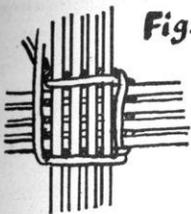


Fig. 1.

FIG. 1. METHOD OF STARTING ROUND BOTTOMED BASKET.

FIG. 2. METHOD OF STARTING OVAL BOTTOMED BASKET (BASE).

FIG. 3. WORKING WITH TWO STRANDS (ONE COLORED).

FIG. 4. MELON BASKET (SIDE VIEW).

FIG. 5. END VIEW.

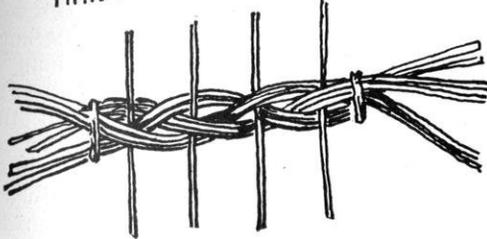


Fig. 2.

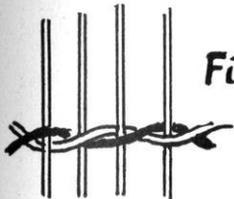


Fig. 3.

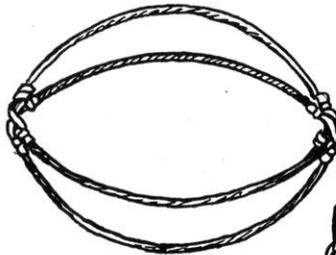


Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

bottom having been decided on (9 or 10 inches would be suitable for a fern, or a small palm), a circle should be drawn on the wood with a compass, and the circular piece sawed out with a keyhole saw. The edges should be filed smooth and sandpapered. Inside this circle from the same center another circle should be drawn $\frac{1}{2}$ inch inside this one, as a guide line along which points can be drawn for holes to be bored. These holes should be not more than $\frac{3}{4}$ inch apart to insure firm weaving. The holes should be bored on the points thus indicated with a bit $\frac{1}{8}$ inch in diameter. If it proves difficult to mark the points with a rule the compass set to $\frac{3}{4}$ inch may be used to "step off" the required points on the guide line. To cut the spokes for a wooden bottomed basket it is necessary to first decide on the height desired, then double this and add one inch for the space between the holes, as each spoke goes from the top of the basket down through a hole, across the bottom of the wood to the next hole and then up, as shown in Cut V, Fig. 1. In a basket 12 inches high, 25 inch spokes should be allowed, for the actual height, then to each spoke 4 inches more should be allowed for the border, thus adding 8 inches

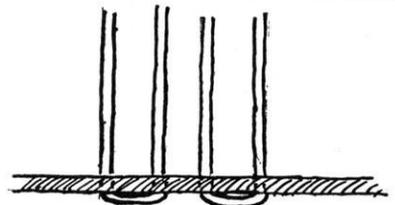
to the 25, 33 inches in all. There should of course be half as many spokes as there are holes. These long strips should be cut and rolled and soaked in hot water until pliable. The weavers must also be soft. The weaving may be done with double or triple weave, and a row of openwork adds to the effect, as the dull red of the pottery showing through adds a nice note of color. The border should be flat, rather than coiled. The pen sketch, Cut V, Fig. 2, shows an open weave strengthened by carrying down extra spokes from the border and one of the photographs shows the same style of open weave ornamented by adding spokes to form a cross in each open space. The borders illustrated are all made

strong by inserting extra spokes. Baskets to be used as jardinières may be stiffened by staining with oil paints mixed with much turpentine to prevent shininess. A very good color combination is that of burnt sienna and Prussian blue mixed

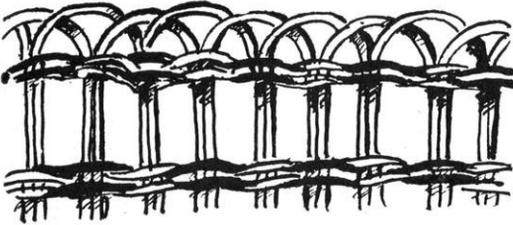
so as to give a cloudy effect of greenish brown. This coloring harmonizes with potted ferns as well as flowering plants. The baskets are made less liable to warp by protecting the surface with the oil paint, and as plant baskets are often used on a veranda, this seems worth consideration. If it is desired to conceal the edge of the wooden bottom this may be done by tacking a braid on, over the edge of the wood, or by putting in extra spokes, short ones, from the back of the basket upward, leaving ends about two inches long, on which a few rows of weaving and a border may be put as shown in the photographic illustrations in Cut IV.

Jardinières of all reed are rather difficult,

CUT
FIVE:
NUMBER
ONE.



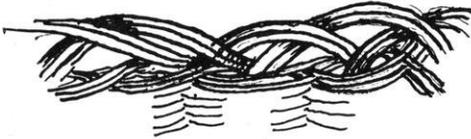
HOW TO WEAVE REED BASKETS



CUT V: NUMBER TWO.

on account of the great length of the spokes required, but this difficulty may be obviated by weaving the bottom first, on eight spokes 10 inches long, exactly like the bottom of a small basket. When the weaving has proceeded nearly to the end of the spokes, a strip 14 inches long may be inserted beside each spoke, the basket turned up *omitting* these ends, which may be cut off or used to form a woven base similar to that already mentioned.

When cut flowers have to be transported from place to place it is desirable to have



CUT V: NUMBER THREE.

them protected from light and dust. Two simple baskets are illustrated, Cut VI and Cut IV, Fig. 2, which may be used for this purpose. Cut VI represents a small basket, about 8 inches across, intended especially for the packing of a bunch of violets, the raised cover preventing the crushing of the topmost blossoms. One florist recently used five dozen similar to this. The larger basket allows cut flowers to lie loosely without bending the stems. Two upright holders for cut flowers are also illustrated.

These baskets are very suitable to decorate with color. The smaller ones are attractive dipped after they are completed in a soft toned dye bath—baby blue in Diamond Dyes gives a delicate dull blue, and Easy Dye gives tan, dull green and lavender. The latter color and old rose, however, are hard to render permanent on reed. Large baskets are liable to lose their shape if dipped in dye, and are more satisfactory stained with oil paint and turpentine as described above.

Trays are most fascinating examples of the basketmakers' art. The woven one at the left of Cut VII offers but little difficulty, as it resembles a low round basket,

but the glass bottomed one, Fig. 2, is quite complex. A wooden bottom must be used to keep the glass in place, and the weaving is done *around* this. To accomplish this, it is necessary to use a large piece of cardboard on which a line is drawn exactly the size of the wooden bottom, to hold the weaving in place. The cardboard is pierced with holes one-half inch apart through which small spokes are run, projecting both above and below the cardboard about 4 inches. The top may then be woven $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches high. The upright ends of the spokes should then be worked down through as far as the wooden bottom and pulled out inside to make a border as illustrated in the photograph. The cardboard may then be pulled out, the glass, cretonne and wooden bottom put in place, and the weaving continued to form the lower part of the tray. A very good finish is made by bending the bottom of the spokes in toward the center, and weaving a border on the bottom of the tray to hold the board solid.

Space cannot be given here to directions for elaborate borders, handles and covers, as only the most elementary principles can be taught in so brief a paper. But the appended illustrations of actual baskets, most of which were made in a home for chronic invalids, will offer suggestion as to the methods of working out the more difficult problems of the fitting of covers and adjusting of suitable handles. The large basket shown in detail in Cut IX shows an interesting method of dealing with the cover; as this sinking of the handle allows the basket to be packed in a trunk without taking up undue space. The handles of this basket are wound with heavy chair cane.



CUT V: NUMBER FOUR.

It is also strengthened by corded of No. 6 weave around the sides.

The most interesting feature of all these baskets is the original manner of applying the various weaves, and it is hoped that the reader will devise still more quaint and practical designs.

All the baskets which illustrate this article were woven by Miss Buck according to the instructions given here and the result, as the pictures show, is not only practical but extremely attractive.

WRITE TO UNCLE SAM ABOUT YOUR CORN CROP

HOW UNCLE SAM HELPS FARMERS TO GROW BETTER CORN

IN the "Weekly News Letter to Crop Correspondents," issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, is the following summary of the work which one important branch is doing in coöperation with the farmers of the country:

The Office of Corn Investigations, a branch of the Bureau of Plant Industry, is endeavoring to find out how corn growers may produce larger yields per acre, of better quality and with less labor. This office investigates the fundamental principles which apply wherever corn is grown, such as the principles of corn breeding, seed corn preservation, and corn culture.

Members of this office coöperate with interested farmers on their farms in endeavoring to get better yields. Both the corn specialists and the farmer benefit from this arrangement. These specialists first take great care to investigate particular conditions in a community that they may know exactly what methods and breeds of corn may be used most profitably there.

The office is always on the lookout for foreign varieties of corn which seem to have unusual and valuable characteristics that might be of value in this country. These varieties are tested with well-selected and local varieties to determine their relative values. Systematic breeding work is then taken up with such domestic and foreign varieties as seem most useful to the American farmer to improve each variety still further. Comparative tests are repeated from time to time to determine whether the variety under the process of improvement is actually increasing in superiority.

Some high yielding varieties have been originated by cross-breeding; some have descended from foreign introductions possessing special characters, and others have resulted from ear-to-row selection work. Many of these are being taken up by seedsmen and given trade names, some are known by local names, and others are generally known by their breeding number. Among the latter are United States selections 77, 119, 120, 133, 136, 160, 165, and First Generation Cross 182. Some of these have been made sufficiently productive to outyield local strains throughout several States. First Generation Cross 182 did this throughout Virginia and Maryland.

United States selection 133, improved in southern Wisconsin, has won favor at points in Michigan and Pennsylvania.

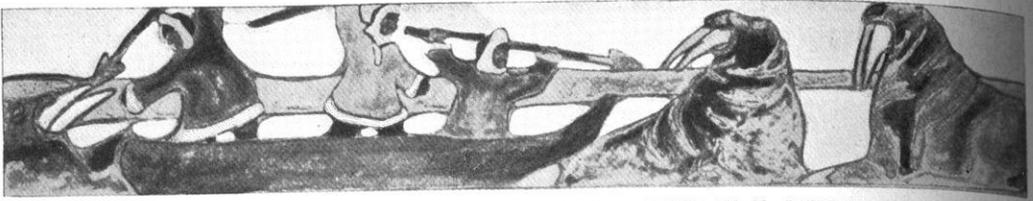
To establish the practice of corn improvement is of much more value to a community than the mere introduction of a variety which has been improved. The office by systematic research has endeavored to work out practical methods for growing corn and to make them available for communities desiring to try them. For example, it has demonstrated the profitableness of the construction of a seed-corn house, and on application to the office suggestions for its building may be obtained.

Seed for tests or for corn breeding can frequently be supplied to farmers if requested in the summer or autumn, so that the seed may be properly selected and dried. Requests should state when and where the corn is to be planted and the date on which it is desired to have it ripen. Corn planting begins during February in the South and continues through May in the North. During this time the specialists familiar with hundreds of varieties and how they grow and yield under different conditions go from point to point planting experimental and breeding plats. *Therefore requests for coöperative work and seed corn should be sent in before February.*

In the Office of Corn Investigations the results of fifteen years' experiments are classified and filed and the information gained is available for any farmer who raises corn. The boys on the farm who have organized into corn clubs for the production of superior varieties are assisted in their corn-breeding work by agents of the office. The tabulated information of the office is also at their disposal.

The office aims to increase the acre yield of corn in the United States. The present acre yield of 27 bushels must be improved to meet the growing demand for corn on the part of our increasing population. Actual results obtained by boy members of corn clubs throughout the country have demonstrated that by using improved varieties and methods the acre yield may be greatly increased over the present general average. A more universal use of the methods employed by these successful young farmers will help solve at least one of our agricultural problems, viz., how to increase the acre yield of corn with our increase of population.

TALACHINO: A HOME FOR RUSSIAN FOLK ART



FRIEZE DESIGNED BY N. ROERICH—AN EXAMPLE OF NORTHERN FOLK ART OF UNUSUAL INTEREST AND BEAUTY.

TALACHINO: A HOME FOR RUSSIAN FOLK ART: BY K. R. CAIN

FEW things are more intimately expressive of the inner life and ideals of a nation than the art of its peasant people. It is they who shelter and preserve the old traditions of craftsmanship—in their hand-woven garments, their sturdy home-made furniture, their simple pottery, carved chests, in all the primitive yet appealing decorations which stamp with individuality the humblest objects of fireside, workshop and farm.

The realization of this fact has made many a country turn from the elaborate, over-polished products of modern civilization back to the home of its simpler country and village folk as the guardians of a beauty which the cities in their commercialism have lost. And often the result has been a revival and stimulation of peasant crafts and industries which might otherwise, through lack of opportunity and encouragement, have been gradually lost.

Among the art revivals of this nature which have occurred throughout Europe during the last few years, one of the most interesting is in Russia. At Talachino, the property of the Princess Tenichef, a remarkable art center has been established, where Russian folk art, in old and new forms, has found the inspiration it needed for fresh growth and blossoming. Indeed, the work has been developed along such radical lines that it is regarded by connoisseurs as containing the elements of a new national style.

In this unique center the Princess Tenichef has collected the best art of the world for the instruction and inspiration of every peasant on her estate, and every worker in her studios. The whole atmosphere of the place is that of a family group, where people of all classes meet for a common purpose. Thousands of laborers and students come to Talachino, which has thus become a place of considerable importance in the popularity and development of the surrounding district. All who bring the mark of talent, all who are earnest and eager in their efforts to perfect their own



THE FAÇADE OF THE *Teremok* WHICH HOUSES TALACHINO'S LIBRARY: THE DESIGNER IS MALIOUTINE, ART DIRECTOR OF THE SCHOOL: RUSSIAN FONDNESS FOR ORNAMENTATION IS HERE EVIDENT.

TALACHINO: A HOME FOR RUSSIAN FOLK ART

particular craft, find welcome there—students, scientists, workers in wood and metal, weavers and dyers, artists and craftsmen of every kind. At their service are the museum and the library, exhibits of the work of modern painters, the newest artistic and technical publications, while the contests and expositions are open to all. And while much is taught by the example of great achievements in each branch of art and industry, the creative rather than the imitative spirit is fostered, and the individuality of the student is encouraged toward self-expression along original lines.

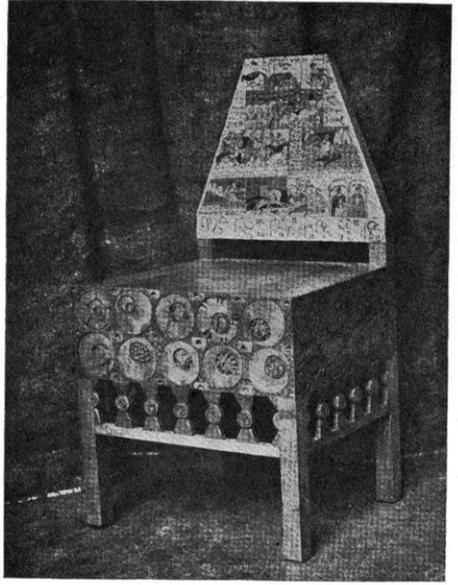
To organize such an art center as Talachino requires not only a sincere love of the work but also a wide artistic and technical knowledge, initiative and creative ability, and infinite patience in carrying all the details to completion. Fortunately for the undertaking, Princess Tenichef possesses all these qualities in remarkable degree, for she has lived many years in the world of art and has carried to successful issue several important enterprises.

In the Russian Museum at St. Petersburg—or rather Petrograd, as we must call it now—are many tributes to her activity. A certain section of aquarelles was a gift from the Princess. It was through her efforts that the Museum has work by Vrubel, Blomsted, Ernfeld, Enkel, Purvitt, Mme. Yakountchekof—a fine collection constantly enriched with new acquisitions.

She helped to create the review *Mir Iskousstra*, and encouraged many promising artists. Her own museum,



ARMCHAIR OF MASSIVE PROPORTIONS AND RICH EXECUTION, AFTER THE DESIGN BY A. ZINOVIEF.

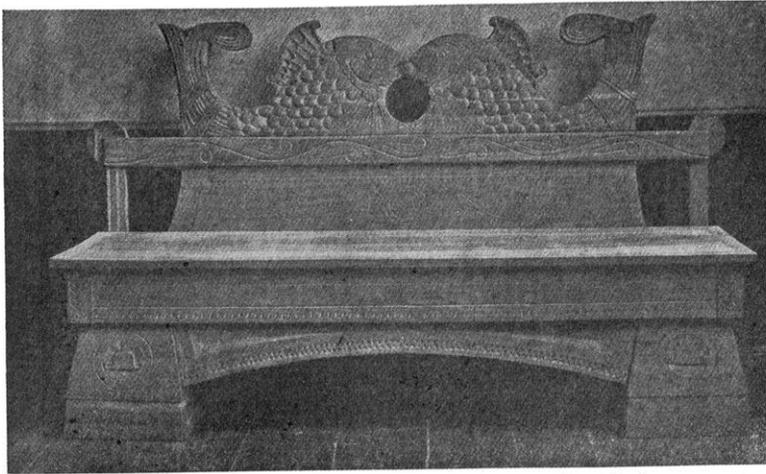


CHAIR OF CARVED AND PAINTED WOOD BY A. ZINOVIEF.

which was formerly at Talachino, has been transferred to Smolensk, and with its exhibitions of applied arts and ethnography is the joy of the old city. Everything in it—embroideries, carvings, ikons and medals—is rich in both scientific and artistic value. Nor is the collection limited to ancient objects, for it includes much incomparable work of the new masters, such as Lalique, Falize, Gally and Colonna.

The Princess, of course, has many able and energetic helpers at Talachino, and foremost among them stands Malioutine, the Master Craftsman and Art Director of the studios. She was one of the first to appreciate his talent and to see the disadvantages under which the artist had labored. Confiding her studios to his direction, she gave him free rein to realize all the caprices of his rich creative fancy. That of which Vasnetzof dreamed in his architecture, and Mme. Yakountchekof in her toy structures, is here realized, yet nothing borrowed from either. All is Malioutine—at the same time purely rustic Russian, new, fantastic, picturesque. It is impossible to assert where begins the individual imagination, or ends the grace of the old Muscovite spirit. Malioutine, by the peculiar nature of his talent, by his clearly expressed personality, reveals only one master more original and powerful than himself—Gallen, the Finn, the son of his nation, of epic legend. Both were

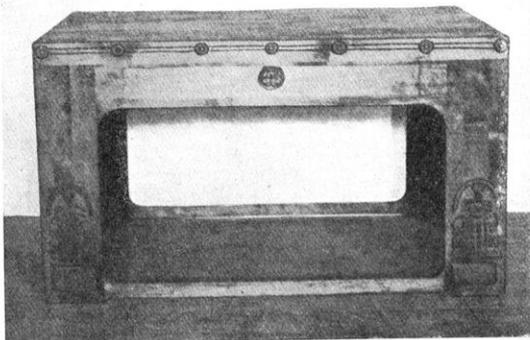
TALACHINO: A HOME FOR RUSSIAN FOLK ART



HALL BENCH WITH CURIOUS FISH MOTIF, AFTER THE DESIGN OF S. MALIOUTINE: A PIECE WHICH REVEALS BOTH SOLIDITY AND GRACE.

among the first to show forth the art of the future—northern art with all the inexhaustible beauty of the people, their customs and character, their laws and logic.

It was Malioutine who designed the original structure which contains the library of the Talachino school. This *teremok*—old Russian for “little castle”—is a spacious two-story building, with brick sub-structure, situated about a mile and a half from the home of the Princess, and surrounded by a palisade, or tall fence, of artistic design, the entrance gate strangely cut, showing through its openwork the approach to the building, from perron to summit. This gateway, opening into the forest, merges into the pine branches against the dazzling background of deep snow or sunlight beyond, according to the season. All around are scattering pine trees and interspersing birches, with their delicate white trunks;



A STURDY TABLE OF REMARKABLE DECORATIVE CHARM, MADE AFTER THE DESIGN OF J. OVTCHINNIKOF.

below extends a perspective of fields, cut by ravines.

The somber beams of the *teremok* itself are circled with fantastic girdles; multi-colored ornaments flash and gleam, bas-reliefs, swans with wings uplifted, sunbursts, undulating wavelike lines, bands, stars, squares—designs reflecting every sort of animate and inanimate life. Certain details of the building astonish

by their unexpectedness, their picturesque simplicity, the boldness of their composition. One's consciousness is saturated with this peculiar beauty, very old, Slav to a

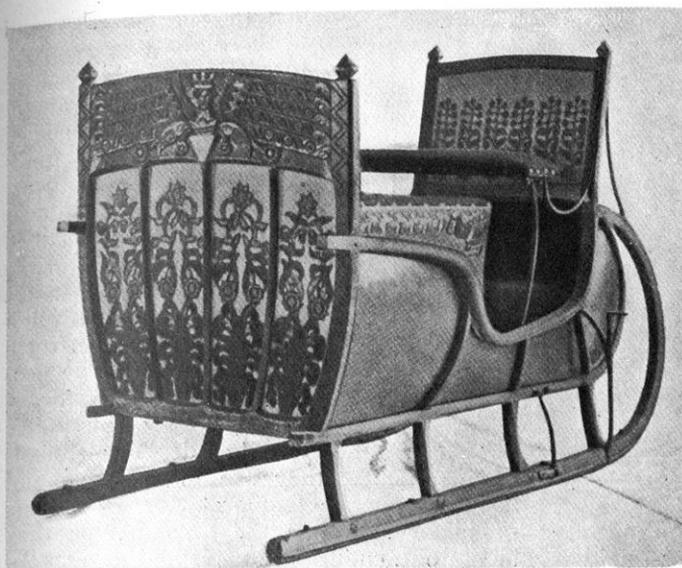


IN THIS SIMPLE DESK, DESIGNED BY N. ROERICH, RESTRAINED AND CAREFULLY PLACED ORNAMENT RELIEVES THE SOLID WOOD.

supreme degree, ingenious, barbaric, yet naive and homely. Inside is a curious porcelain stove made after Malioutine's design; wonderful wooden settees and a sculptured stairway baluster of curious pattern. Equally successful and of very fine and positive decorative taste is a doorway executed after the design of the Princess Tenichef.

The theater as well as the library was designed by Malioutine, and is a long, one-story building with slanting roof, windows close together and framed in sculptured wood. Every free space on the walls is covered with wood carving in relief, resembling the ornaments of certain boats on the Volga and other northern rivers, an ageless art which survives to the present day. In

TALACHINO: A HOME FOR RUSSIAN FOLK ART



SLEIGH DECORATED AFTER THE DESIGN OF THE PRINCESS TENICHEF, FOUNDER OF THE RUSSIAN ART-CENTER OF TALACHINO.

the museum of the Princess is an admirable collection of these prows, some dating from the early seventeenth century, some from the time of Peter the Great and the renowned Catherine.

All through the decorations of Talachino and its buildings—above the gateway to the *teremok*, in the decorations of the walls, in the old Russian ornaments, the ancient brocades of glittering gold—one sees the famous “wonder-bird,” Talachino’s tacit crest, the delight of the Princess and the sign manual of Malioutine. The decorative use of this legendary bird seems especially appropriate, for it is closely interwoven with the traditions of the people. Worshipping peasants sang of its flight, its golden plumage, its prophetic voice. It was a symbol of all magical and longed-for beauty—this sun-bird of the East which came to hover awhile over the snowy Northland, perhaps the embodiment of some bright Oriental memory of this strangely mingled race.

Serge Makowsky declares, “Never has the art of our cities more nearly approached primitive art”—writing of Talachino—“peasant art, which for so many centuries developed in peaceful villages, in the forests, in the calm of the endless Steppes, beside impassable Russian marshes. For the first time the Russian painter, permeated with European culture and experience, looks upon the people and

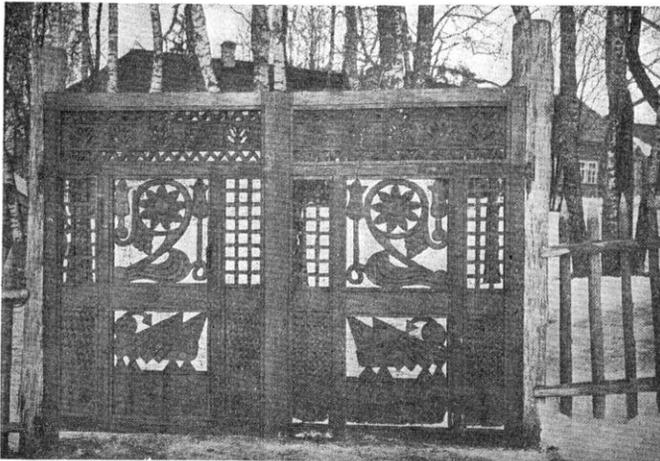
the far past without false sentiment, free from preconceived tendencies—looks simply with the eye of the seeker and diviner, as a poet who loves the mystery of popular beauty.” He continues, “It would be difficult to say precisely to whom is due the honor of priority in this new way.”

Then follow names scarcely heard in our country—Swartz, with his series of illustrations and pictures borrowed from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, giving proof of a fine comprehension of historic truth, and a nice discrimination in details; Sourikof, the Titan of Russian historic painting; Solntzof, Pleckanof, and the story pictures of Vasnetzof. The impulse was given. Lost magic returned. From old churches and cities, antique carved wood, quaintly designed embroideries, all the original beauty which had slept for centuries in the tranquil immensity of far Russian spaces, every old treasure yielded something needful to our modern



CRADLE WITH BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED WOOD AND DRAPERY, THE DESIGN OF THE PRINCESS TENICHEF.

TALACHINO: A HOME FOR RUSSIAN FOLK ART



EXTREME GATE OF THE *Teremok*, DESIGNED BY S. MALIOUTINE AND SCULPTURED IN WOOD.

masters; and temple decoration and the applied arts took on fresh forms—neither entirely new, nor yet imitations. The national operas were staged with decorations and costumes in harmony with the spirit of the music, instead of with the obviously unfit; utensils for daily use were covered with designs, reminders of ancestral implements; fantastic flowers, turn-soles and ferns blossomed on the pottery, furniture and stuffs; everywhere national ornamentation was revived.

Honor is especially due to two remarkable artists, Helen Polenof and Marie Yakountchekof, who, sustained by Mme. Mamontof, an art patron, founded several studios in the village of Abramtzevo. Here were executed after their designs and ancient models all sorts of objects adapted to the comfort of modern homes. Unfortunately, their valuable activity was of short duration. Mme. Polenof died in 1898, and Mme. Yakountchekof in 1902. Their studios, little by little, gave place to those of Talachino. The intellectual class of cities, unused to the art of the people, awoke to the realization of its vitality, and the success of the productions of Talachino has been astonishing. "Hopeful breaks in the ranks of triviality," writes Roerich, who has been called the Viking painter, with his "exceptional taste, his grave twilight thought, creator of somber prehistoric men," a special admirer and friend of Talachino.

Thus, out of an evident spiritual need, Talachino has drawn together the best artists—Vroubel, Zinovief, Bechtov, Michinof,

Samoussef, Borotchersky and many others—to give birth to new forces in art. The school has especially developed in woodworkers the sentiment of ornament, that ancient fondness that still lives in the peasant of today. "This sentiment cannot be aroused artificially," says Roerich. "It hides in the obscure soul of the people like a seed, waiting centuries for a propitious soil to burgeon forth in generous growth. The people keep the elemental forms, embryos of beauty, immutable and eternal as destiny; symbols

of race unity, they are more living and lasting than the temporary superpositions of history. When the time is ripe they bloom out, enduring, in splendid designs."

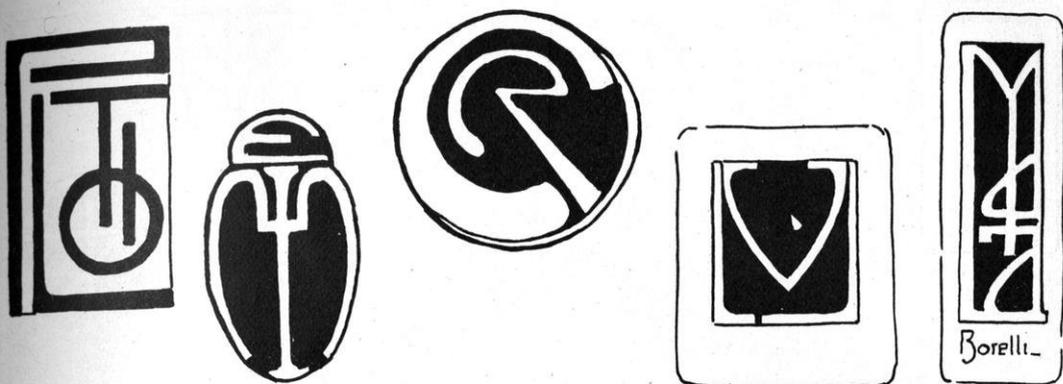
Even so brief a glimpse must prove that the Russian people, the peasants, are not a wretched class, doomed to misery and suffering, but a vast world concealing in its depths the wealth of centuries of knowledge, dreams, traditions, feelings, with the tangible proof of the crystallization of art life, the inheritance of a thousand years.

A nation seldom shines with all the arts at once, those of war and those of peace. Russia held germs of beauty in its barbaric days which so far have refused to bloom amidst civilization—certainly not in cities. Art, mysterious as the wind, comes not at bidding; and it often passes the haughtiest door to smile on the humblest hovel. So, out of the homes of her peasants, the folk-art of Russia has come, expressing in its own inimitable way the soul of her people.

GARDEN CITY CHILDREN

THE Imperial Health Conference at a recent exhibition in London presented some interesting facts concerning child welfare. Among the reports which showed the value of healthy environment upon children, was that of the Medical Officer of Health for Hendon. He has found that in the Garden Suburb school of Hampstead the height of the pupils from 5 to 8 years averages from $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch to $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches more than that of children living under less natural conditions. The Marquis of Salisbury has demonstrated his interest by developing on his estate at Liverpool a garden suburb on copartnership principles.

“BEAUTY-LETTERS”



“BEAUTY-LETTERS”

DOWN in Mexico City is a modest little studio papered with hand-made paper, hung with hand-woven curtains and draperies stenciled with curiously interesting medallions, furnished with quaint hand-made tables, chairs and cabinets. Torres Palomar, a designer of monograms, made this studio and all the things in it after his own ideas of beauty and the need of individual expression. He lives there in the heart of that excitable city, peacefully absorbed in combining letters of all languages into beautiful monograms or kalogramas, as he calls them, a word of his invention meaning “beauty-letters.” A monogram or kalogram is in reality but a little enigma, a rebus made up of the interlaced or cleverly combined initials of a man’s name, sometimes of the full name itself. To be good, says this enthusiast, it must be easy to guess else it fails its purpose; besides, complicated things are never beautiful. Monograms must be beautiful as well as useful. There is a satisfaction in deciphering a good monogram, a pleasant sense of triumph. If the design is confused so that the letters cannot be easily perceived, then it is unsuccessful, for it carries with it an unpleasant impression of failure.

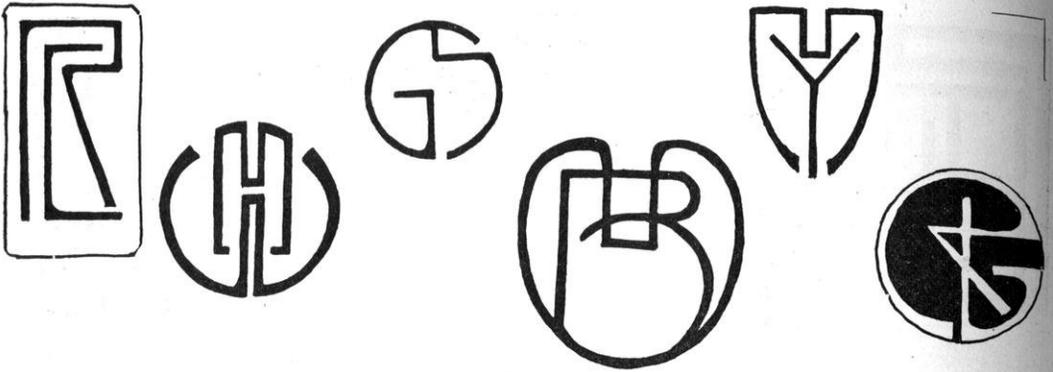
The work of Torres Palomar is distinguished for its originality of design, its harmonious coloring, its legibility and its extreme simplicity. Monograms of his designing are full of refreshing individuality, for he is a bit of a humorist, a kindly sympathetic one who cannot help but make letters fittingly suitable to different personalities. So he makes them gracious, dignified, severe, flippant, aristocratic, slender or heavy, as varied as human nature itself. To

the designing of these small intimate emblems of character, intended for use on stationery and household napery, as book-plates, crests and seals, he applies the big general principles of art.

Color and music harmonies are closely related according to him, and exercise a similar fascination. The mere repetition of a geometrical pattern or of a color note does not produce beauty or quicken the imagination any more than the repetition of a sound produces music that appeals to the emotions. There must be a harmonious arrangement or combination of form and of color to prevent monotony and bring about beauty. He has learned to improvise with letters and colors, developing a multitude of harmonious figures as a musician improvising with notes creates new and haunting melodies. His improvisations spring from a long experience as an engraver, an invaluable experience which gave him thorough acquaintance with the chemistry of colors and the technique of printing. He has played with the letters of many ages, studied ancient Egyptian, Arabic and Cufic inscriptions, examined old missives, seals and devices of heraldry. So beneath his impromptu kalogramas is a wide technical knowledge of the principles of pure form and symbolism, as beneath the simplest melodies rest the complicated laws of counterpoint.

Monograms in the form of a single sign, representing a name, have been in use from the earliest ages. They were man’s first efforts at a signature, a crude attempt to imprint his individuality upon objects, or to proclaim his ownership. More elaborate ones composed of the several initials of a name have been found upon very ancient Greek coins and upon medals and seals of Macedonia and Sicily. Popes, emperors

SANITARY PROGRESS IN THE EAST



and kings of the Middle Ages used them in lieu of signatures. In Japan even today initial monograms or those involving the full name, made up in the form of seals, are in general use for signing pictures, letters, contracts, bills, receipts, etc. They are used, in fact, wherever a personal signature is demanded, and most decorative objects they are indeed, for they are often purely emblematic instead of kalographic. A seal, with a bit of red wax, in cleverly contrived plain or ornamental cases, hangs from the girdles of all men, whether workman, merchant or scholar.

The work of the early artists, engravers and craftsmen of Germany, Flanders and many other European countries was signed solely with the initials of their makers, which were frequently interwoven with figures of symbolic character. The most widely known monogram is without doubt the ec-

clesiastic I. H. S., formed of the first three letters of the Greek name of Jesus, or, as it is sometimes explained, of the first three letters of the Latin sentence *Iesus Hominum Salvatore* (Jesus Savior of Men). The most common form of monogram is the square, which represents the foundation principle of life, or the circle, the line of perfection, which, like the infinite, is without beginning or end and incloses all. Some of the simplest ones are a primitive sort of shorthand. A rebus forming a pun upon a man's surname was once extremely popular in England. Pictorial signatures were also once in common use in England, as, for instance, the letter N between crude sketches of an ox and a bridge, which plainly stands for Oxenbridge. Many old English ideograms persist even unto today, such as lb. for pound and our own mark \$ for dollar.

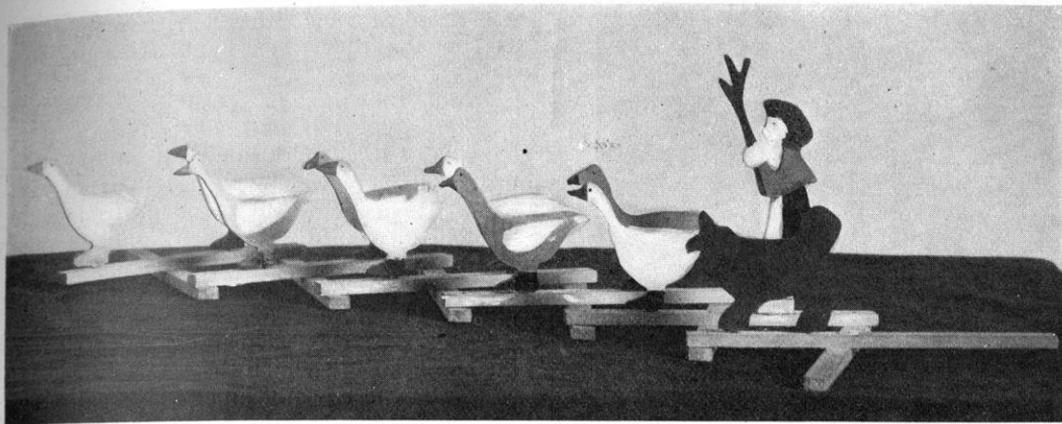
SANITARY PROGRESS IN INDIA AND EGYPT

THE press of India, both Anglo-Indian and native, is championing a cause which a few years ago would have seemed hopeless in a country where progress is so difficult. To convince a people, with the prejudices of centuries behind them, that sanitation is of the utmost importance to them physically and morally, is no easy task. But in the last thirty years various advancements have been made that make more rapid progress possible now. During this period princes have had their sons educated in foreign countries; high schools have been established by missionaries; and various commissions, considering the needs of the country, have changed the occupations of the people and introduced Western ideas into the larger towns. What has been accomplished along the one line of

sanitation, with the intelligent backing of these agencies, may be inferred from the report of the health of the British troops in India, which is duplicated in the report of the native troops. The death rate of the British troops in the four years 1875-79 was 20.37 per thousand, and in 1911 and 1912 the figures were respectively only 4.89 and 4.62 per thousand.

Remarkable sanitary results have also been attained in Egypt, where the outcome of the British occupation a generation ago was enigmatical. Here the same mental prejudices to cleanliness of body and dwelling had to be overcome as in India, but Lord Kitchener's last report shows how the British irrigation schemes, which have changed the face of that great country, were able, during a shortage of water last year, to prevent the famine and misery which usually follow such a catastrophe.—From *The American City* for August, 1914.

HILDA'S PILLOW



HILDA'S PILLOW: HEALING THE INSANE THROUGH WORK: BY DR. MARY LAWSON NESS

MY first meeting with Hilda was in this wise. Passing through a hospital ward, a forlorn figure was noticed leaning against the side of a window, listlessly gazing out. She paid no attention to me or to my companion, who answered inquiries in regard to her by saying that she was a problem to the nurses in the ward, sometimes striking them, sometimes breaking a window, sometimes tearing her clothes to shreds. It was almost impossible to keep her tidy, while her chronic discontent, which was written on her face, made her an influence for evil. Her mental deterioration was so great that she could not work in any of the regular departments.

Under Hilda's arm was crumpled a strange-looking fabric. Bits of lettering, a quaint figure, a flower, aroused my desire to examine the production. "Will you let me see what you have made?" I asked as pleasantly as possible. "No, I won't," was the curt reply. We passed on, but a day or two later Hilda abruptly held out her precious possession, and said to the physician making his rounds, "The lady can have this." My curiosity was generously rewarded by the gift. An old flour sack, bits of cotton thread raveled from her apron, her gingham dress or her stocking had furnished her equipment. Chance ravelings from the floor, sewing cotton, a bit of tambo red, secured no one knew how, were added from time to time. The work was done at odd moments, in lonely corners, without attracting any one's attention, and lo! the pil-

A WOODEN TOY SKILFULLY MADE BY AN INSANE PATIENT.

low pictured in the illustration was the result of laundering the soiled and crumpled bag. This pillow was placed in an industrial exhibit, to Hilda's pride and joy. She was immediately transformed. With this clue to her interest the nurses and physicians saw that she was supplied with materials, and such a procession of pillows as flowed from her magic fingers was never seen!—A present for every employee she knew—for visitors and friends of other patients was forthcoming. At Thanksgiving gorgeous turkeys strutted out, at Christmas holly wreaths encircled bells, at Easter lilies and daffodils bloomed, on Independence Day flags waved on Hilda's pillows. No two were ever alike, and the tribute of praise and appreciation were as the water of life to the starved artist soul that lay buried under Hilda's clouded intellect. Hilda is still demented, still incoherent and



HILDA'S PILLOW.

HILDA'S PILLOW



HANDBAG OF CORD, THE MAKING OF WHICH SHOWS NO SIGN OF A DISORDERED MIND.

childish—but a smile is on her face. Her gray hair is smoothly combed, a crocheted collar adorns her fresh calico dress, and the thirty-five pounds she has gained have made her drawn and lined face comely and dimpled. No better illustration of what occupation that is self-expression means to the quite incurable insane could be found, yet doubtless scores of just such histories could be written, were the facts available.

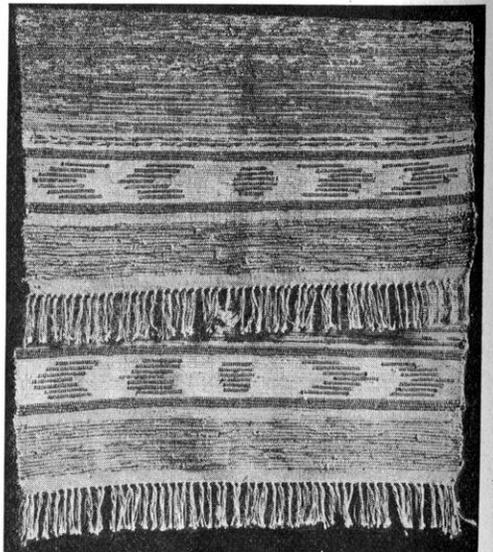
To help Hilda's sisters in the various insane hospitals in this country, a majority of institutions for the insane have now some regularly organized department to plan and provide suitable occupations. One of the most progressive has a highly trained woman, a member of the staff, at the head of this department. She has under her eight or ten paid employees, and many patient assistants. On this staff are musicians, librarians, trained playground instructors, teachers of the arts and crafts of all kinds, of folk dancing, of calisthenics, of book-binding, of painting and drawing, and of horticulture. A school under a capable teacher is maintained, and with rare good judgment placed where it is at once noticed by the incoming patients on an acute ward, thus making them aware of normal human activ-

ities close at hand, in which they can join as soon as they wish or become able to do so.

From the humane point of view no stronger appeal is needed than that made by a ward filled with idle and unhappy human beings. In being deprived of an outlet for their energy they frequently develop mischievous habits, taking off and putting on their clothing, hammering, clapping their hands, screaming, etc. These outbursts of unutilized nervous energy are not so often symptoms of their disease as the fruit of the conditions in which they are placed. To restore to these people an agreeable and natural way of carrying on a normal amount of activity is certainly contributing as much to lessen the sum total of human misery as any charity that we could mention. Many cases which have at various times come under my personal observation have been transformed from unhappy creatures to cheerful and contented inmates of a hospital, which they then come to consider almost in the light of a home.

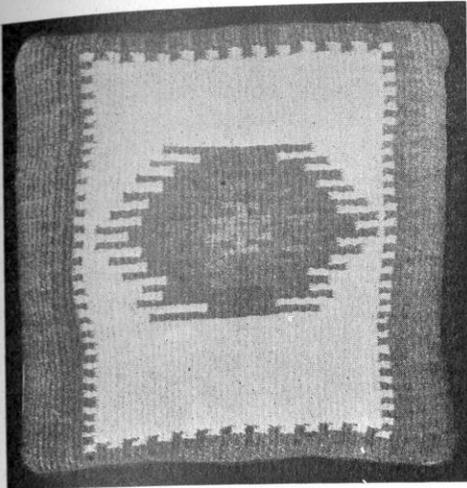
It would seem superfluous to emphasize the injury that idleness produces, and when this injury is the result of enforced idleness it is even more extensive and irreparable.

In our hospitals for the insane we have the problem of supplying not only the materials and equipment for occupation, but the motives. The question "Why do we work?" has been answered by a great philosopher,



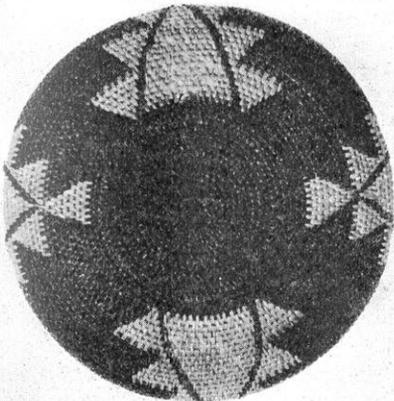
A REALLY ARTISTIC RUG WOVEN BY A PATIENT IN AN INSANE HOSPITAL.

HILDA'S PILLOW



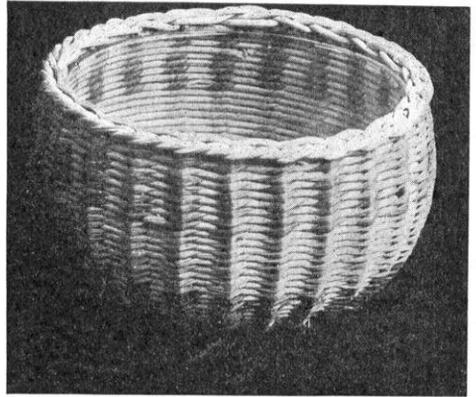
PILLOW WOVEN ON A SMALL HAND LOOM BY AN INSANE WOMAN.

when he said, "A man to be happy must have something to work for, something to hope for, and something to love." The mainsprings of action are necessity, ambition and affection. Take these away, and a vacuum is created in which we cannot function. Institutional life frequently cuts the inmate off almost entirely from these motives. The minor stimuli of life must be used instead. Of these the most potent is the play motive—self-expression in all forms, which includes invention, the desire to create, the joy of seeing the work of one's fingers grow and reach completion. This is so deeply rooted a human instinct that it can be trusted to survive in almost all degrees of mental aberration. Other minor motives should be employed as fully as possible.



BASKET IN INDIAN DESIGN, CRAFTWORK OF THE INSANE.

Praise will influence some, competition will reach a few, an appeal to the æsthetic sense will be effective with a limited number. On others, simple rewards will have a constraining influence. Altruism and affection can be appealed to largely—as largely as with children; and many patients will embrace an opportunity to make small gifts for relatives or friends. Some will enter into preparations for an entertainment—making decorations for Christmas trees calls forth almost universal interest. Many will gladly do charity work, which, in this case, will not begin at home, but will be for dependents of some other class, such as orphaned or crippled children. Some will take their first steps toward a more normal life by forming the audience which merely watches the activities of patients already able to respond to stimulation. Later some



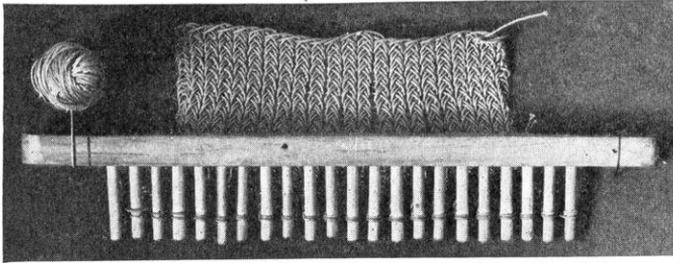
ROSE AND VIOLET BOWL WOVEN OVER A GLASS FINGER BOWL WHICH THE WEAVING HOLDS FIRMLY INSIDE: IT IS COLORED WITH THE JUICE OF WILD SMILAX BERRIES.

of these spectators will develop a desire to participate in the work they have watched.

The personal note, so easily lost in dealing with large groups of people, should be used repeatedly and to the fullest possible extent. It is far better for a patient to be asked to hemstitch a particular cover for the bureau of a nurse to whom she is attached than merely to give her material and tell her that it is to be hemstitched. If we will put ourselves in the place of the patient for a moment the force of this distinction will be very clearly seen.

One of the most successful experiences we have had was interesting patients in making little gingham aprons and other small articles of clothing for the children in an orphan asylum. The children themselves came occasionally to the hospital to sing,

HILDA'S PILLOW



RAKE-KNITTER MADE BY A PATIENT IN A NEW ENGLAND HOSPITAL.

either in the wards or in the amusement hall, and every response to the request that some small garments be made for these children was as unanimous and hearty as would have come from a group of people anywhere. Here the appeal was made to the deeply-rooted feminine instinct of caring for children, the personal note was used in asking them to work for some one they had seen and already felt an interest in, and no doubt the longing to be of some use in the world, which the more intelligent inmates of institutions frequently feel keenly, was somewhat satisfied. The work itself, moreover, was interesting, was more or less familiar, was easily done, soon finished, and of obvious use—all most desirable features.

The last of these—its obvious use—is an essential element in all occupation work. Work for the sake of work appeals to abnormal people just as little as to normal people. Trumped-up occupations that are evidently merely a perfunctory carrying out of the idea of occupation, will prove valueless. A certain amount of institutional work, however, can be utilized, especially if a personal note is added.

The articles to be made, besides being of obvious use, should be such as are quickly finished, so that results are not too long delayed. They should, whenever possible, have color and form to give them some æsthetic value. They should not require very fine muscular co-ordination. This is an important point, too often overlooked. Very simple forms of embroidery, crocheting and feather-stitching are practical, if not carried on until the patient has lost interest. The signs of fatigue should be watched for in all work with great care.

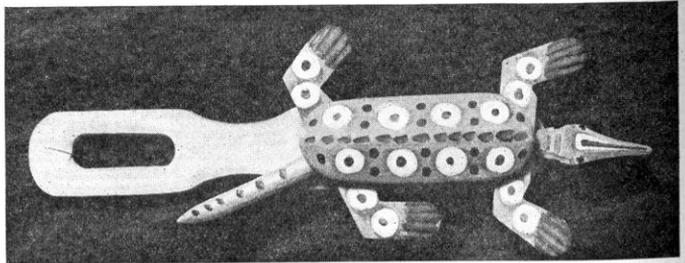
Basketry appeals to a somewhat limited number. Those who are satisfied with mo-

notonous employment will frequently work week after week at basketry. By varying colors and styles and by limiting the basket work to certain days in the week, the great objection to basketry, which is its monotony, can be minimized. Where practicable, it is one of the most

useful aids in furnishing occupation.

The simple splint baskets are suitable for the confused or deteriorated patients. Men like to make reed baskets, while the educated and skilful members of the varied community will learn to produce really beautiful pieces of work like the one illustrated, which reproduces an Indian design.

Sometimes it is difficult to find a simple occupation for unskilled patients. One of the best is rake-knitting, to which my attention was first called by Miss Tracy's charming book, "Invalid Occupations." This rake, shown in operation in the illustration, is the spool knitter of our childhood with a college education. A patient in a New England hospital who was interested in helping the "Occupation Supervisor" made a supply of rakes from the skewers thrown aside in the meat shop, with odds and ends of lumber, and the industry flourished apace. The bag illustrated is made from oyster-white linen cable cord, and is designed for



A CHEERFUL LITTLE CROCODILE MADE FOR A CHILD TO PLAY WITH.

wear with a white linen suit. These bags are salable, and will be useful where patients are allowed the normal incentive of reaping a reward from their work.

An excellent occupation for wholesomeness and human interest is weaving. A practical way to introduce this is to begin with the small hand looms used in schools, teaching to a group or class the principles of color combinations, the technique of cutting and sewing, the possibilities of bias and twisted rags and the elements of designing.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ZARATHUSTRA SIMS

Later a larger hand loom will furnish sofa pillows, such as the one illustrated, in which a simple "tapestry" weave is used. Then come the rugs for the floor, made on large looms, but still using the hand shuttle.

The rug shown gives a very effective design in dull green and white, with small flecks of red, pink and yellow in the body. This border design is "laid on." After these will come "sewed in" and "tapestry" designs. These rugs may be utilized in any institution and used for gifts or prizes. They also sell readily at bazars or from a showcase.

The making of wooden toys was a happy thought on the part of one superintendent. The patients soon learned to design for themselves, and some of their favorite creations are illustrated herewith. A few tools, bits of wood and wire, and some paints are all that are required for this industry.

All occupations for the insane should afford some opportunity for self-expression, if worthy to be ranked as therapeutic. Monotonous drudgery and unremunerated toil may be a slight improvement on *ennui* and enforced idleness, but they certainly are not therapy.

The patient who fits into the industrial departments of an institution is provided for, so far as mere employment goes, but should be carefully included in all plans for amusement, to counteract the monotony of routine work. Patients who are already skilful, and but slightly deteriorated mentally, are, of course, easy to find employment for, and many of them have enough initiative to occupy themselves if materials are supplied. These two classes, therefore, may be eliminated from the number of those who constitute the real problem. This consists of the patients unskilled in handicrafts of all kinds, absorbed in their own troubles, and often already given up to habits of inaction and apathy. There is a wide gulf between the patient who can be useful in the sewing room or laundry and the patient who is absolutely unable to do anything; yet those who fall short of being able to work several hours a day to some purpose will too often have no other resource, and what little skill they have will ultimately be lost.

Where a limited amount of work only can be done it is often necessary to choose between the attempt to rescue chronic cases of long standing, and to spend the same time and effort in fitting into institutional

life the patients who are just passing over from the acute to the chronic stage, so as to prevent deterioration as much as possible. The latter seems the more fruitful and compelling task, yet when one finds in a chronic ward a patient raveling out a stocking and knitting up the threads with a hairpin, the appeal is almost too strong to resist.

The chronic insane with some skill, the acute patient with increasing mental grasp, the disturbed or exhausted case who can only be amused, the chronic case who must be patiently led to take up very simple tasks, must each be differently environed and instructed. Whatever plan or classification is followed, a regular schedule of occupation, rest, and exercise, which provides properly for every hour of the patient's time, is essential.

In devising such a "curriculum" the various aptitudes and acquirements of different officers, nurses, attendants, and patients can be skilfully utilized.

FROM THE PHILOSOPHY OF ZARATHUSTRA SIMS

WHEN a lightning-rod agent or a nursery salesman calls I always let him do the talking, and I am likely to learn what Martin Beaman really paid for the near-Jersey cow he said he got for \$35.

Why is it that a man will swear when his wife throws away the dish of burnt matches he was saving to light his pipe with, and yet leave his side-hill plow out all winter to gather rust?

It is wonderful what the clear fall weather will do for the rheumatism. Caleb Belden couldn't do a stroke of work during potato digging time, but he was much better when the deer season opened.

I can't understand how these political grafters fool each other so neatly. It must be they aren't all on the same party wire.

Vanity is a great aid to religion. Amanda Beaman has been to church regular since she got her new teeth.

When Peterson asked Martin Beaman what he thought about Socialism, Martin said he had a calf to wean. That's about as far as you can get with a farmer on that subject.

A NEW VEGETABLE FROM JAPAN

FOR persons who like novelty in their food and in their gardens, an interesting field for experiment is offered by the new Japanese vegetable, udo. Nurserymen have grown the udo under the name of *Aralia Cordata* for ornamental purposes, for twenty years or more, but as a vegetable it is still comparatively unknown. On rich soil it grows to a height of 10 feet or more, producing a very ornamental mass of large green leaves and, in the late summer, long loose flower clusters, sometimes 3 feet in length. In appearance it is much like a larger variety of the spikenard or petty morel, a native of our woodlands.

The blanched shoots of the udo have a characteristic flavor. Properly prepared they are delicious—or so at least they have been found by the author of Bulletin 84, just published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture under the title of "Experiments with Udo, the New Japanese Vegetable." The plant requires little care and with the same space devoted to it, yields approximately the same amount of food for the table as asparagus and is ready for use at about the same time in the spring. After the first frost it dies down each autumn to come up again in the spring, much as asparagus and rhubarb do. A patch of it can be forced each spring for at least six years and probably much longer. The flowers attract bees and flies in such numbers that a field of it is usually humming with insects. As a honey plant, therefore, the udo deserves the attention of bee-keepers.

Udo is adapted to a wide range of climate, as is shown by the fact that it grows all over Japan; but no part of Japan suffers from drought. In this country the udo has done best in moist regions, in particular in New England, the Atlantic States as far south as the Carolinas, in the rainy region of Puget Sound, and in the trucking sections of California.

Where greenhouses or cold frames are available, the seed should be planted in March or April—one-fourth of an inch deep in soil that consists of equal parts of loam, mold and sand. As soon as the plants are 3 or 4 inches high, they can be planted out in the ground or potted and set out later. Thereafter the udo needs

little attention. Its roots spread with extraordinary rapidity through loose rich soil—udo is not recommended for poor, dry land—and the crowns soon become at least a foot across. Three and a half or four feet is therefore not too great a distance to allow between plants.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty connected with the cultivation of the udo is the blanching of the shoots. It is these that are regarded as the real delicacy, for the flavor of the stems when green has a certain rankness which is unpleasant to most palates. Various methods of blanching the early shoots have therefore been experimented with. In California excellent results have been obtained by mounding up the earth in the early spring over each plant much as is done with asparagus. Elsewhere, however, the late frosts make the soil too cold and the shoots are slow in coming through.

Another method is to put a large drain tile, with one end closed, over each hill before the spring growth starts. The shoots which come up inside the tile are well blanched, but they show a tendency to produce a number of unopened leafstalks which take away from the robust growth of the shoots. To obviate this, casks or boxes filled with light material such as sand or sifted coal ashes have been tried with considerable success. In any case great care must be taken not to permit the shoots to break through into the sunlight. They can be cut when only 6 inches long, but it is better to let them grow to 12 or 18 inches.

In the cooking of udo there is still abundant room for innovators. In all experiments, however, one thing must be remembered. When raw, the stems contain a resinous substance which gives them a decided, and to many persons unpleasant, taste of pine. It is, however, easy to eliminate this by soaking thin slices of the stems in ice-cold water for an hour or two, or by boiling them in two or three waters, as is often done with strong-flavored vegetables. The author of the Bulletin, who has been experimenting for eight years with udo on his Maryland farm, suggests three recipes—udo on toast, udo salad, and udo soup—as samples of what can be done with this vegetable. Undoubtedly many other interesting and delicious dishes will be devised as more is known of this new product.

PIN MONEY FOR THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

HOW THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER CAN EARN PIN MONEY

ALADY in Richmond, Va., has made a national reputation putting up and selling pin-money pickles. She began a few years ago in a very modest way, but now her products are so popular that they can be found nearly everywhere in the United States. Another woman, in Washington, D. C., has built up a business making chowchow, for which she gets \$3.00 a gallon.

These are only samples of what hundreds of young women have done to earn pin money by putting up canned goods at home. People are continually demanding a better quality of canned goods and are willing to pay a better price for them. The farmer's daughter who desires to earn pin money may avail herself of this demand and with care and perseverance learn to put up canned goods that she may sell at a profit. Those who are interested in such a project may obtain detailed instructions on canning in Farmers' Bulletin 521 of the United States Department of Agriculture, which will be sent free of charge to the applicant.

The bulletin, while encouraging the young woman in her efforts to make a business proposition of putting up fruits and vegetables, cautions against over-enthusiasm. It advises that the beginner experiment with a few cans before going too heavily into the project. If the first cans keep well, she may be encouraged to proceed. If she meets with a few failures, perhaps she has overlooked some important detail outlined in the department's bulletin. It is only through failures that one gets good experience, and with a little practice and care in following the directions any farmer's daughter should be able to put up a satisfactory can of fruit or vegetables.

When a young woman has succeeded in putting up a product satisfactory for home use, she may well look around for a market outside the home. The girl who starts out with confidence in herself will be more likely to find a good market than one who is diffident.

Specialize In What You Do Best.

The girl with experience in canning knows the products with which she has the most success, and should endeavor to sell only those in which she excels. It is al-

ways best to specialize and work up a reputation for some particular kind of goods, as did the women already mentioned. One girl may make a feature of catchup, another may find her best product is pickles, while another may put up a specially attractive can of peppers, cauliflower, peaches, apples, or tomatoes.

People of means are most likely to want "home-canned" products, and these are the ones to see. Many housewives living in the cities who leave home for the country during the summer months will gladly give the farmer's daughter an order to can enough tomatoes to last them all winter. It is best to take orders ahead as far as possible in order to practise real economy.

The young woman who starts out to sell her products will, of course, dress neatly and take samples of her products put up in an attractive form. Glass jars will show products much better than tins, but if tins are found to be less expensive, they may be used for all except the show products.

The managers of the best hotels and restaurants in the neighborhood, the stewards of social clubs in the cities, the managers of railroad dining cars, and many retail grocers will be glad to use the products of the girl who does her canning at home. These products are likely to show individual care and to be prepared neatly of good materials, and on the shelves of a retail store are likely to attract attention from the best customers.

If a young woman knows by experience that her products are first class, she need not hesitate to put a good price on them. Home-canned goods, canned by experienced people, are worth more than ordinary goods, and one need not compete with the other. "Fancy goods" are rarely found upon bargain counters. Even if the first samples of home canning are not such as may be readily sold, they may be used at home and from her experience the farmer's daughter may do better the following season. When she actually succeeds in getting something better than the ordinary she should be able to sell it. She may well ask her friends to recommend her to good trade. The young woman sincerely determined to make a success of canning as a business proposition with perseverance and care in following instructions should be sure of some measure of success.—From "The Weekly News Letter" published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

HOW THE MAINE FARMERS GET POTATO CROPS TO MARKET ON THE TROLLEY CARS

THE interurban railways have come to a realization that their duty to the community does not consist entirely in operating so many trains each twenty-four hours. Throughout the country they are making efforts to serve the communities in larger, better ways. They have discovered that business, if it exists, needs to be stimulated, at times at least. If it does not exist, it is their duty and to their interest to create it.

Big opportunities for service exist in bringing the producer and consumer together on an equal basis. The right kind of coöperation with the parcel post will mean substantial reductions in prices of all commodities. With the education of producer and consumer in the advantages offered by direct exchange, is bound to come use of the utilities offered, with profit to all. A Maine interurban road has only to point to balance sheets to show how business has been stimulated. Several years ago it advertised that carload lots of potatoes and cordwood, the most important products of the territory it served, would be transported at a special low rate.

The president of the road, in a recent statement, showed how the plan worked: "The first year 81 carloads were shipped over the road. Of course, the price was low, but it does not take much to advertise and call the farmers' attention to these things. When the rate was cut down they took to raising potatoes. The next year, 1908-09, we gained from 81 cars to 161 cars, 91,864 bushels. In 1909-10, we gained 340 cars, or a total of 199,188 bushels. For the season of 1910-11 we increased to 436 carloads, 261,303 bushels. The season of 1911-12 was a bad year. There was but a very little crop in Maine, but we shipped 276 carloads, 173,325 bushels. In the year 1912-13, that is, last year, we shipped 438 carloads, 298,773 bushels, and this year we estimate with what we have in the potato houses and elsewhere that we will increase that to about 600 cars. Our receipts have grown in that time from \$32,000 to \$65,000. A little more than one-half is freight, and the other half is passenger business."

A commission appointed by the City Council of Chicago to study the high cost of living recommends that street and interurban railways be permitted to haul freight through the streets between the hours of eleven at night and five in the morning.

"The time has arrived," declared the commission, "when our urban and interurban railways should be operated for the benefit of the community in shortening the route between the producer of farm products and the consumer. The rapid and easy access to the new markets achieved by the establishment of street railway service to and from the city will encourage production, and the vast amount of land near the City of Chicago at present undeveloped will be divided into small poultry, dairy, and fruit farms."—From *The Public Service Magazine*.

PROFIT, HEALTH AND HAPPINESS FROM IDLE CITY LAND

THE value of the work accomplished by the Philadelphia Vacant Lots Cultivation Association is very evident from the report just published by Superintendent James H. Dix, and the title of the little pamphlet, "\$28,000 from Idle City Land," is one to arrest even the most casual attention. As the matter is of such wide interest to all who have American civic progress at heart, we are sure that readers of THE CRAFTSMAN will be glad to learn something of the methods by which this Association has achieved such successful results during the past year.

The vacant lot gardens in Philadelphia cost, during 1913, less than \$7,300, and this, subtracted from the \$28,000 earned, leaves a net profit of over \$20,000 in garden crops. But, as Mr. Dix reminds us, this means infinitely more than the mere money value; it has resulted in better living for hundreds of families, increased health, education and recreation for thousands of men, women and children, and a wholesome civic influence wherever news of the enterprise has reached.

"The first purpose for which our work was organized," writes the superintendent, "was the opening of an opportunity, during an industrial depression, for those in need, to acquire material supplies by their own efforts in cultivating tracts of city

HEALTH AND MONEY FROM IDLE CITY LAND

land which were lying in waste. The material improvement in the lives of those to whom we assign gardens has continued to be our main purpose during the seventeen years of our work in Philadelphia. . . .

"In judging the value of vacant lot garden work we should never overlook the fact that the results depend upon the work of the gardening families themselves. The opportunity, supervision and instruction which we offer to these people cannot be of benefit to them unless they put their minds and bodies to work. Just to the extent to which they do this, they receive their reward. For this reason, our work is free from the pauperizing effect of most philanthropic efforts. Instead of pauperizing, it inspires self-respect, encourages self-dependence, and leads to greater industry.

"We have, of course, no definite method of ascertaining the number of independent gardens started in various sections of the city during the past season, under the influence of our work in such localities; yet, judging from what we have been able to see and learn, there is evidence of a great increase in the number, and a corresponding increase in the material benefits received by the workers.

"While the larger number of those applying for vacant lot gardens seek the opportunity in order to add to their insufficient living supplies, there are some who come to us with the hope of the improvement in health which the garden work brings, which improvement they cannot afford to seek in other ways. Such applicants, as far as we have been able to assign gardens to them, have not been disappointed.

"Never before have the children of the gardening families entered into the work with greater interest and enthusiasm. In the majority of cases, the parents are taking a great pleasure in giving the children every opportunity to enjoy the educational benefits of a far-reaching and most practical kind in connection with the gardening. . . .

"The work has aroused in many of our gardeners the desire for rural life and work on the land as a regular occupation. . . . On every hand we hear expressed the desire for a chance to work a little place in the country. Especially do we hear this from those who have had a few seasons' experience on our gardens, and who there-

fore know something of what can be accomplished on a small piece of land. These gardeners, having learned to produce, by proper handling, a great deal on a very little ground, are often much better fitted to make a success when they are fortunate enough to secure the coveted opportunity in the country, than those who have been used to cultivating larger areas in a much less intensive way.

"But the financial condition of the majority of the families to whom we assign gardens does not permit them to make a start, under existing conditions, in rural districts near enough to the consumers of their products to make success probable. The very large areas of suburban land surrounding the city, which are totally unused or nearly so, and which, under different conditions, would make a natural outlet for what we might call the graduates of our city garden work, are held at such a high figure that they are entirely beyond the reach of our people. Much of this land will not be used until further development is made after a lapse of several years at least. And if arrangements were made whereby it could be had upon reasonable terms, it would be a wonderful opportunity for the betterment of the lives of these people and the development by them of a more hardy and prosperous citizenship. It would also be of great benefit to the consuming public in the city, by improving the supply of the best grade of food products, and at the same time eliminating much of the wasteful expense of marketing, transportation, etc., with which we are burdened at present.

"There is another side to the vacant lot work which is entitled to the favorable attention of all public-spirited persons. We hear much in these times of clean-up movements and city beautifying campaigns. While our work was not organized, nor has it been conducted, with that as its aim, yet the results it has accomplished along this line place us in a position to claim a share of praise. The great economy on the one hand, and the permanency and thoroughness of our clean-up work on the other, have made it, while not the only essential, yet by far the most practical of any that has been inaugurated.

"A striking contrast was afforded during this past season. Within a short distance of each other were two idle tracts of land, each adjoining a closely built-up sec-

HEALTH AND MONEY FROM IDLE CITY LAND

tion. One tract was loaned to us by the owner, the other was not. Both tracts were in the early stages of being used as depositories for miscellaneous rubbish by the surrounding population. The ground which we did not have was temporarily placed in charge of some enthusiastic citizens, who were imbued with the sincere desire to maintain a more healthy condition on the land and at the same time improve its appearance. A small fund was raised and expended in clearing the ground. This was early in the season. I saw the place after the work was completed, and while delighted with the results, nevertheless I realized from experience that the funds, energy and time had been largely wasted. Later in the year, before our garden season had drawn to a close, I again viewed this tract of land, and with much regret but without any surprise found that my early suspicions were well grounded. The final state was worse than the first!

"On the other hand, the land which the Vacant Lots Association had in charge was cleared by our own teams and workmen at very little expense, plowed and assigned as usual in gardens. It was but a few weeks before the young growing plants and cleanly weeded and well-cultivated rows made the spot beautiful. Throughout the entire season this condition continued, and at the close of the season the gardens were cleared of most of their dried plants and stakes. The land has been established as a garden site, and will remain idle but a short time during the cold weather, during which it will have fertilizer spread upon it. Then again in the spring will start the work of cleanliness and beauty.

"Aside from the very small expense of our preparation, supervision, etc., this successful clean-up and beautifying work was maintained by the workers without cost to us. They were very glad to give the surrounding neighborhood all the benefit which resulted from the more healthful and attractive condition of the land, as it was simply a natural result of their season's work, which was bringing to them a very practical return. . . .

"In addition to the large number of Americans, we assigned gardens to families of various other nationalities and races, including Italian, Irish, Russian, English, German, Swedish, Hungarian, Swiss, Armenian, Canadian, colored and West Indian. Of the total of 548 fami-

lies, 220 received gardens for the first time, while for 158 this was the second season.

"Among those who have cultivated gardens with us for eight seasons or more are a number of older men and women, some of them having passed the eighty-year mark by several years. In view of our system of graded charges to the gardeners for plowing, fertilizer and seeds which we furnish, these old gardeners who continue with us are the cause of no additional expense, aside from our general supervision. On the other hand, they are of great aid to us by way of giving instruction and advice to the younger element coming to us from year to year, and have an excellent influence by way of example upon the less experienced in our absence. These old people, who have reached an age at which they cannot look forward to much improvement in their condition, nevertheless can largely prevent themselves from becoming a burden to others by working for their own support as long as we permit them to have their gardens. While we desire to keep them on the gardens as long as possible for their own benefit, we are doubly glad to do so on account of the aid they give us. . . .

"It is greatly to be regretted," continues Mr. Dix, "that on account of the limited amount of land loaned to us, and the limited funds at our disposal, we were compelled to turn away hundreds of applicants. Many of these had come to us with great hope, having learned what an important factor the gardens have become in the lives of those who have had them. However, it is at least gratifying to know that there is such a vast number who realize the benefits our work has for them, and who are willing to labor hard and long under our direction to secure the wealth, health and happiness which the idle lands of our city hold to reward their earnest efforts."

Mr. Dix adds that the Association hopes to have both the land and money necessary to accommodate a large portion of the worthy applicants on the waiting list. The work, he says, ought to be doubled the coming season, for there is still a large amount of suitable land lying idle in the city, which could be turned to profitable use without inconvenience or expense to the owners. This is a matter of importance for every city and town, both from the social and economic point of view.

ALS IK KAN

"MADE IN AMERICA"

IT is just thirteen years this fall since the Craftsman Movement started. Since the beginning, it has never varied in the smallest degree from its original purpose, namely to make American goods for American people and to make them simply, economically and beautifully. Always the foremost purpose of the Craftsman Movement has been to establish a standard of excellence in American productions, to have all productions fearlessly American and the best possible specimens of art and craft.

Since the industrial complications that have arisen here, because of the war in Europe, I hear all about me the expression "Made in America." I find the talk of period furniture, of Beaux Arts architecture, of Austrian fittings declining, and suddenly the force of circumstances seems to have done for America what all the personal effort and determination in the world have not been able to accomplish. In a month's time the word "imported" has ceased to have magic meaning, and the slogan of the hour is "Made in America." Naturally I am glad to see this point of view established in this country, whosoever may have brought it about. But I do feel that it would be of interest to THE CRAFTSMAN readers in the midst of this very sudden, and, necessarily superficial, talk about America to realize how sincerely and profoundly my interest and work has been along the line of establishing in America a national standard of excellence.

My purpose in designing and building American homes has been exclusively for American needs, suited to the taste of an intelligent democratic people. In the same way I have planned and executed furniture distinctly American in type, so far as I know, the only furniture since Colonial days made in this country that has had no relation to the French periods, to the delicate beauty of Adams, to the richness of Sheraton, to the elaborate evolution of Jacobean ideals. Feeling that homes definitely American in construction, furnished with furniture essentially suitable to the type of houses, also demanded interior fittings in harmony, I have within the last year opened a department of home furnishing in the Craftsman Building with the precise intention of aiding in the development of a style of American home decoration, in which

color harmonies were carefully and imaginatively studied, in which draperies were not only thought of in terms of weaving, but as to grace and durability, with thought for all smaller detail of constructive house fitting, and this with so wide a range of variety as to permit each person the expression of definite personality.

From the first issue of THE CRAFTSMAN MAGAZINE, my purpose has been to present in its pages American progress, all phases of it worth putting on record. I remember just eight years ago publishing the first article on a "National Art in America." Several art critics answered the article, some with serious disdain, some with humorous appreciation of my little *joke*. Today there is no more serious development in American life than the enormous strides that art has made along lines of national expression. But art has been only a small phase of the American growth presented in the magazine.

Everything that gave us the slightest hope for a wise and beautiful industrial art movement in this country we have sought for. In addition to our interest in the crafts, the subject of education in all its phases has been of the widest interest to us; in fact, if I am not mistaken, the first suggestion that our public school system in New York should be made more practical for the mass of the people came from THE CRAFTSMAN. We have given the widest hearing to American architecture, public and domestic; we have advocated the definite type of American garden and have urged people to study color harmony in their garden efforts. Politics have not left us unmoved, wherever questions of national importance have arisen. Not only have I been eagerly interested in expressing my own enthusiasms for America's progress in the magazine, but I have been more than glad to have the pages of the publication open as a free forum for all the progressive thought of the day.

At last, feeling the need of further help if we were to realize the ideal democratic home which I have spiritually pledged myself to help establish, I opened the Craftsman Building in New York City, a structure running from one city block to another, twelve stories high and every floor devoted to the development of a standard of excellence in home building in America. In a way, this building has been the culmination of my hope of the standardization of Amer-

“MADE IN AMERICA!”

ican products. I have wanted to prove to the American people that it was possible for them to design and build a home in this country, furnish it and outfit it, plan the garden, make it beautiful with garden furnishings without the help of foreign art, craft or labor.

Not that I am for one moment opposed to foreign productions, but I have always longed to see America a self-sustaining country with hopes, ideals and accomplishment entirely her own. How much we have depended upon foreign countries, I think has never quite come home to us until this terrible outbreak of war which has shut down our supplies in so many directions. How the people are coming to realize through pressure what I have so long aimed to help them to realize voluntarily, that the only way for a nation to establish itself on a firm and enduring foundation is to become her own source of supplies, to produce her own beauty, comfort and health. Only so can she develop her own standards, just as the individual and the family must develop personal standards in order to produce a strong community. And it is only when a community is struggling to express its own ideals through its own channels that the utmost social development is possible. Imitation cannot produce beyond the model furnished, and the very effort of adhering to a model atrophies creative ability. I feel that along this line of thought my own experience may be of interest:

In planning Craftsman houses, from the very start I desired to create what I call the open house, that is the house that brings in just as much of the outdoors as possible—built for fresh winds, ample sunlight, outlook in every direction. In developing this ideal I extended all my houses out into living porches with every possible practical opportunity for outdoor living. From the living porch I developed the sleeping porch, the first use of such a thing in any country, and today an absolutely essential detail of every well-built, country house in America.

Because of my desire that a Craftsman house should be a comfortable house, a place for people loving their home, for intelligent people, I made it not only simple, and easy to take care of, but I planned the rooms with ample space, for space is essential to peace. Then for the large living room I found a need of some meeting place, some center about which the family would gather and I realized that I could not make

the Craftsman house complete without the fireplace. And so from the beginning, the most important detail in every house I have designed is the open fire. This is just as inevitable as the wind or sunlight or the porch for fresh open air living. I feel quite confident that this bringing back of the fireplace to the American home, the sleeping porch development, so essential today, would never have come to me if I had given all my energies to imitating Italian villas, Swiss chalets, or English cottages. The old saying “That we may not put new wines in old bottles” is just as important today as in Bible times. It really means nothing more nor less than that any kind of imitation is a waste of effort and that in new enterprises we should put new thought.

I am glad and proud to see America assert itself as capable of self support (rather of self sustaining), and I want in every way to urge the importance of this point of view and to help its growth. I cannot but feel that the Craftsman Movement of today is the vanguard of this development, and I want not only to contribute to it in every possible way myself, but I want to ask THE CRAFTSMAN readers to take up the cry of “Made in America.” I want them to investigate the reasons for taking it up, I want to ask them to find out just how good the things are that we are making for ourselves, how important it is to encourage those new to the field, and to prove how much comfort and economy can be had by a sincere participation in this movement. Everything that is valuable in the world is interdependent, everything that is progressive in America must be coöperative, and if America at this moment of suddenly discovering herself is to make progress in her industries, in her arts, she must have the help and the appreciation of those for whom she is working.

I have more than once felt that it might be advisable to form a club of Americans who would like to pledge themselves to work for and devote themselves to the progress and prosperity of their country. It seems to me that this is the moment to suggest such a club and I would like to hear from Craftsman readers as to their point of view in regard to such a movement. With our space and equipment we could easily arrange to have its headquarters in the Craftsman Building. We feel also that the building itself would contain much that was useful and valuable to those interested; not only in the luxurious comfort it would offer

to club members, but in the opportunity it furnishes to study the question of home making and home fitting, from the cornerstone to the fireplace.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR

It was a matter of unusual interest to THE CRAFTSMAN to find the following sermon on the dignity of labor, as a leading editorial in the *New York Herald* for September 6th. For the last thirteen years we have been preaching the importance of labor as a means of physical and spiritual development, and it is with the greatest pleasure that we see the *Herald* lining up in this movement—a movement which probably contains the very essence of democratic progress. We are proud to have the privilege of reprinting here the editorial in full.

For these workmen maintain the fabric of the world and in the handiwork of their craft is their prayer.—Ecclesiasticus, xxxviii, 34.

HERE is a very different idea of work from that contained in the opening chapter of Genesis. According to this prophet, labor is not a curse laid upon man for his sin, but a service so holy that the very doing of it constitutes a "prayer." Therefore does he sound the praises of the workingman as others have sounded the praises of king and soldier. The ploughman, the jewel cutter, the blacksmith, the potter—all these, "although they are not sought for in the council of the people nor exalted in the assembly, though they sit not in the seat of the judges nor understand the covenant of judgment," are still to be numbered among the great and honorable of mankind!

In order to understand the justice of this tribute we only have to remind ourselves that it is work which has made the world what it actually is at the present moment. All that we mean by civilization, in the material sense, is the result of toil in the sweat of men's brows. For ages past the men who have labored with their hands—the farmers, the woodsmen, the blacksmiths, the spinners, the builders—have been contemptuously regarded as an inferior grade of humanity, as little better, indeed, than animals! And yet while kings have fought and noblemen hunted, while gilded courtiers have twirled their scented handkerchiefs and toyed with their jewelled swords, while so-called superior classes of all ages and countries have sported, gambled and debauched, these same inferior laborers have made the world what we see it today! It is their toil which has cleared away forests, cultivated farm lands, opened mines, constructed railroads, laid out and builded

cities. It is their work which has created wealth, founded nations, redeemed the waste places of the earth, reared the vast monuments of civilization. Not more surely are the pyramids of Egypt the memorial not of the Pharaohs but of their driven slaves than are the huge piles of stone and steel in our modern cities the memorials of the unnamed toilers of this later age.

And not only is it work which has made the world what it is today, but it is work also which keeps the world going from hour to hour. I have food upon my table, clothing upon my back, a roof over my head, books upon my shelves only because a million hands are toiling in my service. Let this labor be suspended but for a little time and death and destruction would stand towering at my threshold. "Without these," says the author of Ecclesiasticus, "shall not a city be inhabited, nor shall men sojourn or walk up and down therein; these maintain the fabric of the world."

It is these facts which are slowly teaching the supreme dignity of labor. Carlyle had these in mind when he declared that work and work alone is truly noble; Ruskin, when he revealed the beauty gained through toil; Morris, when he preached and practised the gospel of skilled craftsmanship; Millet, when he painted the "Sower," the "Reaper," the "Gleaners;" Abbey, when he used the steel worker and coal miner for his symbolic frescoes in the Harrisburg capitol. Idleness is doomed as a badge of distinction. Work must henceforth be the sole title to nobility. Whitman is the true prophet when in his "Song of Occupations" he chants the Homeric catalogue, "housebuilding, blacksmithing, glassblowing, shipjoining, piledriving, fishcuring," and declares that there is nothing "which leads to greater than these lead to."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

—From the *New York Herald* of Sept. 6th, 1914.

FROM THE PHILOSOPHY OF ZARATHUSTRA SIMS

EVERYBODY cheers when Congressman Bellows talks about excluding the unwelcome foreigner from our shores, but I doubt if it gets him any votes. 'Cause everybody knows that when it comes to weeding onions, one bare-footed Polak woman, with a figure like a sack of feed, is worth more than a carload of congressmen, with a few college professors thrown in for good measure.

CHILD WELFARE WORK IN ENGLAND: From *The American City*

THE majority of the cities in England have well-established municipal infant clinics, but probably one of the best of these is maintained by the city of Bradford. Its definite aim is to extend systematic medical supervision over as large a number of infants as possible during the first two years of life.

The babies are thoroughly examined, and detailed and comprehensive records are kept of each. Fresh notes are made on the cards at every visit, and this information has proved to be valuable statistical material. The problem of nutrition is especially dealt with in this clinic. One of the staff nurses devotes her entire time to giving demonstrations to mothers of artificially fed babies on the subject of the preparation of food, and each baby is given a separate formula according to its distinct needs. The infants' food is provided free in all necessitous cases, and a careful system of home visiting gives assurance that the directions given in the clinic are being properly carried out.

One of the very interesting activities of this clinic is the provision of model garments for infants at cost price to mothers. These garments are made from patterns designed by the clinic, and the nurse in charge of the stock has many opportunities to give talks to the mothers on baby hygiene and the proper method of clothing infants. There is a well-stocked dispensary, where medicines are prescribed and lessons in home treatment of common infantile ailments are given. There is also a medical loan system whereby various sterilizable articles, such as syringes, etc., are loaned to mothers who could not procure them.

Bradford has been the first city in England to establish an out-of-door school during the warm months. The Education Committee is about to carry into effect a plan which, because of its cheapness and obvious advantages, offers excellent suggestions to other municipalities. The equipment consists of six tents, each of which holds forty children, and a large marquee to be used as a dining room for the whole school. Dinner will be provided at the cost of 2 cents a child, and tram fares are paid where necessary. The plan at present is to have the neighboring schools transfer all of their scholars to the outdoor school for the period of a week.

BOOK REVIEWS

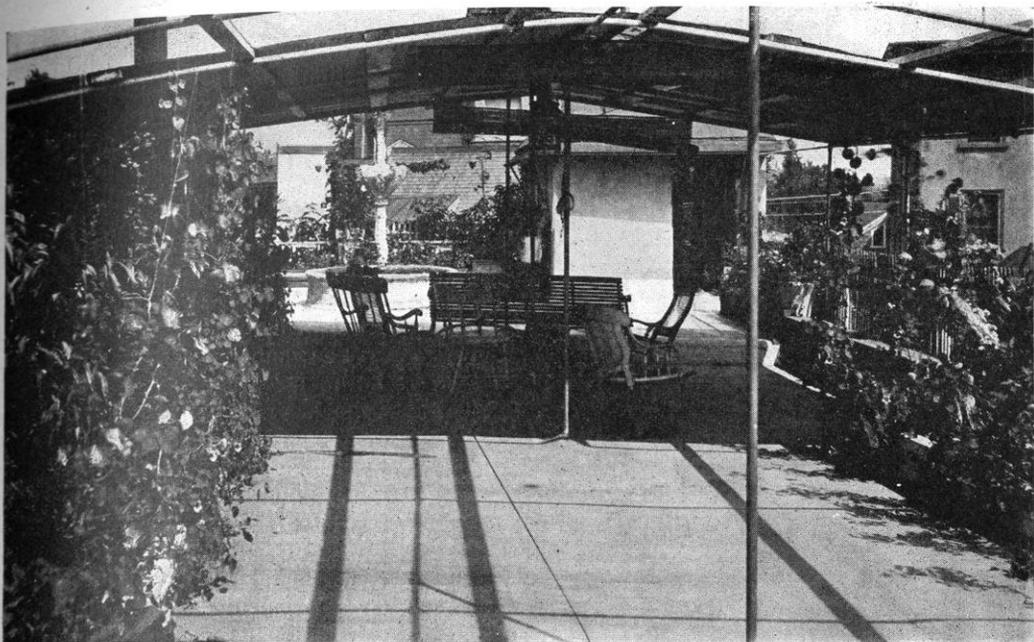
MIDSTREAM: A CHRONICLE AT HALFWAY: BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

"IN every man's heart there is a story. This is mine. I do not tell it as a writer, but as a man who has found his work." These are the opening words in "Midstream—A Chronicle at Halfway," and they give one the keynote not only to the volume itself but to the author's whole philosophy—the philosophy of one who has *found his work*. It is just this understanding of life, drawn from his own rich experience and presented in forceful, convincing and original style, which entitles the book to be ranked, with its predecessors from the same pen, among the most valuable and human literary products of America today.

Beside the stature of this book the ordinary novel and biography are curiously dwarfed. Indeed, it is difficult to review adequately an achievement of this sort. Praise and appreciation seem but shadows before such virility of expression, and criticism seems impertinent in the face of such naked earnestness.

You open "Midstream" with a feeling of keen expectation, knowing the quality of work this man has done. You read it with a poignant interest and close it with wonder, reverence and gratitude. There is something strangely touching about words so candid, and a draught of philosophy that has been pressed from such wild and bitter-sweet fruit. The message it contains is one to sink deep, penetrating and enriching whatever receptive soul it touches.

Moreover, the theme of "Midstream" is universal. It is essentially the story, as Mr. Comfort says, not so much of a writer as a man. The first vague memories of childhood, the gropings of youth, the years of work, the adventures in journalistic fields, as war correspondent and soldier in foreign lands, the temptations and strivings of city life, the contact with men and women, and the constant struggles between senses and soul—these are all told with a curious mixture of bluntness and mysticism. One is left with a graphic impression of material realities, and at the same time with a peculiar divination of their spiritual significance. This man's words are incandescent, glowing with the sheer vitality of the thought be-



hind them, luminous with the truth they clothe.

Some may quarrel with Mr. Comfort's unusual phrases, or quibble at his diction, and cite classic authorities against his revolutionary molding of old words to new meanings. But all must admit the forcefulness of his style, the vigor of his symbols. He has the rare gift of making you grasp his vision. And is not that art's final test? Indeed, many of us feel that his books are breathing into a language grown trite with hackneyed usage the inspiration of a quickened life.

Perhaps the most effectual way to convey an adequate idea of "Midstream" is to quote a few paragraphs from it here. Take this, for instance:

"I know that routine is deadly; that losing the dream, even from physical desire is deadly; that strong physical love, reverting, after the novelty of possession is past, to a mere magnetism of sex-polarity, is a damnable failure on the part of human beings, and that the eyes of the poor little people who are incident to this low gratification, must look down.

"I know that there is a greater than physical love—a love between man and woman so electric and potential, that the physical union is but the lowliest of its three caskets, and that immortals are eager to be born of this beautiful expression. . . .

"The strangest veils of illusion are hung

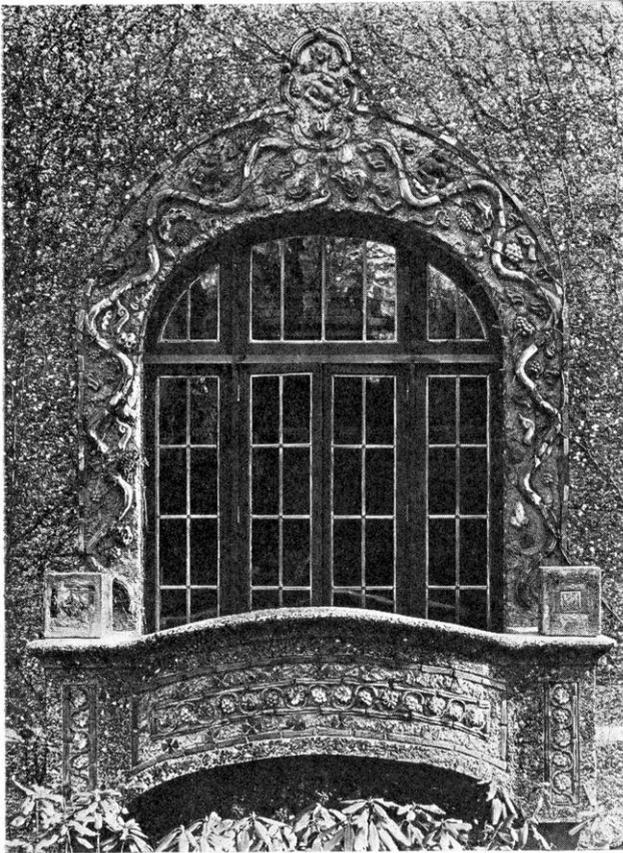
A FLAT CONCRETE ROOF, TRANSFORMED INTO AN ATTRACTIVE GARDEN: ONE OF THE INNUNERABLE USES TO WHICH THIS ADAPTABLE MATERIAL MAY BE PUT.

between the parent and child. A father is needed for boys; a father who takes time to remember, and who has strong enough vision to look *back*, in order to reach a present adjustment to the boy-mind. The instant the man and boy go different ways, lies and secretiveness result. There is no more important business for a man than to look back from time to time—to find the boy's point of view. He cannot assume yours. You are apt to lose him, if you do not."

Speaking of his first impressions of the newspaper world, Mr. Comfort writes:

"That was a wintry afternoon of early darkness. I heard the presses throbbing below, and smelled that inimitable warm ink and paper atmosphere, but something kept warning me, 'It is not yours yet; you have not yet earned the right to these delights.'"

Certain word pictures of his army experiences are wonderful in the simplicity of their well-chosen words. This: "A tent and heavenly coolness, wooden floor, sight of low hills under the reefed walls, water in glass, cots with sheets and pillows, an orderly undressing me, and gracious God—a woman, washing my face and neck with cool soapy cloth. She had all the loveliness of this heaven, and I had not seen a white woman in so long. She helped them bathe



THIS WINDOW, IN THE RESIDENCE OF ALBERT MOYER, SOUTH ORANGE, N. J., SHOWS A STRIKINGLY DECORATIVE USE OF CONCRETE WITH TILES AND MOSAICS IN RELIEF: TRACY & SWARTOUT, ARCHITECTS.

me swiftly, perfectly, washed my mouth with a clean-tasting solution. The touch of clean cloth to my flesh was exquisite, full-length. She brought a clinking jar. She was beautiful, and moved about her work with the faintest dawn of a smile."

(Published by George H. Doran Co., New York. 314 pages. Price \$1.25 net.)

THE CONCRETE HOUSE AND ITS CONSTRUCTION: BY MAURICE M. SLOAN

We show four illustrations here from "The Concrete House."

THIS practical book is likely to prove of great value to builders, architectural students and prospective homemakers, for it is clearly written, full of facts and helpful advice, and is illustrated with photographs and diagrams showing innumerable types of concrete construction. City and country homes are shown, of varying character and style, from Cali-

fornia bungalows to large Eastern residences, which are rich in suggestions as to structure and design. In fact, the pictures give one a good impression of the scope of concrete architecture in this country, and in studying them one finds a decided tendency toward a sturdy simplicity of surface and outline, with any decoration based mainly on structural principles.

The subject is treated from both a practical and artistic aspect. The fire-resisting quality of concrete, its durability and hygienic advantages are pointed out, and its possibilities for beauty of texture, form and coloring are also discussed. The chapters take up also the successive steps in concrete building, calculations for determining the strength and design of reinforced concrete, and other important considerations of a technical nature. (Published by Association of American Portland Cement Manufacturers, Philadelphia. 220 pages. Well illustrated. Price \$1.00.)

LETTERS FROM A LIVING DEAD MAN: WRITTEN DOWN BY ELSA BARKER

EVEN the most confirmed sceptic must pause before this extraordinary book, which has aroused so much argument and admiration during the last few months both in the field of psychical research and among a wide circle of general readers. Whether or not one accepts it literally as a message from the "next world" transcribed through a receptive human agent—and there seems considerable ground for such acceptance—at least one must admit that the book holds much that is both true and beautiful. From a literary as well as philosophical standpoint it is valuable, and in spite of several gruesome touches, the chapters are pervaded by a sweetness, wholesomeness and kindly humor that are unusually appealing. No one who is even remotely interested in theosophy or any branch of metaphysics should fail to read this remarkable contribution. Its sincerity

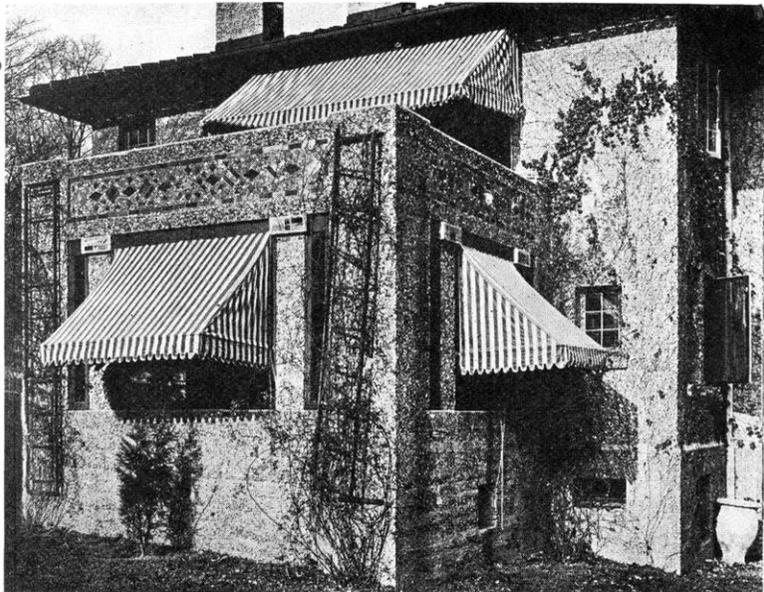
is vouched for by Elsa Barker, and additional weight is lent by the equally sincere personality of the late Judge Hatch, its "spirit author." (Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 291 pages. Price \$1.25 net.)

SOMETHING TO DO

THE ambition of the editors of this very worth while new magazine for children is to give active boys and girls an educative as well as an entertaining outlet for their restless energies. Every child likes to make things as well as to hear stories and look at pictures. This new magazine in addition to publishing charming little stories, contains suggestions for "things to do" with paper, cloth, string and nails. There are pictures to color, to draw, to cut out, to paste together, to write about; directions for making boxes, paper mats, Indian beads, paper dolls, boats; things to make with old tin cans, etc. This fresh, attractive little magazine will be welcome to parents of energetic children needing entertainment as well as to the children themselves. (Published by The School Arts Publishing Co., 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. Price \$1.00 per year. 12 copies.)

ANCIENT AND MEDIAEVAL ART: BY MARGARET H. BULLEY

"CHILDREN had to be helped to realize that art is a *result*, the slow crystallization into form of man's thoughts and emotions." So Margaret H. Bulley gave a series of "picture talks" to her classes of elementary schoolchildren, showing them selected photographs of works of art of all ages. The children took such an interest in her pleasant method of instruction and developed such powers of observation and appreciation, that it seemed advisable to put the lessons in book form, for the help of other teachers. The story of the picture forms the first part of each lesson, then the children repeat the story, ask questions, express their opinions



DETAIL OF THE MOYER HOME, IN WHICH BORDERS OF MORAVIAN TILE ARE USED IN THE ROUGH CONCRETE WALLS WITH UNUSUALLY RICH AND INTERESTING EFFECT.

and enter into a general discussion of the subject. This book begins with the story of the first artists, the savage men who drew rough sketches of animals upon the walls of their caves before starting out on the hunt with the idea of thus putting the creature drawn under his spell so that his arrows would drive straight and true to its heart. The methods advanced by the author have been so successful in holding the children's interest while imparting information that the book should find ready entrance into all libraries, schools and homes where children are tutored. (Published by The Macmillan Co., New York. 321 pages. Illustrated. Price \$1.75.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Beginning of Grand Opera in Chicago," by Karleton Hackett. (Published by the Laurentian Publishers, Chicago. 60 pages.)

"Architec-tonics—The Tales of Tom Thumtack, architect." (Published by Wm. T. Comstock Co., New York. Illustrated. 175 pages. Price \$1.50 net.)

"Burgess Unabridged," by Gelett Burgess, illustrated by Herb Roth. Mr. Burgess describes his own book on the cover as "A dictionary of words you have always needed." (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 120 pages. 80 cents net.)



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THE SIMPLE DESIGN OF THIS HOUSE IS ESPECIALLY SUITED TO A MONOLITHIC STYLE OF CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION.

CRAFTSMAN GARDEN SERVICE

A LITTLE path that winds from some well loved place through familiar grassy lanes, pasture lots and quiet groves holds rare opportunities, joyous romance and knowledge of wonderful realms. A garden book is about as fascinating a little path to pleasant places as this world has to offer. It not only leads the reader on in the most friendly sort of a way, but actually creates enchanted domains. Score the earth as it directs, scatter tiny seeds and set in fat bulbs, and those marvelous chemists, the earth, sun and rain, will change them into silken-petaled blossoms that nod and bow to the winds as they speed away with night-distilled perfumes.

The Craftsman Garden Service department has so many calls for aid in the planning of gardens, so many requests for information as to the best hedges, shrubs, perennials, water plants, for advice upon the matter of lawns, winged or crawling destroyers, pergolas, and fountain making, that a score of experts would be required to give full satisfaction. So we are form-

ing a library of garden books, one that has been carefully chosen for reliable helpfulness and beautiful illustrations.

This department is but just started, yet the following books are now upon our shelves. Others are on their way. Report will be made occasionally of new invoices, and if subscribers desire these books as gifts for the holidays or as little paths that show the way to the garden of their hopes, we will be pleased to suggest the one which contains just the information needed.

Garden Design, by M. Agar, \$2.00; Four Seasons in the Garden, by E. Rexford, \$1.50; Amateur Garden Craft, by E. Rexford, \$1.50; Concrete Pottery and Garden Furniture, by Ralph C. Davison, \$1.50; The Commuters' Garden, by Walter B. Hayward, \$1.00; Garden Trees and Shrubs, by Walter P. Wright, \$4.80; Hardy Perennials and Herbaceous Borders, by Walter P. Wright, \$4.80; Roses and Rose Gardens, by Walter P. Wright, \$4.80; Gardens Near the Sea, by Alice Lounsberry, \$4.20; The Garden Month by Month, by Sedgwick, \$4.20; The Human Side of Plants, by Royal Dixon, \$1.50; The Wild Flower Book for Young People, by Alice Lounsberry, \$1.25; A Guide to the Wild Flowers, by Alice Lounsberry, \$1.90; A Guide to the Trees, by Alice Lounsberry, \$1.90; The Garden Book for Young People, by Alice Lounsberry, \$1.25; The Practical Book of Garden Architecture, \$5.00; Alpine Flowers and Rock Gardens, by Walter P. Wright, \$4.80.

The Rock Gardens; Roses; Annuals; Rhododendrons and Azaleas; Dahlias; Orchids; Carnations and Pinks; Tulips; Pansies and Violets; Daffodils; Lilies; Irises; Sweet Peas; Chrysanthemums, by R. Hooper Pearson. These books are 65 cents each.

