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Frederick von Uhde.

"ADORATION OF THE MAGI."

THE CRAFTSMAN

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Contents

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THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

CHRIST AMONG HIS FELLOWMEN: BY HARRIET JOOR

FOR nineteen hundred years a faint, far melody, born on the far Judean plains, has echoed through the souls of men; across the centuries the Beautiful Life, touched with deathless charm and grace, still sheds its fragrance through the world; and still, as to a cool, green spot amid the sun-parched, dusty ways, men's thoughts turn wistfully to the hamlet in the hollow of the hills, where the little lad of Nazareth dwelt in the long ago.

Very little is told us of Christ's boyhood, and that little is veiled in finest reticence; yet we know that it was sheltered and sweet, unfolding as normally hour by hour as the growing things He loved. In the laborer's cabin, furnished with a few coarse mats and earthen vessels, and, may be, a painted chest, the boy awoke to the wonder of each new dawn, and in the small dark chamber that served at once for living room and work shop, watched Joseph at his bench where the sweet-smelling shavings curled and foamed about the swift-flying plane. At evening, when the twilight folded all the hills in mystery, the little lad, with His hand upon His mother's gown, must often have joined the line of chattering women waiting with their water-jars about the village fountain. In the narrow, crooked streets, Mary's son must have played with His small neighbors, and have gathered with them about the reader of the synagogue, in the village-school, repeating, in concert with His restless mates, bits of Hebrew scripture—burning words that thrilled the lad like organ chords.

What intuitions were stirring during the reticent child-years we know not, but at the age of twelve we know there came a quickening touch that wakened the shy soul to consciousness. In that year He went up to Jerusalem for the passover, to the sacred city about which His boyish dreams had so long centered; and in the pleasant, leisurely journeying to the capital, as pilgrims from other provinces joined the party from Nazareth, the village lad came more fully into

touch with His people, and was stirred by their passionate hopes as He had been of old by the prophets and poets. When Jerusalem itself shone on Him above its rocky slope,—when He entered the great temple, all radiant in white and gold, and came face to face with the reverend doctors in the crowded courts, the boy forgot Himself, forgot all shyness and awkwardness, and in breathless question and answer gave utterance to thoughts He had long pondered in silence.

We know the boy's wondering reply to the tremulous, troubled greeting of His mother, and that He returned to the carpenter's home to dwell there in the gentle subjection of the past; but the old life could never be His again. There was a new significance in the sunrise and the dark, a new meaning in the lines carven by sin and pain in the faces of men and women. Never again could He walk unconscious, uncaring, through the village street, for the young heart had grown aware of its brotherhood and throbbed in poignant sympathy with the hurts it could as yet but dimly comprehend. With new grave tenderness He looked upon all living things; upon the careless sparrows gathering their food by the pathside; upon the ravens whom their heavenly Father fed; and upon the dumb, patient creatures who shared man's daily toil.

OVER the little hamlet in the fold of the hills the days passed very quietly till the lad, grown to manhood, stood Himself by Joseph's bench and watched the shavings foam and curl about His own swift-gliding plane. But the heart that had throbbed of old in boyish sympathy had only drawn closer through the years to the starved lives about Him. All day a-down the narrow street toilers passed to and fro before His workshop door, and the love-keen eyes noted each lagging step, each stooping shoulder, each tired face, where the hunger for sympathy was keener than the hunger for bread.

When querulous, despondent neighbors, fretting at life's inequalities, gathered at twilight about His mother's threshold, the son of the home, listening silently in the shadow of the lintel, knew that in the wealth they coveted lay not the peace these wearied creatures craved. For the young carpenter of Nazareth, looking on man as man, regardless of the accident of wealth or place, had found the same hungering

soul, the same sensitive pain-racked body, and a heart quivering to the same elemental joys and sorrows, beneath the beggar's rags and the prince's purple, under the churchman's fair phylacteries and a Magdalen's draggled silks.

In His clear vision the poor as well as the rich had mistaken the values of life, knowing not the "things that belonged unto their peace"; and His yearning to ease their pain,—to open the eyes that were holden unto the real meaning of life, to heal in harassed hearts this canker of bitterness that poisoned all the wholesome sweetness of their days,—grew ever stronger, until He laid down forever His workman's tools and went forth to minister unto men.

Of that brief three years' service we have only a broken record—a few words treasured in memory from the many that He spoke, a few deeds of tenderness and fragmentary pictures of the days beside the lake, among the tamarinds and oleanders. Yet from those little rolls, passed so eagerly from hand to hand among His early followers; from those hurried notes, warm from the hearts of men who had listened to His voice day after day, and felt the warmth of His living hand, we can see how simply, how spontaneously, the public life of the Nazarene unfolded, remaining throughout one in spirit, one in self-forgetting tenderness, with the quiet earlier years. We can follow the Nazarene and His little company of friends in their leisurely journey from hamlet to hamlet, pausing now in a straggling fishing town, and now at a great farm house bowered in olive or pomegranate trees; resting one day at a laborer's cabin and dining the next from a fig tree beside the way.

The whole of those three years were spent in the open. Only "at even when the sun was set," do the villagers bring their sick for healing to the threshold of the fisherman's home; through all the fair sunlit hours it is along the white winding roadways that the people press about Him. It is upon Genesaret's sandy beach that He comforts their sufferers, and it is there that the five thousand are fed, the sensitive John noting delicately that "there was much grass in the place." We find Jesus again and again upon this beautiful lake, now rocked lightly upon its sunlit waters, leaning from Peter's fishing boat to speak comfortingly to the throngs upon the shore; again, sleeping for very weariness in a storm-tossed boat in the midst of an angry sea. We follow the little flock through the windings of the

hills, and on a sunny Sabbath morning find them among the ripening wheat fields. The whole of Christ's ministry is thus bathed in sunshine, and the breath of the fields blows yet cool and sweet through the words that He spoke.

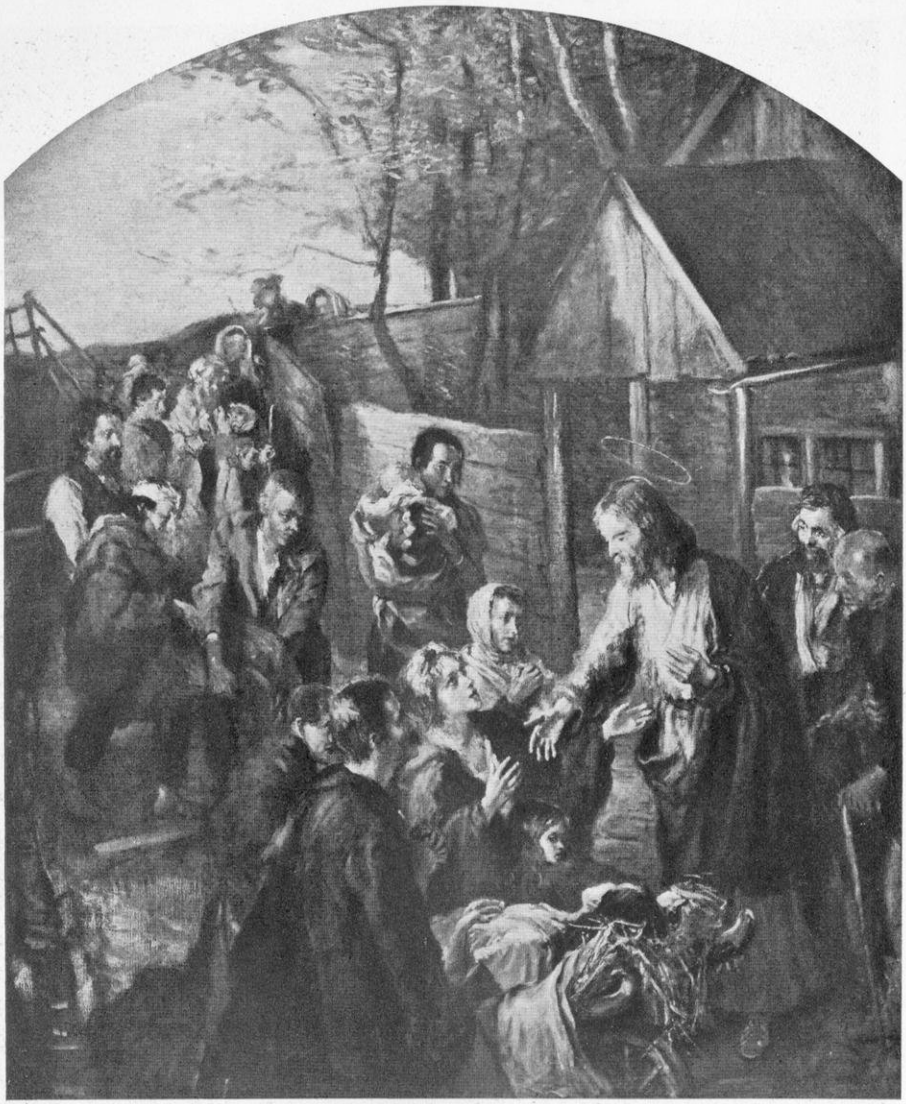
By threshing-floor and vineyard He paused to talk with the toilers, and on Sabbath mornings in the village synagogues, where any who would might rise and speak, the simple, gracious words of this young stranger from the hill-town touched with new meaning all the dusty ways of life. Everywhere the country folk, yet sensitive to the intuitive leadings of love, heard gladly this new teacher who answered to an instinctive need of their natures; the shyest and tenderest souls drew near, all unafraid, to this delicate spirit, and numbed creatures, too weary to comprehend the spoken word, responded to the love in the pitiful voice and tender, healing hand.

THE heart of the Nazarene yearned over this childish multitude tossed to and fro like a wind-driven sea by changing impulses, and He strove by object-lessons of exquisite simplicity to teach them of the soul's life and the soul's needs. Taking their children in His arms He bade them, through their tenderness for their own little ones, interpret the love of their unseen Father; healing their sick, He told them thus would the Father heal their sick souls; and He gave them bread, common barley bread, that they could see, and touch, and taste, telling them thus, with spiritual food, would God satisfy their soul-hunger.

In the hearts of the degraded poor there rankles ever a sullen bitterness against the rich; but in this peasant teacher, who knew that satiety, more surely even than exhausting toil, dulled a man's vision to the real meaning of life, we find none of this unreasoning hatred; instead, there is a boundless pity for beautiful souls that have been impoverished through wealth.

Yet it is over the people, over the degraded multitude that has ever formed the great majority, that the Son of Man most tenderly yearned. And the poor could listen to the carpenter of Nazareth without suspicion or resentment, for was He not one of themselves? Thus that which turned His townsfolk against Him was the key which has unlocked hearts to Him through the centuries. His hands, too, had been calloused by toil; His shoulders had been bruised by

HOFMANN'S "BOY JESUS IN THE TEMPLE."



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"CHRIST HEALING THE SICK."

Frederick von Uhde.

"SERMON ON THE LAKE."

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"THE LAST SUPPER."

that same yoke of poverty that chafed their own; He, too, in His peasant home had seen His mother toil, had worn garments poor and patched; He, too, had winced even as they under the petty shifts and humiliations that wear away the courage of the poor. Only one who had Himself known the pinch of poverty could have estimated the preciousness of the widow's mite; only one who had Himself labored until His muscles ached and every nerve was a-quiver, could so pitifully have called unto the "heavy-laden."

All the homely details of their daily existence He knew. Year after year He had watched the shepherds leading their flocks to pasture, and had seen the fishermen mending their nets upon the shore, or rocking in their heavy boats upon the inland sea. He had talked with the farmers sowing seed in the springtime, and paused beside the vine-dressers at work on the green hill-slope; and all the weather signs of the country folk—all the tokens of changing seasons—were familiar from earliest boyhood to the lad of Nazareth.

Living thus close to the heart of earth's toilers, Christ drew His most beautiful parables from humble sources, familiar to the poorest: the grain of mustard seed, the salt that lost its savor, the rush-light, the leaven in the measure of meal, the drag-net, the plow,—from the simplest surroundings of daily life He drew His images. Thus it is that the words of the Galilean are written for us to-day upon the homely page of daily existence,—the fields of grain rippling beneath the wind, the little children at play in our city streets, the hen gathering her chickens under her wing, the sparrows gossiping about our eaves, the wild mustard that brightens our roadsides in mid-summer, —upon each is stamped the thought of Him who loved all living things, and touched the lowliest with beauty.

WE are wont to think of Jesus as a man of sorrows, weighed down by grief; we know that He yearned, even unto heart-break, to heal the sick souls of men; and that the sensitive spirit, quivering beneath its burden of sympathy, was oppressed toward the last with prescience of the coming agony. But we must not, on the other hand, forget that Mary's son was eagerly welcome at banquet and bridal, and that little children sprang gladly to His arms; and this could not have been had there not throbbed a responsive chord of joy in the young Master's heart; in His soul lay not

only the great stillness of one at peace with God, but also a tender joyousness that shone like sunshine into darkened lives. Was He not the bringer of Glad Tidings? An organization of such exquisite delicacy must needs suffer more keenly than the coarser-fibred, yet has it an equally exquisite capacity for happiness; and a smile must often have curved the lip of the Son of Man as He looked on little children and on the flowers by the pathside; at the wild birds circling overhead, and the shimmer of sunlight on the sea. With His rare sensitiveness to nature, the mystery of growing grain, of lengthening leaf, and ripening seed, seems to have touched Jesus from earliest boyhood; and through His words it is easy to divine the strength and gladness the Man of Nazareth drew continually from the beauty of earth and sky. Time and again, when sore oppressed, we see Him seek the healing silence of the hills. To the mountains this boy of the highlands withdraws again and again to pray; and in the morning, "rising a great while before day," we see Him stealing from the sleeping hamlet to lose Himself in some high solitude. When news comes of His cousin's death, the delicate grieving soul yearns to mourn in the quiet of the hills, apart from the curious eyes of men; and when the twelve, elate but very weary, return from their first journey of ministry, the Master, with that brooding mother-care which He ever folds about them, bids them "come apart into a desert place to rest awhile." Even in the last week, when the shadows had gathered darkly across His path, it is in a garden,—a garden of gnarled olive trees,—that He seeks peace each night.

The Son of Man was no ascetic, passing with veiled eyes through the world; He opened wide His heart to the sweetness of the earth and to the lovableness of the men and women in it. The bright and animated scene at banquet or marriage festival woke in Him a sympathetic gladness; and He has drawn for us the most delicate pictures of home life, of bridal joys, of family reunions, of fealty between servant and lord, of joy over the coming of a little child into a home. The sense of human nearness was sweet to Him,—the touch of warm hands, the sound of eager voices in the village street, the loitering groups in the doorways as the evening fell, the noise of little children at play in the market-square. And this Man, who so sternly condemned the elaborate religious rites which had stifled the spontaneous faith of His fathers, was, on the other hand, in closest

sympathy with the quaint customs of the common-folk, that ever shrined some deep, poetic origin; and He understood the natural craving of these meagre, colorless lives for the touch of drama, only possible to them in the pageant of wedding or funeral.

After the forty days of isolation and preparation on the stony western slope, we never again find Jesus shutting Himself away from men, for He needed the affection of His kind, hungering like all sensitive natures for human sympathy. An equal friendship is, perhaps, the rarest joy granted to noble souls, for they breathe an air too thin and cold for their brothers of the valley; only in His Father, indeed, could this exquisite spirit find perfect comprehension. Yet love, with its clairvoyance, will leap many a chasm at which heavy-footed reason halts, and Mary of Bethany and the fisher-boy of Galilee, like à Kempis in his mountains, drew very near to the Master's soul. Beautiful, indeed, to Him who "measured all men by their love," and held precious the least golden grain of affection, must have been the devotion of His humble friends. Sweet to the tired Master, when the darkness fell, must have been the warm home-welcome in Peter's house beside the sea; and sweetest of all, the sanctuary at Bethany, where He might freely unburden His heart, and rest in the friendship of delicate, loyal souls.

This happiness which He had found in common things, within the reach of the poorest, Christ yearned to share with all. As He had found joy in beautiful things, He strove to awaken in degraded souls the atrophied sense of beauty; and when they gazed with dull throbs of envy at the rich folk flaunting by to gay Tiberias, He pointed to a roadside flower, bidding them rejoice in its grace of line, in its ineffable glory of color and perfume. He who gave of His own tenderness unsparingly, knowing that the cruse of love could never be drained, strove to teach these restless, covetous creatures the beauty of love,—love that banished bitterness from the heart and brought that very kingdom of heaven for which they vaguely prayed. It was not work that saddened men's days; work, the artisan of Galilee knew well was one of the joys of life,—it was the grudging spirit in which they toiled and the canker of envy that poisoned happiness. And for this galling yoke of sullen slavery He would give them one softened, glorified, by love; the yoke that He, himself, had borne. Again and again, by word and deed, He emphasizes the beauty and dignity of personal

service, that upon which, even nineteen hundred years ago, the arrogant of the earth had set the spurious stigma of shame. We read that even on the last night, in the upper chamber, when the shadow of death had drawn so nigh, He washed the feet of the twelve, that the sting of false shame might never again wound their hearts.

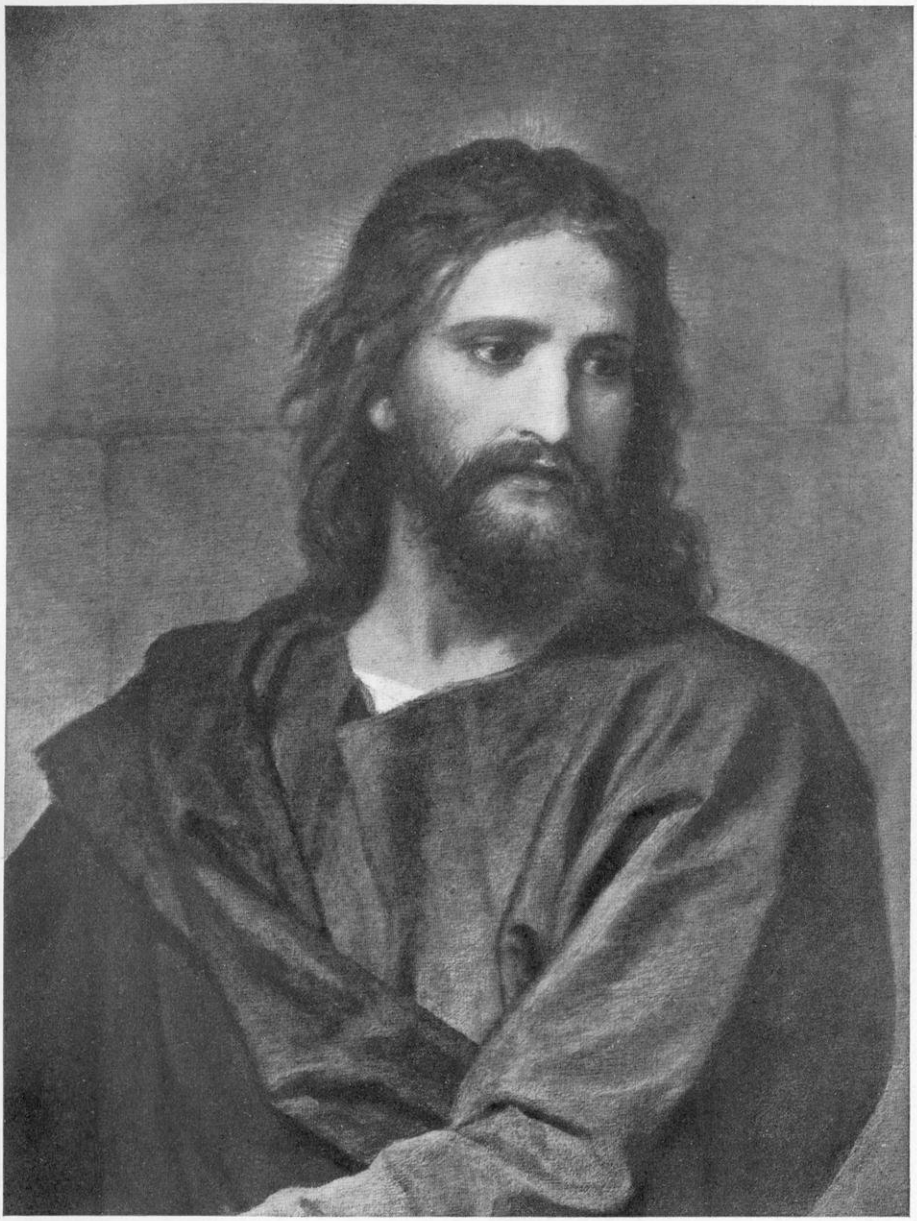
Even after His death it is in the sweetly familiar act of breaking bread that He appears to the two at Emmaus; and when, through the cold gray dawn, the heavy-hearted fishermen see the beckoning figure on the beach, blue wreaths of smoke curl upward from a fire at His feet, and bread and fish are cooking for them there. The last memory He leaves to man is one of homely loving service.

So the story of the Beautiful Life has come down to us through the years; still its sweetness breathes through the world we live in, still it gladdens and heals the tired souls of men; while the message of the Galilean, grown clearer through the yearning centuries, is plainer, it may be, to our eyes to-day than to the wistful vision of the twelve who broke bread with Him daily in the long ago.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

HARK! the bells ringing!
In the deep night, in the depth of the winter of Man,
Lo! once more the Son is born.
O, age long, not in Nazareth alone,
Nor now to-day, but through all ages of the past,
The bells of Christmas ringing!
The Savior-music like a dream from heaven
Touching the slumbering heart.
Sweet music which the people with unerring instinct cling to!
O winter sun arising never more to set!
O, Nature, slowly changing, slow transforming to the heart of men,
Shrine of the soul, shrine of the new-born god—of Man himself!

—*Edward Carpenter.*



HOFMANN'S "CHRISTUS."

MUNICIPAL ART IN CHICAGO: A CIVIC RENAISSANCE PLANNED FOR THE WESTERN METROPOLIS: BY L. M. McCAULEY

HICAGO, a metropolis famed far and wide as a type of city devoted to progress along material lines, stands on the brink of a transformation. The civic conscience has awakened and the same lively enthusiasm that led to the building of a world city, the housing and employment of millions of people from every quarter of the globe, and the establishing of a reputation for business enterprise, is displaying itself in an effort to make the city a better place in which to live. Not only is there a revolution in the popular mind regarding sanitary conditions, but heed is being given to the natural hunger of the human being for healthful intellectual surroundings and for beautiful things to look upon during his days of work and his hours of recreation. The words "Municipal Art" are echoed from the galleries of the Art Institute where the Municipal Art League is urging its mission, to the boys' clubs in the school rooms and the small neighborhood societies, and back again to the committees in the city hall where business men are considering the larger problems of reform. It has come to be known in these latter days of general education, that municipal art in the true sense is the art of city making. It serves the cause of beauty as well as the purpose of utility and enlists the interests and activities of every man, woman and child who is part of the city life. It has to do in a practical way with the symmetrical planning of streets, grouping buildings according to convenience and beauty, and housing the multitudes with a due regard for appropriate architecture. It concerns itself with good order and the health of society, providing for physical well-being and mental content by encouraging education and the arts—by uniting the useful and the beautiful and adding to the rewards of industry the recreation of joy giving occupations. The fine arts play an important part in the art of city making—architecture and its companion landscape gardening, painting and sculpture and decorative design keeping fair company with the practical trades and lending a genial spirit to distinguish the aesthetic side of life. A well kept city is a great stimulus to good citizenship. Its dignity and order awaken civic pride, and pride is a barrier to lawlessness and crime. "Let us make our city lovely and we shall love it," is the motto that has inspired more than one civic

improvement club, and the legend carries a deep meaning. When the citizen looks upon municipal art as a larger kind of home making and directs his energy to improving the corner about his doors—the hours of transformation are not far distant.

NEW cities have had fathers who have had the gift of seeing into the future and laying wise plans for municipal extension. Time has shown that streets and byways are the descendants of country highways and footpaths, and that residential districts, manufacturing centers and buildings for public utility have been constructed according to the demands of the hour. There has been no thought of the art of city building nor of the relation of groups of buildings to a large general scheme. The average city represents the inventions of many individuals. It is interesting to the student of evolution and of sociology but does not present the signs of upward progress along sane lines of art that are especially cheering to the devotee of aesthetic development. Chicago is not an exception to this rule. In less than a century it has grown from a frontier outpost to a world city. The massing of population and of wealth has taken place with dazzling rapidity. A suburb seems to spring up in a single night and the flower bespangled prairie of the spring is covered in the autumn by an immense steel framed business plant girdled by a village sheltering hundreds of employees. Yet while business has been taking such tremendous strides in Chicago, in spite of a fluctuating population and the backset of devastating conflagrations, much has been accomplished that is encouraging and leads to the plans which promise a glorious future.

Consider briefly certain existing conditions. The city is scattered on a plain which is but a few feet above Lake Michigan, rising towards the north, west and south and draining into Lake Michigan, though the new system intends to guide the sewage towards the Mississippi and thus keep the waters of the lake untainted for drinking purposes. Fortunately, according to the original plan, the streets extend in orderly fashion with the points of the compass, crossing the river and its branches on bridges. Several diagonal avenues following Indian trails known as the Little Fort Road and the Green Bay Road, etc., named North Clark Street, Lincoln Avenue, Ogden Avenue, and the Archer Road, are useful thoroughfares and afford short cuts to distant

suburbs. The business blocks and dwellings bordering these streets represent the fancies of various builders. The large corporation whose construction covers an entire block is a thing of late years. Foreigners find food for comment in the heterogeneous styles of architecture which anyone acquainted with social conditions realizes is the expression of the Chicago citizen whose taste is in a state of evolution. He has not had time to consider rules of art nor the inclination to bow before precedent. He builds as he works, according to impulse, with a shrewd idea of making acccommodations to suit his convenience. When these are outgrown he pulls down the massive walls and rebuilds in tune with prevailing fashion. Hence the spectacle of razing substantial structures but a score of years old, and the substitution of the skyscraper, the moving of brick houses from place to place and the reshaping of streets, and the busy disorder of reconstruction which is apparent on all sides, even in the park system, where roadways are changed and clumps of trees uprooted and reset according to the design of every new park superintendent. The atmosphere is restless, society at home and the crowds in the streets teem with excitement, and life, though unsettled, is vital with interest and rich in possibilities which the hopeful citizen now looks forward to see develop worthily under the spur of the impulse of civic reform.

The land approach through miles of unattractive neighborhoods gives an unfortunate impression of the city. With two or three exceptions the Illinois Central, the La Salle Street Stations, and perhaps one other of the railway depots, do not rise to the dignity which should invest a gateway to so large a city. European capitals, Boston, New York and Washington realize the importance of splendid railroad terminals. These should afford every convenience and heighten the respect of the traveler and be commensurate with the wealth and importance of the railroad system. An admirable plan has been proposed by Mr. F. A. Delano, railway official, and Mr. D. H. Burnham and his staff, which presents a solution to the railway terminal problem and is one of the plans for the future. Twelfth Street, on which a number of stations are located, is practically owned by railroads from State Street to the river. The plan suggests that this be widened to a boulevard from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet wide, which would compare favorably with any of the great boulevards of the world. Five or six railroad systems might then

build as many stations side by side. This would avoid confusion, though the proximity would practically make them one. The twenty-two trunk lines concentrating in these terminals would be saved time and money in transporting passengers from one to the other. The office buildings of the several railroads would be erected on the north side of the same boulevard, giving the companies cheaper and more convenient quarters than they now have and perfectly accessible to the public wishing to transact business with them. The boulevard would be elevated to the level of the present viaduct, about twenty feet above the ground, and provided with electric car lines intersecting all main lines. An elevated road operating with shuttle trains would connect this railroad center with that on the west side of the river. The spaces beneath the viaduct could be utilized for handling baggage, mail and small amounts of freight. Should the confusion of the railroads be untangled, the question of local transportation will next be taken up in the municipal house cleaning. At present, a question of franchises, and right of way under the river, permits the existence of an antiquated street railway system such as would not be tolerated elsewhere. The elevated roads happily make way along alleys and, though not so conspicuous, will probably come under the reforming hand of one of the score of committees that are taking up the beautifying of the city.

CHICAGO is in its youth—it has the willing strength of the self-made man as well as his failings. It has been doing with all its might and has had no time to live and to beautify its surroundings. The rectangular plan of streets forbids the quaint surprises and picturesque features common to old cities where an occasional byway unconsciously grew to be a thoroughfare, and continued to wind its way with buildings on either side. Chicago's business streets are due north, south, east and west. The severe walls of skyscrapers rise on either side like the rock bound walls of some mighty canyon. The Art Institute stands alone in Grant Park facing Adams street, an enviable location. It has an impressive approach with a broad plaza and stone stairways guarded by bronze lions and decorative electroliers. The new Field Columbian Museum and the Crerar Library will also stand in Grant Park and thus the city will finally have a monumental center of public edifices.

The present public buildings—the City Hall and the County Building, crowded close to the streets with no circling frame of parking, cannot lay claim to any architectural prominence. They were distinguished from the adjoining buildings by massive pillars and caryatids, but were so poorly constructed that they have been considered in an unsafe condition for some years, indeed, the County Building has been condemned and is to be replaced by a skyscraper which promises to be an edifice put up on strictly business principles—the first Courthouse which has set aside all pretentions of municipal magnificence and contents itself with business convenience to the exclusion of all other ideas. The Post Office has a monumental effect with wings and central dome, contrasting with the square roofs of the office buildings about. The Illinois Trust and Savings Bank and the Chicago National Bank are approached by magnificent pillared entrances and porticoes. The new home of the First National Bank is businesslike and unassuming on the exterior, but within the plain entrance is a white marble staircase of unusual beauty, leading to the rooms used by the bank in its daily service. The same taste led to the decoration of the Directors' and the President's room with mural paintings by Oliver Dennett Grover. Two large paintings have already been placed in the ceilings and other important panels and lunettes are under way.

CHICAGO'S natural advantages invite artistic improvement, and when means are forthcoming and business energy lends its aid to perfect plans already under way, there will be a definite reason for civic pride. With a commanding situation at the head of Lake Michigan the city has a lake frontage of about twenty-five miles. Of this at present a little over ten miles are included in pleasure grounds for the people, in Lincoln, Grant, Jackson and Calumet Parks. Circling the northern, southern and western suburbs are regions of wooded uplands and ravines easily reached by suburban car lines and boulevards for driving. The Chicago River unites with the lake at the northern edge of the business district. It extends west about one mile then divides in two branches, one reaching out into the fields of the northwest and the other extending toward the southwest. The river and its branches form a busy highway for ships of all types, from the little fruit steamers to lumber schooners and big freighters

and passenger boats and ocean going vessels bound for Europe. Thus the river is one of the main arteries for the business of the city. It is crossed by many bridges of the swing and bascule types which may easily become picturesque features, and the stream, with its quaint craft and flocks of gulls, has its own characteristic beauty.

In London and in Paris the traditions of the past and its memorials rule every achievement. In Chicago the impulse of present accomplishment nerves every activity. When the Chicago citizen is at work,—as the psychologist would say,—he is all there, devoting every thought to his labor. This absorption to the needs of the hour has from the very beginning militated against plans which would bring benefits to future generations. The spirit of all work and no play prevails and pleasure grounds were among the last items for consideration in the minds of the city fathers. Men who have studied the place of pleasure grounds in the lives of the masses state that each large city should have one acre of park to each twenty acres of city areas, and that there should also be one acre of park to each one hundred inhabitants. These ideal relations are being kept continually before the minds of the people in the effort to secure public opinion to favor the new scheme for an outer belt of parks and boulevards. At present Chicago stands seventh in park acreage, having but 3,174 acres against the 12,878 acres of Boston. In length of boulevards the figures are better, Chicago ranks as the second city, having forty-eight miles of such drives, while New York ranks first with sixty-one miles.

The original plat of the city, made in 1839, shows that half a square on the lake shore where the Public Library now stands, and known as Dearborn Park, was assigned as the sole breathing spot for the workers of the future city. In 1842 another square, a mile north of the river, was named Washington Park. It was dedicated to the use of the public and still remains a favorite haunt of that locality. This pretty little park, shaded by tall elms and gay with flowers, is one of many small plats which came as gifts to the city, and were established between the sixties and the seventies. Lincoln Park, the pride of the city, had its beginnings in 1860. Five years later the name Lincoln was given to it, and more land has been added from time to time until its beauties in boulevard and winding walks, in sea wall and bathing beaches, in gardens and conservatories, are justly famed.

Beginning with the Lincoln Park Board, the pleasure ground advocates increased in number. Finally, inspired with a faith in the expansion of the city, public spirited men proposed a chain of parks and boulevards circling the city,—starting at Lincoln Park, leading by handsome driveways west for several miles and uniting Humboldt Park, Garfield and Douglas Parks and Washington and Jackson Parks on the south. This original plan, which at that time was thought to be the work of visionaries and too far out of the world to be of benefit to the people, has resulted in a delightful park system now within the closely built districts of the city limits and enjoyed daily by thousands of people. The last link in the chain, a connecting boulevard uniting Michigan avenue and Pine street, is part of a new project.

THE Lake Shore Drive is a conspicuous example of progress along the art side of expansion. From a short distance north of the river it extends through Lincoln Park and continues as the Sheridan Road, a broad macadamized driveway which has been completed to Fort Sheridan, a distance of more than thirty miles through picturesque suburbs and rolling country along the north shore. East of the Lake Shore Drive rolls Lake Michigan beyond a promenade, avenues of elms and a turfed parkway with walks for the people. Facing it from the west are the residences of Chicago's wealthiest families. The outer shore driveway, with a protecting sea wall, branches from the Lake Shore Drive where it enters Lincoln Park. It is built upon made ground and is separated from the main road by a lagoon for boating. This outer drive will be extended several miles farther north.

The landscape gardening idea is spreading from the parks proper to various public works. Owing to crowded buildings it is impossible to plant trees or open squares in the heart of the city. Public schools, however, have issued petitions for more playground and increased space before property becomes too dear in their neighborhoods to permit open lots. Another idea that is interesting civic improvement committees and which the city has promised to heed is that of centralizing public offices in the wards. The plan is to obtain a square and within a park to erect headquarters for both fire and police departments under a single roof. In the same building it would be possible

to have an assembly hall for neighborhood use and the park would serve as recreation grounds. The plan would be economical in the end and well kept buildings and grounds elevate standards of taste in the community.

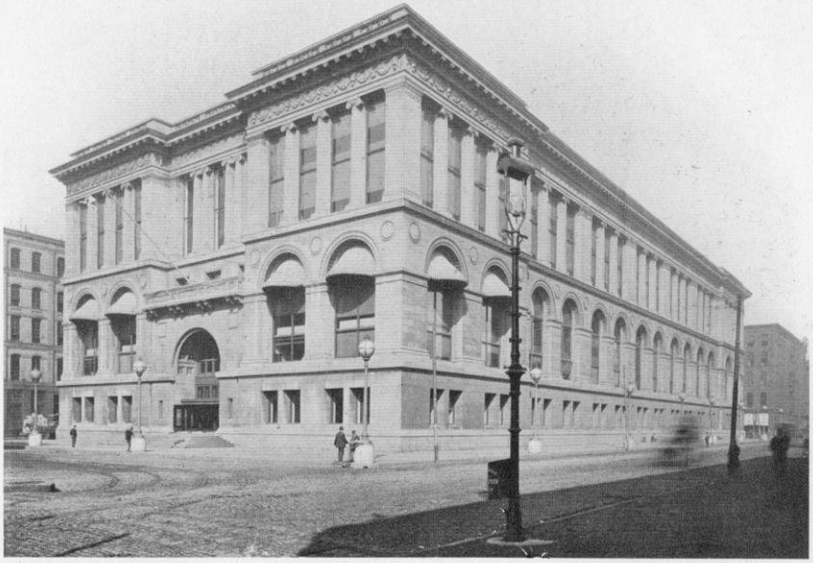
For convenience in administration there are several park commissions, all of which are working for the good of the public. The South Park Commission has recently added twelve new parks and squares to its system. The social service spirit animates the work, field houses and neighborhood center buildings have been erected in several parks, and the intention is to follow out the idea until the park becomes of the highest possible service to the community. The South Park Board has under its jurisdiction Grant Park, or the old Lake Front, Jackson and Washington Parks and a system of boulevards. It contemplates widening Michigan avenue to one hundred and twenty-five feet, from Park Row to the river, widening Pine street similarly from the river north to Chicago avenue and erecting a bascule bridge connecting the two avenues—this is the last link in the park system which encircles the city and one that will add much to the beauty of the city as a whole. As the increase of population forced home the truth that more fields for recreation were needed, in 1903 the park commissioners were authorized to spend $6,500,000 for new parks. Grant Park, the old Lake Front in the heart of the city, was increased in area fivefold; Lincoln Park was extended and Jackson Park rehabilitated, and Chicago has now eighty-four parks aggregating 3,169 acres connected by forty-nine miles of boulevards.

In this dawn of better things men of great foresight became united on a commission which has advertised a larger scheme than any dreamed of in the past. This is to be brought before the people at the fall election, and it is only a question of time when the magnificent outer park system becomes a reality. A survey of the suburbs revealed territory that is eminently suitable for park purposes and may be adapted to a harmonious plan. No description can give an adequate idea of the nature of the country to be included in this outer park system. It will begin at the north, where the shore of Lake Michigan rises into bluffs with wooded ravines between them,—a park space of seven thousand acres. This will be connected with a chain of other parks, in all thirty-seven thousand acres, extending about twenty-five miles into the country.

STATUE OF GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO. AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, SCULPTOR.

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY'S WHOLESALE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

THE AUDITORIUM AND RAILWAY EXCHANGE, CHICAGO.



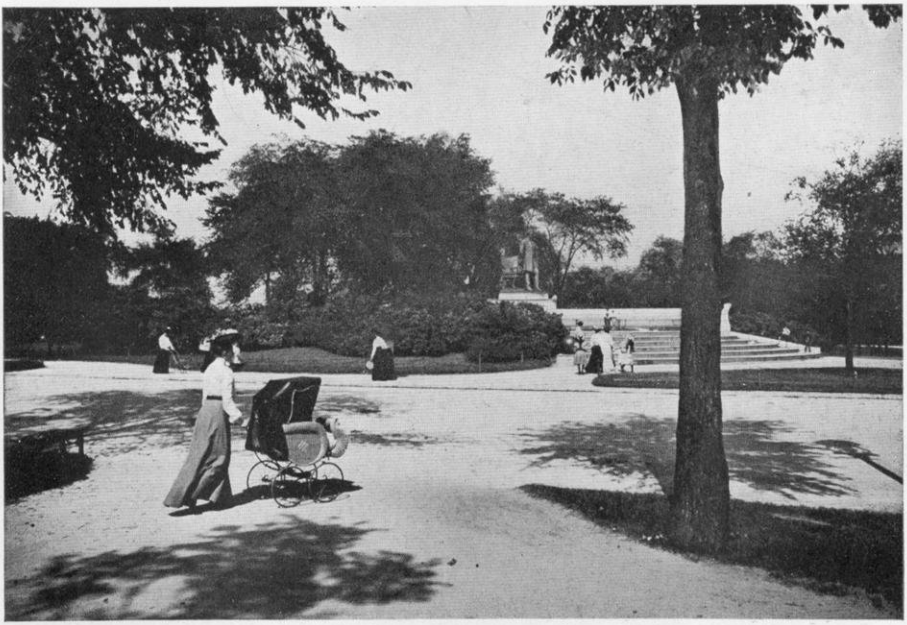
THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, CHICAGO.

NEWBERRY LIBRARY, CHICAGO.

UNION PARK, CHICAGO.

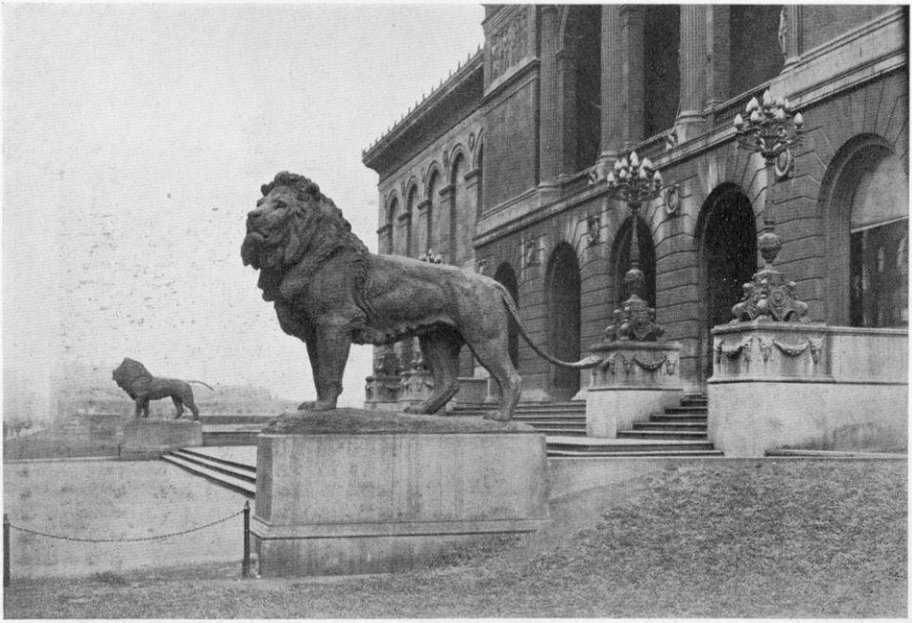
LOOKING SOUTH ON DREXEL BOULEVARD, CHICAGO.

ON THE SEA-WALL, LINCOLN PARK.



MONUMENT CIRCLE IN LINCOLN PARK.

MONUMENT TO GEN. U. S. GRANT, LINCOLN PARK.



PORCH OF CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE.

WEBSTER PLAYGROUND ON A SUNDAY.

ADAMS PLAYGROUND IN MIDSUMMER.

MONUMENT COMMEMORATING THE FORT DEARBORN MASSACRE. CARL ROHL-SMITH, SCULPTOR.

Within this territory will be the bluffs and beaches along the lake shore, the meadows of the great Skokee swamp, the North Chicago river valley, the primeval forest of the Peterson Woods at Bowmanville, the Desplaines valley, Salt creek, Flag creek, Mt. Forest, the Sag valley, the noble forest on Palos heights, Blue Island Ridge, Calumet river and Calumet lake. It is varied country and wonderfully interesting territory to the geologist and botanist. The Peterson woods is a virgin forest containing some of the largest elms in the country, and nearly, if not all, species of flowers of this region are found to be growing there abundantly. An old Indian trail winds through it and it has been preserved with great care by the owner, who has planted many trees in addition to the native growth, so that it is practically a tree-garden needing but to be acquired and preserved.

The Municipal Playgrounds present the most interesting phases of park privileges. All the larger parks are provided with refectories, croquet grounds, tennis courts, and one or two golf courses, bathing privileges, in some instances a Zoo, as at Lincoln Park, and well appointed conservatories. But these privileges do not come within the reach of the congested neighborhoods, hence the rise of the Municipal Playground—the greatest blessing that has come to the children of the poor since the public school opened its doors. The Special Park Commission has already fourteen playgrounds in active service, and more contemplated in the thickly populated districts far from other park privileges. So successful have those been that are established, that seven neglected wards, including the Ghetto, Little Bohemia, the Lumber Yards and Stock Yards districts, where territory is at a high price and hard to get, are urging strong pleas for recognition the coming year. In 1904, about 1,015,000 children played in these recreation centers, which were kept open day and night the entire week. The swings and athletic equipment attracted many more this summer. Where the grounds are suitable, skating and football are encouraged. The attendants are on hand the year round and a director of general athletics is employed for all grounds, to coöperate with each playground director, who coaches the older boys in track and field sports.

THE Municipal Art League, which has its home in the Art Institute, is the inspiration of all efforts toward civic improvement. It has for its object to promote the beautifying of streets and public buildings and to bring before the officials and citizens at large

the best methods for instituting artistic municipal improvements. The board of directors consists of architects, painters, sculptors and laymen, and the committees direct their energies to the organization of branch societies, lake front improvements, public works, smoke prevention and bill boards, and municipal art.

The hour has not arrived for great public monuments and works in sculpture. Chicago is strangely wanting in historic background and legendary associations. It is pleasant to imagine that the intrepid explorer, La Salle, once set foot at the mouth of the river—at "Circago,"—which he prophesied would one day become the "gate of empire, the seat of commerce," or that Père Marquette may have touched the shore in his wanderings. A bit of authentic history is that of the frightful massacre of settlers at Fort Dearborn, and this has been fittingly commemorated by a handsome bronze group, presented by the Pullman family. The work is by Carl Rohl-Smith, and stands on the site of the tragedy near the Pullman residence.

Not far distant is the Douglas Monument in a small square. A statue of Robert Cavalier de la Salle, by Count Jacques de La Laing, has been given to Lincoln Park. Here also is the fine statue of Abraham Lincoln, by Augustus St. Gaudens, General Grant, by L. T. Rebisso, "The Alarm," an Indian group, and "Signal of Peace," by John J. Boyle, Shakespeare, by William Ordway Partridge, Schiller, by Marbach, Beethoven, by Johannes Gelert, and the statues of Hans Christian Andersen, Benjamin Franklin, Linne, and Garibaldi. On the Lake Front is the statue of General John A. Logan, by Augustus St. Gaudens, and at the entrance to Washington Park stands a bronze replica of the Washington statue, by Daniel C. French, erected in Paris by the Daughters of the Revolution. In Humboldt Park, in a foreign section of the city, is a statue of Kosciusko, erected by Polish citizens. A statue of the late President McKinley is designed for McKinley Park. Charles Mulligan is the sculptor, and the bronze from which it is cast is the remains of the colossal Columbus which guarded the Lake Front during the Columbian Exposition.

No city has a future that promises more in works of sculpture for decoration. Last spring an old and respected business man, Benjamin Franklin Ferguson, died bequeathing the net income of $1,000,000 to the Art Institute of Chicago. It was to be known as the B. F. Ferguson Fund and is to be expended, at the discretion of the Art

Institute trustees, in the erection and maintenance of enduring statuary and monuments in stone, granite or bronze. These may be placed in the parks, along the boulevards or in other public places within the city of Chicago, commemorating worthy men or women of America or important events in American history. This generous benefaction has given a great impetus to civic art. It has aroused a lively interest in the decoration of the city and will draw many sculptors to swell the ranks of local artists. Mr. Lorado Taft has inspired a large following of students to experiment on plans for public monuments and purposes to work out a definite scheme along that line.

Another force in civic improvement is the Municipal Museum in the Public Library Building, conducted under the auspices of public-spirited men and women. The Municipal Museum exhibits maps, drawings, models and statistics of phases of city betterment the world over. It has permanent and changing collections, and this winter exhibits the work of the Chicago Vacation Schools, with lecturers and classes of children demonstrating the new idea of play in education.

BUT civic progress in art must not be measured alone by the conspicuous schemes. The neighborhood improvement societies in the modest residence districts have worked wonders in transforming barren, unlovely streets into bowers of blossoming shrubbery. Here and there the narrow strips of parking between sidewalks and driveways are planted with flowers, and especially in the German neighborhoods the front and back yards present the procession of flowers from crocus days until chrysanthemum time, lending a cheery air and a humanizing influence to a daily life that is well nigh overcome by long hours of labor.

In the recently built neighborhoods there may be traced a distinct advance toward intelligent architecture. A simpler taste appears in the construction of apartment buildings and single houses. Of course there are many examples of crowded, unsanitary flat buildings put up on speculation, but the very unsubstantial character of these barracks will soon sound their own death knell. The better class flat buildings are breaking away from barnlike ugliness and are being planned with central courts, fountains, and gateways. The City Homes Association is striving to improve tenement conditions. Many suggestions along this line come from Hull House and the energetic band of philanthropists and sociologists who gather about Miss Jane Addams

and attend gatherings that are held there. A voluntary Society of Architects has also organized to make plans for reshaping the city along harmonious lines. These plans are exhibited from time to time and present ideals in city making that have not been thought of among the average architects.

Chicago is not lacking in any of the privileges which should develop a high civic ideal. It has libraries and schools of all grades. The University of Chicago and the Northwestern University are at its gates and other State universities but a few hours distant. The Chicago Public Library is a magnificent structure in the heart of the city, housing a collection of 285,087 volumes, with reference and reading rooms and many branches for distributing its circulating library.

The T. B. Blackstone Memorial is a branch library and architecturally one of the handsome edifices in the city. The Newberry Library is a valuable reference library on the north side of the city and the John Crerar Library, patronized by many students for its scientific collection of 89,219 volumes, is temporarily located in the Marshall Field Building. In time it will have a special building as will also the splendid collections of the Field Museum near the Art Institute on the Lake Front.

In view of the spirit of the hour, it is easy to foresee the dawn of a new era—a civic Renaissance for Chicago. The societies of Municipal Reform, of Municipal Art, of improvement organizations among men, women and children, are bent on accomplishing their ends. Before us are the well planned schemes of the Architectural Club, the realities of the generous Ferguson bequest for sculptural decorations, the hope of centralizing railroad interests in one grand terminal center, the building of ward houses, the extension of park privileges in barren districts and the ambitious project of enlarging the park system to the great outer belt. The whole plan is clearly defined, and the same ambition and courage to do, that gave to Chicago her dominant "I will," aims at a change to better things.

ROSSETTI AND BOTTICELLI: A COMPARISON OF IDEALS AND ART: BY WILFRED B. SHAW

A STRANGE indefinable resemblance exists between the art of Sandro Botticelli, an Italian painter of the early Renaissance, and that of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who lived in England in the age, at least, if not the spirit of modern thought. This resemblance is emphasized rather than diminished by a study of prints and reproductions in place of the original paintings, for were we to have before us the vivid yet harmonious coloring which is perhaps the most striking feature of Rossetti's work it would dim the quiet, and, as Walter Pater calls it, the "wan" art of the earlier painter. Rossetti and his school did not seek to imitate the work of the earlier masters; they sought instead to revive their ideals and to infuse their poetry and simple naturalism into what they felt was narrowness and lack of inspiration in contemporary art. So, though separated in point of time by three hundred years,—years of progress unparalleled in almost every branch of human activity,—there are many things which bring these artists near to one another. Each was by nature a poet, a mystic; and it is the poetry within, something more definite and concrete than usual in their message, that makes them kin. As far as technical execution is concerned, Rossetti apparently owes more to artists of the earlier Renaissance, notably Filippo Lippi and Giorgione, than to Botticelli, whose work was subdued and often cold in tone, but more tender in feeling. Yet after all, though the superficial resemblance is perhaps more a coincidence than a natural result of an attempted imitation on the part of the later painter, both artists expressed themselves in many kindred ways. Both were characterized by a love of the human figure clad in rich stuffs, drawn with a wealth of detail; each created a type of human beauty exaggerated and often curious, but intensely individual. They loved flowers and trees, odd, gay trappings and strange architecture. Such pictures as they painted had never by any chance been realities. They were always the creations of an artist with the imagination of a poet.

The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, of which Rossetti was the founder and leader by virtue of his vigorous compelling personality, was a coterie of young artists, all under twenty-one, who attempted to realize anew the ideals and aspirations of the early dawn of the Renaissance. The name was assumed almost as a jest, in a spirit of bravado, a red rag to flaunt in the faces of staid academicians; but

nevertheless it expressed their attitude of rebellion toward the grandiose and commonplace of academic art, and a return to the conscientiousness, simplicity and high endeavor of Giotto, Fra Angelico, and Botticelli. Therefore, since it was the spirit rather than the letter of the early Renaissance that the Pre-Raphaelites sought, the resemblance is all the more significant between Rossetti and Botticelli, the latter of whom was a leader of mediæval art in that early dawn of modern civilization perhaps best symbolized by the cool half light so characteristic of his own pictures. To neither of these artists can we assign the qualities of a great painter. In Botticelli's time art had not reached the perfection of Raphael or Titian, and Rossetti was hampered by a willful neglect of technical education. We can see these facts very plainly in their work. But both sought to paint man rather than nature, and to let the representative, physical "human animal" stand for that inner man which was after all their chief delight. Both artists subordinated the means of expression to their vision, which was the *raison d'être* of their art. They had no great delight in painting as an end in itself, in the pleasure of masterly drawing, and in color skilfully laid in; that was by the way. But they studied nature carefully, and by her aid tried, under their self-imposed limitations, to express their ideal. This may explain the strange and commonplace in Botticelli's work, that love of beauty of which he "had no clear vision." His female figures lack beauty strangely, are often misshapen and unanatomical, but curiously attractive withal, and instinct with grace and life. With Rossetti this conception of the end of art is shown more plainly in his early, more truly Pre-Raphaelite pictures, especially in his "Girlhood of Mary Virgin" and "The Annunciation," where he has infused into ordinary, most natural faces, a mystic spirit of holiness. In these two pictures he is in closest harmony with Botticelli. Later his method improved, but his inspiration altered.

THE women of Botticelli, whether Madonnas or Greek goddesses, have a gentle melancholy of expression which Pater thus explains: "His interest is neither in the untempered goodness of Angelico's saints, nor the untempered evil of Orcagna's Inferno, but with men and women, in their mixed and uncertain condition, always attractive, clothed sometimes by passion with a character of loveliness

and energy, but saddened perpetually by the shadow upon them of the great things from which they shrink." Botticelli's inspiration lies in the medium between great and small, good and evil, of high aspirations unfulfilled. His pensive Virgins seem to shrink from the Child as from a responsibility too burdensome for human soul. Even in his "Coronation of the Virgin," the Madonna but listlessly extends her hand to write the "Magnificat," while the Child seems to try to guide her hand, and the youthful angels to urge her on. Nevertheless all his work has life and movement, a buoyancy expressed in every line.

With Rossetti all is quiet, intensely still, but pregnant with great meaning; his pictures have the silence of suspense in motion, and when they speak, it is often an unknown tongue. In his earlier years Rossetti was more in harmony with actual life, and though his art was perhaps somewhat didactic, a thing which great art perhaps never can be consciously, the burden of his message was self-culture and mystic piety. Later he became more and more a high-priest of Beauty, and Beauty only, and he sought for her a conscious concrete expression. He seemed to crystallize his conception in that figure so often repeated with the thick mass of wavy hair, black above the glowing, almost feline eyes, and mouth at once sensitive and sensual. He tried to press into a single face too great a message, and it often became but an exaggeration. He lost the secret which he had to such a degree as a younger man, by which art can be made an adequate translation for a poet's thought. Such a figure is his Proserpine, perhaps the best of his later work, who looks with foreboding into the gloomy darkness of her future existence; the pomegranate in her hand that sealed her separation from the world of life, a gleam from which lights up the background.

As far as the external characteristics of painting go, the greatest feature of Botticelli's art is the way everything is subordinated to his graceful and flowing line, which the draperies, always waving in the breeze, accentuate. Likewise the leafy background, the queer old landscape and the flowers underfoot are all woven into an exquisite tapestry. Perhaps this can be seen best in the "Spring" or the "Birth of Venus," where grace is rescued from what might so easily be awkwardness in his often ill-proportioned figures, by delicacy of movement which shows in every gesture of a figure and every fold of drapery. Rossetti also had to some degree this love of line, but he succeeded

in infusing a great expressiveness into his work without a violent gesture. In this he resembles far more certain other artists of the early Renaissance than Botticelli. The great characteristic of Rossetti's work is its color, which glows like some dull rich jewel, or like the brighter tones of some old stained glass window. Beside his daring colors the tenderer tones of Botticelli would seem almost a monochrome. No other feature of his painting has had a greater influence on English art.

Both artists loved flowers, and excelled in painting them. Botticelli painted every flower that grew, with all the loving care and naturalism of his time. So faithful was he that because one common flower is lacking in his work, it is supposed that it did not grow in Italy when he lived. Rossetti loved to paint roses above all, and in flower painting perhaps he shows his greatest power as an artist, though ofttime his flowers are such as never grew on earth, but only in "the groves where the Lady Mary is."

BUT for the fullest appreciation of these artists and their significance in aesthetic history, we need more than a technical consideration. It is only as we enter into the spirit of the respective ages in which Rossetti and Botticelli lived and which they interpreted to all who cared, that we can bring ourselves to understand fully the poetry and mystic import which they of all artists seemed to express most consciously. We must learn what life and its problems meant to them, and how it was embodied in their works. Both artists were apostles of reaction, or in another sense, advance, Botticelli toward naturalism, life, as against the cold formalism of the early monastic painters who adhered to a stereotyped religious *motif,* in which individuality had smallest opportunity for expression; Rossetti toward poetry and individaulity, a rebellion against the lifeless classicism of the English art of his times. He thought he saw in the tremendously earnest, though to us, naïve art of the early Italians, inspiration for the freshness and truth he felt was lacking.

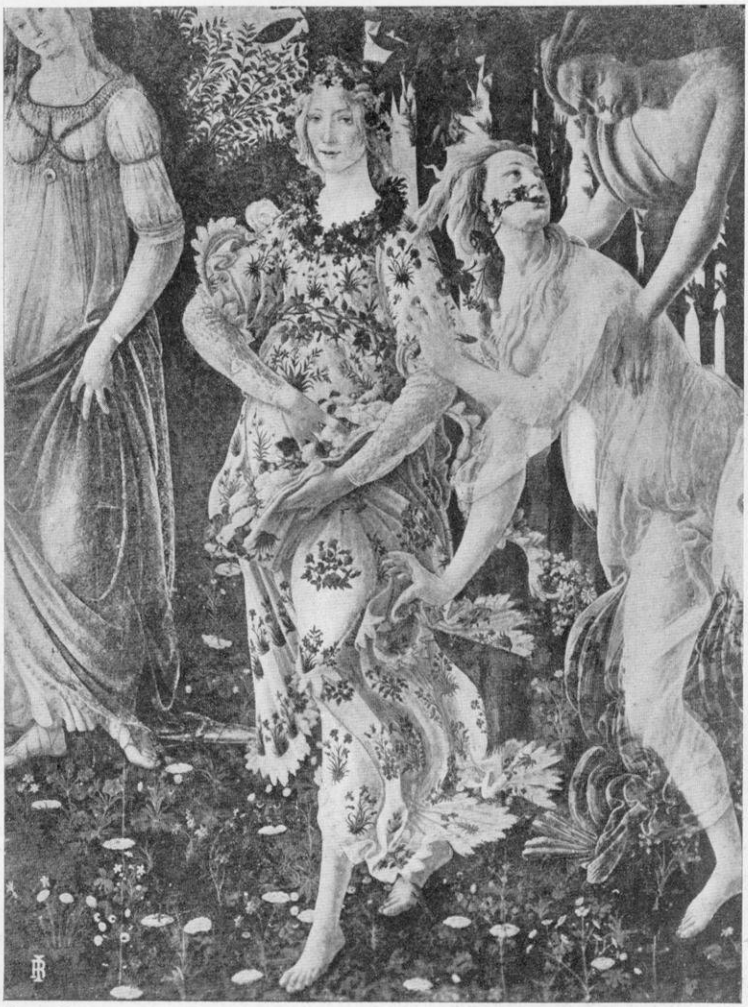
Botticelli lived in a time when art was barely emerging from the strict bonds of religious influence. The church has always sought to emphasize the ethical import; art existed then only to decorate the churches and cloisters; not so much for the edification of mankind as for spiritual enlightenment and inspiration. But although oppressed

Botticelli

"CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN"

Botticelli

"THE ANNUNCIATION"

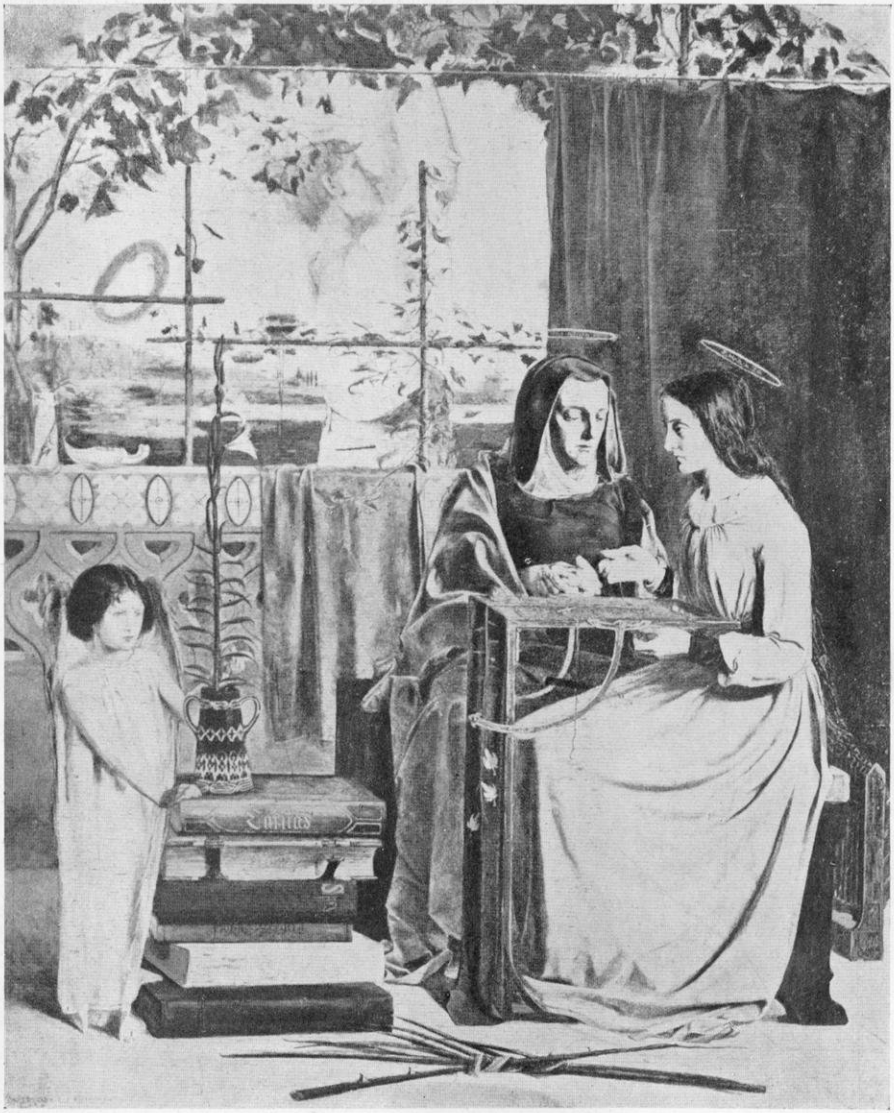


Botticelli

DETAIL FROM "ALLEGORY OF SPRING"

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

"ECCE ANCILLA DOMINE"



Dante Gabriel Rossetti

"GIRLHOOD OF MARY VIRGIN"

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

"BEATA BEATRIX"

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

A STUDY HEAD

by mediæval religion, by birthright the Italians were lovers of nature and fine art; and when the treasures of ancient literature were opened out to them, they slowly broke away from strictly religious themes, and attempted to exploit in their art what they knew of ancient literature as well as that of their own times, already given a powerful impetus by the work of Dante and Boccaccio. They still retained that Gothic spirit of aspiration and love, however, which made every work of art in truest measure a very part of its creator's life. The channel was only broadening and deepening, till in the high tide of the Renaissance, there was room unhampered for the supreme beauty of Raphael, the majesty of Michelangelo, and the glorious color of Titian. Botticelli did not live to ride upon the flood-tide; for him the revelation was not yet complete; he was still too deep in the shadow of the middle ages. He saw but dimly the beauty in Greek mythology; and when he paints his Venus rising from the sea, she has the same wistful pensiveness we see in all his Madonnas. In him begins the reconciliation of the "superb naturalism" of Greek art with the earnestness and self-denial of Christianity.

This we are able to see in the perspective of three centuries. But to his contemporaries, Botticelli was no greater than other artists, although they acknowledged in him a certain originality, mystical poetry, and rare gifts of flowing line. Probably no one, himself least of all, would have thought of him as the artist most representative of his time. Yet at twenty-two he was considered the leading painter of Florence, and it was as a young man that he accomplished the greater part of his work. We have cause to doubt Vasari's statement that he died forsaken and in poverty, but we know that he was forgotten, overshadowed by his greater successors almost before his death; and it was left for a number of enthusiastic young painters in England to revive appreciation of his art by an approximate return to his ideals and by the qualities of mysticism and poetry they had in common with him.

The movement in art instituted by Rossetti was the last phase in England of that general reaction in religion, science, and art which succeeded the French Revolution. In itself it was an attempt at purification, a protest against the hard and fast rules then prevailing in art which, blinded, worshiped the great masters of the Renaissance as the *summum bonum* of all artistic expression. Their successors had been able to see nothing in art which these great masters had not

expressed, nor could they hope to rival those whose footsteps they so blindly followed. Hence art at that period became stereotyped and formal. The Pre-Raphaelites saw something which the masters had not expressed, and they seized upon it as the only truth worthy of expression. Seeing nothing for themselves in the merely pretty and obvious of contemporary painting, they went to the other extreme of symbolism, mystery, and poetry. Rossetti as leader of the school, was a strange combination of the power and reserve of the north with Italian love of beauty. His extreme sensitiveness to all criticism, which made him a life-long recluse, the early death of his wife, and the ill-health of his later years, made his life a sad one. But his enthusiasm and vigor, combined with a poetic temperament, made him leader of the Pre-Raphaelite movement in spite of his many technical faults, and as such a great influence on modern English art.

If we lay aside these external characteristics, which are most obvious, and will doubtless always be a matter of more or less dispute, there are two elements of Rossetti's art which really give it its distinction, and make for him a prominent place in the ranks of English painters. And whether we are in sympathy with him or not, for these reasons we cannot dismiss him, as did W. E. Henley, with the almost contemptuous remark that "he was a failure in two arts." In the first place, Rossetti was a painter of ideals, of conscious abstractions, but, in the second place, he strove to embody and clothe these in sensuous form by symbolism, and by a return to mediæval naturalism. In these two aspects of his work lie his weakness as well as his strength and individuality. What has been called his "passionate idealism," his sense of unseen reality, has been mentioned. His pictures are illustrations of a thought. In mediæval fashion they separate form and content, instead of presenting their message in themselves and of themselves. Rossetti insisted first of all upon the message which his art should bear, and about that he built his picture, conscious of the subjection of external detail to the higher import, but taking infinite pains to amplify, suggest, or symbolize his thought by every artifice of drawing, color, or even exaggeration. This elevation of the ideal with him, necessitated the employment of every possible means of expression in his art; and so he advocated, in his Pre-Raphaelite theories, a return to the naturalism of the churchmen of the early Renaissance, for whom, as one writer expresses it, "no flower or herb, no scroll or

bit of carving, was too insignificant, being a part of the divine idea; and obediently, like the old building saints in the service of the church, they wrought it out with the grace and vigor of the minutest skill. It was this Gothicism of the Pre-Raphaelites, the mingled nobility of aim and elaboration in detail that their English followers loved and sought to impart into their art." For Rossetti and his followers the smallest detail had as much of the truth as the whole, and for that reason the broad perspective is often lost and the final import is involved in a mass of symbolism and detail.

As a distinctive school the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was doomed from its birth. Even Rossetti himself in later years disclaimed much of its early extravagance, and it was one of the later and younger followers of the cult, Burne-Jones, who has really been its most popular representative, a far greater painter as far as technique and drawing are concerned than the leader of the school, but lacking his breadth of imagination and glowing color. In fact, in the character and pale beauty of his figures, the composition of his pictures, and their decorative character, he resembles Botticelli far more than does Rossetti; and he has gone more directly to that painter for his inspiration. For some two or three years the brotherhood existed as a definite organization. It was the dominant and vehement personality of Rossetti which had given it life; and when each artist came nearer to a realization of his own personality, the break was bound to come. In after years, Millais severed himself completely, and even became president of the hated academy. Holman Hunt stuck to the infinitesimal method, and often lost the vigor and force of his message in multiplicity of detail; Burne-Jones, as we have seen, followed most closely the Pre-Raphaelite ideal, while Rossetti greatly modified his views; and those later works of his with their sombre eyes and flowing hair, are rather an expression of his own mysticism than an attempt to realize the ideal of the mediæval monastic painters. The greatest fault in the movement as such, was its crudeness and youthfulness, its conscious endeavor to inculcate a message, which we are often unable to grasp fully. If we did not have the story of Dante's love, could we know all that Rossetti tried to convey to us in that strange picture of "Beata Beatrix," or without his poem should we know all the meaning that lies in his "Blessed Damozel"?

ALL great art is simple, and more than often Rossetti's is anything but simple. The great power of his work is its earnestness, and its realization of truths wellnigh forgotten. As a whole, his art was negative, and offered nothing more constructive than a return to the ideals which prevailed three hundred years before. Therefore, this Pre-Raphaelite movement failed in one way as far as the contemporary English art erred in another. It was ultra-romantic, and having no standards except experiment and induction, it was tentative and uncertain. We can pardon the lack of good perspective, proportion, and drawing in the original Pre-Raphaelite schools of Italy, because painters were learning then; but in the case of Rossetti and those of his followers who were directly under the influence of his earlier work, we feel a lack; there is a conscious naïveté which lacks the charm that the art of the old Italians has for us. We cannot but be impressed with the futility of a conscious archaism.

The relative greatness of these two painters is largely a matter of personal opinion. Certainly neither had the supreme harmony and truth of Raphael or Leonardo. Their work was visionary; and only as an art lover is a lover of poetry, can he concede high qualities of art to Botticelli or the Pre-Raphaelites. But with all their limitations the portion of the truth they seized upon has made their influence great. Though Botticelli was so soon forgotten, it was because he was so truly representative, so completely identified with the general trend of the art of his time. Rossetti as a reactionist was more conspicuous, and the inspiration given by his work has been greater than his art itself. His influence, especially his earlier work, can still be plainly seen in a certain mediæval feeling in English art, as in the painting of Byam Sham, in the illustration of Walter Crane, and the arts and crafts movement of William Morris. But as a whole, England is far from being converted to strict adherence to mediævalism; and that is best, for we would not lose the influence of the greater masters of the Renaissance. And in the work of Alma Tadema, Leighton, and the later paintings of Millais, we see that old ideal of classicism still prevails, although perhaps with them we can trace the effect of Rossetti's revolutionary color.

TWO HISTORIC PAGEANTS: CORTEGE ALLEGORIQUE AND TOURNOI DE CHEVALERIE CELEBRATE BELGIUM'S ANNIVERSARY. BY ALBERT M. MICHELSON

BELGIUM, the Belgium of to-day, is seventy-five years old, and to celebrate the anniversary, fêtes, fairs and congresses have been held throughout its length and breadth. The Exposition at Liège set forth the industrial, intellectual and artistic growth of the country. Visits from the king to all the principal towns, Walloon and Flemish, declared the good will of the monarch toward his subjects and the people's esteem for their sovereign. To Brussels fell the rôle of proclaiming the country's debt to history and of reviving glories of the past.

The series of fêtes in Brussels, to which winter has put an end, began in the early summer with an elaborate illumination of the principal streets and squares of the city splendidly carried out. But the truly memorable tribute that the people of Brussels paid the national independence was expressed in the Cortège Allégorique and the Tournoi de Chevalerie. These two pageants, triumphs both of them of minute historical research, delicate artistry and an astonishing devotion to an idea vastly difficult of expression, were based entirely upon the events and customs of memorable epochs in the past of the country. The Cortège Allégorique, or allegorical procession, represented a chronological review of the manners and dress of Belgians from the fourteenth century to the present time. The Tournoi de Chevalerie was the reproduction of jousts held in Brussels in the fifteenth century, to which were added certain other feats of arms in vogue at that period.

The first step toward the realization of the two historical projects was taken a little over two years ago when the military section of the national commission in charge of the anniversary celebrations named M. Alfred Mabille, Captain Remy and Lieutenant De Cuyper organizers of the Cortège, and as organizers of the Tourney, Lieutenant-Colonel de Witte and the National Archivist, M. Joseph Cuvelier. While the Cortege of this year was not the first of its kind—four or five others preceded it, notably that of 1880, commemorating likewise the principal historical eras of the country—the sources from which it was evolved were entirely new and in some cases previously

unknown. The fruits of M. Cuvelier's researches having been placed in the hands of such artists as M. I. de Rudder, M. A. Crespin, M. A. Dubosq, and above all, M. Charles Michel, whose illustrations accompany the present article, the best known costumers and embroiderers of Belgium were called upon to reproduce the designs of these artists in cloth and color. When this was done it became the business of the organizers to select the men and women who were to take part in the Cortège and to drill them in their rôles. This was no light task, as the number of persons involved was upwards of two thousand. The men were drawn from the army, petty officers filling the parts of the more important characters. The music for the procession was chosen, or in default of complete historical data, composed or

arranged by MM. Emile Agniez, Paul Gilson and C. Lecail, and was performed upon instruments reproduced from originals in various museums.

To the occasion of the first sortie of the Cortège—there were three in all—the king lent his presence in the Place Poelaert, which had been transformed for the event into a huge amphitheatre of admirable proportions and which completely hid the buildings facing the colossal Palais de Justice. The advantages of such a setting were undoubted and were done ample justice by the volley of applause that greeted the allegorical group representing the nine provinces, which headed the procession as it filed slowly into the amphitheatre from the Rue de la Régence. The group following symbolized the period of the fourteenth century Communes, and thereafter, in chronological order, century after century, epitomized in the measured tramp of the military actors no less than in their dress and bearing, passed in impressive review before the ten thousand spectators gathered together

for the occasion. Colors and costumes, rather than music or floats, furnish the chief interest in an historical procession. This was markedly the case in the Place Poelaert, where the happily conceived group at the head of the procession, clothed with the delicate designs and colors for which M. Khnopff was responsible, made a most fortunate first impression. The treatment of the second group, representing the century when Bruges, Mons and Malines were at the height of their fame for their weaving and embroideries, was not less effective for the contrast furnished by M. Michel's revival of early artistry.

But the third group was in reality that which placed the success and lasting merit of the procession beyond doubt. This group was made up of historical characters of the fifteenth century and as its

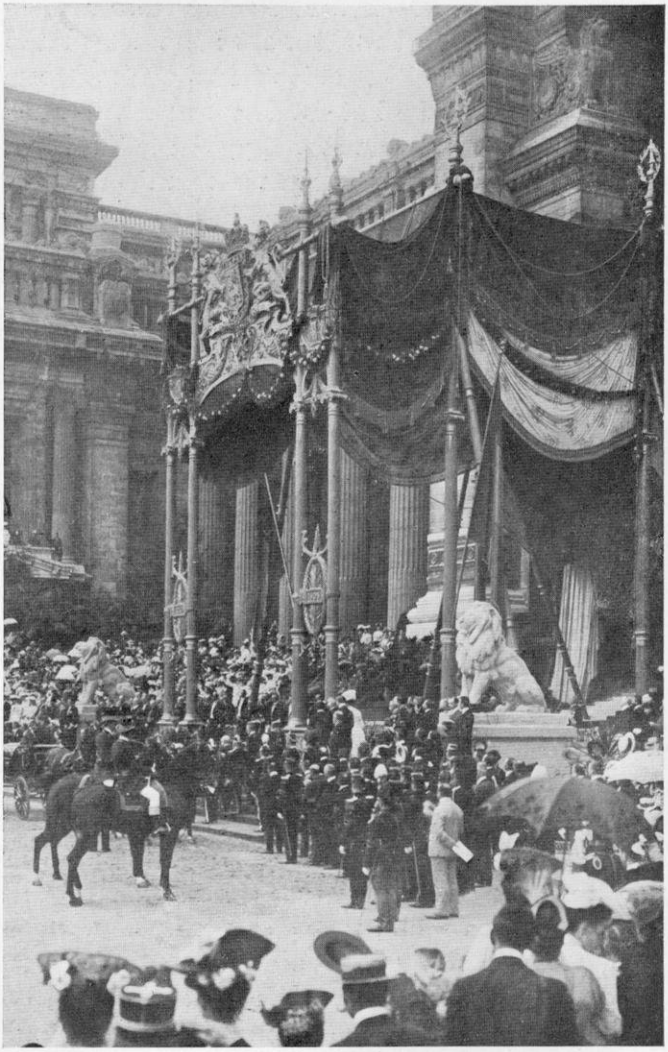
members were drawn from the six hundred odd personages who took part on the Tournament, M. Michel had an unusual fund of material at his disposal. The time also was perhaps that best adapted for a splendid translation in terms of color and form. Though the sun of Chivalry was setting it was setting in a golden haze. The brilliant yellow armor of the Comte de Charolais,—such armor as the Van Eycks would have delighted in painting and probably did paint, since they were attached to the court of Philip the Good,—seemed to reflect this light. It furnished at any rate the age with its most striking symbol. Riding beside the young prince was the Duke, and if the Van Eycks would have delighted in painting the armor of the former they would have been equally fascinated by the richness of the embroidery of the latter. This embroidery was wrought upon a ground of black and "violet en grienne." "Violet en grienne" was the favorite color of the heir of Philip and is a blend of violet and

scarlet and not unlike amaranth. Textures of this color were originally furnished the Duke and his court by the famous merchant of Bruges, Jean Arnolphini, of whom Jean Van Eyck painted the portrait. The reproduction of the color for use in the Cortège, where it dominated the group of which the Comte de Charolais and Philip the Good were the principal figures, was the subject of many experiments. The shade was finally secured by a well known firm of dyers of Verviers, thanks mainly to the study and research of MM. H. Pirenne, G. Des Marez and E. Sire Jacob.

The other more important members of this group were Jean Lefèvre de Saint-Remy, one of the foremost knights of the court of Philip, Antoine de Croy, and Thiébaud de Neufchâtel, marshal of the lists. The cloak of Jean Lefèvre de Saint-Remy was much admired for the elaborate designs in red, yellow and black, with which it was covered. In addition to these characters, who were mounted on horses with trappings no less splendid than the costumes of their riders, there were some thirty other knights in armor, with an equal number of valets on foot bearing their shields, heralds, trumpeters, musicians, pages, and last of all some twenty musketeers, representatives of the new mode of warfare which was so soon to displace the old.

The next group symbolized the period of Spanish domination in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The somber events of this period had failed to suppress the love of color and pageantry which the brilliant Burgundian court had inspired, and the survival of this deeply rooted sentiment was charmingly reproduced by M. Crespin in a partial reconstruction of the great procession of "Violiren", or rhetoricians, in Antwerp in 1561. This procession, costing some forty thousand florins, consisted of no less than two thousand mounted "Violiren" and some two hundred floats. Reproduced, its dominant color was still "violet en grienne," but the armor and other emblems of chivalry were lacking. Instead of these appeared the pompous, not to say smug, accoutrements of those bourgeois-citizens who were then just beginning to realize their own importance.

THE jousts of 1452, of which the tournament of this year was a reproduction, were held in the Grande Place of Brussels and celebrated the coming of age of the Comte de Charolais. The young heir of Philip the Good was at that time, no less than later when



ARRIVAL OF THE KING AT PLACE POELAERT

PHILIPPE LE BON, DUC DE BOURGOGNE
CHARLES DE BOURGOGNE, COMTE DE CHAROLAIS

as Charles the Rash his obstinacy brought him to the bloody moat of Nancy, the figure above all others upon which the eyes of Europe rested. But in 1452 they rested upon a young prince of eighteen, splendid of physique, impetuous, and, at the close of the tourney, a knight who had gallantly won his spurs in lists where gathered the flower of chivalry of the age. The moment was significant both for chivalry and for the future of Belgium. The various Belgian provinces were then for the first time united under one ruler. It was then that King René of Anjou wrote his famous Treatise on Tournaments. This work was extensively used in the reconstruction of the fête of this year and was supplemented by such other early records as those of Oliver de la Marche, Philip the Good, Georges Chastelain, Jacques du Clercq, etc. The costumes, banners and trappings were reproduced entirely from manuscripts and miniatures in the National Library, and great credit is due M. Michel for the completeness with which he fulfilled the task of rendering these into imitable designs. Great credit is likewise due him for the manner in which in certain cases he reproduced from fragmentary evidence, designs originally incomplete. For the music upon which M. Léon Walput based his harmonies, the most attractive French and Flemish melodies of the middle ages were used.

The reconstructed Tournament was held in the great north wing of the Palais du Cinquantenaire. In so far as the area enclosed about equals that of the Grande Place the site was fortunate. But otherwise the choice was perhaps not a happy one. Certainly the majority of the spectators found the huge structure of steel and glass sadly out of keeping with the fine verisimilitude of the Tourney itself. On the other hand such an objection carries with it an admission that for facile imagination the play-goers of Shakespeare's time who filled the Curtain, the Theatre, or the Rose, and for whom the lack of scenery was a matter of no importance, were vastly our superiors. The other customs and sports of the age of chivalry which were reproduced, together with the jousts of 1452, consisted of a Tournament proper, a Passage of Arms, the knighting of a cavalier, etc. These added figures were revived with the same fidelity as were the jousts, and were peopled by characters famous at the time.

Philip the Good, with his suite and retainers to the number of one hundred and seventeen in all, was the first to enter the lists. In this

group was to be seen the Prince-Bishop of Liège, wearing a mitre of red and silver and a cloak of paler red covered with yellow fleur-de-lis, Isabella of Portugal in a rose colored bodice, Mlle. de Bourbon, the niece of Philip, in brown, these two both wearing the high conical head-dress of the time, Béatrice de Coïmbre and Isabelle d'Etampes, in low head-dresses and blue satin, Louis de Bourbon, nephew of Philip, etc. All these characters were on horseback. When the lists had been circled the group made its way to the royal tribune and the lists were then entered by the judges, marshals and their retainers and heralds, who after the usual salutations took their places in the judges' stand or along the sides of the lists.

A more martial blast of trumpets than had preceded the arrival of the Duke and the judges, announced the coming of the young prince.

The following list of personages and retainers in the suite of the Comte de Charolais, but not including those in the suites of the two Bastards of Burgundy, who were the prince's companions in arms, will give an idea of the pomp with which the entry was effected. Two heralds, six serfs, six "Bazuinen" (Flemish trumpeters), twenty minstrels led by Pietre Claisson, chief minstrel to the Duke, these and the "Bazuinen" on horseback, Andrieu de la Plume, the "Jolly Fool" with a companion, Charles of Burgundy or the Comte de Charolais, on horseback, four mounted pages, four valets, and the following knights or gentlemen of the court, all mounted: Jean de Bourgogne, Jean d'Auxy, Jean de Rosimbos, Jean de Coïmbre, Guillaume de Montbléru, master of the horse, Jean de Montferrant, master of the pantry, and Oliver de la Marche, gentleman carver. Bringing up the rear were Bosquet de Lattre, chief cook, Master Josse Bruninc, surgeon, four mounted pages, and the valet Thomassin with eleven

others. The total number of characters in the prince's personal following was thus about a hundred.

After Charles and the two Bastards of Burgundy had taken their places beneath the dais hung with their colors, another blast of trumpets announced the arrival of Adolphe de Clèves, the young prince's chief opponent, and Wolfart de Borssele, Jean de Trémoïlle, Charles de Ternant, and Jacques de Lalaing, his companion in arms. The retainers of these numbered also about a hundred, bringing the total number of persons in or about the lists up to four hundred odd. When Adolphe de Clèves and his following had likewise taken their places under the dais reserved for them, the judges read out the regulations governing the combat. These were here and there amusing. The

jousters were required to make oath that on their life, honor, and faith in God, they carried into the lists no charms, sorceries, or other unnatural aid to victory, and that they neither bore nor would bear malice against their adversaries. The members of Philip's court were cautioned that to cough, make signs, cry out, or in any other way attempt to influence the course of events in the lists, would bring upon them bodily punishment. The lances of the Comte de Charolais and Adolphe de Clèves having then been measured, the "Bazuinen" again blew their trumpets and the two opponents, both in golden armor, rode into the lists.

Not Bartolommeo Colleoni, modeled by Andrea Verrocchio, sat his horse more nobly than the youthful Burgundian prince as he saluted the Duke and his court and his opponent. Not all the knightly qualities which Ruskin finds in Carpaccio's Saint George in the pathetic little chapel at Venice, surpassed those of the two adversaries as they rode each other down. A deal of credit is due the two petty officers who filled these rôles. In each case they were representatives

of noble and ancient families, the Baron de Trannoy taking the part of the Comte de Charolais and the Baron de l'Epine that of Adolphe de Clèves. Whether they filled their rôles the better for their origin or not, they revived the spirit of the past to perfection. Against Adolphe de Clèves the prince rode three times and broke as many lances. He then rode against Wolfart de Borssele and out of three lances broke two. The younger of the two Bastards then rode against Philippe de Croy and in the second joust lost a piece of his armor, as history records, and despite his protests was obliged to quit the field. His place was taken by the prince, who, one after another, broke three lances against Jean de Trémoïlle and three against Charles de Ternant. The elder of the Bastards next attacked Jacques de Lalaing without success, whereupon the Comte de Charolais again took the field and after breaking two out of three lances against Lalaing, accepted a second challenge from Wolfart de Borssele and succeeded in breaking a lance in each of the three encounters. The total number of lances broken by the prince was thus sixteen in eighteen tries, repeating history as set down by Oliver de la Marche, to a nicety. The jousts ended with the retreat from the lists of all concerned to the tune of the quaint fifteenth century song beginning:

"Il fait beau voir ces hommes d'armes
Quand ils sont montés et bardés!"

THE Passage of Arms included a combat on foot with swords, the knighting of a chevalier, a combat on horseback with lances and swords, and combats on foot with battleaxes. In the Passage of Arms proper, six knights, among whom were Jean de Lannoy, Frédéric de Renesse and Jean de Merode, undertook to defend an opening against six other knights led by Philippe de Hornes, Louis de Gruuthuse and Philippe de Glymes. The entry of these knights into the lists was accompanied by the same pomp as in the former case. When all was in readiness and the marshal of the lists with eight squires, charged with separating the combatants when a victory had been gained, had taken their places, de Glymes and Lannoy advanced upon each other from opposite sides of the lists. A rope with two knots in it, two and a half feet apart, marked the distance that was to be maintained between the rival knights. The combat was with swords and was fought in complete armor. A signal from the Duke

brought it to an end. In such cases it was usual for the Duke to declare which of the two knights was victor. Instead, he announced that both had fought so valiantly that there was no choice between them and requested them to remove their helmets and gloves and shake each other by the hand. The combat being suspended for the moment, the Duke proceeded to knight a chevalier, after which the contest was renewed by the six knights of each side.

The combat with lances and swords between Philippe de Hornes and Frédéric de Renesse resembled the jousts, in that the attack was the same, but now the two adversaries, after endeavoring to break their lances or unseat each other, continued the struggle with swords. The contest between de Mérode and de Gruuthuse with battleaxes was marked by the wounding of Gruuthuse, and the Duke again put

an end to the combat. In the next figure six knights attacked each other with battleaxes in a hand to hand fight. That these tests of arms were performed with more than operatic fervor, sundry more or less serious hurts even to broken arms, attest. In the jousts the Comte de Charolais's opponents were frequently unseated, this perhaps because that since historic verity required that the prince break a certain number of lances, ample opportunity to do so was offered him.

Five hundred and thirty-one persons took part in the Tournament proper. This, like the jousts, was opened with the entry into the lists of the Comte de Charolais and Adolphe de Clèves with their suites and retainers. The two rival camps took their places at opposite ends of the lists, across the middle of which a rope had been drawn. The various characters who were to take part in the struggle were distributed in each camp as follows: first, a line of bannerets; next, a line of banner-bearing squires; in the rear, a line of knights

without banners, and scattered among all these, armored valets, provided with long staves for propping up their masters when these were in danger of being unseated. The signal for combat was given by cutting the rope, upon which the bannerets of both sides charged each other. The two lines met in a momentary conflict and passed through each other. Three times the lines clashed, but on the third assault they held firm and the other members of the two camps entered the fray. This was the signal which loosed a wave of excitement in the royal tribune. The men cheered and the ladies threw their ribbons, their belts and their jewels, in the direction of their favorites. The animation everywhere was astonishingly real and the spectacle of the swaying, breaking lines gave the impression of a combat of colors quite as much as that of a contest of arms.

When the trumpeters in the judges' stand gave the signal which brought the Tournament to a close, the two camps resumed their positions at the opposite ends of the lists and then filed slowly up to the royal tribune, from which the prizes and honors were given out. The Comte de Charolais bent his knee gallantly to Isabelle de Bourbon (she became his wife two years later) who, with the approval of the judges, bestowed upon him her kerchief. The other members of his suite having likewise received their prizes, the dominant "violet en grienne" was replaced by the buffs, reds and greys of the hides with which the retainers of Adolphe de Clèves were robed. At last the brilliant pageant, which had taken over three hours to present, was over, and the colors and gallant characters of old time faded from the hall and took their places once more along with the ghosts which people the great square of Brussels.

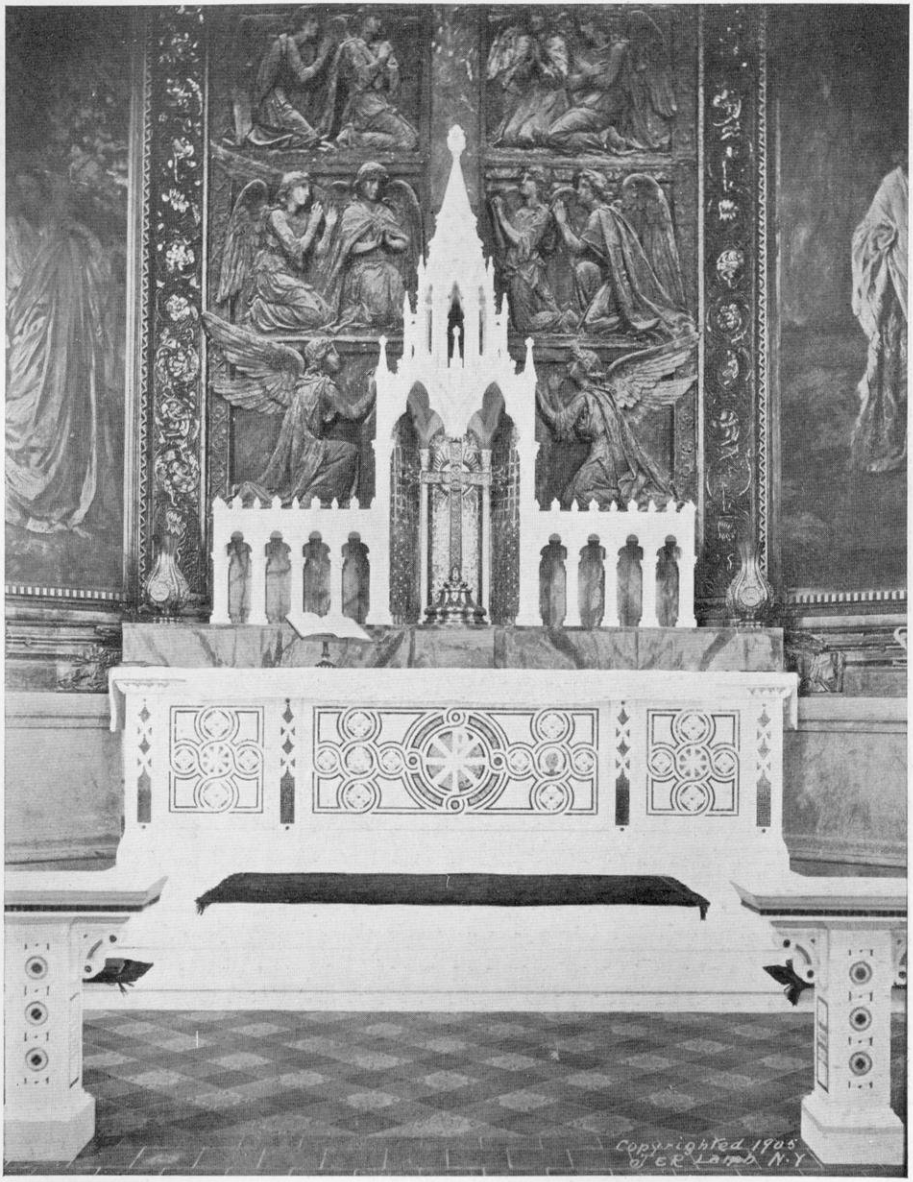
THE DECORATIONS OF THE CHANCEL OF SAINT THOMAS' CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY: WORK OF JOHN LA FARGE AND AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS. BY WILLIAM WALTON

THERE was to be seen, in upper Fifth Avenue, New York city, in the early days of August, 1905, probably as good an example of a Gothic ruin as we may hope to attain in this country. It is true that the quality of this Gothic had been sometimes criticized, technically, but this is true of all architecture since the Greek. The pedestrians, stopping in front of this blackened remnant of a church, by mounting the steps of the porch and looking through the ruined portals, could see at the chancel end the remains of an elaborate sculpture; rows of kneeling angels in high relief, one above the other, on each side of a tall Latin cross surmounted by a heavy, ornate crown. These were the work of Augustus St. Gaudens, and were formerly over the Bishop's chair in the chancel of Saint Thomas' Church. Of the two large paintings by John La Farge, equally dignified and simple in conception and beautiful in execution, which had adorned the walls on either side, no trace remained. It is not too much to say that the destruction of these works of art was a heavier calamity than that of the edifice. The latter can be exactly replaced, or even bettered, as is promised; there is apparently no prospect that the painter and the sculptor will ever duplicate their work, or could duplicate it if they would. There are so many influences and accidents, trivial circumstances, flames of inspiration, that go to make up the total of the more intimate, personal art, that the exact repetition is denied, even to the artist himself.

Unfortunately, this was not the first occasion on which an important monument by Mr. St. Gaudens had been destroyed by fire, his grieving angels on the tomb of Governor E. D. Morgan having met with the same fate some twenty years ago. The multitude of adoring angels of Saint Thomas' Church, freer in design and much smaller in scale, were among the comparatively few works of the sculptor in very high relief, almost "in the round." His reputation as a modeler in very low relief, of which the most notable example, outside of portrait work, is probably the figures on the pedestal of the Farragut statue in Madison Square, New York, and as a sculptor of the free

figure, is established more firmly than that of any other worker in stone now living. In these winged worshipers of the cross, crowded together and restricted in their action by the exigencies of their *cadre,* he obtained anew the same triumph over technical difficulties and—much more important—gave evidence of the same creative imagination, haunted always by visions of beauty, of harmony and of right form and true action that is shown in his statues of men and of heroes. His supernatural figures—in which may be included the caryatides, as those of the chimney piece in the house of Cornelius Vanderbilt—are never too far removed from the human, and have always that charm of purity, touched with melancholy, with which genius only can inspire the senseless marble.

Mr. La Farge's paintings were executed during the summer and autumn of 1877, immediately after the completion of his work in Trinity Church, Boston, and immediately preceding his taking up the great problems of stained glass to which he has since so largely devoted his attention. In the words of Mr. G. P. Lathrop, written soon after the completion of the work: "Here, in two compositions somewhat disturbed by the pentagonal line of the apsis, he has depicted with great beauty two scenes from the Resurrection; the first, on the left hand, is founded on the account in Saint Matthew where the keepers 'did shake, and became as dead men,' on the appearance of the angel at the sepulchre. The introduction of a sarcophagus, instead of the rock-tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, though not without precedent, is, perhaps, something to be questioned; but that the artist has infused into his whole imagining the solemnity, the wondrous fear and great joy of the touching story, this can hardly be questioned by any one possessing a spontaneous yet trained perception. An absence of sophistication, a primative reverence, makes itself felt in all parts.....A reredos in alto relievo, modeled by St. Gaudens, intervening between this and the other picture, brings groups of kneeling angels, rank on rank, supporting the cross, to carry out the prevalent mood of the painter's composition. The second fresco refers to the last chapter of Luke, where the three Marys meet the two angels." And the writer adds, very justly: "One must be grateful to the artist who brings the earthly sense of beauty into sweet and pathetic accord with heavenly aspirations, as has been done here."



ALTAR AND DETAIL OF REREDOS IN ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEW YORK

CHANCEL AT ST. THOMAS'S SHOWING ST. GAUDENS SCULPTURES AND LA FARGE FRESCOES

It is to be observed that the whole design of the interior decoration of this chancel was one of the very first to be conceived and carried out in what was known popularly as the "new style." Mr. La Farge set the example—which has by no means been generally followed by American decorative painters—of supervising the architectural framing of his wall paintings. Something of this effect he had obtained in his work in Trinity Church, and in the chancel of Saint Thomas; as Mr. Lathrop states, he not only designed the architectural mouldings, the pilasters and the cornice above, but furnished part of the execution, even to some of the carving. One of his details was a scroll pattern, colored and completed by means of iridescent, pearly shells let into the woodwork; and the chancel windows were painted over that the light might be tempered to give a better "atmosphere" to the whole. His general design included pillars, bracketed out from the wall, which were to stand on either side of the central sculpture and frame the Bishop's chair, and a crowning cornice of the wall decoration, which were not carried out. The whole work was a donation to the church by one of the parishioners, Mr. Charles H. Housman, as a tribute to the memory of his mother, Mrs. Sarah Augusta Housman, as is recorded by a bronze tablet on a pillar. The admirable unity in which Mr. St. Gaudens and Mr. La Farge worked was one of the remarkable features of this whole decorative scheme, and when later, under the rectorship of the Rev. John Wesley Brown, D. D., it was decided to move the Bishop's seat to its proper place on the right of the chancel and replace it by a high altar and reredos in marble and mosaic, a completion of the enrichment of the chancel designed as a memorial to the preceding rector, William Ferdinand Morgan, D. D., the difficult task of harmonizing this addition with the old work was successfully carried out by Mr. Chas. R. Lamb, with the full approval of Messrs. St. Gaudens and La Farge.

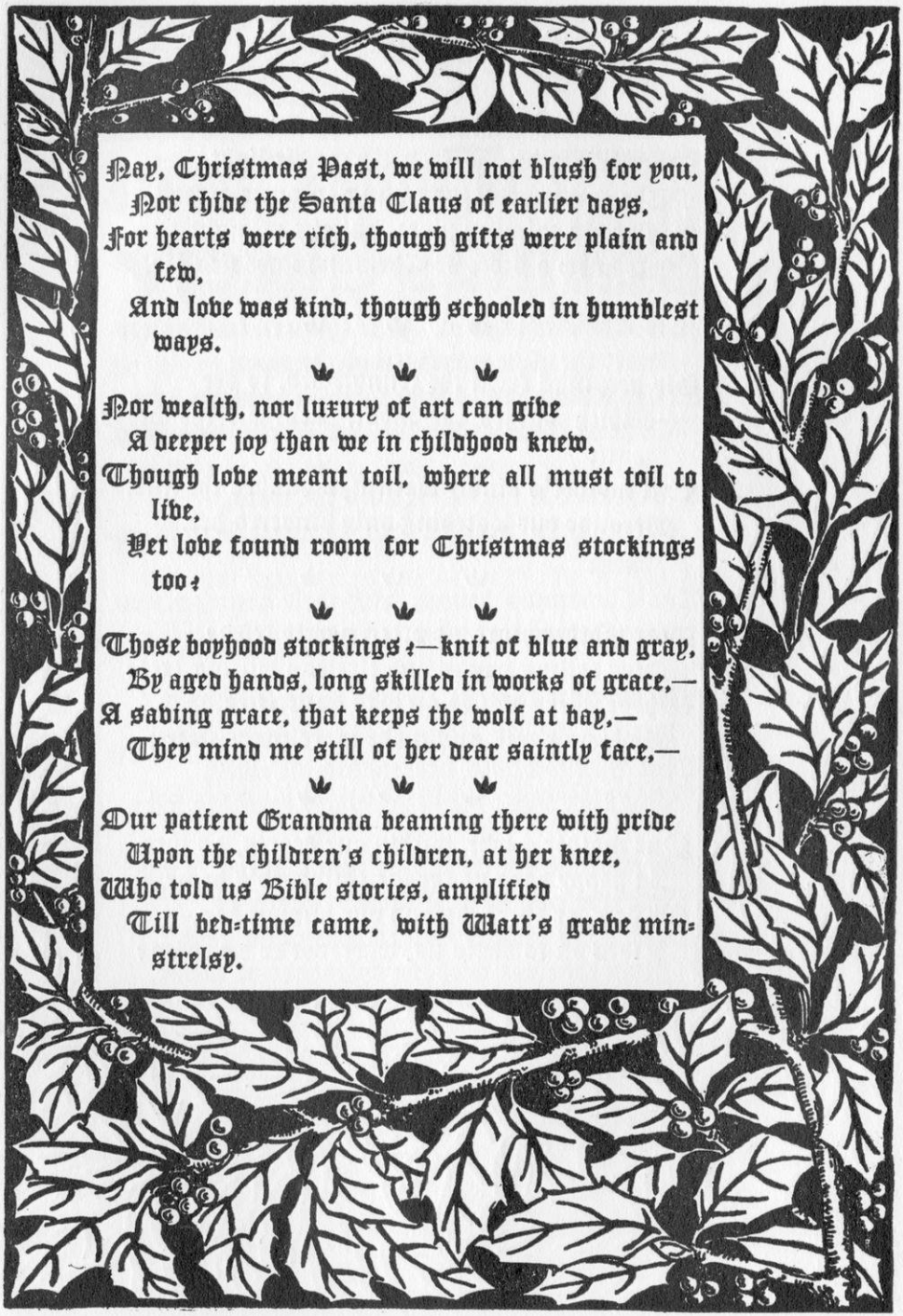
Old Time Christmas Cheer

'Tis Christmas Eve. The children fast asleep
Await the glad surprises of the morn,
Which loving hearts enshrined in mystery keep
To greet them on the day that Christ was born.

A fragrance of the forest fills the room,
Where holly wreaths and hemlock boughs entwine
The Christmas bounty with their winter bloom,
And Nature lends her incense for the shrine.

The old-time custom, not yet quite outgrown,
Decrees the stockings by the chimney side,
That Santa Claus, descending all alone,
May find these dumb petitions yawning wide.

The old-time Santa Claus would blush, I fear,
In these new days of luxury, and pray
To hide his meagre load of homespun gear
From contrast with the splendors of to-day.

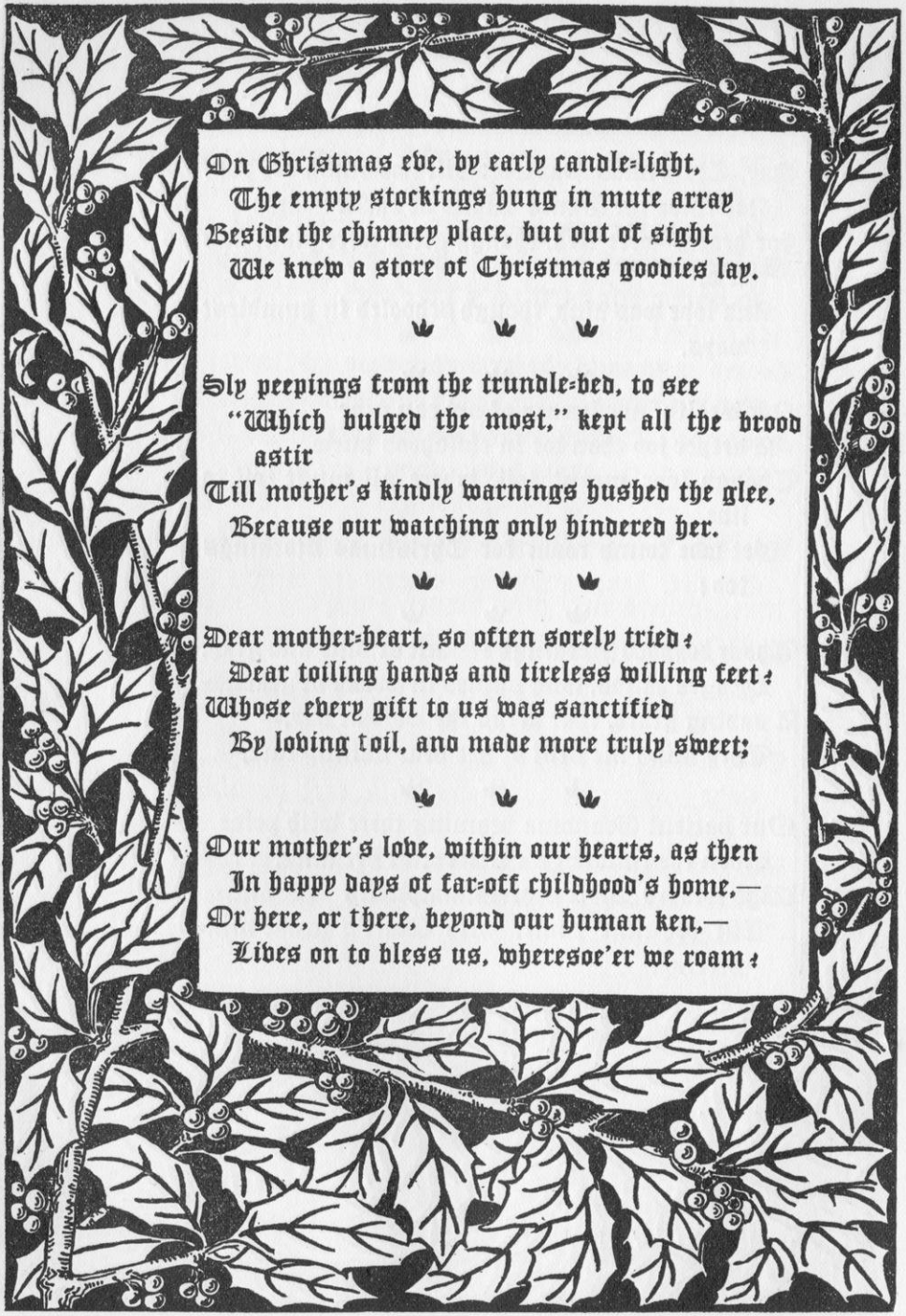


Nay, Christmas Past, we will not blush for you,
Nor chide the Santa Claus of earlier days,
For hearts were rich, though gifts were plain and few,
And love was kind, though schooled in humblest ways.

Nor wealth, nor luxury of art can give
A deeper joy than we in childhood knew,
Though love meant toil, where all must toil to live,
Yet love found room for Christmas stockings too:

Those boyhood stockings:—knit of blue and gray,
By aged hands, long skilled in works of grace,—
A saving grace, that keeps the wolf at bay,—
They mind me still of her dear saintly face,—

Our patient Grandma beaming there with pride
Upon the children's children, at her knee,
Who told us Bible stories, amplified
Till bed-time came, with Watt's grave minstrelsy.



On Christmas eve, by early candle-light,
The empty stockings hung in mute array
Beside the chimney place, but out of sight
We knew a store of Christmas goodies lay.

Sly peepings from the trundle-bed, to see
"Which bulged the most," kept all the brood astir
Till mother's kindly warnings hushed the glee,
Because our watching only hindered her.

Dear mother-heart, so often sorely tried:
Dear toiling hands and tireless willing feet:
Whose every gift to us was sanctified
By loving toil, and made more truly sweet;

Our mother's love, within our hearts, as then
In happy days of far-off childhood's home,—
Or here, or there, beyond our human ken,—
Lives on to bless us, wheresoe'er we roam:

Our stern browed father, who would blush to own
In words the love that filled his honest breast,
Whose care and tenderness were bravely shown
In unremitting toil for all the rest,

Looked on in mild approbal of our joy,
Nor quite forgot that he too once was young,
In our delight with some new "boughten" toy,
While all the happy brood its praises sung.

And then, perchance, when we had reached the toe
Of that long stocking,—worth its weight in gold,—
We found a tiny parcel hid below
That held a shining sixpence,—wealth untold!

Dear Christmas Past, whose unforgotten joys
Have grown more precious with each passing year,—
We greet you,—your old-fashioned girls and boys
Who shared the homely old-time Christmas Cheer!

—*Hannah Warner.*

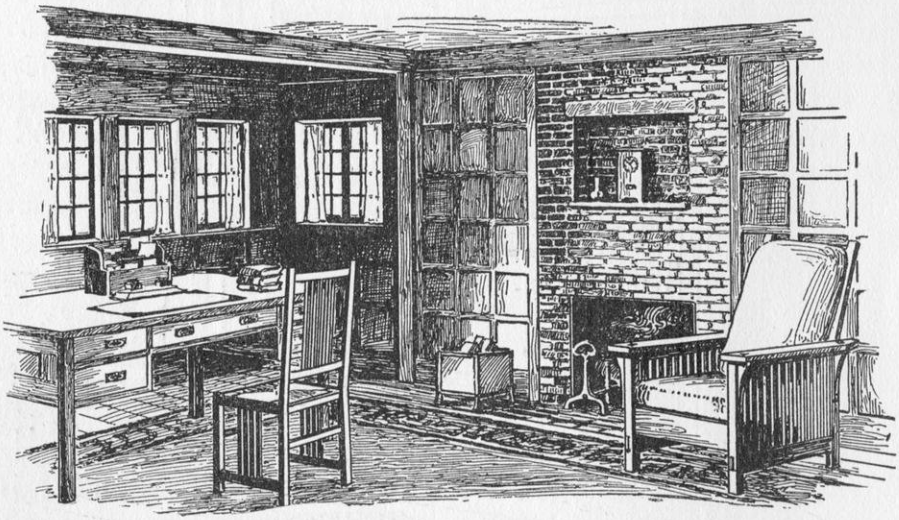
THE WORKROOM THAT IS TAKING THE PLACE OF LIBRARY, STUDY OR DEN

NO room in the house represents more unmistakably the character and calling of its owner than his workroom. It is also a sign of the present healthy tendency to return to simple things known by their right names, that the name "workroom" is beginning to be used for the room formerly known as "library," "study" or "den." The adoption of the simpler and more expressive word is an evidence that the true character of the room is beginning to be recognized and insisted upon,—that this room is being made more and more a place where the love of work is constantly aroused by the evidences of work. In one sense it is always a library, for here are gathered the books of reference, periodicals and newspapers that naturally accumulate around a man or woman genuinely interested in work for its own sake and anxious to keep pace with what is being thought and done elsewhere along the same lines, but it has none of the atmosphere of luxurious ease and scholarly seclusion that belongs to the typical library. The workroom has more of the character of an "office," such a room as should stand for a business or working center in every home, as every appointment is simple and nothing that does not fill some actual requirement finds a place within its walls.

Naturally, the structural features of the workroom cannot be built by any fixed rules, as their presence is dictated solely by the needs of the occupant. If the calling of the workman is along creative mechanical lines, he would need not only bookcases for the volumes that relate to his work, but shelves and cabinets to hold certain choice examples that he considers it wise to collect or preserve for their value as models or suggestions. Cupboards or presses would be built for maps, charts or drawings, and other cupboards and shelves to hold periodicals, note-books and all the litter that accompanies the memorandum habit. Such occupations as joinery, modeling, carving, metal-work, weaving, book-binding, etc., are usually carried on in a studio or workshop that is fitted with the proper technical appliances and is distinctly a thing apart from the rooms that make up the home. In the workroom that is a modern outgrowth from the old idea of a library or home office, there is hardly a place for the litter of shavings, leather, metal or clay, or for all the mechanical appliances necessary to the actual work. It is more a place for the planning and designing

of the work, and for all the study that must be done in order to gain a thorough knowledge of it.

In the simplicity that should characterize a workroom there is no lack of beauty or sense of bareness. While soft, luxuriously upholstered furniture of the kind that invites novel reading and day dreaming would be as out of place here as sweeping draperies or bric-à-brac, comfort is nevertheless one of the first requisites. Plenty of light and air, absolute convenience in the placing of tables, shelves and cabinets, a well built, commodious desk for one who writes much, and chairs that are of comfortable height and size for working or reading, are

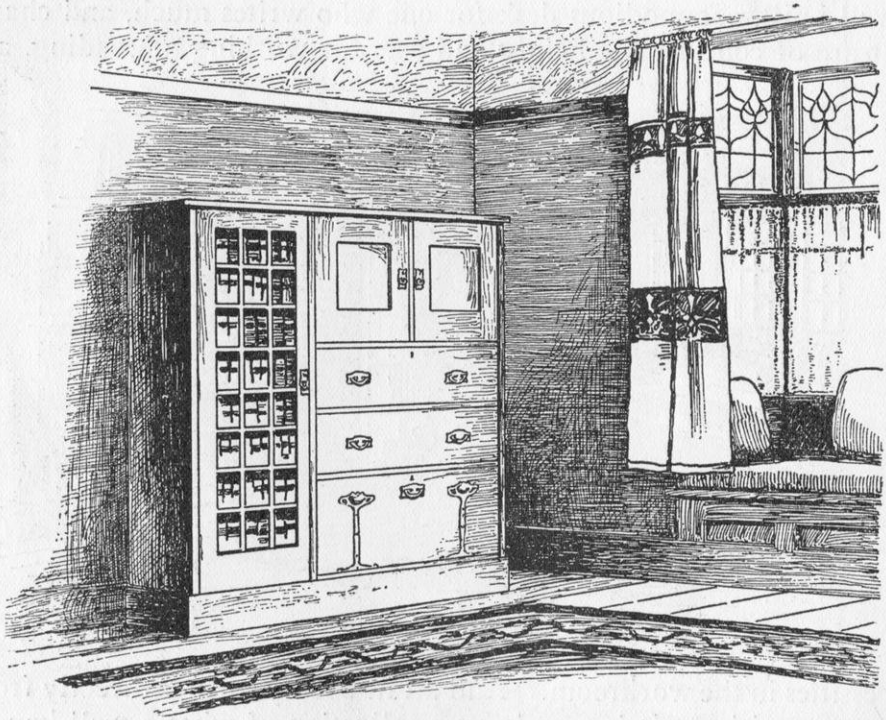


LOW-STUDDED WORKROOM PANELED TO CEILING

necessities in the workroom. And all its beauty springs directly from these necessities. It is merely an application of what a well-known writer once said of the Japanese: "Their aestheticism does not bring a craving to be always surrounded by innumerable articles of *vertu,* but rather a demand that such things as must come to their hands justified by their use, shall come also graced by beauty."

Beauty of form and color is as simple and as easily obtained as ugliness. The construction of a well appointed workroom demands that especial importance be given to the woodwork. By the use of a soft-toned finish that gives a cast of gray, green or brown to the natural or darkened tint of some one of our sturdy native woods, the

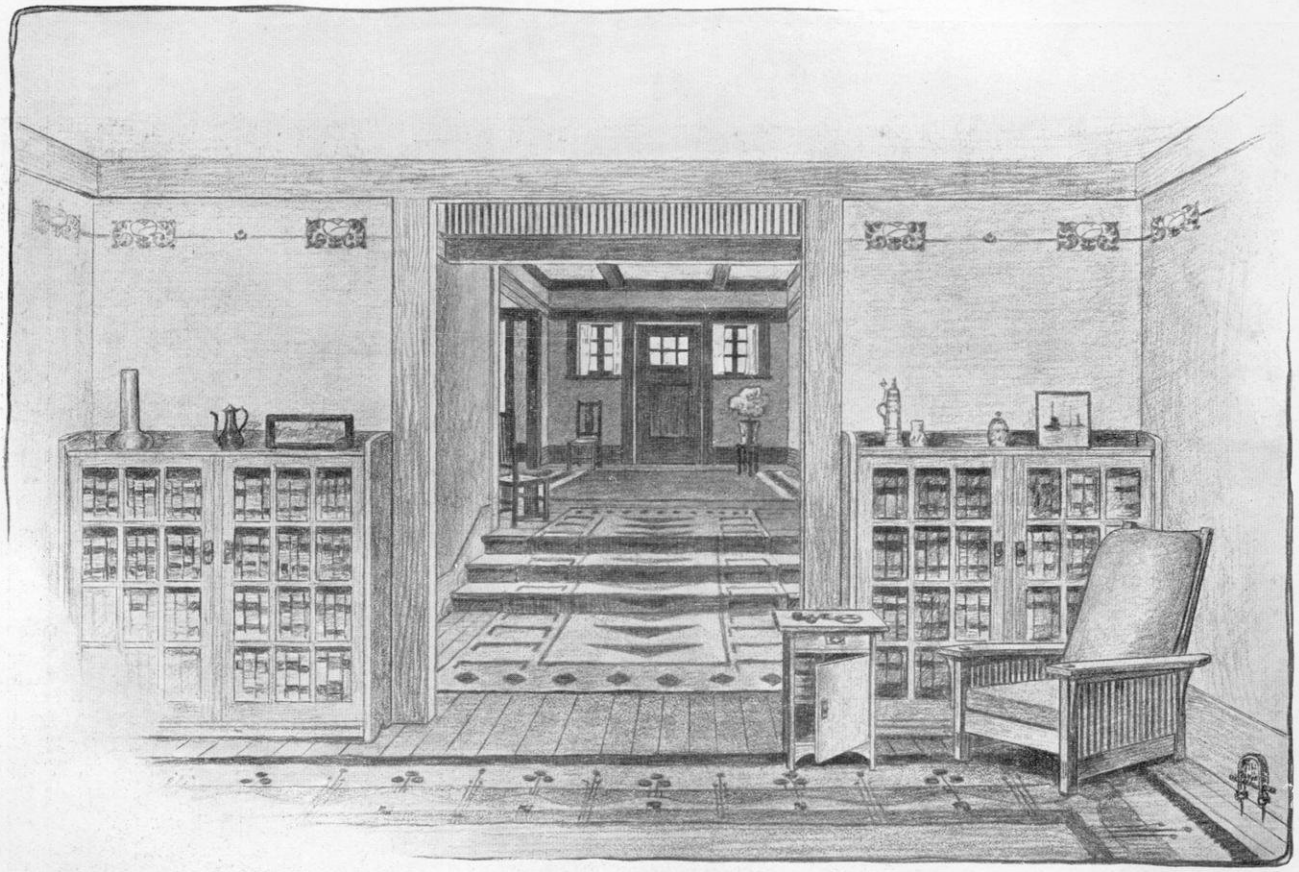
color effect of the whole room may be made so restful and friendly that it is a pleasure merely to enter it. Wainscoting, panels and ceiling beams seem naturally to belong to a room of this character, and the wall spaces may be so cleverly divided by these means and by the carefully considered proportions of built-in features like bookcases, cabinets, etc., or the placing of movable articles of the same character, that the room will seem fully furnished and delightfully cordial and



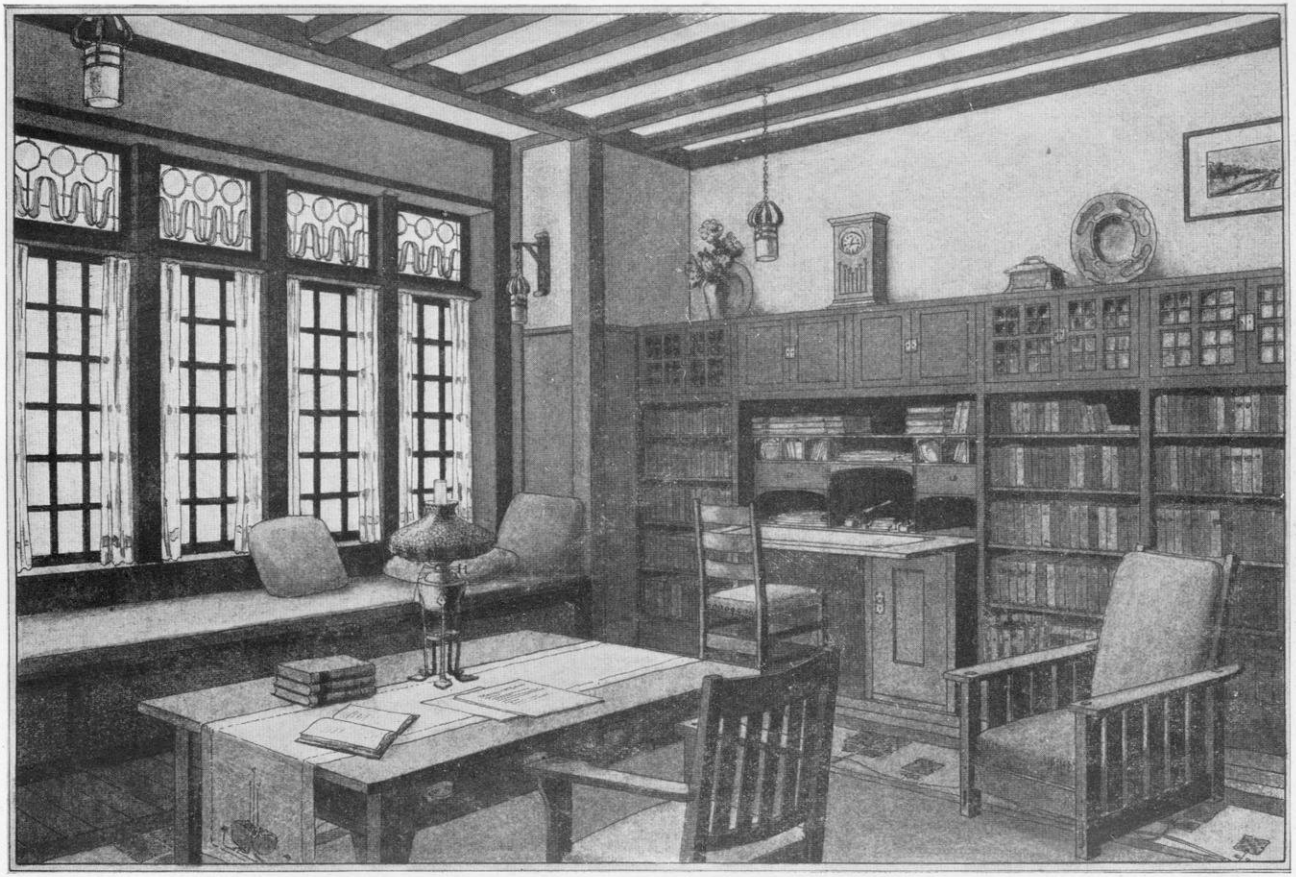
BOOKCASE AND CABINET COMBINED AS A PIECE OF WORKROOM FURNITURE

comfortable without anything else in it. The character of the wood used has much to do with the effect. The finer and lighter woods are not suitable for the interior trim and built-in appointments of a workroom; some wood that is sturdy and comparatively coarse-grained is much more in keeping,—like oak, chestnut, cypress, ash or elm,—and these also take very kindly to the gray, green, and particularly the brown stains which seem most appropriate to a room that is constantly used and lived in.

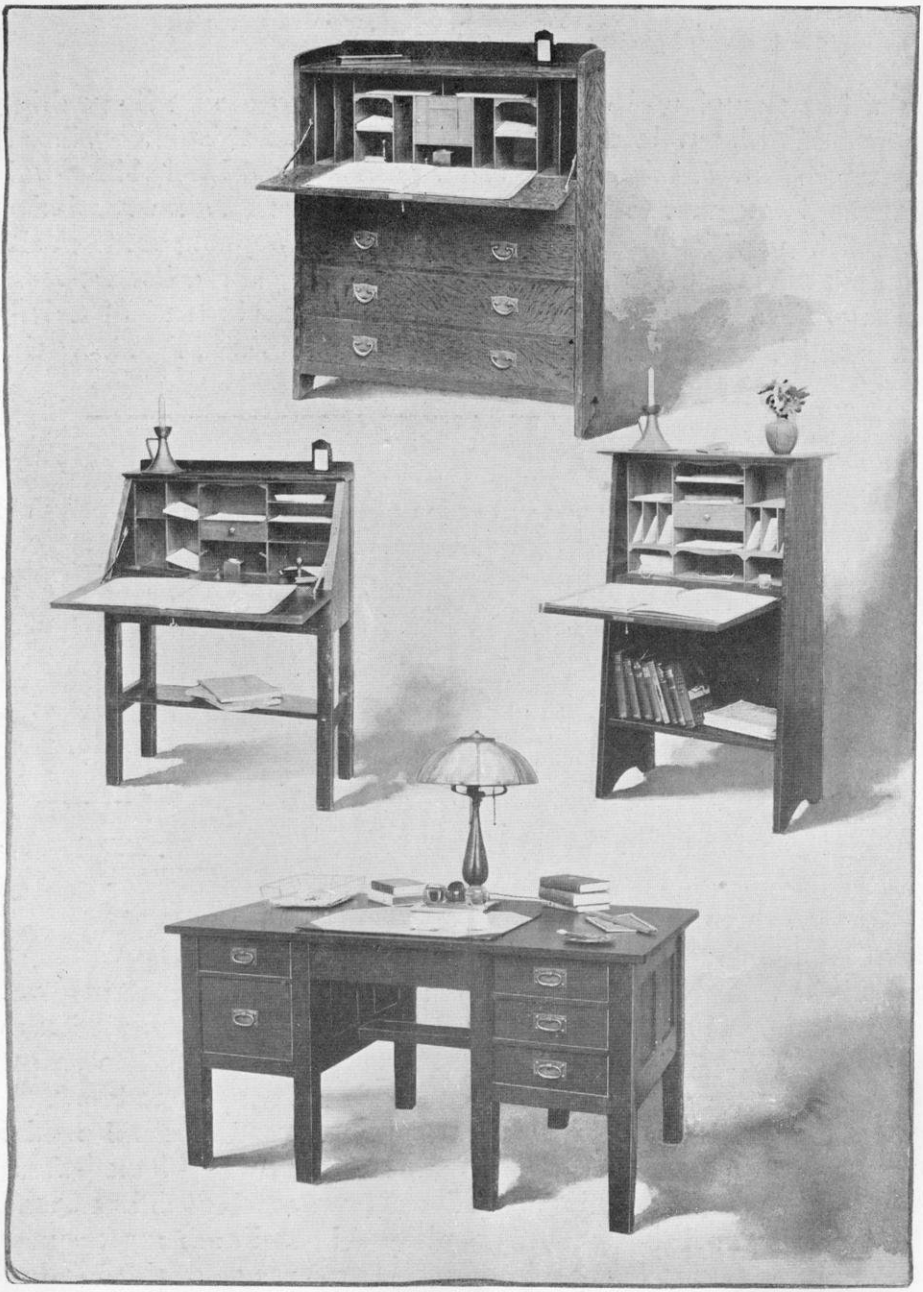
"FURNITURE FOR THE WORKROOM SHOULD BE COMFORTABLE BUT NOT LUXURIOUS"



"THE WORKROOM IS THE HOME OFFICE"

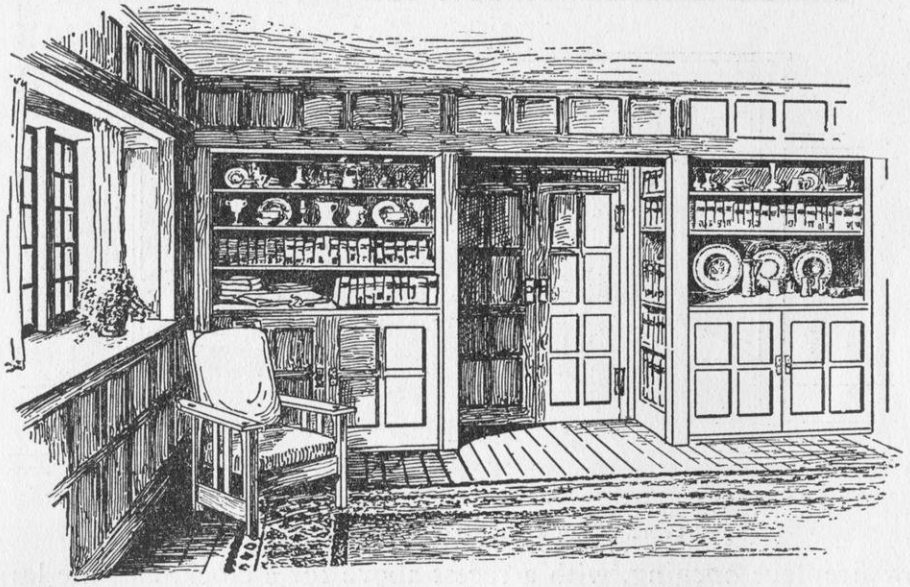


"IN ONE SENSE A WORKROOM IS ALWAYS A LIBRARY"



"A WELL-BUILT, COMMODIOUS DESK FOR ONE WHO WRITES MUCH"

The color of the woodwork would naturally decide the color of the remaining wall space, whether tinted or papered. Either rough plaster, canvas, or one of the ingrain papers would be desirable, and the fittings of the room would govern the choice between plain wall surfaces and those relieved by some simple spot pattern stenciled at wide intervals on panel or frieze. A room with a sunny exposure would give a feeling of coolness and quiet if the woodwork should show a shade of greenish gray over the brown of the natural wood. The walls could be done in gray-green and the ceiling in deep cream

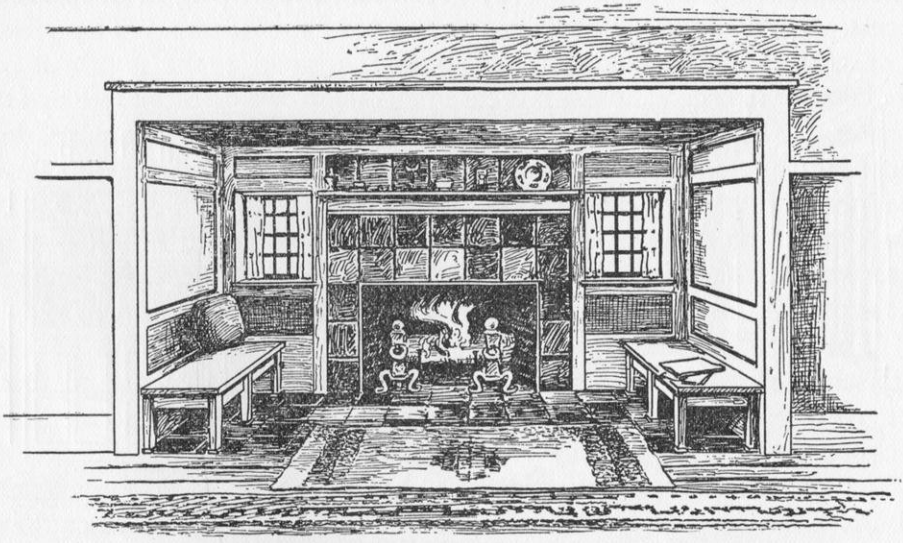


DOUBLE DOORS SUNK BETWEEN TWO LARGE PRESSES

that would give a delightful color effect, whether plain or seen in glimpses between beams. Or woodwork more decidedly gray in hue would show to the best advantage with walls in a deep shade of grayish blue, also relieved by a ceiling of deep cream. On the shaded side of the house, a workroom done in wood stained a rich, warm brown, with walls of golden brown and a ceiling just tinged with green, would convey a suggestion of warmth and comfort on the gloomiest days. The combinations are endless, for many color schemes may be based on the soft wood-tones, and the workroom is above all others a place for the exercise of individual tastes on the part of its owner.

One of the rooms illustrated here is paneled from floor to ceiling

with small square panels, giving an effect of quaintness and interest hardly obtainable except by such lavish use of wood. The room is low-studded, with the ceiling heavily beamed. A row of casement windows, rather deeply recessed, adds to the structural interest and also affords plenty of light upon the large work-table furnished with drawers and writing accessories, which stands just below it, so that the writer looks straight out of doors every time he raises his eyes from his work. The fireplace is bricked to the ceiling, and has a wide,



FIREPLACE NOOK WITH TILED MANTEL AND FLOOR

low fireplace opening, with a recess above for a clock, and the large armchair which stands beside it, inviting rest and meditation, is as sturdy and simple in its character as the room.

Another illustration shows the corner of a workroom provided with a large cabinet of which one side is a bookcase guarded by a small-paned glass door, and the other a combination of roomy cupboard and deep drawers where the belongings of the worker may rest secure from the disturbing visits of broom and dusting cloth. The walls of this room are covered with quiet-toned canvas up to the plain rail which edges the frieze, and a comfortable recessed window seat has above it casement windows with richly-tinted antique glass, picturesquely leaded, in the upper part.

One room paneled to the ceiling with wood has a whole side

occupied by two large presses built something after the style of the old-fashioned dresser, with open shelves above for books, pottery, metal pieces or a collection of anything in which the owner may be interested. In the lower part of each is a cupboard with two paneled door, and between the two cabinets is a double door, also paneled like the room. The recessed window provides a wide ledge for plants, which are as much needed to give a touch of life to the workroom as they are anywhere else in the house.

A somewhat severer style of workroom shows a deep fireplace recess, with wooden benches on either side of the hearth. The mantel is of plain tiles, with a small, high shelf placed at the depth of one tile below the frieze, and small casement windows on either side of the mantel. The floor of this nook is of bricks or tiles to correspond with the material chosen for the mantel-breast, and the whole design shows the utmost plainness and severity that is consistent with comfort. No place could be more easily kept clean than this nook, which is characteristic of the whole room. It is beautiful and comfortable, but it is distinctly a room in which things are done.

The four half-tone illustrations show two workrooms already published as a part of THE CRAFTSMAN House Series, one in October, 1904, and the other in October, 1905. They are reproduced here because they both so well illustrate the subject under discussion. The earlier drawing shows an especially interesting set of cupboards and a built-in writing desk most conveniently placed; and the other shows a small study or workroom that gains an irresistible sense of coziness from being sunk to a lower level than the rest of the floor. The "nook" idea is always attractive, and nowhere more than in a room intended for study or work.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The color plates announced for this special series of articles have been discontinued for the present, as they have been found to fall short of our intention to illustrate some of the Craftsman color schemes. The three-color process has been found so inadequate to the task of showing the subtle wood-tones and the exact colors of Craftsman canvas, leather and metals, that we have abandoned it, hoping by experiment to discover a method by which these important elements in the beauty of a Craftsman room may be shown as they are in reality.

FAMOUS VIOLINS AND THEIR MAKERS. BY MARION Y. BUNNER

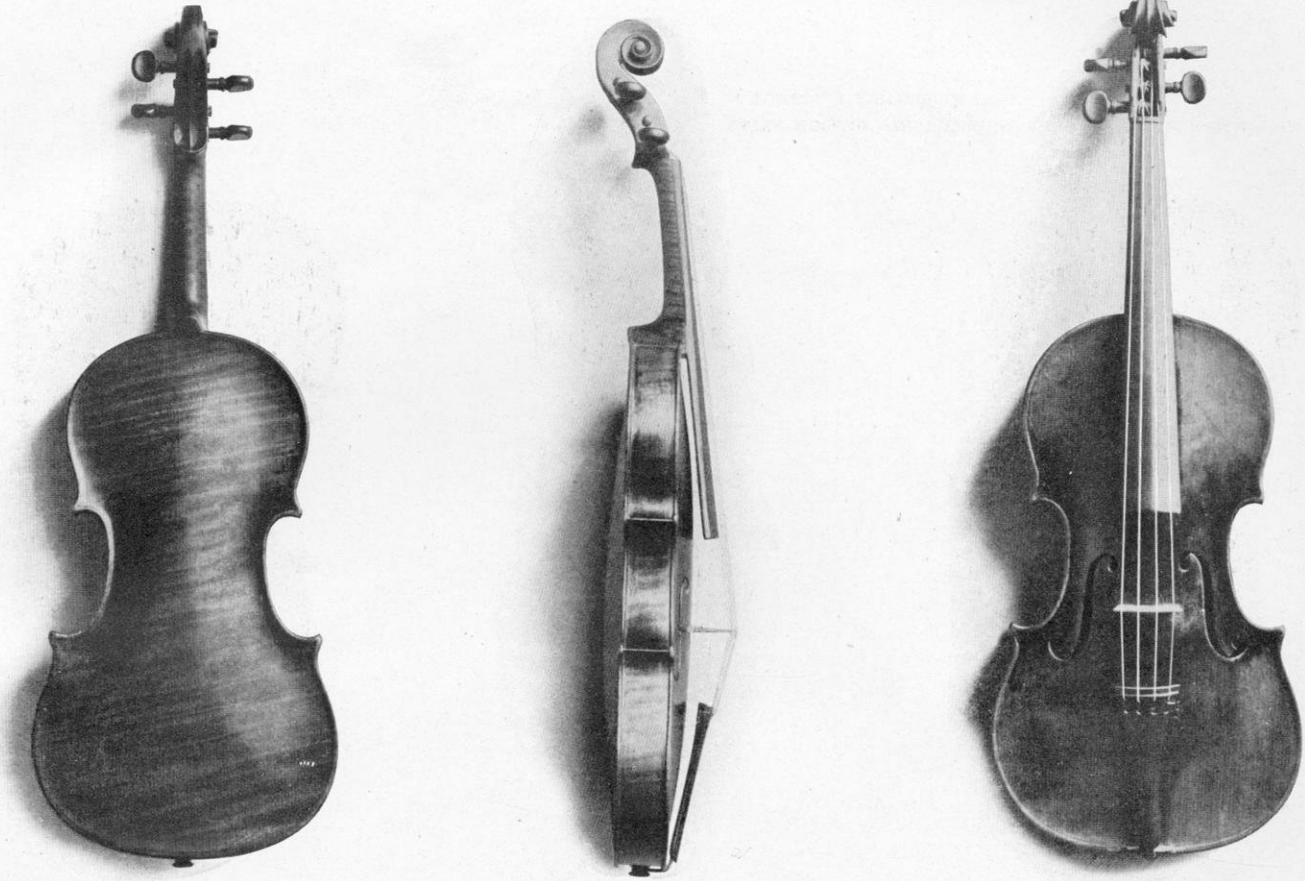
"This small, sweet thing,
Devised in love and fashioned cunningly
Of wood and strings."

THERE is an absolutely human fascination about the violin, particularly in an ancient instrument that has passed through troublous centuries of existence and whose sensitive strings have responded to the touch of generations dead and gone. One need not play it well to love it fondly—to love it personally. It is not so strange then, after all, that the famous collectors of violins have not been executants from a professional standpoint, with the single exception of Remenyi, who had one of the finest of private collections, and slept, so 'tis said, with a Stradivarius on one side of him and a Joseph Guarnerius on the other. No. The man with the fad for fiddles may have come to his understanding of them through love of color, of form, of their peculiar and romantic history, or of their potency to stir the hearts of men beneath other fingers than his own.

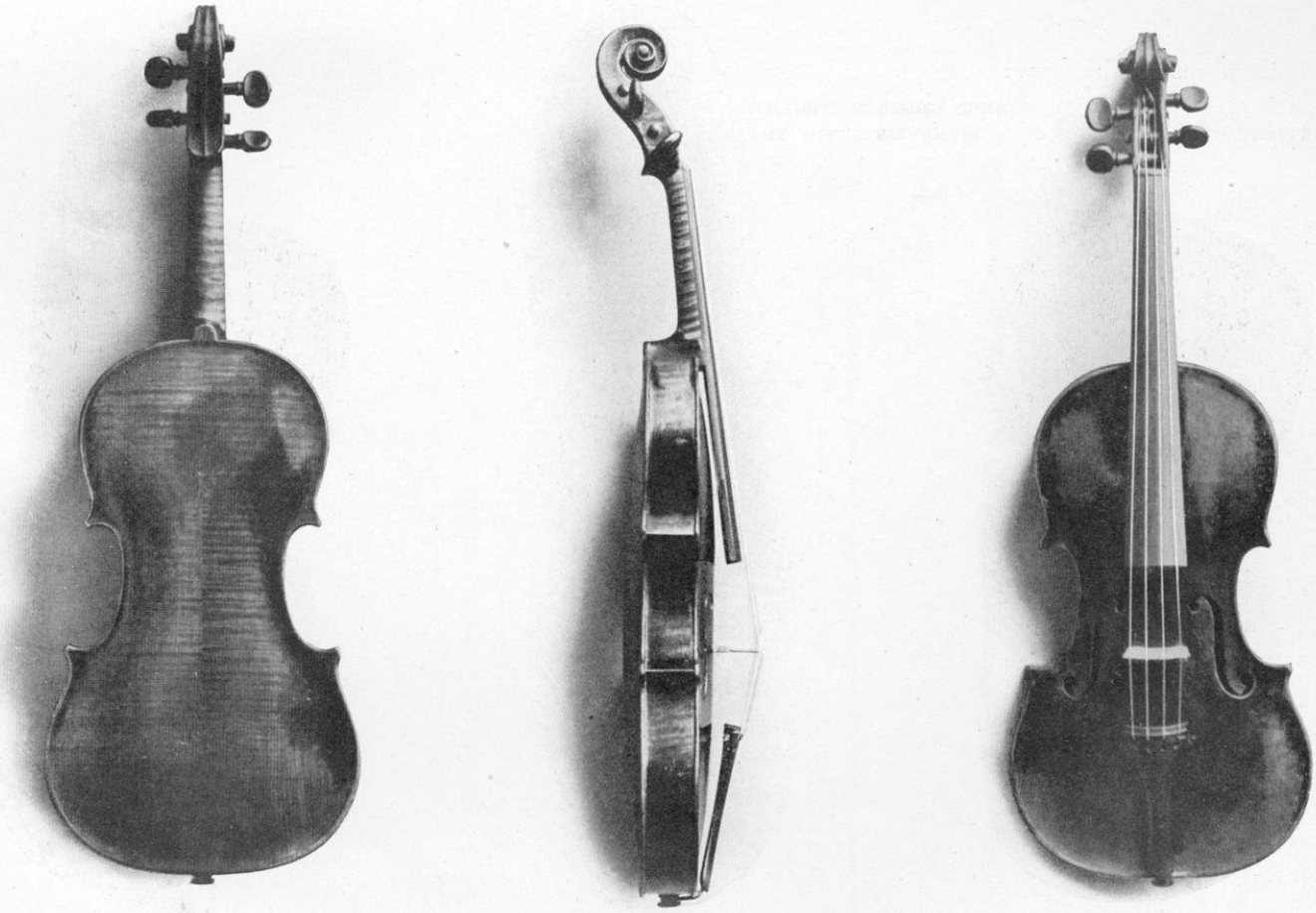
This accounts in some measure for the fact that a violin always attracts attention. Artists and connoisseurs regard it with a feeling akin to affection. Still, these questions are never asked by those who understand the instrument. The multitude who admire the violin are found among the musicians, painters and litterateurs. It demands unusual attention in this age of progress, from the fact that it has hitherto proved incapable of improvement in its material form and features. The only changes made in it since the sixteenth century are confined to the arrangement of the sound-post—the soul of the violin—and a slight lengthening of the neck. It is the one perfect instrument in the world, for the Cremonese makers left no chance for further improvement. The one thing about the violin that defies the science of the age is the varnish. The making of this, which is now called Cremonese, is numbered among the lost arts. The varnish of an instrument, as all experts know, is as vital to its excellence as any other of its many wonderful yet simple parts, and pages of opinions—the result of years, yes, centuries of investigation and analysis—have not disclosed the secret of the early masters.

Twelve of the finest violins in the world formed the private collection of the late Royal De Forest Hawley. It was considered the most celebrated private collection the world has ever seen.

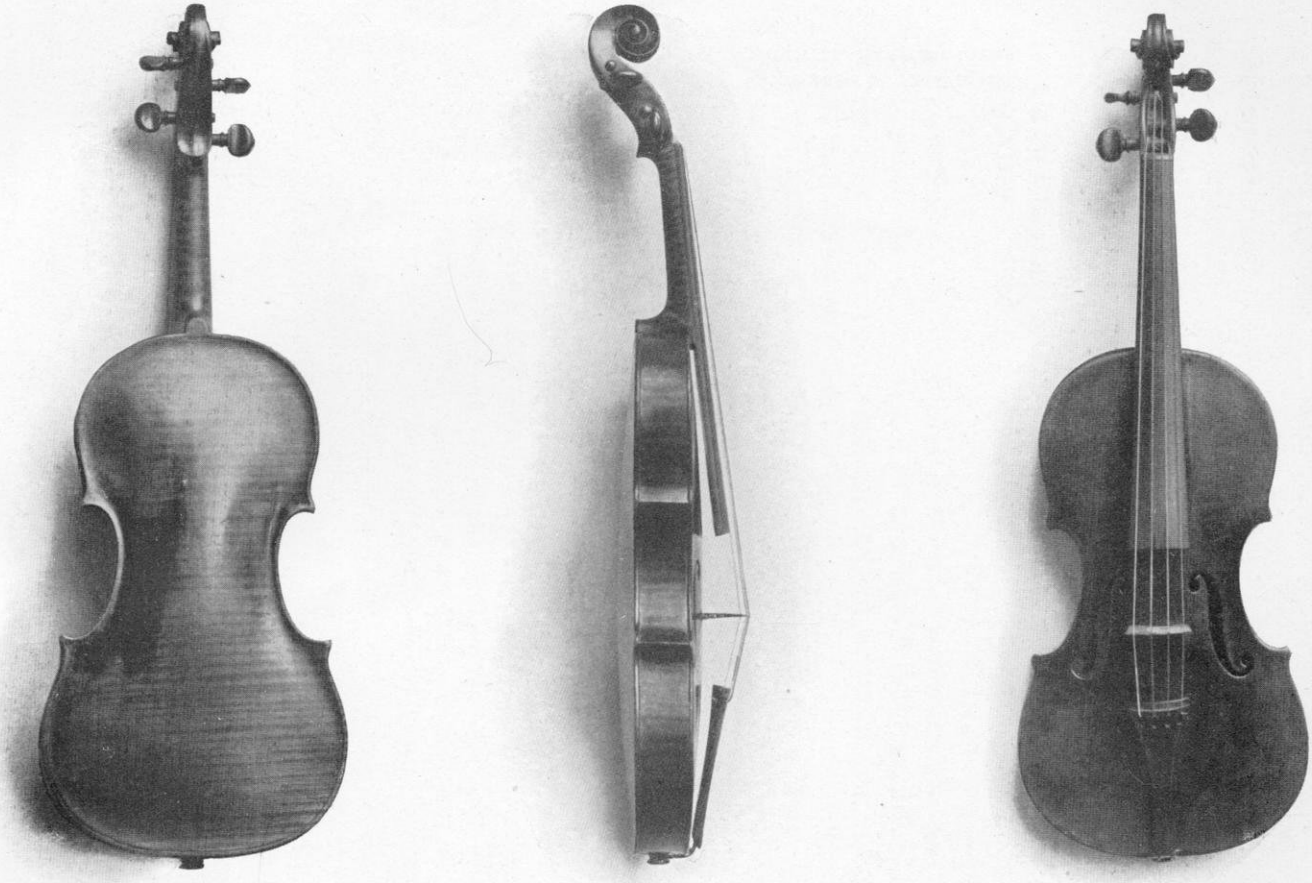
THE "KING JOSEPH" GUARNERIUS, 1737. OWNED BY H. O. HAVEMEYER, NEW YORK.



"THE EARL,' STRADIVARIUS, 1711. OWNED BY ARCHIBALD MITCHELL, HARTFORD, CONN.



LATER MODE OF STRADIVARIUS, 1722. OWNED BY ARCHIBALD MITCHELL, HARTFORD, CONN.



"THE JAROWITZ," 1741. LAST PERIOD OF GUARNERIUS

Mr. Hawley was occupied for a period of thirty years in making his collection. His chief aim was to have the very best, and he spared neither time nor money to obtain the most perfect specimens extant. He assembled a collection which it will be impossible to again equal, for the time to obtain such a choice is past, and it becomes more difficult each year to procure examples made by the master-makers. The collection was finally bought outright by a well known firm in Chicago which has since re-sold the instruments separately.

Each one is a masterpiece of workmanship in its own school, and the jewel of the twelve is the famous "King Joseph" Guarnerius, 1737, the crowning achievement of that master's life-work, whose history reaches back for more than one hundred and sixty years, and which in all that time has stood without a rival—a very wizard's talisman of melody. Every one of the twelve instruments has its documentary history jealously preserved. Many of the most interesting names in the history of violin making were found in this small but rare collection. There were two great Stradivarius models, the work of Antonio Stradivari in his prime, and two of Joseph Guarnerius del Gesu, the greater of which one is the matchless "King Joseph" in as perfect condition as when it left the maker's bench, besides specimens of the great Amati, Bergonzi, Guadagnini, and Joseph Guarnerius, son of Andrea. It was such a collection as would make a musician hold his breath for joy, and such as could be appreciated to the full only by one in touch with all the mysteries of the craft—the color values of the rich old varnishes, the curious turns of each magic scroll, the swell of body, and the mysterious fashioning of rare, selected woods, into which, as some of the old Italian legends run, were breathed the very life and soul of the master-workman.

THE name of Stradivari, in the public mind, is linked with that which is superlatively beautiful, and in the violin world it is synonymous with achievements excelling anything in the history of the instrument. It is fitting therefore, that his "unrivaled name" should be placed first in the list of violin makers. As a master of his art he stands on a level with Raphael and Michael Angelo in painting and sculpture, Bach and Beethoven in music, and Shakespeare and Balzac in literature. He is the King of Luthiers, whose fame is as

wide as the civilized world, whose name is known wherever the violin has a place, and who, in his art, has for two hundred years stood peerless and alone. He was a law unto himself and he ascended to heights where none may follow. He worked to the very end of his life. His hand never lost its cunning; the last violin made by him bears the date 1737, the year of his death.

It is this fact which gained for him the admiration of all interested in his art to the extent that his name has become a household word, and his praises have been sung wherever and whenever the violin has been the subject. Henry W. Longfellow was entranced with the marvelous work of Stradivarius and wrote concerning it:—

"The instrument on which he played
Was in Cremona's workshop made,
By a great master of the past
Ere yet was lost the art divine;
Fashioned of maple and of pine
That in Tyrolean forests vast
Had rocked and wrestled with the blast;
Exquisite was it in design,
A marvel of the lutist's art,
Perfect in each minutest part;
And in its hollow chamber, thus,
The maker from whose hands it came
Had written his unrivaled name.
Antonius Stradivarius."

One of the illustrations shown is an Antonius Stradivarius, made in Cremona in 1711. This grand violin is known as "The Earl," having been for many years in the possession of the Earl of Westmoreland, who secured it when ambassador to Vienna and brought it back with him to England. It was one of the gems of the Hawley collection, is in the highest state of preservation, and occupies the unique distinction of being one of the very few Stradivarius violins which comes down to us in a perfect state. It belongs to the best period of Stradivarius's work. The wood is of the utmost beauty, and the varnish a rich peach-red color. The tone is of the finest Stradivarius quality—the essence of purity and sweetness, and has great breadth of volume. Mr. Archibald Mitchell, of Hartford, Conn., bought the instrument for ten thousand dollars.

The magnificent specimen of Stradivarius's work labeled 1722, is one of the largest that he made, and in form, wood and varnish, resembles the Spanish Stradivarius, 1726, and the "Nicolini" Stradivarius, 1728. All of these violins are strikingly different from his earliest instruments; also those made in the years just prior to his death.

They have an air of massiveness and strength which predominates over all other qualities. The wood is very handsome and the varnish a rich ruby color. Mr. Archibald Mitchell also owns this wonderfully fine instrument, for which he paid nine thousand dollars.

JOSEPH GUARNERIUS DEL GESU ranks next to Stradivarius, and is therefore the second greatest maker of violins the world has ever known. The term "del Gesù" has always been applied to this maker on account of the characters "I. H. S." (*Iesus Hominum Salvator*), and a Roman cross, which almost invariably appear on his labels. It also serves to distinguish him from his cousin, Joseph, son of Andrea. Viullaume, an eminent authority on matters relating to the fiddle world, has divided the work of Guarnerius, very properly, into four periods, which differ from each other and are marked by the finish of his instruments and the modeling and wood employed in their construction. The instruments of his earlier years have much of the character of those of the great masters immediately preceding him. The violins of the second period are of small pattern very elegant in design—slightly higher in the arching, and beautifully developed from the edges upward. In the third division are included his instruments of large form—grand and noble specimens of the luthier's art are they—superior in varnish, wood and general artistic quality to his instruments of every other period, and equaling the greatest works of Stradivarius. The last epoch from 1735 to 1745, finds a departure in one or two respects from the lines followed in the preceding period, but in these last years let it be remembered he fashioned some of his most famous instruments, notably the Paganini "Canon," now preserved and exhibited by the city of Genoa, and the equally well known "King Joseph."

Guarnerius sought and obtained a tone differing from that of any of his predecessors, partaking of the qualities of both Stradivarius and Maggini, having the rich, brilliant, telling properties of the one and the plaintive, melancholy tones of the other. The violins of

Joseph Guarnerius have always been in high favor among concert players; Paganini, Vieuxtemps, Leonard, and may others of the past, as well as Wilhelmj, Ysaye, Kubelik, Sitt and Herman, of the present day.

The violin with the magic legend or label reading "Joseph Guarnerius, fecit Cremonae anno 1737," is probably the most widely known of all the violins made in Cremona. It is known as the "King Joseph." Its fame rests on its remarkable tone, beauty of wood, varnish and workmanship, and on its perfect state of preservation. It is without doubt the best specimen of the work of Joseph Guarnerius in existence. It has maintained its proud position as "King" from the time it was brought from Italy into England by the eminent collector, Mr. James Goding, of London, over half a century ago. It was made when Guarnerius was at his best, and without question he regarded it as his *chef-d'oeuvre.* When one compares it with other violins of his make, and goes into the details of tone, workmanship and varnish, only then can he realize how immeasurably superior it is in every way. The tone is of the most commanding character, the Guarnerius tone *timbre* being doubly pronounced, and for richness, solidity and power, it is undoubtedly, as for years it has been regarded, the king of all Guarnerius violins. Its form and coloring are perfect, the graining of its wood the choice of a whole forest, and its varnish the crowning triumph of its maker's art. This king of instruments is now owned by Mr. H. O. Havemeyer of New York, and the price paid was twelve thousand dollars.

A fine violin is an expensive luxury. So much respect does a true artist pay to a master-maker that he feels he must be able to "play up" to the demands of the instrument before he would presume to think of having it for his very own. There is a "soul" hidden in every violin made by the old Cremonese master-hands and every artist knows he must be able to draw that soul out of it, or the violin cannot by any artistic right belong to him.

THE GIFT: A CHRISTMAS STORY: BY HARRIET JOOR

AS each swirling gust of rain smote the curtained windows, Mrs. Rushton lifted anxious eyes to the clock upon the wall. The warmth of her sheltered nest, with the firelight glimmering over the long rows of books and over Thayer's young-eyed angel above the professor's table, seemed to accentuate the bleakness of the December night, through which her husband must find his way home from faculty-meeting.

As she listened through the silence there came, at long intervals, the tramp of feet on the wet plank-walk that trailed past her door; once a laugh drifted in from the darkness, then the blithe, confident voices of belated students plunging through the storm toward Blake or Neville Hall. Lured by these wandering voices of the night, the woman looked wistfully out upon the dreary prospect, where the line of gas lamps across the rain-soaked campus made but a white blur amid the shadows; even the dormitory lights, streaming from every casement in Blake Hall, shone vague and cheerless through the mist.

Shivering, she drew the curtains close, and turned up the flame of the professor's reading lamp. As she trailed a caressing hand over the scholarly disarray of his books and papers, a damp cloth shrouding a shapeless mass of clay in the midst of his table caught her eye, and a queer, tender little smile trembled about her lips. Beneath that cloth lay veiled the crude beginning of her husband's Christmas thought for her.

Stirred by sudden recollection, she turned to her desk in the alcove, where lay her own unfinished Christmas task. For months the professor had coveted the dramas of Maeterlinck, and each time husband and wife bent over a new catalogue, marking the margins with little proprietary crosses, this volume had been noted; but the workman must first of all have his tools, and after the purchase of needful books there was little money left for pleasure-buyings. And so, page by page, from a borrowed volume, Mrs Rushton was transcribing "Les Aveugles" and "Aglavaine" in her clear, old-fashioned hand.

To-night, as she caught up again the thread of the poet's thought, his enchantment descended upon her, and the wind and the rain were forgotten, and the lateness of the hour, as she wandered ever farther into his mystic realm.

Suddenly, a nervous step sounded at the door, and a rush of cold air shook the curtains in the archway. As she hastily pushed the telltale pages out of sight, a slender, gray-haired man entered the room, and throwing himself with boyish abandon into the big Morris chair, drew the slender, hovering woman down upon its arm.

"I hung my wet coat upon its proper hook, you terrible small woman, so you need not fidget to go and see."

"But this coat also is damp, Elmer," she was feeling the collar with anxious, fluttering hands, "and I know you forgot to muffle your throat!"

"I need nothing in the world but you, Elizabeth, and your good fire," the man protested in infinite content, as his glance swept happily over the dear, familiar room—over the faded carpet and worn furniture, upon whose shabbiness lay the grace of delicate daily living.

"Why did they call a meeting on such a night, Elmer?" the wife questioned, running her hand through his wet gray curls.

The dreamy light vanished from the man's face and the strain of the work-a-day hours deepened the little line between his brows.

"It was to consider Holt's leave of absence; he has been ordered a long rest, and it is difficult this late in the term to find a substitute. However, the president thinks he has his finger upon a young Harvard fellow."

"I am so glad," Mrs. Rushton breathed in keen relief, "if it is only not too late! For over a year Professor Holt has needed this rest, and if old President Lloyd had lived,—"

In amused reproof the professor laid his finger upon her lip; "What," he demanded in mock dismay, "have I upon my own hearthstone a rebel to our reigning head? But as for Holt, Elizabeth, this rest will make a new man of him. You must not carry the whole college upon your slender shoulders. But how lazy I am! With three hours' school work before me, besides—the work of art!"

With a merry glance at her, he crossed the room with childish eagerness and drew the cloth from his bit of modeling. "Remember," he admonished, with a threatening nod, "you must keep at a respectful distance, like Aeneas's beloved spouse. I believe you peek in my absence," he teased over his shoulder.

Elizabeth laughed back in response; but in a moment, shyly, hesitatingly, she spoke again: "Elmer, I wish you would not worry to

make anything for me while you have so much work upon your hands."

The man turned a face of tender raillery. "But what if it gives me pleasure, most unreasonable of women? What if such work with my two hands rests me more than anything else after wrestling with school-boy rhetoric, and growing dizzy on the heights the poets tread? And besides,—surely you know,—I want to give you something apart from my work-a-day life."

"I know." The woman's glance caressed without word or gesture. "Do you remember your first gift to me? It was a poem, and I laid it away tremblingly,—to think a poet loved me!"

The professor laughed softly at memory of that old boyish self and his dead boy-dreams. "I, too, believed I was a poet, then. I had not read the real poets, nor realized to what shining, inaccessible heights I was lifting my presumptuous eyes."

"But you are one of them," the wife protested, in proud loyalty, "one in spirit."

The man shook his head with a wistful smile. "In the realm of art, sweetheart, beautiful thought must be incarnated in beautiful form, and my spirit found no rhythmic utterance."

"But the voiceless poet in you gives the rod of divination by which you trace the hidden gold in the work of others, just as the latent artist in you makes your words glow and burn, and draws all hearts to you in love."

"Dear, 'tis only to you that your prosaic husband is either a poet or an artist," the professor answered lightly, but he lifted her hand and drew it gently across his cheek.

"Do you remember my first Christmas gift to you?" he asked whimsically the next moment.

"It was Keats's St. Agnes' Eve, with your own illustrations," the wife murmured with smiling, far-away eyes.

"Rather ambitious for a youngster who had never studied art," laughed the man. "You have not kept it, have you, Elizabeth?"

"Have I kept it?" the woman answered with fine scorn; "it is too precious for any eye but mine to look on; yes, not even yours, my lord, since you speak disrespectfully of that dear boy."

"It was you who were dear, my little 'Madeline'; you who shone like a precious light afar to keep my young feet from stumbling; but you should not treasure the crude efforts of a school-boy."

"Maybe the crudeness makes the gift more precious," the woman mused with wise, wide eyes; "the mark of a hand toilsomely breaking virgin soil for love's sweet sake. Have you not craved a glimpse of that little crude angel Dante's stiffened fingers essayed for love of Beatrice? And Raphael's

'precious century of sonnets,
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas.' "

" 'No artist lives and loves,' " the professor caught the poem from her lips as she ceased; "Nay, Browning,

'No man lives and loves that longs not to
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once, and only once, and for one only!
So to be the man and leave the artist.'

"And now, sweetheart, you can understand why I would give you something unlike aught I give the world?"

TWO evenings later, as the shadows gathered in the corners of the book shelves, and veiled the white wings of the grave-eyed angel, Professor Rushton entered the library with a troubled face.

"Holt is fretting about having a younger man substituted in his absence," he explained wearily in answer to the question in his wife's eyes. "He says it will simply be a wedge to throw him from his chair."

"Is there real cause for his fear?" Elizabeth asked in quick apprehension.

The professor moved uneasily in the big chair. "Perhaps," he admitted reluctantly. "You know from the first there has been friction between him and the new president; but this is most probably a sick man's fancy. He has asked Coulton and me to share the Greek classes between us until his return; it may be three months, it may be six! The man is utterly unreasonable."

"It would be hard for you." Elizabeth laid her hand on his in swift sympathy. "It would mean the postponement of your critical work,—and yet,—"

"That is not all," the professor interposed, "it would also mean the relinquishment of this that I am making for you; and my heart is set

on two things,—finishing that paper for the Review, and this gift for you."

"I know," the wife smiled, "and yet—"

"Oh, Holt is unreasonable," the man exclaimed with an air of finality. "He will not lose his professorship, and Coulton and I simply cannot saddle ourselves at this time with his work. It is asking too much."

Turning away to his table, he caught up a packet of mail, and hastily tore open his letters, while the woman, leaning back in her chair, fought a disloyal fear that of late had crept into her heart. Could that beautiful nature be spoiled? Had success hardened him, marred the exquisite fineness of his spirit?

As the light from the milkwhite shade pricked out each thread of silver in his hair, the wife's eyes noted with wistful intentness the sensitive lines about the mouth, the little hollows at the temple, worn by long studious nights. It was a face that had been chiseled into ever finer beauty through years of constant, loving intercourse with beautiful souls; was it her fancy that the fineness of it was slipping away under an encroaching hardness?

None knew better than she how hard the man had toiled for success; the critical papers, whose rare and delicate insight had won a niche among acknowledged thinkers for the poorly paid professor in a secluded college, had been written in his heart's blood,—must this success be paid for twice over in a coarsening of spiritual fibre?

Suddenly, as if in answer to her thought, the professor lifted his head with proud, deep-shining eyes. "Read this note from Proctor, Elizabeth; such a letter from such a man would be accolade for the toil of a lifetime."

As she bent over his shoulder, along the plank-walk before the door a lad passed whistling; and the woman lifted her head in sudden startled remembrance.

"I forgot to tell you, Elmer; Laurence Coburn was here this afternoon to ask you to coach him a few evenings in Latin; you remember he was ill for half the term."

"There are men whom they can pay to coach them," the professor exclaimed impatiently, "why should they come to me?"

"Because many of our boys are poor," the woman answered slowly, "and because you have taught them to trust in your sympathy. Lau-

rence told me to-day that though you abhorred football and tabooed college slang, you were the best-loved man on the corps; and that your fineness shamed the rudeness out of boys, even more than did the poets whom you taught them to love."

"It is not that," the man pushed his mail irritably from him, "it is because I was a poor beggar of a student myself, and cannot shut my heart against any who struggle. But the time comes to every man when he must cease giving out his energies for others and concentrate upon his own life."

The wife opened her lips to reply, then closed them gently and she turned away. Opening the door of the tiny cupboard beside the chimney, she took down a slender pitcher and two fragile cornflower cups, and with deft fingers began shaving a cake of chocolate into a little porcelain pot. Each movement, each unconscious gesture, as she went about her simple preparations, was familiar to her husband with the sweet wontedness of household custom; but to-night his eyes followed her every motion with vague misgiving. As he studied her face in half-conscious compunction,—the delicate profile, the sensitive mouth, the dark hair uprolled in the soft puff of a long passed mode,—he forgot the congratulatory letter that had made his pulse beat fast, and by a trick of memory thought only of a day in his one brief precious glimpse of Europe, when a Madonna of Lippi's had smiled upon him with the grave sweet eyes and tender mouth of the girl who waited his home-coming in Charleston, by the sea. To-night there was a moved look on his wife's face that vaguely recalled the Florentine painter's grave, wondering little maid.

Was Elizabeth hurt? She was usually so reasonable a woman; but all women were too sensitively strung, "with angels' nerves where men's were better" for life's rough places; they themselves not always knew why the sweet bells rang out of tune. As his wife rose to pour the hot chocolate into the slender cornflower pitcher, the professor, moved by unconscious habit, woke from his musings to bring from the cupboard the tea-cakes on their silver tray, and his vague misgivings were stilled, for Elizabeth smiled across the blue-flowered cups and he knew the little hurt was healed.

Night after night when his college tasks were done, the professor turned to his modeling with unabated energy, but the woman who

loved him missed from his face the old boyish zest that had ever kindled there when absorbed in creative work.

One evening as the darkness fell over the college world, a farewell shout of student-song rose deafening from the campus. The professor, with an impatient ejaculation, flung down a sheaf of untidy abstracts which he had been correcting, but his wife quietly rose and drew the curtains close to muffle the sound. He had used to delight in the boys' fun and laughter, but of late he had grown strangely irritable. At times he was querulous even with her, but the woman, tenderly comprehending, yearned only to comfort and to aid, yet knew that for a time she must bide in quietness. Impatient fingers that would hasten the unfolding of a flower, can but bruise and break the fragile petals; and the tenderest affection must stand quietly aside when the spirit draws toward its blossoming. The very knowledge that her own gift, the little manuscript volume, lay finished and bound with flowered silk from a gown she had worn in the wooing days, made it the more impossible for her, even by the weight of a word, to interfere in her husband's decision.

As the gay, boyish voices grew faint in the distance, she sat silent before the grate, nervously clasping and unclasping the slender hands in her lap; for on this morning Mrs. Holt's whole troubled heart had been opened to her, and she knew how well founded were the sick man's apprehensions. She also knew,—and here was the hurt of it,—that her husband was fully aware of the facts, and his very tenderness to her, his very dearness, only made keener her pain at his hardness to this troubled soul.

THE Holts set out upon their sad pilgrimage on a chill, gray day in mid-December; a day that grew colder toward nightfall when a drizzling rain set in.

Professor Rushton stumbling homeward across the campus shivered at each gust of wind and drew the coat closer across his sensitive chest; Elizabeth would be worrying over the muffler he had forgotten in the morning.

But as she opened the hall door and hurriedly helped him remove his wet coat there was no reproach in Elizabeth's eyes, only an infinite tenderness; and as he spread his hands shiveringly to the blaze she hovered about him still in wistful ministry. A sad little refrain, like

that which touches with pathos so much of the later Greek poetry, had been sighing in her heart all the day; happiness was so fragile and so precious a thing,—let her hold it close, close while she could; and all the while, try as she might to forget it, she was haunted by the pinched, anxious face of that other wife, as it had tried to smile through the car window, and the shadow of that other home seemed to lie across her own.

As the professor silently bent over an untidy bundle of exercises, Elizabeth, too, fell sadly silent, while, all against her will, her thoughts would follow that other man and woman in their lonely journeying. She did not see her husband's eyes resting upon her with troubled, questioning intentness; but when she rose at last, lifting her hand to her hair with an unconscious gesture of weariness, the man suddenly threw down the abstracts, and crossing to her impetuously drew her back into her chair and held her there in tender mastery.

"Elizabeth, I must tell you, and I,—do not know how! Will it grieve you much, sweetheart, if this one Christmas,—the first in all these twenty years,—goes by without a remembrance from me? It breaks my heart, but I, at the last, could not let him go uncomforted; and now I have no time—"

For a moment the wife smiled into his eyes, then the tears drowned the smile in her own, as she whispered the thought that had lain heavy on her heart all the day, "Oh, Elmer, it might have been you and I!"

"I know, sweetheart," he murmured back.

Then she grew aware of the wistfulness in his eyes; he was yet uncomforted.

"Give me the paper on Pater, Elmer," she suggested softly, recalled to his question, "I should be so proud and happy when it goes out among men to think it was mine first; mine, like the poem long ago."

"But that all the world can read and wrangle over," the man protested, still sore with the newness of disappointment, "and for you—surely you understand, dear,—for you I would open some hidden hoard, that the world's hands soil not."

"But you *have* given me such a hidden treasure," the wife answered sobbingly; "I had feared,—Ah, dear, you will forgive me—that selfishness was creeping into your heart; and now I know,—it is still pure gold that the world's hands cannot sully."

THE SIMPLIFICATION OF LIFE: EXTRACTS FROM AN ESSAY IN "ENGLAND'S IDEAL." BY EDWARD CARPENTER

ITHOUT doubt the sanest and most direct utterances to-day on the much-vexed question of sociology are those of Edward Carpenter, the great English thinker who reduces his thoughts to practical form by actually living his own theories of life. The leader of what is growing to be a great movement in England, he is, unfortunately, as yet comparatively little known in this country. His books are in the hands of thinkers akin to him in theory or view-point, and are known to a few who are groping for better things. But they should be as familiar as household words to the people at large,—for they are meant for the people and their message is to them. An English gentleman by class and education, Edward Carpenter voluntarily elected to earn his daily bread and that of his family as an artisan, that he might be in reality one of the people who toil, and so be enabled to take a practical survey of life from their view-point. This knowledge of life as it is among laborers has been coined into books, lectures and addresses which go straight to the root of the matter and deal with the problems of sociology in plain, practical terms. He lives and works with the people, talks to them, writes for them, and, great leader and genius that he is, is to all intents and purposes one of them.

His great epic "Towards Democracy" is the utterance of a passionately exalted dreamer cast into noblest form. In "The Cause of Civilization and Its Cure," the seer is equally in evidence, but the language is that of the daring thinker and theorist who pushes his theory to the outermost limits of speculation along these lines. But the collection of addresses to working people that go to make up the book called "England's Ideal" speak with homely directness and plain common sense of the common things of life. Especially is this so with "The Simplification of Life," a paper read before the Fellowship of the New Life nearly twenty years ago, when the name of Edward Carpenter was known only to a few fellow workers in the cause of the betterment of humanity, and to-day unrivalled in its presentation of the practical end of the subject.

He begins with a direct plunge into the heart of the matter, after

his fashion of wasting no time in preliminaries: "Certainly, if you do not want to be a vampire and a parasite upon others, the great question of practical life which everyone has to face, is how to carry it on with as little labor and effort as may be. No one wants to labor needlessly, and if you have to earn everything you spend, economy becomes a very personal question—not necessarily in the pinching sense, but merely as adaptation of means to the end. When I came some years ago to live with cottagers (earning say £50 to £60 a year) and share their life, I was surprised to find how little both in labor and expense their food cost them, who were doing far more work than I was, or indeed the generality of the people among whom I had been living. This led me to see that the somewhat luxurious mode of living I had been accustomed to was a mere waste, as far as adaptation to any useful end was concerned; and afterwards I had decided that it had been a positive hinderance, for when I became habituated to a more simple life and diet, I found that a marked improvement took place in my powers both of mind and body."

A few practical calculations of expenditure follow, and then he gets "back to the soil" with: "The difference, however, arising from having a small piece of garden is very great, and makes one feel how important it is that every cottage should have a plat of ground attached. A rood of land (quarter acre) is sufficient to grow all potatoes and other vegetables and some fruit for the year's use, say for a family of five. Half an acre would be an ample allowance. Such a piece of land may easily be cultivated by anyone in the odd hours of regular work, and the saving is naturally large from not having to go to the shop for everything of this nature that is needed.

"Of course, the current mode of life is so greatly wasteful, and we have come to consider so many things as necessaries—whether in food, furniture, clothing or what not—which really bring us back next to no profit or pleasure compared with the labor spent upon them, that it is really difficult to know where the balance of true economy would stand if, so to speak, left to itself. All we can do is to take the existing mode of life in its simpler forms, somewhat as above, and work from that as a basis. For though the cottager's way of living, say in our rural districts or in the neighborhood of our large towns, is certainly superior to that of the well-to-do, that does not argue that it is not capable of improvement."

WITH all his earnestness, one of the delights of Carpenter is that subtle under-current of good-natured satire which occasionally sparkles to the surface of his argument. For instance: "About the largest account in most modern households is the butcher's. I find that our bill runs up to £10 a year, and this is less than in the Royal Household, where it reaches £9,472. If our princes and their attendants were to adopt a more frugal diet (say like that of the Caliph Omar, who rode from Medina to Jerusalem with a bag of dates and a bag of corn at his saddle-bow), they would probably be quite as cheerful and healthy as now, and there would be a great saving to the nation.

"The causes of the craving for a meat diet seems to be similar to those of the craving for other stimulants. For though flesh is not generally considered a stimulant, a little attention will show that its action is of like nature. It very quickly produces a sense of well-being, liable to be followed by reaction and depression; and this action, though innocuous in its smaller degrees, becomes seriously harmful when flesh is made a staple article of diet. With regard to the healthfulness of stimulants generally, I am inclined to think that as long as they are merely used for pleasure's sake (sociality and good-fellowship) they are right enough and in good place; but as soon as ever they go so far as to become necessities, and the man learns to lean on them for support, or thinks that he cannot do without them, from that moment they are harmful and lowering to the system.

"On the whole, and for habitual use, I do not know what can be pleasanter or more nourishing than the cereals (rice, wheat, etc.) milk, eggs, cheese, bread, butter, vegetables, and fruits of all kinds; and they seem to me to stand by one for hard work and endurance better than flesh. Excellent dishes can be compounded of these materials; though probably the less of cooking there is the better. As to the fearful and wonderful recipes contained in the cookery books, the formula—*Serve up hot and throw out of the window*—might, with advantage, be appended to most of them. I am convinced there is a most abominable and idiotic waste of time in connection with this subject in all our well-to-do establishments. If the pleasure given bore any proportion to the expenditure of time and labor, there might be some sense in the matter, but it doesn't. Fancy a small household of five or six persons requiring a cook—*i. e.*, a person engaged all day

long in preparing food for them. Is it not out of all reason?

"The orthodox dinner, reduced even to its lowest terms, involves say meat, two vegetables, and a pudding—four dishes, all requiring cooking! The labor this represents per annum, and just for one meal a day, is something fearful. And it is not a comfortable meal; let alone the disagreeable smells involved in its preparation—smells which necessitate sitting rooms being a long way from kitchens, and houses altogether more extensive and cumbrous than they need be—it is a meal having no center of gravity; you cannot for the life of you tell the proper proportion these dishes bear to each other.

"Would it not be better to have just one dish— (like the family bowl seen in Highland cabins and elsewhere)—one dish combining in itself all needful qualities of nutrition and tastiness, with perhaps a few satellite platters around for any adjuncts or off-sets that might seem appropriate? This central dish (the only one requiring immediate cookery), say some golden-orbed substantial omelet, or vast vegetable pie, or savory and nutritious soup, or solid expanse of macaroni and cheese, or steaming mountain of rice surrounded by stewed fruit, or even plain bowl of fermenty, would represent the sun or central fire of our system, while round it in planetary order would circle such other viands as would give the housewife a minimum of trouble to provide—chunks of bread and cheese, figs, raisins, oatmeal cakes, fresh fruit, or what not. Here would no second relay of plates be necessary, and victuals which could not face each other on the table would not be forced into spiteful conflict within the man. Even the knife and fork would almost disappear, washing up would become an affair of a few minutes, and the housewife's work before and after dinner be reduced to a trifle compared with what it is now. For it must be remembered that with this whole matter hangs the question of women's work. Woman is a slave, and must remain so as long as ever our present domestic system is maintained. I say that our average mode of life, as conceived under the bourgeois ideal of society, cannot be kept up without perpetuating the slavery of woman. It is quite probable that in the mass she will resist the change; but it may have to come nevertheless.

"NO doubt immense simplifications of our daily life are possible; but this does not seem to be a matter which has been much studied. Rather hitherto the tendency has been all the other way, and every additional ornament to the mantelpiece has

been regarded as an acquisition and not as a nuisance; though one doesn't see any reason, in the nature of things, why it should be regarded as one more than the other. It cannot be too often remembered that every additional object in a house requires additional dusting, cleaning, repairing; and lucky you are if its requirements stop there. When you abandon a wholesome tile or stone floor for a Turkey carpet, you are setting out on a voyage of which you cannot see the end. The Turkey carpet makes the old furniture look uncomfortable, and calls for stuffed couches and armchairs; the couches and armchairs demand a walnut-wood table; the walnut-wood table requires polishing, and the polish bottles require shelves; the couches and armchairs have casters and springs, which give way and want mending; they have damask seats, which fade and must be covered; the chintz covers require washing, and when washed they call for antimacassars to keep them clean. The antimacassars require wool, and the wool requires knitting-needles, and the knitting-needles require a box, the box demands a side table to stand on and the side table involves more covers and casters—and so we go on. Meanwhile the carpet wears out and has to be supplemented by bits of drugget, or eked out with oilcloth, and beside the daily toil required to keep this mass of rubbish in order, we have every week or month, instead of the pleasant cleaning-day of old times, a terrible domestic convulsion and bouleversement of the household.

"It is said by those who have traveled in Arabia that the reason why there are so many religious enthusiasts in that country, is that the extreme simplicity of the life and uniformity of the landscape there, heaven—in the form of the intense blue sky—seem close upon one. One may almost see God. But we moderns guard ourselves effectually against this danger. For beside the smoke pall which covers our towns, we raise in each household such a dust of trivialities that our attention is fairly absorbed, and if this screen subsides for a moment we are sure to have the daily paper up before our eyes so that if a chariot of fire were sent to fetch us, ten to one we should not see it.

"However, if this multiplying of the complexity of life is really grateful to some people, one cannot quarrel with them for pursuing it; and to many it appears to be so. When a sewing machine is introduced into a household the simple-minded husband thinks that, as

it works ten times as quick as the hand, there will now be only a tenth part of the time spent by his wife and daughter in sewing that there was before. But he is ignorant of human nature. To his surprise he finds that there is no difference in the time. The difference is in the plaits and flounces—they put ten times as many on their dresses. Thus we see how little external reforms avail. If the desire for simplicity is not really present, no labor-saving appliances will make life simpler."

AFTER a brief argument in favor of sanitary floors of wood stained and varnished, or of stone or tile covered with simple, easily cleansed rugs, he continues: "The rest of the furniture takes its cue very much from the treatment of the floor. As a rule all curtains, hangings, cloths and covers, which are not absolutely necessary, would be dispensed with. They all create dust and stiffness, and all entail trouble and recurring expense, and they all tempt the housekeeper to keep out the air and sunlight—two things of the last and most vital importance. I like a room which looks its best when the sun streams into it through wide open doors and windows. If the furnishing of it cannot stand this test—if it looks uncomfortable under the operation—you may be sure there is something unwholesome about it. As to the question of elegance or adornment, that may safely be left to itself. The studied effort to make interiors elegant has only ended—in what we see. After all, if things are in their places they will always look well. What, by common consent, is more graceful than a ship—the sails, the spars, the rigging, the lines of the hull? Yet go on board and you will scarcely find one thing placed there for the purpose of adornment. An imperious necessity rules everything; this rope could have no other place than it has, nor could be less thick or thicker than it is; and it is, in fact, this necessity which makes the ship beautiful. Everything in it *has relation*—has relation to the winds and waves, or to something else on board, and is there for purposes beyond its own existence. Or again, after you have been the round of aesthetically furnished mansions, and seen all that taste and wealth can do in this direction, does it not happen to you at last to turn by chance into some old-fashioned cottage by the wayside, and find that, for pure grace and beauty, this interior, without the least effort or intention whatever, has beaten all

the rest hollow? Yet, with the exception perhaps of a few plants in the window, everything here is for use. The eye rests on nothing but what suggests a train of thought. Here is the axe hanging, there the gun; here over the dresser a row of plates, there the kettle boiling on the fire; and there behind the door, the straw hat which the rosy-cheeked girl puts on when she runs out to look to the fowls. Everything is alive, and transparent too with cleanly human life. But your modern drawing-room is dead—a stupor comes over the mind as it gazes at the aimless armchairs, and the room seems full of lumber. You cannot *make* your room beautiful by buying an expensive vase and putting it on the mantelshelf; but if you live an honest life in it, it will grow beautiful in proportion as it comes to answer to the wants of such a life.

"WITH regard to clothing, as with furniture and the other things, it can be much simplified if one only desires it so. Probably, however, most people do not desire it, and of course they are right in keeping to the complications. Who knows but what there is some influence at work for some ulterior purpose which we do not guess, in causing us to artificialize our lives to the extraordinary extent we do in modern times? Our ancestors wore woad, and it does not at first sight seem obvious why we should not do the same. Without, however, entering into the woad question, we may consider some ways in which clothing may be simplified without departing far from the existing standard. It seems to be generally admitted now that wool is the most suitable material as a rule. I find that a good woolen coat, such as is ordinarily worn, feels warmer when unlined than it does when a layer of silk or cotton is interposed between the woolen surface and the body. It is also lighter; thus in both ways the simplification is a gain. Another advantage is that it washes easier and better, and is at all times cleaner. No one who has had the curiosity to unpick the lining of a tailor-made coat that has been in wear a little time, will, I think, ever wish to have coats made on the same principle again. The rubbish he will find inside, the frettings and frayings of the cloth collected in little dirt-heaps up and down, the paddings of cotton wool, the odd lots of miscellaneous stuff used as backings, the quantity of canvas stiffening, the tags and paraphernalia connected with the pockets, bits of buckram inserted

here and there to make the coat "sit" well—all these things will be a warning to him.

"Now if all these tags are done away with, and a coat is made up of good cloth without any lining whatever or any stiffening (except a patch here and there where the buttons are sewn on) and the pockets simply made by the addition of another patch of cloth—patch-pockets as they are called—the relief and sense of added comfort, warmth, lightness, cleanliness, are really delightful. The truth is that one might almost as well be in one's coffin as in the stiff layers upon layers of buckramlike clothing commonly worn nowadays. No genial influence from air or sky can pierce this dead hide, no effluence from within escape. A man's clothing we will say generally consists round his trunk of undervest, shirt, waistcoat, and coat, to which must sometimes be added an overcoat—each of the three last mentioned garments consists, at any rate over the front of the body, of three thicknesses—cloth, canvas stiffening and lining—in all eleven layers. Eleven layers between him and God! No wonder the Arabian has the advantage over us. Who could be inspired under all this weight of tailordom?

"And certainly, nowadays, many folk visibly are in their coffins. Only the head and the hands are out, all the rest of the body clearly sickly with want of light and air, atrophied, stiff in the joints, strait-waistcoated, and partially mummied. Sometimes it seems to me that is the reason why, in our modern times, the curious intellect is so abnormally developed, the brain and the tongue waggle so, because these organs alone have a chance, the rest are shut out from heaven's light and air; the poor human heart grown feeble and weary in its isolation and imprisonment, the liver diseased and the lungs straitened down to mere sighs and conventional disconsolate sounds beneath their cerements.

"THERE are many other ways in which the details and labor of daily life may be advantageously reduced, which will occur to anyone who turns practical attention to the matter. For myself I confess to a great pleasure in witnessing the Economies of Life—and how seemingly nothing need be wasted; how the very stones that offend the spade in the garden become invaluable when footpaths have to be laid out or drains to be made. Hats that are

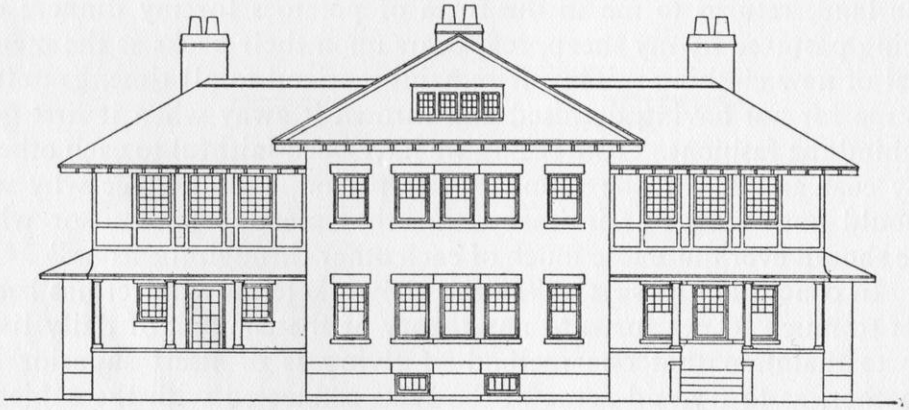
past wear get cut up into strips for nailing creepers on the wall; the upper leathers of old shoes are useful for the same purpose. The under garment that is too far gone for mending is used for patching another less decrepit of its kind, then it is torn up into strips for bandages or what not; and when it has served its time thus it descends to floor-washing, and is scrubbed out of life—useful to the end. When my coat has worn itself into an affectionate intimacy with my body, when it has served for Sunday best, and for week days, and got weather-stained out in the fields with the sun and rain—then faithful, it does not part from me, but getting itself cut up into shreds and patches descends to form a hearthrug for my feet. After that, when worn through, it goes into the kennel and keeps my dog warm, and so after lapse of years, retiring to the manure-heaps and passing out on to the land, returns to me in the form of potatoes for my dinner; or being pastured by my sheep, reappears upon their backs as the material of new clothing. Thus it remains a friend to all time, grateful to me for not having despised and thrown it away when it first got behind the fashions. And seeing we have been faithful to each other, my coat and I, for one round or life-period, I do not see why we should not renew our intimacy—in other metamorphoses—or why we should ever quite lose touch of each other through the æons."

In conclusion he says: "In the above sketch my object has been not so much to put forward any theory of the conduct of daily life, or to maintain that one method of living is of itself superior to another, as to try and come at the facts connected with the subject. In the long run every household has to support itself; the benefits and accommodations it receives from society have to be covered by the labor it expends for society. This cannot be got over. The present effort of a large number of people to live on interest and dividends, and so in a variety of ways on the labor of others, is simply an effort to make water run up hill; it cannot last very long. The balance, then, between the labor that you may consume and the labor that you expend may be struck in many different ways, but it has to be struck; and I have been interested to bring together some materials for an easy solution of the problem."

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: SERIES OF 1905. NUMBER XII

FOR the last four or five months, the models given of THE CRAFTSMAN houses have been comparatively inexpensive, ranging in cost from $2,000 to $6,000, and designed to demonstrate the possibility of having ample space, convenience and beauty in a home quite within moderate means, by following CRAFTSMAN principles in the planning and arrangement of the rooms. This month a larger house has been designed, the estimated cost of which approximates $15,000. It is a nobly proportioned building in the form of a cross, which is brought into rectangular shape by the addition of verandas and pergolas at the four corners, and is especially suited for a large corner lot giving plenty of garden room. The imposing dimensions and rich exterior color scheme of the house almost demand a setting of trees, shrubs and vines, as well as an ample stretch of greensward, to bring out its true value; yet it is so planned that it may be placed either on a wide lot or one with comparatively narrow frontage, if it should chance to be built in a city, where garden space is a rare luxury.

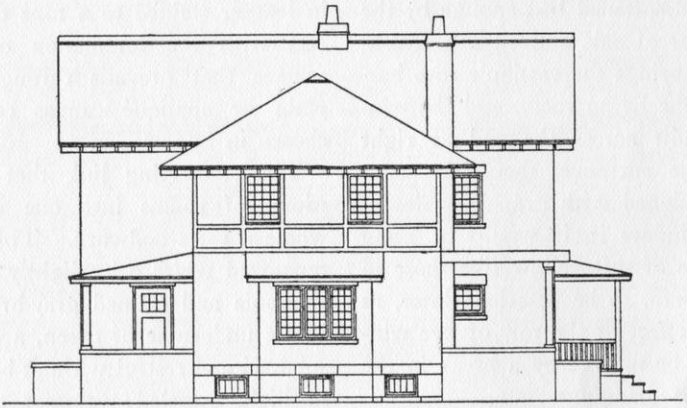
The house is forty-two feet in depth, with a frontage of sixty-five feet, if built as shown in the illustrations, with the living room facing toward the front and the entrance steps at the side of the veranda. If it should be necessary to have a narrower frontage, the house would simply be placed with the library facing front and the steps at the end of the veranda, just opposite the door leading into the vestibule. This could be done without detracting in any way from the beauty of the exterior as seen from the front, as the end elevation quite equals the side in its attractiveness of proportion and design.



FRONT ELEVATION

In the model here illustrated, the central part of the house is built of hard-burned red brick laid in black mortar. The same material is used for the lower story of the wings, the upper story being

half-timbered and of rough gray plaster. The half-timbers are of redwood, rough finish, as it comes from the saw, and simply oiled and left to weather. The roof and the gable ends of the central part of the house are shingled with redwood shingles treated in the same way, as the color effect so gained is a delightful tone of rich, warm brown, with just a slight over-tint of gray-brown. The cold gray of the plaster is very effective in connection with the rich coloring of the timbers, exterior is greatly aided by the form and arrangement of the many windows. These are usually in groups of three, but in the front elevation of the main part of the house, a row of five windows is shown in both lower and upper stories, giving an admirable division of the broad wall space. Part of the windows are double hung, with small panes in the upper sash, and the rest are small-paned casements. The entrance door at the front of the house is plain and heavy, with a small-



END ELEVATION

and it is harmonized with the reds and browns of the main portion of the house by making the copings of verandas and pergolas, and the window and door lintels, all of gray sandstone. Accent is given to the entire scheme of color by having the columns of the verandas and the construction of the pergolas painted white. These would be still more effective if the floors of both verandas and pergolas were of brick, tiles or cement in dark brick-red color, especially if the pillars and construction were clothed with green vines.

The interesting structural effect of the paned sash in the upper part, and the glass doors in the dining room and library are small-paned the entire length. Another important structural addition is that of the two massive brick chimneys built outside the walls at the back of the house, where they break the gray expanse of the two wings, giving almost the effect of brick towers from an exterior viewpoint, and affording very large fireplaces within.

THE VESTIBULE

The vestibule, into which the entrance door opens from the veranda, is small, and is meant merely to protect the house from

draughts. An excellent effect would be gained by having the floor made of brick, tiles or cement, as a continuation of the veranda floor. If bricks are used, they would be laid in dark cement, flat side up and with wide seams; if tiles or cement, the color should be as nearly as possible that of hard-burned brick if the color scheme suggested here is to be carried out. The walls of the vestibule would also be done in brick color, giving at the outset a suggestion of warmth and cheerfulness to one entering the house. The red would be cooled and softened just enough by the high wainscot of oak, stained a greenish-gray, which brings the vestibule into harmony with the living room, and the window seat built across the end at right angles to the entrance, should be comfortably cushioned with gray-green leather. The window itself would be hung with curtains of soft yellow like those in the living room, to be described later, as the exterior effect of the row of five windows would be marred by a break in the color of the hangings.

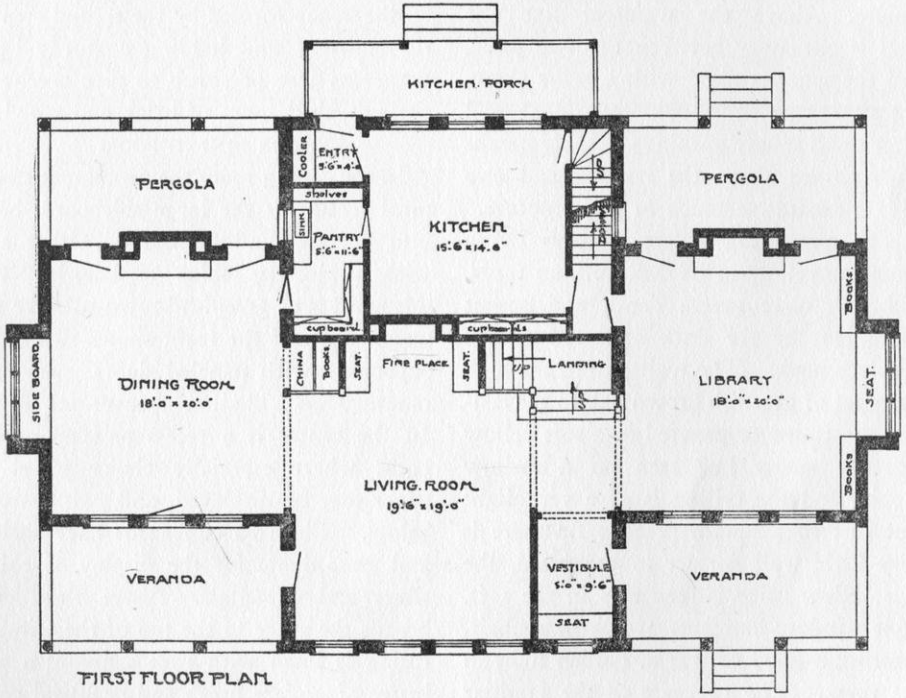
THE LIVING ROOM

The greater part of the lower floor is occupied by a group of three large rooms, the living room, dining room and library, which may be considered both separately and as one. Practically, it is one very large room, for the broad openings and free vistas convey no sense of separation, yet the divisions are so marked as to allow of decided variety in the harmonious whole of the color scheme, and the rooms are so arranged in the floor plan that only a part of any one can be seen from any point in either of the others. To quote an eminent English architect of the new school, the plan gives that pleasant sense of mystery which piques the interest by the fact that there is always something round the corner. The fascination of these glimpses from one room into another is heightened by a judicious use of screens, which may be so disposed in or near the openings as to give a sense of privacy, if desired, without interfering with the feeling of space and freedom which is so essential to the charm of these interiors. Much may be added to the decorative effect of a house like this by having the high screens of two, three or four leaves, done either in leather stained to a tone that harmonizes with the foundation of the color scheme that prevails throughout, or in plain or appliqué canvas equally well-chosen in hue.

The connecting link that brings this group of rooms into one well-planned whole is the woodwork. This is of quarter-sawed white oak, slightly fumed with ammonia and stained gray-brown with a subtle undertone of green, a color that is subdued and restful without being sombre. A high, paneled wainscot occupies the greater portion of the walls in all three rooms. Where the construction permits, the wall is cut away above this wainscot and posts are used. This device is especially decorative in the structure of the fireplace nook and staircase in the living room. The floors throughout are of oak fumed and stained to a darker shade of the color seen in the woodwork.

The main feature of structural interest in the living room is the big, inviting fireplace nook that occupies the greater portion of the end of the room opposite the entrance from the vestibule. Square, heavy oaken posts and beams frame in this deep recess, one great charm in the con-

struction being the short straight beams that run diagonally across the corners, giving a sturdier and more rugged effect of solidity and strength than is apparent in the low arch so popular in English interiors. Massive, high-backed oaken settles are built in on either side of the recess at right angles to the fireplace, and shallow recess in the mantel-breast above has a shelf and lintel of the same stone. If necessary, the fireplace opening might be hooded with hammered copper, the hood being made very shallow and wide to fit below the lintel. To obtain the best color effect, some good pieces of old copper should be placed in the recess above,



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

the nook is ceiled with oak paneling which follows the form of the framework of beams. The mantel breast covers the whole of the wall surface at the back of the space enclosed, giving a broad expanse of dark-red brick. The fireplace opening, which is low and wide, is capped with a lintel of red sandstone that blends with the color of the hard-burned brick, and a to add their mellow gleam as high lights against the rich, dark color of the brick.

To the right of the fireplace is the open stairway, so designed that it seems a part of the general structure of the nook, and shares with it the honor of being the most important structural feature of the room. Four broad, shallow steps lead to the low, square landing from which the staircase

turns at right angles to run up over the fireplace nook. The wainscot line remains unbroken by the device of placing a very low wainscot at the back of the landing, so that the top is in line with the high paneling of the room. The two lower steps project beyond the wainscot that divides the staircase from the inglenook, and the second is extended to form a bench for the accommodation of a jardinière. Above the wainscot line the wall is cut away between the two posts, and the space is filled with a *grille* showing straight, slender spindles of oak and three small square openings. This screens the staircase above the landing and also adds a decorative touch to the structure.

The prevailing colors in the living room are yellow in its dull autumn tones, and rich olive green, depth and accent being lent by the dark brick-red of the fireplace nook. The walls, from the high wainscot of greenish brown oak to the ceiling, are tinted or papered in a soft yellow like the sunny hue seen on a mellow pippin, and the ceiling is of a very light tint just tinged with green. As there is very little wall surface in the room, the ripe yellow color is seen also in the soft, light window hangings of silk or mohair, assuring a flood of warm, golden light in the room. The rugs are of the familiar make known as "hooked," and introduce the brick and yellow tones with soft olive green, harmonizing admirably with the dark greenish-brown of the floor, steps and landing.

Across the entire front of the room, below the row of four windows, a window seat might run from wall to wall. Cushioned in leather or canvas of rich olive green, with plenty of pillows showing in their covers the autumn tints of yellow and dark red, it would add much to the beauty as well as the comfort of the room. The rather wide stretch of wall space between this seat and the corner of the vestibule would be just right for a piano. Copper pieces placed here and there would give the last touch of warm brilliancy to the color scheme, and especially effective would be a large copper jardinière, placed on the bench formed by the second step of the stairway and holding a sturdy little evergreen tree or shrub to give accent to the soft, dull tones of brick and wood.

THE DINING ROOM

In the dining room the prominent structural feature is the large sideboard, built into a recess and flanked on either side with projecting china cupboards. The sideboard is of greenish-brown oak like the woodwork and the front shows two small cupboards with paneled doors, each surmounted by a shallow drawer for silver. In the center is a recess paneled at the back, where especially choice pieces of silver may be displayed, and two drawers below. The two cupboards have shelves and glass doors for the display of china, silver and cut glass. Above these cupboards the space to the top of the window casing is lined with tiles showing a soft lustre of surface finish and beautiful color effects. The same kind of tiles line the space at the back of the sideboard, and the upper part of the recess is filled with three windows of hammered antique glass, heavily leaded. These windows should be rich in color, and the design might well show a continuous scroll giving space for an appropriate motto. The fireplace at the rear of the room has a perfectly plain, flat mantel-breast reaching almost to the

ceiling, faced with tiles and having no shelf. The fireplace opening is very large, allowing the use of good-sized logs in the fire. On either side of the fireplace are glass doors opening upon the pergola.

The walls of this room are done in soft gray-brown, with the corresponding gray-green tones showing not only in the woodwork, but also in the tiles, rugs and leather cushions of the chairs. The glass doors at the back are curtained with soft, light material of a golden yellow hue, as are also the two casements and the glass door which opens upon the veranda at the other end of the room. This gives the touch of vivid color needed to put life into the subdued grays, greens and browns of the room. The ceiling shows the same light tint as in the living room. In the wall opposite the sideboard a small china closet is recessed into the corner of the living room, the side toward the dining room being open, and that toward the living room showing the post and wainscot construction, with the upper wall cut away, if desired, and a *grille* inserted like that on the opposite side. The cupboards in this closet are built to the ceiling.

THE LIBRARY

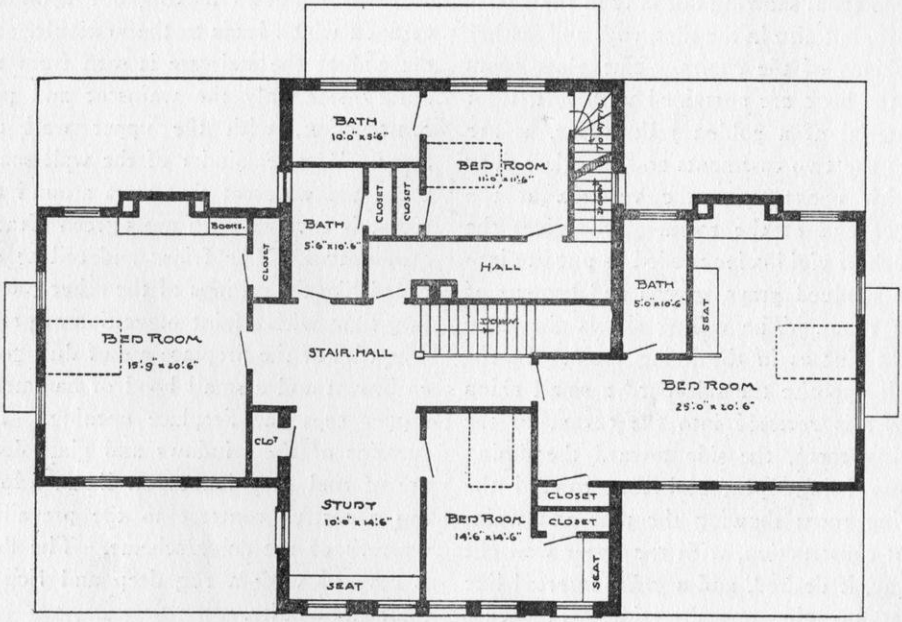
The library, into which the living room opens on the side opposite the dining room, has as its dominant structural feature a deep, recessed window seat under the group of three casement windows.

On either side of the recess is a bookcase that fills the whole wall space to the corner. These bookcases are four and a half feet in height, so that the tops afford a convenient place on which to lay books that are in frequent use, and to display choice pieces of brass, copper and pottery. At the rear of the room is a tiled fireplace reaching to the ceiling. The shelf across the front is placed at the same height as the tops of the bookcases. As in the dining room, this fireplace has on either side a glass door leading to the pergola, and at the front of the room is a group of three windows looking out upon the veranda which leads to the vestibule. At the end of the staircase is seen from the library side only the wainscot and post construction, with the upper wall cut away. The remainder of the wall space, above the wainscot that runs around the room, is covered with moss-green Craftsman canvas. The frieze and ceiling are tinted like the ceilings of the other rooms, very light with a faint suggestion of green. The tiles of the fireplace are of dull golden brown and a small hood of hammered copper caps the fireplace opening. The curtains of the windows and glass doors are of cool gray homespun linen, affording a restful contrast to the prevailing warmth of the color scheme. The floor is covered with a rug deep and rich in color and quality.

THE KITCHEN

The central part of the back of the house is occupied by the large and well appointed kitchen, a small hall from which the cellar stairs descend, the pantry, and a vestibule leading to the kitchen porch. The refrigerator is placed in this entry, so that the supply of ice may be renewed without an invasion of the kitchen. The kitchen itself has plenty of wall space for dish cabinets and a long plate-rack of the kind that, aside from its usefulness, added so much to the picturesque quality of the old-time kitchen. Two built-in cupboards

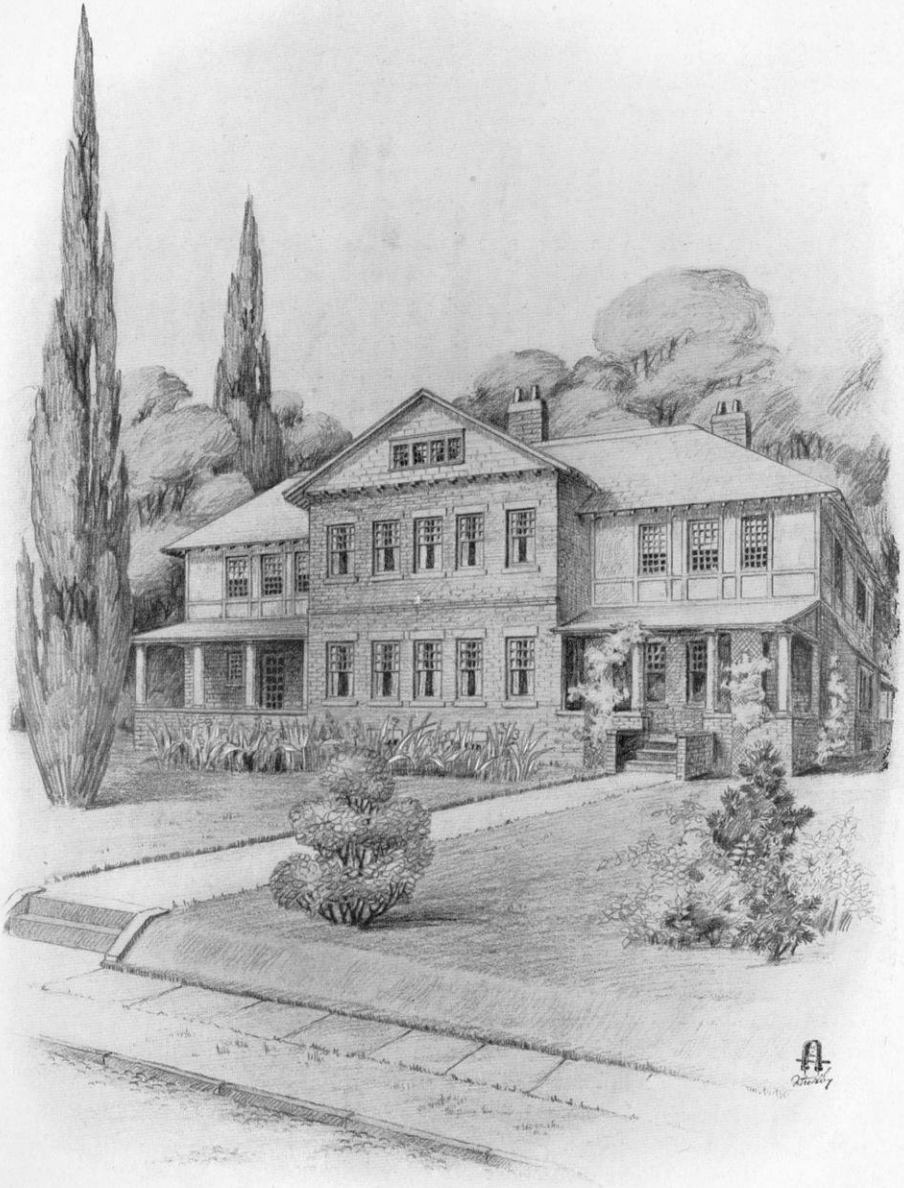
occupy the wall space near the range, and could be used for cooking utensils, spices, etc. The butler's pantry provides more cupboards and the other usual conveniences of sink and shelves. The large cellar is accessible directly from the kitchen, and is provided with laundry, furnace room and all modern cellar conveniences. The ceiling height of this basement is seven feet.



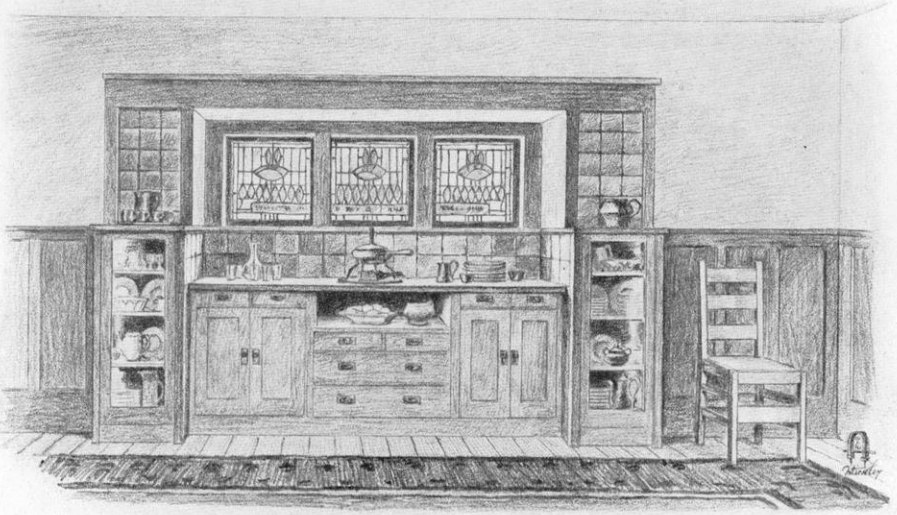
SECOND FLOOR PLAN

THE UPPER STORY

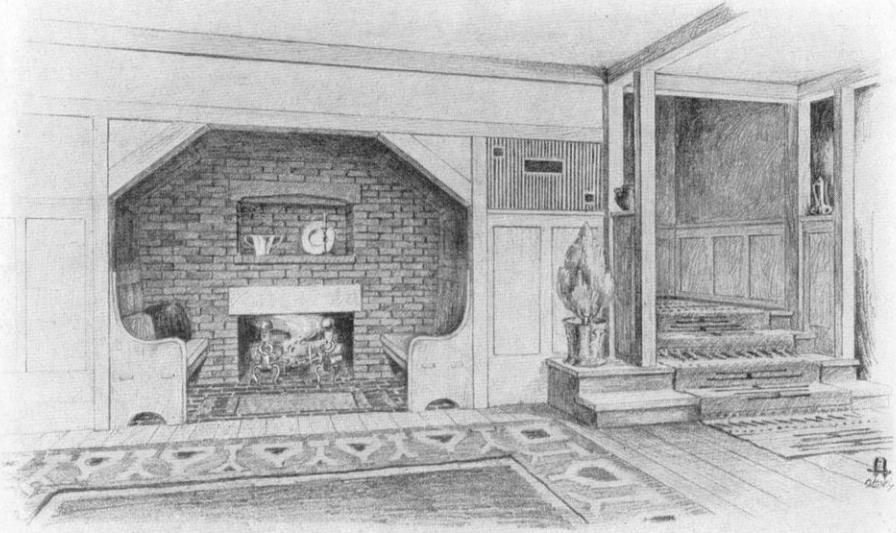
The staircase from the living room ascends to an upper hall, which opens into a small study at the front of the house. Both hall and study repeat the woodwork and color scheme of the living room. The study is a charming nook rather than a separate room, and contains a round table of ample dimensions, a bookcase and several comfortable chairs. Across the end is built a broad window seat, well cushioned and inviting. The upper walls, which are tinted a warm yellow, show a small spot pattern in stencil, introducing bits of dull dark blue and cool green. Opening from this study is a small bedroom of irregular shape, designed especially for a boy's room. A low seat, built across one end, is substantially cushioned and provided with plenty of pillows. The walls of this room are a pomegranate red, with frieze and ceiling of deep cream. The rugs show reds and greens and the furniture, sturdy and plain in make, is of brown fumed oak. The windows of both study and bedroom are hung with soft yellow like those of the living room, with a thought to the exterior



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: SERIES OF 1905,
NUMBER XII. EXTERIOR VIEW

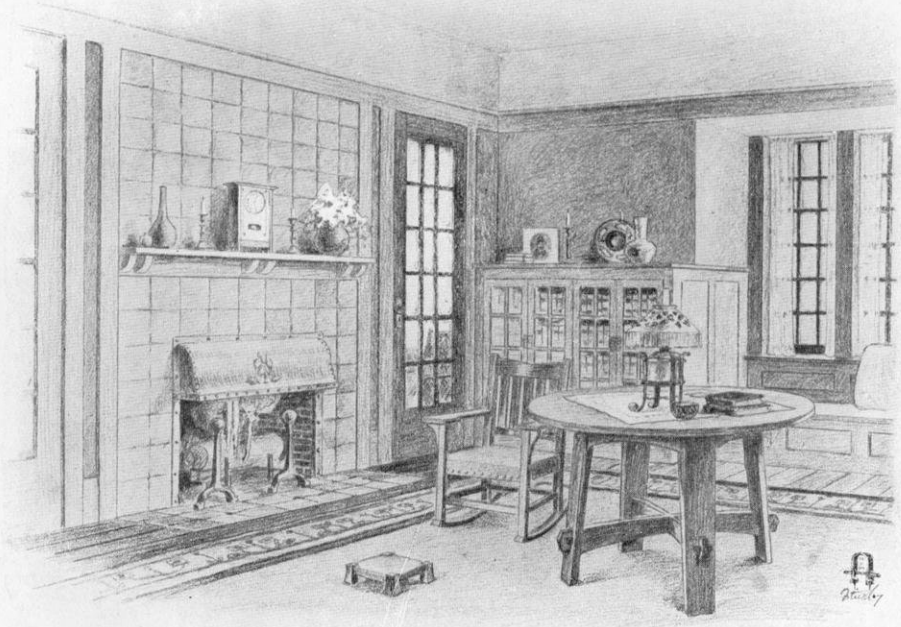


CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER XII. SIDEBOARD IN DINING ROOM

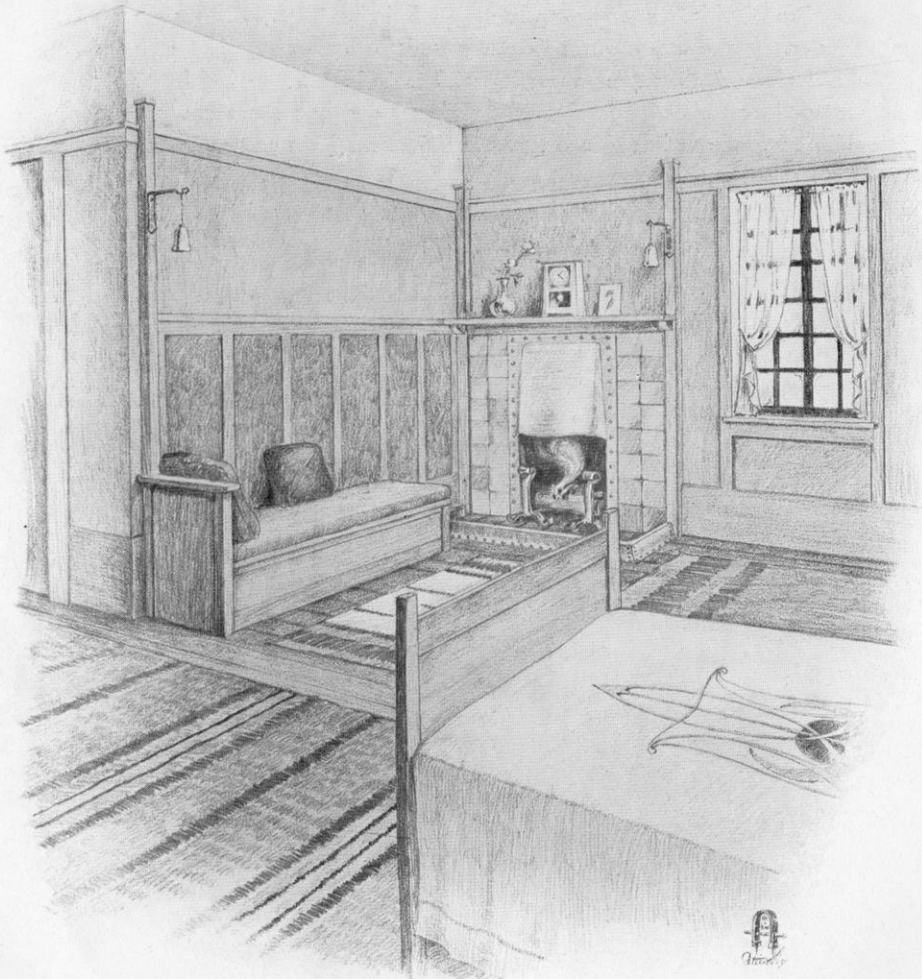


CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: FIREPLACE NOOK AND STAIRWAY IN LIVING ROOM

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER XII. UPPER HALL AND STUDY



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE: SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER XII. THE LIBRARY



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE : SERIES OF 1905, NUMBER XII. CORNER OF BEDROOM

effect at the front of the house as well as to the completion of the interior color scheme.

With the exception of the hall and study, where the woodwork is of greenish-brown oak and the floors a darker shade of the same, the woodwork of all the rooms in the front part of the house is done in old ivory enamel. The oak floors are finished in soft moss-green in all the bedrooms and the doors are all in the brown finish that prevails throughout the lower story and in the hall.

THE BEDROOMS

Ample closet room has been provided in all the upper rooms, and the bath for common use opens from the hall near the stair landing. The large room in the right wing has a private bath decorated to harmonize with the bedroom. This room is large and irregular in shape, and is especially attractive both in design and color scheme. The walls are done in a soft yellow shade that verges on tan-color, and the ceiling has a very light tint with just a suggestion of gray-blue. The fireplace at the rear of the room is faced with square tiles, brick-red in color, and has a hood of hammered copper, fastened in place with big brass nails. The low fender is of copper riveted with brass.

A long seat built in at right angles to the fireplace has on the wall above it panels of leather or fabric in dull tones of reddish tan. The thick cushion of the seat is of the same material as the panels, with pillows of deep blue.

The curtains show a deep cream tone, and the bed-cover, dresser-scarf, etc., match them in color and material. The bed-cover is made especially effective by an appliqué design in tans and red-brown. The rugs are of woven rags in tans and browns, with the heavy stripes in dark blue. The furniture is of fumed oak finished in light gray, and the electric fixtures are of wrought iron with amber-tinted globes.

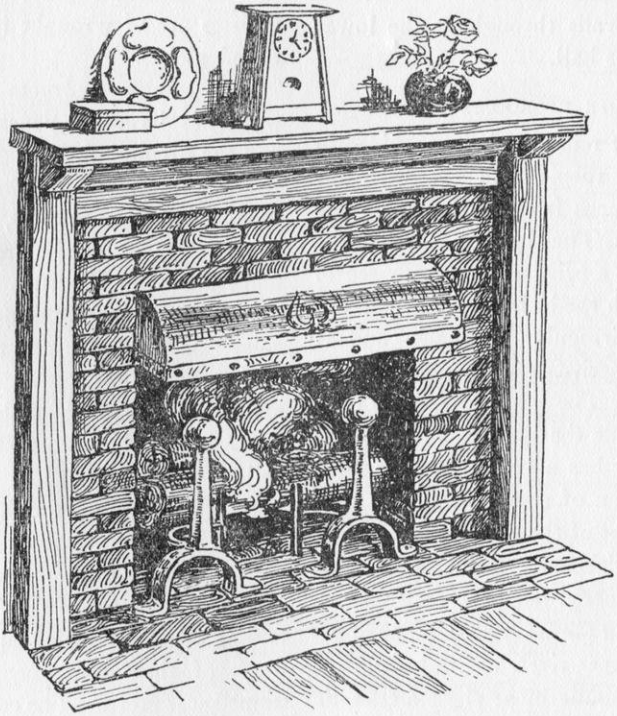
The smaller bedroom in the opposite wing has its walls papered in soft blue, and the fireplace done in green tiles. The ceiling and frieze are tinted deep cream. The window hangings, bed-cover and other fabric accessories are of natural gray homespun, and the rugs are in blue and dull green with light accents of cream color. The furniture in this room of soft, cool tones is of silver-gray maple, the chairs finished with rush seats, and the brass bedstead reflects strong flashes of yellow.

At the back of the house there is a private hall, bedroom and bath for the servants. Plenty of closet room is provided, and also entrances to the front part of the house and to the attic stairs. The woodwork of these rear rooms is of cypress stained soft green. The ceilings are lightly tinted and the walls are papered with simple figured papers in colors that harmonize with the woodwork.

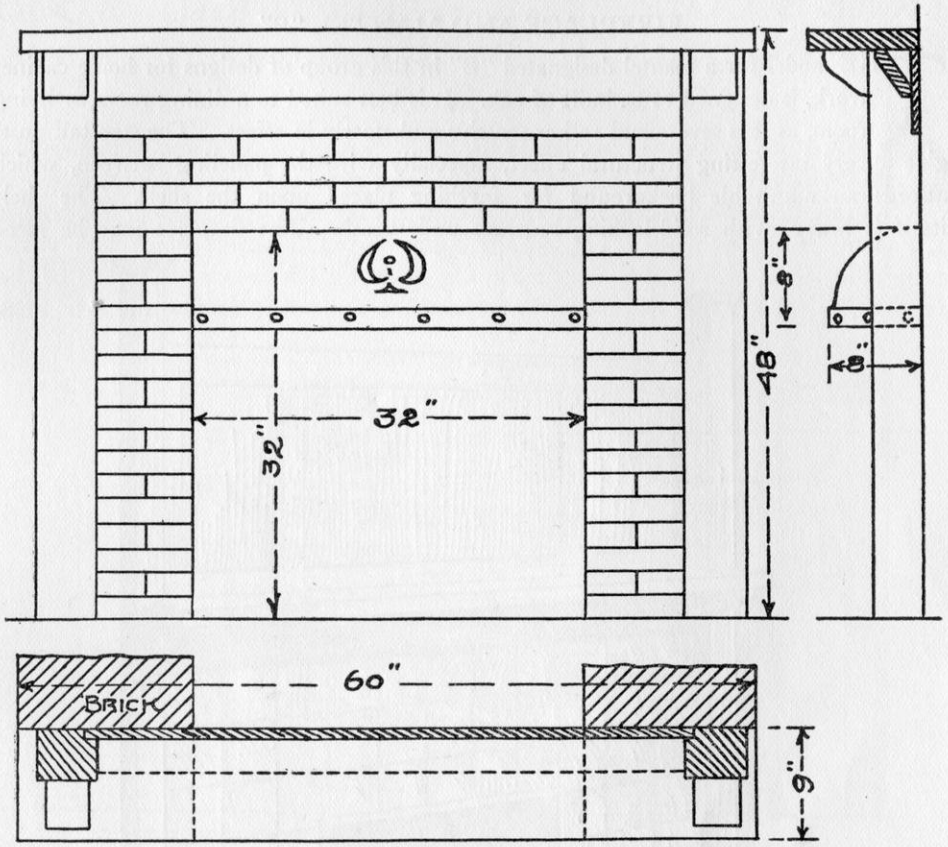
HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL EXAMPLES OF STRUCTURAL WOOD WORKING: NINTH OF THE SERIES

FIREPLACE AND MANTEL "A"

ONE of the simplest of mantels is the model here given for home workers under the name of Mantel "A." It is built of heavy posts and thick boards, with simple mortise and tenon construction, and will make a charming structural feature in a simply furnished room. The shelf is rather narrow, a device which adds to the quaintness of the mantel, and the fireplace is faced with hard-burned bricks, laid in dark mortar raked out at the joints. The hearth is also rather narrow and is of brick

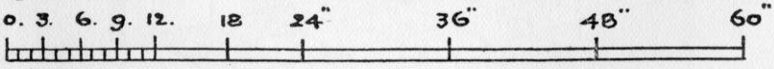


like the fireplace. A decorative feature is added to the fireplace itself in the hood of hammered copper which caps the fireplace opening. This is made of 20-gauge copper, riveted at the corners. Around the lower edge, on the inside, an iron band a quarter of an inch thick is fastened to give strength to the hood, and around the outside is an ornamental band of copper, riveted on. The only other ornament is the embossed device in the center, which relieves the effect of severity. This hood is fastened to the brick by means of a projection of the inside edge, which extends two inches into the fireplace opening.



DESIGN FOR A MANTEL "A" & COPPER FIRE PLACE HOOD

SCALE OF INCHES

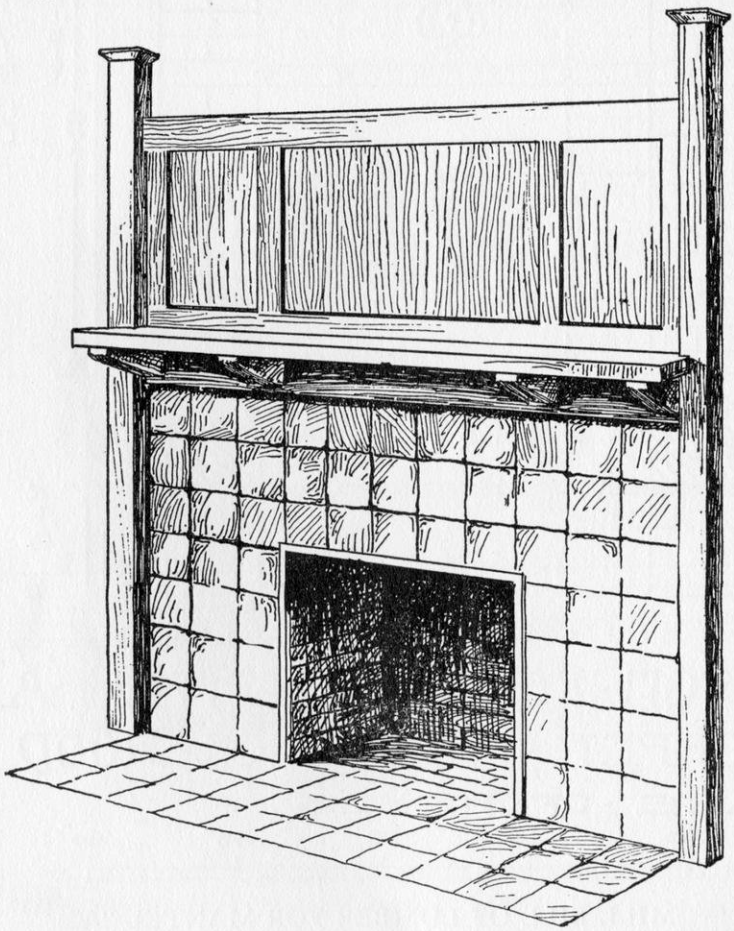


MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR MANTEL "A"

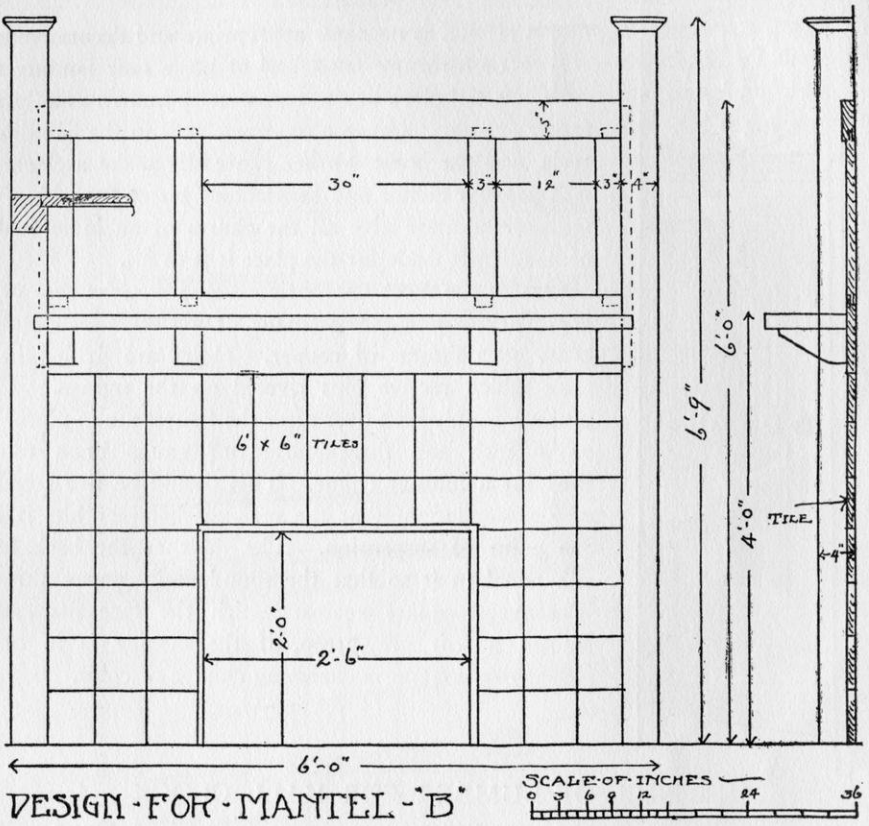
Pieces	No.	Rough Long	Rough Wide	Rough Thick	Finish Wide	Finish Thick
Top	1	61 in.	9¼ in.	2 in.	9 in.	1¾ in.
Posts	2	48 in.	5¼ in.	4¼ in.	5 in.	4 in.
Back piece	1	50 in.	7¼ in.	1 in.	7 in.	⅞ in.
Angle board	1	50 in.	6¼ in.	1½ in.	6 in.	1¼ in.
Brackets	2	5 in.	4¼ in.	4¼ in.	4 in.	4 in.

FIREPLACE AND MANTEL "B"

THE model for a mantel designated "B" in this group of designs for home cabinet work, is designed to be built of oak. It is best suited to a dining room or living room, as it is severe and rather massive and stately in effect. The two tall posts give a very interesting structural effect, especially with the paneling between, which affords an admirable background for anything placed upon the shelf. The shelf itself is heavy, with solid-looking brackets underneath. The fireplace may be faced



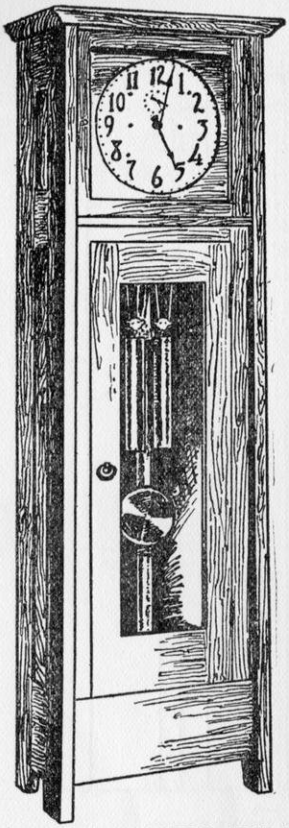
with tiles that harmonize in color with the room, as shown in the illustration, or with brick, which would be equally appropriate. For a bedroom, the wood might be finished in old ivory enamel, or in any shade corresponding to the trim of the room, and mirrors might be put in place of the wood paneling. An odd and attractive effect could be secured by leaving the wall to show in place of the panels, the framing being the same as if paneled.



DESIGN FOR MANTEL "B"

MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR MANTEL "B"

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough Wide	Rough Thick	Finish Wide	Finish Thick
Posts	2	82 in.	4¼ in.	4¼ in.	4 in.	4 in.
Shelf	1	68 in.	9¼ in.	1½ in.	9 in.	1⅜ in.
Top rail	1	68 in.	5¼ in.	1¼ in.	5 in.	1⅛ in.
Lower rail	1	68 in.	9¼ in.	1 in.	9 in.	⅞ in.
Panel rails	3	20 in.	3¼ in.	1 in.	3 in.	⅞ in.
Center panel	1	19 in.	31¼ in.	¾ in.	31 in.	½ in.
End panels	2	19 in.	13¼ in.	¾ in.	13 in.	½ in.
Brackets	4	9 in.	4 in.	3¼ in.	pattern	3 in.
Top of posts	2	7 in.	6¼ in.	1½ in.	6 in.	1⅜ in.



A HALL CLOCK

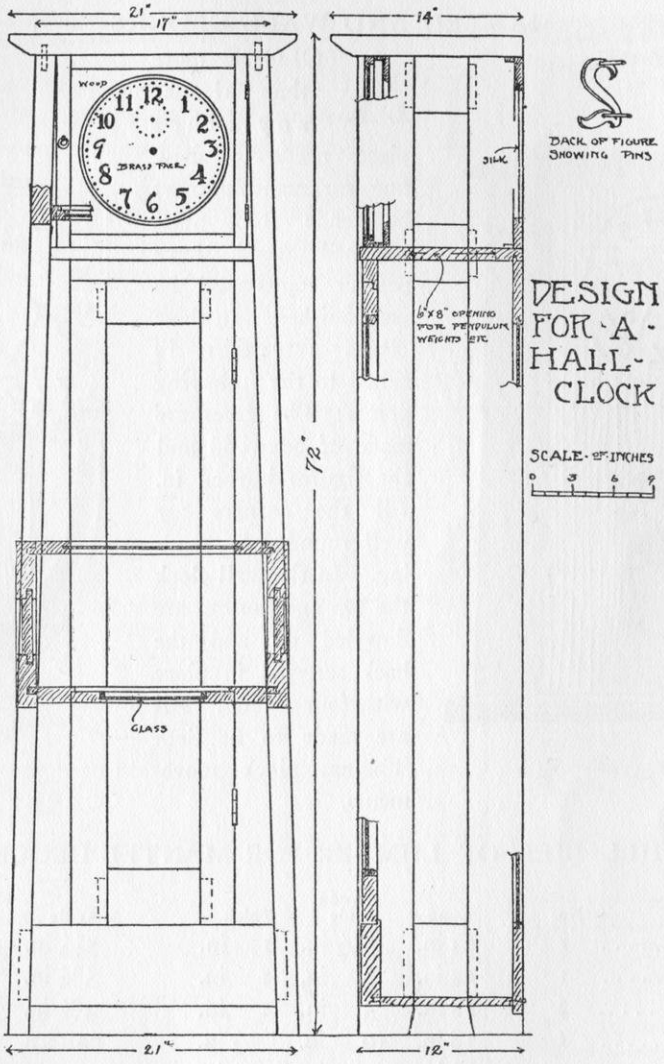
THERE is no more appropriate and decorative piece of furniture for a hall or large stair landing than a tall clock of the type usually known as a "grandfather's clock." Given a moderate skill in the handling of tools, and the home worker can easily make a clock that will prove a quaint and satisfactory bit of furnshing, and will furthermore give all the charm of an individual bit of handicraft made for the place it is to fill.

Oak is the most appropriate wood for the case of the hall clock. The face is made of a twelve-inch plate of brass with figures of copper. Holes are drilled in the plate which receive pins riveted on the figures. These pins are simply bent over after the figures are in place.

An inch and three-quarter 18 gauge brass tube is used for a tubular chime. This should be five feet long and suspended so that the striking hammer hits it near the point of suspension. The door at the back has a silk panel in it so that the sound easily passes through. The wood square against which the face fits can be stained a soft grey-green, if the outside is in brown fumed oak, making a charming change of color.

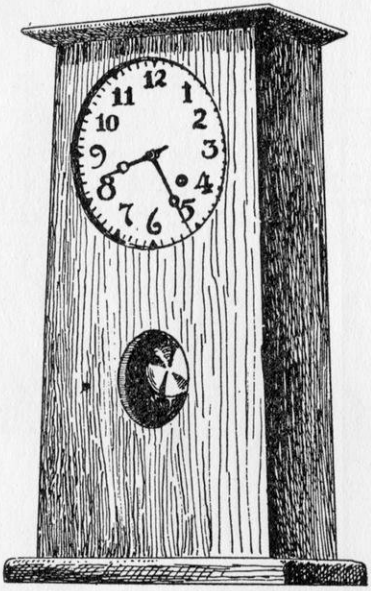
MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR HALL CLOCK

Pieces	No.	Rough Long	Rough Wide	Rough Thick	Finish Wide	Finish Thick
Top	1	22 in.	14½ in.	1½ in.	14 in.	1⅜ in.
Side stiles	4	72 in.	4¼ in.	1½ in.	4 in.	1⅜ in.
Side rails	4	6 in.	4¼ in.	1½ in.	4 in.	1⅜ in.
Side rails	2	6 in.	6¼ in.	1½ in.	6 in.	1⅜ in.
Side panels	2	10 in.	6¼ in.	¾ in.	6 in.	½ in.
Side panels	2	48 in.	6¼ in.	¾ in.	6 in.	½ in.
Square door	4	15 in.	1¼ in.	1¼ in.	1 in.	1 in.
Square door stop	2	15 in.	1 in.	1½ in.	pattern	1¼ in.
Face circle	1	15 in.	15 in.	½ in.	pattern	⅜ in.
Shelf	1	16 in.	12¼ in.	1 in.	12 in.	¾ in.
Long door stiles	2	48 in.	3 in.	1 in.	2¾ in.	¾ in.
Long door rail	1	9 in.	4¼ in.	1 in.	4 in.	¾ in.
Long door rail	1	9 in.	6¼ in.	1 in.	6 in.	¾ in.
Long door stops	2	50 in.	3½ in.	1¼ in.	pattern	1⅛ in.

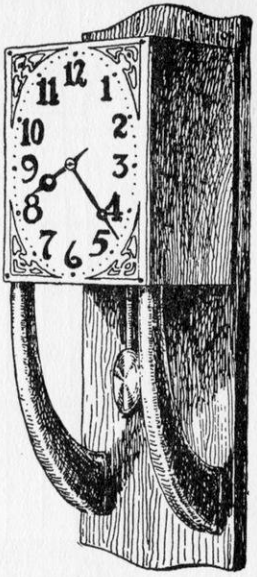


Pieces	No.	Rough Long	Rough Wide	Rough Thick	Finish Wide	Finish Thick
Long door stop...	1	14 in.	2¼ in.	1¼ in.	2 in.	1⅛ in.
Base rail	1	20 in.	6¼ in.	1½ in.	6 in.	1¼ in.
Back door	4	15 in.	2¾ in.	1 in.	2½ in.	¾ in.
Back door stops...	4	15 in.	1 in.	1 in.	¾ in.	⅞ in.
Back panel	1	46 in.	14¼ in.	¾ in.	14 in.	½ in.
Back panel stiles..	2	46 in.	4¼ in.	1 in.	4 in.	⅞ in.
Back panel rails...	2	21 in.	7¼ in.	1 in.	7 in.	⅞ in.
Bottom	1	20 in.	10¼ in.	¾ in.	10 in.	½ in.

MANTEL AND WALL CLOCKS



A CLOCK more than almost any other piece, needs to show fine workmanship, must be made from well seasoned wood, have perfect joints and be well finished. In these clocks attention is called to the following points: The faces are made of boxwood and the figures burned in. All the corners are well rounded by sanding. In the wall clock the top and bottom are doweled on and the back screwed in place with four screws. All are made to fit Seth Thomas clock movements.

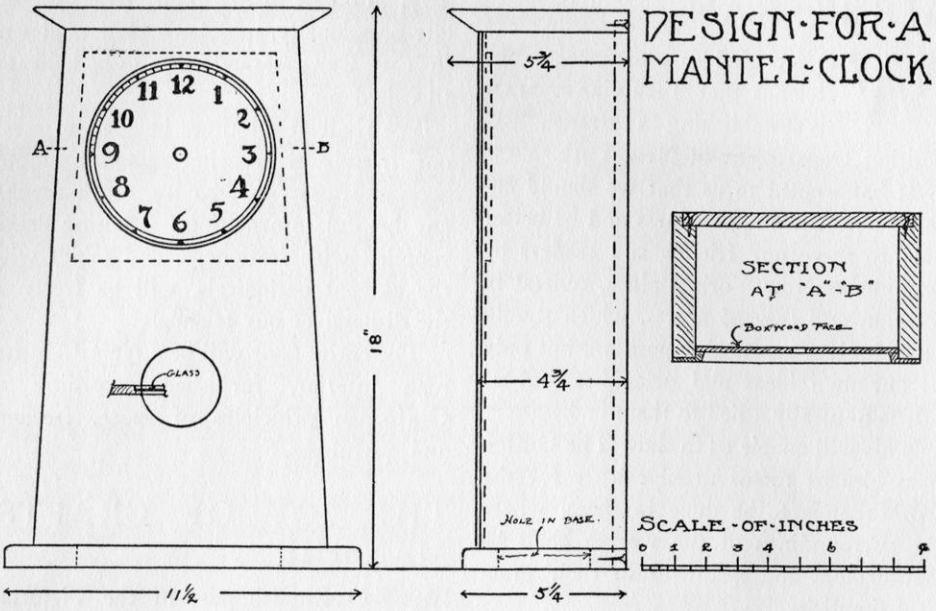


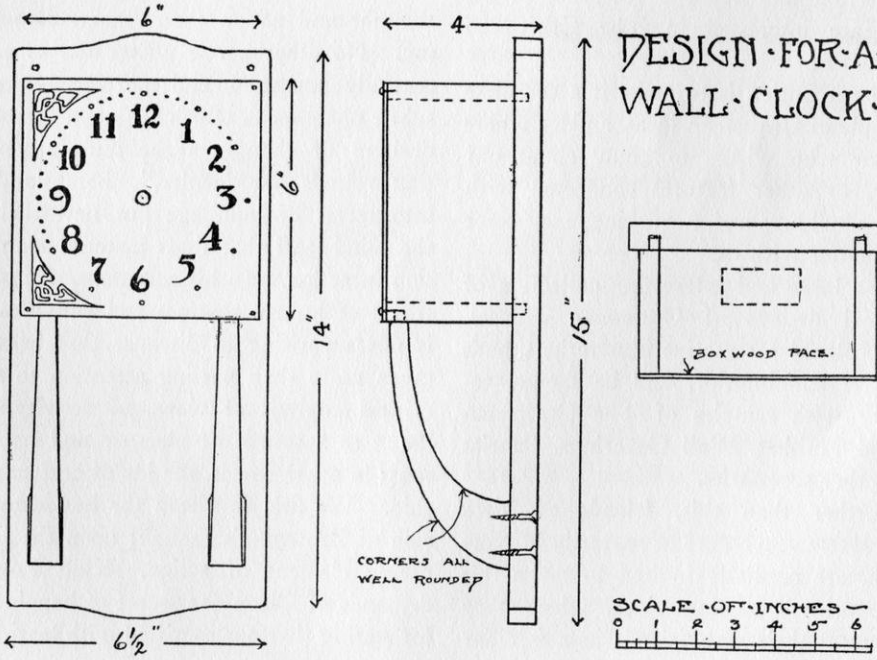
MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR MANTEL CLOCK

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough Wide	Thick	Finish Wide	Thick
Base	1	13 in.	5½ in.	1 in.	5¼ in.	¾ in.
Top	1	12 in.	6 in.	1 in.	5¾ in.	¾ in.
Sides	2	18 in.	5 in.	1 in.	4¾ in.	¾ in.
Front	1	18 in.	10 in.	½ in.	pattern	⅜ in.
Back	1	18 in.	10 in.	¾ in.	pattern	½ in.
Face	1	8 in.	8 in.	3-16 in.	7½ in.	⅛ in.

MILL BILL OF LUMBER FOR WALL CLOCK

Pieces	No.	Long	Rough Wide	Thick	Finish Wide	Thick
Back	1	16 in.	7 in.	¾ in.	6½ in.	⅝ in.
Sides	4	7 in.	4 in.	¾ in.	3½ in.	½ in.
Brackets	2	8 in.	3 in.	1 in.	pattern	pattern
Face	1	7 in.	7 in.	3-16 in.	6 in.	⅛ in.


DESIGN·FOR·A
MANTEL·CLOCK
A
B
18"
GLASS
5¾
4¾
HOLE IN BASE
SECTION
AT "A"-"B"
BOXWOOD FACE
SCALE·OF·INCHES
0 1 2 3 4 6
11½
5¼


6"
6"
14"
6½"
4
15"
DESIGN·FOR·A·
WALL·CLOCK·
BOXWOOD FACE
CORNERS ALL
WELL ROUNDED
SCALE·OF·INCHES
0 1 2 3 4 5 6

ALS IK KAN

WE are glad to announce to our friends that THE CRAFTSMAN is establishing a Branch Exposition Department in New York.

It has seemed to us that we should enlarge our field of usefulness and be better able to serve our friends and readers by opening in New York a place, central in location and easy of access, which should be in itself a practical exposition, not only of our own ideas and principles, but of others naturally allied to them.

This will enable us to show The Craftsman idea of rooms fitted exactly for the work that is to be done in them, where the surroundings of the worker shall be comfortable and beautiful in their practical simplicity.

An entire floor will be devoted to the Exposition and for the reception of all who are interested in The Craftsman Movement.

The intention is to make it a complete example of Craftsman ideas, a place where anyone who wishes to know about our work, or other features connected with Home-building and furnishing, may come and confer with us.

The large and interesting collection of original designs of Craftsman Houses, with colored perspective illustrations, both exterior and interior, will be shown, together with samples of The Craftsman Wood Finishes, Wall Coverings, Fabrics and other accessories.

Further than this, friends of THE CRAFTSMAN, who are temporarily in New York, are cordially invited to make this department a resting place, where they may meet their own friends in a familiar way. Out of town people, who visit the city occasionally, may have their mail sent in THE CRAFTSMAN'S care to be held until called for.

We shall at all times be glad to serve our friends by securing temporary hotel accommodatons in advance, or to furnish any helpful information. Writing desks, supplied with stationery, and tables with the current periodicals, will be freely at the disposal of our friends.

The entire floor will be a typical Craftsman interior, furnished according to Craftsman principles of space, freedom and restfulness.

THE JOY OF CRAFTSMANSHIP

NO English poet of the Victorian age has delved more profoundly into the philosophy of human thought and action than Robert Browning. No other poetic writer has so successfully analyzed and portrayed those subtle phenomena which are upon the borderland of thought, "the outside verge that rounds our faculty," untranslatable into terms of language but nevertheless the mind-stuff that finds material expression in action. In his comprehensive portrayal of human motives and activities it is not surprising to discover that he has given more than passing attention to the critical analysis of work, of activity, of *doing* as a source of pleasure and happiness; in other words, the joy of craftsmanship. We find in Cleon the best expression of Browning's thought upon the joy-giving element of action. King Protus demands of Cleon the secret of happiness, intimating that one so gifted with learning

as he, must for that reason have achieved the greater joy than Protus though a king. The note of despair in the poet's answer is as evident as its cause, and he sings in no uncertain strain of the higher happiness to be attained only in that fulness of life, of being and doing, which comes from the blending of mental and physical action in work.

It may be set down as an axiom of biology that all organisms derive pleasure in the exercise of their characteristic functions. From the humble amœba to man, the lord of creation, the rule holds good that the living thing finds its pleasure in doing what it can do best. Among the lower animals many instances are familiar, the hunting-dog, even as a puppy, "points" instinctively, and that he finds ecstatic pleasure in these almost cataleptic seizures at the scent of a game-bird is evident from the persistency with which thoughout his existence he seeks their repetition. The thoroughbred horse is instinctively a racer, just as the ponderous Percheron is a draught animal, and both derive their highest pleasure from the exercise of their muscular powers in the performance of their respective activities. And who can honestly doubt that the gamecock delights in the dangers of strenuous combat and would gladly suffer death on the field of battle in preference to an ignominious Nirvana at the hands of the family cook?

The common element in these instances is the fact that in each case pleasure is attained by doing that thing for which the organism is best or specially adapted. Applying this same thought to mankind, the problem becomes complicated because the range of activities of mankind is so complex and varied, yet the principle is fundamentally the same and equally applicable. The possessor of a fine voice, exceptional muscular development, intellectual attainments, attractive personal appearance, or indeed any characteristic attribute, exercises his mental or physical endowment and finds gratification in so doing. Indeed, such exercise tends to become habitual, often to the neglect of other natural qualifications, to a degree that exhausts the pleasure-giving feature of the special or characteristic attribute, just as the overexercise of any given cells or tissues leads to paralysis of their function, and in the case under consideration disappointment and unhappiness result.

In the study of human life-activities we may, for our present purpose, roughly classify those directly or exclusively concerned with the mind as separate from those of the physical being; and while both are conceded to be attributes of a normally developed individual, our educational systems have only recently begun to give practical attention to the education of the body as well as of the mind of the coming generation.

The evolution of the idea of physical education, in its broadest sense—manual training, industrial art training, the kindergarten—has had its origin in a physical need manifested as a demand by the child for the exercise of its natural physical powers. Teachers and psychologists have read the symptoms of this demand for physical action along with the mental, in restlessness, mental weariness, dullness of comprehension, bad memory, lack of interest, etc.; and, having diagnosed the disorder as an overdoing of education upon

the one side, have seen the necessity for education of the physical organism as well as of the intellect, and have evolved the idea of "putting the whole child to school" as the rational purpose in education.

When this larger conception of the educational need of the growing organism has been given the practical test in suitably organized and equipped institutions, its sanity and reasonableness have been quickly demonstrated. The personal testimony of a careful observer, one who has had wide experience as a teacher in manual-training schools, states that not only is the manual work valuable as training *per se,* in the development of dexterity and finger-skill, but intellectually as well; for it has been found that students doing two hours of culture work and one hour of manual work will accomplish as much in the two hours devoted to cultural studies as the students without manual-training exercises accomplish in three hours of purely cultural work. But what is of special interest in this connection is the observation that students doing the combined manual and cultural work are more attentive and exhibit greater receptivity and sustained interest in both departments. So characteristic is the exhibition of interest in the work upon the part of the students in manual-training schools that the system may be characterized as one of education along lines of least resistance.

The reason for what we may term the pedagogical efficiency of the manual-training element in education is to be found in the appeal that it makes to a quality inherent in every living organism, the desire which all created things manifest for the gratification that comes by doing. Broadly speaking, even purely intellectual exercise is but a manifestation of the working out of the same principle, and when the limitless achievements of pure intellectuality are considered simply with regard to the human joy and happiness they have engendered, the magnitude of the result tends to obscure this whole field of thought. To disregard, however, the possibilities of happiness directly flowing from the development of the physical powers, the acquisition of skill in their use, and what Goethe has called the "creative joy," is to have failed to utilize a large share of natural human endowment.

The manual-training principle expressed in the phrase "putting the whole child to school" is not limited in its application to the period of childhood. The possibilities of craftsmanship training are open practically to all. The fields open to the amateur worker have been greatly enlarged. Means have been simplified, materials, tools and appliances, sources of supply and instruction, have been made available in such abundance and variety as to be within the easy reach of all.

The purpose of this article is to emphasize for the uninitiated the joy-giving quality of craftsmanship, its value as recreation and its importance as a means of self-education in precision, muscular balance, dexterity, artistic appreciation, honesty of purpose and action, and as a method for the attainment of that keenest of all pleasures, the exercise of trained and balanced mental and physical powers.—EDWARD C. KIRK, D. D. S., Sc. D., Dean of the Department of Dentistry, University of Pennsylvania, Editor of The Dental Cosmos.

NOTES

THE modern movement of Arts and Crafts covers a vast field and presents itself in many different phases. In considering its functions it would seem necessary to select a point of view broad enough to be unbiased by the questionable features which arise in various localities and under sometimes deplorable conditions.

It cannot be denied that with the majority of workers, the Arts and Crafts means the making of things by hand and the suppression of the machine. It advocates that one person should conceive and execute each particular object. It claims that harmony is produced by one person making an object to suit the temperament of another particular person and many other maxims of a similar nature.

These so-called advocates of Handicraft cause more or less confusion in the public mind by fostering misconceived notions regarding the underlying motives of the Arts and Crafts movement. At the same time their superficial views do not retard the growing interest in the educational value of Handicraft, which is fully recognized by those who look beyond certain of its transitory phases.

It is often urged that the right machine can give us more perfection in execution than the human hand and the fact is deplored that the Arts and Crafts movement stultifies the appreciation of mechanical perfection. This is indeed true. No one would question the ability of the machine to produce that which is faultily faultless in its icy perfection. Fortunately, something more is necessary —the element of beauty, imposed into the material and expressed through the artist's individual appreciation of line, form and color. While the machine in the hands of the artist has boundless possibilities for the production of beauty, at the same time we depend upon that more subtile piece of mechanism, the human hand, for the richer and ever varying expressions of creative activity.

The varying requirements advocated by different artists and craftsmen must necessarily be adjusted to meet present-day conditions. It matters not so much whether one or more persons conceive and execute an object or whether the hand or machine is more effective as a producer.

The trouble seems to lie in the absence of true motives and desires deprived us by our systems of art education.

Divested of its name, the movement under consideration tends frankly for a democratic art, an art that is not restricted to a small exclusive circle, but to all humanity, an art that gives true motives and right impulses and shall teach us "to do the right thing well in the spirit of one who appreciates the fit, the seemly and the beautiful."

THERE has just been issued by The Public Publishing Company, First National Bank building, Chicago, the first edition of a descriptive catalogue of the books it publishes and sells. This pamphlet, with index to titles and authors,, lists an interesting collection of books, about which everyone who wishes to come in touch with the spirit of democracy in the fundamental sense of that word, or desires real political and economic freedom, will be glad to know.

The catalogue describes, with concise comment, the works of Henry George,

often called the economic torch-bearer and pathfinder of democracy, and books about him and his work; the works of Tolstoy, that marvelous novelist, humanitarian philosopher and unique Christian, and books about him; the writings of Walt Whitman, the great American poet of the democratic spirit; of Henry George, jr.; of Louis F. Post, including back volumes of his weekly review, "The Public"; of Ernest Crosby, Bolton Hall, Henry Demarest Lloyd, John P. Altgeld, Clarence S. Darrow, Thomas E. Watson, Prof. Frank Parsons, Edwin Markham, Lawson Purdy, William Jennings Bryan and others.

REVIEWS

SO much that is of interest and value to the artist and student of arts has been written by Russell Sturgis, that his new book, just issued by Dodd, Mead & Co., is assured of a cordial welcome. It is rather an expensive work in two volumes, but its value as a book of reference will make it a most desirable addition to the library of any worker in the arts or crafts. It is entitled "The Artist's Way of Working," and the book is literally what the name implies. As stated by the author in the preface: "It is an explanatory book which is here offered to the reader. It is not a History of Art in any sense; it is a treatise on the ways in which the artist's conceptions are formed and take visible shape. No attempt is made to follow chronological order or to dwell upon the sequence of styles, nor is any attempt made to dwell upon national peculiarities of design and to differentiate the spirit of artistic work in different races of mankind. A given artistical process may be in its nature and its results essentially the same to-day as under the kings of the Fourth Dynasty. Now, it is with the artistical processes only, and what they reveal, that this book is concerned. The purpose is in every case to ask the questions: What was the artist in search of as he wrought his work of art?—How did he achieve the desired result?—to ask these questions, and, if possible, to answer them.... There are no authorities which can be cited as having aided the author in preparing the present work, which is, in no sense, a compilation. The author's only authorities are the pieces themselves. No statement is made concerning the character or the certain or probable method of production of any work of art without the immediate consideration of a characteristic specimen of that art. There is no mention of ceramic painting, except as made in the presence of valuable pieces showing all the characteristics of the best decoration; and in like manner, no mention of a piece of carving that was not held in the hand at the moment of composing the passage, no word about the essential nature of expressional sculpture, except after close consideration of the full statement made by the sculpture itself of its own nature and origin. The undertaking of such work implies therefore a lifetime of familiarity with Fine Art in nearly all its forms, and in nearly all the stages of intellectual development; and, in most cases, a knowledge also of the processes employed, a familiarity gained in watching the work going on, if not in practising it."

In the book itself, Part I, which is comparatively brief, having only two chapters,

the first devoted to "The Nature of the Inquiry," a chapter showing the need of just such practical information on the methods of working as is contained in the sections following, and the value of such knowledge in any intelligent criticism of art. The second chapter deals comprehensively with "The Work of the Lower Civilizations." The Five Mechanical Processes occupy the second division, the chapters dealing with Carving, Modeling and Embossing, Painting, Staining and Dyeing, and Drawing. Part III is devoted to The Several Fine Arts of Hand-Work, Ceramic Art, The Vitreous Art, Metal Work, Leather Work, Textile Art, Embroidery, Building, Plastering, and Joinery. Continued in the second volume, the same division includes Inlay and Incrustation, Mosaic, Engraving, Painting in Flat with Stenciling, Gem Engraving and Die Sinking, Caligraphy, Printing, Representative Painting and its Kindred Arts. The Fourth and last division deals with The Fine Arts not of Hand-Work,—Decorative Treatment of Buildings, Decorative Treatment of Interiors, Decorative Treatment of Landscape, The Ignored Fine Arts and Conclusions.

As will be seen by the mere recapitulation of the chapter headings, the work is exhaustive in its scope, and examination proves it to be equally authoritative in its matter. It is amply and exceedingly well illustrated, and each branch of the subject is dealt with in much the same manner that an artist or artisan might talk of his work to an interested and intelligent listener who really desired to know something of processes. The technical terms used are fully defined in a series of foot-notes which are in themselves a complete dictionary of artistic terms, and the style is simple, straightforward and interesting to a degree. In the dedication "with admiration and undying gratitude to the many artists and skilled artisans... to the sculptors and carvers, painters and draughtsmen, silversmiths and blacksmiths, potters and glass-makers, masons and joiners, printers and engravers, architects and decorative designers, who during forty years have been my teachers in fine art," some idea is gained of the spirit in which Mr. Sturgis approaches his work and of the breadth and depth of his knowledge concerning it. The book will be a liberal education to anyone practically or theoretically interested in the arts and crafts. ("A Study of the Artist's Way of Working in the various Handicrafts and Arts of Design," by Russell Sturgis, A. M., Ph. D., 2 vols. 666 pages. Publishers, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price, $15.00 net.)

FRESH and timely for the fast-approaching holidays comes a most attractive little group of gift books from the Tomoyé Press of San Francisco. There are eleven of them, ranging in subject from grave to gay, from metaphysics to nonsense, and all of them delightfully unconventional in binding, typography and illustration as well as in subject matter. None are expensive, but all have decided artistic quality.

First of all is the 1906 edition of the well-known Cynic's Calendar, in its familiar dress of plaid gingham and with a number of new epigrams added to the spiciest of the old ones. The cynics are Ethel Watts Mumford, Oliver Herford

and Addison Mizner, who picture forth the follies of the world in the accustomed scarlet and black and with all the accustomed crispness and humor. "Sovereign Woman versus Mere Man" is new, original, and clever. Bound in rough paper of dull leaf green, it bears on its cover a golden tree of knowledge with Brobignagian apples, and shows inside some clever marginal decorations on pages quaintly designed and full of epigrams on men and women. Another novelty is the "Joke Book Note Book," invented and designed by Ethel Watts Mumford. It is a book of a size convenient to the masculine pocket, and furnished with blank pages for the recording of good stories. To quote the dedication:

"To him who loves a bit of wit
Yet cannot quite recapture it,
We dedicate this Humor Trap,
Merely remarking 'Verbum Sap.' "

There are a few good stories to start with, and a number of funny little thumbnail sketches to indicate the several divisions.

Very funny both as to pen-and-ink sketches and nonsense rhymes is "A Child's Book of Abridged Wisdom," by Childe Harold. Like many of these efforts, it will be most appreciated by grown-up children who can gleefully quote from it such bits of advice as:

"Oh, never pull a Lion's tail to see how he will act,
'Tis both unkind and unrefined to show such want of tact."

"Good Things and Graces" is a miniature "cook book" compiled by Isabel Goodhue for the regulation of conduct rather than cookery, and the "Blue Monday Book" is another of the same sort, warranted to drive away the worst case of blues. The latter is compiled and arranged by Jennie Day Haines, and is prettily bound in tones of blue. "The Mé-ne-hu-nés" is a quaint Hawaiian legend by Emily Foster Day, with illustrations by Spencer Wright. It is decoratively designed in black and sepia and is bound in some queer South Sea bark-like pulp.

In a more serious vein are the remaining volumes, of which perhaps the daintiest is a little book of verse by Charles G. Blanden, entitled "A Chorus of Leaves." They are bits of nature, and the book has for its frontispiece a fine reproduction of one of the exquisite landscapes of William Keith. An addition to the many year books now published is the "Psychological Year Book," with "quotations showing the laws, the ways, the means, the methods, for gaining lasting health, happiness, peace and prosperity," gathered by Janet Young. A tiny pamphlet in deep cream, black and gold comes in an envelop of its own and is called "Answers." It is a compilation by Agness Greene Foster of Scriptural quotations that answer the problems of daily life. "Womanhood in Art," by Phebe Estelle Spalding, is a series of brief essays on famous pictures of types of woman, illustrated with reproductions from the old masters. ("Cynic's Calendar;" "Sovereign Woman versus Mere Man;" "Joke Book Note Book;" "A Child's Book of Abridged Wisdom;" "Good Things and Graces;" "Blue Monday Book;" "The Mé-ne-hu-nés;" "A Chorus of Leaves;" "Psychological Year Book;" "Answers;" "Womanhood in Art." Published by Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco.)

THE OPEN DOOR

SUGGESTIONS OF INTEREST TO HOME-BUILDERS AND HOME-MAKERS

THE CRAFTSMAN readers who turn to the Open Door Department for those interesting "further particulars" of announcements in our business pages, especially those relating to home-building and home-furnishing, are invited to ask questions if they do not find any special subject in which they are interested represented in the number at hand. It may be that the subject has been carefully treated in some previous number and the Open Door is always glad to give prompt attention to all interested inquirers. Both our readers and business patrons have come to realize during the past year that these descriptive articles are intended to be of real value, as helpful home messages of information at first hand, and made trustworthy by the character and standing of the firms to whom this courtesy is extended. Over one hundred subjects have been intelligently treated during the last year and although varying in number and variety from month to month, the aim is always to have something interesting, useful and worth reading in each number.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

The long established house of F. W. Devoe & C. T. Raynolds Co., has for many years given special attention to the manufacture of artists' materials, and it is well-known in the profession that all manufactures bearing the name of this firm have an established reputation for superiority. Many eminent artists and amateurs have conceded that in many lines the products of this house are not only equal but superior to those of foreign production. In every department their equipment is complete and includes many staple goods used in drawing, decorating, art and scientific education. It is probably the most expensive line carried by any firm in this country. The firm issues a very elaborate illustrated catalogue and announces that the goods enumerated can be had of most dealers in artists' materials in the United States and Canada. Parties desiring these goods will be furnished the name of the dealer nearest to them, on application, and if unable to obtain goods from the dealer the firm will send them direct. This house has it offices at Fulton, William & Ann Streets, New York, and 176 Randolph Street, Chicago.

SYSTEM IN THE KITCHEN

The McDougall Idea is that the kitchen of all other rooms should be studied and systematized that the kitchen work should be made easier and interesting by providing every reasonable convenience.

A distinguishing feature of all McDougall Cabinets is the large table space available. Each has an unobstructed top quite as large as that of the old-fashioned kitchen table and this may be augmented by extensions and drop leaves at either end. As an example of the strength of these extensions, one will easily bear the weight of an adult.

The cupboard space is surprising. The depth of the section below allows for the easy accommodation of numerous cooking utensils and even its doors carry racks for pans and cans. Above the table several drawers and smaller bins will be found of inestimable convenience. One of them should be the home of the corkscrew, can-opener, Mason jar wrench, and similar articles which are so easily misplaced.

The small china closet—a part of several models—will make its own appeal to many housewives. We know of one excellent housekeeper who keeps her "everyday china" in the cabinet. When serving a meal any dishes required are right at hand, and as she dries them afterward it takes but a moment to replace them. One of these china cabinets, Number 1771, was shown in the "Model Kitchen" at the St. Louis World's Fair, although Number 1558H was officially adopted. Both are excellent.

BOOKS AND THEIR PROPER CARE

Books accumulate very rapidly in the modern home and it should be a pleasure as well as a duty to care for these unobtrusive friends properly and permanently. The unit system of The Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases is the most practical and convenient arrangement to meet the needs of the steadily increasing accumulation of books in the book-lover's library. To the standard forms The Globe-Wernicke Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, has recently added some new units, including the desk, cupboard, music, drawer magazine and table sections which add greatly to the convenience of this essential feature of household furniture.

The firm has recently issued a new catalogue full of helpful suggestions about the arrangement of home libraries and defining certain mechanical features of the construction of the Globe-Wernicke Cases. The catalogue will be sent upon application and the cases are shipped on approval to parties residing in localities where the company has no authorized agent.

A HAND BOOK OF HISTORIC FURNITURE

A bad piece of furniture is a blemish upon any room in a house. The rule to-day in furnishing is the rule of simplicity and quality; few pieces of furniture, but those good. The purchaser of a chair, or a settle, or a highboy, would prefer, of course, that it should be an original piece. If he cannot afford originals, he wishes at least to know that his selection follows a good model of a good style. It is not necessary to be a collector to feel the force of this. In fact, every householder who makes any pretension to furnishing his home with taste and discrimination should know something definitely about furniture and their kinds.

One of the most complete hand-books, as well as the most interesting of its kind, is "French and English Furniture," by Esther Singleton. The periods represented cover a couple of centuries, and range from the Louis XIII in France and the Jacobean in England to the French Empire and English classic school of the Adams. The author

is a recognized authority in the matter of furniture and decoration, who is already well-known by her book, "The Furniture of Our Forefathers." The periods included are Jacobean, Louis XIII, Queen Anne, Louis XIV, Louis XV, Early Gregorian, Chippendale, Louis XVI, Sheraton, Heppelwhite, Adam, Empire. Each style is described at the period of its greatest purity and popularity. The illustrations of the book are especially notable. They are seventy-two in number, full page half-tone engravings, which include many hundred details and a frontispiece in color. These represent the most exhaustive research among rare books, little known treatises on the making of furniture by the old master furniture makers themselves. These illustrations reconstruct the old periods more completely than they have ever been reconstructed before.

REAL ART IN DECORATION

From month to month THE CRAFTSMAN presents in its business pages a reproduction of English Friezes and other wall decorations from the importations of the W. H. S. Lloyd Company, New York. In the current number is given a delightful representation of one of the latest landscape friezes, "The Birches," which is only one of many truly artistic designs recently imported by this house and shown for the first time in this country.

It is only recently that mural painters have concentrated their skill and genius in this practical and serviceable direction, and the result is shown in the more subdued colorings, better drawing and more restful and harmonious effects.

"The Birches," which in the illustration are only outlined in black and white, are shown in three colorings, toning with soft green, blue or red walls, conveying a charm which no description can properly define. Decorators, and students of decoration, as well as retail dealers, would find an hour spent in the exhibition rooms of the Lloyd Company a profitable education, as well as a pleasure in a purely artistic sense.

LUXEMOOR FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The illustrated announcement in our business pages of this new decorative leather shows, so far as can be shown in black and white, some of the artistic uses of the new Luxemoor process applied to richly colored leathers. Especially appropriate and timely are the College pillows which are produced in correct college colors, the Harvard Crimson, the Yale Blue, etc., all of which can be furnished upon application to the manufacturers, The Corwin Mfg. Company, Peabody, Mass., if the local dealer has not yet placed them in stock. The new treatment of carving on calf skins or soft tanned hides has developed a new product with many applications to home furnishings that appeal to the artistic sense by the rich color effects of warmth and beauty, in addition to its serviceable qualities.

In its application for wall covering the architect or decorator is unrestricted in the color scheme or in carrying out his conception for either conventional, landscape or

marine reproductions, the process lending itself readily to the designer's purpose. A single sample, however, of Luxemoor will convey a better idea of its beauty than a volume of description, and its application to many forms of ornamental handicraft is almost unlimited.

A BATH ROOM IN SANITAS

There is no better substitute for genuine porcelain tiles for bath room walls than Sanitas. In its glazed surfaces it presents all the advantages of tiling. It is sanitary. It sheds both dust and germs and it can be kept clean with soap and water in exactly the same way as tiling. Then, too, a greater variety of interior effects is possible in Sanitas than with any other bath room finish, except paper.

Most of the printed tiles are made in blue, in green, in gray and in burnt orange, the now popular color for tiles of all kinds.

The bath room in the sketch, illustrated in the advertising pages of this issue of THE CRAFTSMAN, was done in blue. Below a low wainscot rail, four feet from the floor, is a neat little tile design in blue, a Delft effect with an alternating white tile. Above the wainscot is a square tile outlined in blue. The floor is laid in white tiles, with a border in which blue and buff are the predominating colors. The rug is buff and blue. The woodwork is cypress. The window curtains are white mull with a small blue and buff figure.

An alternate scheme for this room might be green. Both of the Sanitas tiles here used are made in green and white as well as blue and white. The designs are simple and eminently suitable for bath room decoration.

MORE ABOUT SAFECRAFT FURNITURE

Proper protection for valuables is a problem of interest to every householder. The usual place for jewels, when not being worn, is in the dresser bureau, within easy access of the owner. How many women leave their jewels there constantly, is attested by the daily accounts of the operation of thieves and burglars, whose typical work is done "while the family were at dinner on the floor below."

The latest production which incorporates proper protection, is Safecraft, shown in our business pages. This new article consists of a safe encased in furniture, each and every piece of which is the logical receptacle of valuable articles. Besides reducing to a minimum the risk of loss, there is achieved economy of space, time, effort and material, and an artistic arrangement of a room.

The contents of the Safecraft pieces designed for the boudoir are of as easy access to the owner as when in the bureau drawer; but are safe from the operation of the sneak thief. Safecraft affords security with utility; safety with convenience.

The safes are made by the Herring-Hall-Marvin Safe Company, the cabinets by Gustav Stickley in the Craftsman workshops. The illustrated announcement will give information and directions for obtaining catalogues and other particulars.

THE CABINET GLENWOOD AGAIN

The modern housekeeper will be interested in some of the modern improvements adopted by the manufacturers of the Cabinet Glenwood Ranges, as well as in the fact that this modern range is "built on lines of elegant simplicity."

Having in mind that in many kitchens available space is so limited that either the hearth or end shelf of the ordinary range often comes in the way of the door or partition wall, the construction of the Glenwood has been so arranged that the ash pan, boiler door, grate, and in fact every part is accessible from the front. By doing away with both the overhanging hearth and end shelf in this way the range is made very compact without reducing the capacity. Each part can be replaced without disturbing other parts and the oven bottom is so divided that either half can be removed at any time. The square shape of the oven makes it very roomy and the Illuminized Oven Shelf can be adjusted at several different heights. Another practical feature is that the grate can be drawn out from beneath the linings without their being disturbed so that an old grate can be replaced and so keep in use the old linings. When furnished with the Glenwood oven heat indicator the exact heat in the oven is shown and tells when baking when to open or close the draughts, the right temperature being indicated for different articles. A little study of the Weir Company's catalogue will show many other practical advantages which will commend themselves to the good housekeeper.

DUTTON'S TRAVEL SERIES

This beautifully illustrated series, issued by E. P. Dutton & Company, New York, offers a charming selection of really valuable and interesting sketches of foreign travel and study, and especially suitable for Christmas gifts. They are works of standard value, gotten up with all possible attractiveness, including full page illustrations in color admirably supplementing the text, which is of more than ordinary merit in intelligent comment upon the countries and the people concerned. The "Told to the Children" series, to which attention was called in the last Open Door, will be found very useful in deciding what to select for the younger members of the household. The high standing of this house and standard character of their publications make it always safe to order by mail with the assurance that every representation will be strictly fulfilled.

SCRIBNER'S NEW ART BOOKS

The Scribner's announcement in our business pages presents a remarkably interesting and valuable list of new art publications, including The Library of Art, a new series in which all Schools and Periods are represented, but only the greatest masters are included as separate biographies. The others are treated in relation to their fellows and forerunners as incidents of art development.

In addition to this series is The Royal Academy and its members, a history from 1768 to 1830, with photogravure portraits and illustrations. Other new editions include: Drawings by the Great Masters, Library of Applied Arts, Famous Art Cities;

Florence, The Langham Series and Sir Joshua Reynolds in a smaller and much cheaper edition than its earlier folio edition which won such unusual praise. The announcement will prove interesting reading to all lovers and students of art.

CROWELL'S HOLIDAY BOOKS

Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, New York, offer an attractive list of holiday books for old and young, including a merry-making series of drawings and jests entitled, "Auto Fun," chiefly drawn from the pages of "Life." Among the other notable volumes listed in their announcement in our business pages will be found "The Loves of Great Composers," "Famous American Authors," a delightful version in blank verse of "Lohengrin," An Emerson Calendar," and "The Happy Life," the latter a rival of Pastor Wagner's famous book. For the children will be found "Rhymes of Little Boys" by Burges Johnson, which will be appreciated by all whose hearts are young.

"BACK HOME" AN OLD TIME BOYHOOD

The man who does not want to renew his boyhood days was not much of a boy, and by logical sequence cannot be much of a man. Any book that brings back boyhood days with any amount of vividness and truth is sure to be a welcome one to all grown-ups. Eugene Wood performs in a most inimitable way this service for anyone who will take up his recent book, "Back Home." Mr. Wood was a country boy in the Middle West, went to school in the little old red schoolhouse, to Sunday school and prayer meeting in the white Methodist church, spent his summer Saturdays and holidays at the old swimming hole, watched the circus come into town, visited the county fair, and did all the things that any American country boy ever did in his childhood days. He touches the little American country village and the amusing people that lived in it with the most sympathetic finger and a wonderfully genial sense of the humor and yet, at the same time, the humanity of their provincialism and narrowness. He makes you chuckle, and he brings you pretty close to the edge of tears, and altogether he makes you feel glad that you were a boy, and makes you hope to be a better man.

A BURROUGHS ESSAY FREE

THE CRAFTSMAN readers who enjoyed "A Day with John Burroughs," so delightfully told and illustrated in the August number of THE CRAFTSMAN, will especially welcome the new Riverby Edition of his complete writings just issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Company. The edition is richly illustrated with views from nature and is an unusually beautiful series of books in every respect. It is sold on monthly payments of two dollars and an easy way of securing one of these charming essays "Do Animals Think and Reflect," free of charge, will be to fill out your name and address on the blank space in the announcement in our business pages and send it to Houghton, Mifflin & Company, who offer to send this complete chapter from Burroughs' latest book to all who make application promptly.

STANDARD ART PUBLICATIONS

Frederick Warne & Company, of New York announce a new and important art publication, "The National Gallery" (London) containing fifty-seven full plate photogravures and one hundred and fifty-five smaller half-tone pictures with the text descriptive of this famous collection as it exists to-day by Gustav Geffroy, with an interesting historical introduction by Sir Walter Armstrong.

Two new volumes have been added this season to the Newnes Art Library,—Puvis de Chavannes, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Art students and lovers of painting will find this a very comprehensive series and a prospectus of the list of volumes already issued will be sent upon application.

TIN ROOFING FACTS WORTH KNOWING

Continuing the story, at first hands, about the Taylor "Old Style" Roofing Tin, we quote from the manufacturer's statement to us some of the essential points which it is well for home-builders to know: "We are the only manufacturers still making tin in the old-fashioned hand labor way—a fact which we are always glad to demonstrate by a visit to our works and a comparison with the methods used by others. This method calls for no less than four dippings into pots of metal at various temperatures so as to pile on the maximum amount of coating; and the sheets are allowed to soak in the various vats and the coating is brushed in by the tin men and their assistants, so that the entire process of coating a sheet takes thirty-five minutes.

"Some idea of the vast difference between this thorough, careful process and the modern machine method can be gained from the fact that a well mottled, extra-coated terne can be finished through one of these tinning machines in eight seconds. A man and a boy—both unskilled—are employed at each of these patent machines, whereas no less than six persons handle the plates at our 'Old Style' stacks.

"Our tin carries a heavier coating than other brands on the market—a fact which can usually be determined by simply scraping the sheet with a sharp knife. Place a sheet of any other roofing-tin beside a sheet of 'Old Style' and the difference in the coatings will be apparent. Note the heavy, rough natural coating on our 'Old Style' brand—not smoothed off, or artificially mottled, by means of rolls—but simply the heavy, durable tin coating put on slowly and thoroughly by skilled hand labor.

"The weight of the coating alone, however, does not indicate the lasting value of the tin. A sixty-pound coarse, lead-coated plate will not give the durability of, say a forty-five pound coating of a rich alloy of tin and lead. Tin costs about seven times as much as lead, and a rich coating carrying a high percentage of tin runs up the cost of the plate. Neither pure tin nor pure lead seems to give the best results for a roofing plate; and long experience in tin-plate manufacture—more than seventy years—has demonstrated to us the proper alloy necessary to secure the best results."

McCLURE'S TIMELY PUBLICATIONS

"The Work of Our Hands," by H. A. Mitchell Keays, is a story dealing with modern conditions; specifically, with the business world of to-day. It is an earnest novel, with enough moral purpose to commend it to thoughtful people. Specifically, it deals with a woman's struggle against the shams of religion and the selfishness of wealth; the heroine being a poor young woman married into a wealthy family, to whom the responsibility of riches is a very vital thing.

Another book which will attract, because so far removed in spirit and atmosphere from the rushing unmoral business world, is 'The Pang-Yanger," by Elma A. Travis, a story of the Catskills, which is permeated with a brisk outdoor freshness and a sense of mystery of deep forest shades that city toilers will find most welcome. It has primitive people in it, too; especially, the hero, Abijah Bead, a grim, humorous, farmer philosopher, who is much more of a real man than any recent character in fiction.

NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

In Children's Books for the Season, the Frederick A. Stokes Company announce a most attractive list of juvenile publications of real value and great variety. The dozen or more featured in our business pages by this firm include a charming selection for the children of all ages. The Children's Annual contains thirty-six full page illustrations in color and more than two hundred black and white, with stories and poems that will delight the children of the household. Among the others, which will be welcomed, is a new story Sir Toady Crusoe, by S. R. Crockett; also The Children of Other Days, by Hudson Moore; Japanese Child Life, illustrated in color; Tige; His Story, by R. F. Outcault, the creator of Buster Brown, and The House that Glue Built, a popular series of "cut outs" for the little ones.

A new and original Christmas Stocking series, made of such size and shape as to actually fit in the child's stocking makes its first appearance with a handsome colored cover and one of the favorite St. Nicholas Stories, entitled "Con the Wizard" by the author of the "Bunny Stories." This dainty little book has eight illustrations in color by Edward R. Little, and many illustrations of the text by Oliver Herford. A companion volume, "The Denim Elephant" by Emily Carter Wright, will delight the little folk.

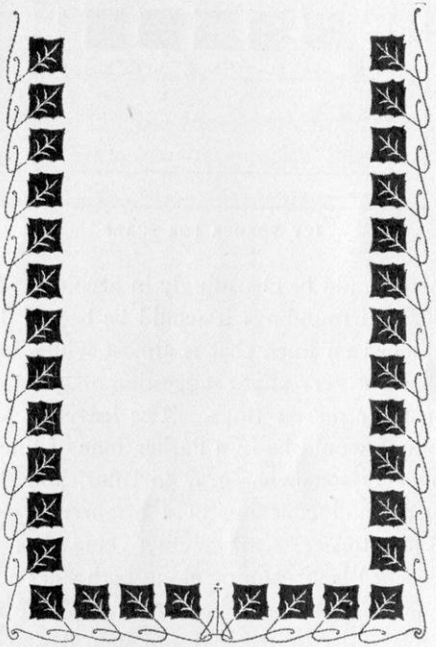
OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

OF all rooms in the house, the one where the skill of the woman wise in color and deft with her needle is most evident is the bedroom. Unless the room is situated on the shady side of the house, where warm color effects are needed to make up for the absence of sunshine, the color scheme of a bedroom is usually carried out in cool and delicate tints, giving the best possible chance for subtle accents here and there in the way of color and form, such as only needlework can give.

No matter what are the furnishings of a room, the small accessories, such as the bed-cover, scarfs for dresser and chiffonier, table squares, etc., should be white or pale in color, and of a character to stand many visits to the tub. This last is a prime necessity, for the painful untidiness of soiled scarfs and covers is abhorrent to the eye of any good housekeeper. If these belongings are immaculate, the room may be shabby and even commonplace, and yet possess an air of daintiness and refinement; if not, no amount of taste and expense in the other furnishings can redeem it.

Fortunately, the era is passing of ruffled and belaced scarfs and covers, shown up pitilessly the moment the first crisp freshness is gone, by the tinted silk pads beneath them. Their prettiness is so evanescent that they are the most extravagant of bedroom accessories,—or if not frequently renewed, the most untidy. At any time, they are more suggestive of luxury than of comfort. Pure white linen, with touches of white embroidery, is always dainty, but in many rooms it is too cold and characterless to produce the best effect. The greatest charm is usually found in linen of smooth weave and some delicate tint that brings it into harmony with the general color scheme, or in the irregular texture and pure color of the natural gray homespun linen that "wears like iron" and suits itself to almost any surroundings.

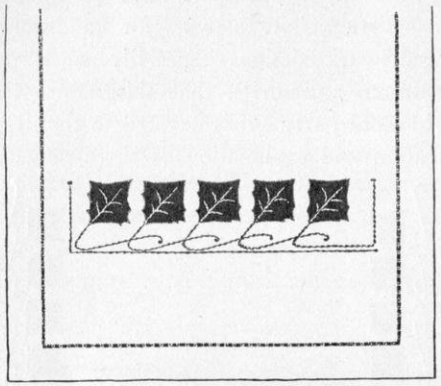
So many applications have been made to THE CRAFTSMAN for additional needlework designs especially suited to bedroom accessories, that this month the Home Department is devoted to the illustration and explanation of three new designs here published for the first time. In addition to scarfs and bed-covers, the same design and material appears in portières for closet doors, and sometimes in window curtains, if THE CRAFTSMAN idea as presented here is to be carried out. The conventionalized flower and leaf *motifs* are so simple that no sense of wearisome repetition is felt in their appearance on hangings as well as scarfs and bed-cover, but rather a pleasant realization of the recurrence of a needed color accent in the general effect.



IVY DESIGN FOR BED COVER

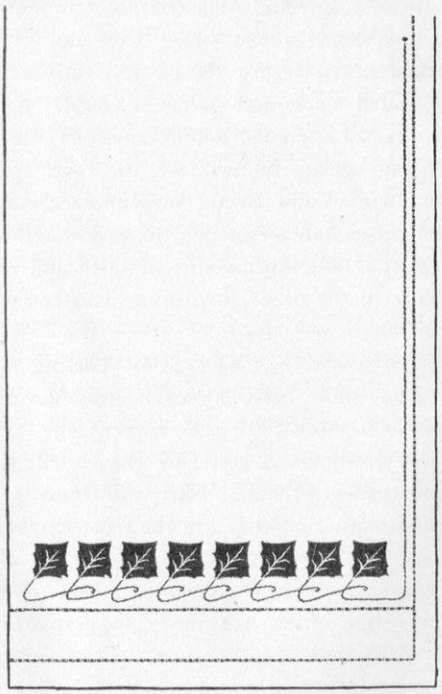
In a room where the walls are gray-

green and the woodwork stained so that a suggestion of moss green appeared in its gray-brown tones,—as is frequently the case with cypress wood trim when finished in gray,—the ivy *motif* first illustrated



IVY BORDER FOR SCARF

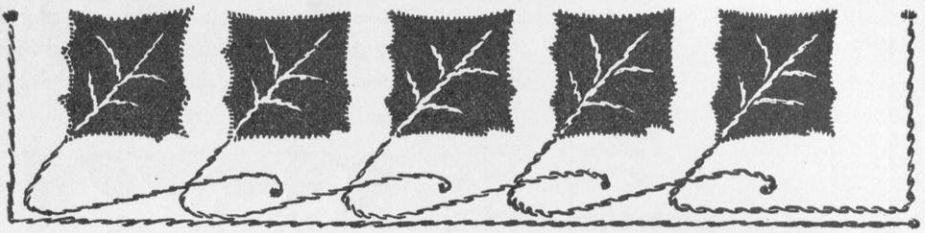
here would be charmingly in keeping. In such surroundings it would be best if developed on linen that is almost white, but shows a very slight suggestion of green,—just the merest tinge. The leaves in appliqué would be in a darker tone of linen, possibly somewhat gray in color, and the stems and couching in a brighter green. The dresser scarf shown here has a couched hem running along both sides and ends, and a small border of appliqué at each end. As the leaf and stem design is so simple, it may be adjusted to fit any space by merely repeating the pattern of a single leaf as many times as is necessary. The line of couching that masks the edge of the hem is made of five or six strands of linen floss caught down with a coarse buttonhole stitch. In this case it would be best to use a thread of the same rather than another tone. As in all appliqué, the linen leaves are carefully cut out, leaving edge enough to turn under, and are first basted into position and then buttonholed down with the floss. The stems and veinings are of floss and in simple outline stitch. The bed-cover shows a design that outlines the top of the bed like a border running across the foot and up the sides to the pillows. This sort of spread is to be tucked in all around, though, of course, the same design might easily be used on a spread made to hang to the floor at foot and sides. Again, the design is so arranged as to be very easily adjusted according to individual fancy. It might run around the edge of the bed on top, or be set far enough in to leave a border of the material at the edge,—or it could even be made into a central ornament in the shape of a parallelogram. It is merely a matter of the repetition of the single leaf pattern a greater or less number of times. The portière shows a border of appliqué like the dresser scarf, and also the line of



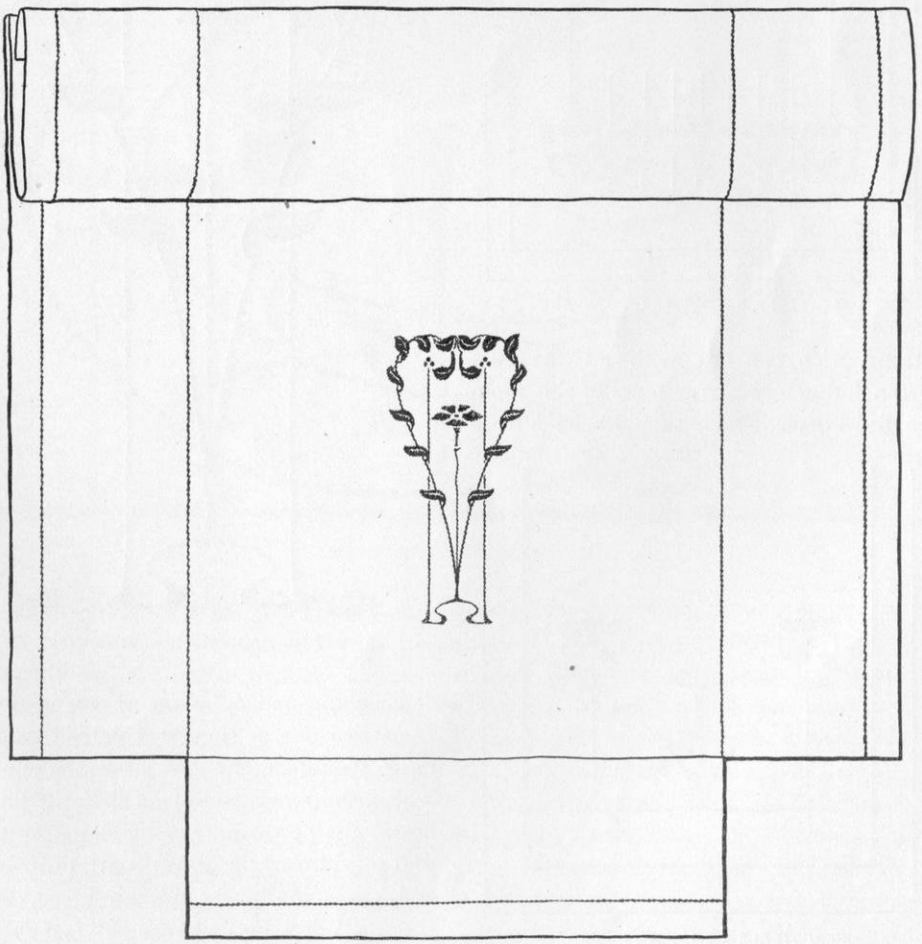
IVY DESIGN FOR PORTIERE

couched floss at the edge of the hem, but it has also a long line of outline stitch running up the side from the stem of the last leaf, and a band of plain linen in a contrasting color, say of tan or deep cream.

on the greenish linen suggested, applied straight across the bottom with an additional line of couched floss. The companion curtain would show this pattern reversed, so that both ornamental edges would turn toward the center. To finish out the color scheme in the room suggested, the ceiling could be of the deep cream tint that harmonizes so well with greenish gray walls, and the rug could show a good deal of cream color with deep moss green touched with lighter tones of the same color. The bed and electric fixtures could be of brass, as the greenish tone of the

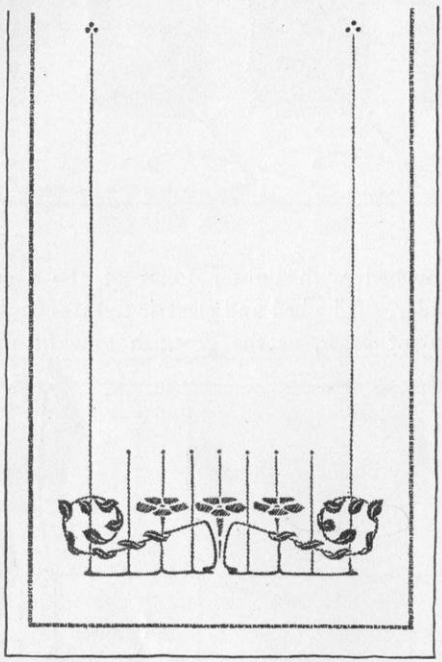


DETAIL OF IVY MOTIF



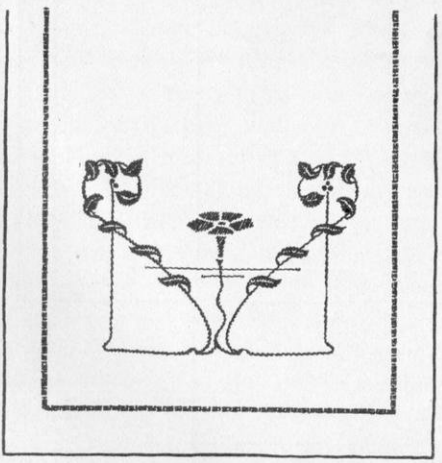
PERIWINKLE DESIGN FOR BED COVER

metal would harmonize admirably with this scheme. The window curtains would be in white muslin, plain and crisp, as there is nothing better for a bedroom in which pure white is admissible, and a



PERIWINKLE BORDER FOR PORTIERE

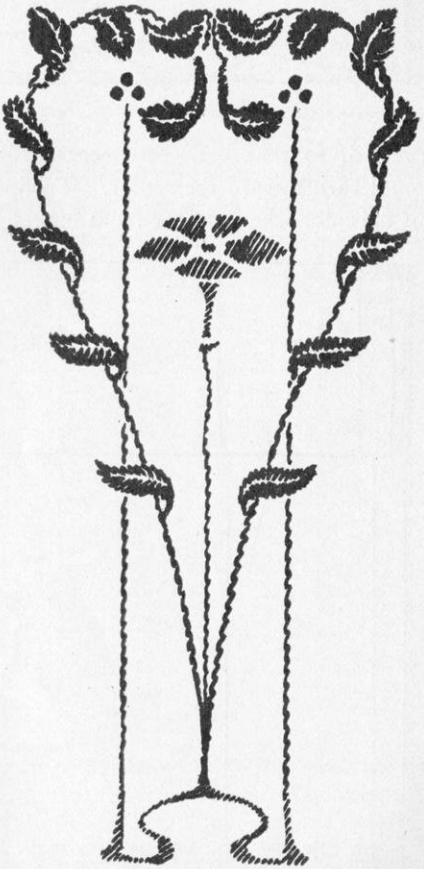
strong, rich contrast with all the cool green and greenish gray tones of this room might be made if there should happen to be



PERIWINKLE DESIGN FOR SCARF

a fireplace which could be faced with large square tiles in dull orange.

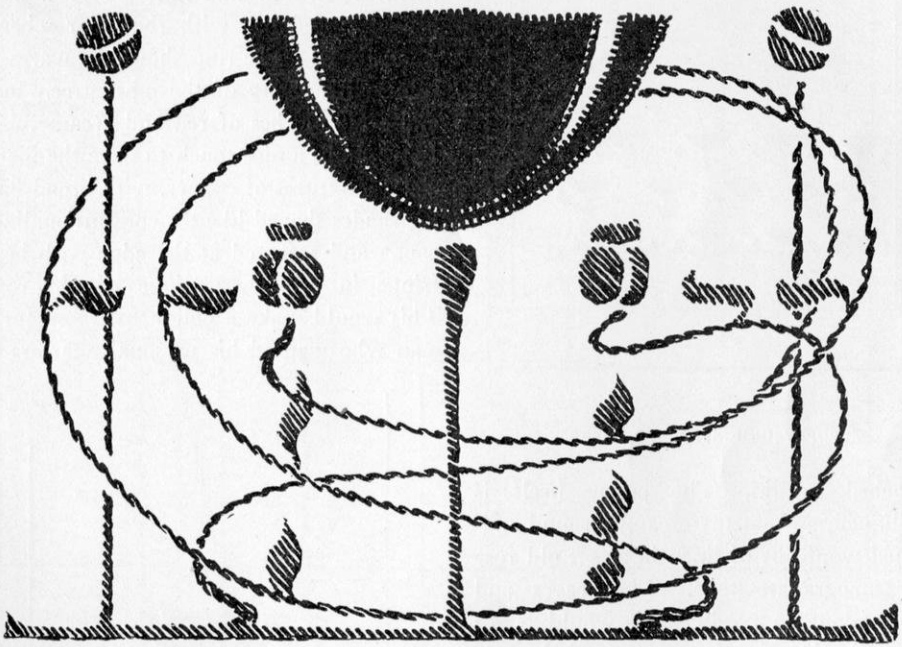
Another design suitable for a room in cool tones is the periwinkle or myrtle *motif*. No appliqué is used in this design, which is carried out entirely in needlework, the outline and "over-and-over" stitches being used, as well as the lines



DETAIL OF PERIWINKLE MOTIF

of couching and occasional French knots. If carried out as suggested here, the material would be the cool gray homespun. The needlework would be done in linen floss,—the flower part of the design in the dull soft blue of the flower itself, the leaves and stems in a very grayish green, and the small dots in a washed-out rose-color.

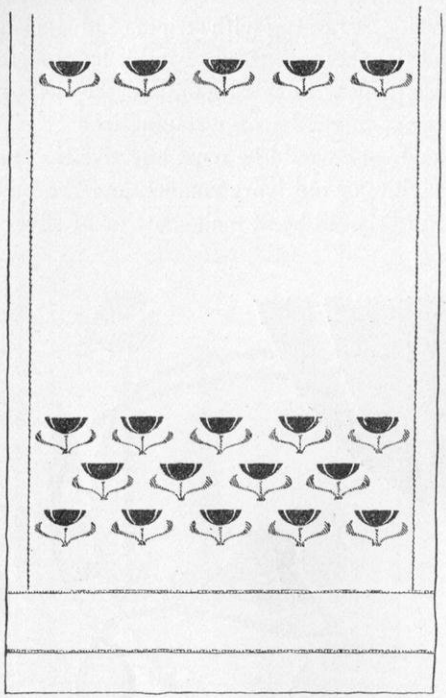
The couched lines would be of the same green as the stems. The working out of this *motif* is not so simple as the one preceding, for different applications of it appear in the different pieces. In the portière, the conventionalized sprays are very much flattened, producing the effect almost of a decorative band; in the dresser scarf the proportions are so adjusted as to make nearly a square design, and in the bed-cover the same two sprays are closed together at the top, giving an effect that differs from the other two pieces sufficiently to insure an interesting variety of treatment for the same theme. Covers and hangings in the colors and materials suggested would be charming in a blue and white room,—the touch of green being merely a relief to the prevailing tones. The walls for a room carried out as suggested might be done in gray-blue, with a ceiling and frieze of natural gray plaster, which would repeat the cool gray tone of the homespun linen used in the accessories. In addition to the portières, the window curtains might be made in the same material and design, or they could be made perfectly plain with the hems couched in green. A rag rug with stripes of blue, gray and touches of green, would harmonize admirably with this room, and the electric fittings might be of wrought iron. The woodwork would be most effective if done in white or old ivory enamel, and the furniture should be of mahogany or of silver-gray maple, according to the effect desired. The mahogany would lend a contrasting tone of rich dark color that would bring out beautifully all the blues and grays, and the maple would keep the whole room cool, light and subdued.



DETAIL OF POPPY MOTIF

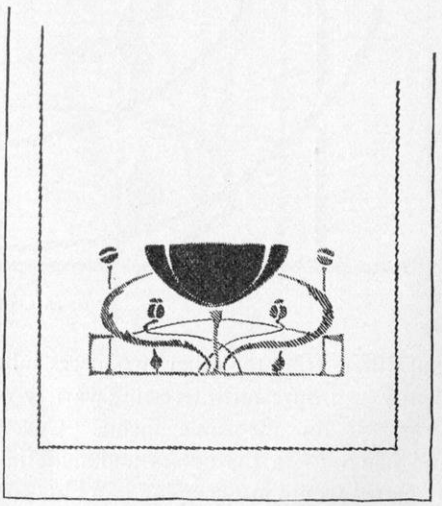
Especially appropriate for a bedroom is the poppy *motif* with its suggestion of sleep. The material upon which this design is developed may be either inexpensive unbleached muslin, or any cream-colored

fabric as fine and costly as may be desired. The shade needed to carry out the color scheme in the model suggested here is exactly the warm creamy tint of un-



POPPY DESIGN FOR PORTIERE

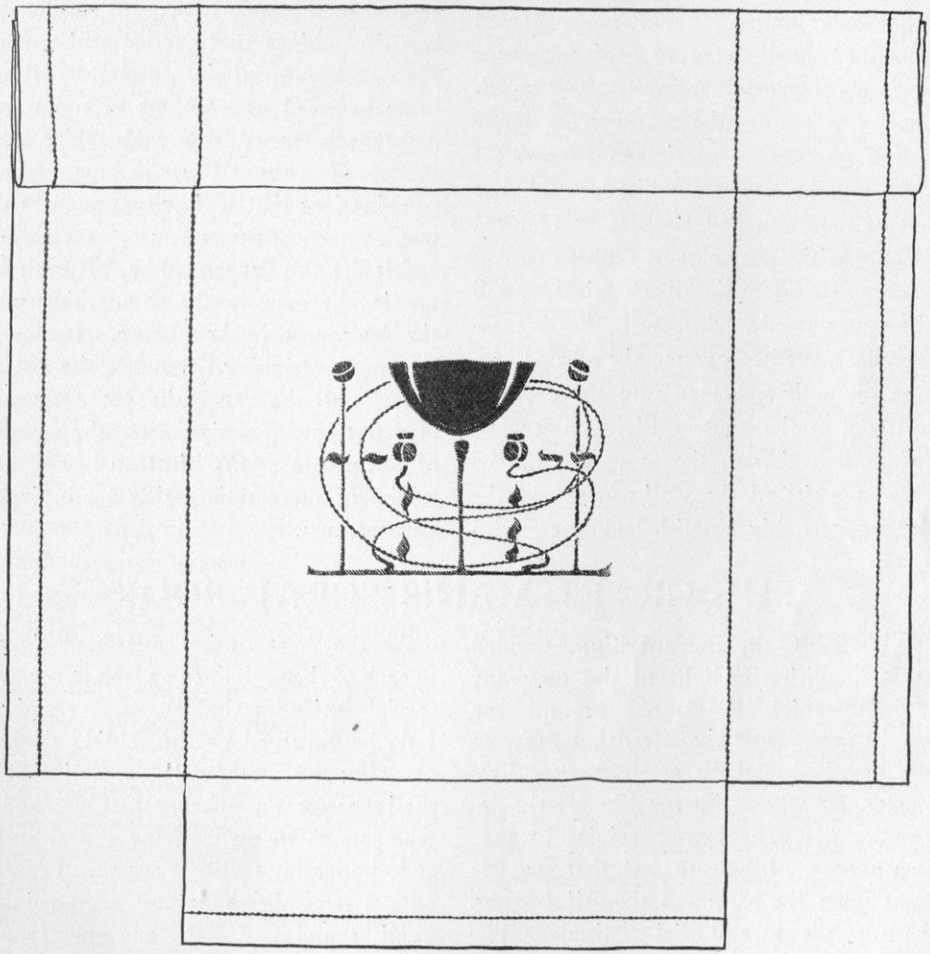
bleached muslin. The poppy itself is appliquéd, and on the creamy ground suggested would be of linen in a soft old rose or pomegranate tone. The leaves and stems, done in needlework, would be of linen floss in pale moss green, and the outlined hems,—used here in place of the couched lines shown in the other two designs,—would be in a little lighter shade of the same green. The design for the dresser scarf and the central ornament of the bed-cover show each a single large conventionalized poppy, with buds, leaves and stems used as decorative lines. The portière shows the same single blossom with a much simpler stem and leaf arrangement repeated to form three rows across the bottom, and one row across the top. At the very foot of the portière, just above the hem, is a broad appliquéd band of linen, which may be either of the rose or the green seen in the needlework. The window curtains would be of the same design and material as the portières. With these covers and hangings, a charming scheme for the whole room would be to have the walls done in a deep tan color, almost yellow, and the ceiling nearly white with a faint suggestion of green. The woodwork might be either white enamel or a light brown tone of oak. The furniture would naturally be of a dark brown fumed oak with the color scheme as outlined. The rugs should be warm in color with plenty of the moss green tone and some touches of red and cream color. It would be a nice touch to have the metal electric fixtures of copper, with broad flaring shades shaped like the conventionalized poppy and softened at the edge with bead fringe in a coppery tinge of old rose. This would make a delightful room for a man who wanted his personal quarters to



POPPY DESIGN FOR SCARF

be an abiding place instead of a camp ground,—or for a boy of the same tastes. It is rich-colored and robust in tone, and somehow suggests a man as occupant.

The bed-covers illustrated with both the periwinkle and the poppy *motifs* are designed to be very large and to be used after the English fashion; the sides and foot reaching to the floor and the pillows rolled under the top. The shape of the spread against any harmonizing background, and the ivy would be lovely in the brown of the dead leaf against a gray-green or a tan material. The rich russets and reds of the frost-bitten ampelopsis would be most effective where a warm color scheme is



POPPY DESIGN FOR BED COVER

is of course interchangeable with all the designs, as the ivy would look equally well with the large spread and the others with a cover designed to be used with a footboard and tucked in. The color schemes suggested here are also merely suggestions, as the poppy *motif* could be developed in any of the many colors of the flower desired. The flowers in these *motifs* are all highly conventionalized, for the natural flower forms are apt to be dangerous in designs, on account their greater prominence and iregularity of form. One is apt to grow weary of them, and they are much less decorative.

Very often a room that would other-

wise be commonplace is redeemed by a well-chosen *motif* worked out in curtains, portières, bed-cover and scarfs, so that the whole scheme becomes a definite plan of decoration. One case in point is that of the clever owner of a bedroom which might easily have been like dozens of other bedrooms. It was in a rented house,—a small room of ordinary shape and no structural interest. The wall-paper was not at all remarkable, a simple design of bunches of tiny pink roses set close together upon a white ground, but it was too clean and fresh to be replaced at once without a sense of undue extravagance. In an ordinarily furnished room the paper would have been utterly commonplace, yet it suggested the scheme of a rose room that evolved into the prettiest bedroom in the house. Plain unbleached cotton was chosen, the same tint as the creamy white of the wall-paper, and the dresser-scarf, big English bed-cover, window curtains and portière for the closet, were all done in a charming conventionalized rose *motif* in soft, dull pink, with green leaves and stems. Green grass matting was used and the rug showed the same tones, and the woodwork was enameled in old ivory. The furniture was treated in the same way, with cushions of beautiful chintz that carried still further the rose and green tints, and the polished brass bedstead gave accent to the whole dainty scheme of rose and white with touches of green. There is no end to the combinations that will be suggested to the woman who possesses "an eye for color," and if she also happens to be deft with her needle, she may do almost anything with the bedrooms in her house. If she is clever at designing, so much the better, but if not, she can easily get a favorite idea put into a design after the manner of the simple *motifs* illustrated here, and rejoice in surroundings that are individually her own.

THE CRAFTSMAN'S SCRAP BOOK

RISING in the morning, flooded with the light of the new day which is poured around me by the presence of the Eternal, I draw in my breath, breathing in the blessed love power, on whose life my life utterly depends. I am happy. I rejoice in that dependence. I love to feel that my life rests upon the bosom of the All Loving. I return that love in filial gratitude. The heart of God demands my heart and I give it. Right relations being now established for the new day between me and the all embracing life, I ask of the surrounding spirit of love and wisdom and power, strength and insight and tenderness to meet my dear ones at the morning meal. May some token of loving union then be given, some wise, some tender, some appreciative word be spoken, that shall make the day's duties easier and lighter to each of them. Then as I go to my own special duties for the day, may everything I do be governed by the abiding thought of doing my work well, so well that it shall become an offering to God, and a true service to man. May I deal justly and honorably with everyone I meet. May I remember how closely I am linked to all around me. Let me be one of many to help all those for whom toil is bitter, and bread is scarce, and those whom weakness and ignorance and disease keep down and rob of the natural joy of life. If I keep the house, may my smile and loving welcome instantly greet those who have worked outside, so that home-coming may be sweet and blessed to those who return for rest and recreation and cheer. If I am working outside my home, may I

bring my very best home with me, and make the home-keepers feel that the very walls of the house are sacred. Then at last come rest and sleep, and may I say then "I lay me down and take my rest, for thou, O Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety."—*Samuel Robert Calthrop.*

TOWARDS the end of Hokusai's long, long life he added to his name the epithet "Gwakio" (the fool of drawing), and he wrote of himself:

"From the age of six I had a passion for drawing the forms of objects. Towards my fifteenth year I had published a number of designs; but I am dissatisfied with all that I did before I was seventy years old. It was at the age of seventy-three that I fully understood the true form and nature of birds, fish, plants, and like things. Consequently, at the age of eighty I shall have made much progress; at ninety I shall arrive at the true nature of things; at a hundred I shall surely reach a superior height, something indefinable; and at the age of a hundred and ten, be it a point, or be it a line, all will be alive. I demand of those who shall live as long as myself to ask if I have not kept my word. Written at the age of seventy-five years by me, hitherto called Hokusai, to-day known as Gwakiô Rojin, the old fool of designing."

"EVERY man has a subject concerning which he consciously or unconsciously thinks most or talks best,—I do not mean most fluently, but most earnestly and most interestingly. Save in those inspired moments which come to all men when, forgetful of surroundings, oblivious to all distractions, wholly and absolutely unconscious of self, they speak without check or hindrance, we speak slowly and haltingly concerning that which interests us most; the tongue is held in check by our ideas, the right words come reluctantly, and it is with difficulty we make ourselves understood. Fluency is a mark of ignorance; the ready speaker is never a profound thinker; thought and silence go hand in hand like lovers who comprehend each other perfectly,—a word, and disenchantment follows. Still, you must speak of that which lies nearest your heart, else the world will not listen. The great story-tellers of the world are those who have drawn most largely from their own experiences and observations. The greatness of Tolstoi lies in fidelity to his ideas and convictions; every word he writes has its intimate relation to his own life; every characteristic in some sort an embodiment of his own universal personality. He is a child when writing of children, a young girl when writing of young girls, a man when he writes of men, and a seer when with daring hand he holds ajar the gates of death that we may peer beyond. In everything he does we feel the overwhelming sense of the personality behind, the simplicity of the method, the utter absence of all striving for effect."—*Arthur Jerome Eddy.*

"IF, then, all the world's a stage, and all the men and women players thereon, then nature is the only safe companion. But one must not shun life. Nature's noblest product is man, and the highest study of mankind is man, but the student must beware lest the pose of the subject interferes with the validity of the conclusion. Only the sanest mind can observe men with equanimity. It is so hard to get outside the world about us and take a bird's-view of humanity. Our impressions are controlled by our environment, and unconsciously we imitate where we should only observe. Therefore nature which is disinterested impresses us impartially. Her truths are obscured by no conventions; her voice neither lisps nor

stammers. It is safe to go to nature for inspiration; her serene charms turn not the weakest head; her calm voice has no siren note. But he who would look at his fellowmen and be himself unmoved must be among the chosen of the earth; all the moods and passions of the human heart will pull and tug at his understanding; a thousand desires, longings, and tender associations, a myriad of dislikes, aversions, and contempts will combine to overthrow his judgment. Happy the man whose mental equipoise is so stable it can not be shaken, and whose sympathy with all about him, however great, cannot disturb the serenity of his appreciations."—*Arthur Jerome Eddy.*

"THERE is evidently in the Japanese no lack of love for the beauty of nature and of ornament; only there is a dignity which makes them demand a suitable setting for their lives, and a very rare refinement which teaches them to prefer the complete realization and enjoyment of the beauty of a few simple things to the superficial appreciation of many elaborately beautiful ones; which leads them to spend their thought rather in showing to the best advantage the utmost beauty of one spray, than in finding places for a basketful of rare flowers."—*Raymond Unwin.*

I PITY the man who does not work, at whichever end of the social scale he may regard himself as being. The law of worthy work well done is the law of successful American life. I believe in play, too; play and play hard, but do not make the mistake of thinking that that is the main thing. The work is what counts, and if a man does his work well and it is worth doing, then it matters but little in which line that work is done—the man is a good American citizen.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

IN vain do we seek to make a room look beautiful by the elaboration of its decoration and furniture, irrespective of all that goes to make up the life that will be lived in it. The successful room is the one which looks well with all the life in it, not the one which looks its best before it is occupied. It is only by making proper allowance for this life that a living room can be made to look well. Great simplicity is needed in the treatment of a room which may soon become crowded and restless; but which may also, if properly treated, be more charming and homelike than any other, just because it is so full of life and the evidences of life—a decoration after all by no means to be despised.—From "*The Art of Building a Home.*"