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See Page 372.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, AMERICAN POET AND JOURNALIST:
REPRODUCED FROM THE MONUMENT BY HERBERT ADAMS TO
BE UNVEILED THIS SUMMER IN BRYANT PARK, NEW YORK.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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VOLUME XX

Contents for July, 1911

NUMBER 4

William Cullen Byrant	Herbert Adams, Sculptor	Frontispiece
Waste: Our Heaviest National Liability	By The Editor	343
To A Little Girl	By Robert Louise Stevenson	349
An Unpublished Poem		
The Value of Water Color Painting and the Spring Exhibition in New York		350
<i>Illustrated</i>		
Salvation through Works: A Story	By Halvorsen Hough	358
Open Stairways for City Buildings	By Henry Atterbury Smith	364
<i>Illustrated</i>		
Among the Makers of American Literature: William Cullen Byrant		
Poet and Journalist	By Elizabeth Anna Semple	372
Ultra Conservatism in the Painting Shown at Carnegie Institute this Year		
<i>Illustrated</i>	By James B. Townsend	379
The Conquest of Fire is Our Race History		386
<i>Illustrated</i>		
The Invisible Garden		393
Modern Country Homes in England	By Barry Parker	394
Number Fifteen		
<i>Illustrated</i>		
On Directing Criticism	By Charles Battell Loomis	406
A Song Domestic: A Poem	By Mary Brecht Pulver	409
The Street Singer		411
Among the Craftsmen		
Two Craftsman Schoolhouses		412
<i>Illustrated</i>		
A Cabinetmaker and his Work	By Stephen R. Williams	418
<i>Illustrated</i>		
The Motor Car and the City Man		420
Growing the Gourd Vine for Ornamental and Practical Purposes	By E. E. Willcox	422
<i>Illustrated</i>		
Gain a Year by Seeding Perennials in July	By Adeline Thayer Thomson	424
<i>Illustrated</i>		
Houses Inspired by Craftsman Ideas		426
<i>Illustrated</i>		
The Camera in the Country		432
Ready-to-Use Washable House Furnishings		433
Art Notes		434

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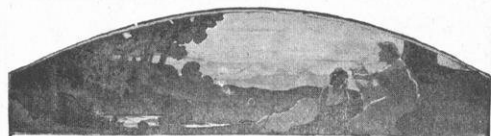
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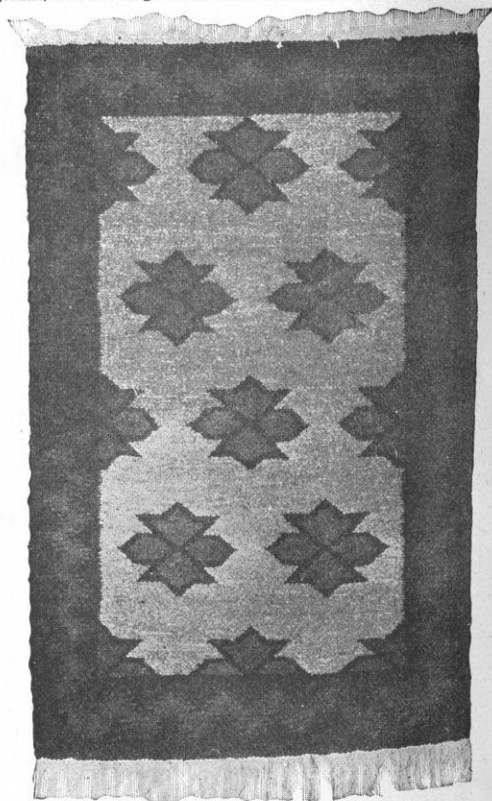
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WASTE: OUR HEAVIEST NATIONAL LIABILITY: BY THE EDITOR



"EFFICIENCY," as rediscovered by the advocates of the new science of management, has given a fresh and startling emphasis to the cost of its converse, waste. The "efficiency engineer" has demonstrated that a workman can double and treble his output, shorten his hours of work, and increase his income—to say nothing of swelling the profits of his employer—by simply eliminating superfluous motions. In other words, labor is being taught to increase its capacity by conserving its energy, by cutting off waste, and the result promises to revolutionize our present business and industrial methods. Moreover, there is no field of human activity to which the principles underlying this new science have not pertinence and applicability. "The conservation of our national resources," as President Roosevelt reminded the House of Governors, "is only preliminary to the larger question of national efficiency." And national efficiency means simply the elimination of national waste, in its widest sense,—not merely of our streams, our forests, our soil and our coal, but the vaster though less tangible waste of human effort. A suggestion of what this waste costs is found in the statement of an eminent efficiency expert, that scientific management applied to the railroads of the United States would mean a saving to the companies of at least a million dollars a day. And ex-Senator Nelson Aldrich, whose slightest word on matters of finance carries weight, is credited with the assertion that if he were allowed to run the Government on a business basis he could effect an equal saving for Uncle Sam.

As to the national waste of our purely physical resources, that is a subject with which the latter-day campaign for conservation has made us all fairly familiar. But even so we get something of a shock from the new Secretary of the Interior's recent reminder that our annual fire loss from burning buildings alone amounts to a quarter of a billion dollars—especially when we remember that last year in addition to this destruction nearly five million acres of national forest land were burned over. It is evident that the human factors of efficiency and foresight have a bearing here, since in no

OUR HEAVIEST NATIONAL LIABILITY

other country is the red element permitted to levy such a toll. "Possibly in no other direction," says Secretary Fisher, "is the national habit of waste more clearly exemplified than in the comparative indifference with which we permit such a sacrifice." This indifference is written eloquently in last year's statistics of city fires which are largely preventable. These figures show that the destruction of property by fire in American cities was nearly three times as great as in France, five times as great as in England, and more than twelve times as great as in Germany. And the depressing significance of this utterly uncompensated waste lies in the fact that it is characteristic. It has its parallel in almost every department of our national life.

BUT it is in the domain of industry, as we remarked in the beginning, that the cost of waste—not of material but of human effort—has been most recently and startlingly revealed. In his book called "The Principles of Scientific Management," Mr. Frederick Winslow Taylor, father of the new science of industrial efficiency, argues that the nation's daily loss from the awkward, inefficient or ill-directed movements of men achieves a more formidable figure than does the loss from our waste of material things, although against the former there has been as yet no public agitation or organized campaign. The writings and demonstrations of Mr. Taylor and other workers in the same field, however, have already accomplished so much that Mr. Gompers and other leaders of organized labor have taken up the cudgels against this new movement as a menace to unionism. According to Mr. Gompers it tends to throw men out of work both by setting a pace which only the exceptional worker can maintain and by enabling a few men to do the work of many. It discriminates against the less efficient workman, these critics complain, and it tends to transform every factory and workshop into an industrial speedway. Moreover, they affirm, it is "a plan to destroy unions," because under the Taylor system workmen are dealt with individually, not through representation by committees. To an unbiased observer, however, it seems that the spread of the new system, instead of destroying the unions, is more likely to force them to change their attitude toward this question of efficiency, and to recognize the essential wastefulness of their present theories of "making work," and of letting the least efficient element in their membership set the standard for a day's work.

If we dwell for a moment on some of the amazing results that Mr. Taylor claims for his system, it is because these results serve to demonstrate, more vividly than any other facts recently recorded,

OUR HEAVIEST NATIONAL LIABILITY

one phase of the stupendous daily and hourly waste of human effort. The first step of the "efficiency engineer," we may explain in passing, is to make an exhaustive analytical study of the particular work to which he is going to apply his system. Whatever this work may be, it is asserted, he will find that under the old way of doing it there is squandering of energy at a dozen points, each so slight as to escape the notice of the untrained observer, but totaling up to such a sum that in some cases the mere utilizing of this unconsciously wasted energy has increased the workman's output as much as four hundred per cent. It is another astounding illustration of the potentiality of trifles.

When the "efficiency engineer" has located the leaks, his next function is to devise a method of stopping them, of making this dissipated energy productive while at the same time conserving the workman's powers and increasing his capacity. Incidentally it is found that the highest efficiency in many cases is achieved not only by utilizing the time and energy formerly lost through innumerable little unconsidered leaks, but by also cutting down the length of the working day. Among the results already demonstrated Mr. Taylor cites the increasing of the work of a large gang of pig-iron handlers from twelve and a half tons per man a day to forty-seven and a half tons per man a day, and the raising of a bricklayer's output from one hundred and twenty to three hundred and fifty bricks an hour—about the number to which in one foreign city the Bricklayers' Union has restricted its members *per day*.

THE adoption of this method of scientifically utilizing the workman's energy in one yard of the Bethlehem Steel Company's plant resulted, we are told, in saving the company between seventy-five thousand and eighty thousand dollars per year. And in a factory where girls were employed to inspect for flaws the little steel balls used in bicycle bearings, the application of "efficiency" methods enabled thirty-five girls to do the work formerly done by one hundred and twenty, "and to do it better." These girls averaged from eighty to one hundred per cent. higher wages than they formerly received, and their working day was shortened from ten and a half to eight and a half hours, with the additional gain of Saturday as a half-holiday. Moreover, under the new system, says Mr. Taylor, there is "universally friendly coöperation between the employer and the man," because the new system spells better pay and shorter hours for the man together with a lower labor cost for the employer.

When Mr. Taylor began to look for the leaks through which

OUR HEAVIEST NATIONAL LIABILITY

human effort was unconsciously wasted among a gang of shovelers employed by the Bethlehem Steel Company, he found that the first and most obvious leakage was due to the size of the shovel. He had already learned by an exhaustive series of experiments that a first-class shoveler would do his biggest day's work when his shovel load averaged about twenty-one pounds. At the steel works, however, where each shoveler owned his own shovel, he found that a workman would frequently go from shoveling ore, with a load of about thirty pounds, to handling rice coal, with a load on the same shovel of less than four pounds. In the one case his shovel load was so heavy that a full day's work was impossible and in the other case it was even more impossible because the load was so light. The obvious remedy lay in providing different sized shovels for different materials, so that the average load in every case would approximate twenty-one pounds. This, of course, is only one small but illuminating detail in the process of applying the principles of scientific management to a gang of shovelers. We cite it not as at all an adequate illustration of the new science, but as an instance of the more glaringly wasteful methods which can still pass unnoticed in spite of the pressure and competition of modern business.

NOR are these unrecognized and unintentional leakages the only ones which keep down the level of national industrial efficiency, declares Mr. Taylor, who asserts that a large proportion of workmen deliberately practice "soldiering," prompted by the fallacious idea that it is against the best interests of the laboring class for each man to turn out each day as much work as possible. "For every individual who is overworked," he maintains, "there are a hundred who intentionally underwork—greatly underwork—every day of their lives, thereby helping to establish those conditions which in the end inevitably result in low wages." Those who are afraid that a large increase in the productivity of each workman will throw other men out of work, he says, should realize that "the one element more than any other which differentiates civilized from uncivilized countries—prosperous from poverty-stricken peoples—is that the average man in the one is five or six times as productive as in the other." And finally, Mr. Taylor claims for his "scientific management" that its fundamental principles are "applicable to all kinds of human activities, from our simplest individual acts to the work of our great corporations."

A local but none the less striking example of waste was dragged into the light of newspaper publicity by the recent talk of a possible water-famine in New York City. It transpired that the daily use

OUR HEAVIEST NATIONAL LIABILITY

plus the daily waste of water in Greater New York reaches an enormous figure, equivalent to one hundred and ten gallons to each inhabitant. One can guess how much of this is waste, since other cities just as cleanly, statisticians tell us, manage to get along on less than half that average.

Yet the idea of waste, we have said, is inherently repugnant to the modern mind. Thus of all the factors contributory to the growing sentiment against war as a means of settling international differences, probably none is more potent than the realization of the tremendous waste involved in this method. Ignoring the waste of human life and the destruction of property in actual warfare, we have only to glance at the figures representing the capital and the human energy tied up and diverted from productive channels in maintaining armaments and standing armies in time of peace, to realize the overwhelming economic waste involved. Thus even in the United States, where militarism is far less dominant than in Europe, the annual appropriations for the army and navy, for fortifications and for pensions which are a result of the Civil and Spanish wars, aggregate approximately two-thirds of all the expenditures of the Federal Government. In other words, it costs this country hundreds of millions of dollars a year to maintain its army and navy on a peace footing and to pay the pensions which are the lingering price of its wars. Add to this the sums taken each year for a similar use from the treasuries of the other nations, and we see that past wars and the fear of others which may never come are responsible for an annual drain upon the resources of civilization amounting to billions of dollars. This fact, indeed, was strikingly emphasized a year ago when the commission appointed by the State of Massachusetts to investigate the causes of the high cost of living published its report. The commission found that "a most far-reaching influence in creating, fostering and perpetuating high prices is militarism, with its incidents of war and waste and its consequences in taxation. The commissioners pointed out that in the one hundred and twenty-seven years of our national existence Uncle Sam has spent for all purposes something over twenty-one billion, five hundred million dollars, of which more than sixteen billion, five hundred million dollars was devoted to militarism and its incidents while less than fifteen billion dollars was absorbed by the activities of peace. National debts, we are reminded, are in the main a heritage from past wars. Taking the national debts of less than a score of European countries the commissioners found that the annual interest payments on these debts amounted to more than a billion dollars. Moreover, says the report, this enormous drain upon the

OUR HEAVIEST NATIONAL LIABILITY

earnings of the nations "is supplemented annually by many other billions to maintain huge armies and navies of men taken from industry, who are organized, trained and maintained for the day when they will again be hurled at each other, to duplicate the destruction of the past and pile up new and heavier burdens upon the thrift and industry of the world."

IF SUCH waste as we have earlier instanced is possible in the industrial field, where competition is keen and unceasing, what part must it play in other domains? Yet the very idea of waste is unlovely, offending our inherent sense of the fitness of things. Futile and misdirected effort carries a suggestion of strain, of ugliness, but when we watch effort efficiently applied we get a sense of beauty. Nature herself is stupendously lavish, but the more we learn of her laws of compensation and conservation, her subtle adjustment of forces and materials to her work, her unsuspected and far-reaching utilizations, the more absurd becomes the charge that she too is wasteful in her processes.

Speaking of Nature suggests a negative form of waste of which the city-dweller is peculiarly the self-condemned victim. How many of us habitually live below our possibilities of full, effective and happy life, largely through neglecting to renew frequently enough our contacts with Nature, in her cleansing, elemental and recreative moods? Yet we are all by primal birthright citizens of Nature, and have, for the taking, access to her great power house of being. As a modern poet reminds us, it is only when a man has left the city behind and united himself once more with that world of Nature from which, for so much of each year he is an exile, that "he really comes to himself and a realization of his proper significance in a universe so vast that the roar of the greatest city is lost like the murmur of a fly in its dread profundity." To quote further from Mr. LeGallienne's illuminating prose: "In town, maybe, he would boast himself a citizen of no mean city, an important unit in its earnest, ambitious life, but here, under the solemn stars, or amid 'the sacred spaces of the sea,' it is not only his own littleness that is borne in upon him, but a new greatness, a greatness he had all but forgotten,—a spiritual importance. Though here he is a unit so infinitesimally small, the scheme of which he rediscovers himself a part is so mysteriously magnificent that it dignifies its humblest unit, and even a blade of grass is a modest kinsman to the stars. In the great growing silence of Nature, in the punctual rhythms of her times and seasons, in her quaint energies, in her vast peace, in her immortal beauty,—O weary child of cities! there is for us forever healing and a home."

“TO A LITTLE GIRL:” AN UNPUBLISHED POEM: BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Written on the Fly-Leaf of “A Child’s Garden of Verses.”

ALL on a day of gold and blue,
Hearken the children calling you!
All on a day of blue and gold,
Here for your baby hands to hold,
Flower and fruit and fairy bread
Under the breathing trees are spread.
Here are kind paths for little feet:
Follow them, darling! You shall meet
Past the enchanted garden-door,
Friends by the hundred: maybe more!
Why do you linger? Ah, you elf,
Must he come for you then himself?
He of the laughing look and mild,
Whimsical master, glorious child?
There you go now, away from me.
“Where are you, Elsa?”

It is he!

“Come, we must hurry, I and you,
We’ve such a number of things to do:
Posies to gather, thrushes to hear,
People to wonder about, my dear!
Take my hand like a good girl. Yes,
I am the gardener, R. L. S.”

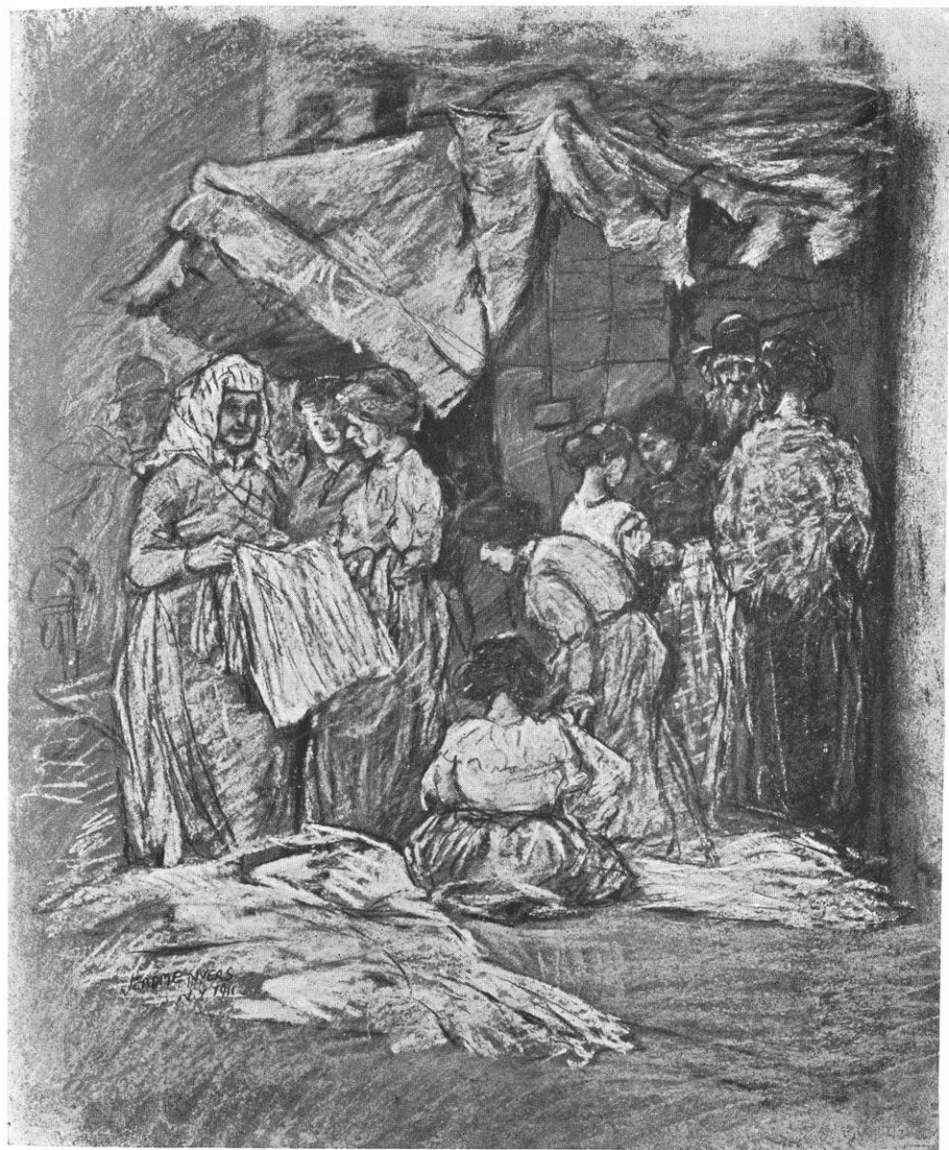
THE VALUE OF WATER COLOR PAINTING, AND THE SPRING EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK



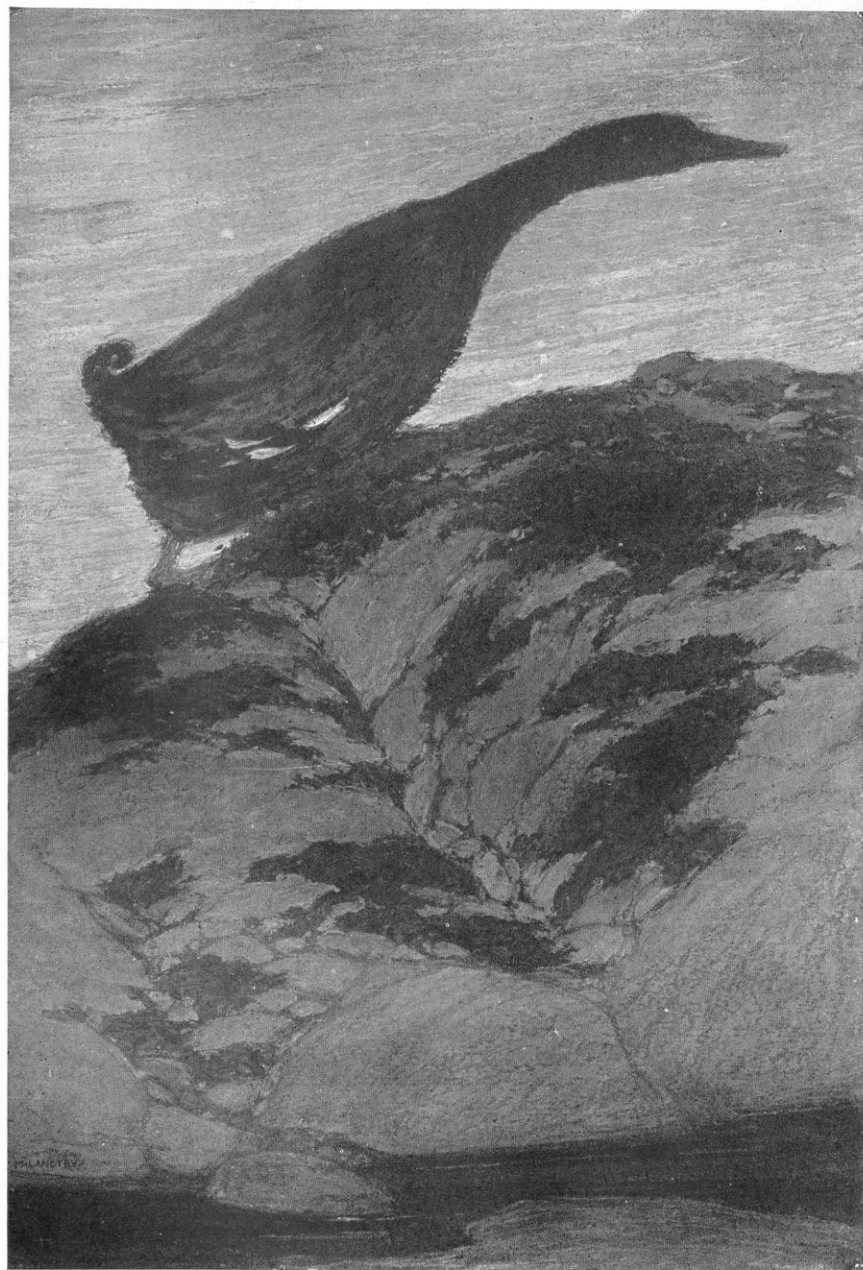
SO MANY people now-a-days seem to harvest only disappointment from a water-color exhibition. The difficulty is mainly that they are not seeking the interest it carries as a very special phase of art, but rather insist upon taking it as a sort of second-rate oil-painting show. Just as so many Americans regard the contralto voice as less worth while than a soprano, or a baritone as inferior to a tenor, and blond beauty as more desirable than brunette. These extraordinary, meaningless distinctions would be humorous if they did not really affect the attitude of the unthinking toward the various phases and possibilities of art development. It is certainly naïve, if not childish, to designate phases of art according to stupid traditions of value instead of estimating each according to its power to contribute a varied expression of beauty to life. As a matter of fact, contralto voices can in many instances produce sensations of rich emotion quite impossible to the lighter, more resilient soprano tone. And it is equally true that a water-color drawing will often suggest freshness, delicacy, a spring-time of art that the more labored production in oils is powerless, even in the most exalted impressionism, to convey.

I shall never forget, after wandering through endless halls of the National Gallery in London, and facing acres of very finished smoothed-out Constable landscapes, the joy with which I came across a little group of his sketches in which there were more spontaneous beauty, more intimate knowledge and love of life, than in all the canvases put together.

It is an absurdity to regard water color as in any way inferior to oil, or etchings as inferior to water color. These are distinctions that are mainly established by dealers, and are wholly arbitrary. An oil painting naturally may be more expensive than the average sketch, simply because of the materials involved, and formerly, of course, an oil painting was found more durable, and we invested our money in the future. But I question very much if that point of valuation would hold today, when all mediums are made for sale mainly, and when the most interesting, the richest of our modern oil paintings become "old" in a few years. And if price was based on the question of durability, an etching would rank in selling capacity with an oil painting,—that is, it would have done so formerly. But again we are face to face with the commercial problem, and the modern papers are no better than the modern tube paints. The etching that should last centuries grows crisp and brown in a decade.



"CALICO MARKET": FROM A
DRAWING BY JEROME MYERS.



"HOMEWARD BOUND": FROM A WATER
COLOR PAINTING BY MARY LANGTRY.



"BROADWAY FROM THE POST OFFICE": FROM A
WATER COLOR BY COLIN CAMPBELL COOPER.



"BEACHING THE BOAT": FROM A
WATER COLOR BY WILLIAM RITSCHER.

VALUE OF WATER COLOR PAINTING

And so after all, to have a sliding scale of appreciation for the various phases of art, whether in painting or singing, would seem to indicate a limitation of understanding of beauty rather than a superior kind of culture. In fact, so many modern standards seem to have been established through ignorance rather than through real knowledge and sympathy, that one grows skeptical of American art ideals in almost any form.

Then, when we hear, as we usually do every spring in New York, that "the water-color show is so disappointing," those of us who care for all the freshness and charm of water colors always wonder just how good this particular exhibition may be, and just what excellent men are represented with small canvases showing rare, fine moments of inspiration.

AS HAS been the case for a number of years past in the Spring Exhibition of the American Water Color Society, the interest centered in the walls hung by Henry Reuterdaahl. There again one found the most vital work of the most significant younger artists. Mr. Reuterdaahl is in sympathy with the most progressive phases of art development in America. His own work proves the reality of his interest. Everything which Reuterdaahl writes or draws is accomplished with an open, alert, fearless mind, keen for actual progress, humorous toward the artificial, with an attitude always generous for all sincerity and ruthless for all insincerity. Naturally this honesty of intention toward art finds still further expression in his partisanship for all men who see life in a straightforward, sympathetic way, and who so express it, through whatever medium they employ. These are the men you find year after year at the American Water Color Exhibition, grouped on some one wall which Mr. Reuterdaahl as a member of the Hanging Committee has had the privilege of arranging.

At a first glimpse this is not apt to be a striking wall, there are no pictures painted for exhibition purposes,—little water-color sketches, etchings, illustrations in wash and pen and ink, done by such vital people as Glackens, Shinn, Sloan, Myers, Preston, Raleigh, and E. Dimock,—fairly bristling with life. The swing of surging humanity passes over the face of these drawings, the life that is sweeping by you on Broadway, over Washington Square, down Macdougall Street, through narrow gulleys to the Russian quarter where existence in New York is unbalanced, turbulent, characteristic of the stream from which it flows. In these sketches you find the drama of the strange confusion of present-day New York conditions, undeveloped, tragical, crude, equally unhuman and

VALUE OF WATER COLOR PAINTING

humorous, all its phases portrayed, whether with pen or brush or pencil, with absolute truthfulness and complete understanding.

A more comprehensive, philosophical, convincing presentation of New York east of the Bowery than Glackens' "East Side" has never been, and probably never will be, made. George Luks has made as vital presentation in detail, witness his poetical yet vigorous "Madonna of the Vegetables," and John Sloan's sketches with their burning satire of the working girl's life in his recent record of twilight New York, has given a series of isolated living pictures rarely equalled. Abastinia Eberle with her small figures of New York life has presented the slum children playing, the old women gathering coal, the young women sweeping, all instinct with the force of their environment, all vivid; but Glackens alone has summed up the whole philosophy of East Side New York in *one* sketch, every detail of which is a complete story in itself, told supremely well. In looking at this sketch one is reminded of the extraordinary knowledge and philosophy portrayed in Rodin's "Balzac," and again in Balzac's "Human Comedy."

Everett Shinn's "Dancer" is a fragment of life equally convincing. Again, you see back of the sketch the man who *knows*, who sees life clearly and luminously. On the same wall, selected with sound judgment, is E. Dimock's "Street Group" on Macdougall Street, and her vagrant happy children are presented with a sureness and tender sympathy that are inescapable.

LUIS MORA surprises us with a complete change of subject—a farm-yard scene done with the enthusiasm of a lifelong genre painter. There is sunlight that radiates out into the gallery. And one remembers with a pang the woman who goes about without a catalogue, insisting upon recognizing for her friends the various painters by their subjects. She will have a nervous time from year to year if Mora continues to present his varied interest in life.

Of course these are but a few of the many exhibitors. There are well-known names gleaming through the catalogue. Mary Cassatt with her fluent use of pastel shows "A Cup of Tea," proving here, as in her water-color and oil work, her absolute mastery of whatever medium she handles. The painting of the hands of the woman holding the teacup are as characteristic and as subtly fine as the work of the great old Hals.

Both of the Coopers have New York sketches. Rhoda Holmes Nichols shows a beautiful coolly painted "June." Henry Raleigh a sumptuous Eastern Market, Marion K. Wachtel a "Sierra Madre," rather map-like in impression, and Groll a "Summer Day in Ari-

VALUE OF WATER COLOR PAINTING

zona," quite the reverse, with its delicate hazy beauty, another example of what water color will enable a man who understands it to accomplish. Childe Hassam shows a "Thunderstorm," a little terrifying in technique as well as subject. And happily there are many Winslow Homers (undoubtedly due to the interest of his great admirer, Reuter dahl), a rare collection of sea scenes from the Maine coast down to Florida, some of which have already been reproduced in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for March, nineteen hundred and eleven.

Jules Guerin's "Shepherd of Nazareth" is an interesting contrast to Jerome Myers' "Calico Market," and in quite another section of the gallery a delightfully humorous note is seen in Mary Langtry's "Homeward Bound." Alice Schille's "White Wall in Zara" is a brilliantly painted scene in white, with interesting composition in light and shade. Jonas Lie has a flight of fishing boats whirling up a moonbeam that suggests the light beauty of motion of the starting south of the Canada wild goose, so delicately are the little vessels handled. There are, of course, a certain number of Arizona mesas, for seldom is an exhibition complete without one today. And there are some studies of country life in the mood of Millet and of Horatio Walker, as shown in "Beaching the Boat" by William Ritschel.

In fact, the variety of subjects and methods of presentation seems limitless, and from room to room and wall to wall one feels that there is every effort to treat this light, fragrant, spirited medium of art with all dignity and reverence.



SALVATION THROUGH WORKS: BY HAL- VORSEN HOUGH



HE house rocked and swayed like a ship in a choppy sea while Aral Ballou stood gazing out through a tiny square pane, as from a porthole, at billows and billows of snow, upon which a dark object bobbed and lurched. The craft that he had sighted was none other than his wife, wallowing and floundering in the drifts, the gale tugging furiously at her skirts now heavily crusted with watery snow, but there was no solicitude in his gaze, rather a sullen, injured expression.

She plodded heavily in.

"The sooner I'm gone, the better," he greeted her, "there ain't nobody cares, as I see. I hain't hed no nourishment fer a n'hour 'n a half."

"I come as quick s'I could, Aral, but I hed to sweep the meetin' heouse an' start the fire fer prayer meetin' t'night, an' the goin's terrible. Thar ain't a dry stitch on me. Just as soon as I've shifted I'll git ye some malted milk."

"Thet's it, sweepin' an' garnishin' the meetin'-heouse an' yer husband a-perishin' o' neglect. I guess ye don't realize how sick I be, a-standin' thar talkin' of changin' clo'es an' me faintin' away. I wouldn't wonder if I'd ketched the golldarndest cold you ever see, Jhu!"

His wife halted, little rivulets trickling from every peak of her sagging skirt-hem. A dull, dark red mottled her cheeks.

"Aral Ballou, I'm ashamed on ye. I know ye've had trials an' they've wore on ye, an' ye've hed nuvvous prosperation, but thet ain't no reason ye should hev it the rest o' yer natural life. The doctor says ye're better, an' ye *be* better, an' as fer neglect, thar ain't an hour in the hull durin' day but I'm onscrewin' a cork out'n a bottle, or stirrin' up somethin' in a cup. Ye've got a mania fer swashin' things deown yer thro't. I dunno heow many empty boxes I've split up marked *Dr. Dick's Remedy*, which, an' if ye did but know it, is mostly all clear alcohol, *alcohol*, Aral Ballou, an' you a strict temp'rance man thet's always voted the Prohibition ticket."

It was several hours later that Aral Ballou, furtively observing his wife's movements, returned to the charge.

"Ye don't pretent to say ye're goin' out agin, Lizy!"

"Yes,—I be. It's held up snowin' an' I'm going ter ring the bell fer meetin'. Twenty-five year, Aral Ballou, ye've tended the meetin'-heouse an' when ye come ter yer senses agin, ye'll be thankful thet I've done it for ye all these months. Thar's them in teown as would like the orfice, orfices ain't very plenty, an' heow'd ye feel

SALVATION THROUGH WORKS

after you an' yourn away back hez always rung thet bell, to see the orfice in some other fambly?"

In vain, however, the voice of any bell on such a night. The self-appointed janitress and the parson faced each other in lonely piety.

"I'm kinder glad on't," said Mrs. Ballou. "Thar's somethin' I wanted ter speak 'bout, Passon, an' neow I kin. Me an' Aral's goin' ter separate, leastwise I be. Aral, he don't know it. I ain't goin' ter git a divorce, you understan', nor 'ply fer seppret maintenance, but I'm goin' ter leave him. Fact is, he ain't Aral B'llou no more'n you be. He don't relish his vittles, he's poor as a crow in the forehead, he won't go ter meetin', an' come afternoon or Sunday he don't put on no collar (an' Aral wan't never no hand ter set 'reound without a collar when he wan't workin'), an' he'll see a button drop off his coat an' never move ter foller whar it rolls an' pick it up. Time wuz when he couldn't fell to see anythin' out o' fix 'bout the place 'thout gittin' right after it, but neow the front gate won't hardly open an' the fence is broke, an' the harnesses ain't iled, an' the locks is weak, an' he don't never mind.

"I see," said the minister kindly, "he lacks initiative, doesn't he?"

Mrs. Ballou looked vaguely alarmed.

"N—n—Most likely he dooz," she assented. "Still, he's taken ev'rythin' else ye kin think on. Well, as I wuz goin' ter say, I got egg-money enough ter keep me quite a spell, an' likes 'nough I kin pick up somethin' ter do, anyhow, an' I'm goin' ter fix it so's Aral'll think I've hed to go away fer a rest, an' here," she pressed a sealed envelope into his hand, "is the address whar I'll git any word you send me in case anythin' *should* happen. Then bum-bye, well—we'll see."

"This is—is a very grave responsi—"

"I'm takin' the responsibility," she cut him short, "an' neow, Passon, I'd better be cuttin' home ter fix Aral's gruel 'fore he goes ter bed."

ARAL BALLOU gazed abstractedly at the smooth, cream-colored dial of the living-room clock. That worthy timepiece ticked brazenly, in view of the fact that Aral should have had a light lunch at ten o'clock and it was now quarter past. There was an unusual silence about the house. He drummed irritably upon the table, where a cup of cocoa and a plate of sandwiches should be. At quarter of eleven, he started for the barn in search of his wife. Upon the kitchen door, secured by a small tack, was a sheet of

SALVATION THROUGH WORKS

writing paper. He recognized his wife's handwriting. Mechanically, he began to read.

Deer Frend Aral:

Would of told you sooner I wuz goin away but you bein so nuvvous that didn't seem no need of you knowin about me goin to a sannitorion to git rested up till the time came. There's baked beans in the oven and cup custards and sponge cake in the pantry. Didn't hev time to make you no riz bread. Make sody biscuits. They ain't hard. Use your jedgment. Your spoon vittles and emulsion and compound and tonic and everythin' is all in a line on the kitchen table. Take em in order. Begin at the littlest bottle and don't git em out o fix. There's a program writ out when to take em pinned on the wall. Dont take the hoss-medicine by mistake. Remember the meatin' house.

Respectfully your wife,

Mrs. Aral B. Ballou.

Numb and uncomprehending, Aral stood many minutes, staring unseeingly at the white patch on the door. It held him as by some hypnotic charm. Finally he passed his hand over his eyes as if to wipe away some film and again read the letter, going then to the pantry where a row of irreproachable custards verified the handwriting on the wall. He staggered to a chair, holding his head tightly between his hands. A neighbor came for eggs but Aral heard no knock. The horses pawed and stamped for the noon feed, but Aral heard nothing. At last his eyes vacantly sought the road. The rural delivery clerk was passing. Aral started. The mailman! That meant half past one. Half past one! and he had sat down at eleven. He was hungry, hungrier than for any meal since he could remember. Slowly he rose and with hands that fairly trembled drew the beanpot from the oven. At the end of three plates, he entered the pantry, took a custard, and then sheepishly and almost stealthily, for all that he was quite alone, took a second, fastened all snugly in place with a golden wedge of spongecake, and dropped into his armchair, where over and over he wrestled with the unreality of it all. Deserted! He, a helpless invalid dependent upon hourly ministrations!

A persistent lowing came from the barn. "I s'pose," he muttered, "I got ter milk them critters. It'll be the end o' me, though." Half-way through the task, the whistle that liberated the mill-operatives of the next town, shrieked across the intervening miles. Five o'clock. Tonic. "Jhu!" he grunted, "Jest got started 'n got ter tramp in 'n wash my hands."

Eight o'clock! Oatmeal gruel. There it was, in line beside the

SALVATION THROUGH WORKS

tonic. Aral transferred a portion to the stove to heat, and set about mending and banking his fires for the night. The smudge of scorching oatmeal called him in haste. "Jhu! Don't more'n git at anythin' an' it's time to grab somethin' off'n the stove." A sudden idea smote him. How did Lizy manage? Did she keep running in from the barn and stopping her work to wash her hands and prepare his special foods? He concluded she must have. He remembered asking her one day if she couldn't manage not to open and shut the back door so much. It made him nervous.

Bed-time. Vegetable Compound. From the largest and hindmost bottle, Aral consumed his good-night dose of a patent compound and retired.

Breakfast. A breadless breakfast was unthinkable, especially with no flapjacks, doughnuts, or pie. It was sody-biscuit, then. Sody,—h'm—h'm—how much? he wondered. "Use your jedgment," Lizy had said. Aral's knowledge of the properties of soda was confined to its presence in commercial fertilizers. He scratched his head. "If t'was an acre o' loam stid of a bowl o' flour, I'd know," he said aloud, poisoning tentatively a heaping tablespoonful. Recklessly he cast it in and hurried the biscuits to the oven. Just to get them out of sight was a relief.

"Now thar's them critters, but I can't never tend 'em. I can't do it. I *can't*." He repulsed the idea as loudly as if a living presence were summoning him to the task, then suddenly, "But if Lizy's beound ter kill me, it'll serve her right for 'em ter find me layin' dead between two keows, an' all mired up."

Pitying himself intensely for his ignoble deathbed, Aral moved to the barn. He fairly stumbled over two pails of milk, unstrained, uncooled, unset, uncovered. "Jhu!" he ejaculated, regarding them ruefully, "an' thar'll be another mess this mornin' an' agin t'night." He lifted the milk and guiltily poured it down the drain.

The responsibility of the biscuit drew him back to the kitchen like a magnet. Cautiously he peered into the oven. "They're riz," he chuckled, "higher'n Lizy's even (which was indeed true), "kinder yallery though an' them little rust-spots all over 'em looks like measles. May as well stay now an' eat." He gathered the remains of Lizy's cooking and crunched into a jaundiced biscuit. His face drew awry in long deep lines from nose to mouth and he shuddered. It was that or nothing, however, and he disposed of the rest of it, heavily veneered with butter and washed down with floods of inky coffee. The dishes he settled upon the ever-growing colony in the corner.

He resumed the chores. Here and there, great needs and Lizy's

SALVATION THROUGH WORKS

little makeshifts for bridging them kept attracting him. He scrutinized all, went from one creature to another, questioning their remembrance. All at once there swept over him a sense of how long he had stayed there. He rushed to confront the kitchen clock. Eleven-thirty! With compunction he consulted his program. "Nine o'clock. Malted milk." That draught belonged among the never to be recalled opportunities of past time. "Ten. Cocoa and sandwidges." Lost, that too! "Eleven. Tonic." That too!

Obedient to schedule, he swallowed the malted milk (scalding hot, for was not the cocoa waiting?), then the cocoa, then the tonic, and sank into a chair with a virtuous sense of having settled his debts. Twelve o'clock. Dinner-time! "Jhu, if I hain't forgot ter git any dinner, an' it's taken me a solid half hour to stir up them slops!" He cogitated deeply. "All is," he concluded, "thar ain't time in one day ter foller thet ere program an' git reg'lar meals 'n blessed if I see how Lizy's done it. Guess I'll go t'the store 'n git some sassage fer supper, an' some roast pork'll go good t'morrer. Wish t'was time fer beet greens."

As he passed out, he stepped on a rotting plank. He scowled at it ominously. "I'll fix *you* termorrer," he said.

FOR six weeks, Aral Ballou had faced independent existence, and his right hand had taught him terrible things. He had blazed a pioneer's trail through the cook-book that he found in Lizy's table drawer, and had become sufficiently skilful in the laving of linen for all practical purposes. Dish washing he solved very satisfactorily by the simple process of piling them all up until the last clean dish had been used, and then righting himself by a wholesale cleansing debauch at the week-end.

It was in one of these weekly lustrations that Aral suddenly became aware of "happenings" out of doors. Ladybugs promenaded the window-panes. A bee buzzed importantly into the kitchen as Aral flung up the sash. The shadbush in the copse across the way had "blowed out fine," a misty wraith by day, a ghostly presence by night. The grass was greening fast along the edges of the neglected front walk. The love notes of birds wooed him into the open.

He flung himself into the work of tidying the place. He pruned his trees, divided and reset his clumps of perennials, trimmed the borders with line and stakes to the nicety of a hair, toiling early and late. This done, with scuffle-hoe and rake, he attacked the gravel walk. He looked not to the right or left. When it was finished, he would stand off and admire it all, but *now*, dig, scrape, and rake. He did not see a comely, stylishly-dressed woman steer-

THE PATHWAY

ing towards his front gate. He would not have known her if he had seen. He did not see her lay hand to the latch with a mighty push. What he did see, or rather partly see and partly hear, was a woman plunging forward through a gate that had yielded too suddenly before her weight, half retrieving herself, half falling, staggering from her knees and brushing off the gravelly dirt that was ground into the front breadth of her dress. He rushed with outstretched hand to assist.

"All my fault, all my fault, Aral, I give it sich a onmerciful shove."

"Why—why Lize!" he cried in genuine pleasure and relief.

"Yes, it's me. No, I haven't hurt myself. Lemme git my breath. No, I hain't spiled my bunnit, t'was stove in like that when I bought it. Leave it be! It b'longs deown over my eyes 'n part o' my nose. They all wear 'em so whar I been. No, t'want from not bein' able ter see under it; thet wan't why I fell; t'was on account o' the front gate bein' mended. I kallerlated t'would take an almighty shove ter histe it, but it's been fixed an' opens real easy, an'—why—lots o' things hez been fixed. La, ain't you smart, Aral! Homesick? No, I wuz havin' a stavin' good time, but t'was spring-cleanin' time an' I knowed things'd be in a turrible muss here by neow, so I come home. Why, heow *fat* ye be, Aral!"

THE PATHWAY

HIS name was famous, and many people praised his work.

But one, resentful, asked him: "Who are you, to talk of truth, of harmony? What right have you to prate of high ideals? You are no better than the rest of us."

The other smiled sorrowfully. "Did you not understand?" he said. "It is for myself I write. It is my own path I grope for,—my own soul I analyze,—my own faults I condemn. And in speaking to my own heart, I reach the world."

ELLA M. WARE.

OPEN-STAIR APARTMENTS: A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN CITY ARCHITECTURE: BY HENRY ATTERBURY SMITH



THE Island of Manhattan, containing the old City of New York, has for a century had a problem as to housing the people who selected this small area for their homes. Years ago individual, private wooden buildings were sufficient; then they were replaced with brick. New neighborhoods were opened and settled at once with newer types of houses while the processes of remodeling the old buildings further down town went on. Old family estates were divided up and the homestead, being entirely surrounded by quite an inappropriate setting, was frequently turned into habitation for several families. As the pressure for room was felt, buildings were erected on the rear of lots and all sorts of conditions arose.

At this time there came to be introduced the flat or tenement from abroad—a building of multiple type containing several families, all doing independent house-keeping under one roof. At first these buildings were reasonably generous as to the amount of space and light and air allotted to the tenant, but soon competition drove the speculative builder to building rows and rows of houses in which it was impossible to house human beings healthfully.

The community soon became aroused to the danger it was incurring by allowing this crowding to continue and laws were enacted from time to time restricting the amount of lot that could be covered by a building, also making other beneficial provisions as to light and air.

For a long time this crowding was only among the laboring classes, and the "tenement" was the source of worry to the Health Authorities. Gradually the middle-grade of society began to adopt the French "flat." These became more and more elaborate, and with the perfection of the elevator the "apartment" became the vogue. Now we have the wealthy classes taking to a multiple type of house in preference to the private house of the past. The same tendency to build too densely was observed in these buildings and laws were passed restricting them. In fact, the tenement, flat and apartment were all classed tenements and had to obey the same rules.

During the development of years thousands of houses were erected from the most modest tenement to the most sumptuous apartment. All sorts of plans were built. Some "took" well: these were sure to be reproduced rapidly. As new devices were introduced, the speculative builder was keen to observe. As laws were

APARTMENTS WITH OPEN STAIRWAYS

changed, the resultant new types became more and more various.

Nearly all these houses had interior stairs and halls, some of them black dark: all of them ill-smelling and often steam-heated. When carpeted they were dusty. It was quite natural to have interior stairs, the private houses from which many of these houses developed having had interior stairs. The tenants liked interior stairs: they kept their apartments warmer. The steam-heat often provided here, if nowhere else, in the house, took the chill off in winter.

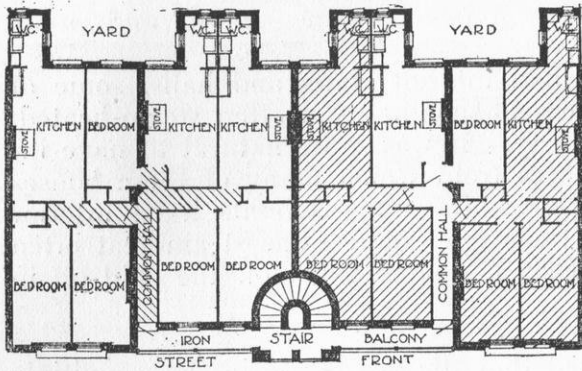
BUT soon it was observed that the death-rate in these multiple dwellings having this disease-breeding, inter-communicating dark hall and stairs was a serious menace to the health of the city. As the germ theory became established, people began to think about these stairs. Many model tenements then came into existence making the stairs perfectly light, and also well enough ventilated too, if the tenant only saw fit to open the windows thereon. The tenant seldom saw fit: if one did, another would surely object.

The author, having had some years of rather trying experience with operating several types of tenements, determined that the only safe means of housing many families, under one roof, was the very simple method of having *open stairs*. That is, the various tenants should ascend from the street to roof in the fresh air on a stairway sufficiently weather-protected to be unobjectionable. The street should be brought right to each one's door. A plan, embodying this idea, was submitted to the Tenement House Committee of The Charity Organization Society at a competition in nineteen hundred and it received a prize, but was not built until ten years later.

Convention and custom are very serious hindrances to development. People were afraid of open stairs. New York's climate was unfit for the types of houses we see frequently in Europe. So people thought, until Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Sr., through her interest in tuberculosis, sought this plan for four large buildings housing three hundred and eighty-four families in Seventy-seventh and Seventy-eighth Streets and Avenue A. Here now can be seen sixteen open stairs, weather protected, which remove from this tenement the most serious danger to the occupant.

As soon as these buildings were sufficiently advanced to show the scheme, the value of the plan, as a speculative instrument, was observed by others. The usual hall space was used for rooms: all rooms were light. The use of the open stairs for ventilating toilets made it possible to preserve all the outer wall space or periphery

APARTMENTS WITH OPEN STAIRWAYS



FLOOR PLAN OF WHITE TENEMENTS.

for rooms: none of it being wasted for toilets or baths. Twelve lots opposite the Vanderbilt group are now being used for open-stair tenements.

The financial statement of this group and the evident economy in room space soon appealed to a land improvement company of New Jersey. Mr. Richard Stevens, in com-

menting upon the plan pointed out that it was a duty of such a corporation to erect a building that did not outclass its neighbors. He felt that the greatest lesson must be one that would appeal to the business man or speculative builder. Mr. Stevens hit the keynote: a reform to be lasting must be profitable. The laws of demand and supply cannot be upset.

PROBABLY many forms of open stairs have been tried in New York. The author was informed by one of the oldest architects in town that years and years ago the latter had built such buildings; since torn down. We have right on Manhattan Island the "Monroe," illustrated herein, an interesting example of open stairs tenement, built, perhaps, in eighteen hundred and seventy-eight. This type did harm to the development, so unprofitable was it as to the use of space that no one would embrace it. The tenants liked it. This the author well knows for the plan is identical to that used about the same time by Mr. Alfred T. White in Brooklyn. In the February, nineteen hundred and ten, number of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, the author pays tribute to these buildings. From eighteen hundred and seventy-eight to nineteen hundred and nine no building of prominence seems to have had open stairs.

Open stairs, in any form, are a great improvement over the former types. Their application is very broad: they are readily applied to flats, apartments, or any form of multiple building. The multiple building has come to stay. People, who can afford larger quarters or private houses, prefer the ease of house-keeping, which comes from being grouped with others. The tenement dweller once saturated with the conditions of congestion is not readily willing to go into the lonely suburb.

Nor are we in New York and in big centers solving our own



THE STEVENS TENEMENTS IN HOBOKEN, BUILT WITH OPEN STAIRWAYS AND ROOFS ARRANGED FOR OUTDOOR LIVING.

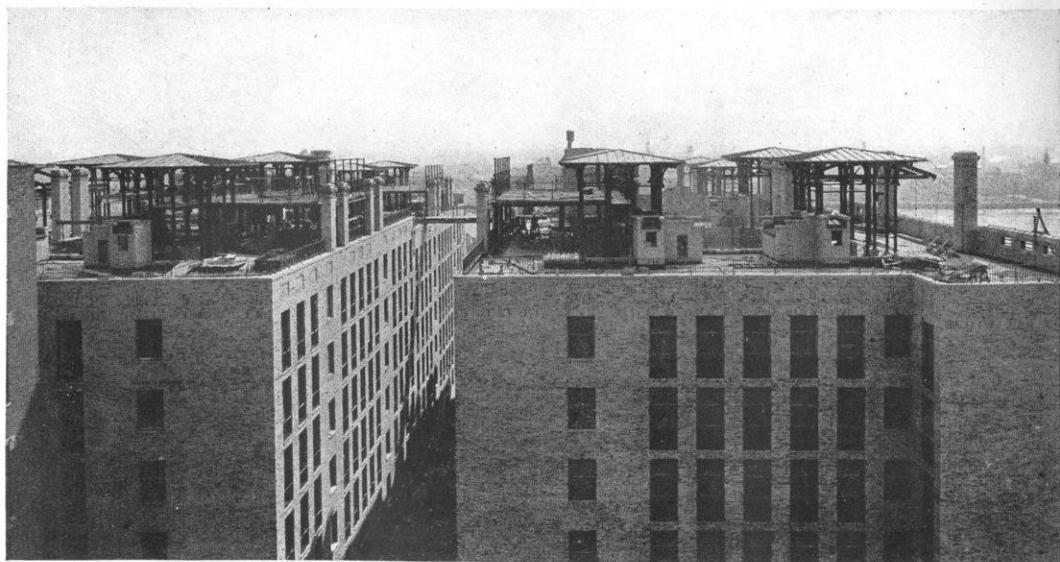
THE JOHN JAY DWELLINGS IN NEW YORK: OPEN STAIRWAYS: ROOFS PLANNED FOR USE OF THE TENANTS.



"THE MONROE": SHOWING STAIRWAY OF APARTMENT HOUSE IN 1878: STAIRS IN AN EXPOSED PART OF THE BUILDING, ALSO WASTEFUL OF STREET FRONT.



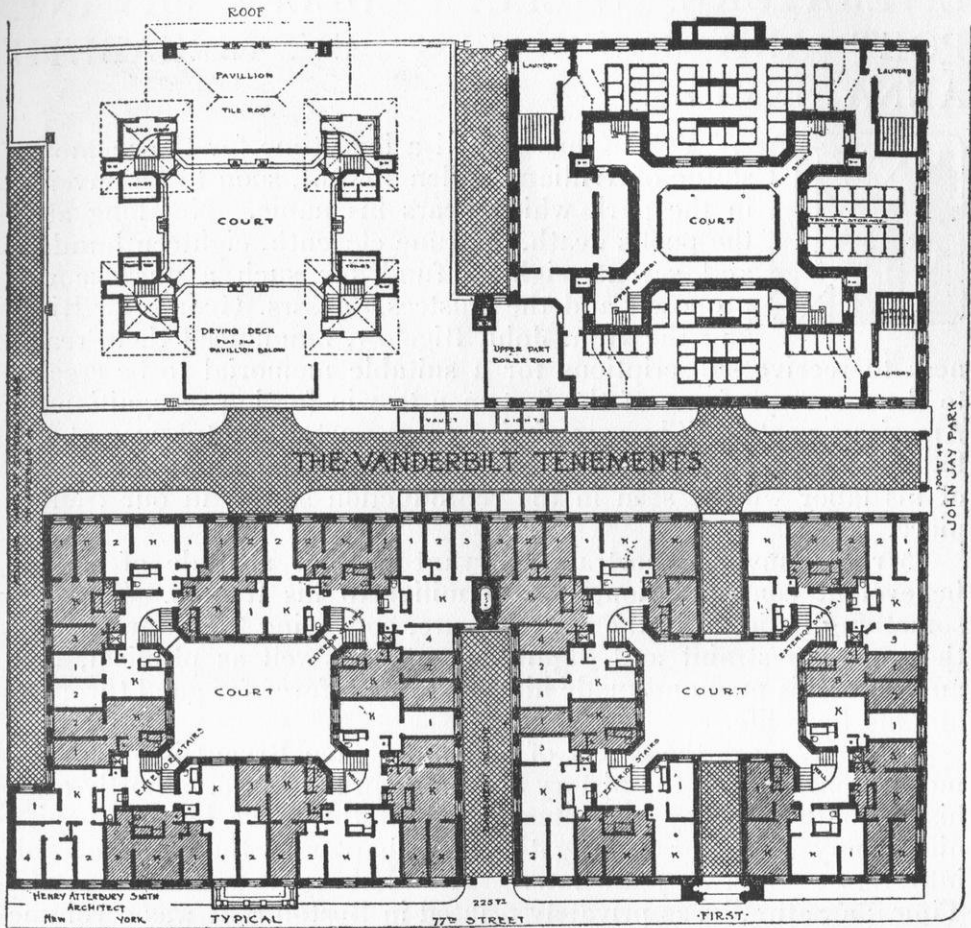
THE DETAIL OF AN OPEN STAIRWAY SHOW-
ING METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION, AT ONCE
SANITARY, SAFE AND CONVENIENT.



THE EXTERIOR OF THE VANDERBILT OPEN
STAIRWAY DWELLINGS, SHOWING BALCONIES
AND STREET ENTRANCES.

VANDERBILT TENEMENTS, SHOWING DETAIL
OF GLASS CANOPIES OVER OPEN STAIRS.

APARTMENTS WITH OPEN STAIRWAYS



DETAIL DRAWING OF FLOOR PLANS, SHOWING PLACING OF OPEN STAIRWAYS.

problem alone. The whole west watches New York and follows somewhat blindly. Right on the plains of the west or south, one can see rearing into the air without any reason the four or five-story apartment to which the New Yorker is escorted with pride. Our example in this line, although bad, should be our best and it is a pity that any multiple building should be allowed in the future that does not safeguard its occupants by some sort of non-communicating stairs.

Factories, schools, even hospitals, and, in fact, all forms of buildings where many people are grouped independently of each other, would be much benefited by exterior, fire-proof stairways. The occupants would be less liable to accident in case of panic.

AMONG THE MAKERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE: WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, POET AND JOURNALIST: BY ELIZABETH ANNA SEMPLE



NEW YORK has waited a long time for the memorial statue of William Cullen Bryant, soon to be unveiled in the park which bears his name. Not long after the poet's death, on June eleventh, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, a fund for such a purpose was proposed and the trustees, Messrs. George L. Rives and the Hon. John Bigelow, announced their readiness to receive subscriptions for a suitable memorial to be erected to the memory of one of the first men to win foreign recognition for American poetry. The commission for a portrait statue was at last happily bestowed upon Herbert Adams, and the admirable result of his labor will be seen in the reproduction shown in our frontispiece.

Mr. Adams has portrayed Bryant in that attitude of serene, benevolent contemplation, most familiar to his friends. There is something majestic in the seated figure, conveying the impression of the power, restraint and dignity, mental as well as physical, that animated this man and made him so strong a force for good throughout his long life.

In many ways the career of William Cullen Bryant is one of the most remarkable in the history of American literature. Shortly after his eleventh birthday his paternal grandfather gave him a Spanish nine-penny piece for turning the first chapter of the Book of Job into verse, and two years later "The Embargo: or Sketch of the Times: a Satire," was privately printed in Boston. It was a volume of this edition that, a very short time ago, brought a record price at a book sale.

Bryant entered the sophomore class at Williams College in eighteen hundred and ten, but left to prepare for Yale. For financial reasons his college course was never finished, a fact which he spoke of later with regret. In this connection, it is curious to note that among the so-called Knickerbocker School of writers, Cooper, Halleck, Irving, Poe and others,—to which Bryant undoubtedly belonged for all his New England birth and ancestry—none was a college graduate.

September, eighteen hundred and seventeen, marks a new era in American poetry. In the *North American Review* of that date a poem appeared bearing the singular title, "Thanatopsis." At this time the *Review* was conducted by three young and brilliant men—

AMONG THE MAKERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

all writers—who called themselves the “North American Club.” The little packet containing “Thanatopsis” and “An Inscription upon Entrance to a Wood” was received by one of them, Mr. Willard Phillips, with whom the poet’s father, Dr. Peter Bryant, had a slight personal acquaintance. The lines were accompanied by a note, “so modestly ambiguous” that for some time the real authorship of the poems was a matter of doubt. No sooner had Phillips read the contents of the packet than he rushed off to Cambridge to share his treasure with his associates, Richard Henry Dana and Edward Tyrell Channing.

“Ah, Phillips,” Dana cried, when the poems had been read aloud, “you have been imposed upon! No man on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such verse.”

Phillips warmly defended his discovery, saying that he knew Dr. Bryant, and Dana could see him at the Boston State House, for the good doctor was a State Senator.

Dana at once set out full of enthusiasm to walk to Boston. He hastened to the Senate Chamber where Dr. Bryant was pointed out to him. But he sadly admits: “I could not see the fire divine that had produced ‘Thanatopsis,’ and I went away disappointed and mortified at my own lack of discernment.” Later, however, Dana met Dr. Bryant and a complimentary allusion to “Thanatopsis” brought about an explanation as to its real creator.

One day, during the year eighteen hundred and fifteen, Bryant, as was his custom, was walking from his first law office in Plainfield to his home in Cummerton (the very place where, a few years later, we hear of Charles Dudley Warner “trying to milk his father’s cows to the rhythm of ‘Thanatopsis’”), when glancing upward the poet saw a bird flying steadily across the band of light marking the setting of the sun. He stood gazing after it till it vanished, then hurrying home he wrote “To a Water Fowl,” which appeared in the *North American Review* during eighteen hundred and eighteen.

FROM Plainfield Bryant moved to Great Barrington, where he was made a justice of the peace, and there married Miss Frances Fairchild, a charming young woman with some local reputation as a writer of tales and verses. This union was ideally happy, and to his wife Bryant owes the inspiration of some of his noblest poems.

One of the friends Bryant had made during his short stay at Williams was Henry D. Sedgwick, who came of a family prominent in literary affairs, his sister being one of the most popular novelists of her day. After his graduation, Sedgwick had removed to New

AMONG THE MAKERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

York and from here he wrote to Bryant urging him to give up the law and direct his attention exclusively to literature. As a practical inducement he stated that the *Atlantic Magazine* appeared to have taken on a new lease of life under the management of Henry J. Anderson, adding, "everything and everybody succeed here and it will be strange if you do not do so." He also mentioned the very large number of foreigners all "eager to learn our language," the teaching of which, to Sedgwick's mind, offered a final resource to the impecunious author.

In speaking of Bryant's retirement from the law, Mr. John Bigelow—later to become one of the poet's closest friends—says: "He did not abandon it hastily or inconsiderately; nor did he trust himself to the precarious resources of his pen with any chimerical expectations. No one knew better than he how limited was the market for such literary work as he was able and willing to execute. He was animated solely by a desire to exchange an uncongenial employment for a congenial one."

Thus in the winter of eighteen hundred and twenty-four to twenty-five, Bryant came to what Washington Irving—a good friend of a later date—loved to term, "the gamesome city of the Manhattoes;" Mrs. Bryant remaining in Great Barrington to await the outcome of the bold venture. His first residence was with a French family named Everard, on Chambers Street, where he was often visited by S. F. B. Morse, then a struggling artist.

Bryant speedily became acquainted with the leading literary men of the day, to whom he was already something of a celebrity through his membership in the Bread and Cheese Club, an organization which gained its title through the quaint practice (suggested by Cooper, its founder) of having candidates for membership baloted for with bread and cheese—a piece of bread was cast for affirmative and cheese for the fateful black ball.

These meetings were held once a fortnight in Washington Hall, at the corner of Broadway and Reade Street where the Stewart Building now stands, and among the regular attendants were Cooper, Halleck, Drake, Paulding, Bryant, Washington Allston, Sands, Percival,—in fact all the writers as well as the wits of the day.

Gulian C. Verplanck was also a member and in eighteen hundred and twenty-seven he, together with Robert C. Sands and Bryant, were engaged in the production of *The Talisman*, "an annual publication containing miscellanies in prose and verse" written by the trio, usually in Sand's library in Hoboken. Though *The Talisman* gave great pleasure to certain sympathetic souls, not to speak of the three collaborators, it was far from being a pecuniary

AMONG THE MAKERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

success, and Bryant's financial condition was almost desperate when, in eighteen hundred and twenty-six, he was offered and accepted an editorial position on the *Evening Post*.

Speaking of journalism at that day, Mr. Bigelow, who for many years occupied an editorial position on the *Post*, said to me:

“JOURNALISM when Bryant entered the profession was as little like the journalism of today as Jason's fifty-oared *Argo* is like a modern steamship. A weekly packet with the news of a file of London papers condensed into a few paragraphs supplied all the information from the outside world for which there seemed to be any demand, while local news was limited pretty much to such items as friends of the editor or interested parties might take the trouble to communicate.

“For the first twenty years,” Mr. Bigelow continued, “of Mr. Bryant's connection with the *Post* he had but one permanent assistant in the office. The attraction and influence of the paper depended mainly upon its editorials which rarely occupied more than a column. As the *Post* was published in the afternoon, work had to be begun at an early hour in the morning. During the first forty years of his editorial life, it was a rare thing for Mr. Bryant, if in town, not to be found at his desk before eight o'clock.

“One day, a few weeks before he died, I asked him if he never varied from his earlier rules, including early rising, exercising with dumbbells and a horizontal bar for half an hour before eating a breakfast of rigorous simplicity, then walking to and from his office, rain or shine.

“‘Not the width of your thumb-nail,’ was Mr. Bryant's answer.”

When Bryant joined the *Post's* staff, its publication office was in William Street, but later it removed to the building it occupied for so many years, at the south-east corner of Broadway and Fulton Streets, a spot more than any other filled with memories of the poet. Here is the window from which he used to gaze out while composing the stirring editorials, the fame of which spread all over the country and made the *Post* a power,—a window that was (and is still) often pointed out to curious visitors. Of the desk at which he wrote, as characteristic, apparently, as all else belonging to Bryant, Mr. Bigelow says:

“Bryant's desk was his newspaper *Egeria*. It was also a curiosity. Except for a space about two feet long and eighteen inches deep, his desk was usually covered to a depth of from twelve to twenty inches with opened letters, manuscript, pamphlets and books, the accumulation of years. During one of his visits to Europe his

AMONG THE MAKERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

assistant thought to do Bryant a good turn by getting rid of this rubbish and clearing his desk so that he could have room for at least one of his elbows on the table. When he returned and saw what had been done, his expression—he said nothing—told that what had been so kindly intended was anything but a kindness. He also had one habit in common with Pope ('Paper-sparing Pope') as Swift called him), of always writing his copy for the paper on the backs of these old letters and rejected manuscript. One who associated with Bryant for many years affirmed that he never knew the Editor to write one article on a fresh piece of paper."

During his early days in New York, Bryant frequently visited Cooper at his home, three hundred and forty-five Greenwich Street, and it was not long after his first dinner there (at which, by the way, he met Halleck for the first time), that Bryant wrote to R. H. Dana apropos of a review projected for the *North American Review*, dealing with the "Last of the Mohicans," which the poet had been asked to prepare.

"Ah, sir, he (Cooper) is too sensitive for a creature like me to touch. He seems to think his own works his own property instead of being the property of the public to whom he has given them."

THE first English edition of Bryant's work appeared in eighteen hundred and thirty-two. The poet's good friend Verplanck had written to his old comrade Washington Irving (then our minister to England) requesting that he find a publisher for these poems and bring them before the English public. Though his new literary ward was personally a complete stranger to him, Irving undertook the task with his usual blithe good nature and friendly interest. After some difficulty he found a publisher named Anderson who consented to undertake the venture on condition that Irving would be willing to affix his own name as "Editor"; to which Irving willingly assented, having no thought that his duties would be more than purely honorary. However, trouble arose in connection with a certain line in "The Song of Marion's Men," reading, "The British soldier trembles when Marion's name is heard," for the publisher declared that a mere hint that any British soldier actually *could tremble* would suffice to bring ruin on the whole enterprise. Finally a compromise was reached and the matter satisfactorily adjusted by changing the offensive line to "The foeman trembles in his tents," and the volume was issued, dedicated to Samuel Rogers.

The "Editor" tells of a tete-a-tete breakfast with this famous wit. "He served his friends as he served the fish," Irving related

AMONG THE MAKERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

"with a squeeze of lemon over each. It was very piquant but it rather set my teeth on edge."

However, neither this nor any subsequent English edition brought great pecuniary reward to the author himself. Once a friend brought him a copy bound in paper, purchased on a London railway stand for a shilling. The poet remarked, when he heard the price, "It's more than I ever got for it," and laughed heartily when he saw the villainous portrait forming the frontispiece, "looking," he added, "more like Jack Ketch than a respectable poet."

From his American copyrights, Bryant eventually derived considerable money, though, as he was wont to say in speaking of his early struggles, "I should have starved had I been obliged to depend on poetry for a living," usually adding those familiar words of Goldsmith's, "Could a man live by poetry it were not an unpleasant employment to be a poet."

Though Bryant was famed among his friends and associates for the kindness of his heart and his equable disposition, he was by no means incapable of righteous indignation. Two lines in one of his poems,

"And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul,"

by most readers has been construed as one of those bits of imaginary self-accusation that even the most blameless of poets indulge in. However, an incident passed over by Mr. Bryant's biographers seems to indicate that, to the sensitive conscience of the poet, it may have had some shadow of foundation.

IF YOU walk along Broadway by the Post Office, you will pass over a spot that, in April, eighteen hundred and thirty-one, was the scene of a personal encounter between Bryant and William T. Stone, then editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, a publication far from friendly to the *Evening Post*. And of this event Philip Hone says in his "Diary": "While I was shaving this morning at eight of the clock I witnessed from the window an encounter in the street nearly opposite between William C. Bryant and William L. Stone; the former the editor of the *Evening Post* and the latter the editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*. The former commenced the attack by striking Stone over the head with a cow-skin; after a few blows, the men closed and the whip was wrested from Bryant and carried off by Stone. When I saw them first, two younger persons were engaged but soon discontinued their fight. A crowd soon closed in and separated the combatants." The cause of this "encounter" is given by another writer of the time as "Stone's having given Bryant the lie."

AMONG THE MAKERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

When, years later, rumors were spread that the *Post* building was to be attacked by rioters, Bryant not only took measures to defend his property but was on hand to see that they should be enforced, for with all the well-known amiability of his nature he was not lacking in personal courage. His moral courage was never called in question, even by his bitterest enemies—and in his journalistic career he made many. Unmoved by blame or praise, he walked unswervingly in the political path he had marked out for himself—first as a Free Soil man, later as a Republican, of which party he is justly regarded as one of the founders.

No man was ever a more loyal friend. "He held to his friends with hooks of steel," Mr. Bigelow says, "closing his eyes to everything about them which he could not admire. When Verplanck and Tilden deprecated the nomination of Lincoln and opposed his election, much as he regretted their course and frankly denounced it, he never permitted it, for one minute, to disturb their friendly relations or interrupt their mutual confidences."

Bryant was one of the most ardent workers for the establishment of the National Academy of Design and presided at the opening of the first building at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue; moreover when the Academy was started he gave gratuitous courses of lectures on mythology which proved popular, and had to be repeated for two years. He was also a founder of the Century Club, and at the time of his death, its president.

To all his work, be it poetry or prose, Bryant brought the spirit of the true craftsman, since it was always his first desire to make what he did the best expression of his mental impulse, so far as in him lay. And this is one reason why our memories of the man himself are almost as valuable as his "Thanatopsis" and the handful of other poems that seem to be framed for immortality. We love to recall the majestic form of the old man, striding along from twenty-four West Sixteenth Street (his last residence in New York and the place of his death) to the building at Fulton Street and Broadway that is still filled with recollections of his years of service there.

The serenity and dignity of this man's work seem to have been made manifest in his person, and—once more to quote Mr. Bigelow—"Those seeing him in his later years discerned a new force and fitness in Dr. Donne's lines:

"No spring nor summer beauty has such grace
As I have seen on an autumnal face."

ULTRA CONSERVATISM IN THE PAINTING SHOWN AT CARNEGIE INSTITUTE THIS YEAR:

BY JAMES B. TOWNSEND



UCH has been written and said, and often with justice, of a tendency toward too much "progressiveness," not to say sensationalism, in the art movement and its expression through recent exhibitions, as witness the Autumn Salon and even a predominating portion of the New Salon of Paris in the Spring of late years, the so-called "Independents' Show" recently held in New York, and other displays here and there in Europe and America; so that it is both surprising and significant to find this year's Fifteenth Annual International Exhibition at the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh a really ultra conservative display.

This exhibition is the nearest approach we have had to a Salon, both in size and scope, and especially in that it includes the work of representative older foreign painters as well as that of veteran and a few younger American artists. It is larger this year than ever before and contains some three hundred and fifty oils, while less than ninety two foreign painters are represented as against some hundred and fifty American artists. But most unfortunately nothing new is expressed save in a few canvases. And while eminently dignified and with a high and strong average of merit, the exhibition is still, for that reason, something of a disappointment to the lover of art who has followed or who would like to follow new art movements and mark either the progress or decadence of certain schools of painting or of changes in the work of individual artists.

The spacious and well-lit Carnegie Galleries are, as always, a delight to visit, for save in three smaller galleries they permit the showing of the pictures on one line and with so much space between the individual canvases as to display them to the best possible advantage. And as the American pictures, with few exceptions, have been selected from among the best in the previous large displays of the season in New York, Washington, Philadelphia and Chicago, the visitor who follows the season's exhibitions gets a retrospective view of the year's art in the United States.

AMONG the American exhibits landscapes predominate, then follow marines and portraits with only a few figure works. The well-termed "Center Bridge" School of which Edward W. Redfield is the master, and Schofield, Symons, Rosen, C. Morris Young, and, in a way, Ernest Lawson are the prophets, is largely and well represented, and even Gifford Beal swings into line with

CONSERVATISM AT PITTSBURGH EXHIBITION

these painters with a strong winter landscape. The older American landscapists, J. Francis Murphy, Bruce Crane, Willard Metcalf, A. T. Van Laer, Leonard Ochtman, Ben Foster and others show their strong, sincere works, and the marine painters, Paul Dougherty, F. J. Waugh, Charles H. Woodbury, Alexander Harrison also show typical examples. Daniel Garber is to the fore among the younger American landscapists.

In portraiture William M. Chase, Cecilia Beaux, Wilton Lockwood, Edward Dufner and a few other lesser men are represented, while typical and, of course, good figure works are shown by John W. Alexander (whose "Sunlight" captured deservedly the first prize), Robert Henri, Lillian Genth, Childe Hassam, Robert Reid, Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones, George de Forest Brush, Sergeant Kendall, Henry M. Walcott, and others of lesser note.

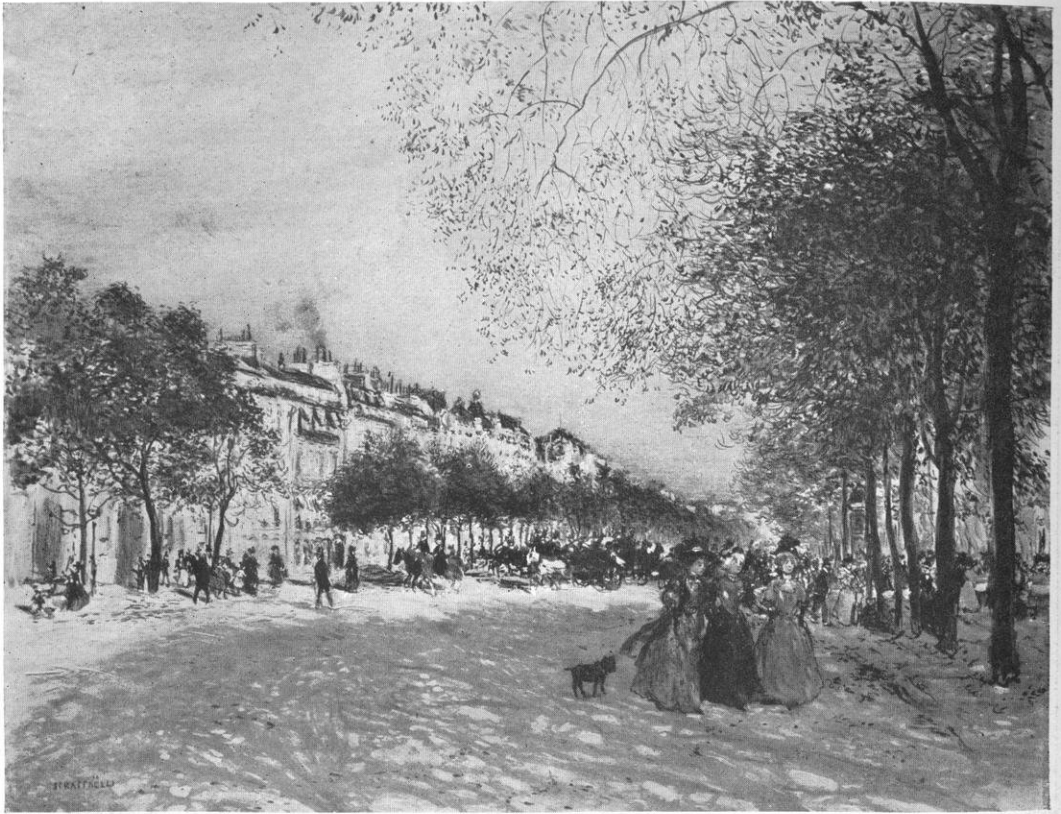
This brief list of the more striking American works shown does not contain, it will be noticed, the names of such clever painters as George Luks, Glackens, Rockwell Kent, nor the men who were prominent in the recent "Independent Show" neither those of the same school at the Union League Club. With the exception of Henri, whose "Giggling Boy" is one of the very strongest and best character figures in the display, two examples of Everett Shinn, two of Arthur B. Davies' mystical dreamy landscapes with his weird figures, and three virile, clear-aired landscapes by Ernest Lawson, one misses the work of these young men who have stirred the artistic camps of the country as they have never been stirred since the advent of the now seemingly old-fashioned "Munich Men" in eighteen hundred and seventy-eight.

These so-called Impressionistic painters, Willard L. Metcalf, J. Alden Weir, who is honored with a special display of some thirty-seven of his figure works and landscapes in a separate gallery, Childe Hassam, Robert Reid and Frank W. Benson of "The Ten American Painters," all strong workers and shown at their best, seem rational and sane enough now, and the public has more than begun to understand them and to realize not only the strength but the beauty of their work, which compares most favorably with a selection of examples of the French Impressionists, Monet, Moret, Maufra, André, Sisley and the later Raffaelli. But the work of these men has been seen so often during the season that it strikes no new note.

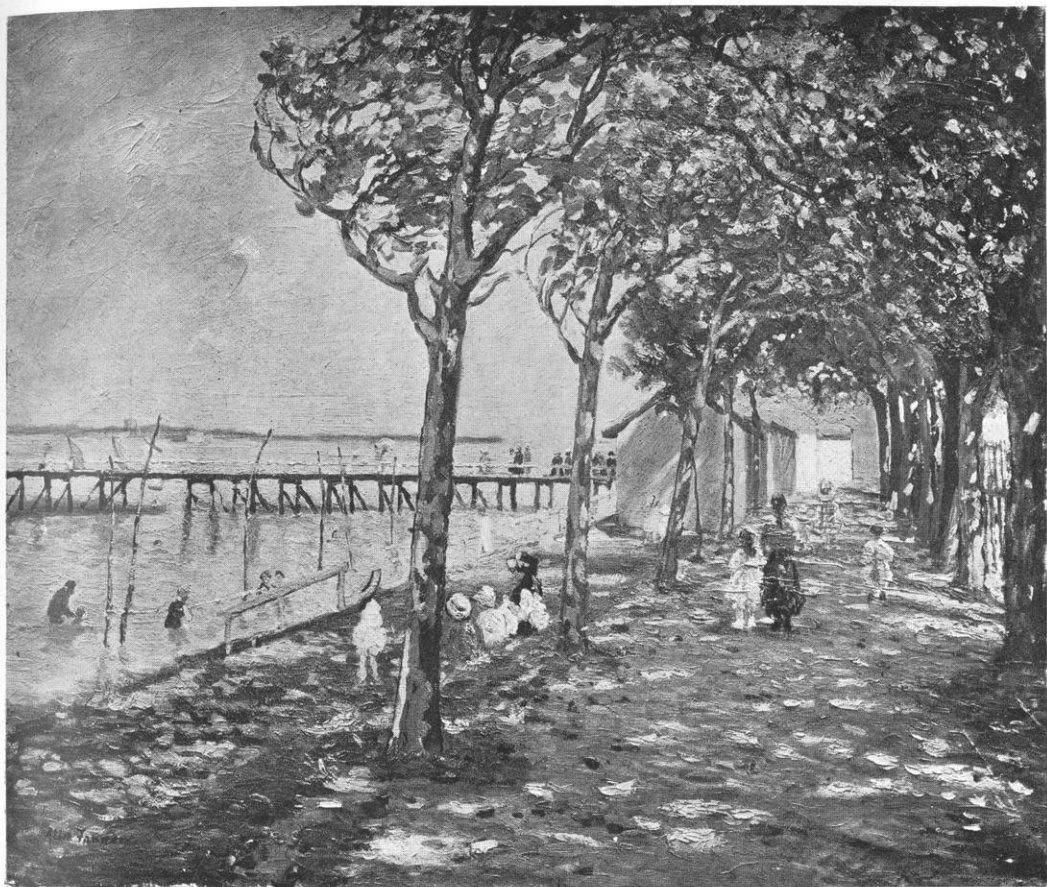
REALIZING this, the visitor to the display turns with expectancy to the comparatively large foreign representation, again to meet with disappointment. The same painters from England, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, Holland and Belgium, who have been represented the past few years, are again to the fore, but



"A GARDEN": GAINES
RUGER DONOHO, PAINTER.



"CHAMPS ELYSÉES": JEAN
FRANÇOIS RAFFAËLLI, PAINTER.



"SEA BATHING: ST. VALERY ON THE SOMME": ALICE FANNER, PAINTER: HONORABLE MENTION AT THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE.



"BEARING OFF THE BRIDE":
NICOLAS FÊCHIN, PAINTER.

CONSERVATISM AT PITTSBURGH EXHIBITION

with few new fellows, while the familiar visitors have nothing new to tell this year. Even Gaston La Touche, he of the golden glow and fantastic conceit, shows this year simply the interior of a Paris department store, typical in color and composition, but not especially interesting. Lucien Simon has a large figure canvas, not noteworthy, and René Prinnet two outdoors, with figures, good in air and movement but not striking works. There is no representation of Matisse and his followers, much less of any of the even more pronounced painters, who are called the "Post Impressionists." And this is greatly to be regretted, for the influence of these men on the art of the day, not only in France, of which land they are natives, but throughout the Continent, and even in the United States is not to be questioned, whether one believes in their theories or not.

The cleverest of the foreign work shown is that of the Russian Nicolas Féchin, the Frenchman Jacques Blanche, whose half-length, seated portrait of Henry James is remarkably strong; the Englishmen, Harrington Mann, Sir Alfred East, William Orpen, William Nicholson, the late J. A. Shaw and Arthur Wardle; the Germans, Schramm-Zittau and F. Grässel, and the Italians, Troccoli and Caputo.

Last year Féchin astonished us with his marvelously clever technique. This year he exhibits a large outdoors with figures, "Bearing Off the Bride,"—a remarkable piece of characterization, but too muddy in color and too confused in composition to be entirely effective. His half-length sketch-portrait of a little girl, however, is simply wonderful in expression and in its rendition of character in a few slight strokes. It is by far the cleverest work of the exhibition.

Sir Alfred East departs from his large, muddy landscapes to show a beautifully composed "Venice," low in key and full aired, which is a revelation of powers unknown to his American admirers. The remainder of the English pictures are average Royal Academy work, and in fact many of them have figured in the Academy displays of the past few years. The portraits of Troccoli are instinct with life and expression.

To sum up, the exhibition is ultra conservative, and lacks the life and novelty that might have been given by even a sprinkling of the works of those painters before alluded to who have startled of late the art camps of the world.

It would seem as if the management of the Carnegie Institute and the juries for next year should go further afield and present the work of some of the newer and younger painters. It is a mistake, apparently, to ignore them or shut them out, although, in the present instance, the omission may have been quite unintentional.

THE CONQUEST OF FIRE IS OUR RACE HISTORY

"The Red Flower that Blossoms at Night."—*Kipling*.



WE ARE all fire worshipers in modern life, if we stop to think about it, for we have grown to be a luxury-loving civilization and practically all comforts in our present mode of existence are rendered feasible by that most vital, ingratiating and encompassing of elemental forces. For the mere support of human life possibly the usefulness of the different elements is fairly equally divided, but for the progress and peace of our most material of all civilizations fire is the force of supreme importance, for even when it does not supply the actual power that transmutes crude conditions into comfort, it at least furnishes the energy that generates the power. And when it does not run all our machinery of building, travel, light, heat, etc., it is the power behind the engine that furnishes electricity, steam and water. It is the spirit of all motive power, the soul of all material progress. And those who demand luxurious surroundings, as we most of us are rapidly getting to do, are relying as entirely upon the good offices of the Great Red God as did the Indians in starting their camp fires or the Israelites before their sacrificial altars.

Those who rule out imagination and memory from the daily interest of life have let themselves come to see fire as a common thing. Of the fact that it is in reality the spirit of the universe harnessed to the chariot of civilization and whirling it through magic lands of scientific discovery, the sightless ones have taken no heed. The match has ceased to be a miracle, and we have forgotten that when fire was kindled by the accidental striking together of branches of wood, the early beholders of this wonder fell upon their knees and thanked the remote gods for sending them a gift direct from the heavens. We smile at the "savage" adoring God for the splendid gift. We are so informed and so cultured that we accept placidly as "common" the great revelation of divine fire that animates all achievement of which modern life can really boast.

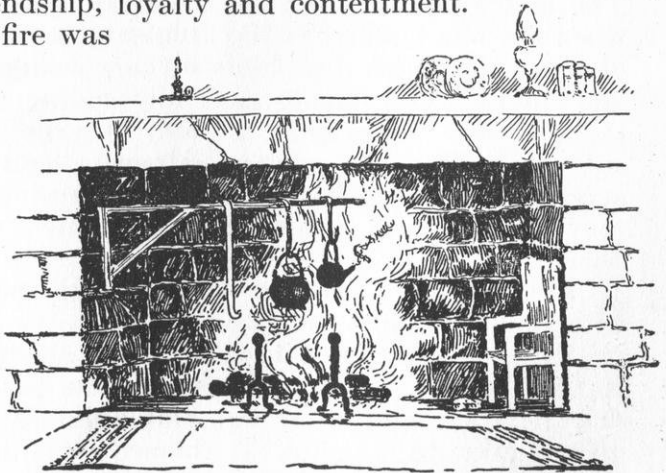
But centuries ago the simpler folk received this benediction with humility and reverence. It meant the first awakening of their minds toward the possibility of comfort, shelter, protection. Through it, God himself was serving them. It established an intimacy with deity. It stimulated through this intimate appreciation a desire to give thanks, to worship. It stirred the primitive imagination with the understanding of service. The fire from heaven served the people and through it their sense of service was touched and also asso-

THE CONQUEST OF FIRE

ciated with the gifts of gods, with the best of life. And as the races grew and developed through their dependence upon fire, the more spiritual of them advanced to an understanding of service from *man* to *man* as well as from *God* to *man*. And then the soul of man was born out of the soul of the universe.

PERHAPS the greatest good that fire brings man, if we except the illumination of his imagination, is the development of the homing instinct. Since the building of the hearth in the dwelling place no tribe has ever from choice wandered far from its own fireside. The *wanderlust* is not an inherited instinct from nomadic ancestry, but rather the reaction of modern man from walled-up conditions, his escape from the house-prison. And in early days men only were nomadic because they were compelled to follow up the trail of nature's commissary department. The hunter had to seek constantly the haunt of his game, and so the life of the earliest men was fashioned somewhat after the ways of the roving beast. Nothing less vital, less stimulating, less incalculably valuable than fire could have overcome the old established ways of wandering life. But the mysterious force which could furnish warmth, dryness, better preparation of food, good cheer, drew men together. It established a purpose for permanent dwelling places. It suggested, or rather brought about, the evolution of friendship, for men found peace at the hearth. In short, it revolutionized the life of the homeless world. It created family feeling. Through its friendly agency the real home was evolved and the fireside grew to be the symbol of peace, friendship, loyalty and contentment. From the hour that fire was

first captured between two sticks, there has been endless progressive experience in the conquest of this illusive spirit of light. We have sought to imprison it for our own material purpose in all kinds of practical ways. We have little by little forgotten its divine origin; using it for our comfort or pleasure, ignoring



NEW ENGLAND FIREPLACE, WITH THE
OLD FOLKS' CHAIR AT ONE SIDE.

THE CONQUEST OF FIRE



its power for beauty, its right appeal to the imagination. We have shut it up in our stoves, hidden it in our furnaces, expected it to creep through iron pipes and radiators. We have deadened our imagination to it as the spirit of the hearth and shorn it of its splendor. Who among us today recalls the legends of fire that ally it to all that is godly and mighty in the universe? How often are we reminded of *Hestia*, or *Vesta*, the Goddess of the Hearth, who, because she scorned her earthly lovers and vowed herself to eternal chastity, was given a seat at every man's hearth, to be forever a symbol of purity and light; or *Vulcan*, the God of the Fire of the Forge, who protects all artisans, whispering inspiration in their ears as they work with him; or of *Agni*, who is clad all in black and carries a banner of smoke and a javelin of flame and goes about the world on purifying missions?

Man who began by worshipping physical fire, in time discovered the divinity behind the fire, and gradually regarded the flame itself as only a symbol of spiritual light. Almost all races in fact have worshiped fire in one form or another, and many religious cults have sprung up in its wake. The Egyptians, Assyrians, Chaldæans had certain fire rites, and there are still living earnest followers of Zoroaster. The extinction of the Holy Flame in the temples when Mohamed conquered Persia was synonymous with the downfall of Iran.

THE CONQUEST OF FIRE

THE history of man's desire to gather up this flaming force and imprison it for his comfort and happiness, erecting about it the walls of his home, becomes in reality the history of the development of the human race, and its search for peace and beauty. The first dwelling place after the caves and mounds and cliffs were abandoned as inconvenient and unsanitary, was the circular tent of the Indian tepee, with the fire in the center, the chimney little more than open flaps, and the draft through the tent "door." This dwelling in fact progressed but little beyond a protection for the fire, for the space between the fire and the tent walls was an area filled with suffocation.

Then along came some revolutionist in building and devised a more permanent structure in which a hearth stone was placed at either end of the long room, leaving space in the center for ceremonials, for the gathering in of friends and the clan. Having achieved comfort for himself, the house builder wished to present the spectacle of his luxury to others. Around the sides of the room long seats were built for his guests and there were banquet tables stretched from fireplace to fireplace.

In the course of time the splendor of the housing of fire seemed to know no end. Mighty carvings encompassed the fireplace. It was installed with ceremony. Festivals of the tribes circled around it, poems were written about it, minstrels gathered in its light and melodies grew in its honor.



THE CONQUEST OF FIRE

So long as the spiritual gift of fire was recognized and revered, so long as songs were sung and festivals wrought, the place of fire as the ruling spirit of the home was understood and worshiped.

But the degradation of fire began when, for the sake of still more luxury and because of our fear of manual labor we began to lose touch with a sense of beauty about our fireside, until the radiant face of the home deity was hidden and we merely accepted her bounty, failing to do her homage. And so from generation to generation in our hideous American middle century civilization, we maltreated the Red Spirit sent to us with healing and peace on her wings. We enslaved her, yet exacted heavy toll from her. But this wrong was not done without payment, for our ugly stoves vitiated and poisoned the air we breathed. They complicated all opportunity for sanitary living and eventually became a well-spring of American humor.

Even the traveling braziers of the ancient Greek were not to be compared in discomfort and noxious conditions with our modern stoves, for they at least gave glimpses of the glowing flame and were graceful in construction, and there must have been always an equal joy in seeing one of them rolled in or out of the room, for although they brought in heat they took away gas.

"There wan't no stoves, till comfort died,

To bake ye to a puddin'."

is apparently the lament of an overheated, asphyxiated Yankee whose boyhood had been spent with twilight hours cuddling about a large fireplace, and who in his old age had grown bitter in the unfriendliness, the bad atmosphere created by the black stove.

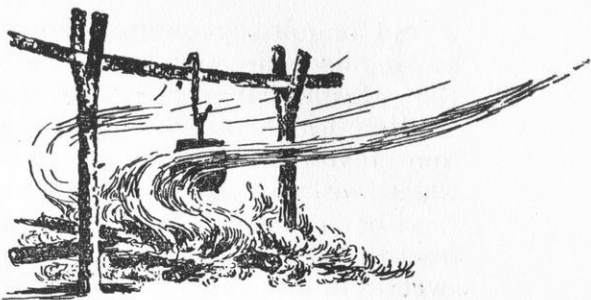
BUT now at last with our national fortune made and more time at our disposal in which to consider health, beauty and comfort, we are slowly returning in our allegiance to the old bright, good gift of the gods, the open fire. We are learning that no heat is so satisfactory, so beautiful, so hygienic, and that properly understood and used the fireplace can, without sacrificing any of its charm, prove as practical, and far more healthful than any of our furnaces or steam heaters.

As for the joy of the open fire, it is today as in the time of its miraculous discovery a source of never-ending inspiration and pleasure. Who does not love to watch a fire as it springs from its smoke sheath and dances swiftly from log to log, wrapping them about with its glowing mantle of flame? It is a master magician who touches dull wood or coal with his wand, releasing the bright spirits of light and heat that are imprisoned within them. In some mysterious way it also liberates our imaginations, opens some door within

THE CONQUEST OF FIRE

us that is generally closed, so that we dream and plan, expand into temporary poets and philosophers, sound depths and soar to heights never explored except under the influence of fire.

Friends, lovers, comrades need no conversation when in the presence of an open fire, for it croons and sings and dances for them, writes fiery sonnets upon the dark scroll of the sooty chimney, sketches charming pictures with its smoke pencil.



It is the prince of entertainers, the king of hosts! It offers bewitching divertimento, runs the full gamut of ceremonious amusement for your benefit, then skilfully decoys your best thoughts from their hiding places until you discover you have committed yourself to a philosophy that heretofore apparently had no working basis in your mind!

Like a genial host it removes all trace of the self-consciousness that cramps and dwarfs expression, for looking into its heart we find there inspiration unmarred by thought of self.

What significance is in the lighting of the first fire in the new home! What wordless hopes, fears, plans and vows are offered as oblation upon this newly made altar, sacred to all that is best in the lives of the homemakers. What associations of sweet homecomings gradually weave themselves around the hearth! How cheery it is when the winds scream outside, rattle the shutters of the window and strain the latch of the door!

The fireplaces of England, which one can well presume to be the survival of old Druid stone altars, hold a memory of Druid rites in the ceremonies that surround the bringing in of the oak Yule log entwined with the mistletoe, sacred to Druids.

Our own New England fireplaces were once built of such generous proportions that the back log was hauled in by oxen through doors left large for this very purpose. Many of the fireplaces were ample enough to allow a nook or cozy corner for the old folks to occupy by the side of the fire, safe from the reach of chilling drafts. They were fitted up with long cranes from which hung iron pots containing (if the testimony of the senses had been relied upon) food for a king! And before these same fires hung turkeys and ducks on the end of long strings which wound and turned and twisted about so that they should be well browned "against the time of eating."

THE CONQUEST OF FIRE

OUR jolly, generous, beloved Santa Claus might never have filled the stockings we hung before the open fire with such faith in his yearly visit to good children, were it not for these old-time wide chimneys and broad hearths. The prevalence of sheet-iron stoves in our land has almost caused the death of our merry Christmas saint, a cause indeed for universal mourning.

The fireplace of the South was also a large affair and we love to read about (if we cannot, alas, otherwise enjoy) the flavor of the sweet potatoes raked from the ashes, the corn pone browned before the blaze, the ham boiled in champagne on feast days over a slow heat. One cannot think of the South without thinking of hospitality and thoughts of hospitality center around an open fire from which issue the fragrant odors of the coming feast of eatables, or the more lasting flavors of a feast of reason and exchange of thought. A trace of English Yule log festivities survived in the South in old days and there was much cunning and clever woodcraft displayed by the darkies in selecting the oak log to be brought in at Yule-tide.

The camp fire of the out-of-doors, the original form of fire, that we have tried to preserve as nearly as possible on our hearths, will forever be the most poetical of all fires to us. This "red flower that blossoms at night," so mysteriously at man's command, is held in awe by all animals, and they join man in their circle around it, never venturing within the radius of its light, yet watching its leaps and bounds with intense fascination. It is a trustworthy guardian for man in the wilds, a valued companion to the lonely mountaineer. And how beautiful it is, as in its cheerful, radiant way it serves him in the menial office of cook, comforts his weary body with warmth, lights his mind with flashes of spiritual thought!

It has been a swift courier spreading news of warning or of victory from hill top to hill top. The Indians made it speak to enemy or friend for them, by governing its smoke, and there is much religious symbolism behind the fire dance that is still observed by them in the West.

The bon-fire (good fire) is woven with the camp fire in our fond remembrances of childhood days, and the chief attraction of a picnic was the fire, sometimes a large one of iridescent driftwood down by the beach, sometimes a small fragrant one of balsamic odors in the woods. Oh, we all owe much to fire that is so like the sun, and we can well echo St. Francis who, in his Cantic to the Sun, says:

"Praised be my Lord, for brother fire, through whom thou givest light in darkness, and he is bright and pleasant and very mighty and strong."

THE INVISIBLE GARDEN



YOU who are hedged in by city walls and duties, and to whom the gospel of the country life brings only a longing for something that is out of sight and out of reach; for whom the only walks are crowded pavements, the only glimpse of green a dusty, tramp-filled park; lay aside your cares a moment, come with me, and I will show you how to plant a garden—a place wherein your soul may grow.

First weed your heart, plucking out all harsh thoughts, all worries and anxieties that have choked it for so long; root out all sordid plans, all striving after needless gain. Then from this spot shut out the little prowling Envy, the giant Ambition and the weary ghost Despair. Wall off the noise, the chaos, and amid the hungry desert of commercialism make a tiny oasis of peace. Here, in this little garden, where no spirit of tenseness may enter, no tiresome cares intrude, let your thoughts wander into pleasant paths of rest.

Take out your dearest memories and plant them where their fragrance will make you glad. Sow sweet thoughts, like mignonette, about you, so that their perfume fills your heart. Dig up old recollections, look upon the everlasting flowers of time, the blue forget-me-nots, and linger amid the bitter-sweetness of pale "might-have-beens."

Or, if your thoughts will not tame themselves into a kindly mood, then borrow for a little while the pleasant thoughts of others. Coax into your invisible garden the gentle words of some old poet; dig up some phrase, some bit of verse that used to comfort you or make you glad. Let your own thoughts circle around it, and plant about the nucleus of its inspiration some sweet philosophy.

Let the warm sunshine of optimism pour into your garden, that your flowers may bloom; let the soft wind of hope bring you strengthening messages from the outer world, and instead of the withering heat of cynicism, let happy tears, if need be, keep the ground moist with tenderness. So shall the kind fingers of our dear lady Silence smoothe away your troubles, and gentle daydreams be your lullaby. And in this little garden of contentment your body and your soul will be at peace.

Then, when this peace has worked its inevitable miracle, you will find yourself refreshed, invigorated, full of a new bravery and kindness, with finer sympathy, clearer judgment and firmer mental grip. And in the end perhaps your toil will be rewarded, and you may plant at last the garden of your dreams, where real winds stir the leaves of the rosebushes and real dewdrops grow every morning on the lawn.

“Whirriestone” is, before all else, an expression of its owner’s own taste and personality. The disposition and arrangement of the rooms and their accommodation are all her own planning, while the sizes of the rooms are in each instance of her own determining, within a very few inches. Every detail of the house and its furnishing has been designed to realize her own clear image of what she wished it to be. Almost the only item for which she had made no suggestion, when the work was drawing to a close, and about the only one I had not designed, was a coal-box handle. I selected one already on the market and submitted it. She pointed out some distinct improvements which might be made in its design and asked me to make a drawing embodying these, and have it carried out. And it was in this spirit of intense personal interest and thoughtfulness that all the work was planned and executed.

This detailed floor plan illustrates a large, symmetrical estate house. The central core includes a **STUDY** with a desk, a **LIVING ROOM** with a large table, a **KITCHEN**, a **DINING ROOM**, and a **HALL** with a central staircase. To the right of the hall is a **BILLIARD ROOM** and a **BRACKEN** (bath). To the left is an **ENGINE ROOM** and a **GENERATING ROOM**. The house is surrounded by extensive outdoor spaces: a **TENNIS LAWN** to the northwest, a **SUMMER HOUSE** to the west, and a **KITCHEN HERB** garden to the east. The rear of the property features a **LAWN WITH SHRUBS**, a **PERGOLA**, and a **BRACKEN**. A compass rose indicates North is towards the top right. The plan is densely packed with architectural details such as windows, doors, and furniture placement.

GARDEN AND GROUND PLAN OF "WHIRRIESTONE," SHOWING RELATION OF HOUSE TO GROUNDS.



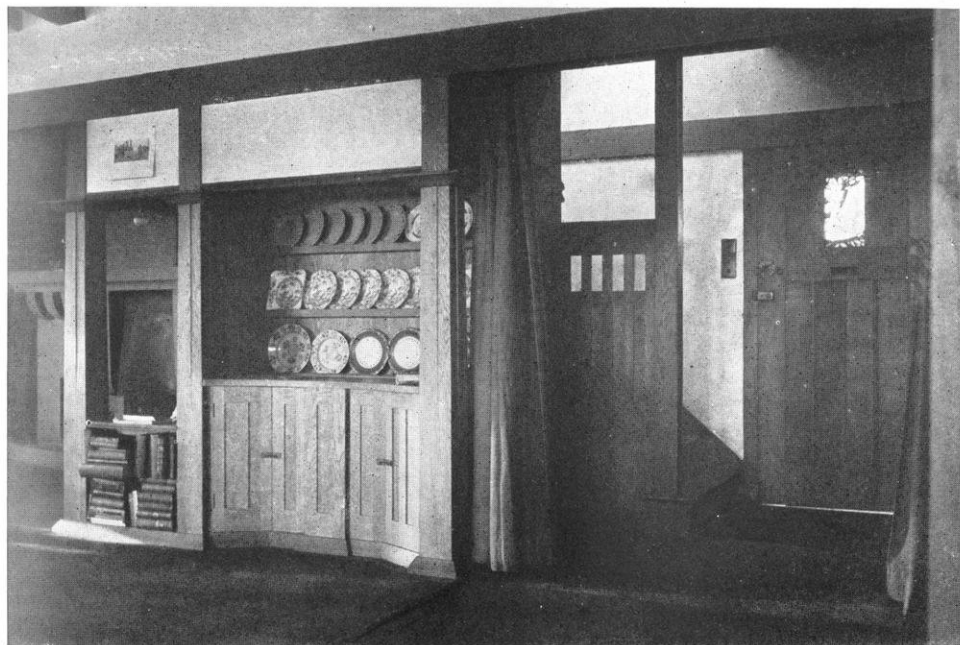
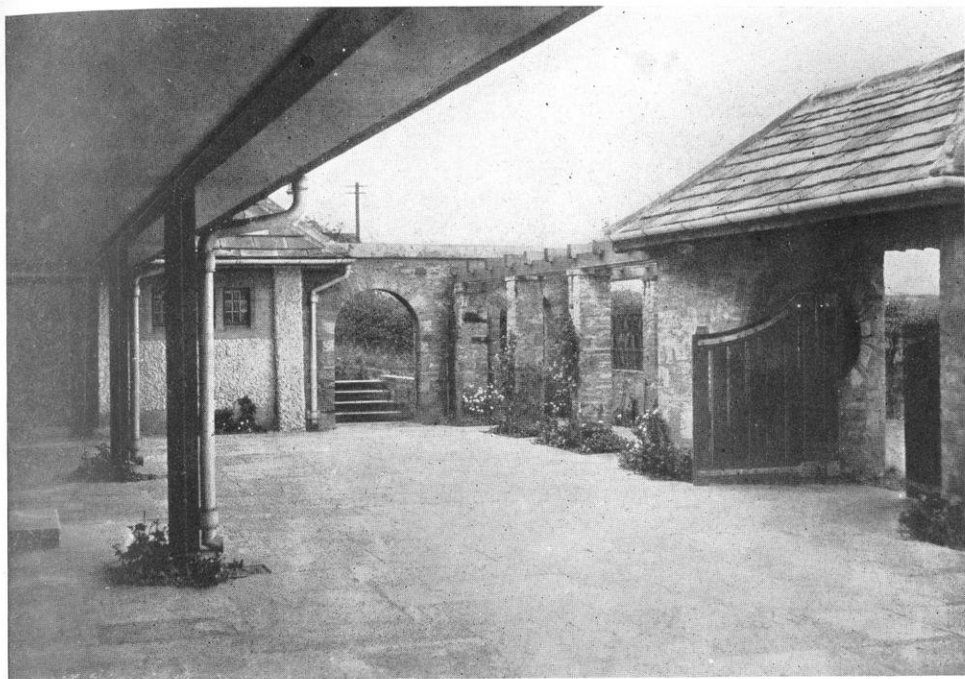
Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.

"WHIRRIESTONE," NEAR ROCHDALE, LANCA-
SHIRE, ENGLAND: CEMENT CONSTRUCTION,
WITH TILE ROOF: VIEW OF SOUTH AND WEST.

DETAIL OF ENTRANCE TO "WHIRRIESTONE,"
SHOWING STONE FOUNDATION, AND INTER-
ESTING GROUPS OF WINDOWS.

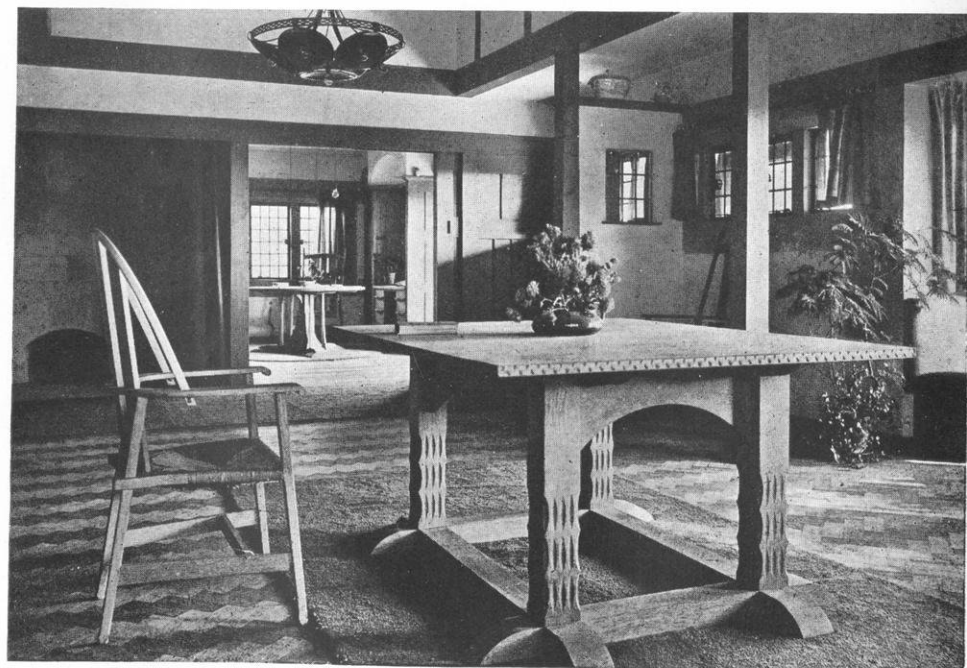
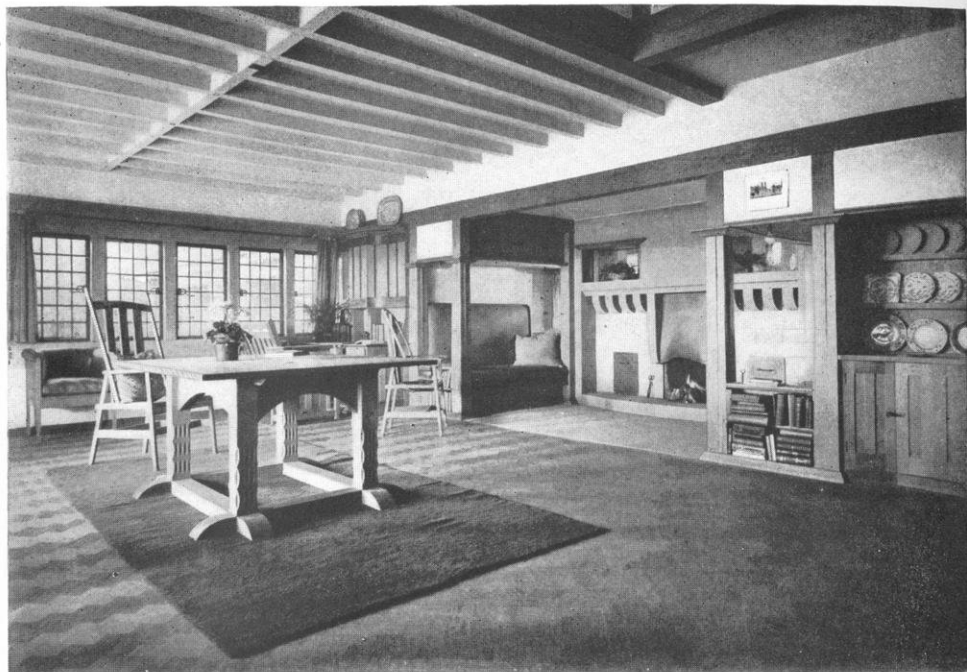


THE SOUTH AND GARDEN SIDE OF "WHIRRIESTONE," SHOWING GRACEFUL ROOF LINES.
MAIN ENTRANCE: GATEWAY AND PERGOLA
AT "WHIRRIESTONE."



THE FORECOURT AND ENTRANCE TO PERGOLA
AT "WHIRRIESTONE."

SHOWING ENTRANCE DOOR AT "WHIRRIESTONE,"
AND FOOT OF STAIRWAY, WITH EXTREMELY INTERESTING, THOUGH SIMPLE, USE OF WOOD.

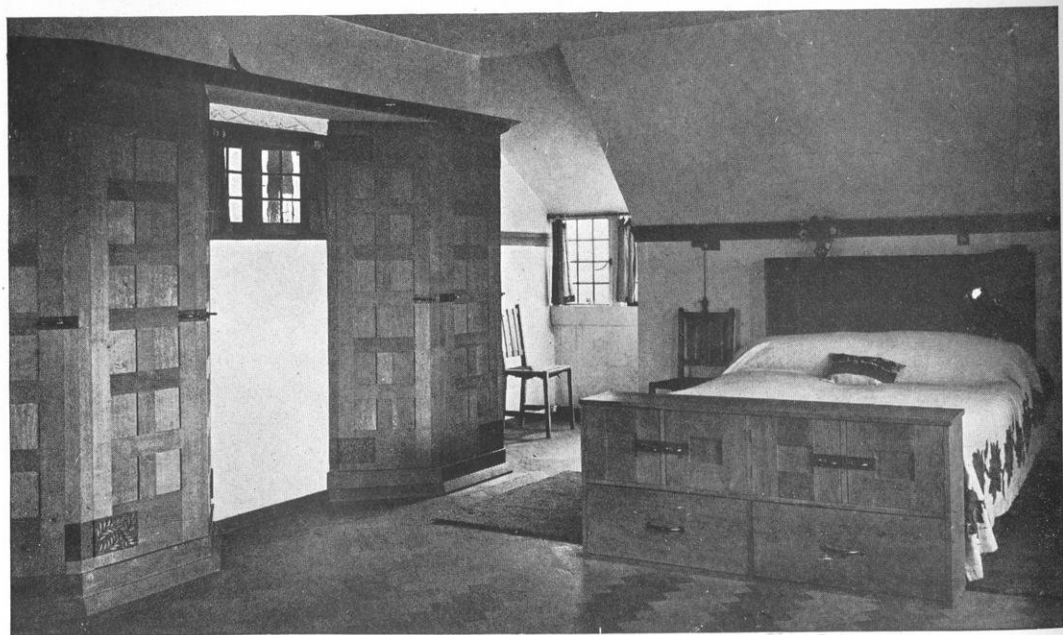
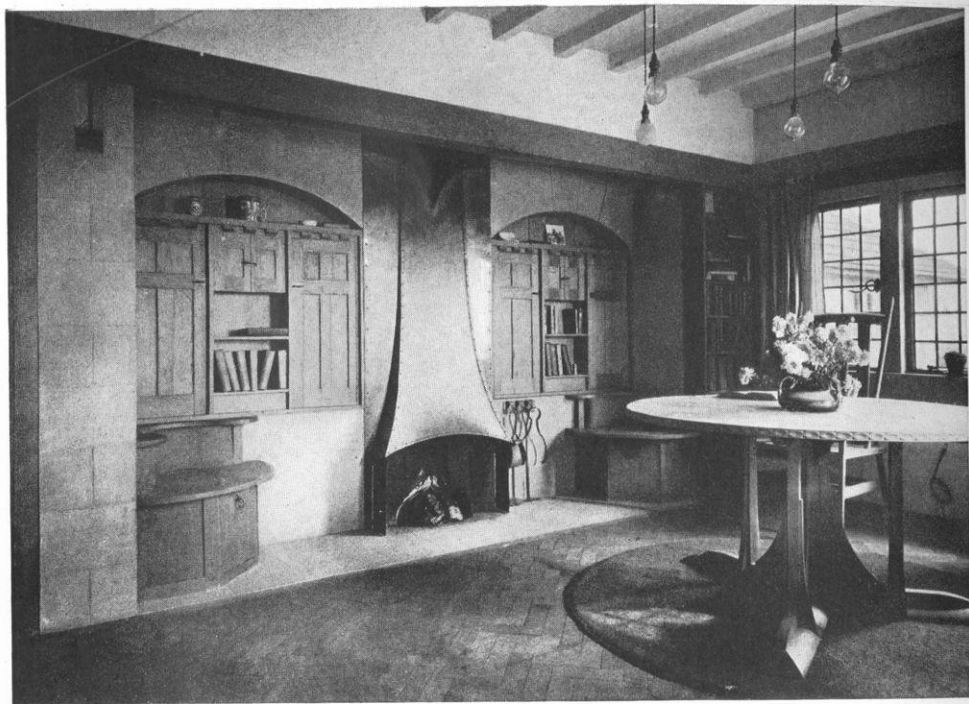


LIVING ROOM AT "WHIRRIESTONE,"
WITH GLIMPSE OF FIREPLACE.
LOOKING FROM LIVING ROOM INTO
STUDY THROUGH ARCHWAY.



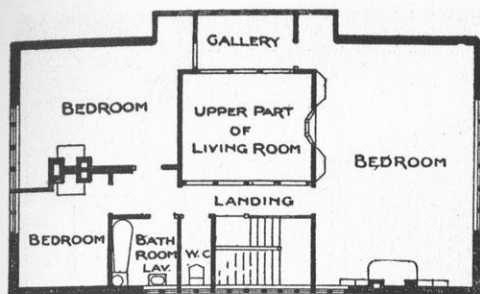
LIVING ROOM AT "WHIRRIESTONE,"
WITH NEARER VIEW OF FIREPLACE.

LIVING ROOM AT "WHIRRIESTONE,"
SHOWING AT CLOSE RANGE SOME
OF THE INTERESTING PIECES OF FUR-
NITURE DESIGNED FOR THE ROOM.



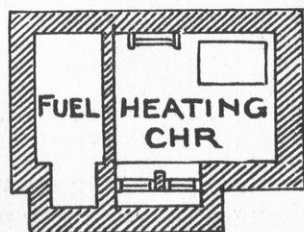
STUDY, WITH FIREPLACE AND COZY ARRANGEMENT OF SEATS AND BOOKSHELVES. BEDROOM AT "WHIRRIESTONE," WITH SOME NEW AND VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR FURNITURE MAKING.

FURNISHINGS DESIGNED TO HARMONIZE WITH HOUSE

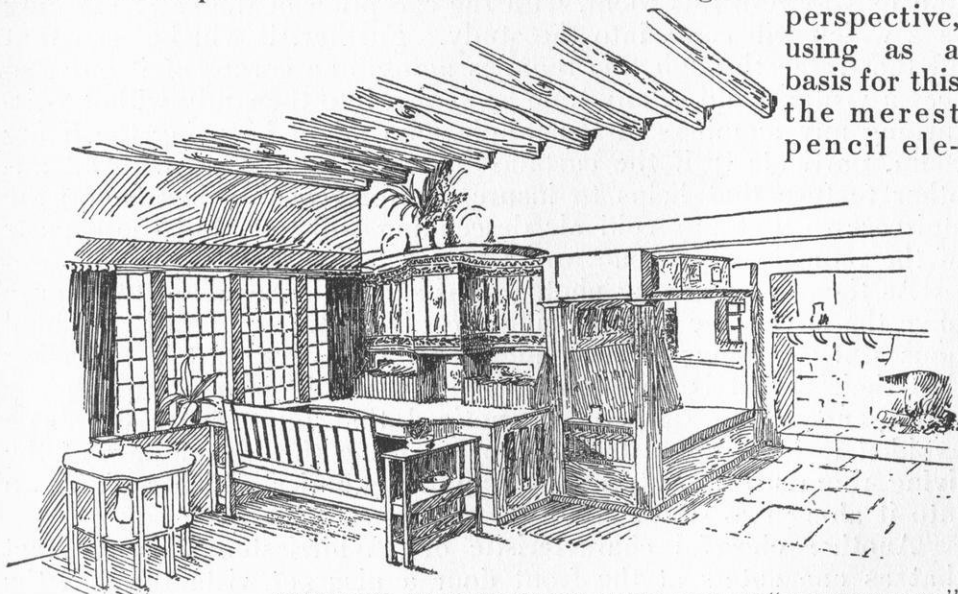


"WHIRRIESTONE:" SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

paring slight sketches or perspective drawings for everything before making any working drawings. A few of these sketches are reproduced here to show the method of working. It seems to me that architects would be materially helped in the realization of what will be the effect of their work in the end, and in their grasp of the final result and feeling of the whole, if they more frequently designed in perspective. The mental effort of taking flat elevations and constructing from them in imagination the finished product, is by no means an easy task; whereas if they could see the ideas realized first "in the round," this strain on their imagination would be greatly reduced, the final aspect of their designs would be clearer and easier to understand and criticize, and their minds would be freer to receive other impressions. At present, however, the usual custom, when perspective drawings are made at all, is to execute them after the working drawings are completed. Would not many buildings have been improved if their architects had designed them first in

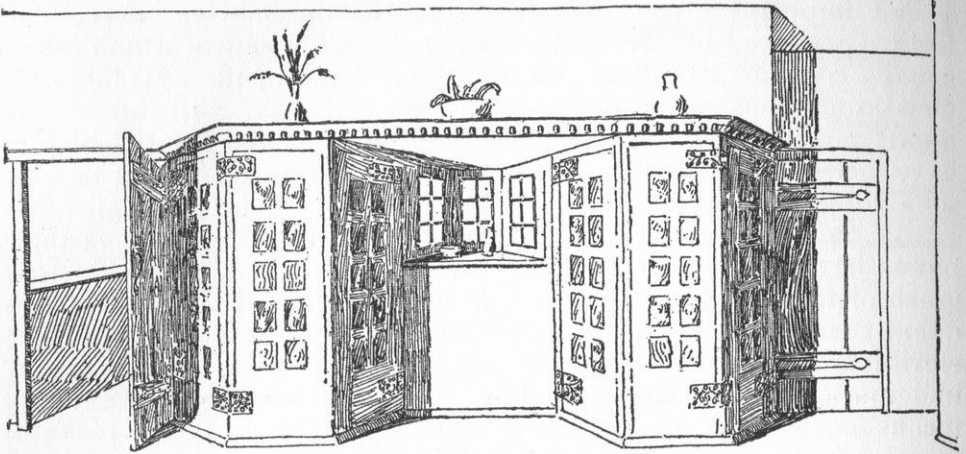


perspective, using as a basis for this the merest pencil ele-



SKETCH FOR WORKING DESK IN LIVING ROOM AT "WHIRRIESTONE."

FURNISHINGS DESIGNED TO HARMONIZE WITH HOUSE



SKETCH SHOWING INTERESTING DESIGNS FOR OWNERS' BEDROOM WARDROBES. THE PLACING OF THE WINDOW IS ESPECIALLY CHARMING AND PRACTICAL.

ments of working drawings, and then afterward, with the necessary changes, made the complete set?

But to return to "Whirriestone." It will be seen from the plans which appear here that the one good living room or "house place" (which every house should have, however much or little else it has) is especially large. Whatever light there may be during the day will find its way into this room, with the exception of the early morning rays which will come into the study. Further, it will be seen that all the traffic through this room is across one corner of it only, so that a visitor could at any time be shown into the study without disturbing any members of the family who might be using the living room, particularly if the curtains indicated were drawn. And another feature that helps to insure comfort consists in placing the staircase so that any cold air descending will not chill those parts of the room in which one would be most likely to sit.

As the accompanying photographs show, the rooms of this house have the advantage of not being too high. In comparatively small houses, if the rooms are very high there is always apt to be a feeling that their height is too great to be pleasant in proportion to their width and length. It will be noticed that this danger has been avoided in the present instance by carrying the higher part of the living room up two stories of running galleries which look down into it along two sides.

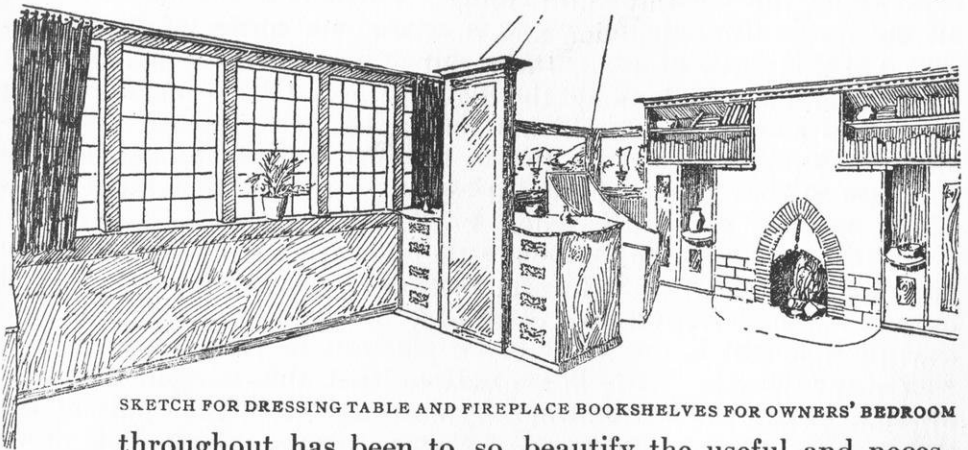
Another cheerful characteristic of "Whirriestone" is the fact that as one enters at the front door a pleasant vista through the

FURNISHINGS DESIGNED TO HARMONIZE WITH HOUSE

house and away to the south is opened up. This arrangement gives a first impression very different from the oppressive, inhospitable feeling produced by the blank wall or dark recesses of a hall which usually confront one upon entering the average home. All the other views and vistas in the house have been contrived with this idea in mind, and in some cases to avoid the objection just mentioned they have been lengthened by means of a window, or terminated by something of interest.

As the pleasantest view is toward the south, the two principal rooms have been given a southward "trend" or "direction." That is, the whole arrangement of each room is such that its occupants enjoy the best available prospect from those portions of the room which they will most frequently use and those positions which they will most naturally assume. The principal rooms look away from the road because this southern aspect affords the most pleasant view; but no outside elevation of the house is less agreeable to look upon than any other, and certainly no visitor could determine which to call the back of the house.

It should be noticed in this connection that above all the elevations are the natural outcome and expression of the internal planning. Some points, of course, are pure ornament, but these unmistakably proclaim themselves as such and could not be mistaken for construction, their claim to respect resting solely on the ground of their own beauty. But soundness of construction has never been sacrificed to ornament, and it will be observed that the attempt



SKETCH FOR DRESSING TABLE AND FIREPLACE BOOKSHELVES FOR OWNERS' BEDROOM

throughout has been to so beautify the useful and necessary things that they might become objects of interest and decoration instead of being put out of sight and other things substituted. Most of the interest, in fact, comes from construction frankly

FURNISHINGS DESIGNED TO HARMONIZE WITH HOUSE

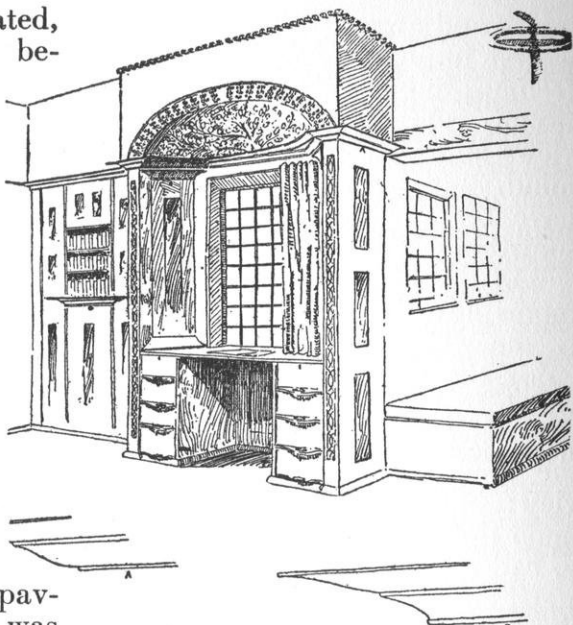
shown and decoratively treated, the elements and textures belonging to the construction, and the materials used being made the basis for whatever ornament was desired.

It should be pointed out that as far as possible local building traditions have been observed and local building materials used. All the fireplaces are built of stone from the country side; the simple roof is covered with the stone roofing slates characteristic of the locality, and all the stone for the walls, paving steps and hearths was quarried not far from the site.

The house as originally built is shown in black on the accompanying plan. The parts hatched on that plan are later additions, comprising the billiard room, motor house, engine and generative rooms, and the covered way connecting them with the house, together with the gateway and pergolas.

The general construction and details of "Whirriestone" are unmistakably, it will be seen, the result of careful thought and individual treatment, all along the most practical lines possible. In fact in all of the houses which I have recently described, the criticism will probably be made that commonsense has been placed before everything else. This would be a somewhat exaggerated accusation, but in a sense it is true. For I do, in a way, put commonsense before everything, believing that the truly artistic is ever the most practical, and that, in architecture as well as other things, if we are not first sensible we can never be artistic, or anything else worth while.

One of the most noticeable characteristics of the "Whirriestone" interior is the use of "built-in" furniture. The handy bookshelves, the cosy corner seats and lounges, the cupboards, sideboard, desk,—all of these seem and in fact are integral parts of the construction. Not only does this type of furniture achieve a maximum of convenience and space economy with a minimum of housekeeping labor,



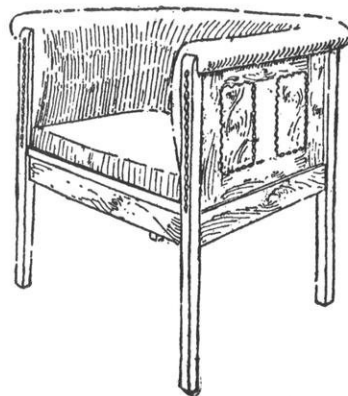
REVISED DESIGN FOR SOUTH END OF STUDY

FURNISHINGS DESIGNED TO HARMONIZE WITH HOUSE

but it gives to each room a sense of comfort, a home-like quality which the usual movable piece of furniture, no matter how good, can somehow never quite attain. The care and forethought required in the initial planning and executing of each object imply such personal interest, such exercise of individual taste, such ingenuity, and in many cases such originality, that the result can hardly be other than sincere.

People are slowly beginning to appreciate once more the value of "built-in" furnishings. And it is encouraging to find increasing evidences of this use, for it shows that we are getting to realize the futility of that most wasteful and nerve-racking habit—patronage of the moving van—and growing to want, instead of mere houses, real homes where durability and permanence may dwell side by side with comfort and beauty.

And not least among the advantages underlying the use of "built-in" furnishings, is the equally interesting, if unconscious, development of self that keeps pace with the material side of the work. For it is impossible to plan and build and contrive and develop all the possibilities of a home interior without at the same time building up one's inner personality, enlarging one's own field of vision and experience, drawing out unlooked for talents and capacities, and discovering all sorts of novel and delightful channels for self expression. And there is such unlimited chance for real enjoyment in this kind of work, that it seems a marvel, when one stops to think, that we have been so long in awakening to the fact. Surely anyone with even a small endowment of the "home instinct" would derive a genuine satisfaction from having at least a share in the planning of those surroundings and the choice of those things amongst which a goodly portion of existence must perforce be spent. For the right adjustment of all



SKETCH FOR LIVING-ROOM CHAIR.



SKETCH FOR LIVING-ROOM CHAIR.

those intimate little details might make of any dwelling, no matter how humble or how small, a place where every task is pleasant and every corner full of interest, so that housework, instead of being a burden or drudgery, might be a cheerful labor.

ON DIRECTING CRITICISM: BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS



IHAVE a picture in my house which I call the picture for critics. It is a landscape by a clever man; it is full of feeling for nature, harmonious in its coloring, masterly in composition, painted with a sure technique, not impressionistic, nor yet too slavish a copy of actual things; a picture to live with and to take joy in—but I use it to provide amusement for my idle hours. It so happens that among my acquaintances are many art critics; some professionals and others critical by nature. Among them all are two or three whose criticisms are thoughtful and sincere; the rest——

My usual method when I see a critic coming over the fields to my house is to go and get my Picture for Critics and set it in a place where it has a good light. Then when the critic comes up my steps I open the door and hail him with a "Hello, you know something about pictures, don't you?"

"Well, I get my living telling people about them."

Let me pause here to say that in order to play my little game called "Directing Criticism" I have to call in the services of a liar—in short I do not balk at absolute mendacity in order to bring out the critical opinions of my visitors, and today I tell one story about my landscape and its manner of creation while tomorrow the story is quite different.

Today, then, it is a speedily painted picture, done in an hour, "to be quite candid." As a matter of fact the artist spent but one morning on it, but he brought to that spending the hoarded skill that years of experience and practice had given him.

"I want to show you a little landscape that I picked up. I don't write about pictures myself but I know what I like" (It always hurts me to use that phrase, but it stamps me as a Philistine in the critic's mind and thus renders him freer to express an opinion), "and it struck me that this little thing had merit. And the thing that appealed to me was the speed at which the artist painted it. Do you know it was all begun, continued and ended in three quarters of an hour?"

My friend has been looking at it with head on one side and non-committal expression but at this piece of studio news, he begins to laugh in a very superior way.

"My dear fellow, it looks it. The thing looks it. Haste is blazoned in every brush mark. The man has a certain cheap dexterity and his color might be worse, but insincerity is stamped all over the picture. I hope you didn't pay a great price for it."

"A hundred." (A lie. The picture was given to me by the widow of the great American artist who painted it because I had

ON DIRECTING CRITICISM

known her husband when he was an art student in Boston and I a reporter on a Boston paper. I have refused five hundred dollars for it.)

"A hundred dollars! My dear fellow you ought to employ an agent. You'll get badly stung some time. Of course a hundred is not much but I wouldn't give you five dollars for that picture. Three quarters of an hour! How can a man so prostitute his talents?"

Well, I've had my fun and I lead him off on other topics as we go for a walk in the fields, and pictures are forgotten.

NEXT time I pursue different tactics. The man inside the house and the picture studied carefully (it is not signed, by the way) I say carelessly, "Do you know it seems a waste of time for a man to spend so large a part of his life painting a little thing like that" (the landscape is twenty by twenty-four); "it's like Grey spending years in writing the *Elegy* when a first-class man might have pounded it out in a couple of days."

My Critic is horrified. He is an academic of the academics and he says, "Oh, don't say that! Patient, discriminating selective labor put into a song or a piece of sculpture or a painting always tells. It shows in every brush mark of this painting. How long did you say the artist worked at it?"

"The better part of two years. Of course he had other things under way but he turned to this for a part of each day and it was left me by my uncle who had the fine collection in Schenectady."

"Oh, it's a beautiful piece of work, full of distinction. It represents the man's thoughts and ideals for a long period and yet it's loosely painted. He has put himself into that little thing day by day. It's a gem. You're a lucky man to have it. I don't care who painted it, it's a little masterpiece; but of course no one but a master ever painted a masterpiece."

"I can't think of his name, myself, I'm such a duffer about pictures, but I know he's one of the big ones like Wyatt or Homer Martin."

"I don't doubt it. I'm glad to have had an opportunity to see it. No dashed off work in that, but the slow setting forth of many years of observation and poetic feeling for nature in her ideal moods. It's stimulating."

This comes near to being a just criticism of the picture but it is a fact that poor "Lonny" did it between breakfast and lunch and did it on the cover of a hat box that had just come from a department store to his wife. He was always using any old thing as a "canvas" and producing effects that less clever men could not have obtained on a well-toned canvas.

ON DIRECTING CRITICISM

Sometimes I vary my "song and dance." If I think my visitor is a man who values foreign study unduly I tell him something like this:

"I don't know much about this picture except that it was painted by a man who studied with some of the best French masters. I think he lived with Rousseau for a time. At any rate he was steeped in the French Influences and began studying when he was only thirteen. He won a prize for composition when he was fifteen and he excelled as a draughtsman. Of course I don't care anything about that; it's the color in that picture that makes it interesting. It's tonal. I say that a man may have no teachers at all and if he have genius he will paint like a god. Don't you think so?"

"No, no! No profession can be mastered without masters to teach one. I see at a glance that this is a man who has been well schooled; almost too well schooled. It is a bit academic, a little lacking in individuality but it is full of charm, nevertheless. And so French! You've happened on a really meritorious picture and in this age of cheap, meretricious stuff, you are to be congratulated." (Poor "Lonny" who never crossed the ocean although he longed to and would have done so if consumption had not done its worst to him before he had a chance. A term or two in a Boston art school, and for the rest self tutored.)

But next day I vary the game by telling the truth about him to a critic who before I have said a word has begun to like the landscape.

He catches himself in time, however, and when he hears the truth he says "Umh! Never was taught beyond a few months? Well, the thing has a certain naïve charm, but it lacks authority. It's the tyro trying hard." (And before he died "Lonny's" brothers in art told him in so many words that in spite of his lack of opportunities he had somehow contrived to become a really great technician.)

It's an amusing game and when I'm in the mood nothing pleases me better than to pitilessly expose my brothers, the critics.

But I am free to confess that I am not lacking in bias myself and it is possible that I could be hypnotized into voicing an expression of opinion concerning a landscape that would perhaps be exactly opposite to the verdict I might have expressed had the hypnotization been by another. Absolute independence of judgment is a rare thing in any of us and perhaps one of the men I have fooled could get back at me if he chose. Mobray Stevensons are not on the staff of every two-cent paper. And so few of the papers cost three cents.

A SONG DOMESTIC: BY MARY BRECHT PULVER



SING of my kitchen!

Sing you of cathedrals; of dim, purple crypt; of
dimpling brook; of wind-swept grasses; of
sun-pageants; of festal boards a-glitter
with cheer of silver and crystal—

Sing you of the heart—of tears—of laughter—
of love—

But I sing of Life—of that whence emanates the
sap of life; of the shrine of things domestic
—the kitchen. For birth and death may be
achieved without it, but it is life's necessity.

Into the fabric of my song are woven many
things. Humble things! My teakettle!

A great plump-shouldered vessel singing its time-
old bubbly chant.

(The day is great without, with a plaintive, whin-
ing little wind fumbling at the window.) But
my teakettle purrs softly on, humming quietly
to itself.

What are you crooning, O teakettle?

“It is a lullaby I sing. Long ago I learned it—I
and my brothers. The first teakettle sang it
from the hob-corner—sang it to a little one
sleeping in its cradle by the fire. The mother
wrought at her spindle and pushed the cradle
with her foot. She sang alone to the child,
and her song was of the gray sea outside, of
the fishing vessels and the bleak winds. And
while she sang the wind moaned in the chim-
ney and the babe fretted, for her song came
from a grieving heart. And the kettle, pon-
dering, knew this, and at length commenced
to sing this same little lullaby of mine, and
the babe slept, and at length also the sad
mother.

But of the song I cannot tell more save that it
has in it peace—and comfort—and the whis-
per of Eternity.”

(The little wind frets without and wails down
the chimney.)

A SONG DOMESTIC

I look into my fire-box.

What a cheerful, ruddy mass! The glowing coals!

They, too, murmur and sing and leap with
vivid color-play:

“We burn. We burn. That you may have
warmth to boil your kettle—to roast your
meats—to bake your great loaves. We give
our lives to be consumed for you,
Cheerfully, cheerfully.”

The ranks of shining tins and coppers! My will-
ing servitors they.

Let the winds assail. Let the nip of November
wait outside—whose heart can fail to be
staunch here at the household shrine? For
its voice is of peace and the goodness of
things.

My stove, all radiant, invites alluringly. Sit with
me here this gray afternoon and listen to the
soft little life sounds. My old clock ticking
the passing of the hours; my old cat breath-
ing deep drafts of peace at my feet; my
kettle bubbling—bubbling its sleepy lullaby—
my fire chirring, whispering warmly, rebuk-
ing the wind, that tries to creep down it.

Warm! warm! warm as love—warm as Life—
the very heart of God speaks here.

Courtesy of *The Independent*.



THE STREET SINGER



IT WAS an early June morning. The grass was being cut in Gramercy Park. The faint, sweet, green smell blew over the red geraniums out to the street. Two middle-aged Italians, dragging a heavy organ, caught the fragrance, and resting the instrument against the curb, they sniffed happily and looked through the railings, smiling. Then, although no one was yet in sight, they prepared to make the morning gayer with their music. The smaller man gave his attention to the organ, grinding out a cheerful—nay, dashing—rendering of Pagliacci, and the stout one, red of face and ungainly of figure, threw back his head and sang the thrilling old love-song with all the joy and abandon of Caruso on an “Italian Night” at the Metropolitan. He forgot the empty street, the rags, the sad nights in his cellar house, and his heart was full of Italy, her sky, her ways with love, her daily little joys. And with hand on beating heart and eyes looking over far seas, he poured forth the wonderful old melody until it flowed over street and park and melted down through the odor of the new cut grass.

I rounded the corner of the park and stood silently by, amazed that so much joy could be found at the turn of a city street. The singer did not notice me, or the advent of a fellow countryman—a flower-vender, his stock in trade a few faded red carnations. He too stopped, tears in his eyes, all care and poverty forgotten. As the song soared into the tree tops and up to the blue space, I heard the refrain murmured nearby in soft bass tones. A street inspector in gray uniform, his Irish face tender with pleasure, had joined the flower-vender and myself. For him, too, the melody and the perfume had put up double barriers.

As the leaves caught up the last ecstatic note, the Irish inspector and I found ourselves smiling in a friendly way at each other, and emptying our light-weight pockets of their little change. The flower-vender had no money, but his “beautiful” flowers, with voluble gratitude, were thrust into the singer’s hands, and the fat hero of the lovely old opera accepted them with full appreciation. They were indeed the right tribute to his joyous music.

The inspector and I left the flower-man and the singer, and hastened on to Broadway; properly silent, yet knowing each other for a moment as few friends do. As I sped headlong across the crowded avenue, barely escaping trolleys and motors, the tones of his fine, kind voice reached me:

“Be azy there, now. *All* the toime is yours, and I’ll not be letting a thing in the whorld hurt one little hair of your head.”



TWO CRAFTSMAN COUNTRY SCHOOLHOUSES: EACH DESIGNED WITH LIBRARY AND OPEN FIREPLACE

THE romance of the log schoolhouse has touched the lives of so many of America's greatest men, beginning with the great Lincoln—that one wonders how it has been possible for the country builders ever willingly to give up its charm and intimacy in favor of the supposedly pretentious, and no more convenient, square brick structure. What country-bred man does not recall with a thrill of tenderness those morning walks to school down fragrant spring lanes, with robin calls so much louder than the schoolbells; or the winter days with skates over shoulder ready for the first free minute of noontime! Surely the road to the old log school has created for many a man the most joyous memories of boyhood, and even within school walls there were some hours of unwasted study,

of gaining the essentials of education, the practical sort of wisdom that no man, workman or financier, can afford to do without.

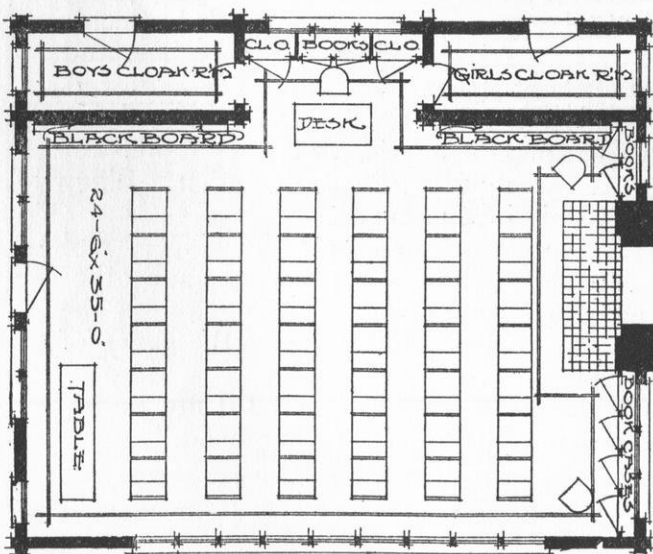
It was a fine democratic institution, this log schoolhouse, for the farmer's son and the minister's, the girls from the big and the little farmhouses, all studied and played together, forming friendships that outlasted years of separation and ties that were never broken.

The rural schoolhouse today is a problem. It has in many instances grown into the poorest imitation of city educational institutions, in no way suited to the right education and proper development of farm boys and girls. In most cases as it exists today it not only does not fit them to understand, appreciate and make good in farm life, but actually creates a spirit of discontent with country existence and distaste for real work of any sort. This is a disaster not only to the community, but to the nation, to say nothing of the boys and girls.

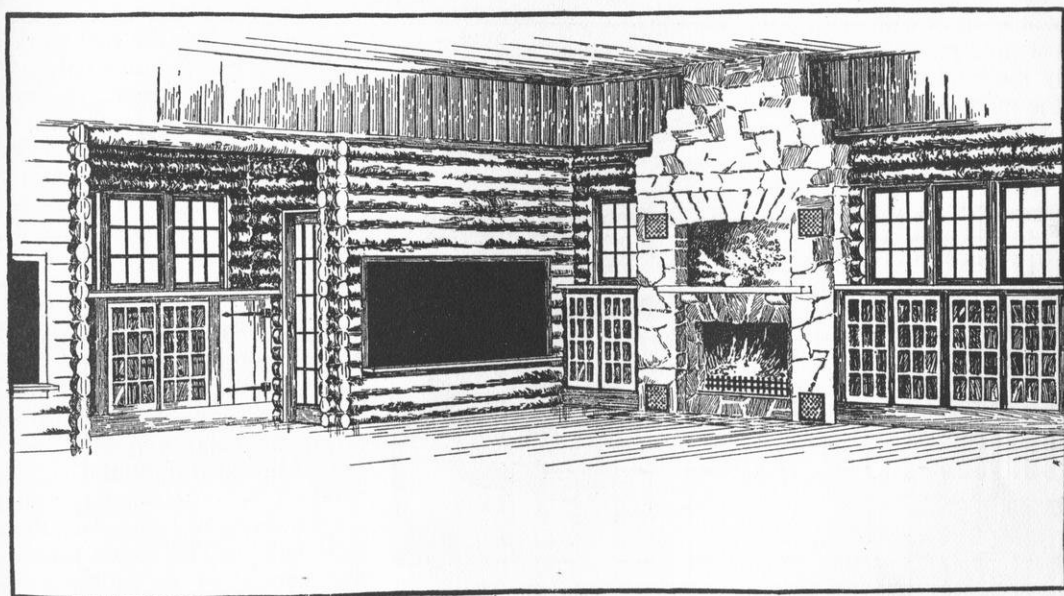
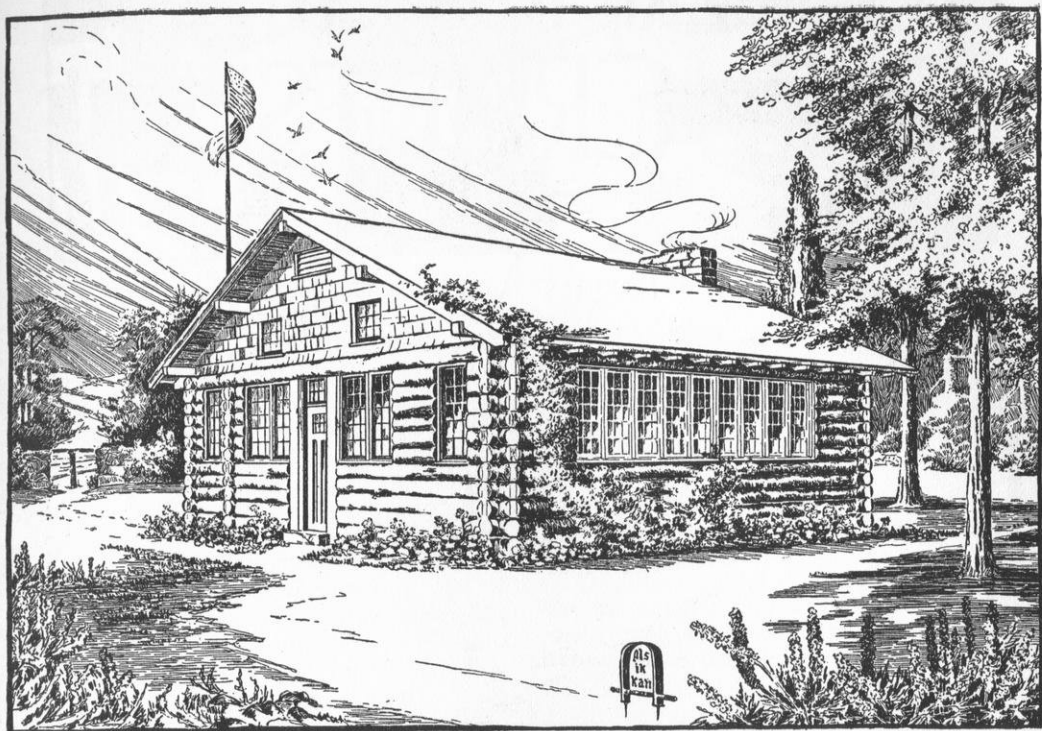
America must for progress' sake have good country schools, schools suited to rural conditions. We must have townships that are successful without relation to cities, and people who are contented to dwell in the townships. How to bring this about is one of the most important economic questions of the

times. It has seemed to **THE CRAFTSMAN** that something toward this end might be accomplished through the right kind of schools, schools that might become, as did the guildhalls of Mediæval times, the center of a widespread general activity and progress.

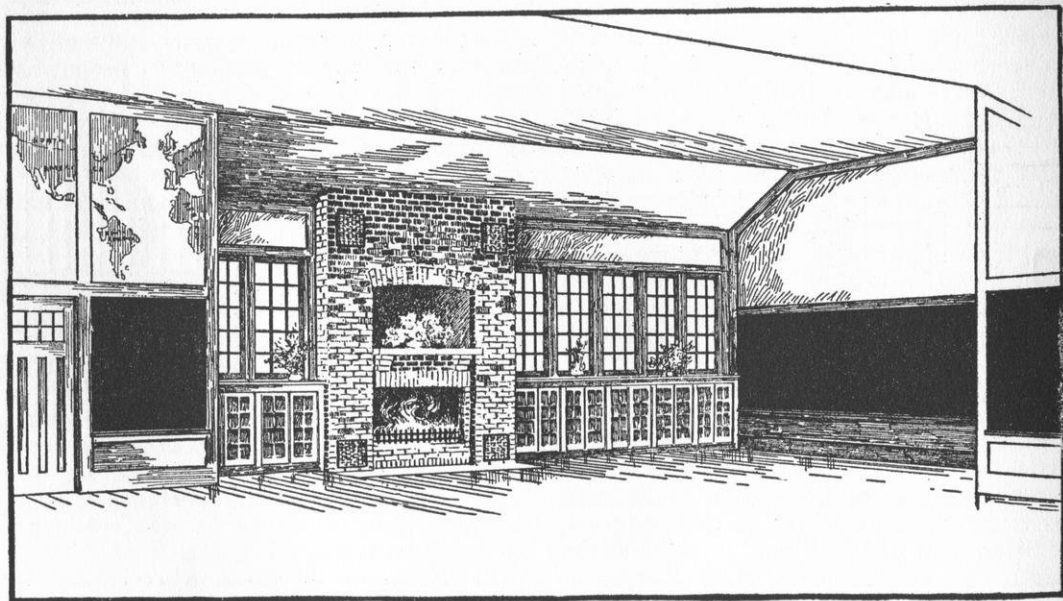
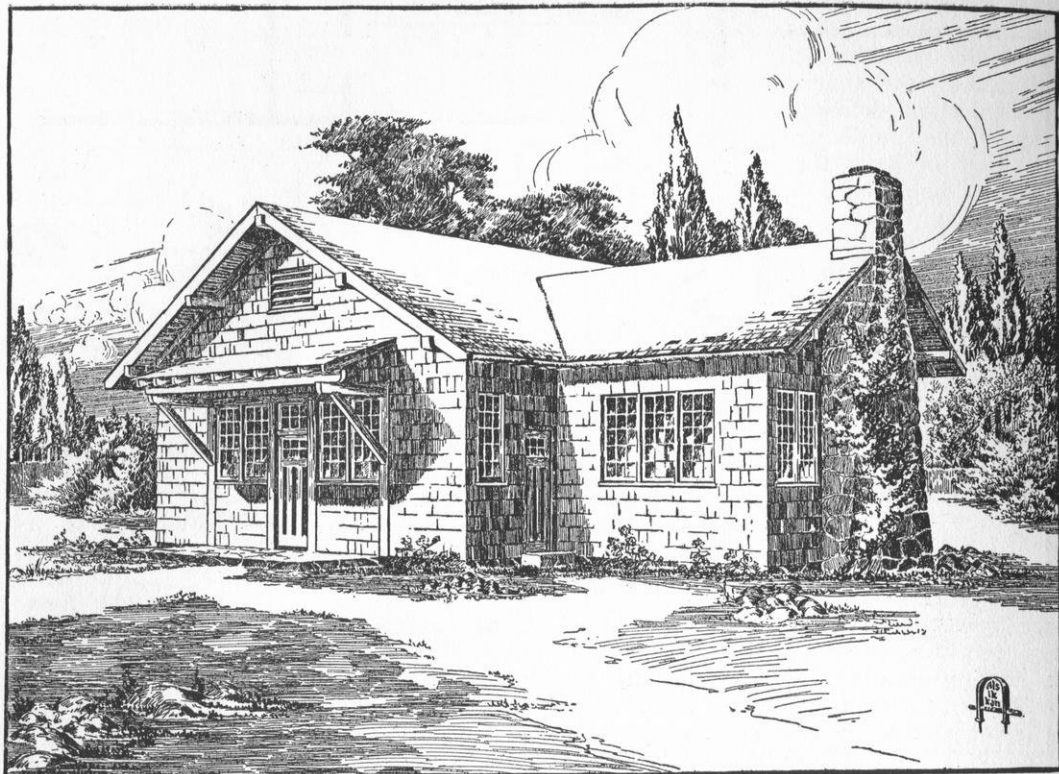
Why make our schoolhouses such dull, uninviting, unenlightened spots that children must be driven into them and parents never enter therein? Why not take a lesson out of the Middle



FLOOR PLAN FOR LOG SCHOOLHOUSE: NO. 119.



CRAFTSMAN LOG SCHOOLHOUSE: NO. 119: ESPECIALLY INTERESTING ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOWS. VIEW OF ONE CORNER OF SCHOOLROOM, SHOWING FIREPLACE FURNACE AND BOOKCASES.



CRAFTSMAN SHINGLE SCHOOLHOUSE: NO. 120: BUILT WITH A CONNECTING WORKROOM.
VIEW OF ONE END OF A ROOM IN SCHOOLHOUSE NO. 120, SHOWING FIREPLACE FURNACE AND BOOKSHELVES UNDER WINDOWS.

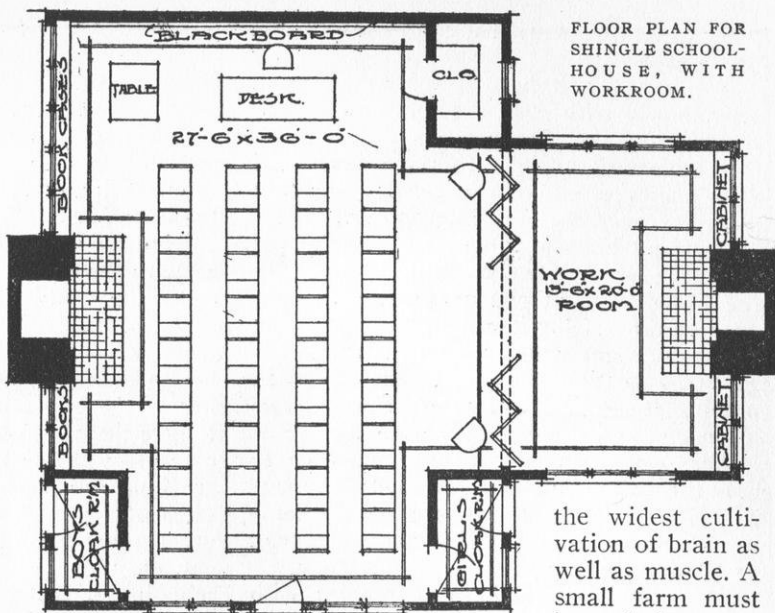
TWO CRAFTSMAN SCHOOLHOUSES

Ages, as well as out of our own pioneer days, and build schools which will develop the community spirit and definitely prepare the pupils for the kind of lives they are most likely to live? Why should not the schoolhouse be the center of all the most interesting events of the village life, social, educational, civic? If schoolhouses are built to make school life a cheerful, pleasant feast, if they are planned with open fireplaces, with well arranged libraries, with desks and chairs that can be removed for festivals and dances, if parents become interested in the surroundings of their children's daily life, and if children eventually meet parents around the fireplace of their schoolhouse, it would seem as if perforce a different civic spirit could be awakened in our rural life.

In the development of rural communities the schoolhouse should occupy a place equalled only by the church. Its educational value should not be restricted to the children, but should extend to and include every man and woman of the community. It should be a vital enough institution to meet the responsibilities that come its way. It should be a place where lectures could be given on subjects that would benefit everyone. It should have a course of study calculated to make men and women themselves more capable. It should educate the people to know that the work of the world, if well done, is not drudgery, but one of the greatest factors in the betterment and uplifting of humanity.

What is needed in our country life is better social and educational advantages, better facilities for keeping in touch with the progress of the world, so that the sense of being "out of it" all will never be in the minds of young people of rural districts.

It should be possible for the college graduate to go back to the old homestead feeling he has ample scope for whatever learning he may have acquired in the development and maintaining of his land, for farming has become a scientific pursuit, demanding



the widest cultivation of brain as well as muscle. A small farm must be wisely man-

aged if returns are to be had. A large farm must also be wisely cultivated, watched, improved, else the land will soon lose its usefulness. Much of the success of our country's future depends upon the use we make of our farms, and if left in the hands of an unthinking and careless people our land will lose its fertility. So it is the part of far-seeing wisdom to educate fully and rightly the men and women who are to be put in trust, as it were, of our land. And the rural schoolhouse should be the place where full instruction is begun, at least, if not finished.

The country schoolhouse should be the central place of interest in the minds of the community, for it is from this center that the welfare of the whole community will radiate. The boy and his father should be equal in their interest in all that is taught there, should be side by side in the endeavor to make it useful and attractive.

Believing, therefore, that what our country life needs so vitally is better social, economic and educational advantages, we are showing in this issue two schoolhouses, each designed to be of service to every resident of the district where it is built.

In the larger of these schoolhouses is shown a workroom separated from the main room by folding doors, which can be thrown open to form a hall where lectures on scientific farming can be given, political meetings held, entertainments of a social nature enjoyed. This workroom is fitted with a fire-

TWO CRAFTSMAN SCHOOLHOUSES

place of its own so that it can be used separately if desired.

We have often been asked to design a schoolhouse with such a room as a special feature, and the plan now shown furnishes this important adjunct to the school, and also makes possible a necessary meeting place for neighborhood interests and pleasures of all kinds. It can be used by the boys as a metal or woodworking shop, with the older boys in charge of the younger ones at times. Or it can be shut off from the main room while special instruction is given by visiting teachers to the advanced pupils. It can be used by the girls as a sewing room, and there are separate shelves or lockers on either side of the fireplace to hold the various materials needed. Demonstrations of horticultural work, tree planting or surgery, talks on botany, etc., can be advantageously given in such a room.

This schoolhouse is built of shingles, with the roof also of shingles, plastered inside, and sealed with V-jointed cypress boards. Ample blackboard room is provided, as well as bookcases, which are behind glass and fitted with locks.

The building up of the library can be made the stimulus for much good work on the part of the students. They can sell the products of their handicraft in the workroom and purchase books with the proceeds. Or use their studies in literature as basis for entertainments of various kinds. The older people of the district can also help collect books bearing on whatever subject will benefit the community at large as well as the children.

The lighting of this building is from the back and the left, so that the eyes of the pupils will not be put to needless strain, and the windows are casement, ample enough and attractive enough to satisfy the double purpose of use and ornament. Separate cloak rooms are provided for the boys and girls.

The smaller schoolhouse is made of chestnut logs dressed on two sides so that they fit together—the inside and outside left round. The chinking of logs is with cement mortar, which is permanent and takes a stain with the logs, if staining is desired. Ruberoid roofing is used, which can be of any color needed to harmonize with the rest of the building.

The direction of the light is from casement windows at the back and left as in the larger schoolhouse, and the teacher's desk

is placed where full view is had of the two cloak rooms. Lavatories are provided for these rooms. Bookcases, closets and blackboards are arranged for in the main room. In rural schools all grades must be accommodated in one room, so low tables have been set in a bright corner, in each plan, for the little ones.

Both schoolhouses are planned to be heated with the Craftsman fireplace furnace, because the ventilation of rooms heated with such furnaces is more satisfactory than when stoves are used, and the children's health is of the first importance in the gaining of the education a schoolhouse is built to give them. These fireplaces can be taken care of by the children themselves, for they are simple in their management and the services of a janitor are thus unnecessary. A great advantage of such heating is that fire can easily be kept over night so that the schoolroom will be warm in the morning. In times that we all can remember the first hour or so of the school day during the winter was spent with numb fingers and shivers of discomfort until the room could be heated. Such conditions, detrimental to health as well as comfort, would be impossible with the furnace fireplace. Wood, coal or coke can be used in these furnaces, so the matter of fuel in various districts is easily solved.

No furniture is shown in these plans, so a better view of the entire room can be had. Desk room for fifty-six pupils, besides the kindergarten chairs at the low tables, is given in the large schoolhouse, and the seating facilities can be greatly increased when political and neighborhood meetings are held, by extra chairs in the workroom. The smaller building gives desk room for forty-two students, and when lectures are given that interest the community at large, the kindergarten table can be removed and extra chairs placed around the whole room, increasing greatly the seating capacity of the building.

The study of botany should include practical demonstrations of flower planting in the yard. The children can be taught to plant rather than uproot, to protect instead of destroying, to augment the richness and beauty of our native flowers instead of depleting it by careless gathering. A plot of ground can be set aside, where wild flowers can be transplanted and cared for. Children can be taught to carefully remove a vigorous plant from among a colony of

MUSIC IN OUR COUNTRY SCHOOLS

them where its loss will not be felt, and place it where its beauty will be fully enjoyed. They soon learn to pick blossoms, which does not injure any plant, without ruthlessly pulling it up root and all. And they can study seed growth by planting the garden flowers around their schoolhouse and thus also learn to beautify a place, a knowledge they will put to use in building their own homes later on.

The craftsmanship learned in the workroom can be put to various practical uses in the yard, so that all the pupils can have the pleasure of knowing they have helped to make the plot of ground set aside for them beautiful and serviceable. Classes in carpentry can be held in the yard and fences built, gates made from designs of their own, perfected during the winter months in the school workroom. Demonstrations of practical forestry can be given when the flagpole is selected, felled, prepared and set up again in their own yard, and how the boys will love this work.

Children as well as "grown-ups" enjoy whatever they have helped to make. It has more value in their minds and, therefore, they take better care of it. The destructive element, so dominant in them, will be lessened considerably as they are allowed to make things themselves, rather than be given things to care for that someone else has made. Schoolhouses should be institutions where the children are taught the use of their hands as well as their minds. To learn to "see" rightly, to observe carefully, to make something properly, is as vital a part of education as to learn to read and write, or to translate a bit of ancient literature into modern prose.

"There certainly will come a day

When men are simple and wise,
When scholars will put their books away
Until they have learned to use their eyes."

Instruction given in such interesting, practical manner will tend to make the mind an instrument quick to see the kernel in any subject. It will be able to separate wheat from chaff, to move logically from one point to another; it will grow to select things needed rather than things useless. The mind will not be filled to fatigue with a conglomeration of unrelated facts that clog the free working of it instead of providing needful fuel.

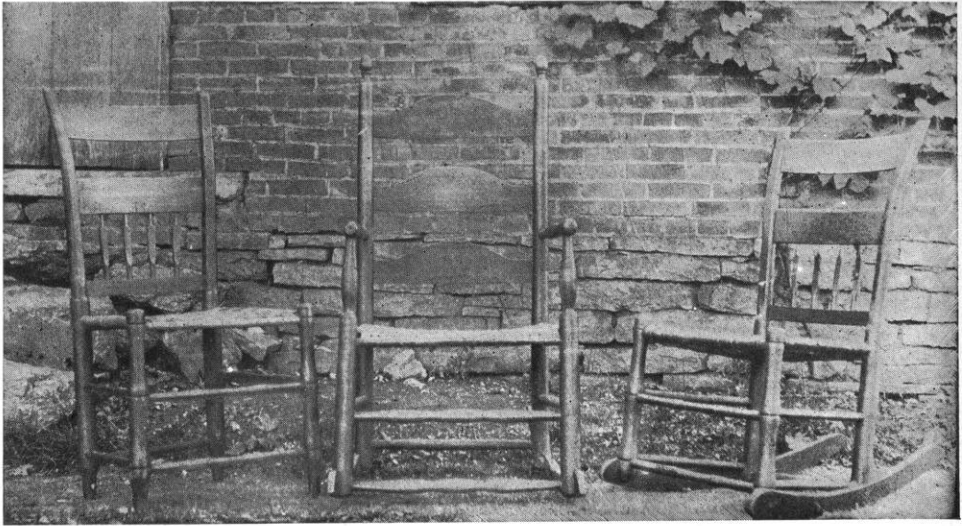
MUSIC IN OUR COUNTRY SCHOOLS

IF we are not to remain an unmusical nation it would seem that music should be brought to our children at an impressionable age, not brought as a gift, something rather beyond their comprehension for which they must be grateful in proportion to the restlessness they experience, but developed out of their own consciousness of beauty. Children will only learn and love what they *really understand* and they will only understand conditions as they are a part of them. It is the rare child indeed, one greatly gifted, who really loves music from hearing it played or sung, however beautifully.

But once children begin to study music in relation to what they themselves can accomplish, if they find themselves an important factor in a chorus or orchestra, if the beauty of a musical whole depends upon their individual contribution, at once their interest is awakened, they try to understand, and music takes on a personal significance. The average child is apt to be a most egotistical little being. In its development first of all there is only the great strange world, with mother as the friendly connecting link. Then comes, in a second stage, a sense of self, and at once all the world relates directly to its own little ego. At this stage the only successful method of instruction is through the personal channel, and the boy or girl will love music or science or nature as it relates to his or her personality, and as the consciousness of it is a personal one.

So if music is needed or desired in our kind of civilization, we must let our children help to express it. It is the only way in which they will ever come to create it. If our rural schools each boasted an orchestra and a chorus, our children would grow rapidly in musical interest and enjoyment. Music would come to be a part of their interest in life and the schoolhouse would come to stand for the development of all arts. Children would learn in time to turn to it for their enjoyment as well as their profit, for there can be no doubt that most children crave and enjoy a community of interest. They like to work and develop in a neighborly way, not merely because of the excitement of competition, but because the work and achievement of other children stir their imagination and interest.

THE WORK OF AN OLD-TIME CRAFTSMAN



A GROUP OF VAUGHN CHAIRS:
MADE BY ISAAC MC CLELLAND.

A CABINETMAKER AND HIS WORK: BY STEPHEN R. WILLIAMS

IN our admiration for antiques we do not always remember that part of the reason for our admiration is based on the simple fact that the article has continued to exist until the present time. When in addition to that we find that the particular thing is still in daily use a respect is added to that admiration which can never be elicited by a mere antique in a glass case in a museum.

Old furniture *may* be beautiful—it often is homely—but age in furniture, whatever it may be, is a guarantee of a certain amount of honest handicraft as well as some care in preservation.

In the community of Shandon, Butler County, Ohio, now some years past its centennial, so many examples of unusually comfortable family rockers two or three generations old are to be found that it stimulated me to look up their history. They all turned out to be the work of one man, Isaac McClelland, and are still known as McClelland chairs.

Their maker was locally famous. He was said by other mechanics in the village to be so skilled a workman that he could do with a drawing knife finer work than the other carpenters of the vicinity could do with their planes.

His son gives me the following outline of his father's history. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1805, his parents soon there-

after moving to the vicinity of Crawfordsville, Indiana. Here he learned the trade of cabinetmaker, working with an older brother. He lived most of his active life near Richmond, Indiana, and Shandon, Ohio, and dying at the age of 82, was buried at Hamilton, Ohio.

His method of making chairs is worthy of description in this day of machine-made furniture. The rounds were turned out of well seasoned hickory and the posts made out of green maple. The dry round with a supply of the finest glue in a depression on its end was driven into the green maple post, and as the post seasoned it drew tightly about the round. As a consequence even in the modern furnace-heated houses his chairs are solid and the rounds are tight. The seats were put in with canes split from swamp ash, and as his store of supply was kept in the neighboring creek the material was always flexible for weaving.

Many of these original seats are in the chairs after seventy years of service. Others have been replaced by the cane, which is the only material available in the market now for this kind of seating. It does not compare, of course, in durability with the coarser ash or hickory splits which when put in by an expert usually outlast the average owner.

The style of Mr. McClelland's work on bureau, reel or sewing table, though he is said to have been a master in making them, cannot be illustrated because of lack of authentic material for photographs. The chairs,

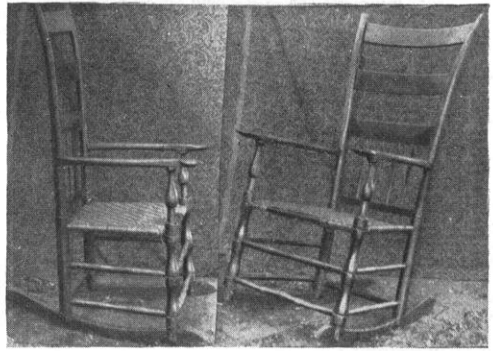
THE WORK OF AN OLD-TIME CRAFTSMAN

however, can be shown. The photographs had necessarily to be taken under varying conditions at the several houses.

The chairs are in general of the ladder-backed Colonial type, but no two are precisely alike in the details. I shall illustrate a few of them, designating them for purposes of reference by the name of the original owner.

The John Evans chair, now in the possession of his granddaughter, has a combination ladder and spindle back. The worn-out seat is a recent one and the rockers appear not to be the original ones. The hand-grasp at the end of the arm and the flare of the top are more pronounced in this chair than in any of the others. It is also the largest of the rocking chairs.

The Francis chair, a slat-backed type, has had a series of rockers worn or broken and

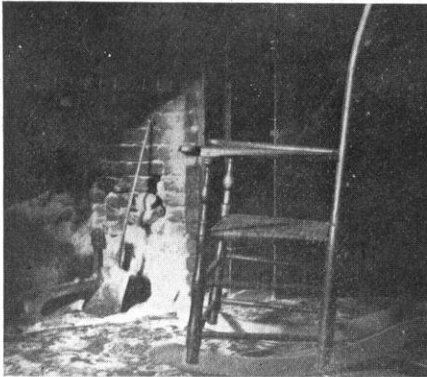


THE JOHN EVANS CHAIR.

The Vaughn chairs show the spindles introduced into the backs of the upright chairs and moreover a rocker of the same small size as the upright chairs. The central rocker is not certainly a McClelland chair. If not it slightly antedates them. One arm of this chair has been broken off and is bound to the upright by an encircling copper strip. The rockers in this case are worn to the point where the chair no longer rocks.

Last of all, because it is unique in the series, is the Gwilym chair. This is an upright arm-chair, made for a stout man who did not want to trust himself to a rocker. I am sure the chair never betrayed his trust. It is as firm and strong now when climbed over by his great-great-grandchild as it was the day it was delivered to him. The hand-grasps are of a different type from those previously shown and the uprights end in turned knobs. The seat, as is evident, has been replaced.

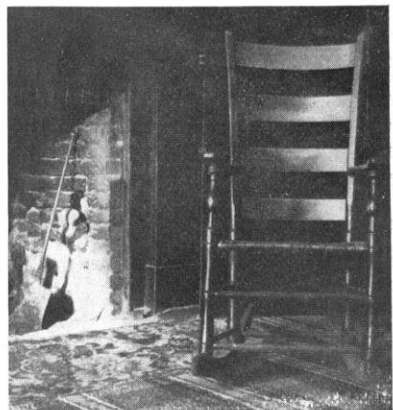
The parts of these chairs worn by use have gained a polish and luster which is very beautiful. The paint itself, where it is



THE FRANCIS CHAIR, NO. 1.

replaced. The top of the back has more of a backward curve than the other large chairs have. The hand-grasps are worn off squarely in front, said to be due to the pushing of the chair about on rocker ends and arms while in the rôle of a locomotive driven by the children of the house.

The Sefton chairs are probably among the latest made. The whole set, rocker and six upright chairs, is intact with the original seats still in place. The small chairs are shaped like the Francis rocker, with bent back flaring somewhat at the ends. The rocker is like the Evans rocker, but even more comfortable. No one who ever sat in that chair could forget the ease and the restfulness of the position. This chair is the only one of the larger ones which has not had the original rockers worn away and replaced, and it may be that this accounts for the extra comfort the rocker possesses.



THE FRANCIS CHAIR, NO. 2.

THE WORK OF AN OLD-TIME CRAFTSMAN



THE SEFTON CHAIR, NO. 1.

still seen, has faded unobtrusively into the background and the only one of these chairs which has been newly painted looks disturbed as though it felt uncomfortable and ill at ease.

If one thinks of the furniture one has known in one's own life it falls usually into two classes, the slender and easily racked type and the huge, scarcely movable pattern which occupies a permanent position in a room, only disturbed by the attacks of clean-



THE GWILYM CHAIR.

liness. These chairs are of the first type in weight and appearance, with the strength of the second, and they proclaim to the community Isaac McClelland as a workman that needed not to be ashamed.

THERE is, moreover, something peculiarly significant in the contrast between samples of such workmanship and those which most of our modern factories produce,—a contrast which is certainly not in our favor. Should we not feel humiliated by the knowledge that with all our "up-to-dateness," our elaborate machinery, our speed, our manifold inventions, we

rarely achieve a result which can compare in thoroughness of construction or beauty of design with the unpretentious bits of furniture made by a simple cabinetmaker three-quarters of a century ago? For not only is the average article on sale today in our department stores something which we do not even expect to hold together for more than a few years at the most, but its design is such that we hardly care whether it lasts or



THE SEFTON CHAIR, NO. 2.

not, and frequently are glad when it wears out and can be thrown away and replaced by something else, equally bad, but for the moment—fashionable!

And there you have in one word, fashionable, the keynote to our failure, the root of our insincerity, the reason why we must, in honesty, turn in disgust from most of our modern furniture and hark back to the middle eighties for a chair that we can look upon with respect.

THE MOTOR CAR AND THE CITY MAN

WITH our recently awakened interest in country life, there is a widespread attempt among the "cliff dwellers" of our cities to get as much country as they can as quickly as possible. We are not good walkers here in America, and if we were there would be very little pleasure for the city person walking through the suburbs out to the real country, for the edges of most of our cities are ragged and unsightly, and usually unsanitary.

Unfortunately for the city people with moderate incomes, the bicycle is almost a

THE MOTOR CAR AND THE CITY MAN

thing of the past. Our city streets are more and more crowded, and while horses never had very much respect for the rights of the bicycle, regarding it with some disdain and much aversion, the average automobile treats it with the frankest scorn, skimming by so close that the rider of the wheel is left breathless. So, although a decade ago it was the most practical and delightful manner of getting quickly through the suburbs, within the reach of almost everyone who cared for the country, many changes have come about in the past few years, and none more noticeable than the crowding of city streets, so that today there is really but one way open to the lover of the country to get his fill of "green places and pastures new" that is at once swift, safe, interesting and health-giving, and that is by way of the motor car.

For with a well-gearred, well-managed car you can ride swiftly through the ugly metropolitan outskirts and then dawdle in luxurious idleness down fragrant country lanes. You can leave town without considering the nerve-racking timetable and learning through its sinister lines that all convenient trains are laid off for Sundays and holidays. And once having reached the country you can lunch where you will, at the summer hotel of a country resort, under the trees out of your own lunch basket, or, if you are seaward bound, a nice square of clean sand will furnish just the table you have been craving to sit by for weeks.

The motor is your willing friend and obedient servant. It never limits you to the beaten path, or insists that your few holidays shall be spent in crowded, well-known, over-frequented localities. It is rather a born adventurer, and delights to wander out into undiscovered countries, where the sand-wich and the beer of the under-world have not yet penetrated. It has the spirit of a pioneer; the romance of the road is in its steering gear; high peaks are its heart's true home, and through deep, sighing valleys it glides with gentlest and sincerest enjoyment. The motor car brings you all the joy of the real, unveiled rural life, while at the same time it enables you to reserve for the material side of your nature the luxuries and comforts of conventional metropolitan existence.

Undoubtedly there has been no one factor which has so widely stimulated the return to country life in America as has the motor car, for it enables the city dweller whose

occupation demands city existence to get all the happiness of country days without paying the usual heavy price of commuting. And for the real lover of the country who must only occasionally get to the city in order to keep in touch with conditions upon which his livelihood depends, again the motor is invaluable. To this man it not only lessens all the annoyances of city conditions, but it is a boon to his family, for there are always merry parties to and from the station, delightful twilight rides before dinner, and the long holidays and Sundays with the opportunity of the woods or the seashore at their disposal.

Of course, there are big railroad conveniences all about the suburbs of the big cities, and there are brave spirits who speak cheerfully of commuting, and who face hours of it for the little glimpse of rural life in the early mornings and late evenings. But the motor brings the real country much closer than this to the city. And then for mere health's sake the rural-cosmopolitan likes better long drives along cheerful roads with now and then trees bending over him or flowers at the wayside or children playing in the gardens, than the finest trains ever run on the best schedule through the newest tunnels. For in your own car and out of doors you can rest or think or read or talk with a friend, and the wind is sweet, and you are rid of all the bustle and the confusion and the annoyance of unpleasant personalities which must afflict you in your daily travel on the railroads. There is no hurry and there are no people except those you want about you. And even for the timid people there are chauffeurs who run motors for other purposes than to terrify the occupants.

It is wonderful in a way how the motor seems to bring a family circle together. In the summer-time it does for friendship and comradeship what the open fire does in the winter. It means such delightful hours of freshness and fragrance. It means seeing so much of the world that is beautiful and unapproachable in any other way. It brings together friends for happy jaunts out of doors, and it is an unlimited joy for the children. It has actually rejuvenated the holiday spirit in America and has brought into popularity once more the family picnic, which used to mean so much to the overhoused people and is still the supreme delight of every child's heart, whether city or country born.

THE DECORATIVE GOURD

GROWING THE GOURD VINE FOR ORNAMENTAL AND PRACTICAL PURPOSES: BY E. E. WILLCOX

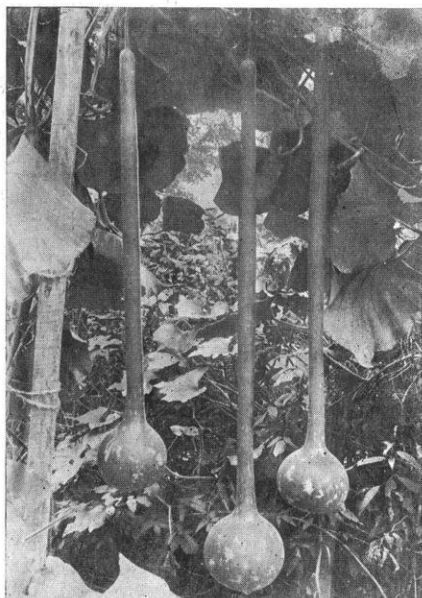
THE gourd vine is one of the most remarkable of horticultural growths. It will produce genuine freaks of nature, which retain their forms for generations if properly cared for. The product of the gourd vine is not only astonishingly interesting and varied in itself, but is capable of being applied to all sorts of useful and decorative purposes, adding immensely to the interest of its culture. As the fruits vary greatly in size and shape, even on the same vine, their decorative uses can be equally individual and distinctive.

Gourds should be planted in the same manner as pumpkins, watermelons, squashes and cucumbers, but never near them, for, being of the same family, they readily hybridize when grown in the same vicinity, and the fruit, under such circumstances, will speedily decay. The proper way to start the growth is to dig a hole at the base of the support, one and one-half feet deep and three feet in diameter, fill with well-rotted manure up to within four inches of the ground level, cover with three inches of soil, plant seeds, and cover with one inch of soil packed down. In northern climates it is well to start the seed within doors

about the latter part of March. The seed should be planted in three-inch squares of upturned sod, the root end of the seed being placed down and covered to its length with soil. It should be transplanted when the warm weather is certain, and given plenty of sun exposure, training and tying the vine to an ample and strong support. Gourd vines are lusty climbers, growing a foot or more in twenty-four hours.



CHILDREN IN A GOURD "VINEYARD."



GOURDS SUITABLE FOR DIPPERS.

The large varieties should be tied to their support near the stem, while the large bottles and sugar-troughs must be supported underneath, as otherwise they will tear away from the vine during storms. Hercules clubs, dippers and all the long-necked varieties must hang clear of everything lest they chafe, which causes decay or an imperfect gourd. The fruit should never be distorted during its period of growth with the idea of obtaining a strange shape. Such products are unnatural and of no real interest. It is much more fascinating to hybridize, a work done partly by the plant-grower and partly by the bees. To accomplish this, freely flowering plants should be grown near the vine to be hybridized. The gourds should be grown in groups to secure good results, as the long-handled dipper with the novelty gourd, the short-handled dipper with the long-necked bottle, the Hercules club with the long serpent. Never plant

THE DECORATIVE GOURD

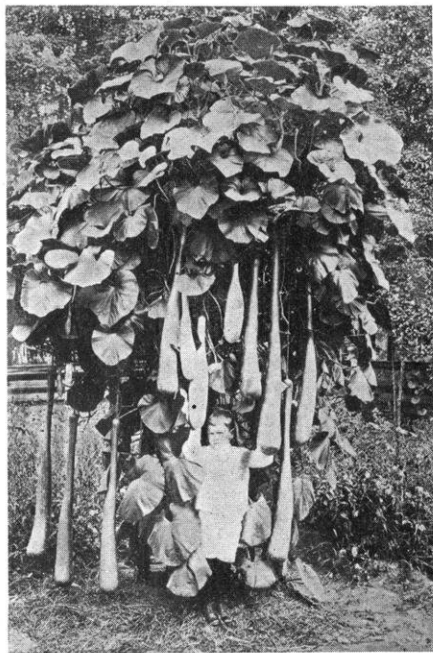
a Hercules club with a sugar-trough, for they are too widely separated and will either be late in fruiting or blast when partly formed. When the plants show signs of flowering, a miniature gourd before the buds burst is an indication of a female blossom. This will continue to develop if the bees, in their search for honey, have attacked sufficient male blossoms to gather enough pollen on their legs to bring about the fertilization of the female flower. If the flower develops the result is sure to be as strange and odd as can be desired.

When the fruit turns a light or yellowish color it has developed sufficiently to be saved. When frosts kill the vine, or moldy spots appear, the fruit may be cut off. The cuticle-like covering may then be scraped away with the edge of a spoon, and the gourd thoroughly washed with a rough cloth. It should then be placed in the sun to dry or subjected to artificial heat, the drying process, by either method, being of the utmost importance.

The gourds are now ready for decorative treatment. Only the best and most perfect specimens should be used. Take a bottle gourd and cut off its stem, and you have a flower vase; make a cut farther down, and you have a jardinière; another cut, and you have a bowl. Sugar-troughs can be put to many useful as well as ornamental purposes, such as jardinières, seed dishes and punch bowls, by cutting away a portion of the top; or they can be turned into drums by cutting away a quarter of the top and stretching a parchment over the aperture. Among many African tribes these drums have a practical utility. The green skin of a young goat is stretched over the aperture, drawn very tightly and allowed to dry thoroughly. Such drums yield a very penetrating sound when beaten, and are used as a wireless system of communication between separated tribes, each village having its trained drummers who will send these signals from hill to hill for several hundreds of miles.

The dipper gourds are the easiest to use, and permit of the most useful applications. They make beautiful long-stemmed flower vases.

By cutting out a third of the side and neatly sandpapering the edges a good dipper is made. Or if you want a megaphone, cut the bulb part in the middle, round the edges with sandpaper, use the upper part as a horn, and you will be surprised how



A SINGLE GOURD PLANT

audible your words will be at a considerable distance. The lower part that was cut off makes an attractive nut-bowl. No change is needed to transform this into a child's eating dish, save a spoon, and this can be formed from a spoon gourd, suitably cut.

A vase can be made by taking a long bottle gourd and supporting its bulb part by spoon gourds as legs. Miniature bottles can be transformed to salts and peppers by puncturing the stem and making a small aperture on the bottom, which should be closed with a cork. A whole tea set, in fact, can be made from the various varieties that anyone can grow easily.

When the gourds have been properly dried and cut to the desired shapes, they may be made still more decorative by the help of oil colors or pyrography. By the use of simple and appropriate designs and the right colors, very pleasing effects may be produced. A single band around the top of a bowl is often sufficient to relieve the plain surface, or a carefully traced pattern may be employed, interesting but not elaborate or ornate; something, perhaps, based on a leaf or flower design, or the suggestive lines or colors of an insect or a bird; anything, in short, that lends itself to the shape and purpose of the object it is to decorate.

If the gourds have turned black or rusty,

paint them to cover up their imperfections, for the beauty of their forms will still be preserved. In short, with taste and ingenuity a host of beautiful and useful objects can be made from this fruit.

Of the peculiar shapes in my collection the most singular is the hybrid resembling a golf stick. It is as perfect as though made mechanically. The fruit grew with a handle as straight as an arrow, with the bulb part curved, the whole measuring four feet in length. It is a novelty quite unknown to the Department of Agriculture at Washington. The drum-major's stick comes next in novelty. Of smaller varieties, the most striking is the egg gourd. The small varieties, however, do not, as a rule, dry well. One of the interests of raising gourds is the discovery from time to time of new shapes for original uses.

GERMAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS RECOMMENDED FOR WISCONSIN

THE National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education, 20 West 44th Street, New York City, has just made a general distribution of the very interesting Advance Sheets of the Report of the Wisconsin Commission upon Plans for the Extension of Industrial and Agricultural Training, recently submitted to the Governor of that state. The most noteworthy feature of the report is the recommendation with reference to the adaptation to Wisconsin conditions of the German system of compulsory Day-Continuation Schools. Under the German Imperial Law every State is allowed to establish Day-Continuation Schools in which attendance is required of all apprentices under 18 years of age. By the same law, employers are compelled to allow the apprentices the time necessary for attendance. In these schools the apprentices are instructed in a wide range of subjects bearing directly on their progress and efficiency in their trades.

The Report recommends the adoption of a law for Wisconsin making industrial training compulsory for all apprentices until the sixteenth year of their age, and also of a law setting the length of working day for all children under sixteen at eight hours.

Our readers will recall with interest the article on these German schools published in THE CRAFTSMAN for March, 1911.

GAIN A YEAR BY SEEDING PERENNIALS IN JULY: BY ADELINE THAYER THOMSON

JULY is the most satisfactory month in the year for starting perennials from seed. While there is no mean advantage in the fact that the necessary work is *easier* and more *safely* accomplished in the quiet of midsummer than when attempted during the spring rush, the great argument in favor of July seeding is that it means *the saving of a year's time*. The hardy plants raised from seed require the first season for root growth, and seldom blossom until the following season. Perennials sown next spring, therefore, will make no flower showing until a year from that time. But if the seed is planted in July, the young plants will be assured not only of growth sufficient to winter safely, but flowers for the yard *this coming season*.

Perennials have become so popular for outdoor planting schemes, and their merits are so well known, that arguments in their favor are superfluous. To grow these valuable plants from seed simplifies the problem of their expense so greatly that the simplest yard may present an exquisite display of hardy flowers, acquiring a perennial collection in a year's time that many a buyer of individual varieties would be a lifetime in accumulating.

The three necessary factors to success in the midsummer raising of perennials from seed are as follows: Seeds must be procured from a reliable source, the seed-bed must occupy a shaded location, and the young plants must be kept moist. Regarding specific directions for planting, they are the same as for annuals—the ground well spaded and pulverized, the seeds sown thinly, to the depth of twice their size, in rows three inches apart, and each plant variety plainly marked. After planting, the ground should be carefully watered, and from the time the seedlings appear the soil should be kept moist. During intense heat, if the young plants seem wilted, it is wise to cover them with newspapers throughout the hottest part of the day.

Transplanting the seedlings when they have made their second pair of leaves will more than repay one for this extra trouble, in the increased growth and strength attained by the plants. At the approach of freezing weather the plants must be

GAIN A YEAR BY SEEDING PERENNIALS IN JULY

warmly covered. Three or four inches of dry leaves held securely by old boards or branches give safe protection in temperate climates. Where the thermometer registers low for weeks at a time it is wise to winter the plants in a cold frame. Such a contrivance is easily made by fashioning a rough frame on the top of the ground around the plants (the height of a 6-inch board will do), and for a covering use a window sash. If the latter is lacking, old blinds or bags tacked across the frame will answer the purpose.

By investing one dollar in seed and planting early in July the following perennial varieties, you will have, next spring, a rich and varied stock of hardy plants ready for permanent planting in the garden or border:

LIST OF PERENNIALS GROWN FROM SEED PURCHASED FOR ONE DOLLAR

Arabis Albida	5 cents a pkt.
Aconitum (mixed)	5 " " "
Aquilegia (mixed)	10 " " "
Agrostemma (mixed)	5 " " "
Anthemis	5 " " "
Campanula (mixed)	5 " " "
Clove Pink (mixed)	5 " " "
Pom Pon Chrysanthemum..	5 " " "
Oriental Poppy (mixed)...	5 " " "
Hollyhock (mixed)	5 " " "
Delphinium (mixed)	10 " " "
Lobelia (cardinalis)	10 " " "

Platycodon (mixed)	5 cents a pkt.
Pyrethrum (mixed)	5 " " "
Sweet William (mixed)....	5 " " "
Pentstemon (mixed)	5 " " "
Shasta Daisy	5 " " "

The perennial flowers of the garden have a place in our heart quite close to the center of it, a generous space set apart for intimate friends. The same plant gladdens our sight, perfumes the air, blesses us afresh, year after year, by the blossoms it lavishly puts forth for us, as our closest friends enrich our life beyond expression with the thoughts, confidences, hopes, desires of their inmost hearts.

The fragrance of the flowers, like the thoughts of our friends, blossom perennially, unfailingly, unceasingly, filling the barren places of our garden, our hearts, with a beauty impossible to overvalue.

The annuals are sweet as passing acquaintances, furnishing our lives with many an incident of rare pleasure, causing us to smile with delight at the memory of them; but the perennials are well-tried friends who disappoint us never, ceaselessly giving us fresh surprises, fresh joys, as we are privileged to watch the development of their lives.

So give great care to the cultivation of perennial friends and flowers, and cherish them as they so well deserve, and the reward will be great.



GARDEN OF HARDY PERENNIALS GROWN FROM SEED.

HOUSES INSPIRED BY CRAFTSMAN IDEAS

HOUSES INSPIRED BY CRAFTSMAN IDEAS: NUMBER TWO

WE have received so many expressions of interest in the houses published last month, which were inspired by Craftsman ideas, and in some instances built from Craftsman plans, that we feel we are meeting the wishes of many of our readers by publishing in this number a group of equally interesting houses which seem to us to show how genuinely the purpose of Craftsman architecture has commenced to touch domestic building in America.

Perhaps one of the most significant features about Craftsman architecture is the influence it has exerted upon the desire for and the growth of country and suburban life. Its principles of design and construction, although applicable to any environment, seem especially adapted to rural surroundings, and our efforts to plan the arrangement and relation of the rooms and their fittings along practical lines, in order to minimize housework and increase the comfort of those who live in them, is of interest to those women especially who enjoy country life. People have too long considered that rural existence means lack of civilized conveniences, inadequate house-keeping equipment and social isolation. They have too long endured such discomforts as though they were necessary evils.



BUNGALOW IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

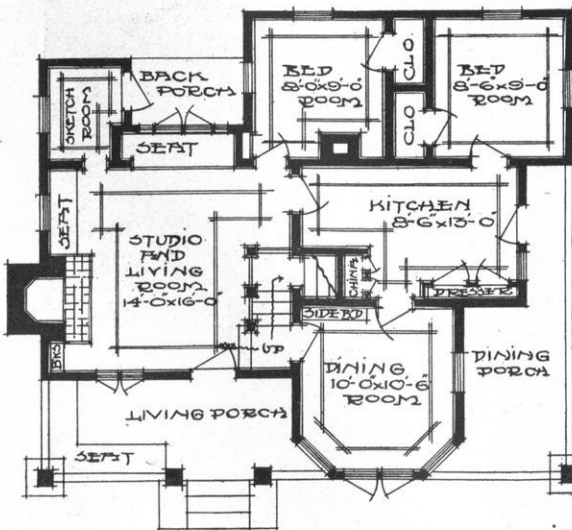
It has been the Craftsman aim in building to correct this fallacy, and to prove by actual results that a country house can be made just as convenient as a city house, if



BUNGALOW BUILT BY MR. WILL RAU, JEFFERSONVILLE, N. Y.

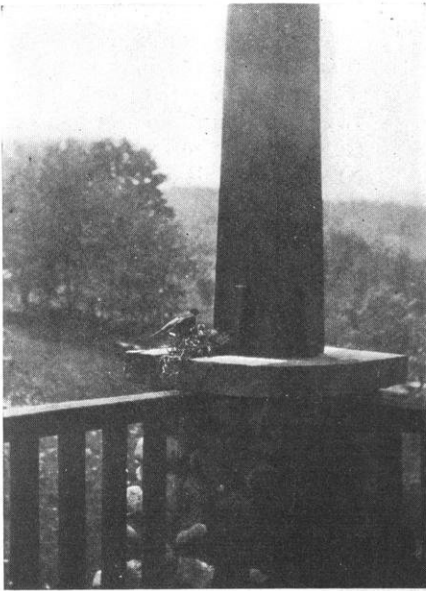
it is planned and built in a sensible, thorough and beautiful way. There is no reason why the labor-saving devices and improvements of a scientific age should be limited to the congested population of the business and social centers of the world. These inventions are equally desirable and even more necessary in the sparsely peopled districts where people are dependent upon themselves and their own resources. In the meantime it is possible, by a careful and earnest study of our architectural needs and their fulfilment, to put home building on such a basis that it will aid in bringing about improved rural conditions. And this idea, among others, we are striving to emphasize in our work.

The building and furnishing of houses, like all other forms of industry, form an inseparable part of our national and individual growth. The influence of a definite style of architecture upon the lives and characters of those who



FLOOR PLAN OF MR. RAU'S BUNGALOW.

HOUSES INSPIRED BY CRAFTSMAN IDEAS



BIRD BUILDING NEST ON THE
RAILING OF MR. RAU'S PORCH.

make it, see it and live with it, has grown to be recognized as a factor of no small importance in national and even international development. It is impossible to get away from the fact of this relation of environment to our thoughts and actions. However careless of it we may be, however we may seem to ignore it, there is always a subtle undercurrent of feeling, a subconscious influence as it were, which according to the goodness or badness of that environment helps either to build up or undermine our character and determine our course in life. And by

realizing this fact more deeply, by learning to surround ourselves with things that are genuine in construction and appropriate in design, whether it be on a big architectural scale or in the lesser details of a home interior, we may do much toward bringing our lives into saner and healthier channels. For after all the things that count most in our days are those with which we are brought constantly in contact, in work and play, in planning, contriving and adjusting. And then again, it is not really the things themselves, but our attitude toward them that is of prime importance.

It is encouraging, therefore, to know that the truth-seeking principles which underlie Craftsman architecture are winning recognition among the home-building people of our land. It is good to know that our population is awakening in the building of their homes to an appreciation of what these principles mean. And it is very satisfying



ONE END OF LIVING ROOM AND STUDIO.

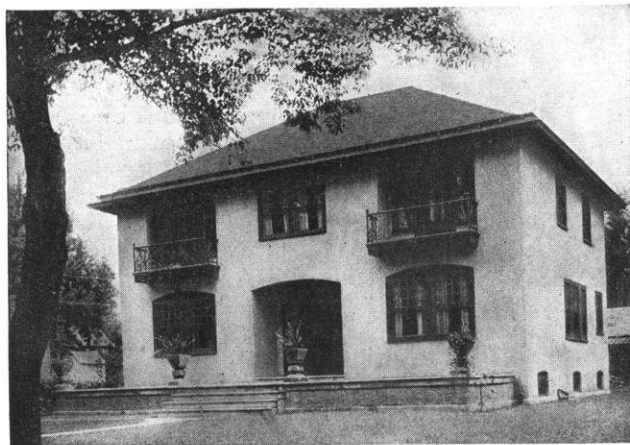
to discover that those among them who have found the opportunity to put that home-making instinct into action have drawn much inspiration and help from designs and plans over which our own thought and patience has been expended.

Mr. Will Rau's house in Jeffersonville, N. Y., which we publish in this number, is one which he has built himself, and for very little money. This house was not only inspired from Craftsman plans, but the fitting of it, Mr. Rau says, was largely carried out from *Craftsman Homes*. We quote directly from Mr. Rau's letter



DINING ROOM IN THE RAU BUNGALOW.

HOUSES INSPIRED BY CRAFTSMAN IDEAS



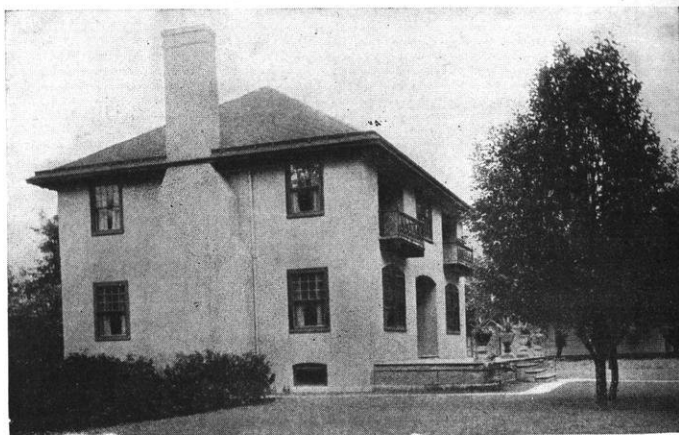
THE HOUSE OF MR. AND MRS.
A. F. STRICKLER, BUILT
AT SLEEPY EYE, MINN.

to us, which is well worth reading.

"By doing practically all the work myself," he says, "I managed to put together the building of which I have sent you photographs, for about \$675.00. I started to break ground March 17, 1900, just after my old studio burned down. I hired some help to dig the foundation, helped along myself laying the wall stones, which we got out of our nearby stone wall; I laid the ground beams and got a handy young fellow to help frame up and shingle, after which I got busy on the cobble-stone work,

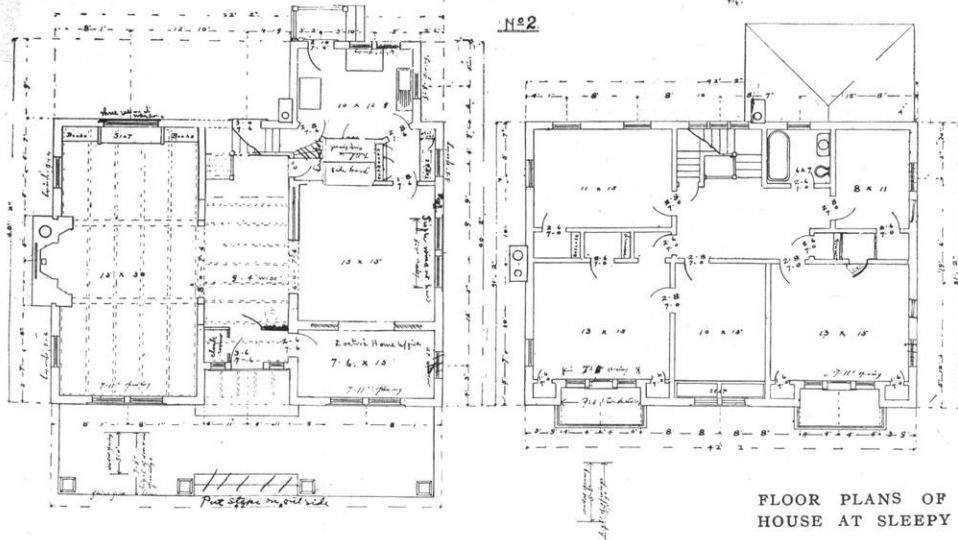
doing the mason work myself and using my handy man to mix mortar and help get the cobbles, which we also found in our stone wall and which had been picked up from the fields some time or other. Our sand hill was close at hand, all helping to keep down the cost. The porch, wall posts, chimney and fireplace were all in cobbles. For andirons we got our blacksmith to weld some wagon tires into two large horseshoes, getting quite an artistic effect.

"I did all the interior wood-work myself, including furniture,



SIDE VIEW OF THE CONCRETE HOUSE AT SLEEPY EYE.

lamps, some hardware and tiling fireplace. I also decorated the interior, using robins and apple-blossoms as a stencil motive. I



FLOOR PLANS OF THE
HOUSE AT SLEEPY EYE.

HOUSES INSPIRED BY CRAFTSMAN IDEAS

named my place 'Robins' Rest,' because long before I finished it, five robins started nest building on my porch beam, and in a few weeks some ten robins left for new fields. After they left, a little wren started to build on top of the old robins' nest, and soon some five little wrens kept me company. These little Carusoes furnished quite some song for a while. This spring again the robins came back and only yesterday three left that had not seen the light before. I guess the house must look part of the landscape to these little fellows. It is stained olive green and brown; what might be the trunks of trees is stained brown, and what might be the leaves—the shingles—are stained green, the windows being the blossoms, the cobble-stone work our stone wall. I tried to bring the house in harmony with the landscape. Since I paint the landscape around this section, why not? There was not a bit of factory stuff bought, all the finishings being made at home. I had the pleasure of building the bungalow with everything in it, and never had so much fun in my life. THE CRAFTSMAN has given me many a lift along this line."

A study of the photographs of Mr. Rau's house and of the floor plans will be of the greatest interest, if one remembers the extremely low total cost.

Another very interesting house shown in this article is from Sleepy Eye, Minnesota. This house is a far more elaborate and expensive one, costing, with heating and plumbing, over \$5,000. It was actually

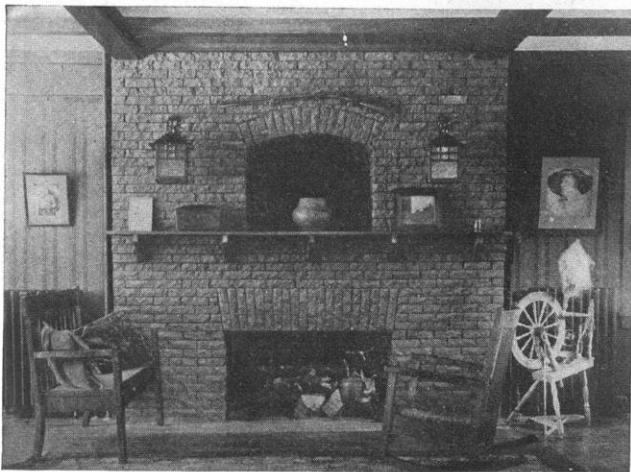


SHOWING INTERESTING FURNITURE AND WOODWORK IN LIVING ROOM AT SLEEPY EYE.

built from Craftsman plans. It has been lived in for five years, and Mrs. Strickler, who owns the house, says they are more than satisfied with it. It is finished throughout with gum-wood, which THE CRAFTSMAN has long been much interested in. The floors are maplewood, stained dark to match the tone of the gum-wood, the only stain put on the latter being vinegar with iron filings. We publish in this issue interesting views of this charming home. Mrs. Strickler sends us the following details of the changes she made in our plans, which show her interest in carrying out the work.

"We have only one fireplace instead of three. We placed the high casement window at the rear to cut off the view, while at the side of the fireplace in the living room we used full-length windows as it is south exposure. We built in a small sideboard in the dining room, and a kitchen cabinet, both taking the place of the closets in the original plan. The small landing, just at the head of the cellar stairs opening from front hall and kitchen, is used as a lavatory. We altered closets on the second floor and built in chests of drawers, also put linen closet opening from hall. Both balconies are screened in and are used in summer as outside sleeping porches, each one being large enough for a lounge.

"We had the stairway finished open to the attic door, thus giving us the light from third floor windows on the second floor hall, and making a good entrance to a future billiard room, which we hope to finish off in the attic by



WELL-CONSTRUCTED FIREPLACE IN LIVING ROOM.

HOUSES INSPIRED BY CRAFTSMAN IDEAS



HOUSE OF SANDSTONE OWNED AND PLANNED BY MRS. R. R. MITCHELL, MONTREAL, CANADA.

using dormer windows for lighting purposes."

Another house which was inspired from Craftsman ideas is that of Mrs. R. R. Mitchell, of Montreal, Canada. This gives one the impression, from the view of the exterior, which we show, of a very well-built city or town house. We are also using an illustration of the stately stairway which seems especially in keeping with the type of architecture.

It is an interesting fact to us that the desire to build from Craftsman plans, or at least to benefit by Craftsman ideas, does not seem to be limited to any one part of the country. We find Craftsman houses all over the Pacific slope, in Minnesota, in Montana, along the eastern coast, and now we get this word that a Craftsman house is a success in Canada. It is possible that we may publish more of these houses from time to time, if the demand for them from our readers continues.

A house can be elaborately constructed without being a home in the real sense of the word, or it can be simply made and yet glow with that home quality which every true heart yearns to have pervading all parts of his house. It is not the arrangement or proportions of the wood, stone, brick, cement, nor the color scheme of the por-

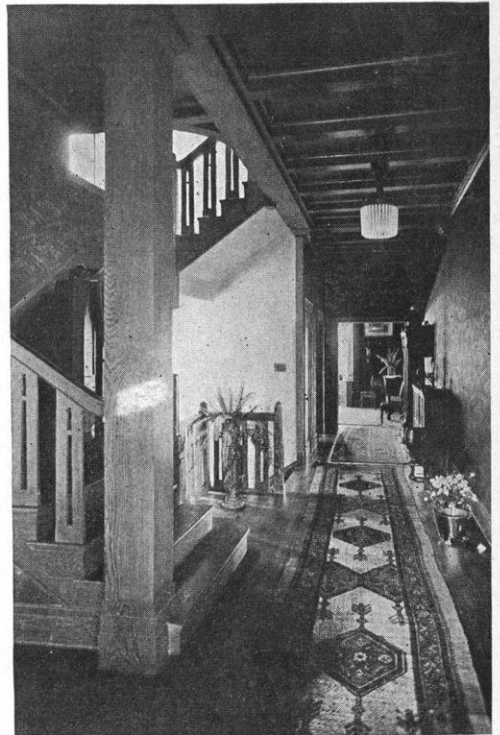
ties, rugs, pillows, nor the cost of the building, nor its location that gives this valued home quality. A home should be built as birds build their nests. They select the site together, gather the sticks or strings or bits of moss that seem lovely or suitable to them and put them together in the way they think will be safe or comfortable. Of course, we cannot actually build our own houses, but we can be the guiding power that oversees all that is done. It must be made after our own idea of comfort or safety, made lovely by our own selection of the "bits of moss." Love of our home must be apparent in every detail, love for those who dwell with us in all our plans, love for guest in all arrangements for his comfort. The house must say:

"Our parts are brick and mortar, wood and stone,

But home was never built of these alone.

Hast thou not felt, O guest, the inner soul
Of human love that makes our parts a whole?"

One can hardly expect any great degree of comfort in a house built simply to sell or to rent, without regard to the needs or individuality of those who may live in it. Of course, it might be planned along con-

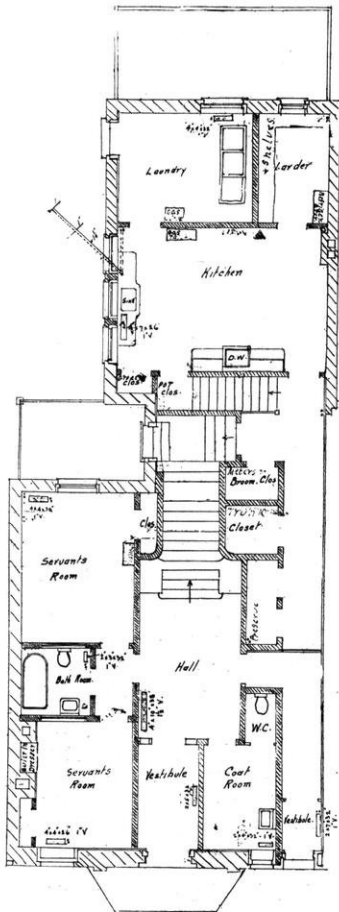


HALL AND STAIRWAY IN MRS. MITCHELL'S HOUSE

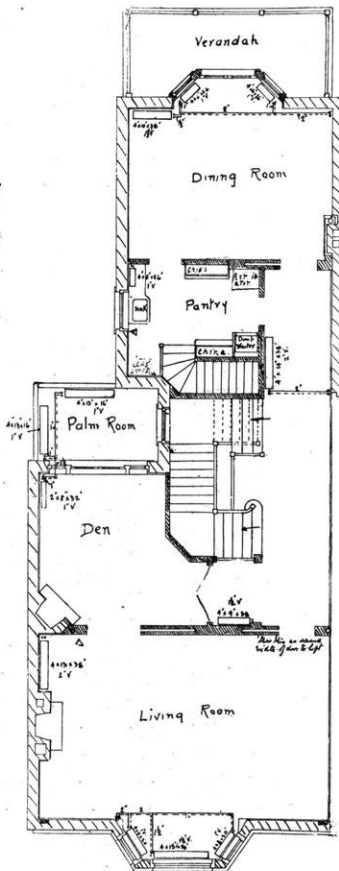
HOUSES INSPIRED BY CRAFTSMAN IDEAS

venient lines, with an effort to fulfil in a general way the wants of the average tenant. But beyond certain modern architectural requirements and a catering to whatever was considered the popular taste of the hour, such a house must of necessity be unsatisfactory. It must lack that personal note, that sense of special comfort and convenience which characterize a real home, or if the builder has tried to give the place an

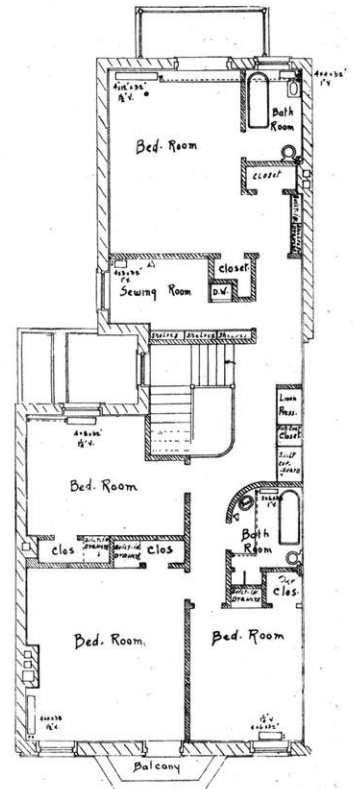
been done thoughtfully and well there will probably be a degree of economy and convenience and a feeling of true comfort which no other method could attain. Moreover, there will surely be better workmanship, more durable materials than the average house of today can boast, and thus a result of which architect and owner can be proud. And with the increase in this sort of building, there must inevitably fol-



Ground Floor



First Floor.



Second Floor

FLOOR PLANS FOR THE HOUSE OF MRS. R. R. MITCHELL.

air of individuality the result is probably just as displeasing, and the tenant has to try to adapt himself to the expressions of another person's taste, which is apt to be a tiresome process.

Contrast with this a house in which the general plan and details of construction have been suggested or carried out by those who were to live in it. In such a dwelling there must not only be the vitality and interest of self-expression, but if the work has

low a higher national standard of architecture. Instead of cheap, uncomfortable, quickly and badly built houses we shall have homes on which the utmost care and thought have been expended, and the fact that we own them instead of rent them will be a source of personal pride, an incentive to their right construction in the first place, and then to the development of interesting and appropriate surroundings.

THE CAMERA IN THE COUNTRY

IT has been said that because of the prevalence of mechanical piano players and cameras, music and art were decadent. This is far from being the truth about the matter, for never have music and art reached, helped and uplifted the generality of people as they are now doing.

Through the pleasant medium of the camera, children have learned much about our animal friends, have come to love them better and are steadily growing in sympathetic understanding of their human little ways, so that they can now say with *Mowgli*: "We be brothers of one blood, you and I." They have seen *Brer' Rabbit* at home with his family instead of in the cramped quarters of a soap box in the backyard. They have seen the bright-eyed coon dip his food up and down in the brook before daintily eating it; they have seen the birds skilfully building their nests and patiently and tirelessly flying here and there in search of food for their children.

They have become acquainted, through the camera, with the children of all the world, seen the valleys, villages, cities where they live, their strange clothing and funny ways. So it has done much to enlarge their knowledge and broaden their sympathies.

It is also a great educator for children of a larger growth, calling their attention to new beauties, showing them interesting facts hitherto overlooked.

The camera has come to be regarded as a necessary part of every vacation outfit, and there is hardly a man, woman or child who does not have one either ostentatiously displayed as an important part of the outing equipment, or else carefully concealed as being of too great a value to risk injury.

It is now within the reach of everyone as to price and simplicity of management, and its spell is surely upon the hearts of all people. The intimate, almost daily records it gives of the baby, as he sleeps or plays, has endeared it to all parents. It has been of incalculable service to the professional naturalist and botanist, and has turned many a dull, unobservant boy into these lines of study, quickening his observation and giving him useful knowledge of woodcraft. All the agility, quickness of motion, patient watching that a boy used to manifest while hunting for a frog that he might valiantly

stone it to death, he now, if he owns a camera, exerts in trying to get a snap-shot of the frog as it suns itself on a floating water-lily leaf.

This new form of hunting should be encouraged in every way, for all the excellent qualities that are brought out by hunting with a gun are equally developed if one ventures forth with a camera. In fact to bag your game with a camera requires even more skill and courage than to bring it low with a gun. The photographer must get much closer to his victim. This is one case where you "can eat your cake and have it too," for you can capture your bird, "shoot" it many times as it flies about, take home numerous trophies of the chase, yet the bird is left alive and free to live happily its useful, beautiful life.

The camera as an art instructor, when in the hands of the summer visitor to the country, is not to be underrated. After the first dozen films have been recklessly "snapped," the amateur photographer sees that his houses are either falling down hill in alarming manner, or else appear as doubles, having been taken twice on the same plate. He soon learns to step a little to one side of a road before trying to make a picture of it, instead of getting in the mathematical center as formerly. He learns to move more slowly and with more thought, getting joy from the better composing of his picture. He learns that a moment's more "time" with a smaller diaphragm will give greater detail, and so, giving a little more attention to his subject, he gets better results. And he soon ceases trying to get joke pictures of some friend, with feet monstrously out of focus, and endeavors to get, instead, a "beauty," and takes great pride in showing to city friends the artistic grouping of trees, the satisfactory composition, or the glorious sunset sky that he saw reflected in the lake.

And thus the first principles of Art begin to permeate, through the medium of the camera, with miracle-producing results. If the novice gets but one truly beautiful picture, he at once becomes dissatisfied with the others, and ruthlessly eliminates them. His standards are raised a little, his judgment more penetrating, his taste improved. And the fact that he has a new interest, one that makes for beauty, takes away much of the sodden result of too grinding daily toil.

READY-TO-USE, WASHABLE HOUSE FURNISHINGS

NO matter if the city home is the acme of comfort, convenience, luxury, it is the little home up in the wooded hills or down by the sea that holds first place in our affection. We have heard that women plan their new hats and gowns during the sermon on Sunday morning, but cannot vouch for the truth of this. But we can vouch for the fact that during their winter residence in city mansions their minds are busy planning their summer cottage.

Sometimes so much money goes into the furnishing of the city apartment that very little is left over for the more beloved country house, but it requires very little nowadays to have a comfortable, convenient and altogether charming country place.

One of the chief factors of economy in the furnishing of a summer bungalow is that all curtains, bedspreads, couch and pillow covers, rugs, etc., are of cotton instead of silk or expensive brocades, laces, velvets or tapestries.

Nothing could be more suitable for summer use than cotton or linen that can be so easily kept fresh and clean, and the growing popularity of country homes has inspired designers, manufacturers and importers, so that they have put the most fascinating array of material at remarkably low cost within the reach of everyone.

Among importations there is a curtain, Anatolia by name, that can be put to numerous uses. It comes from Turkey, is of a texture resembling crash somewhat, or Japanese crepe, or "crinkley" gingham, though it is not really like these at all. It is of ecru ground and striped decoratively with red, blue, yellow, green or white, and there is a fringe of white tied in the goods all round (not just sewed on) of fascinating Oriental pattern.

This fringe is one of the most attractive parts of these curtains for it is unlike the fringes usually seen which consist of a few knots with the ends hanging loose. It is knotted into points, alternating with small tassels and forms a practical, yet really artistic, finish.

To make these unusual curtains (that already have the virtue of being washable, inexpensive and pretty) even more desir-

able, there are spread and pillow covers to match. It would be hard to find more attractive furnishings for a bedroom than these Anatolia importations, and the fact that they are all ready for use is another great factor in their favor. It is a great pleasure in these busy days to find something that is altogether satisfactory as to beauty and all ready to use. These curtains are \$4.00 a pair. The spread is also \$4.00, and the 24 by 24 pillow \$1.75.

There is a Madagascan grass curtain with pillow to match that is unusual in quality and should prove of service in a living room. It comes in natural color and in interesting dull dyes and is unharmed if by chance a window is left open and an unexpected shower drenches it. The price is \$1.25 a pair and the silk floss pillows covered with the same material are \$1.00 each.

If one wishes "ready-to-use" washable cotton curtains of richer colors, there is an India print that comes in many colors and designs. This is suitable for bedspreads, couch covers, etc., and has quite a stained-glass effect when hung at a window. These colors run mostly in the darker reds, blues, yellows, etc., but there is one of charming gray-blue pattern on a white ground that comes from Java, that will be welcomed by whoever has a "blue room."

Among "ready-to-use" furnishings for summer bungalows are Japanese cotton-crepe pillow covers of conventionalized floral design and colors, and of sizes to suit all needs and tastes.

The desire for washable cotton furnishings can also be gratified as to rugs, for besides our own rag rugs that are so popular and satisfactory there are the Japanese cotton rugs in blue and white, and green and white. These are also suitable for veranda use, as well as for bedroom or sitting-room.

The Japanese jute rugs come in the Oriental effects that will harmonize well with the curtains, spreads, etc., of India print.

One value of these Japanese rugs and fittings is that they harmonize so interestingly with the simpler of our modern American furniture. We need scarcely call attention to the fact that they are especially suited to Craftsman interiors, both in designs and colors. The jute rugs are equally effective with wood or willow furniture, and for summer cottages and for porch use.

THE SECOND INDEPENDENT EXHIBITION OF NEW YORK ARTISTS

THE Independent Artists" held their second exhibition in New York early this spring. Twelve men showed distinctively interesting canvases and sketches, and New York, from its newspaper comment and attendance, seemed to appreciate the opportunity of seeing what these very sincere men were doing in the field of art.

Down at the end of the long room Rockwell Kent's big canvases struck a dominating note of powerful dignity. It is a forceful universe which this young artist has elected to paint. A well regulated, well balanced, well poised sphere which he presents in all of his canvases, whether rural or metropolitan. A world governed with laws well understood and which the artist takes delight in revealing. There is breadth even in his smaller paintings, a sense of a big outlook and wide understanding of life, and always an unquenchable sincerity in presentation.

Arthur B. Davies had what is considered the most complete exhibition of his mystical point of view toward life, and the unreality of it, ever shown in New York. There were sixteen paintings and seven drawings, some poetically drawn, out on the edge of the sphere, others boldly, insolently mysterious, clear to the initiated and the unthinking, a confusion to the merely hopeful. You feel that the artist is looking at you through these canvases with a cynical, amused smile. Sometimes as you feel this smile you ask the "initiated" about the more whimsical mysteries of Davies' paintings, and you listen attentively and go away more hopelessly than ever.

The George Luks collection was a rare pleasure. Such richness of tone, such sumptuous sordidness as this artist is capable of transmuting from life to canvas, and such wide humanity as he forces you to feel toward all kinds of life and people is a rare experience. If you study his picture of cats you become an animal lover. As you watch his slum children dance you are a philanthropist. He never seeks to dramatize; he knows that actual people and life are full enough of drama to the understanding.

Coleman's drawings of the shadowy taw-

driness of life were as usual strangely alive. His people fit deeply into his scenes. They belong on those very dingy streets. You know that they have lived long in the rooms from which they are peering out with unkindly faces. You feel that they labor sadly in the shops around the corner. They are all in key with his vision. They could not live in any other pictures or in any other streets.

THE VALUE OF THE SUB-URBAN EXHIBITION

AN invitation to an exhibition just out of New York which reached this office a short time ago, suggests the idea that the smaller out of town picture exhibition might prove very worth while to the little villages and suburbs if they could be fed by groups of American artists whose pictures are in many cases intermittently freed from the Metropolitan galleries. Through the latter part of May Robert Henri, Margaret Ekerson and Carl Springhorn held an exhibition of landscapes and portraits at Mt. Vernon in the lecture room of the public library. And it would seem to us that not only is this idea an admirable one, but that all public libraries should be constructed with a view to exhibition purposes. And where there is no public library or the hope of one, the schoolhouse should be so arranged that it will not only contain the small circulating library for the town, but an opportunity for exhibiting the works of small groups of artists.

In our modern life in America we have gone far from the old town hall idea, which is rather a pity, for it was an excellent idea that of centering in the most interesting and the most beautiful building in the town the most vital interests of the citizens. And here in America, more and more, village and town life is separating itself from the great metropolises and centering about its own development, thus growing in individuality and ceasing to be regarded as a remote suburb without special personality. We find civic improvement societies in most of the significant little towns in America, library societies all over the country, and everywhere the desire for traveling or loan exhibitions where original works of art may be shown for the people who are no longer content with other people's ideas of art.

