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*From the Loan Exhibit of Modern German
Art at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

PORTRAIT OF THEODOR MOMMSEN :
FRANZ VON LENBACH, PAINTER.

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XV

MARCH, 1909

NUMBER 6

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THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XV MARCH, 1909 NUMBER

MODERN GERMAN ART: ITS REVELATION OF PRESENT SOCIAL AND POLITICAL CON- DITIONS IN PRUSSIANIZED GERMANY: BY M. IRWIN MACDONALD



ONE of the best evidences we could have of the rapid development in this country of a feeling for that vital art which is a genuine outgrowth of national life and character may be found in the attitude of the American public toward the Exhibition of German Art now at the Metropolitan Museum. The fact that the exhibition was sent over here purely for the sake of bringing contemporary German art to the notice of the American people is interesting, and the keen discrimination shown by the Americans in their estimate of this art is no less significant, for the reason that the Americans possess in a marked degree the qualities of directness and daring which we so often hear attributed to the Germans. These pictures and statues,—many of them from artists hitherto unknown in this country,—are being judged without prejudice of any kind; indeed, they are rather approached with the eager interest of a people who hold their minds open to the reception of new impressions and who stand ready at any moment to cast aside even cherished ideals and prepossessions,—provided always that the new thing offers something of real and permanent value,—but they are being judged absolutely on their merits as truthful expressions of the ideals which dominate the Germany of today.

A quarter of a century ago the painters of this country, searching for what most appealed to them in the art of the old world, turned to the schools of Munich and Düsseldorf and sat at the feet of Knaus and Vautier, von Bremen, Defregger and the Achenbachs, whose pictures at that time filled our private galleries and stood high in the estimation of our dealers. Then came the revolt to the French school, which carried a much stronger and subtler appeal to the American mind,—so quick to comprehend the marvelous skill of the French painters in handling their medium and to sympathize with the efforts of the Impressionists to solve the problems of light and air. The strength of this appeal is best estimated by the character

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of our own work today, which, although beginning to develop along definitely marked lines of its own, yet shows much of the impetus received from the French Impressionists and the Barbizon men. But with the spread of decadence in France came another turn of the tide, for morbidity and abnormality is as yet entirely foreign to the American temperament and American taste balks at it, no matter how cleverly the idea may be conveyed. Such revolts are always favorable to the development of original thought and expression and, with the waning of French influence, there has sprung up a new art expression along lines which are definitely our own; although as yet being very young and unaccustomed to freedom from leading strings, it is for the most part groping its way toward the light.

Herein lies the point of contact between the vigorous, revolutionary spirit in American art and the spirit of revolt from academic methods which has led to the Secession movement in Germany, and the recognition of this is the chief reason for the widespread and serious attention which has been paid to this exhibition of contemporary German art. In the first place the circumstances under which the exhibit was sent here are peculiarly calculated to appeal to all the art lovers of this country. That it was sent at all is largely owing to the unremitting efforts of Mr. Hugo Reisinger, the well-known collector and connoisseur whose private gallery is so rich in examples of German art. Mr. Reisinger has been working toward this end for three or four years and his efforts have been heartily endorsed and aided by Consul-General Bünz, who represents here the notable group of German officials who organized the exhibition, acting under the direct auspices of the Emperor himself. Great care was taken to secure a representative collection of pictures and statues, and although the work of a number of the younger men who are forging to the front in German art is not represented, the omission is probably due to the well-known conservatism that prevails in official circles everywhere. As it stands, the catalogue shows a truly imposing list of gold medalists, academicians and honor men, hardly one of whom lacks the title "professor." Judging by the record, titles and decorations of each man, this exhibition contains the very cream of the cream of German art. The National Gallery of Berlin, at the command of the Emperor, sent over some of its choicest treasures, and other galleries and museums have contributed in like measure. Famous private collections have been levied upon and even the royal galleries have sent their share. The Emperor, whose interest in art matters is as unflagging as his interest in *Welt-Politik*, not only authorized the exhibition but enriched it with a portrait of himself painted expressly for this purpose by Professor

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Arthur Kampf, president of the Berlin Academy. So, in spite of the many assertions made by critics that the exhibition after all is not fairly representative of the German art of today, there is really no reason for assuming that the seven galleries in the new wing of the Metropolitan Museum do not contain the best that German art can offer us.

IT IS certain that this collection of pictures,—the group of marbles and bronzes is hardly significant enough to count,—is calculated to give the visitor a concentrated impression of the direction,—or rather the several directions,—in which German artists are now working, and that therefore it carries out to the fullest degree its educational mission to the American people. It is a most interesting object lesson, not only of the art expression of a powerful people, but of the ethical and intellectual trend which stamps its character upon the national life and is inevitably reflected in the national art. In fact, to the close observer its chief value lies in the mute witness it bears of the lines along which Prussianized Germany is developing. The very lack of unity that first strikes the observer is the best evidence of the fearlessly truthful expression of conditions as they are, because there can be no unity in art where there is no deep underlying unity in the life of the nation, and because the false notes of exaggeration, artificiality and morbid imaginings are all struck by the younger men. The modern unrest and uncertainty is emphasized by the fact that the best in the exhibition comes to a focus in the group of paintings by four masters of German art who may be said to represent the feeling of an earlier time. These are Adolf von Menzel, Wilhelm Leibl, Franz von Lenbach, and Arnold Böcklin, who are represented among the living painters because of their influence upon the art not alone of Germany but of all Europe. It was originally intended that only the work of contemporary painters should find a place in this exhibition, but these pictures were sent over because it was realized that without the work of these four men no collection of modern German art could be said to be really representative.

Against the strength and calm and dignity of these men and of such living artists as Max Liebermann and Hans von Bartels, who are content to depict life and nature as clearly, simply and sanely as they see it, the efforts of the Secessionists toward originality and the expression of turbulent individuality beat like troubled waves against the rocks. Some of them seem to be honestly seeking to convey an impression of something which they themselves have not grasped. In other cases the impression is on the face of it morbid, theatrical and artificial, conveying nothing but a feeling of uncertainty

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on the part of the artist and the determination to be different from his fellows at whatever cost to the eternal verities of art and life. The older men, with, of course, the exception of Böcklin, may not have been imaginative, but they were at all events great craftsmen and they painted life as they saw it. The younger men, while showing at times a great deal of cleverness in the handling of their medium, have not yet attained the excuse for eccentricity given by the mastery of a broad and vigorous technique, and they too often paint life as they think it is seen by the decadent but subtle and imaginative Latin races.

The strange part of it is that it is all so academic. Of course, Menzel was never anything else, but he instilled new life and force into academic formulæ. Lenbach, while founding his art upon the old masters, became himself one of the greatest modern masters of portraiture. Leibl applied conventional methods to the strong presentation of solidly real people, and Liebermann, although he led the secession toward realism in the early seventies, has so little of the revolutionary about him that his work, in addition to showing strong traces of Dutch and French influence, is almost classical in its restraint and austerity. As to the self-declared revolutionists who seek the ugly, the bizarre and the morbid that they may thereby emphasize the extent of their reaction from the more conventional phases of life, it is so evident that their work is far from being the outcome of direct and vigorous thought that one can see in it little else than a desperate effort toward eccentricity,—an effort so strenuous that they never seem to realize that even their eccentricity is not their own. The pictures are truthful enough, but only as a revelation of the artist's viewpoint, not of life. When the Frenchman goes into ecstasies over some specially unwholesome and morbid piece of ugliness, it is at all events a natural expression of a genuine feeling. But when the German does it, it is because he has based his mental attitude toward life and art on what he has learned from the French. This has been proven over and over again in the different phases of Secession art in Germany, just as it was proved in a former day by the *reductio ad absurdum* of the baroque and rococo styles in architecture and decoration. The Germany of today does not furnish favorable soil for the development of a vigorous national art,—at least along the lines of painting, sculpture and architecture. In her music, as in her science and philosophy, there is evident the true spirit of the race that overshadows all the restless efforts of the modern nation to make herself supreme in commercialism and in world-politics; but as yet she has not found herself in painting. Great creative thought belongs to her, and fathomless mysticism, but not the happy,

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care-free understanding of natural things that find their spontaneous expression in such art as has been given us so freely by more simple and buoyant peoples. In a German picture the idea is always the thing, and the idea is just as obvious today as it ever was, the only difference being that it is not so healthy and natural.

JUST as the portrait of the Emperor seems to dominate the exhibition, so his restless, turbulent and aggressive personality seems to draw to a focus the national feeling that is there represented. He aims at supremacy along all lines. He plays at painting, sculpture, music, oratory, poetry and architecture as he plays with the dream of being War-Lord of the world, and the nation, or a part of it, follows his lead; the part that does not follow eats out its heart in smouldering bitterness or open discontent, and all this conflict of warring elements in the nation, all this grasping after false ideals, shows on the walls of the seven galleries at the Metropolitan. The national attitude toward art is summed up in this sentence from Professor Clemen's introduction to the catalogue of the exhibition: "From an age of intellect Germany, once the nation of thinkers and dreamers, emerged and entered on a period of natural sciences and technology and it yearns to quit this for a new artistic age." When a national art grows up as a spontaneous and inevitable expression of national life, it is never because that nation "yearns to quit" any former period of development, but because the time has come when the strong life within it must seek some new and vigorous outlet. As the life is, so will the art be, in spite of schools and cults; and there could be no stronger evidence of the lack of unity in the national life of Germany than exists in the utter lack of homogeneousness that we feel in the work of the modern German painters. One sees that it would be impossible for any group of them to work together toward a common end, as did the French Impressionists toward the solution of the problem of light and air and as a group of our American painters are doing now in the effort to depict the true spirit of our national life.

It is curious that the national foible of overdoing everything is most relentlessly shown by that wonderful realist, Adolf von Menzel, whose paintings are all records of priceless historical value as well as marvels of brilliant technique. No more vivid picture of Court life in Germany a generation ago could be given than exists in his "Ball Supper." It is a *tour de force* of draftsmanship and microscopic painting that shows every detail of the brilliant and artificial scene. The rooms are overloaded with decorations; the women's dresses are overloaded with frills and furbelows; the men's uniforms are overloaded with bullion and the whole company is evidently

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overloading its capacity with enormous quantities of food. We are not spared even the sight of gorgeously clad ladies and magnificent officers stooping low over their plates to facilitate the transfer to their mouths of the delicacies thereon. The picture fairly burns into the mind the idea of self-indulgence and self-seeking, for in addition to the over-eager consumption of food, one can almost hear the buzz of the gossip and scandal that circulates among the chattering groups. This is German court life, as recorded by a man famed for telling the whole truth just as he saw it.

The peasant Leibl saw the other side of German life, and his presentation of the solid, honest, unimaginative country people of old Germany is as truthful as any record of court festivities made by the microscopically faithful brush of Menzel. Leibl worked on a broader and simpler scale. His people are placidly alive and give the impression that, if they moved at all, they would move slowly and deliberately. One of his most famous paintings is that of the "Dachauer Women," a picture of two peasant women, gaily dressed and evidently well to do, who are sitting side by side, discussing some village happening. It is one of those pictures which is above all else a human document, for no one could study it closely without gaining some insight into the character of these people. The portrait of "Burgomaster Klein" shows the same quality of sincerity and the same clear, strong brush work, as do also the other two pictures from Leibl's brush which are included in the exhibition. Coming after Leibl, and in many ways overshadowing him, is Liebermann, who was equally attracted by the humbler side of life and whose greatest pictures are those of peasants and work-people. Liebermann, although he led what is called the Berlin Secession from academic limitations, never swung to the extreme of rebellion, but developed a style which, although it shows frankly the influence of Munkacsy and later of Israels, yet stands entirely as his own in the expression of clear, sane, direct perception of the life about him. Of the Liebermann pictures included in this exhibition the most notable is "The Flax Shed at Laren,"—a picture which attracts one to it again and again because of the noble severity of its composition, the large restful spaces and freedom from unnecessary detail, and because of the beauty of the cool gray light that is diffused throughout the shed. The figures of the workers are quiet and dignified, giving the impression of serene and well-controlled movement. There is an excellent portrait also of Dr. Wilhelm Bode,—Director-General of the Royal Museum at Berlin and a prominent member of the commission which sent this exhibition to America,—and a delightful little canvas showing polo players in an open field, which was loaned

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by Mr. Reisinger from his private collection. Another picture that is not listed, but is nevertheless a good example of Liebermann, is "The Lace-Maker," an old woman quietly busy with the bobbins and threads on the lace pillow that she holds in her lap.

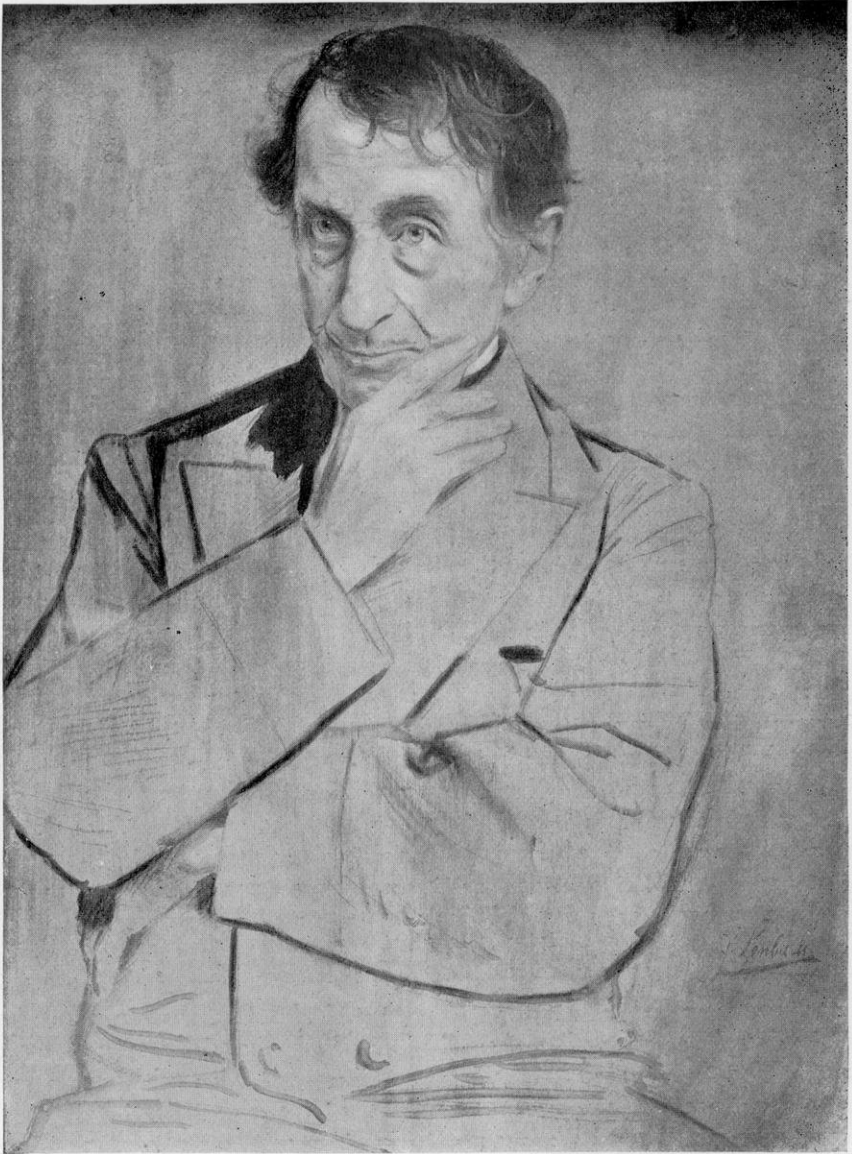
ALTHOUGH this exhibition has given to stay-at-home Americans their first glimpse of the work of many noted German artists, this can hardly be said concerning the portraits of Franz von Lenbach, whose reputation as one of the foremost portrait painters of the age is world-wide. That the representation of his work might be complete, Mr. Reisinger loaned to the exhibition his famous portrait of Prince Bismarck, which has been so often reproduced in this country. There is a portrait of von Moltke that ranks with the Bismarck, and two gorgeously painted portraits of women. But the best of all,—in fact, the picture that is head and shoulders above anything else in the exhibition,—is the portrait of Theodor Mommsen, which is owned by the Royal National Gallery in Berlin. This picture shows Lenbach at his most powerful and it is an unusually marked example of his favorite method of working,—which is to concentrate all the life in the head, and particularly the eyes, and to leave the rest of the figure somewhat sketchy. In this case it is very sketchy, being hardly more than outlined, but the head is wonderful. In a rather less degree the same may be said of the pastel portrait of Ignaz Döllinger, where every minor detail seems to fade away before the doubt and question in the eyes.

Friedrich August von Kaulbach is represented by two brilliant portraits, one of Geraldine Farrar and the other of the dancer, Ruth St. Denis. Both are gorgeous in color and spirited in pose. A third painting of a child with some cherries is more sugary and conventional. The sacred pictures of Fritz von Uhde are fairly well known in this country, principally through reproduction, for the subjects he chooses are always popular. His "Suffer little children to come unto Me" has been loaned to this exhibition from a private collection in Worms. But another picture less obvious in the story it tells,—and therefore more stimulating to the imagination,—is a better example of his work. This is called "Going Home" and it represents two peasants, with a sleeping child, returning from the day's work along a muddy country road. The picture is filled with a misty gray twilight deepening into dark and the only gleams of light come from the reflection of the water in the road and the little stream beside it, and in the faint glow around the child's head. It is a fair-haired German child carried by a fair-haired German woman, and yet there is the suggestion of the Christ child. Possibly it symbolizes the

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sacredness of all childhood and of all the simple family life of the workers out in the open who live close to the soil. It seems natural to mention in connection with von Uhde that other painter of sacred subjects, Eduard von Gebhardt, although the latter has nothing like the imagination of von Uhde and by no means his command of technique. Von Gebhardt's "Christ and Nicodemus" is not especially significant as a painting, but there is no question but it tells the story so dear to the German heart, and the same may be said of his "Death of Lazarus."

Arnold Böcklin, who lived in a world of fantasy,—of strange, unearthly landscapes filled with fauns, dryads, and uncouth, joyous monsters that have not left off being animals and yet some day may be human,—is not especially well represented in this collection. There is the portrait of himself with Death fiddling at his shoulder,—a picture that is well known through reproduction and is sufficiently well painted not to disappoint the expectations when one comes to see the original; but this is the best Böcklin in the exhibition. The two other paintings come close to the trivial in the fancy they express and give an impression of artificiality that one does not like to associate with Böcklin. In one of them a nude young woman with elaborately dressed hair, and a body that is much more suggestive of the cramping of modern clothes than of pagan freedom, is standing by a little stream which trickles from the side of a cliff and trying to catch the water in her hands. In the other picture an equally ineffective young woman, clad in a piece of flowing purple gauze, leans against a harp which is apparently placed in a niche in the side of a cliff, and the surf dashes up at her feet. She does not seem to be a siren nor does there seem to be any special meaning conveyed by the presence of the lady and the harp upon such a very inhospitable bit of shore. But even these examples of Böcklin are subtly itself compared with the collection of horrors which represents his chief follower, Franz von Stuck. These paintings are placed in a group which centers in an extraordinary vision of the infernal regions, a picture meant to be terrifying in the extreme but which to the prosaic American mind comes dangerously close to being funny. One lady writhes in the coils of an iridescent serpent, gorgeous enough to tempt any daughter of Eve, and another gazes straight in front of her with pale fixed eyes that are more suggestive of boiled gooseberries than of spiritual despair. "The Listening Fauns" is rather more agreeable, although harsh and brutal as compared with similar fantasies by Böcklin, and "Pan" is a brute pure and simple. Stuck explains himself through his own portrait, which tells the whole story. It is that of a young man,—smart, military, conventional, official,—paint-



PORTRAIT OF IGNAZ DÖLLINGER:
FRANZ VON LENBACH, PAINTER.



PORTRAIT OF EMPEROR WILLIAM II:
ARTHUR KAMPF, PAINTER.



FLAX BARN AT LAREN: MAX
LIEBERMANN, PAINTER.



"GOING HOME": FRITZ
VON UHDE, PAINTER.



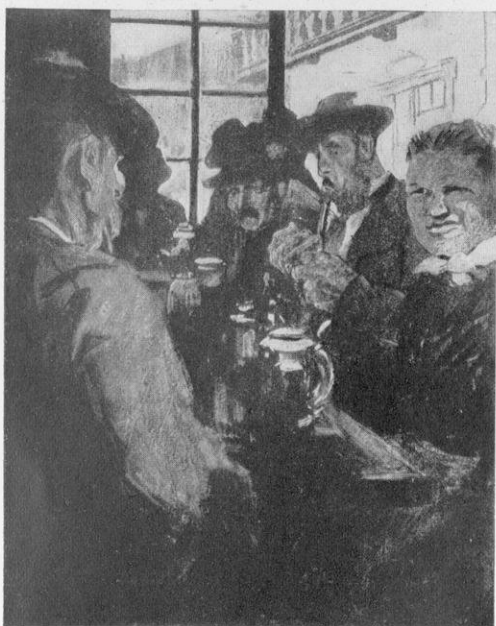
"IN THE STUDIO."



"FIVE LADIES IN A CAFÉ."



"AFTER THE SERMON."



"IN THE PEASANT INN."

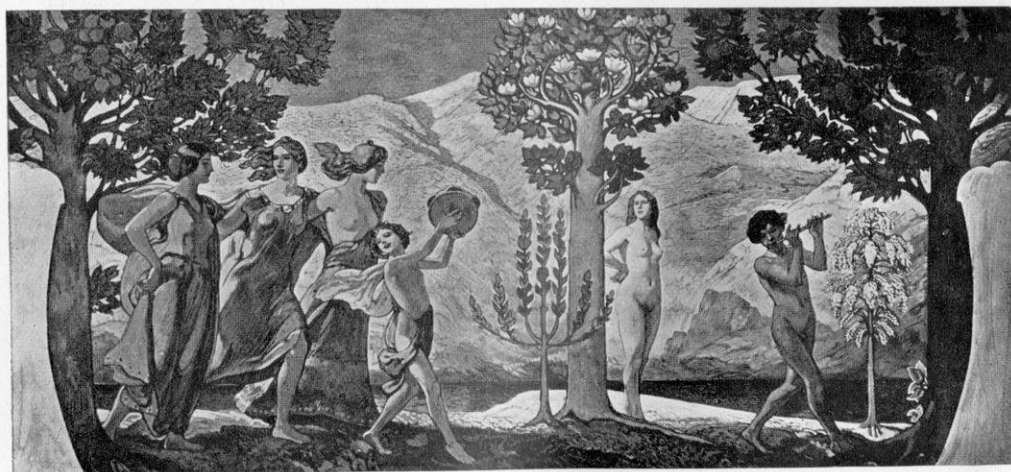
SKETCHES FROM GERMAN PERIODICALS BY
RENÉ REINICKE AND EDUARD THÖNY.



"OXEN IN WATER": HEINRICH
ZÜGEL, PAINTER.



"CHRIST AND NICODEMUS": EDUARD
VON GEBHARDT, PAINTER.



"THE DANCE": TWO PANELS FOR MURAL DECORATION: LUDWIG VON HOFMANN, PAINTER.

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ing a very unattractive nude lady in a studio that is decorated like a bad dream. The portrait of his wife, while the cleverest piece of painting in the whole collection, evidences only a similar desire to show the morbid and bizarre side of things.

In a way the most marked evidences of cleverness that appear in the exhibition are shown in some of the small water colors and drawings in black and white, for these intensify the characteristics of which I have already spoken. There is a beautiful group of Menzel's drawings which gives one a most interesting insight into his method of working. Max Klinger contributes eighteen engravings, forming a series that is entitled "A Sequel to Brahms' 'Fantasia,'" and these show a phase of the same desire for the grotesque and fantastic that appears in some of the paintings. Scenes from peasant life form the subject of a group of drawings by Eduard Thöny, who in addition to his broad and virile method of handling shows a delightful sense of humor in his portrayal of the character of these simple folk. René Reinicke sees another side of life, and somewhat cruelly depicts what he sees. The little water color entitled "In the Studio" is as severe a stricture upon family pursuit of "the higher life" as could well be imagined, and "Five Ladies in a Café" might form a campaign document against the suffragettes.

It is a relief to turn from this expression of the modern spirit to the wholesome outdoor life depicted by Heinrich Zügel and his pupil and follower, Rudolf Schramm-Zittau. Zügel ranks as the first of the animal painters in Germany, but while there is force and life in the swing of his big oxen through the water, and plenty of movement in the crowding of his scurrying sheep, yet neither have the life and rush of Schramm-Zittau's "Old Woman Feeding Hens." This is a large canvas painted in broad, free, dashing style and full of quiet gray light. A sturdy old woman stoops from a doorway throwing grain to a tumultuous crowd of fowls that swamps her to the knees. That is all. Yet it is a bit of real life in the open country and among the simple people.

The German landscape men do not seem significant to us, used as we are in late years to some of the best landscape work in the world. Atmosphere seems to be a problem as yet unsolved by the German brush, and there is an almost ludicrous lack of values, so that the landscapes are more like maps or charts of a given stretch of country than the record of a vision of nature's ever-varying charm. When they are not charts they are mere scumbles of paint in which the attempted wedding of mismatched and entirely uncongenial colors sets the teeth on edge. The same effort to convey an impression of something which never had its like on sea or land is seen in the deco-

WORKING SONG OF A COUNTRY WOMAN

native, and even in the portrait, work of those painters who claim to represent "the turbulent art spirit that is now bursting through all bonds in vigorous young Germany." The trouble is that a vigorous and sincere spirit never expresses itself in this way, and if this exhibition speaks the truth, every struggle of modern German art toward the coveted freedom and originality only carries it farther from the honest simplicity that appears in the examples shown of the art of a former day. Whether excrescences such as the more exaggerated examples of Stuck and the amazing decorative pieces of Erler and Hofmann merely represent a phase of growth similar to the knees-and-elbows of boyhood, or whether they are the ephemeral expression of a passing extravagance of spirit, remains to be seen. At all events, this new art gives at least the impression of being very insincere and theatrical painting, so that we are glad to turn from it to the most unimaginative pictorial records of an honest Germany.

It is said that Mr. Reisinger's plan is to follow up the exhibition in this country of German art by taking a similar exhibition of contemporary American pictures to Berlin next summer. If he does, it will be interesting to hear what the Germans think of it.

WORKING SONG OF A COUNTRY WOMAN

THE linen's blowing in the sun,
The orchard's all a-bloom,
The step is white, the bread is light,
And garnished every room.

Then sing, sing, sing,
While the goodly bread I knead.
The world is wide; on every side
There's a-many mouths to feed.

The sun-bleached linen's gathered in,
The cows wait in the lane;
The evening falls, the night-bird calls,
And my man is home again.

Then sing, sing, sing,
While the snow-white cloth I spread.
The sun sets clear; there is naught to fear
With our Father overhead.

ELIZABETH BLANDIN.

FOR RUSSIA: A STORY: BY EVA MADDEN



WHEN Véra Pavlovna read that last letter of the pile Signora Lombardi told her was hers she went as white as if the hand of Death in that moment had clutched her being. The mainspring of the machinery of her life seemed to snap in one moment. White, stricken, she sat motionless, the sheet in her hand, her eyes on its envelope. For years now her emotions had blazed at white heat; she was only a girl when the fires should have been gently kindling—and now, in one moment, the light went out.

Something, however, came to pass, afterward. Have you ever noticed, after a paper has burned to blackness, a spark suddenly appearing and firing up the ruins? Have you ever heard a clock give a gasp of ticking or a discordant last sound after the break? So the machinery of Véra's being gave its last ungoverned cry, the fire of her emotions sent up their final spark and supplied the newspapers with a column.

And yet the day had begun so normally. Nikolenka had risen early, had brought her coffee, and then, sketch-book in hand, had gone out to work. Later she, too, had forsaken her bed, and being happy for the first time in six long suffering years, her old spirits had revived, and as she dressed she felt more and more like the old Véra who had come years before, a rich petted girl, to this same loved Florence.

But then—she laughed at the memory—she had stayed at the Hôtel de la Ville, not in a single room of Signora Lombardi. She shrugged her shoulders over her clothes, also; they seemed a collection from the rag-bags of Russia. But what mattered it how one lived or how one dressed in these days of revolutions?

Singing a little French song, she lifted her slender white hands to arrange her hair before the small round mirror which stood on the chest of drawers in the one room which served as living room, dressing room and studio for her husband.

“Now I have Nikolenka,” she thought, “so what matter, since he loves me?” and she pulled her hair about. It was very dusky, and as she arranged it over the brow in the way Nikolenka best liked, it added its note of mystery to the strange, almost prophetic looking little countenance. The wild dark eyes, with their expression of seeing far out and beyond the horizon of everyday vision, the pathetic curve of the large, sensitive mouth, the thoughtful brow, seemed to announce from their dusky frame that here was one whom the stage manager of life's comedy had assigned to the rôle of tears, and her movements, too, as she arranged her hair were entirely without those impulses of coquetry which seem to animate every daughter of Eve when she touches hair or hairpins.

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Véra Pavlovna's dressing was rather the necessary act of a woman whose thoughts are on other things, and not light things, either. And yet she was almost beautiful—a little intense thing whose whole being seemed vibrant, an instrument to be played upon by any masterful emotion.

Suddenly, however, she laughed like a child, and its echo seemed to cry, "I might have been such a merry girl, a merry girl, happy, oh, so happy!"

"Nikolenka!" she cried, "Nikolenka!" for, the door behind her opening, a face had suddenly reflected itself side by side with her own in the glass.

"Nikolenka! Nikolenka, stand still!" she cried, and laughing, moved about until her cheek seemed to press close against that of her husband.

"I embrace you, Nikolenka! I embrace you!"

The second face was a strange one, so entirely puzzling and enigmatical in expression that words retreat before an attempt to describe with any portraying adequacy its clear-cut, handsome features framed by a shock of light hair in artistic disorder, and which, either because of repression of nature or acquired caution, possessed the appearance of being trained to conceal all inner feeling.

The effect of the two faces, so momentarily in reflected proximity, was a strange one, mystery seeming to covet the poetic features of the woman, lodging in the great dark eyes, vibrating the wonderful hair, wandering about the curves of the mouth of strength and pathos, drooping the eyelids and then lifting them, enigma writing itself in those of the man, so definite in outline, so firm, so absolutely emotionless and controlled in expression.

As the sun pales the moon at daybreak, the masculine one of definite cutting forced its indefinite companion into the position of almost a shadow, and its personality suddenly faded.

Nikolenka laughed, too, but there was nothing merry about it.

"What a child you can be," he said. His voice was controlled, and a little deliberate.

"Véra," he said, and drew near; "Véra!"

She ran from the glass man to the real one, and throwing herself in his arms, clung to him like a child, lifting her face for kisses. With one hand, it was a handsome, well shaped member, he caressed her gently, with the other he lifted her chin and rested his fingers lightly across her laughing lips.

"Nikolenka," she whispered, her eyes full of a never to be entirely answered questioning: "You love me? You love me?"

A caress was his answer, but in his cold blue-gray eyes there was

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a look which was almost impersonal, a critical contemplation of the crimsoning of her cheeks, the glowing of her countenance, the rising and falling of her throbbing breast, which was singular.

He held her close, he kissed her cheeks, her eyes, her lips, and then, loosening his hold, but in the reluctant, almost self-denying manner of a man who would linger, his arm still about her waist, he led her to the table arranged at one end of the huge studio, and which served for writing as well as for eating purposes.

"I have an hour, Véra Pavlovna," he explained, and opened his watch case. "It is nine." He turned the face toward her. "At ten I go to the Academy. We can examine the papers now," and he drew a packet from an inner pocket. "Are you willing?" He raised his eyebrows.

In a moment Véra was a new woman. Her slight figure lost its vibrancy, and capacity mastered emotion. She drew forward pen and ink, and like two confidential comrades they read, discussed, and annotated letters and papers, the man's attitude flatteringly deferential, and encouraging confidence.

They were Russians, and their talk, straying now and then to the personal, revealed them to be refugees, in exile in Florence, members of the same secret revolutionary organization, who, meeting in Switzerland, at Zurich, after a short impassioned courtship had married and later come to Florence.

Véra was one in whom thought ever struggled for expression, and it followed that her speech was fluid. Nikolenska, on the contrary, was of rarer breed, a listener. Playing his own part, he encouraged her confidence to full growth, checking now and then a thought, clipping extravagance of expression as the gardener trains the wayward branches of a shrub or luxuriant output. Like the gardener, also, Nikolenska induced the growth of this confidence by a look, an interrogation, and, rarely but subtly, by a caress or compliment.

Then her eyes would glow, her mouth tremble, and her whole slight figure reciprocate with a quiver of passion. She had much to say, and her enthusiasm, her ardor, her outcry against wrong made for her such visions against the horizon that reality too often stood there overshadowed.

The things they discussed in that high ceiled, great windowed old room of Florence were not light ones. They had for subject matter affairs of life and death of international importance, principles of social well being and the ruler and existence of a nation in revolution. Véra's ardor warmed to a heat which fired her to confidence after confidence.

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Once, when she spoke of Russia as a world power, her husband warmed also, a light suddenly flaming in his cold strange face. Then catching herself, Véra blushed and ceased to speak.

"Véra Pavlovna," her husband cried out, "why do you stop? Am I to be told so much and not all—I, Nikolenka? What more did Ivan Posenak confide in you? Tell me."

Véra drooped over her letters.

"Tell me," said Nikolenka. She looked up quickly at his tone and hesitated.

Ivan Posenak had not sworn her to secrecy; no. He had not forbidden her to tell her husband. He held Nikolenka as a friend. Others, however, had made protest.

"What do we know of him?" they asked. "What do you know of him, Véra Pavlovna? He belongs with us, yes, but in matters of life and death——"

Véra was silent then, as now with her husband. Nikolenka was Nikolenka. That was all. She knew nothing of him, but he was Nikolenka and she loved him, her husband. As she had given her one self wholly to Russia, she had given her other to Nikolenka. He held her body and soul. A cold glance from him, and he could give them, was more freezing than the ice, more cutting than the blows she had endured in a Russian prison.

"Véra Pavlovna," he repeated. The coldness of the tone struck her heart and chilled it. He drew away his hand from her own, not roughly, gently but entirely. Certain natures can thus withdraw affection even more effectively than others can strike a blow.

She caught it again with passion, but he withdrew it without response.

"Véra Pavlovna," his voice was charged with hurt and reproach, "did I not warn you that I can love well, but"—she nodded, her head drooped—"love only where I am warmed by a trust which is absolute?" Then he narrowed his eyes, he surveyed her sternly, as we do a child we have threatened. "Why should Ivan Posenak not trust me, also?" he asked in a cold fury, "and why do not you, Véra Pavlovna—tell me, tell me!"

"No, no, Nikolenka, it is not that." She flung out her hands in protest. "No one doubts you, and surely never I, dear—never Véra Pavlovna," and she laughed. "Are not my deeds known all over Europe? Would I marry where harm could come to Russia?"

But unmoved he stood silent, cold and offended. She struggled to appease.

"Only, dear Nikolenka," she cried, her voice a supreme caress

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of loving apology, "as yet you are but known for opinions, not deeds. Your chance is to come; mine came first, that is all."

She held out her hand, but there he stood, sulky, his head sunk in his shoulders, his lips protruding in scorn. Her eyes sought his and gazed eagerly.

"I must be trusted," he said, and half turned. "Ivan Posenak does not trust me, nor you, Véra Pavlovna, you."

She felt for his hand, but he would not suffer her to find it. Then she clutched at it and held fast. He almost pushed her away. It was his first roughness, and she quivered.

"Why does Ivan confide in you, not me, Véra Pavlovna?" he asked. "Why are you more to the Committee?"

Was he jealous? Her eyes dilated with that new-born fear.

"Listen, Nikolenka," she cried. "Listen," and a wild look flashed in her face. "It is cruel, cruel that you ask that of me, Véra Pavlovna. Was I not two years in the prison at Kief? Do you think," she leaned forward, "that a girl, a rich girl, too, a petted girl, one who had all life offers, who has lain in a Russian prison two years for her country, who has," she gasped, "borne what I have borne, can ever be false to her cause? Look—look," she tore back her blouse. "See, Nikolenka, see, the stripes, the blows! I bore them all, all for Russia, and what had I done?" Her tone became quiet. "I went one day to the home of my old governess, that was all, with my parents' permission, only to see her. There were papers found there and they took me, too. Poor old Anna, she died there in Kief, in that prison. I could not help her, poor Anna. I was a revolutionist, yes; one visit to my father's factories made me, but I had nothing to do with that printing press, those papers, nothing. Oh, my husband"—her eyes dilated, and she ran and clung to his arm—"there are those who say they are glad when they come to the prisons, for there they may at last sit still and not fear danger. But I? I had never feared, and in prison all is gray, gray, gray." She clutched at her heart and shivered. "There were flowers then in the fields, Nikolenka. I love flowers," she said, very simply. "There were the dogs barking, Nikolenka. I had six and we roamed together in our old forests. There were the birds, Nikolenka. I love the birds, too," and her voice caught in a sob. "There were my parents. They were always good to me, always. I saw things, Nikolenka, I suffered things which robbed me of my girlhood. I saw men, women, children shot down in the name of the Czar and of Christ. Christ!" She rolled the word on her lips with scorn. "I saw blood and filth and shame and cruelty and," she flung out her hands in repudiation, "I saw Russian law! The Committee knows this, Nikolenka."

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Her face flushed and she hung on his arm, clung with sobbing desperation.

"I think," she said, in a voice so sweet and low that it might have brought tears to eyes other than those of Nikolenka—"I think if there were a God in Russia even He might trust me, Véra Pavlovna."

Her husband, standing there, enduring her caress, listening, unrelenting, maddened her.

"And you." She caught his hand. "Every day I love you more, more, Nikolenka. When my parents sent me forth I had nothing, but now I have you, you, you. Oh, Nikolenka, of you our Russia even may be jealous."

His sulkiness lessened, and her face relaxed in response.

"I must go now," he said, and loosened her arm; then he turned.

He had not kissed her, he had not kissed her! She swayed between the forces of conflict, and he moved away.

"I will prove by my trust how I love you," she cried. "Nikolenka! Nikolenka!"

There was surrender in her voice, and he turned. The look of the man was like heaven after the opposite to her, and drawing close she told him all.

We all now know the plot. It was well planned, safe at every point. A Cossack had been suborned. The Czar was to die in May. She gave him even the date.

Then Nikolenka opened his arms and drew her to him entirely. He gave her caresses such as she never before had received from him. It seemed to her as if he would reward her trust with the whole warmth of his being.

"It was only a test, dear one," he whispered, his lips against her cheek, "only a test to try you. Now I know that you trust me entirely and utterly, and my love, all my love, such as it is, is yours."

In that moment it seemed to Véra that she should die of the joy. She was to meet him at twelve in the Piazza Signoria, and they would dine at a little past noon. As he left her voice took up the little French song and she ran back to the mirror to rearrange her toilet.

The song again stopped short, for again Nikolenka's face was reflected in the mirror, this time as he passed in the street. Was that her husband? Véra started. She had never seen that expression. Was it exultant? Why not? Did he not love her also? Had he not proved her? And yet—

"*Avanti*," she cried when a knock a little later came at the door.

The *portiere*, a tall, thin woman with sallow face and dark eyes, entered and placed the morning letters on the table. They had come before the Signor had departed; she had just run out for a

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moment, but what matter? He could read them quite as well later. Véra had another opinion, and the *padrona* departed furious.

"These Italians will never stand a criticism," she thought, and approached the table.

Her husband always secured his own letters, but today two for him lay in one pile, six for her in the other. Without glancing at the addresses she opened the envelopes of her own with a hairpin and read, laying aside one, and picking up the succeeding.

Just as she opened the last the *portiere* came again on an errand, and when she returned from the door she took out the sheet without noting the address on the envelope, and that was the one. It was an hour before she moved. One watching would have said that her death blow in that moment had struck her.

The studio boasted one picture, a portrait of Véra herself, well done by her husband. Going to a drawer, she brought out a red scarf of silk. Then she went to the table and with almost firm hand wrote a few words on the reverse of the letter. Then she pinned it to the scarf and threw it across the easel.

In a black dress, a black hat, she then went out. At the corner sat a withered old woman selling flowers; at sight of Véra she set up her cry.

"One red rose, nothing else." Leaving a lira in the astonished fingers, Véra pinned the flower on her breast, where it glowed red, like the blood which had flowed in Russia. Then she entered a little shop nearby, one where her husband bought what he needed for his studio and for his models. The old man kept everything and she paid exactly what the keen-eyed old Egisto demanded and came out with her purchase.

The whole world knows how busy is the Piazza Signoria at noon. There are people of every nation crossing, recrossing, wandering around. The English lady in her trailing skirts, the American with her do-or-die face, the German on the arm of her lord, the straggling Italians, the wagons, the cabs, the diners on the pavements.

Nikolenka looked right and left. The gun had sounded noon long before and the sun was traveling away from the Palazzo Vecchio and the Loggia dei Lanzi.

Why did Véra not come?

He sat down on the steps of the Loggia. A Russian passing stopped and chatted. It was Ivan Posenak. Nikolenka listened, listened, listened, in that strange impersonal way of his, but his eyes wandered in search of Véra for he had risen early and wanted his food. In a flash he was on his feet, his hand waving in greeting.

"There she is," he cried, and pointed to the slight black figure

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advancing across the square toward the Loggia and her husband.

She fired the moment his eyes were upon her and fell, the rose crimson on her heart, amid the havoc of men, women, motor cars, cabs and buses.

"There was no cause whatever," Nikolenka with white face assured the police. "We never quarreled. I left her happy, quite happy."

Ivan Posenak pressed forward to confirm this.

"We parted as ever." Nikolenka spoke with convincing sincerity, and Ivan nodded. He turned to the crowd. "She was two years in prison in Kief; the amnesty of October released her. It crazed her brain," and Nikolenka bent over her, like a man almost paralyzed. *Ah, si, si*, they could all believe that, believe it easily, and the Misericordia bore her away through the talk.

When Nikolenka found himself again in the studio the red scarf on the easel called him at once to the letter.

"I read this by mistake," wrote Véra; "the Signora gave it to me for mine. I did not look at the address before reading, believe me, Nikolenka."

That was all.

In the waning light of the sun which, departing, flared color high about old Florence with a new tragedy added to her many, Nikolenka read the letter, sitting in the chair before the portrait of Véra.

Here it is, word for word:

"Your last information received. Acting on it we have arrested many revolutionists. It is too soon to arrest your woman. It is advisable to obtain further information as to her intentions first."

The signature was that of the secret police of Russia, and it was addressed to their own political spy, the husband of Véra Pavlovna.

Nikolenka rose.

He removed the red scarf, and turned the portrait from him. Then, the mask tight over the face of all emotion, he wrote—this time in cipher—an account of the plot against the Czar; he gave names, dates and mention of the Cossack and cited his wife as authority. Without a pause he added: "As my woman shot herself at noon and died an hour ago in the hospital my usefulness here is ended."

He folded the sheet, placed it in the envelope which he addressed and stamped. Then firmly he went to the easel and placed the picture in its normal position. The eyes from out the mystery of that face and hair seemed to challenge him. He looked at her long, narrowing his eyes as if he were but an artist studying his own handiwork.

"For Russia," he said, and for that one moment his voice quivered.

LAST NIGHT: BY MARION WINTHROP



LAST night I went into the place of souls. And as I entered there a veiled figure came and stood before me. I could not see its face or whether it was man or woman, but it held out its hand to me and we passed on together.

"Where is it that you are leading me?" I asked, and it answered, "To look upon the thing here that is most beautiful."

And then the strange being led me past a throng of forms; and some were beautiful and some were hideous so that one turned away from the sight of them, and I said to my guide, "Who are these people?" And the answer came, "These are the souls of the living." And I said, "I do not understand. Why are they in this place?" And the veiled being answered, "Their bodies are not dead but sleeping." Then I said, "Show me the soul here that is most beautiful."

And after we had passed on further the veiled being who led me paused, and raising my eyes I beheld a face so radiant, so kind, so tender, so beautiful, that I scarce dared to look upon it. And when I had looked I bowed myself before it and hid my face and said, "Surely this is some soul from that place we call Heaven, for no face on earth is so wonderful." And then the being who stood beside me smiled and spoke, "It is one you know. She lives near you and you pass her each day in the street." And I cried, "What is her name?" Then my guide said a name that I knew well.

"But," I cried, "she is ugly. She is not even pleasant to look upon. There is nothing fair about her, only that she has a kind smile and the children love her."

And then the being that accompanied me replied, "That which you see with the eyes of your flesh is the body of flesh, for with them you can see nothing else, but that which you now look upon is the face of her soul."

Then the veiled being again took me by the hand and led me on still further, and after a time again we paused, and again I raised my eyes and looked. But after I had done so I put my hands before my eyes and cried out; the thing I saw was so hideous. "Why do you bring me here to look upon this deformed and ugly thing? What is she to me?"

And the being said to the unlovely shape, "What is thy name?" And then I heard a voice repeat a name I knew, and I cried out aloud, "It is not true!" And after I had spoken I felt myself swiftly withdrawn from that place.

For that which I had looked upon was the soul of the woman I loved.

FREDERIC REMINGTON, PAINTER AND SCULPTOR: A PIONEER IN DISTINCTIVE AMERICAN ART: BY GILES EDGERTON



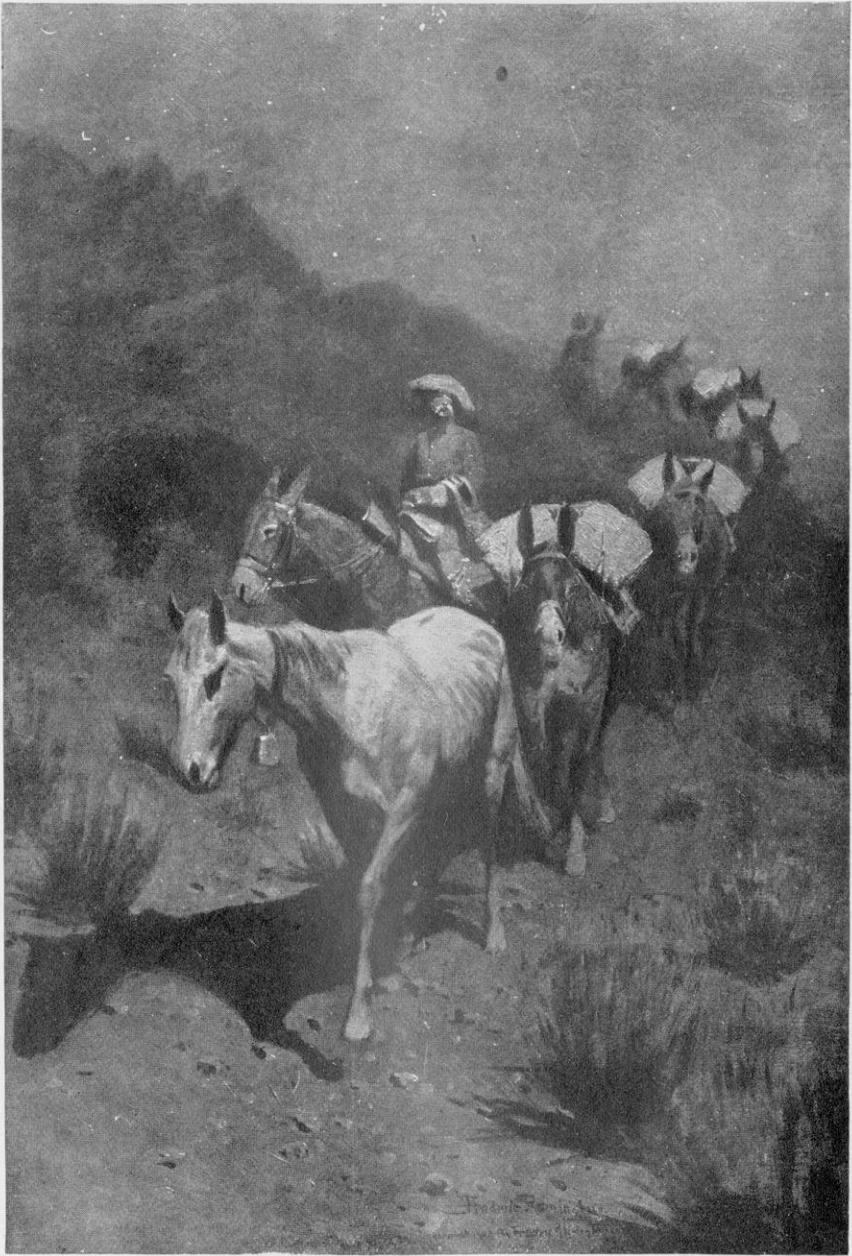
WHEN Frederic Remington left Yale, in eighteen hundred and eighty, his art heroes were de Neuville and Detaille and his college record largely important as a triumphant forward in some of the greatest football games Yale has ever played for a record. And mere art prizes did not then seem nearly so significant as being lifted on the shoulders of yelling youngsters and borne aloft across college campus with music and cheers.

In those wonderful days of real success, Remington's interest in a national development was muscular rather than artistic. For, after all, there were still men in Paris who could conduct the business of painting soldiers and heroes for some years longer, but when it came to college athletics and the right forward on the spot and a blue pennant always floating around victory there was indeed work to be done for the nation to the accomplishment of which a national art must for the moment be subservient.

And then, just at a time when these vital matters were being adjusted to the satisfaction of Yale and the universe, quite unexpectedly the problem of earning a living presented itself, abruptly and determinedly. This was solved temporarily by a political desk at Albany; but clerking, figures and dull repetition in an office had not so great an appeal to a lad whose days had been spent in joyous sport or with imagination thrilling at an easel. Discontent stalked in at this juncture; the one release that seemed to offer was along art lines, and it was at this time that Remington planned a trip to the West and began the first steps in the development of his career.

Though Remington's earliest work was technically wholly imitative, born of hero-worship and absolutely without individuality or permanent value, the human side of the artist was from the start restless with old-world ideals and unconsciously struggling toward a more natural art expression. Tradition had enveloped him at the art school, as nearly all of art training at that time took for its standard of excellence the Beaux Arts and Julian's; and yet, somehow, even in the earliest days, Remington's natural bent was toward the expression of a simpler, more definite condition of life, and he longed from his first dream of the West to get at those extraordinary picturesque phases of existence which were then in full flower on our plains and mountain tops.

Remington's attitude toward life was always, from the time that he first put on a uniform at the Worcester Military Academy, that



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"THE BELL MARE": FREDERIC
REMYINGTON, PAINTER.



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"THE CEREMONY OF THE SCALPS":
FREDERIC REMINGTON, PAINTER.

FREDERIC REMINGTON, PIONEER IN AMERICAN ART

of unqualifiedly an American citizen. He had the temperament which makes for hotheaded patriotism, definitely chivalrous, insular; an imagination that fired readily and loyally for that stretch of land, the greatest in his geography, which was set compactly down between the Atlantic and Pacific, bounded on the north by Canada and on the south by Mexico, Lower California and the Gulfs,—a new land with a young history, redolent with a fresh kind of beauty, all color and vividness, and as yet unexpressed in art.

And thus, while pictures most flattering to de Neuville and Detaille were produced, they really grew out of a supersoil and were quite unrelated to the actual fundamental quality of the youth, which was eventually to override early training and develop an individuality of such virility and honesty that it could only satisfactorily achieve by breaking new ground, doing pioneer work in the art history of America. Not intentional pioneer work, for the self-constituted pioneer, as a self-appointed reformer, does not achieve much beyond a picturesque pose enjoyed by an immediate family and a friendly biographer, but rather the opening of new trails, the opportunity for which is occasionally given to a man in religion or art or science because of the pressure of his own creative personality—that mysterious human dynamic force which, not understanding, we have labeled genius.

AND so young Mr. Lochinvar hurried out of the art schools, which were essaying to make a tidy mural decorator of his burning, blundering, unformulated gift, and sought the West, palette in hand. As far from the beaten track as possible he traveled on a broncho pony. He herded cattle with cowboys, shot antelope and buffalo on the trail for the provender necessary for his life. He camped with the Indians, with the real red men who did not speak English and make pottery decorated with the American flag. The Indians of the plains that Remington knew,—learned actually to know,—and which he painted, were men of fine religious ideals, dignity of life, with decency of social intercourse and often of great personal beauty and serenity of character, men with the reserve of philosophers, which they were, great chiefs over a clean people. This pioneer artist stayed in the West long enough to learn to appreciate these people, all their ways of thinking and working, all the environment of their vast inspiring country, their legends and their customs. And he lived there, not as a sightseer or as one prying into their lives, but because he liked it; he wanted to see it all, to realize it as one of the nation to whom it belonged. The Indian character of those days.

FREDERIC REMINGTON, PIONEER IN AMERICAN ART

was something worth striving to understand, to absorb, to glory in, and eventually to express in art.

Slowly the artist side of Remington's nature began to apprehend the great final fact that this wonderful enchanted land of limitless undulating prairies, of strange sudden blazing daybreak and slow ineffable twilight trailing off to the dawn of all creation, of opalescent mists and purple nights of abounding mystery, of a people serene, simple, loyal, moving silently, perhaps unconsciously, in picturesque accouterment, to oblivion,—all this stupendous romantic appeal was his to express on canvas for a world as yet blind to the marvels of the life which he was living.

And then all that quality of national pride and devotion which might, under other circumstances, have welled up into patriotism, the making of a soldier, went once and for all into an enthusiasm for the country itself, and the purpose to express that country in an art which should become a part of our national achievement. For it is just as true that to achieve in art men must paint with a purpose as that purpose must stand back of scientific attainment, financial success, or the literature that locks hands with fame. Mere technique, however excellent, must be ephemeral in either art or literature when regarded as the end as well as the means to high accomplishment. Paris has proved this truth in later years, Germany is now busy at work proving it, and L'Art Nouveau stands as the testimony of all Europe to the futility and tragedy of art for art's sake.

Of course, there is always danger of confusing purpose with sentiment in art, of painting stories rather than conditions, a very different matter indeed. A sentimental rehash of a universal emotional tendency is not significant to art; but the presentation of general or specific instances of definite conditions inherent in a civilization, that is vital, for it is putting on record the peculiar personality of a nation which is of interest to future generations of all nations. It is from an apprehension of this fact that we come to a fuller understanding of Remington's significance to American art history. For it is not only as a painter of exceptional interest that posterity will seek his work, but as a pioneer worker in the presentation of phases of American civilization. And from one point of view at least his work will be valued in proportion as he succeeded in portraying existing conditions with a fresh open mind and with a right gift for their expression. Just as England will sum up and place the work of Rudyard Kipling and France that of Auguste Rodin.

When Remington finally returned to New York from the West he found an indifferent public. The one magazine which would consent to consider his detour out into a country without a precedent

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was *Harper's Weekly*, and the editor there turned his virile work over to a home-grown artist to smooth out his too individual note, conform its technique to at least a semblance of the prevailing style in art, and so, humble and chastened, this first pioneer work appeared. And no one seemed to care at all. There was no enthusiasm; scarcely enough response even for the daily bread problem.

Of opportunity for painting or sculpture there was none at all. The beauty of the great West, its marvelous desert colors, its mystery and strangeness, found no audience. But there was occasionally a daring writer who saw in the West dramatic and venturesome opportunities, and these stories required illustration, which could be done just as well by a man familiar with the country as by the staff artist. And so for the time being Remington became an illustrator of stories of Western life, and having purpose in his work and that courage which we have already attested as being of a soldier-like quality, he became a particularly good illustrator, not only of the Indians and aboriginal life of the West, but of the cowboys and their environment, of the Chinese crawling stealthily in on the Northwestern frontier, of the Western miner, of every phase of life which appealed to his interest in America and to the settled purpose of his art. Yet, although it is essential that a good illustrator should equally be a great artist, it is also a fact that a great artist may not forever remain an illustrator. He must give his individuality a chance once in a while or perish. Thus it came about that abruptly Remington ceased to appear in the magazines. One or two small exhibits of his paintings were held. Schaus had the courage for this. But the public was not ready, and perhaps in the main Remington himself was not ready for the public. For although he had accomplished freedom for himself in his choice of material, he had not yet wholly achieved a final method of handling this material. He still suggested the ways of Paris occasionally in color and brush work, and if no longer imitating his beloved Frenchmen, he was still at least not wholly free from their influence.

THEN these tentative exhibits of his work were withdrawn and Remington turned his back upon his native land for a while, traveling the world well over, studying the significant conditions of existence wherever they had interest or appeal for him. He ceased to paint entirely; he even lost confidence, or thought he did, in his own purpose to present America in his art. He sketched Russia's peasants,—most valuable and extraordinary documents, these sketches. There was in them that which might have been a warning to the high authorities of that land had they seen them and chosen

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to understand. There were other sketches of the laborers, the busy people, the sufferers of each land which held a genuine interest for him. It was at this time that he also did a certain vivid, convincing, essentially American series of articles. There was a long period of this desultory roaming about, testing his skill and his impulse toward art, of uncertainty, of restless seeking after satisfaction in new channels. At the end of ten years of *Wanderlust* he just as abruptly turned back to his own country and to his old purpose of the presenting of America, of the great picturesque West, that and that alone, in all that he might have to say on canvas or in bronze.

During the unsettled years of roaming and tentative efforts along new lines, Remington devoted some time to modeling, and for this work he used only the West as his inspiration. And through that creative quality which wrested him from the art schools, he made it possible with the help of Signor Bertelli to cast his own statues in the *cire perdue* process, an achievement which had never been accomplished in this country. It was very typical of Remington's pioneer point of view that he should thus produce for himself the very best possible channels of expression, recreating where necessary the finest methods of Europe in her greatest days of bronze work, accepting nothing less than the best for himself or as a medium of expression. Thus, Remington's bronzes will have a threefold interest to the student of American art: first, because of the subject which he has selected; second, because of the development of a technique which was suited to these subjects, and third, because he insisted that the artisan's side of the work should be done better than it had ever been done before in America.

Since Remington's return to painting, seven years ago, he has worked only for what he considered the very best that he could achieve along those lines which he has found essential for his development as an artist, regardless of the magazines, the public or the dealer. Having made this decision, he has achieved the fullest and freest expression for his individual ideas, choosing only those subjects which he feels are vastly significant to us as a nation and suiting his technique with infinite variety to the most sympathetic expression of these ideas.

What more complete justification for such a course could an artist ask than Mr. Remington's exhibit this winter at Knoedler's? No advertising canvass of the country to bring people to look at his pictures; no play in any subject for popular approval; no swerving to the smallest degree from his original purpose or from the development of that purpose along lines most satisfactory to himself, an artist without fear and with much reproach, yet, a result of success



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SKETCHES OF AMERICAN INDIAN
TYPES BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

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beyond the greatest hopes of the student of years ago. In all his later work Mr. Remington has portrayed the Indians of the West as they existed to each other, and the cowboy and the scout and the traveler, each as typical as the characters in Bret Harte's stories, and as individual; all vivid, alive, illustrating the full flower and the approaching death of a certain phase of our civilization. And above and beyond all his extraordinary presentation of the people and their picturesque existence is the absolute quality of the West itself,—the bronze of the day, the green of the twilight, the wind that stifles, the sun that blinds, the prairies that glisten and quiver with thirst, water that is a mockery, and storms that are born and vanish in the sky. And each phase of this marvelous country expressed through a medium so fluid, so flexible, so finally sympathetic that you become as unconscious of it as was the artist himself when he painted.

THE one influence which Remington acknowledges frankly as of value to him in these later years of work is Monet; not his subjects or his individual technique, but his theory of light in relation to his art, which much simplified is nothing more nor less than that all a man needs to see, study, and bring to his canvas is light; that paint is merely the means of transferring the suggestion of light to a picture, a medium which should be used almost unconsciously, through which a man's expression of light becomes so fixed that a picture glows and quivers until it seems to exude the very palpitating quality which light itself holds, which is one of the mysterious suggestions of sentient life.

And in these later pictures, those recently exhibited, for instance, there was a most extraordinary variation of this quality of light flooding canvas after canvas. In one, a harsh bronze light glittered over parched prairies and alkaline waters; in another there was the silver radiance of a sparkling winter high noon; again, the tender ineffable light of a gray-green early night with stars glistening through the thick soft atmosphere. And perhaps the most extraordinary suggestion of light streamed out of a painting in which the flaunting wind-blown camp fire breaks the blackness of night and opens spaces in the dark for fear, or sorrow, or revenge to show on the faces of the men about the fire. Until one grows,—almost always in Remington's more recent pictures,—to look first for the light over the canvas, not for the detail or the color or the outline, although these also are presented with the utmost understanding of good craftsmanship; for Remington learned to paint, or rather largely taught himself to paint, from the ground up, as one of his cowboys would say, and the intricacies of careful drawing, the subtleties of well-related

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color, and the values of balanced composition he knows, as a great pianist first understands his scales and his keyboard, and it is to a perfected knowledge of all these details that he has added the extraordinary and intangible quality which suggests the actual mystery of life itself. And thus while Remington is utterly remote from Monet in type and subject and manner of technique, theoretically they are most closely allied in understanding and inspiration.

And now to account for the final entire acceptance of Remington's work by the American public after years of indifference, of misunderstanding and academic uncertainty. Is it because the seed that he sowed at the start was slowly taking root, pushing up through the soil of a certain national stupidity, or is it a more general awakening of the nation toward all her art possibilities? Most likely it is both of these conditions.

Remington believes with all the enthusiasm possible in this present awakening in art matters, and that we are just now at the beginning of a development along art lines such as few nations have experienced. But as for himself, he feels that his art found recognition as he withdrew from limitations of any description, and with all the growth and experience of years added to his early formed purpose of a definite national feeling in his work, permitted himself to express fully and freely his own individual point of view, saying what he had to say frankly and as personally as he chose. Absolute freedom of mind and expression—these he achieved, and then the public response was immediate. And permanent? Assuredly permanent, if we are making the progress in art development which Frederic Remington so enthusiastically prophesies for us as a nation.



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THE AMERICAN IDEA IN MUSIC, AND SOME OTHER IDEAS: BY DAVID BISPHAM: PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK CENTER OF THE AMERICAN MUSIC SOCIETY



THE existence of the American Music Society with centers in our large cities seems to me to indicate that the musical life of this country is ready for, and the particular need of the time is, insistence upon nationalism, and the encouragement of everything that pertains to the building up of what should eventually come to be a national musical art. No one, of course, will forget Whistler's retort as to British art, that there was no more such a thing as British art than there was British mathematics. "Art is art," said he, "and mathematics is mathematics." This axiom, of course, holds good in any discussion where art or mathematics is concerned, and we can no more rightly say "American music" than we can say "American mathematics." Still, there are American musicians and American mathematicians, and these, by virtue of their activities, have every right to be known to the world at large as having carried on their work as Americans, and the glory of what they have done should go down to posterity with that hall mark.

One of my classmates at college hit upon an absolutely new method of demonstrating a certain problem in Euclid which astounded our professor, and it is interesting to know that this student later was ready with the bridge which carried Kitchener over the Tugela River. So much for an American mathematician who could with neatness and dispatch apply that age-old science to modern needs. Let us for one instant consider by whom our tall buildings are designed; they may be Americans, though some are not, and the fact remains that this work has been done and stands upon American soil and fits American needs; the tall buildings are called American buildings though the architects and every laborer concerned in their erection may for all we know have been foreigners. Certainly, most of the people in this country are quite recently of foreign descent. They bring their mathematics and their music along with them; they build or they compose, they do this or that, as their nature leads them. But we have now become such a concrete whole that though the mess of pottage is still boiling merrily all our work must be called American. Let there be, however, no hard or fast geographical, racial or other lines of demarcation drawn about such a fluid thing as music. The American musician who goes abroad and while

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studying under foreign influences produces his best work in another land, as in the case of Edgar Stillman Kelley, is no less an American composer than if he had worked at home. Or the composer, who, coming from Europe to our country, taking up his residence and working here, as in the case of Charles Martin Loeffler, his work also must come under the head of American music.

If among athletes it is found that their strength is increased, their nerve bettered, their endurance rendered more elastic from the moment they begin to live and work upon American soil, the reason is that they are imbibing the American spirit. There is a freedom that permeates every nerve and thought; it shows in their work. American athletics, so called, have benefited enormously by the accretion of young giants who may have arrived recently from foreign countries but who at once enter the list as Americans. In fact, everything that emanates from within our boundaries must be called American.

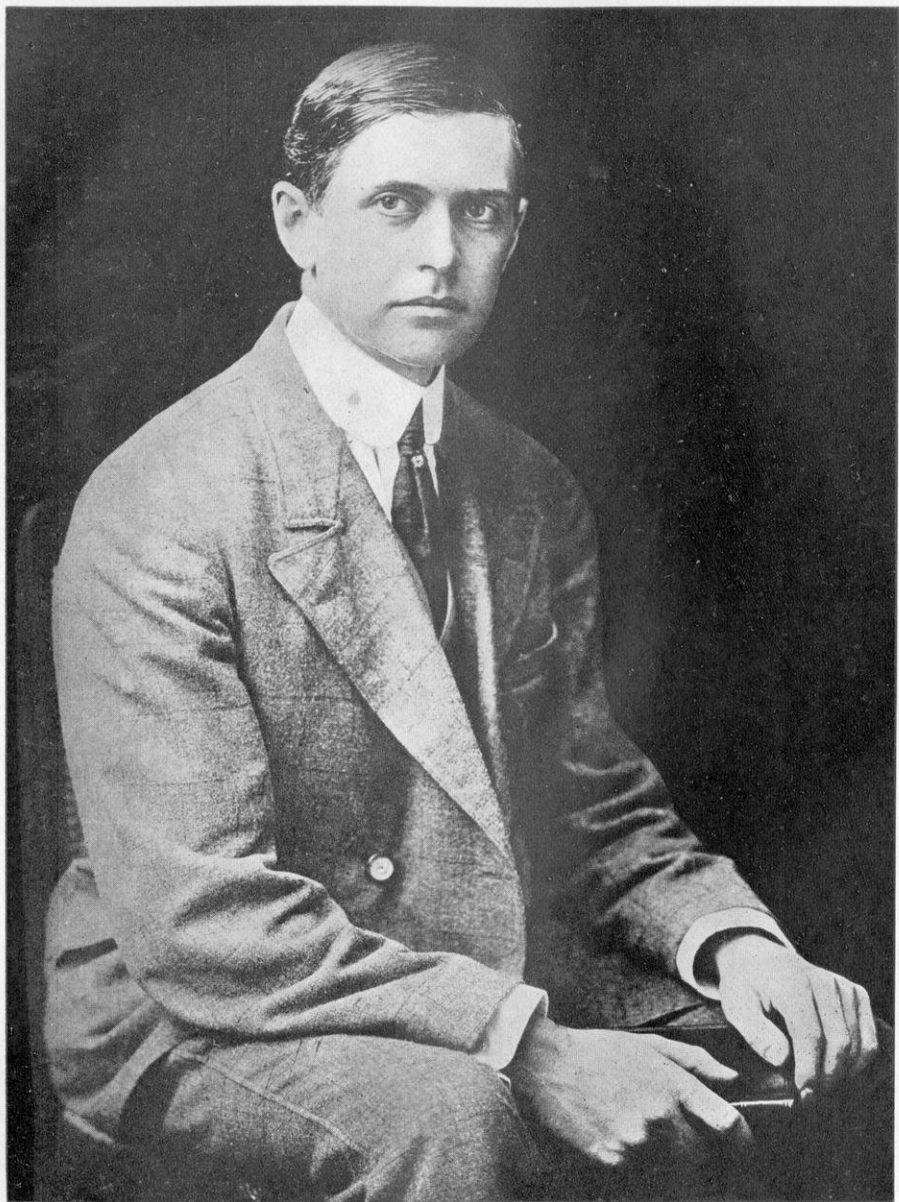
Now, this thought as applied to the fine arts and more particularly to music, has led me to the conclusion that in our midst there is about to spring forth a wonderful crop, not only of lovers and performers of music of the highest sort, but of producers of music of an advanced nature. This, for want of a better way of expressing ourselves, must be called American music, by whomsoever composed upon these shores. While there may be no such thing as British art or American music in itself, at least these are among the varieties of art and of music known to the civilized world. We speak of Slavonic music, we speak of Italian music, we speak of music of various schools, and there is no reason why American music should not bear its name gracefully and without cavil. And yet seemingly the output of American music up to the present time has been relatively small. It is only here and there that a composer is found who is able to express himself in the larger forms of this art; or I would modify this statement by saying that it is only here and there that a composer has been recognized as being able so to do; for I cannot believe that with the many schools, colleges and conservatories of music scattered up and down our land, that among the thousands of pupils who yearly enter and are graduated from such institutions, there are not far greater results than anyone has as yet been aware of.

IS IT possible for students to go abroad and work under the best masters year after year and return to our country barren of results? Is it possible to believe that of the thousands of educated and cultured persons of both sexes who are studying in this country, all their efforts have come to naught? Is it possible that



*President of the New York Center of the
American Music Society.*

David Bispham.
1909.



MR. ARTHUR FARWELL, COMPOSER,
AND FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN
MUSIC SOCIETY.

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the good done by the innumerable musical clubs up and down our land has resulted in nothing better than listening to well-known artists perform music by foreigners? I cannot believe it. It is, on the contrary, a fact that we have a keenly intelligent and enormous music-loving public, and from among these it is more than likely that hundreds of fine compositions have been written, produced only in private, submitted to publishers—and rejected, to return to the dust of the study shelf. Operas, oratorios, chamber music, songs of a more extensive character and lofty thought, piano and violin compositions are known to exist, and I am assured that were they brought forward and placed before able executants the moment would be found to be opportune, the time propitious, and that many of such works would immediately find a hearing.

The American Music Society, the outcome of the efforts of Mr. Arthur Farwell, its national president, is the fulcrum from which this movement of encouraging and producing music by Americans should be propelled. It has for its object the encouragement of the American composer and the discovery of fine music by natives of this country or those resident among us, and it desires to coöperate in the broadest way with any and all other organizations having a similar aim. It wishes, moreover, to establish throughout the United States nuclei for the performance of acceptable works of whatever class and to enlist the sympathy of musicians in particular to be on the alert to recommend to executants what may come to their notice as being really characteristic; and it desires to call the attention of the public in general to the fact that as a nation we have musical ability, that it is necessary to foster it, that here is a movement which aims to do so and which will place American music once for all where it ought to be—namely, in the front rank.

While the attention of our composers is not diverted from orchestral, choral and chamber music, the ideas of the public, however, are more rapidly crystallizing about opera,—“grand opera,” so called,—than about other musical forms, and I find that there is a growing idea among those who attend operatic performances that many of these works should be heard in the English language rather than in foreign tongues, for it is only too obvious that many of the best artists before our public are English speaking singers, and it is a fact that in the search for novelties many a foreign work is brought forward at great expense only to fail, when others by English and American composers are allowed to rest in unmerited neglect. Why, let it be asked, should not opera be performed by English speaking singers in a house devoted to the performance of all works in our own language? There is indeed no valid reason, and I feel that the time

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is ripe when such an idea as that which I have been elaborating for some time past should be put forward in the name of the American Music Society, in the cause of musical art and with the object of encouraging American composers to work in a field which is more popular and offers them a larger prospect of reward.

LET me state, then, the following plan: I would see a theater erected in New York and devoted to the uses of opera in the English language. In this theater should be produced, not only the neglected works to which allusion has been made, but all operas upon English subjects, such as "Martha" and Goldmark's "Cricket on the Hearth," with such operas as used to be heard here exclusively in the English language, "Mignon," "Lakmé," and others of a similar nature. I would have all operas which had English stories for their foundation well translated and sung in the vernacular, among them Verdi's "Otello" and "Falstaff," Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew," Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet," Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," and to these Shakespearian texts I would add such a beautiful work as "Much Ado about Nothing," by the English composer, Villiers Stanford, whose charming light opera "Shamus O'Brien" and others from his pen should not be neglected. I would produce works by Cowen, Mackenzie, McCunn and MacLean, unknown as yet in this country, but heard in England and abroad. I would certainly produce Goring Thomas' romantic operas "Esmeralda" and "Nadeshda," and Sir Arthur Sullivan's grand opera "Ivanhoe," and lighter operas of the English school of the former generation, as "The Bohemian Girl," "Maritana" and "The Lily of Killarney." There are also many stories which have been set to music, such as "The Pied Piper of Hameln," by Nessler, which I am confident would find its way quickly into the hearts of our music lovers if rendered in the vernacular. And I would produce that exquisite work "Oberon," by Weber, which, though it is not generally known, was originally written to an English libretto for performance upon the stage of Covent Garden Theater. I would have freshly translated into English, in the light of such experience as we have had, all of Wagner's texts, in order that these superb works might be more fully intelligible than they have heretofore been. England has just again demonstrated the possibility of their success under the baton of no less a master than Hans Richter. And after these and certain works of the modern French and Italian schools had been added to the repertoire does anyone doubt that it would be possible to secure English speaking singers to perform these works? I cannot believe it. My firm conviction is that

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when the news went abroad that such a company was in formation there would be immediately available no lack whatever of the very finest talent for beautiful presentations of everything that might be required. In almost every theater of Europe, American and English speaking singers are gathering valuable experience, holding responsible positions, doing well and working for small pay while looking with longing eyes toward the Metropolitan Opera, the Boston Opera and Mr. Hammerstein for the employment which heretofore has been offered to but a few among their fellow countrymen and women.

Because of the rage for foreign names and foreign voices, many of our own people have too long been left out of account. It is plain to be seen that the impresarios, either foreign or with European proclivities, who have till now managed opera in America are more naturally inclined to engage their own country people than to engage Americans, with the result that the latter have been set to thinking. Miss and Mr. So-and-So here at home, feeling within them the ability and that with application they could succeed in fashioning a career as well as the next, gather together the money and go abroad to perfect themselves in foreign music in foreign countries, and, naturally enough, in foreign languages. Mr. Brown has to change his name; Mrs. Jones finds it necessary to change hers; Miss Robinson can no longer retain her patronymic. Why? Because they are English names and bear with them in foreign countries the stigma of musical inability. Small wonder that in times past names were manufactured; small wonder that even yet in Europe many a singer finds it necessary to conceal his or her American or English origin in order to succeed among foreign surroundings.

But "what's in a name?" A voice by any other name would sound as sweet, and the time of conformance to such fashions of a bygone day has passed. It is obvious that we need our own singers at home in a company devoted to the performance of artistic opera in our own language, and I feel that this is an object which should be earnestly striven for and fostered by the American Music Society, of the New York center of which I have the honor to be president. I am sure the idea would meet with ready acceptance in every musical center in our country, and I suggest to all American lovers of this branch of the fine arts that they support in thought, word, deed and money any such plan as I now advance for the furtherance particularly of musical art in our own country. I would not by any means see the masterpieces of foreign schools neglected; on the contrary, classical songs, chamber music, oratorio and opera must serve as models. But while what is outworn and useless in whatever school of musical art should be forever set aside, that which in the light of experience

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is recognized as being artistic and worthy of performance should be placed upon the list and introduced into the repertoire as occasion offered.

I WOULD see operas of the older English school produced, such as "Acis and Galatea" by Händel and "King Arthur" by Purcell; I would see revived upon the stage such masterpieces as "Orpheus" and other gems by Gluck. I would bring forward all the best of Mozart's works, and such operas as Weber's "Freischütz" and others of the German school, among which would be Cornelius' "Barber of Bagdad," Nessler's "Czar and Zimmerman," Humperdinck's "Children of the King." And along with operas of the classic French repertoire I would see performed "The Trojans" and "Benvenuto Cellini," by Berlioz, with "The Pearl Fishers," by Bizet, while Halevy's "Jewess," Gounod's "Mock Doctor," and "Philemon and Baucis" should no longer remain in oblivion, but would be produced with Auber's "Fra Diavolo," Dalcroze's "Sancho Panza," and Smetana's "Bartered Bride." These and a host of other delightful works by Russian, English and Italian composers unknown to this generation here would also see the light upon our stage.

Last, but not least, I would encourage our own composers by producing such works as exist from American pens, foremost among them Professor Paine's "Azara," Walter Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter" and "Cyrano," the latter in manuscript for six years, ready, yet deliberately ignored by the powers that were and that be; Harry Rowe Shelley's "Romeo and Juliet;" Legrand Howland's "Saronna;" and Albert Miltenberg's "Angelo," Converse's "Pipe of Desire," with other works by American writers as they proved suitable after careful examination and private rehearsal and performance, a course which seems to me of imperative necessity and which, were these ideas ever to come to fruition, I should hope would be made possible by some among our very wealthy enthusiasts in musical circles.

If such a theater as I propose should be devoted to the purpose of this work I would advocate the broadest possible policy, and upon afternoons and evenings, in an auditorium provided for the purpose, there should be concerts of chamber music and miscellaneous concerts, along with performances on Sundays of orchestral works and oratorios, with the avowed object of producing as often as possible, in conjunction with masterpieces of other nations, the carefully selected works of our own most talented composers. Upon the stage of the theater during the week I would, besides operatic performances, include from time to time in the repertoire such special works as needed the coöperation of celebrated players in the repre-

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sentations which demand a large force of musicians and singers. I refer to such dramas as Goethe's "Egmont," with Beethoven's incidental music, which then for the first time in this country should have a performance worthy of the best traditions. I would see, given with the aid of every modern stage appliance, a performance of Byron's "Manfred," with Schumann's melodramatic musical accompaniment, than which there is nothing more beautiful in the whole range of art, involving, as it does, in addition to the art of the actor, the assistance of a great orchestra, chorus and soloists. I would have Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" performed according to the traditions of the theater at Christiania and with Grieg's music in full. I would advocate the revival of Alphonse Daudet's "l'Arlesienne," with Bizet's wonderful incidental music, and finally I would from time to time see performances of what, let us say, for the sake of ballast, I am sure our stage needs more than anything else,—namely, Greek tragedies as, for instance, the "Antigone" of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's music, or the "Œdipus," with the extraordinary accompanying music of Professor Paine, of Harvard. This is but part of the work I would advocate as being obvious for the American Music Society to occupy itself withal, and were this made possible, as I cannot but feel assured it will, I would reach out into all the country and connect with the parent body in New York every wealthy town which as yet has not been favored with more than an occasional performance of so-called "grand opera,"—a poor name, by the way; let us call it "opera" pure and simple, allowing comic opera to take care of itself as best it may. American composers flourish in this field, which seems to need no fostering. Would that certain of our undoubtedly brilliant writers saw fit, however, to allow themselves time for the musical elucidation of tales more worthy of their mettle.

BUT to return to the thread of my wishes: In such cities as Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Providence, Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Pittsburgh,—needless to mention Chicago, which great center of music in this country, I am sure, would be the first to assist in the furtherance of this idea,—in such cities, indeed, as would guarantee sufficient support I would advocate the formation of a local orchestra and opera chorus, which the parent body in New York would supply with scenery and costumes for a limited number of the favorite works performed in the New York repertoire. To these cities for their winter and spring opera festivals of one or two weeks each (for I take it for granted these publics are as eager for opera as the rest of America seems to

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be) I would send from the large force of artists in New York those principal singers required to perform the leading rôles, while the minor parts should find exponents from the local companies. These artists would return to New York for their duties after performing in other cities, where others when needed would take their places. My plan in detail has been submitted to theatrical and musical authorities and has been approved as money saving and sensible in every detail. No city, of course, would be visited that did not see its way to enter financially into the scheme proposed.

I take it that every person who understands musical conditions in this country will agree that by such a project as I propose the impetus given to musical art in America would be enormous—indeed, such as the musical world has never seen at any other period or in any other country; but I feel it right to say that a similar plan which was put forward last autumn as emanating from other sources was entirely based upon uncopyrighted suggestions obtained from myself and given as according to the above presentment. If, however, the coöperation of the powers that be at our leading temple of music could be obtained, I doubt not that many of the preliminary obstacles could be overcome at once, and the movement started well on its way.

Debussy has recently stated that he considers that a remarkable amount of work has been accomplished in America of late, and while an original voice could scarcely be expected to declare itself in less than a century, he felt that what America had already absorbed was much greater than could have been expected, and that there was no telling what it might not produce. When we think of the mixture of races in our body politic, the French to the north and south of us, the Latin to the east and west of us, the Indian and negro at our door, and that most musical of all races, the Hebrew, leavening the whole lump, there is indeed no telling what a wisely directed musical enthusiasm may not produce. There is no more use in forcing such a growth than in patronizing it. Each is distasteful to art; but encouragement—yes, that is the need of the moment, the encouragement that is to art as the sunny side of a wall to a fruit tree; and I ask the public for its encouragement and support of the American Music Society in behalf of what it is attempting and in furtherance of the suggestions made above.

THE MEDIÆVAL CRAFTSMAN: THE REASONS FOR HIS INSPIRATION AND ACHIEVEMENT: BY ERNEST A. BATCHELDER

"When we admit that great cathedrals were designed and built by men bred as working masons, it is not to be inferred that mastership was less esteemed, but that workmanship was more valued."



VERY period of creative activity in the arts has been the result of a combination of peculiar circumstances. These circumstances can never be foreseen, nor brought into being by legislation; nor can they be reproduced when they have once passed. It is as if many streams were flowing to a common outlet; and it is only from the height afforded by time that we can encompass the whole within a single view how each little stream threads in and out with the slope of the land, seeking the channel of least resistance, neither fretting nor boasting over its ultimate distinction, but making as fertile and beautiful as may be the immediate course to which Nature has allotted it.

In the perusal of a general history of the Middle Ages one is left in doubt how to account for that remarkable constructive skill and artistic feeling which combined to build and enrich the churches and extended from these, the highest manifestation, away down through all the industrial arts to relatively unimportant things of daily use. There seem so many muddy and turbulent streams that one wonders how their union could effect such a broad, clear stream of artistic achievement.

But history likes best to date its epochs from the wars that men have waged, from the blood that has been spilled during the course of the ages. A great number of arrant knaves, ambitious and unscrupulous, managed to carve their names in Mediæval history with their swords. Undoubtedly there was a great deal of fighting and wanton plundering; there were many men to whom the cruelties of an Apache would have been a tame diversion, and who unfortunately were in positions to embroil their fellow men in their own petty squabbles. Human beings were bartered like potatoes in a sack; towns and provinces were more than once staked on a throw of the dice. As towns and cities grew apace and communal life gradually displaced the older feudal units, the people were forced to hem themselves about with ramparts built at tremendous cost of labor and material; and all too frequently the old craftsman had to drop his tools at the sound of the tocsin bell, hasten to enroll himself under the banner of his guild and take his appointed place on the walls to fight for his life, his home and the privilege of plying his trade in peace.

We learn that education, if book learning be education, was at a

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low ebb,—there were few indeed who could read or write; that the moral standards of the day were not as ours; that Christianity was narrow in content, superstition dominating all classes. We know that most of the things which we deem essential to physical comfort were lacking; that roads of communication were few and poorly kept and so infested with lawless raiders that travel was dangerous; that towns were frightfully unsanitary,—refuse was dumped into the streets, and it is estimated that the soil of many Mediæval towns was raised seven or eight feet in as many centuries, as witness Ravenna, where the church floors are several feet above their original levels. And so it goes. From much that we read we are apt to feel that life must have been a sorry thing in those days. Ah, well! What sort of a mess, think you, are we making of civilization for the eyes of writers eight hundred years hence?

But of one thing there is ample evidence. Somewhere, flowing through Mediæval life, may be found a clear, pure stream more potent than all these muddy little creeks combined. When we have dreamed in old world towns, have pried with quiet wonder into all the nooks and corners of a big cathedral church and have learned to love the product that came from the workshops of the time we have not far to seek. Whatever else may have entered into the lives of those workers, there was one all-pervading factor—sincerity of purpose. From beginning to end there is the same persistent painstaking character, the same kind of soul stuff that comes from earnest thought and honest effort. It

is piled stone upon stone in the churches, cut where all may read the story in the sculptures; it glows many-lived through the glass of the windows; it is wrought in wood and metal. And when enough people are sincere and earnest in the work that falls to their lot, what may not be accomplished? A small mean people will produce a small mean art; a boastful vain-glorious people will boast through their art; for it is so ordained,

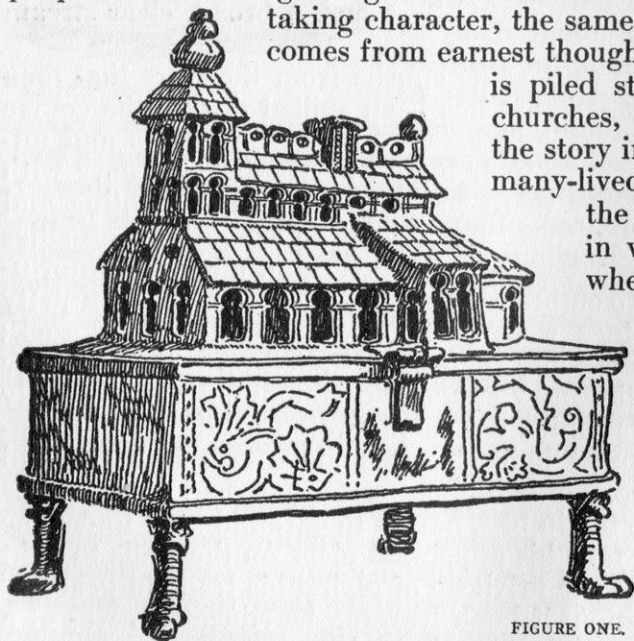


FIGURE ONE.

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whether we wish it or not, and for good or bad, that we shall be known by the things we fashion with our hands. A man who keeps his soul in his pocket with his loose change will never produce a work of art that will move his fellow men. And so we must believe that there were many big earnest men in those days, simple and uncultured, it may be, but men who were big and strong in all that counts for manhood. If they fought and hit hard it was from necessity rather than choice; they were establishing the right of the individual to act for himself. And if unquestioning faith of some sort or other is essential to the production of such beautiful things as they left behind, would that a little of it might seep through into our own lives.

How vividly the spirit of the times is portrayed in a letter written during one of the rebuildings of Chartres Cathedral. The people were about ready to give up the fight, abandon the ruins of their town and church and scatter to other parts. But they found new courage in the vigorous preaching of their bishop and set about once more to the rebuilding of their church on bigger and finer lines. An abbot who journeyed down to Chartres to see what progress affairs were making, wrote as follows to a brother abbot in England:—"Who has ever heard or seen in all the ages of the past that kings, princes and lords mighty in their generations, . . . that men and women, I say, of noble birth have bowed their haughty necks to the yoke and harnessed themselves to carts like beasts of burden, and drawn them laden with wine, corn, oil, stone, wood and other things needful to the maintenance of life or the construction of the church, even to the door of the asylum of Christ."

Sitting in the quiet square in the shadow of the gray old towers, one can picture it all in imagination, the building swathed in scaffolding, the din and clatter of tools, the busy hum of voices, the energy and enthusiasm of many workers keyed to the same thought and idea. To the master builder came men of varying talents and abilities,

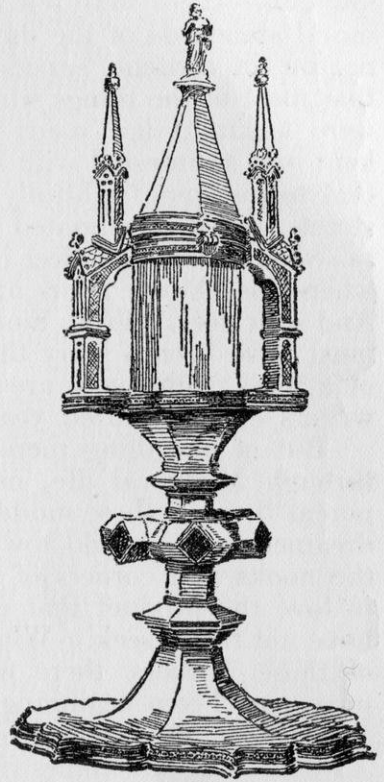


FIGURE TWO.

THE INSPIRATION OF MEDIÆVAL CRAFTSMEN



FIGURE THREE.

anxious to do their share, aside from a nucleus of paid assistants. There were those who were content to quarry the stone, mix mortar and carry burdens; "stone squarers" and journeyman workers from neighboring towns with their kits on their backs; "imagers," as the carvers of stone were called, some of them craftsmen whose achievements were widely known, attracted from a distance by stories of building activity, or sent for by the master to coöperate with him in the planning; others were pilgrims, traveling from shrine to shrine, who had heard of wonderful miracles being performed and who tarried long enough to "carve a vote for God," and then with another leaden token added to their caps passed on to other shrines. There were monks who carved the stone with a fervor of devotion that we deem fanatical in its intensity; and close beside their work appears the irrepressible humor of some fellow who must take a crack at the follies of the day in his own quaint fashion. And with these many workers plying mallet and chisel has come a tangled skein of deep symbolism and curious imagery that has sorely puzzled the scholars of later years.

Thus the building grew in a spirit of active coöperation; they were all workers together. There was no such word or profession as architect until the sixteenth century. In the subordination of the individual, or rather, in the unselfish way in which the individual contributed his part to the whole without thought of personal credit for which we are so insistent in these days, we may account for the unequal merit of the details and the surpassing beauty of the ensemble.

One cannot help noting, even in a casual examination of Mediæval work, the intimate association, the close linking together, of many crafts on a basis of architectural forms. The same symbols, the same quaint imagery, the same architectural features appear again and again interpreted in terms of wood, iron, stone and glass. Infinitely varied are the versions given a comparatively few motifs. The goldsmiths in their chalices and censers, reliquaries and cro-

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ziers, even in smaller articles of jewelry, wrought the same arches, buttresses and pinnacles that the masons used in the cathedrals. Tiny angels and saints appear in niches or under canopies of similar character to those that the "imagers" were chipping from stone. In Italy we find woven into cloth the same decorative motifs that were burned into tiles for the floor of the Baptistry in Florence. The locksmiths and cabinet-makers never tired of devising new forms of traceried patterns for their panels.

They went forward hand in hand, all of those old craftsmen, each leading the other on to greater and finer achievements. They were experimenters together, each experiment profiting for something better. It is true that in the early days they were more or less bound to archaic formulæ; but one by one the crafts emerged with fresh ideals. And even in the early products there is the charm of individual interpretations, evidence of the same earnest thought that gives charm and strength to the finer things.

It is always necessary to note a clear distinction between the interplay of form and ornament common to many crafts in Mediæval times and the pilfering, or adaptation as we prefer to call it, of modern times. Those forms and symbols were all alive then; they were in the making, significant to all workers alike. The increasing skill with which the stone carvers worked at their sculptures owed quite as much to the goldsmiths and ivory carvers as did those craftsmen to the architectural forms which they so freely borrowed. Moreover, the versatility of some of the workers was remarkable; they were at home with the tools and materials of many crafts. Again, the arts all dated their traditions

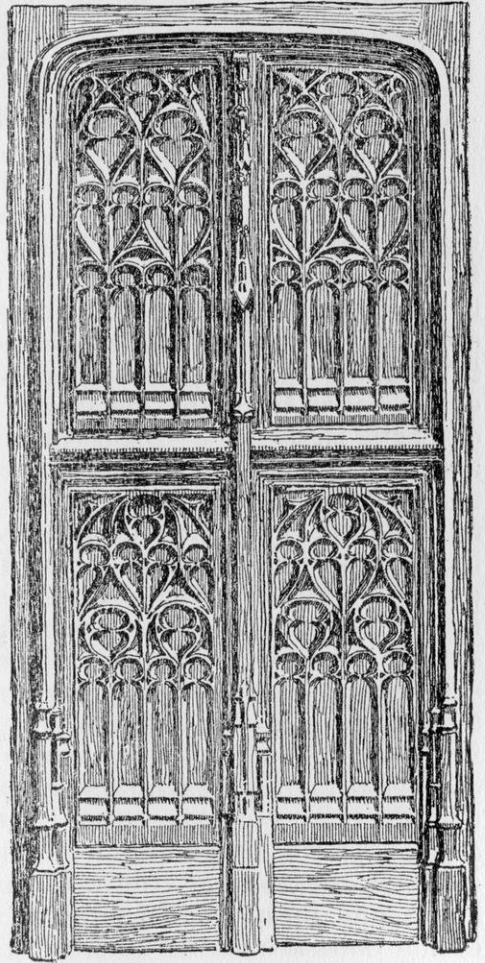


FIGURE FOUR.

THE INSPIRATION OF MEDIEVAL CRAFTSMEN

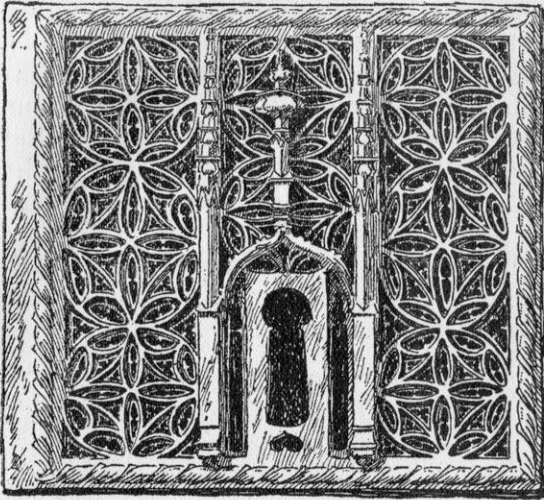
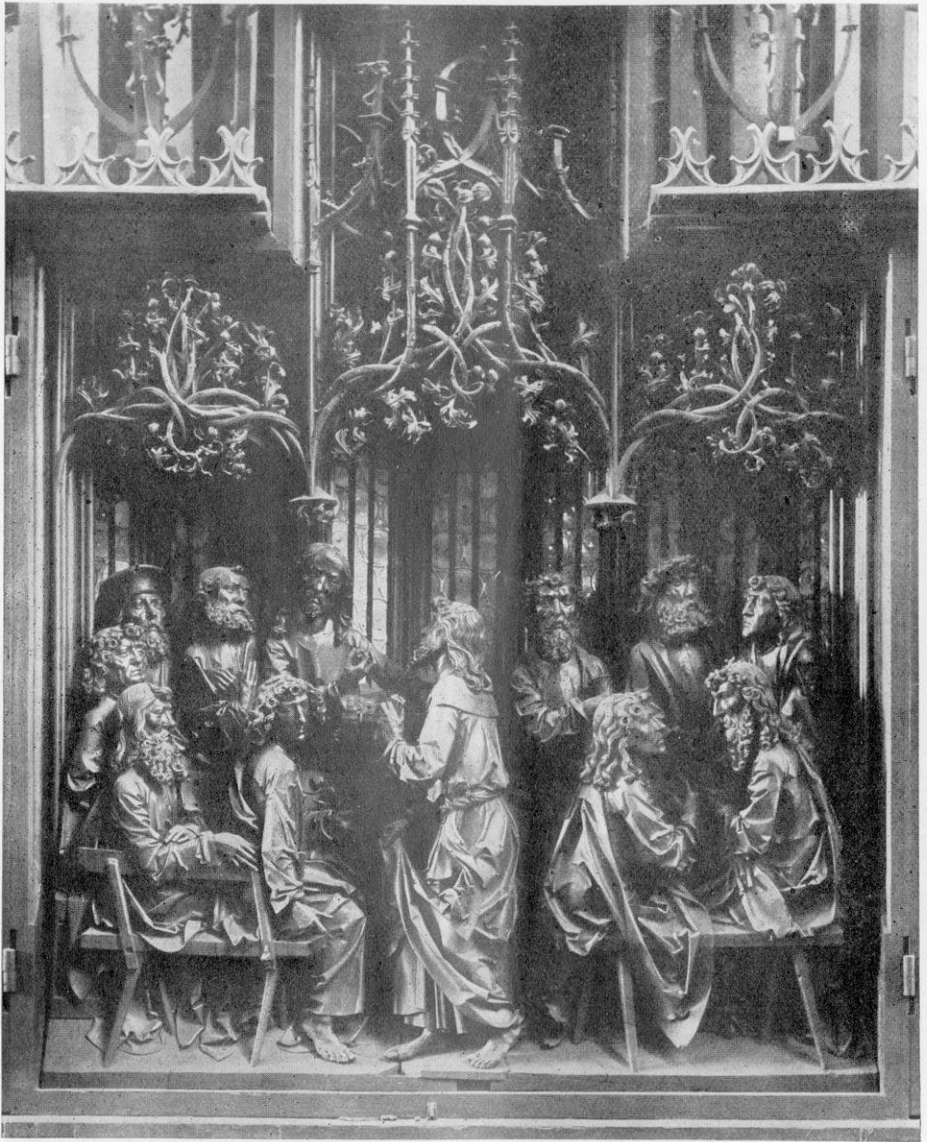


FIGURE FIVE.

back to the same monastic workshops. We generally misunderstand the character of those monastic institutions. In the days of their prime they were much like huge industrial colonies, somewhat akin to our own California Missions. To them came men from all walks of life heartily sick of the endless brawling and fighting. Each institution sufficed for its own needs. The inmates tilled the soil, owned their flocks, erected buildings and practiced in their shops many crafts which would otherwise have become lost. Then they became traders, built and maintained roads; their boats plied up and down the rivers and their agents were scattered through foreign lands, until in overmuch prosperity came their undoing. The master builders of most of the churches up through the twelfth century seem to have been monks. And when the practice of the skilled trades passed from the monasteries and gave rise to the craft guilds, the church still called for the best efforts of the workers and the character of its own structure continued to dominate through many crafts. As such things as Figures One and Two were intended for the church service their forms are quite consistent. The former, in which the worker has frankly borrowed the whole church for his purpose, is typical of the twelfth century; and in the latter, of the fifteenth century, the worker has naïvely purloined a chunk from the side of the church, buttress, pinnacle, windows and all, with a little saint perched atop of the steeple. Of similar character is the shattered fragment of a carved post in Figure Three. It was not from his tools or materials that the carver found the clue for the little canopy at the top; it was borrowed from the stonecutters with whom, doubtless, he was coöperating to give consistent beauty to the church and all of its furnishings. In the traceries of the door in Figure Four, of the lock in Figure Five, and the keys in Figure Six, there is the same intimate relation to architectural features. Up the center of the door are carved pinnacles, and at the bottom are miniature pier bases clustered together as we find them in the cathedrals. In



"THE LAST SUPPER": GOTHIC WOOD CARVING BY RIEMENSCHNEIDER IN THE JACOBSKIRCHE, ROTHENBURG.



"CHRIST WITH THE TEACHERS": AN EXAMPLE OF GOTHIC WOOD CARVING BY THE BAVARIAN SCULPTOR RIEMENSCHNEIDER.

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one key two tiny windows have been pierced through the iron; and in the lock a scrap of red cloth was placed underneath the traceries, suggested no doubt by the colored glass with which the glaziers filled the church windows. It is such things as these that give to the work that unique character which we call a "style" or "period," the shaping of many minds to the same thought. When Gothic churches were built all things were Gothic; when Greek temples were built all things were Greek; and we hope by diligently borrowing from many styles to put a soul into our own work!

As tracery in one form or another plays such an important part in Gothic craftsmanship, let us follow it back to its origin. We noted last month the thickness of the walls in the early churches and the fact that the window openings were small, the solids being very much in excess of the voids (Figure Seven A). As the Gothic system of building developed it was said that the window openings were gradually enlarged until they eventually filled the entire space from pier to pier. In the enlargement of the windows arose the necessity for a subdivision of the space. For a time the glass was held in place by heavy bars of iron often curiously bent to conform to the main lead lines in order that their effect from the interior might not be disagreeable. Then the logical expedient was devised of combining two openings to form a unit throwing above them a single containing arch. The clue to this device seems to have come from the triforium gallery about the interior of the church where the openings were necessarily broad and low suggesting a vertical subdivision (B). The space left above the two smaller arches, being relieved from any serious work, was pierced with an opening. The same idea was applied to the window (C) with such result as may be seen at Chartres and contemporary structures. From this,

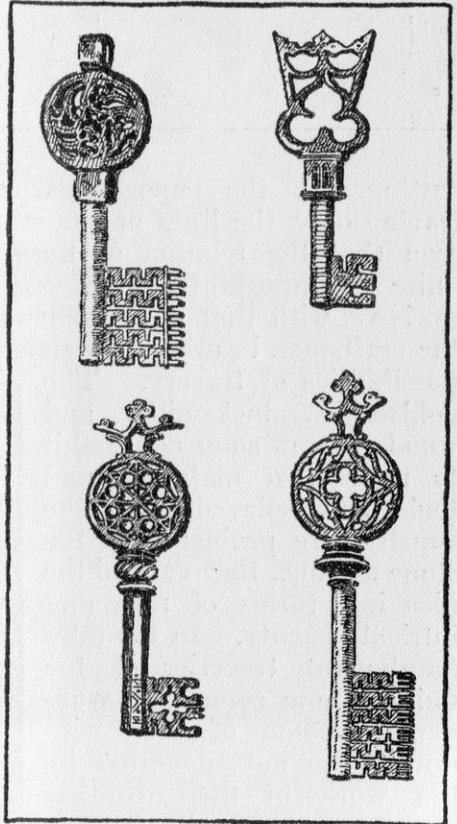


FIGURE SIX.

THE INSPIRATION OF MEDIÆVAL CRAFTSMEN

together with the use of cusping in arched forms (D) the development of tracery is a series of logical steps. The circular opening at the top of the window was filled as in E, with flat slabs of stone pierced with smaller openings. The builders were alive to every suggestion that would give variety and beauty to their structural forms; and they soon began to experiment with other combinations and rearrangements

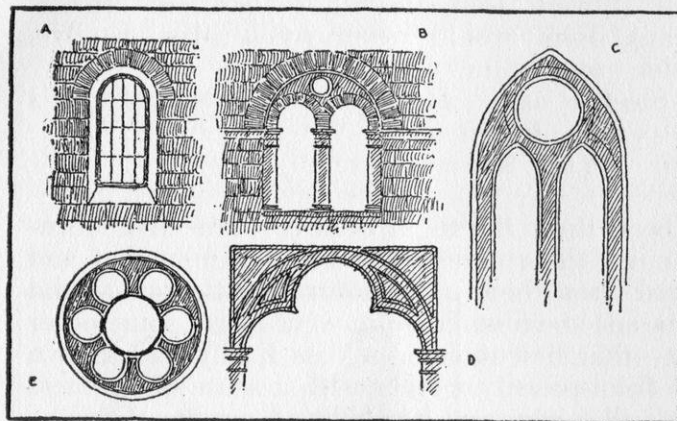


FIGURE SEVEN.

of their openings. It is apparent that they worked from within the church; that is to say, they were intent upon the effect that would be produced upon the person looking up at the varied shapes of colored glass with which the openings are filled. Then came the happy thought of cutting out the superfluous solids within the containing arch, leaving only the lines of stonework (Figure Eight A). It was then seen that the relation of lines in such a composition as this was quite as important as the shapes and groupings of the openings.

Now with that close coöperation found among all the workers, the craftsmen in other materials were not slow to see the beauty and possibilities of tracery. The goldsmiths, locksmiths and wood carvers soon adapted it to their own materials and tools, and relieved from the constructive problems of the stone masons, they carried the idea into forms of rare and intricate beauty. In the later flamboyant traceries of the builders one sometimes wonders if some of their windows were not suggested by the work of their brother craftsmen, accepted as a challenge to their own skill.

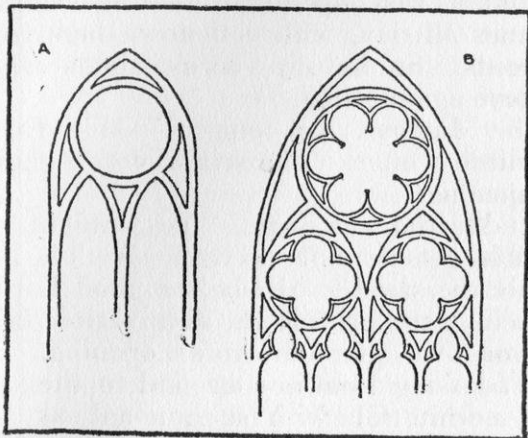


FIGURE EIGHT.

A FAITHFUL GHOST: A STORY: BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL



HE two women approached the dividing-fence with a certain curious hesitation. Martha Sleeper spoke first: "Yes,—yes, I see It again last night." "Oh!" breathed Miss Emily. "In—in white, Martha?" "White,—shinin'." John in his white robe—but of course if It were John the white followed. In his blue jeans John would never weed Miss Emily's beautiful, straight garden rows again.

"Well?" Martha Sleeper said. Her eyes with Miss Emily's startled ones sought a certain distant spot.

Miss Emily nodded. "Yes," she whispered.

"How many rows?"

"Three." It had been three the night before. The first morning Miss Emily had found them carefully weeded and spaded and watered. She had come upon them quite naturally—the spade and watering pot dropped beside them while John went to get some other tool. For the moment—that first moment—Miss Emily had known only relief and the old John-peace, together with a sense of sureness that now all would be well again, and her beloved garden thrive as of old. Then, white-faced, she had crept back to her little kitchen and dropped into a chair. For John had gone too far ever to come back, whistling, with a garden tool across his shoulder.

Martha Sleeper leaned across the fence and spoke with cool deliberateness:

"Depend on it, Emily Ridgeway, it's him—John in his heavenly garments—come back to see you through. You'd ought to know John as well as I do, an' that he couldn't enjoy himself playin' psalm tunes all day, with you down here frettin' yourself sick over them weeds. So he slips away nights when everything's quiet. He'll come again tonight."

"Marthy! Not tonight!" Miss Emily's sweet old face whitened a little whiter. The strain of two ghostly nights was already telling upon her.

Martha was firm. "Yes, tonight. You don't suppose he'll stop till he gets *through*, do you? Ain't he John in the Heav'nly Kingdom, just the same? Mebbe the good Lord has giv' him a halo to wear an' a 'Saint' before the John, but if he's Up There he's *John*. You come over here tomorrow mornin' an' ask me again what I see in the dead o' night out in your garden patch an' I'll say: 'I see John weedin' in a white robe.' You come an' ask, that's all. What I see, I can't help seein'. If they ain't clouds over the moon again tonight I'll see his face—you goin' to believe me if I see his face?"

A FAITHFUL GHOST

"I've seen the six rows," faltered softly Miss Emily. She meant this night, as she had meant last night, to keep a watch herself. The whole gentle structure of her life was rent and twisted by this strange, this weird celestial earthquake that was overthrowing all her fixed inherited beliefs. She felt as she walked slowly back to the refuge of her little kitchen like another Emily Ridgeway, singled out and set apart as one on whom to practice unholy rites. For she could not, because of the inherited creeds, believe them holy rites. She could not believe them at all—yet six rows of her neglected garden had been weeded—spaded—watered.

Saint John, wearing his shining halo about his bald old head and stumbling a little over his long white robe, seemed to walk home a little behind her. She hurried in and snapped the kitchen door, to shut him out; it was the only time Miss Emily had ever been rude or other than gentle to John.

"I won't believe it! I won't believe it!" Miss Emily cried aloud and knew that she was traveling straight onward toward belief. She was going unwillingly, but she could not stop. Martha Sleeper had only gone a little faster and got there first.

On a sort of humble throne set up amid the fresh greenness of Miss Emily's beloved little outdoor domain John had reigned, unhindered, for nearly fifty faithful years. Then as quietly as he had worked, he had stopped working. It might be that the habit of fifty years had followed him even across the Great Divide, or it might be that old John looking through some far, dim window and seeing Miss Emily's gentle despair had applied for nightly leave of absence to go to her aid. Gratitude and a soft resentment warred in Miss Emily's breast.

For two more nights the ghostly gardening continued, though only Martha Sleeper saw the ghostly gardener. Miss Emily, in spite of firm resolves to stay awake, slept the sleep of exhausted, overstrained nerves. But each morning when she made her reluctant visit to the garden plot, she knew John had been there. The order and thrift that her soul loved were left behind him—a wake of thrift and order; as it were, John's footprints in her garden rows to prove his presence there. She could no longer doubt. Martha was right.

"Of course I be!" Martha said. "Four times a-runnin' is times enough, but I knew it the first time. I see 't was John—no, I didn't see his face, but I see *him*. It ain't been clear moonlight yet an' it's consid'able distance to look, but I guess I'd know John half a mile in a fog! To say nothin' of him bein' in his robe. Anybody else wouldn't be out there weedin' in a heav'nly robe, would they? Well."

A FAITHFUL GHOST

The heavenly robe seemed indeed to be the key that could but unlock the little mystery.

"Yes, it's John," at last agreed Miss Emily, "but I—I wish he wouldn't."

"Don't you want your garden wed? Well, then, kind o' settle down, why don't you, an' let him do it his own way. I do' know's John could do it any *other* way now. He's doin' the best he can, ain't he?"

"Yes—oh, yes. But I couldn't," shuddered Miss Emily, "*settle* down! It keeps me scared. Nights I dream—oh! If it wasn't for hurting John's feelings, I'd rather get somebody else to weed an' water the plants."

"Nobody'd do it to suit you but John. Nobody else would dast to do it—my grief, didn't you go most crazy first off, before John came back?"

"Yes," humbly, "but now, Marthy—since——"

Martha nodded. "I know. Well, all is, you got to get used to it, for he's bound to come."

That afternoon John's wife came—in the body—to Martha Sleeper. She was a withered shrunken little creature with the curious effect of having just escaped from mummy wrappings, but now as she confronted Martha Sleeper dim fires of rage were burning in her eyes. She was, although crooked, temporarily straightened by her wrath. She began at once hurriedly the speech she had prepared under the inspiration of that wrath.

"I've heard. 'T ain't so. 'T ain't *him*—dear land, I guess if he come back to help anybody—it would be'n me! I guess he'd filled my woodbox an' water pail either goin' or comin'! An' his overalls hangin' right where he left 'em, ready to do chores in." She broke down for an instant, a dry sob choking her old voice. "Right where he'd seen 'em an' put 'em on if he *come*. John was always careful of his good clo'es. I tell you, 't ain't John! I don't care what they say or what you see with your own eyes! If 't was him he'd a-come to *me*. Soon's I heard, I says: 'I'm goin' to Em'ly Ridgeway an' tell her what I think about such goin's on,' but I kind of stopped when I got as fur's this. 'I'll tell Marthy Sleeper,' I says."

"My grief, yes, I'm glad you didn't get any further! Don't go to poor Em'ly Ridgeway, an' her all wrought up an' excited, as 't is. I do' know what Em'ly'd do at anything more—she don't *want* it to be John, land, no!"

"It ain't John," whimpered the old wife, softly. "He'd a-put on his overalls an' brought in my wood." Sudden indignation blazed again through the cooling ashes of her grief. "I tell you he'd a-come to me! He'd a-done *my* weedin'!"

A FAITHFUL GHOST

Nature had given to plump Martha Sleeper, as to most plump persons, a saving sense of humor, but the mental vision presented to her now, of John in his overalls to "save" his shining white robe, failed to make her smile. Looking down from her superior height, physical as well as mental, at this little bereft old wife of John thus torn with jealous pangs, she was conscious only of pity.

"There, there," she said, as to a sobbing child, "don't you go to gettin' wrought up, too! Goodness knows there's wrought-upness enough, as 't is. Nobody asked John to come back—it's his own doin's. I can't help what I see an' Em'ly Ridgeway can't help what she sees, whether it's John himself weedin', or the rows he's wed. You can come over here tonight an' see him for yourself, along with me, or you can go out there an' see what he's done so fur—either you want. I'm sorry it's John, but 't is."

"It ain't! I'm comin' over here tonight an' I'll show you, Marthy Sleeper! If he says he ain't John mebbe you'll believe it, you an' her. I'm goin' to ask him. What time'll I come?"

Martha's kindly pity enveloped the shriveled little soul. "You stay right here," she said. "There ain't anybody to expect you home—now." Poor little wife of John! "You can lay down on my spare bed an' get some sleep to make up for what you'll lose tonight. I can stan' it, but you can't. You come right in."

The matter of securing a successor to John had been the first trouble to follow Miss Emily's sincere grief at the death of her old servitor. Who could succeed John? The search for a pair of worthy shoulders to wear his capable mantle had dismayed her at the outset, before she began it. The two or three well-meaning persons she had given a trial in those first days of her loss had but convinced her more certainly that there had been but one John. And that one John was dead,—a succession of gardenless years opened in dismal perspective before poor garden worshipping Miss Emily. In all the world but two people understood her "ways" of planting, of watering, of weeding. One of the two had slipped quietly out of his toiling-clothes into a celestial garment, and the other—Miss Emily looked down at her own delicate white hands and sighed. A tiny blistered place in the palm of one attracted an instant's wonder and seemed to speak to her eloquently of her own helplessness.

For nearly fifty softly upholstered years had Miss Emily lived. John without and a faithful woman within had made life a pleasantly easy thing for her. Many pleasantly easy things had "worked together" to plant and weed and water in the gentle garden of her soul a little crop of helplessness that now, at this first real crisis when one of her two strong props had been taken away, filled her future

A FAITHFUL GHOST

with dismay. John's compassion in coming back to her had taken too uncanny, unbelievable a form to quiet her troubled mind. With every return of John the disquiet grew. On the fifth night she went to bed shaking with nervous chill. The soft darkness outside her window was full of padded, ghostly treads; she was afraid of going to the window for fear of seeing John. She no longer wanted to see him.

About midnight Martha Sleeper woke John's wife.

"Come," she said, briefly, "he's out there spadin'." And as they went they could hear the faint clink of his spade against a stone.

"You no need to hurry," Martha said, kindly. "He'll stay a good hour yet. Follow me; we'll cut across."

But a good way off they saw John. The clouded moonlight softened the bright glisten of his white robe, but John's wife caught the sober sheen of it and groaned softly with the old alarm for John's good clothes. If it *was* John——

"It ain't! It ain't!" she sobbed under her breath.

The spade clinked again. In a sudden clear gleam of moonlight John turned his face to them. They looked together and together understood.

"Come back! Don't go another step!" whispered Martha Sleeper in an agony of caution. Tears stood in her kind eyes.

"I told you——"

"Never mind now—it's all told. There ain't anything *left* to tell. You go back an' get some sleep. I'm goin' to kind of wait round an' see if—It"—she had almost said "John"—"gets back safe."

It was a sudden fierce wrench of the spade that sent the ghostly worker toppling. The shock opened her eyes and slowly Miss Emily saw—John. Her startled, wakened eyes took in first, oddly enough, the neatly spaded and weeded row behind. It was so beautifully done. Then her gaze fell to the limp white robe—her own white nightgown. She was John! It was *her* beautiful neat row! There in the moonlight, in that crucial moment, all the haunting little mystery was explained.

Miss Emily found herself laughing softly. Before natural self-alarm came pride. She was proud of John's work that she had done. She wished John might look down and see.

"If I can do it in the dead o' night, I guess I can do it in the middle o' day!" Miss Emily said aloud.

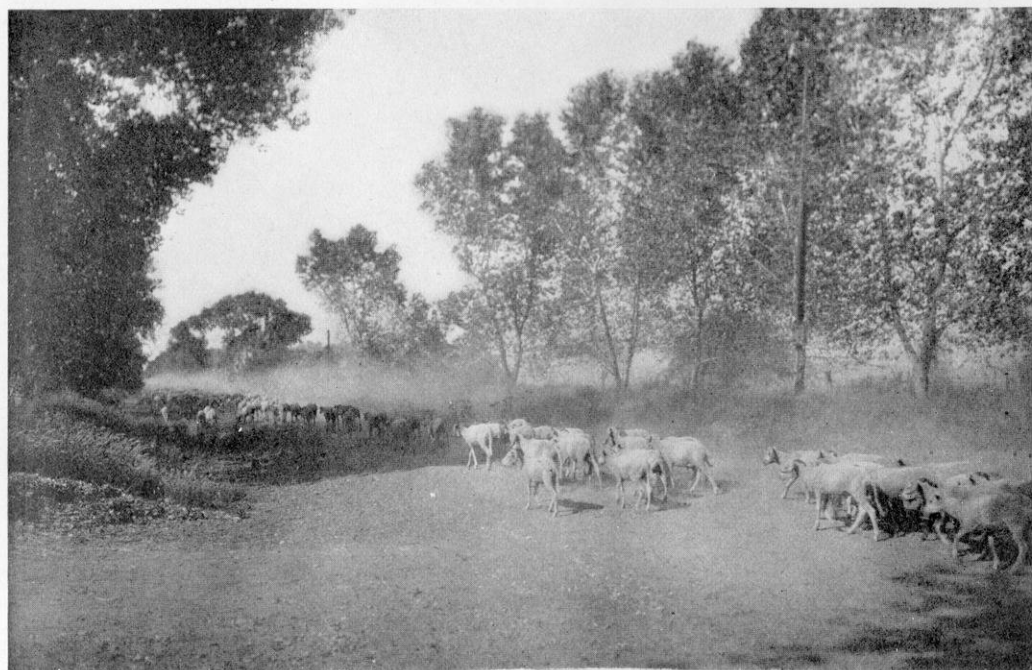
There alone among the beautiful straight rows, John's celestial mantle had indeed fallen upon Miss Emily's slender shoulders. It seemed to wrap her about comfortingly as she went home.

RECLAIMING THE DESERT: THE SALT RIVER VALLEY OF ARIZONA: BY FORBES LINDSAY: NUMBER THREE



AGES before the coming of the white man to America, a civilization flourished, waned and died in the Valley of the Salt River, leaving only ruins and misty traditions to perpetuate the memory of its existence. Phoenix, the capital of Arizona, derives its name from the fact that it was built upon the site of an ancient city. Between it and Tempe a huge quadrangle of debris surrounded by a hundred broken piles mark the remains of the central citadel and the main buildings of a Toltec town whose name has long since been forgotten. A few miles distant is "Los Muertos"—City of the Dead. Throughout the Valley are to be found traces of pueblos that ceased to be occupied centuries ago, and the lines of canals which their inhabitants used for transportation and the irrigation of the lands that yielded crops of corn and lentils. In the dim past this Valley supported a population of many thousands in comfort and comparative luxury. What became of them, why they abandoned their fertile fields and flourishing towns we do not know. But this rich region, once again blossoming into a garden spot, was allowed to relapse into desert waste, and when the Spanish passed through it presented so repellant an aspect that they deemed it uninhabitable.

Generation after generation left undisturbed the vast wealth locked in the soil of this Valley. The Indians shunned it for a ghost-ridden country. The white man called it "The Land that God Forgot," and saw no gleam of promise in its desolation. At length some prospector, unsuspecting of the Aladdin's lamp he was bringing into play, turned water on the thirsty land and scattered a few handfuls of seed. The earth responded with such bounteous celerity that the dullest mind could not fail to realize its marvelous richness. Here and there a miner, weary of the unsuccessful search for gold, built a hut on the riverside and dug a rude ditch through which to lead the water out upon the land. In the early sixties settlers began to come into the valley in numbers. Irrigation was extended and by degrees attained to pretentious dimensions. But the means at the command of these pioneers would not permit of the construction of permanent works. In seasons of flood the river swept away their dams and broke down the walls of their canals. Many settlers abandoned their holdings in despair and others embarrassed themselves in the effort to raise sufficient money for the construction of an adequate irrigation system.



CATTLE FEEDING NEAR PHOENIX, WHICH IS THE CAPITAL OF THE SALT RIVER VALLEY.

A TYPICAL SCENE AT SHEARING TIME IN THE BEAUTIFUL ARIZONA VALLEY.



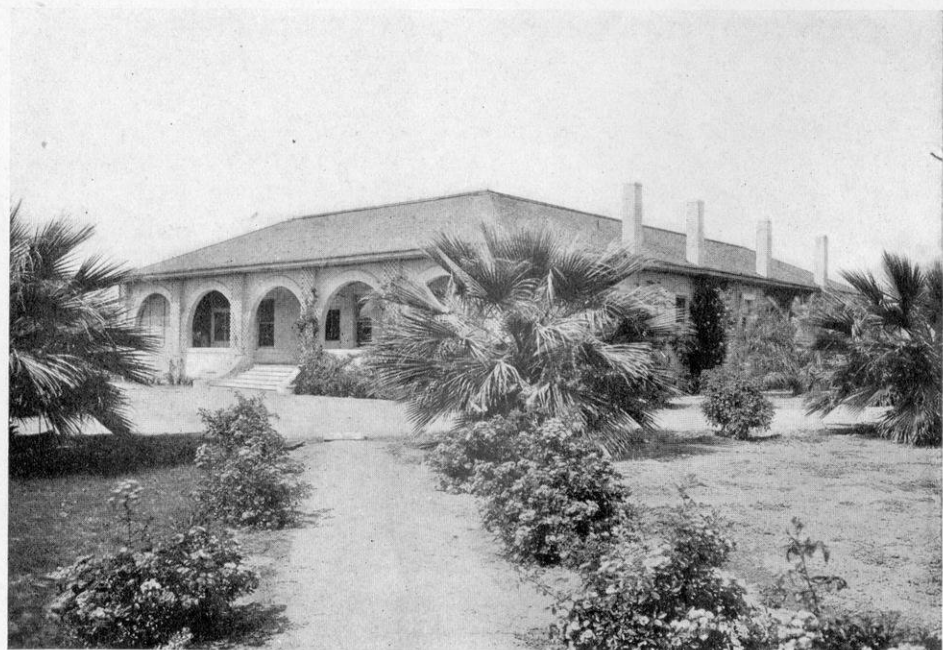
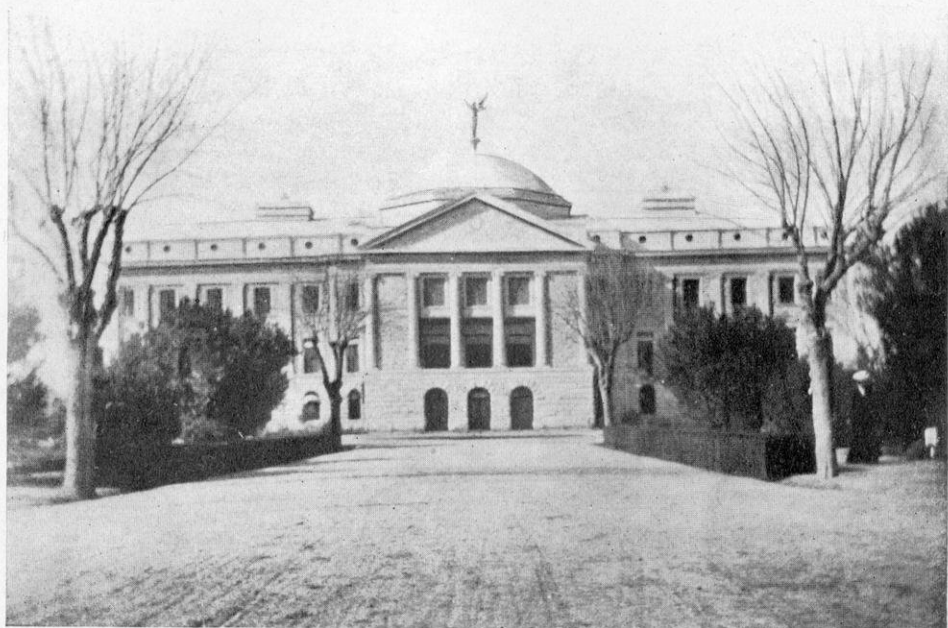
A PALM BORDERED CARRIAGEWAY LEADING TO
A DWELLING IN PHOENIX.

AN IRRIGATION DITCH IN THIS REGION WHICH
HAS THE BEAUTY OF A CENTURIES-OLD RIVER.



OSTRICH FARMING IS HIGHLY PROFITABLE
IN THE SALT RIVER VALLEY.

A COOL AND PLEASANT SPOT IN WHICH TO
PACK UP A LARGE ARIZONA MELON CROP.



THE CAPITOL AT PHOENIX, BUILT OF VOLCANIC TUFFA ON A FOUNDATION OF NATIVE GRANITE.

HOME OF MR. DWIGHT B. HEARD, BUILT NEAR PHOENIX, SALT RIVER VALLEY.

CONVERTING DESERTS INTO GARDENS

AT THE beginning of the present century about two hundred thousand acres of land were held in the Salt River Valley by farmers who derived splendid crops from it but suffered periodical loss from floods and saw no means of remedying their condition. When the Reclamation Service, after looking over the ground, undertook to harness the unruly river and regulate the flow of water so that every acre should have just as much as necessary and no more, the dwellers in the Salt River Valley embraced the offer of assistance on the terms laid down. They formed themselves into an association to coöperate with the Government, agreed to pay for the works in the same manner as do homesteaders on the ordinary irrigation projects and to dispose of their land in excess of the maximum unit prescribed by the Secretary of the Interior. Thus it happens that although there is no public land in the Salt River Valley, settlers with moderate capital can secure fine farms on easy terms and at prices that will permit of one hundred per cent. return in three or four years. Such lands enjoy perpetual water rights and permanent interest in the electrical power which is generated and distributed as part of the system.

The irrigation system is already furnishing a considerable supply of water and will be completed before the close of next year. It is designed to irrigate with unflinching regularity two hundred thousand acres. At a cost of six million dollars it will make the district, of which Phoenix is the geographical, commercial and social center, the best irrigated valley in the world. The main features of the system are the lofty Roosevelt Dam and enormous Tonto Reservoir, the power plant and power canal, a transmission line to Phoenix and, probably, another to Prescott, several auxiliary power plants and electrically operated pumps, the Granite Reef Diversion Dam and headworks, and the extensive network of canals and laterals.

From the outset, the operation has been beset by great difficulties and unusual conditions. The manner in which these have been met and overcome afforded early evidence of the energy and resourcefulness of the Reclamation Service engineers. The Roosevelt Dam, which is the key to the system, is situated at a spot that was considered well-nigh inaccessible and at a distance of more than sixty miles from the nearest railroad. The first step of necessity was to construct a wagon road on easy grades across the desert and into the mountains that the heavy machinery and material used in the work might be hauled in. This, one of the most remarkable highways in existence, was built by the labor of Apaches and with the financial assistance of the community, which bonded itself to the extent of seventy thousand dollars for the purpose. Large quantities of lumber

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were needed in the operation. The nearest source of supply was a national forest thirty miles away. Sawmills were erected, a lumbering town was created and means of transportation established. For the construction of the Roosevelt Dam two hundred and forty thousand barrels of cement were required. To convey the material to the spot from the nearest factory in California would have made its cost approximate six dollars a barrel, adding materially to the total outlay on the project. In the face of this almost prohibitive condition the engineer in charge displayed his versatility by prospecting in the character of geologist and found limestone not far from the site of the great dam. A cement mill was put up and has produced an excellent and ample supply at a cost of little more than two dollars a barrel, representing in the aggregate a saving of something like one million dollars to the water users of the Valley. The labor problem was solved by inducing the Indians to take up the work. They have proved to be apt and faithful laborers, performing hard toil under conditions that no white man could endure. The difficulty of provisioning the army of men employed in the operation was met by running several irrigated farms, and here, again, a large saving was effected.

WHAT has been said will give some idea of the diverse qualifications the Reclamation Service demands of its project engineers. Aside altogether from the highest technical ability, each one of them must be a man of the utmost resource and originality. He must have tact, executive talent and some knowledge of law. In order to deal with the varied and sometimes conflicting interests involved, he must exercise a happy combination of firmness and tact. He must have some experience of social economy and be something of an architect. He must be a man of keen imagination and indomitable energy—an optimist from whose vocabulary the word “impossible” has been cut out. Such men as this are few and hard to find. Their services could not be secured in consideration of the modest salaries offered by the Government, but a sufficient inducement is found in the fact that a great deal of the work of the Reclamation Service is unique and unprecedented in engineering. Consequently some of the best men in the profession enter the Service for the sake of the experience and the reputation to be derived from it.

The Roosevelt Dam, located about seventy miles northeast of Phoenix, will shut in the canyon of the Salt River by means of a solid wall of masonry, rising to a height of nearly two hundred and eighty feet above bed-rock. This massive structure will impound the waters of the stream and form the largest artificial lake in the world, having

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an area of more than sixteen thousand acres. The Tonto Reservoir will be twenty-five miles in length and two hundred feet in depth, containing enough water to flood the State of Delaware to a depth of almost a foot. The power canal flanks the reservoir for a distance of nineteen miles and drops its water through a penstock cut in the solid rock at the dam with a fall of over two hundred feet, operating several huge turbines.

The power feature of this project is a highly important factor in its utility. The immediate plans contemplate the development of twelve thousand horse power. One-third of this quantity will be used in raising for irrigation purposes water which underlies about one hundred thousand acres in the Valley. The balance of it will be sold and a ready market for it exists. The first demand upon it will be made by the towns within the irrigated district for the purpose of developing mechanical industries, serving public utilities and providing domestic conveniences. Whatever surplus the water users have to dispose of the neighboring mining centers will take at good prices. The sale of this power will greatly reduce the net cost of the irrigation system, which in the gross will amount to about thirty dollars per acre.

AT GRANITE Reef, a short distance below the junction of the Salt and Verde rivers, an immense concrete diversion dam with headgates has been completed. In length upward of one thousand feet, it stretches across the composite stream and diverts its waters into the main canal. This dam takes the place of seven inadequate structures which were built by private interests for the same purpose. The Granite Reef diversion works are the largest and most substantial in existence and wrest from India the palm for excellence in structures of this kind.

The Government irrigation system in the Salt River Valley will embrace a compact area of two hundred thousand acres of land, all of which is extremely fertile. Phoenix, the capital of the Territory, Tempe and Mesa, flourishing towns, together with a number of smaller places, lie within this district which is reached by both the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé railroads. The Valley is undergoing a great development, and in the course of a few years it will be completely occupied by small farms given over to intensive cultivation. Here, in addition to an extremely rich soil, the settler has the advantage of ready markets, good transportation facilities and inviting social conditions. Prospective home seekers should fully understand that there is no land in the Valley to be secured by entry. In later years districts contiguous to the present project will probably be

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brought under irrigation, but until such improvement is definitely decided on it would be unwise to file upon them. The soil of this region is of little value without water. "Dry farming" is sometimes advocated but is a somewhat slender reed to depend upon. With the approaching completion of the Government works prices of land are rising, but at present the best of it can be secured at an average of one hundred dollars an acre, and at this figure it is undoubtedly cheap. Purchases can usually be effected by the payment of one-third down and the balance in easy instalments at eight per cent. interest.

The Salt River Valley is not a favorable point of immigration for the man without means if home-making is his prime object, but mechanics of all kinds and farm-hands constantly command good wages. However, a little money, combined with good health and energy, will go farther toward securing competency and happiness in this section than almost anywhere else. Here fifteen acres is quite large enough to furnish the support of a family and leave a yearly margin of saving. A man possessing two thousand dollars can establish himself on such a tract with assurance of success. Let us suppose that he makes a cash payment of one thousand dollars and gives a mortgage for five hundred. With the balance he can build a comfortable, though small, house and buy the stock and implements necessary to the working of the farm. At the end of the first year his place should be in good condition and probably show some profit; at the end of the second he should be able to pay off his mortgage, or the greater part of it. After five years of intelligent effort he will have a respectable bank account and be in a position to build a commodious residence. As an alternative to buying outright there is the plan, which has much to recommend it, of renting land for a short term of years with an option of purchase.

In the Salt River Valley the settler finds a semi-tropical climate, free from the enervating condition of humidity, and a soil rich in all the ingredients favorable to plant life. The fertility of soil depends entirely upon its content of soluble matter that plants can absorb. The official chemical analyses show that the sandy and gravelly loam of Maricopa County, in which the irrigated tract lies, contains upward of twenty-five per cent. of soluble matter. The significance of these figures may be gathered from the statement that the cultivated lands of New England average but seven per cent. of soluble matter and in Europe extensive areas are farmed where the ingredients in question form no more than three per cent. of the composition of the soil. The rich alluvial deposit of the Salt River Valley covers its entire

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extent to a depth that renders it absolutely inexhaustible for centuries to come.

STRIKING as are the foregoing comparisons, they pale in the light of the showing made by the tract of thirty thousand acres lying around the little town of Glendale, situated a few miles west of Phoenix. The soil of this section contains the most extraordinary proportion of soluble and insoluble matter known to science. Government tests of specimens taken at depths varying from six to six hundred feet show an average of nearly fifty per cent. soluble matter without the presence of any injurious substance. In the center of this tract of marvelous soil a large sugar factory has been erected at a cost of one million dollars, in anticipation of the beet culture to which a large portion of this land will be devoted. The industry is certain to become a highly important one in this Valley, where it is possible to run a factory during ten months in the year as compared with eighty days in the rain belt. The average yield here is sixteen tons of sugar from an acre of beets, and in the humid sections, nine tons.

It is needless to enumerate the crops that may be raised in the Salt River Valley. They include everything that grows in a semi-tropical climate and almost anything that can be produced in the temperate regions. It will be more to the purpose to give a few illustrations of successful farming that are selected haphazard from a wealth of such data.

James Davis of Mesa City raises beets the year round and they return him four hundred dollars an acre. He realized one hundred and thirty dollars from one-quarter acre of potatoes and sixty dollars from one-eighth acre of green peas, which were marketed in February. H. B. Lehman, of Glendale, devotes himself almost exclusively to raising chickens, a business that can be extensively carried on with five acres of ground. Last year this rancher derived twenty-two hundred dollars from poultry that cost him less than nine hundred dollars to raise.

It is a common practice for the Salt River Valley farmers to sow to barley and alfalfa in November and to pasture the land in the early months of the year. In May the first crop of hay is cut and two more cuttings are made later on, leaving a good supply of winter pasture. Forty acres treated in this manner yield one thousand dollars profit.

Cattle and sheep raising in the Valley show almost incredible returns. Money invested in these industries is often doubled in a single year. Another highly profitable field of endeavor is ostrich farming. The birds seem to thrive in this region better even than in

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their native environment. The number of ostriches in the Valley exceeds the aggregate of those to be found elsewhere in the United States. The flock of a single ranch comprises over one thousand head. Its output of feathers represents thirty thousand dollars annually. The principal food of the bird is alfalfa, of which it eats about forty pounds a day. After it is six months old the ostrich is subjected to three pluckings a year, from each of which twenty dollars' worth of feathers are derived. A chick is worth one hundred dollars, and a pair of four-year old birds, eight hundred.

Perhaps there lingers in the mind of the reader a prejudice against Arizona, derived from the old-time stories of "bad men" and blood-thirsty Indians. All that is changed. In the Salt River Valley is a community whose moral status is quite as high as that of any community in the State of New York. The law is observed and very little force is required to maintain it. Gambling is prohibited and excessive drinking is not practiced. In Phoenix there are few saloons, the extraordinarily high license rendering the business almost prohibitive. The Valley enjoys ample educational facilities, good mail service, telephone system and highways. With the development and application of the electric power many improvements will be effected, including the establishment of an electric railroad line traversing the farm land and connecting the centers.

SONG

A DEAD girl stirred beneath the grass,
And lo! a blossom blew;
And we who watched the Spring's old joy
A double wonder knew.
Flowers are the voices of the dead
Calling to me and you.

O living language, fragrant still,
Though Winter hushed your sound,
How magical your old words seem
As the glad years wheel round!
If from our lips such perfume flows,
Who fears the quiet ground?

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

WORKING FOR AN EDUCATION IN A SOUTHERN SCHOOL: BY KATHERINE GLOVER



LOG cabin in a stretch of pine woods in the north Georgia hills where a young woman from the big house nearby sits reading. The cabin is her den, and her spare hours she spends here among her books in the solitude and quiet of the green woods that stretch to the very lintel of the cabin. It is a spring Sunday afternoon and her peace is undisturbed except for the chirp and chatter of the birds in the blossoming new-leaved trees. The book lies idle in her lap, for the beauty of the outdoor world lures her with its spell and her eyes turn to the open window. Suddenly the view is blotted out by the appearance at the window of three dirty little faces peering at her with wide eyes of wonder. Like startled birds, the children flutter away when the lady in the cabin speaks. She goes to the door and calls them, but they hug a distant tree. She coaxes them with apples and finally they creep timidly near and at last enter the cabin. They are shabby little backwoods girls, shy and silent. The lady remembers it is Sunday afternoon and she begins to tell them a story from the Bible, then other stories. They listen with solemn eagerness to every word, their hungry souls glowing in their eyes. When the stories are at an end, the cabin lady tells them to come again the next Sunday and bring with them their sisters and brothers.

The same little cabin in the pine woods in the fuller flush of summer, the same lady and the three shy little girls, this time with faces washed clean, and tangled hair grown neat. Only the three must be sought out, for the Sunday afternoon audience has grown in numbers into a congregation of lanky, rough boys, of girls poorly dressed and of crude exterior, older men and women of the same type with barefoot children playing at their feet and babies asleep in their arms. The congregation is much too large to be seated with any dignity. Soap boxes serve, corn shuck mats, the door sill, anything, and still some are standing. The lady of the cabin, the "Sunday Lady" the people have christened her, plays a melodeon which is so rickety that while she plays some of the boys hold it to keep it from falling. There is but one hymn book, for few of the congregation can read. The "Sunday Lady" lines out the hymns until they grow familiar to the audience. There are some stories in simple language, a few songs and the meeting disperses.

The pictures follow one another like those of a mutoscope until it is hard to keep them distinct. The three curious little faces that appeared at the cabin window that spring Sunday afternoon stirred a deeper chord than they dreamed in the heart of the lady. She was

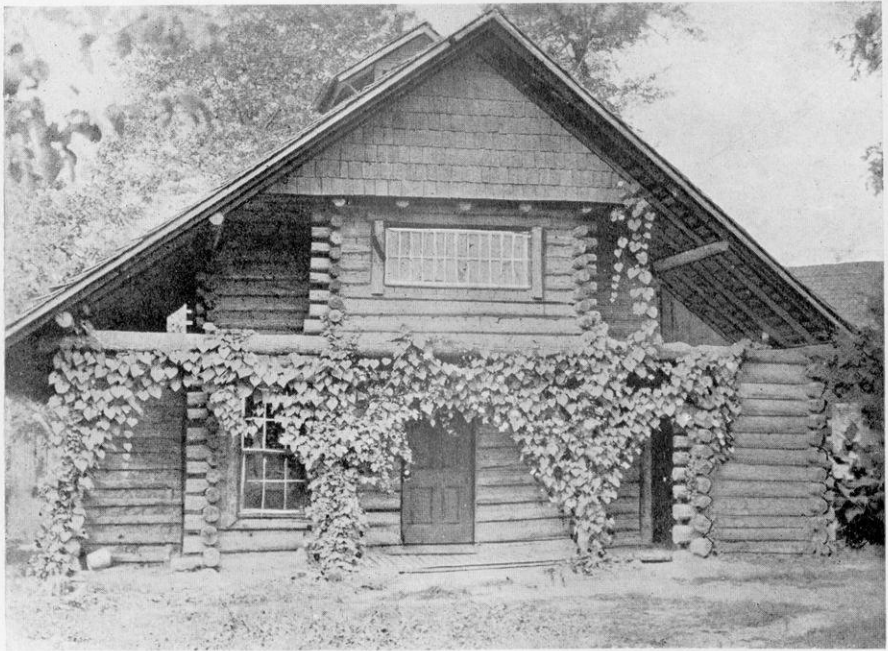
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Miss Martha Berry, who lived on the big plantation that her father had owned for years among the foot-hills of northwestern Georgia, two miles from the little city of Rome. All her life she had dwelt close to these poor white country people whom the three children represented and had thought little of them until their faces peered in at her and piqued her interest. At once the cabin Sunday-school became the vital thing in her life and at once the "Sunday Lady" became a vital influence in the lives of the people about her. On Sundays they came to her to listen to Bible stories; on week days she mounted her pony and went to them in their shacks in the woods. The whole family was always "pow'ful proud" to see the "Sunday Lady," and at her coming the chickens, dogs and babies were cleared out of her pathway with much ceremony and the children made a dash for the one tin basin for a hasty scrub.

Only those who know a Southern mountaineer's dwelling place can realize what the coming of a "Sunday Lady" could mean to the occupants. It is a dingy, bare hut of logs with two rooms, the floors uncovered, no more furniture than a table, chair or two and beds, and an air of naked, staring poverty about it all. Few of these people can read, rarely have they been beyond the county line, of the thousand opportunities the world offers they know nothing. Life is a dull gray grind to them. With lands groaning with the riches of earth at their door, their days are a struggle to get food and homespun enough to go round. And the children are bent to the struggle, too.

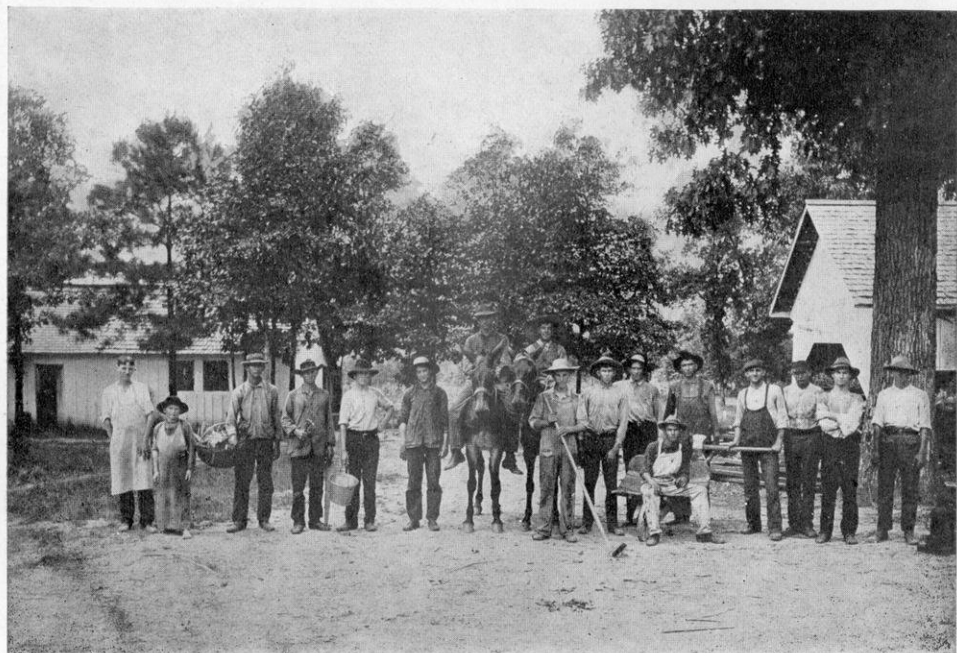
The cabin meeting soon outgrew its small quarters and the "Sunday Lady" provided lumber for a larger cabin about half a mile away, the boys and men doing most of the work. The new cabin when it was built had a bigger purpose than the first one. School was to keep every day as well as Sunday, and the hungry minds of the children were to be fed. Miss Berry secured a teacher from the county for the school for five months, and she paid her to stay an extra month and gave her further remuneration to visit in the homes of the children to find out the needs and condition of the families and to circulate books among them. She supplied the school with umbrellas and warm wraps so that the children could come in bad weather. Pupils came to the school from miles and miles through the woods. The capacity of the school was taxed, and the one room soon had to be added to. A sewing class for the girls was started, a debating club for the boys, and there was a class in singing. The teacher, Miss Berry and one of her sisters threw their whole time into the work, visiting the pupils in their homes, stimulating their interest and caring for the sick.

Some of the pupils who lived at 'Possum Trot, eight miles from



MILKING TIME ON THE SCHOOL FARM AT 'POSSUM TROT.

THE RUSTIC DAIRY BUILT BY THE BOYS ON THE SCHOOL FARM.



THE LITTLE CABIN WHERE THE SUNDAY LADY FIRST TOLD STORIES TO THE 'POSSUM TROT CHILDREN.

A GROUP OF STUDENTS WHO WORK THROUGH THE SUMMER AT MISS BERRY'S SCHOOL FARM.

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the schoolhouse, wanted a Sunday-school there. It was started, and out of it developed another day school, which was equipped with an organ and a library of fifty books. Later two other schools were started in the same way, one at Mt. Alto, and another at Forster's Bend, an isolated, neglected district twenty miles away.

From the schoolrooms with their hopeful, vivifying atmosphere these country children went back to their bare, dull huts. The six months that school doors were closed did much to undo the work of the six months they were open. Hope must struggle hard to flame in these surroundings. Seeing this, and stirred by the barren outlook of the poor white country boys especially, Miss Berry determined to start an industrial school to help the boys of the nearby rural districts. Going daily, intimately into their homes, seeing at close range their lives in all their sallow monotony, the need pressed home to her, and the desire to open the way to these people became the great interest of her life. Out of this desire and with her own patrimony she has built the school in the Georgia hills that has become a model for the industrial and agricultural schools that are springing up in the South as signs of a new and better day for the backwoods boy.

IN JANUARY of nineteen hundred and two Miss Berry deeded eighty-three acres of woodland left her from her father's estate and erected a two-story building at a cost of one thousand dollars, opening the school with an enrolment of six boys. She was assisted in her work by Miss Elizabeth Brewster, a graduate of Leland Stanford University who had been drawn into the work when it was distributed among sporadic wayside schools. The new school started with a modern dormitory, a kitchen, dining room and library, and was soon followed by a workshop, a laundry, a dairy and later an additional dormitory.

One afternoon soon after the industrial school was opened, Miss Berry and her sister while driving to the 'Possum Trot Sunday-school found two boys in a bare, unfurnished cabin by the roadside cooking their dinner. They stopped and talked to them. Their homes, the boys told them, were too far from the county schoolhouse for them to walk, so they came and lived here, doing their own cooking in order to get their schooling. This was the kind of boy for whom the new school was opened. They were told to come the next morning and enter. They came and they both followed the full course the school offered. One of them, after he had finished, entered the State University and this past year was graduated first honor man in his class.

Out of material like this the Berry School has drawn its student

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list, boys from the isolated, untrammled places athirst for knowledge and ready to pay the price of any sacrifice to get it; pure-blooded Anglo-Saxon boys, some of them sons of sires who fought for America's liberty, whose fathers have huddled in poverty for two or three generations in the Southern mountains, but in whose souls lies an eagerness for knowledge and power that needs but a spark to light it. The good news of the "Sunday Lady's" school spread fast. One boy would come, and then his brothers and his neighbors would follow. Now there is an enrolment of a hundred and fifty boys, mostly from Georgia, but many from Alabama, Tennessee, the Carolinas, Florida and Virginia. Some of them drive up in their canvas-covered wagons with their battered trunks beside them and beg the opportunity to learn. And the pity of it is that many of these have to drive back. There is not room enough for all who come and ask.

No boys can enter the school except country boys and country boys of "limited means and opportunities, but unlimited determination and perseverance," to quote the school circular. They must be sixteen years of age, but their previous training matters not at all. It is the undeveloped material, the untouched lives hidden away in the mountains and foot-hills of the South that the school purposes to reach and uplift.

Out of the very needs of these country boys and according to their capacities the school has been hewn and shaped. When it first opened the buildings were set in virgin woodland, paths to its doors had to be chopped through dense forest; and so with its training and curriculum, the material was rough, primitive. Careful hewing and surveying were needed on the part of the builders. But the path has been cleared.

THE keynote of the school is *work*; the foundation principle is that what is worth having is worth working for. Every boy is made to feel that in his own hands lies his salvation. The drones either do not come or they are caught up in the spirit of industry. Every boy must do two hours' work a day, anything that is required of him, besides his classroom work. They attend to the farm of four hundred acres, look after the grounds, attend to the cows, chickens, pigeons, do every bit of building that is accomplished, in addition to the indoor attendance on the dormitories, dining room, kitchen, dairy and laundry. These same boys who, half a dozen years ago when Miss Berry held her Sunday-schools in the neighborhood, often let her build the fires for them and do what chores there were while they stood and looked on, are now churning, milking, cooking, washing dishes, doing laundry work, sweeping, dusting,

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putting their hands to whatever is needed, for every bit of work that is done in the school or on the farm they do and do blithely. There is nothing they scorn, nothing they are not proud of the privilege of doing in order to gain an education and make the school possible. These sons of men who scorn above all things to do "woman's work" whistle as they cook and wash. The influence that has brought them to it is the teachers about them who, from the first, went in with them and worked at any task with unafraid hands.

The first Sunday that Miss Berry held her class at 'Possum Trot the roof of the old schoolhouse they made use of leaked so that her muslin dress got soaked. She told the people that there must be a new roof before the next Sunday. Some of them shifted their wads of tobacco in their mouths and said, "But it moughtn't rain for a month, lady."

"Yes, but it mought," she answered. It took a bribe of lemonade to accomplish the work, but the following Sunday the roof was covered. The next time she wanted anything done the response was more willing. The "it moughtn't" spirit has vanished entirely from the Berry School. One looks for it there in vain. The spirit is all one of "it will, so let's provide."

It is marvelous to look at the twelve buildings that comprise the school now, most of them large and substantial and all of unmistakably good workmanship, and think that they have been built by the rough hands of these country boys. It is more than marvelous to look at these eager, alert boys at their tasks and note the courtesy of their manners, and think of their uncouthness, their crudeness when they first came to ask entrance to the school. Some of them are not boys, they were men of twenty-five and more when they entered, great hulking men who could neither read nor write, who carried their outfit in a small pack on their backs, but who had labored hard for the money for tuition and in whose eyes was the fire of determination. If it were needed to grovel on their hands and knees for learning they would gladly grovel. Undeveloped Lincolns some may be; at any rate men who will not be afraid of life and any task it may bring them.

The wife of the president of one of the great Eastern universities for men visited the school last year, and when she had seen the work she said to Miss Berry, "At our university I see hundreds of young men who are surfeited with this world's goods and are so unused to labor that they resent the least exertion. Here you have the opposite extreme. I think these boys have the better chance to succeed in life."

One of the most prominent public men in the State came to Miss

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Berry once and asked for admission for his son in her school. "He can get here," he said, "what no other school that I know offers. Nothing need be said of his coming and if you will take him I will raise a great deal of money for your school."

Miss Berry's reply was, "Your boy lives in the city and has at his door the opportunities of a hundred schools. If he came he would be keeping away some boy who has no other school to go to."

THE curriculum has had to be adapted to the needs of boys whose early education has been scant and desultory. The course of study extends over six years, the first three being grammar-school years which give a grounding in the fundamentals of common-school education. The high-school course is for two classes of students, for those who cannot go to a higher institution and for those who intend going to college. A certificate of graduation from the school admits students to several of the largest universities and colleges of the South. The course is very thorough and the faculty is of the best, not only of the best mental but the best spiritual timber, each member being attracted to the work by an interest in the cause. These men and women come very close to the boys in the classroom and out, and it is this personal touch and contact that is one of the greatest uplifting influences of the school. Into the work of the boys, into their sports, their games, the teachers enter, and from no interest or enterprise of theirs are they aloof. In this way the rough, burly boys from the backwoods are mannered and toned.

Imagine the influence of the Sunday afternoon cabin meeting on these boys. The present cabin is a log and mud idealization of the original home of the school, a place where some of the teachers live, and which is in a way the heart of the school, the embodiment at least of its spirit. It was built by the boys, and some of their joy in the work seems to have clung to it. Its exterior is simple and beautiful. The cabin nestles amidst thick dogwoods which in spring are a glory of white blossoms, and around the mud chimney and the low-roofed porch gourd vines clamber, and honeysuckle and wild rose. On the rough doorway of the cabin hangs a coon skin, as it might on a typical mountaineer's dwelling place, and there is no door knob, but a latch string on the outside. Within, two big rooms open together and they are furnished with soft-toned rugs, a few pieces of old mahogany, restful pictures, and quaint little bookcases full of friendly books. There is in each room a great stone fireplace and the motto inscribed on one, "Come sitte besyde my hearth, 'tis wide for gentyle company," seems to express the hospitable atmosphere of the cabin. Here at six o'clock on Sunday afternoons the boys gather and dis-

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tribute themselves on the floor around Miss Berry, or some other member of the faculty if she is away, who talks to them in a simple way of some truth from the Bible just as in that first log hut in the woods. There is no light save soft glow of candles and the blaze of the great logs in the fireplace. The boys' voices beat against the rafters in waves of outpouring songs as they sing the old familiar hymns. They listen and sing and talk together, lingering long in the mellow atmosphere of the place.

There is much in the way of equipment to which the Berry School still aspires, because its hopes have no end, but what is already installed is of the best and most up-to-date. The dairy is thoroughly modern and is planned according to specifications furnished by the Department of Agriculture in Washington; the workshop is fitted with the necessary wood-working machinery and there is an adequate dynamo; the laundry has all the outfit of a modern steam laundry; the cow barn is ideal in its arrangements. In the farming, the handling of the peach orchard, the raising of chickens and squabs and the care of the cows the most improved methods and appliances are employed. In every detail of the school there go hand in hand the two invaluable lessons of doing and saving, the end being held well in view of not educating the boy away from the country but of giving him back to the country with quickened energies and a mastery of the situation. In the very grounds themselves and the outer shell of the school is an expression of the endeavor to fall in with Nature and develop according to her cue. There are but few bare cleared stretches of campus, most of the land having been left in natural woods with benignant pines and oaks, dogwoods and gums. And the buildings, the little log dairy, the cabin and the dormitories with their columns of polished but unhewn cedar, all show a harmony with the natural and the surrounding.

THE school spirit of the Berry Industrial does not waste itself in hip, hurrah yells and midnight revels on the campus, but is an actual all-pervading spirit that vents itself in an eagerness to work and help whenever there is anything needed for the school, and in a devotion, almost a worship, of her who has brought an education within their reach. One year when the school was having a celebration the founder had been on a tour and was delayed. The boys thought she would be unable to get there and a cloud of depression hung over the students. They forgot, however, to calculate on the ingenuity of Miss Berry. She boarded a freight train from Atlanta, and dusty and weary from her journey, appeared in the assembly hall while the exercises were in progress. For a second

WORKING FOR AN EDUCATION

there was a hush and then the hundred and fifty boys rose to their feet and burst into one loud whooping cheer of joy that rose and died and was born again over and over.

Many a boy works on holidays in order to earn a few extra dollars and turn it over to the school. Last year the bath house burned and the boys got together among themselves and determined to raise money enough to build a larger and better bath house with a gymnasium attached. They have no means to draw on, but they have an exhaustless fund of determination, and they have said they will raise money for the new building. The ignorant, untaught mothers and fathers of the boys in their bare homes fall into the spirit of loyalty, too, and make their meager donations. The recitation hall of the school, which is a splendid building at the head of the long, shaded avenue leading from the road, represents eight hundred one-dollar gifts from the small savings of these people.

From the log-cabin schoolhouse with one acre of land has grown this school of many buildings with land amounting to a thousand acres and an equipment approximating one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. And it has all been wrought out by the faith and persistence of one woman. The "Sunday Lady" has given her means and herself to these piney woods boys. It is as if the school were her own offspring which she has brought into being and tenderly nursed. She has seen it through whooping cough and measles and colic, has sat up with it night after night, her hand on its pulse, her ear to its heart, fearing the breath was leaving the body. Its perils and dangers have been ceaseless. Many an agonizing hour she has paced the floor wondering where the money for its needs was to be had. The school is not endowed and in all its history it has never received a single large gift. In small amounts the provision for its living has come, amounts secured by Miss Berry from friends in the North and the South where she often travels in behalf of the school. Each boy pays fifty dollars a year for his schooling and the amount it costs per capita is a hundred. The deficit has to be made good. Many persons contribute scholarships to help these boys grow into men of training and education, but the strain of maintaining the school is enormous. Its doors never close. In summer there are thirty-five boys who remain to work on the farm and in the various capacities they are needed, in this way earning their tuition for the following year.

Whenever a new agricultural or industrial school is to be started in the South Miss Berry or one of her representatives is sent for to explain the methods of her school. It is considered the model for all those that have come after, the pioneer in a type of school that is

PERVASION

going to do more to upbuild the South than all the measures of the legislatures that have been passed since the Civil War. When one of these new schools grows uncertain, a pupil is brought to the Berry School to take back to his own new life and inspiration. Because it is a missionary school, because it is a school that is making history, because it turns into men of power and strength the untrained boys of the backwoods, and not least of all because it is built on the faith of one single woman, the fame of the Berry School should not be hidden away in the Georgia hills. The faith of that one woman has been unlimited, and her industry. Ripe and waiting to start into life is a similar school for girls. The land is in readiness and the girls in their mountain homes are crying out for it. It needs but funds to give it breath. The "Sunday Lady" is eager to mother it, for her heart is no less warm to the sister of the piney woods boy than to the boy himself.

PERVASION

YOU are all vague and haunting things to me:
The shimmer of the moonlight on the mere
Is your strange being, and the brooding fear
Of the black midnight. Everywhere I see
A symbol of you; in the cedar tree
That dreams beside my window, in the clear
Eyes of the lonely stars, in the austere
And melancholy ocean's mystery.

Never the moon beholds my secret hours
But you behold me, never the grey dawn
Comes without word of you on its cool breath.
And will I find you in my coffin flowers,
When over time's cold borders I am drawn
By the inexorable desires of Death?

ELSA BARKER.

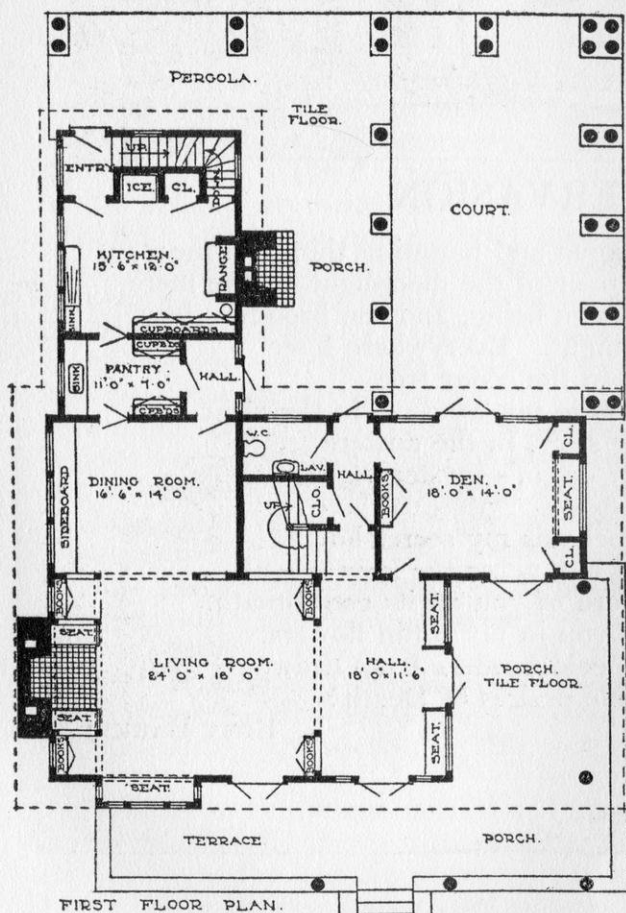


DESIGNS FOR CRAFTSMAN RURAL DWELLINGS

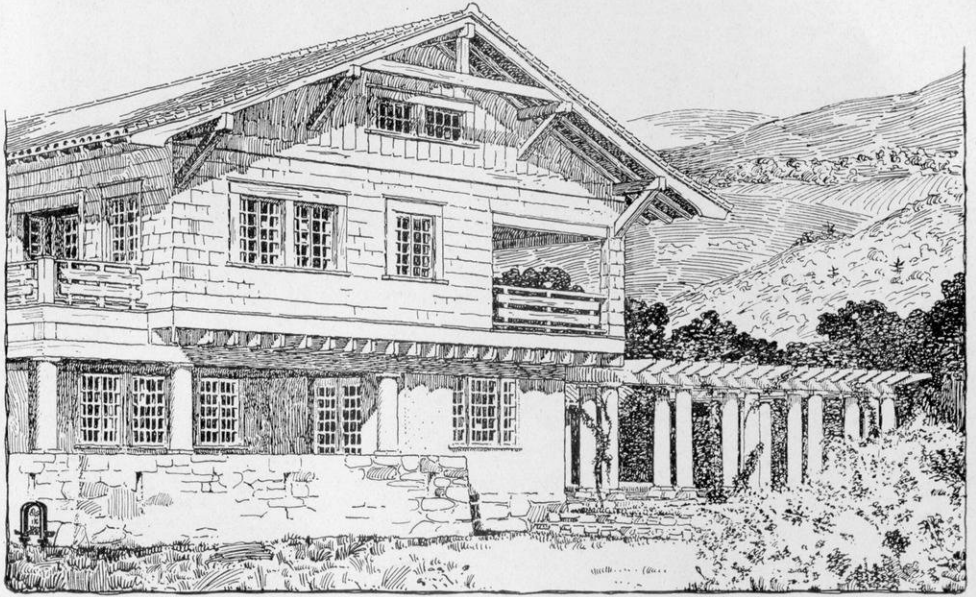
DESIGNS for two Craftsman houses, both intended for country life but widely differing in style, are offered this month for the use of members of the Home Builders' Club. The first and larger is especially adapted to life in a warm country, where there is much sunshine and where it is possible to

live out of doors during the greater part of the time, for a good part of the ground space is taken up with the terrace, court, pergolas and porches, and in addition to these the house is provided with a large outdoor sleeping room that is intended for use all the year round. Such a plan would serve admirably for a dwelling in California or in the Southern States, but would be advisable only for specially favored spots in the North and East, as its comfort and charm necessarily depend very largely upon the possibility of outdoor life.

As originally planned, the walls of the lower story are to be built of cement or of stucco on metal lath. The upper walls are shingled. The roof is of red tile and the foundation and parapets are of field stone. The material used, however, is entirely optional and can be varied according to the taste of the owner or the requirements of the locality, as the building would look quite as well if constructed entirely of cement or of brick. If a wooden house is preferred, the walls could be either shingled or

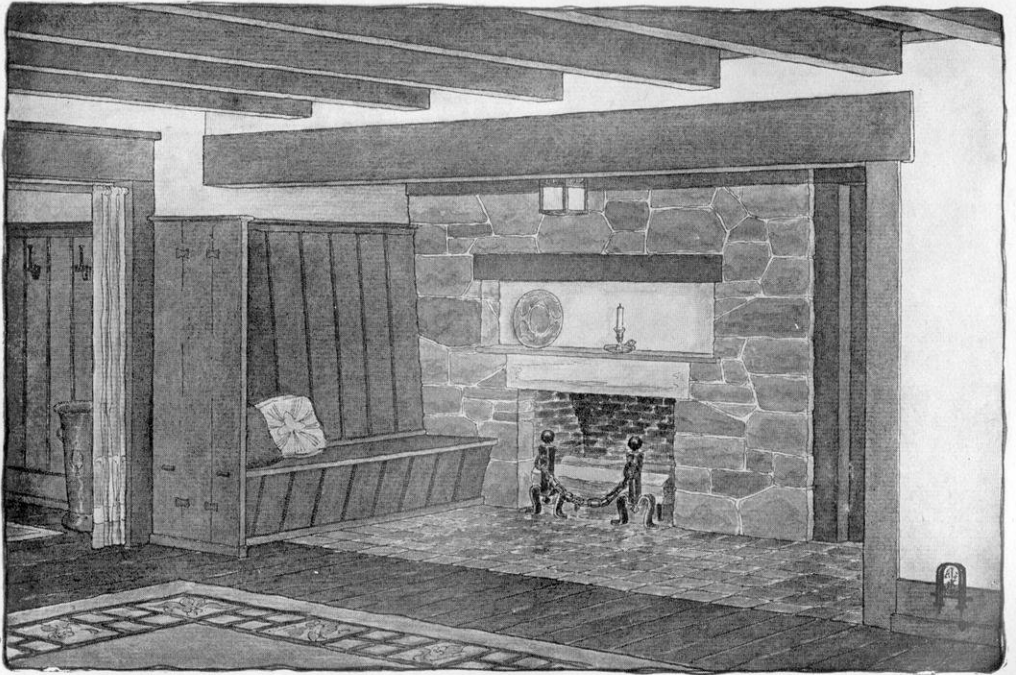
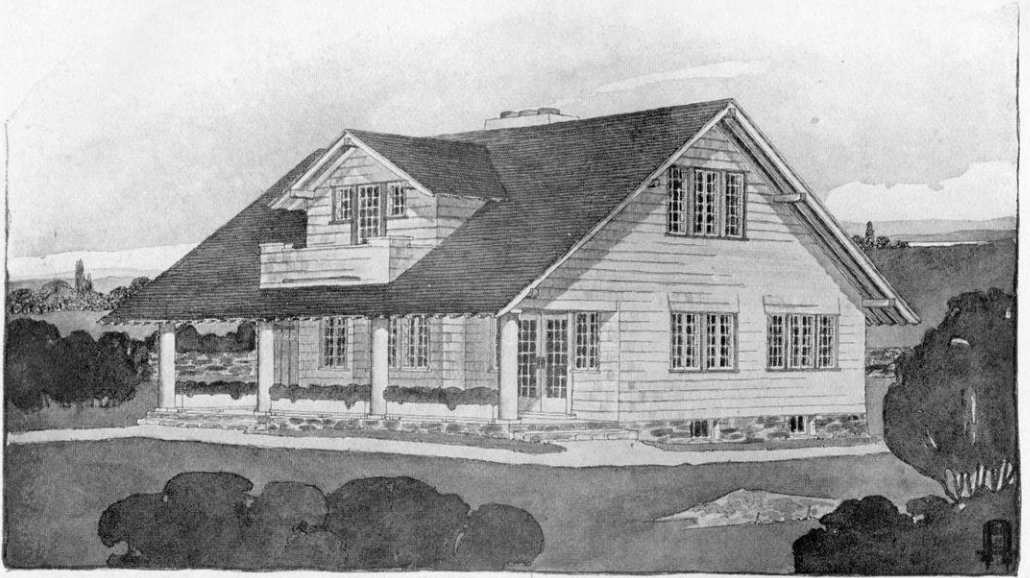


HOUSE FOR A WARM CLIMATE.



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE DESIGNED FOR A WARM CLIMATE, SHOWING SIDE PORCH AND PERGOLA.

REAR VIEW, SHOWING LINES OF ROOF AND ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOWS.



A CRAFTSMAN FARMHOUSE DESIGNED WITH
A VIEW TO BEAUTY AS WELL AS UTILITY.

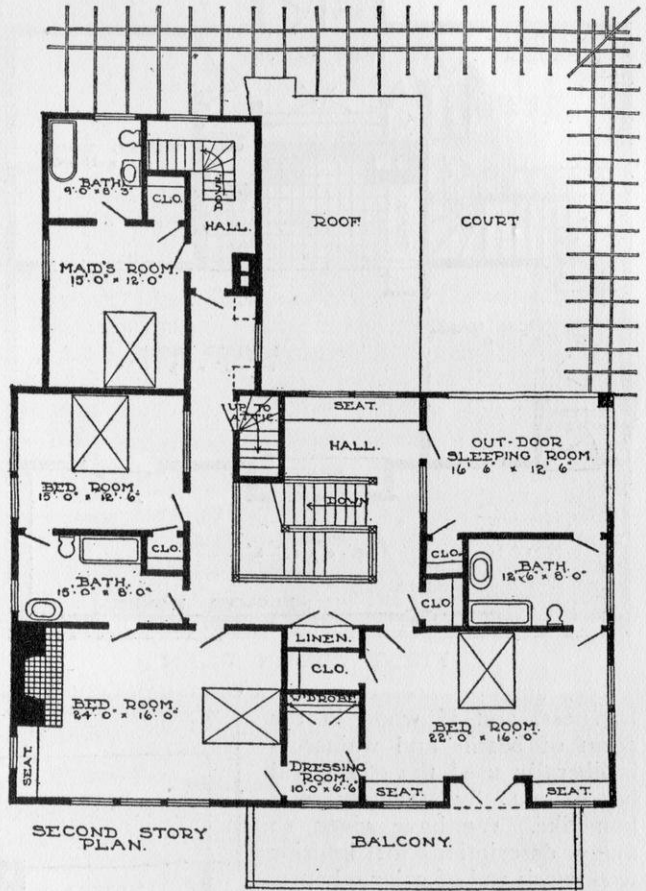
A CORNER IN THE SITTING ROOM OF THE
FARMHOUSE.

CRAFTSMAN RURAL DWELLINGS

sheathed with clapboards, while the roof is equally well adapted to tiles, slates, or shingles.

The first of the perspective drawings shows the side of the house instead of the front, as by taking this view it is possible to include both porch and court and also to show the balcony and sleeping room on the upper story. The second drawing gives a view of the whole house as seen from the rear, the viewpoint being from a corner diagonally opposite. A broad terrace runs across the front of the house and continues around the side, where it forms a porch which is meant to be used as an outdoor living room. The entrance door opens from this porch into a hall that forms one end of the living room, from which it is separated only by the two built-in bookcases. The wide opening thus left is directly opposite the fireplace nook with its built-in seats and tiled hearth, and below the high casement windows on either side of the chimney-piece are two more bookcases. A square bay window at the side is filled with a low broad window seat, and two other seats placed on either side of the front door offer rest and welcome to whoever enters the house. The dining room is, to all intents and purposes, another division of the living room; but the den is definitely shut off, so that it may be used for a work room where seclusion is needed.

The wing at the back of the house is occupied by the kitchen and pantry, and the range backs up against a large fireplace on the back porch. This porch, which has a tiled floor, leads to the paved court that is surrounded on two sides by the pergola, so that all degrees of shade and sunlight are at hand, as well as the comfort and cheer of a crackling log fire

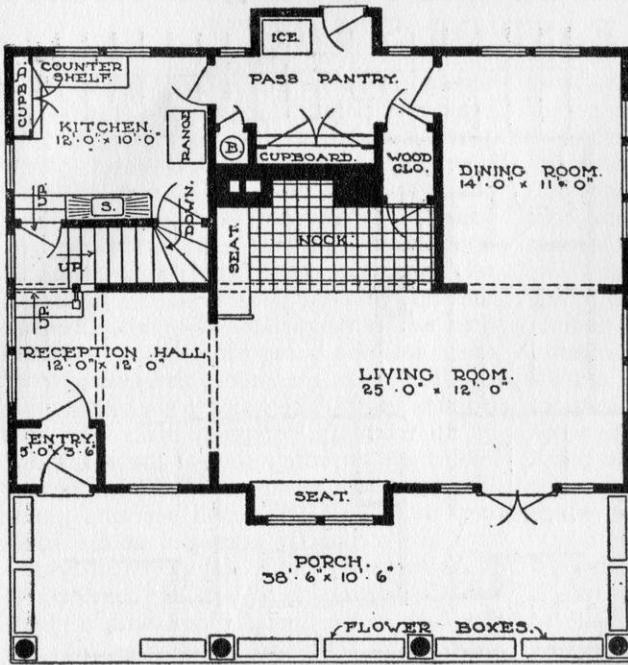


HOUSE FOR A WARM CLIMATE.

on a spring or autumn evening, when it is too beautiful to go indoors and just a little too chilly to stay out. The divisions of the upper floor are explained by the plan.

The second dwelling is a farmhouse with simple lines, clapboarded or shingled walls and a broad sheltering roof, the straight sweep of which is broken by a large dormer on either side. The interior arrangement is very simple, as there is hardly anything to mark a division between what is called by courtesy the reception hall, the long living room with its fireplace nook and the dining room. The arrangement of space avoids all sense of

CRAFTSMAN RURAL DWELLINGS



FIRST STORY PLAN

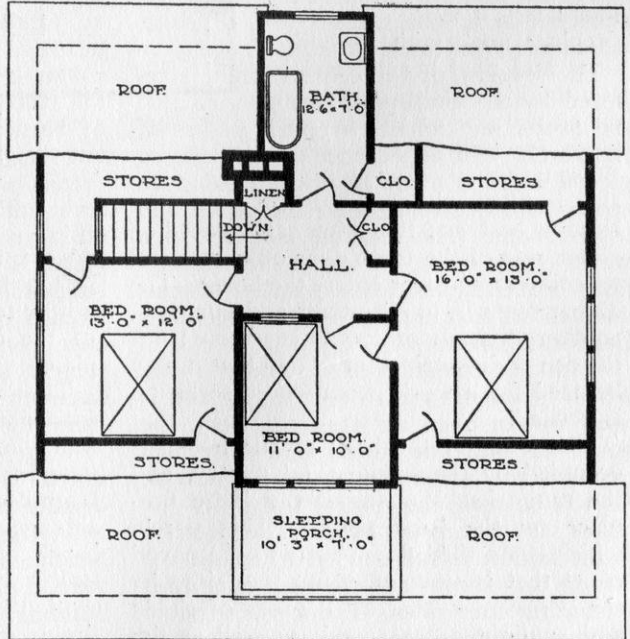
A CRAFTSMAN FARMHOUSE.

room under the slope of the roof. The sleeping porch in front is sheltered by the parapets and is open to the sky, so that believers in the efficacy of outdoor sleeping will be able to get the full benefit of the breeze, without being exposed to the view of people passing in the street. Opening as it does from a bedroom, it can be used even in the severest weather, as all dressing is of course done indoors.

We give no descriptions of the interior arrangement of these houses, as we are coming more and more to believe that this is a matter which should be left entirely to the taste of the owner; but we are always glad to give all the suggestions in our power to anyone who desires them and who will write us to that effect.

bareness, and if wood in the form of beams and wainscots is liberally used the effect will be delightfully friendly and homelike. We have given so many descriptions of interior woodwork and of color schemes that it is useless to repeat them here, as any one of the native woods that are suitable for interior trim would be excellent, and the color scheme, of course, would be based upon the tone of the wood. The kind of wood selected would naturally depend upon the locality, and a safe rule to follow in nearly every case is the use of local materials so far as is possible.

The upper floor, which is divided into three bedrooms with a bathroom in the dormer at the back, is arranged with a view to the greatest possible economy of space, and there is plenty of store room and closet



SECOND STORY PLAN.

A CRAFTSMAN FARMHOUSE.

A CALIFORNIA MISSION HOUSE THAT MIGHT BE BUILT IN THE EAST OR SOUTH

A typical California house that shows all the distinguishing features of Mission architecture and yet is so planned that it would be comfortable even in a much colder climate than Southern California, has just been built for Mr. W. W. Huntington at Oneonta Park, near Los Angeles, California. The plan was made by "Ye Planry" Building Company in Los Angeles, and the cost of the house, including stationary fixtures, cement walks, and so forth, was a trifle less than \$5000. The construction is stucco on metal lath,—a style of concrete work that is very common on the Pacific coast. This means that the house has a wooden frame covered with metal lath, on which is spread a thick layer of the best Portland cement finished under a burlap covered float which gives a fairly rough surface. The walls are eighteen inches thick, so that the building looks massive and is well adapted to resist heat in summer and cold in winter. The roof and chimney caps are of red tile and the center of the building is occupied by a square courtyard, or *patio*, which is roofed with glass.

The severity of the cement walls is relieved by the timbers of the pergola and the projecting timbers over the pillars of the porch. All appearance of coldness or gloom is taken away by the arched open spaces which give light to the porch and tower room. The concrete is tinted to a warm cream color,—a tone which harmonizes beautifully with the purples, browns and yellows that mingle with the green in a California landscape.

With the exception of the tower room, which is about 13 x 16 feet in size and is used for an open air sleeping room, the house has only one story. The floor plan explains the arrangement of the rooms. As will be seen, the central feature of the whole structure is the *patio*. The fountain in the middle is surrounded by masses of flowers and shrubs and the tiled floor runs around the four sides. The sunshine pours through the glass roof all day long and at night the place is lighted by electric lan-

terns. A touch of color is given by a beautiful painted frieze and the whole place is fitted up for a sunroom or outdoor living room, with hammocks, easy chairs and low tables. The plan is so arranged that anyone standing at the front door has a vista that extends through the reception hall, *patio* and dining room to the vine-covered pergola at the back and thence into the garden. The reception hall opens into the living room on one side and the library on the other; the dining room is at the back. The stairs to the tower room go up from the reception hall. The bedrooms are on either side of the *patio*, and like the other rooms, have doors opening into it. The kitchen and servants' quarters are compactly arranged at the back.

As there are chilly days even in Southern California, there is a big comfortable fireplace in the living room, with a chimney-piece of dull olive green tiles. As the division between living room, reception hall and library is merely suggested, the woodwork of dull-finished oak is alike in all three rooms, and all the ceilings are beamed. Built-in window seats in both rooms add to the structural interest of the place and make possible the minimum of furniture,—a great consideration in a hot bright country like Southern California, where all appearance of crowding and stuffiness is specially oppressive. The dining room, which also possesses a fireplace, is finished in Flemish oak, with a built-in buffet as shown in the illustration. French doors on both sides of the room open respectively upon the *patio* and the pergola at the back. The bedrooms and bathrooms are all finished in white enamel and cool delicate coloring.

This style of house, while especially suited to Southern California, would be equally at home in the Southern States and even in some parts of the East and North, in places where the general contour of the landscape admits this kind of building. The cost of it of course would vary with the locality. As a basis from which estimates of such variations can be

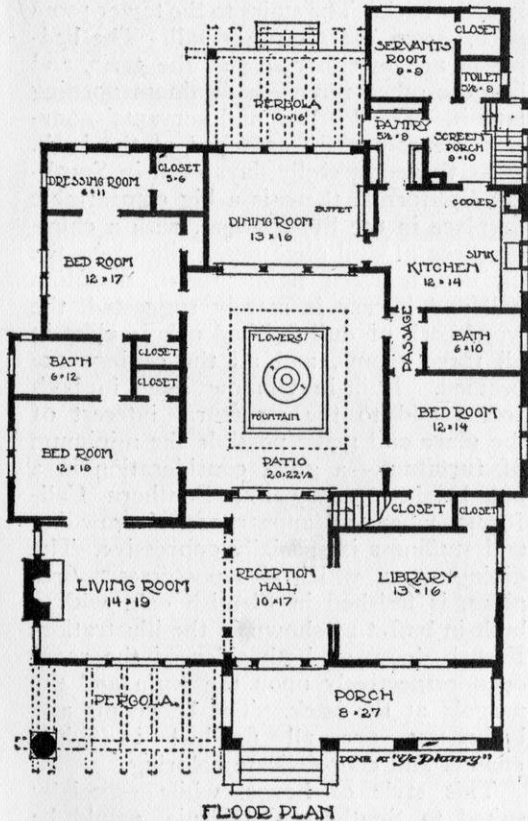
A CALIFORNIA MISSION HOUSE

made, it may be said that the price we name is based upon framing lumber at \$22 per thousand feet; finishing lumber at \$40 per thousand; and cement at \$2.90 per barrel. For a more severe climate the walls might be constructed of solid reinforced concrete or of tile plastered with cement, both of which would give the same general appearance to the house. Both these forms of construction, however, would be more expensive than the stucco upon metal lath and would prob-

ably increase the cost from \$5000 to between \$7000 or \$8000. It would be easy to heat the *patio*, situated as it is in the middle of the house and with a glass roof to gather all the sunlight there may be, and kept at a pleasant temperature it would make a delightful lounging place even in the depth of winter.

There is hardly any style of building which is susceptible to greater variation without changing its essential character than this modernized Mission architecture. There is something so convenient and comfortable in having all the rooms of the house upon one floor, and the central court with its flowers and splashing fountain has something about it which always appeals to the imagination. It is so much closer to out-of-doors than any room shut in between four walls and a ceiling, and yet there is always a sense of shelter and seclusion about it,—a hidden refuge from all the world.

The advantage of metal lath construction is that it is much less expensive than solid concrete and is almost as durable, as the wooden frame, being protected from dampness, will not decay. But metal lath should always be used, as properly mixed cement sets very quickly, and wooden lath by this action would buckle and so be pulled from the fastenings. Stucco made from properly mixed cement is impervious to rain and is not affected by freezing, and it can be finished in any way desired. A smooth surface is given by finishing the final coat under a wooden float; for a sand finish, a burlap covered float is used; for a "spatter dash" surface, the last coat of cement is thrown on with a trowel or a stiff fibered brush, while for a "pebble dash" finish a mixture of one part cement and three parts coarse sand and gravel not over $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter is thrown on with a trowel.





A CONCRETE CALIFORNIA HOUSE BUILT IN MISSION STYLE.

VIEW OF DINING ROOM, SHOWING BUILT-IN BUFFET AND FRENCH DOORS, WHICH OPEN ON A PATIO.



Fred R. Lear, Architect.

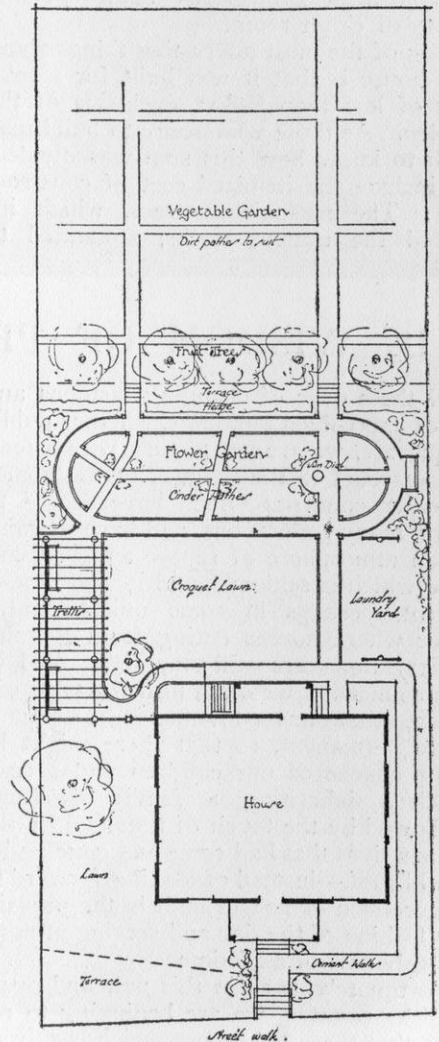
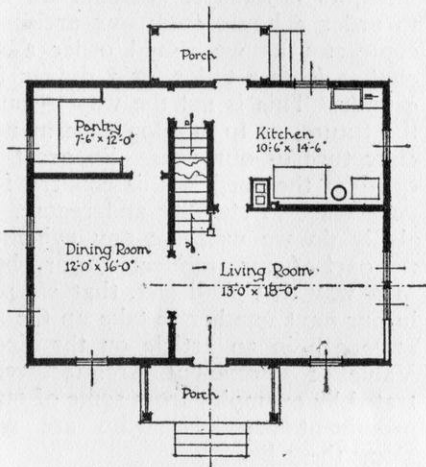
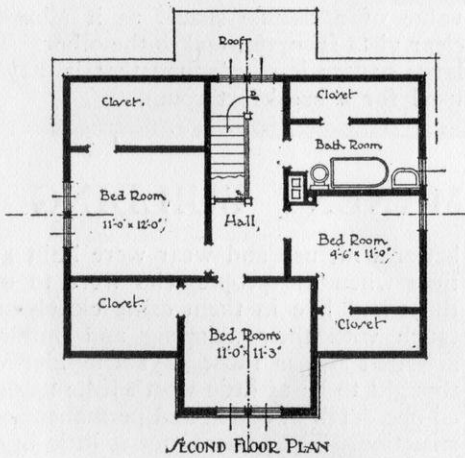
AN INTERESTING CEMENT HOUSE, OWNED
BY MR. JOHN M. CANDEE, SYRACUSE, N. Y.
VIEW OF LIVING ROOM, SHOWING SIMPLE
ATTRACTIVE FURNISHING.

A PLAIN CEMENT HOUSE THAT IS COMFORTABLE, COMPLETE AND INEXPENSIVE

A house that is interesting because it is comfortable, complete and yet very inexpensive, is the residence of Mr. John M. Candee in Syracuse. The plan was made by Mr. Fred R. Lear, who treated the house as a part of an entire scheme including the lawn, croquet ground, flower garden, terrace and vegetable garden, so that the surround-

ings of the building are in harmony with the design. The plan of the house itself is very simple and compact, with shingled roof and walls of rough finished cement relieved by a sparing use of half-timber construction, which serves to break up the severity of the wall spaces and forms the only touch of decoration on the outside of the house.

RESIDENCE, FOR MR. JOHN M. CANDEE.
 325 LEXINGTON AVE., SYRACUSE, N.Y.
 1-9-0-8
 FRED R. LEAR, Architect.
 SYRACUSE, N.Y.



THE WISDOM OF PERMANENT BUILDING

The whole of the lower floor is given to the dining room and living room,—which are practically one,—and to a good-sized kitchen and pantry in the rear. The entrance door opens directly into the living room. Cypress, dull finished in a light brown tone, is used for the woodwork throughout the house and the plain furniture is of dull finished oak to correspond. There are three bedrooms on the second floor with a good sized bathroom and plenty of closet room.

One of the most interesting things about this house is that it was built for a total cost of less than \$2800, exclusive of the garden. As those who desire to build may wish to know how this sum was divided, we include the itemized cost of construction: The mason's contract, which included the cement walks, amounted to

\$690; for the carpenter work and painting \$1397.50 was paid; the plumbing came to \$252.50; the electric wiring cost \$31.50; the hot water system of heating, \$325. The decorating, exclusive of lighting fixtures, amounted to \$50 and the hardware to \$41,—making a total of \$2787.50. Of course, the liberal use of woodwork, such as beams, wainscoting and built-in furnishings of various kinds, would have brought the total cost to a considerably larger figure, but the arrangement of wall spaces is such that very simple woodwork serves the purpose. Although the rooms are not large, the arrangement of the dining room and living room gives all the value of a double space, as it allows a clear vista from one end to the other. The large pantry is so planned that it may be used for a breakfast room.

THE WISDOM OF PERMANENT BUILDING

IN these days of changing fashions and of short-lived buildings, whether public or private, we are apt to turn with a feeling of relief to the thought of the homes in older countries which have served to house many generations, and have so gained an atmosphere of repose and permanence which is seldom found in America,—except, perhaps in some quiet country place where houses dating from Revolutionary times are still standing. And in this connection we often hear the wish expressed that our own homes could be made more permanent, so that there might be some chance of our children and grandchildren inheriting a family dwelling, mellowed by the touch of time and by the human lives that had come and gone under its old roof,—instead of looking forward to a succession of houses built in the prevailing fashion of the day and serving at most for only part of a lifetime.

Fortunately, even in this new and over-wealthy country, we are beginning to realize that these old homes which last from generation to generation and seem to grow

better with use and wear were built at a time when the people who were to own them and live in them came closely into touch with their planning and building, and that also in those days a builder was thought to be of little worth if he neglected one detail of sound and permanent construction. The permanence is little in our thoughts nowadays. Instead we are apt to order a house from our architect and contractor as we would order a suit of clothes from a tailor, or a dinner from a caterer. This is not the way to build for the future, or to develop a permanent architecture of our own. So great do we consider the need in this country for this very sense of stability and repose, and so gladly do we welcome any evidences on the part of our architects toward building in a way that shall last, that we purpose in our next number to take up the subject at length in an article on the Economic Value of Permanent Architecture, illustrated by examples from some of our most prominent architects who are working along these lines.



WOODCARVING AND ITS POSSIBILITIES AS ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD ARTS OF THE PEOPLE: BY KARL VON RYDINGSVÄRD

MUCH is being done both here and abroad to encourage the development of the arts and crafts, for the twofold reason that work of this kind serves at once to raise the standard of public taste and to develop the individuality of the worker. When we come to look into it, however, these two reasons are found to be one and the same, because the development in each individual worker of the power of sincere self-expression is bound to react upon the life and thought of the people at large.

This idea of self-expression, like every other truth, is apt at times to be pushed to an extreme, so that it becomes less a sincere expression of the thought and feeling of the worker than an attempt to cast aside all restraint and to strive for originality at the expense of reason and common sense. This is not so often the case with the fine arts, because in the realm of painting and sculpture such extravagances soon run their course and bring their own reaction. Besides, a man who has developed himself to such an extent that he is able to paint upon canvas or to model in clay the vision of beauty that has come to him or the record of life as he sees it, is apt to have grown beyond the mere desire to do something different; but with craftworkers who are feeling their way toward expression there is danger of two extremes,—either the slavish copying of what has been done or the doing of something

crude and eccentric for the sake of achieving some measure of original expression.

Nevertheless, if the worker be sincerely and vitally interested in his work both these dangers are soon passed, because no one can work honestly with the heart and brain in full accord with the hand without growing up to the possibility of greater achievement. Especially is this true with regard to women, when once they come to realize that their greatest opportunity for expressing themselves lies in the work of their hands. Some have the great gift that belongs to all the world, and their work we see on the walls of our galleries, in our museums and in our public places, but by far the greater number start with a small gift which may or may not attain the height of great creative expression.

Whether it does or does not, there is no question as to the field which offers practically boundless opportunities for the exercise of women's taste, skill and industry. This from the earliest times down to the present day has been her home, which is hers to make what she will and which, after all, is the cradle and the earliest school of the race. In primitive life woman is always the principal craftworker. Men may expend their skill upon implements of war or the chase, but it is the woman who beautifies the garments, the tent or lodge and all the utensils that are for daily use in the home life, and this work of hers, done because of her

WOOD CARVING AND ITS POSSIBILITIES

need for expressing the craving for beauty that plays such an important part in our development, is treasured now as the foundation of all decorative art. And in the centuries which are now regarded as the Golden Age of handicrafts of all kinds, these home arts reached their height in the exquisite tapestries, embroideries and carvings which made beautiful the interior of every home, from the castle to the farmhouse. The decorations themselves varied so widely that they ran the whole scale from the crudest carving or painting on a wooden chest in a peasant's hut to the costly tapestry on which was recorded in cunningest needlework the daring deeds of chivalry and the gayeties of court life. But the result was the same; it was an expression of the individuality of the worker and therefore a crystallization of the ideal of beauty,—which is all there is of art.

These arts have almost lapsed into abeyance in this machine-made age, and our great effort now is to revive them so generally that all men and women who have leisure to acquire some skill of hand and some knowledge of design may experience the joy and interest of making for themselves things which shall be a part of their daily life and surroundings. Especially is this the case with wood carving. It is not a difficult art to acquire and in its cruder forms it may be done with very little training or experience, but if each piece of work is done with care and thought and whatever skill the worker may be able to command, and, above all, if it has in it the application of the worker's individual idea of beauty to the decoration of some useful thing, the chances are that the art and the worker will develop together to an astonishing degree.

Not that I am recommending the miscellaneous use of carving for unnecessary and superfluous decoration such as we see in distressing abundance. This belongs more to the realm of "fancy work" and is demoralizing rather than developing in its nature. The article to be decorated should above all things be useful and the

decoration should have in it the clearest possible expression of the worker's life and surroundings. The examples given here convey to some degree what I mean, although in this case the decorations are those that show the life of foreign lands and former times rather than a record of what is happening here and now. If, for example, a girl with some skill of her hands chose to carve for herself a bride's chest to take with her into her future home, she would naturally seek to express in the decoration something that belonged to the life of her girlhood, and that would remain as a record to her children. The same rule applies to all such decorations, whether small or great, and it is by allowing it to develop naturally in the making of our home surroundings that we will lay the foundations for the growth of a great art which shall belong to this people and to this age.

In painting, in sculpture and in our domestic architecture there are already abundant signs of a desire to express this national feeling in our art, but unquestionably the richest opportunity for such expression, and the one which will bring it closest to our daily life, lies in the beautifying of the home. Hitherto we have been content to take our art ready-made from foreign lands, the rich people among us detaching bodily the beautiful interiors of rare old palaces and churches abroad and transplanting them to this country. This vandalism unquestionably had its use in bringing home to us a standard of workmanship as well as artistic expression, but when once the suggestion is acted upon that use has gone by. It lies in our own hands to develop our own art, and through it to develop the standards and perceptions of all the people. When every woman learns to look into her own life and surroundings for creative ideas and to express these ideas in the work of her hands, the department store period of vulgar ostentation will have gone by forever, and we shall find ourselves in the possession of a household art that yields place to none in the world.



See pages 729 and 730.

TWO CHESTS DESIGNED AND CARVED
BY KARL VON RYDINGSVÄRD.



DETAIL OF DESK, SHOW-
ING METHOD OF CARVING.



DESK CARVED IN NORWEGIAN STYLE
BY KARL VON RYDINGSVÅRD.

DYEING OF IMITATION AND ARTIFICIAL SILK: BY PROFESSOR CHARLES PELLEW, OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY: NUMBER IX

OWING to the high price of pure silk and the bad wearing qualities of the highly adulterated silks described in my last article, there has been for a long time a strong demand for a fabric which would combine as far as possible the strength and wearing power of the one with the cheap price of the other, while still retaining the luster and "scoop" or characteristic feeling of both.

This demand at present is met, and not so unsuccessfully, first by imitation silk, of which mercerized cotton is the best example, and second, by the various forms of artificial silk which during the last few years have been introduced widely in both Europe and our own country. The competition of these two classes of products is not at all to be despised. Their quality is constantly improving, their price diminishing, and their production increasing rapidly from year to year. And if the silk manufacturers continue to produce such poor material in the line of weighted silk fabrics as they have in the past, it will be but a short time before they will find the market almost entirely divided between pure-dyed silks, on the one hand, for expensive goods, and some of these new products for cheap materials.

Mercerized Cotton.—This material was first introduced as a substitute for silk some ten or twelve years ago, although the process for making it was invented about 1840, by a celebrated English dyer, John Mercer. He discovered that when cotton, either in cloth or yarn, was subjected for a short time to the action of strong caustic alkali, and then thoroughly washed, the resulting material was much stronger than before, had shrunk very considerably, and had a much greater affinity for dyestuffs. For instance, dyes like the Basic Colors, which give but a temporary stain on ordinary cotton, will dye with some degree of fastness cotton thus treated with alkali, without the use of mordants. Mercer patented

his discovery and made some use of it in calico printing; as, for instance, in the making of "crinkled" goods. But the process was nearly forgotten until, in 1889, it was discovered that by proper treatment cotton could by this means be made so lustrous as to compare not unfavorably with silk.

To make the cotton lustrous, the goods, after dipping into the strong alkali, are kept firmly stretched, and their strong tendency to shrink resisted, until the alkali has been thoroughly rinsed off and the last traces neutralized with a little acid. If this is done carefully, when finally dried the cotton fibers will be found drawn out smooth and lustrous, while still retaining their new qualities of strength and increased dyeing power. To get good results in this process the materials treated, whether in yarn or cloth, must be made of the very best and longest stapled cotton, preferably Egyptian, and when well done the results are extremely satisfactory. The luster is not as good as the very best silk, but it is quite well marked, and for replacing the cheap grades of heavily weighted silks, as, for instance, for underwear, linings, etc., the mercerized goods are of very great value, owing to their strength and durability, as well as their cheapness.

Dyeing of Mercerized Cotton.—The cotton thus treated is dyed in the same way that ordinary cotton is, only it takes the dyes faster and better, and gives as a rule more satisfactory results. For blacks, the Sulphur blacks are to be recommended, as, for instance, the Thiogene Black M M extra conc. (Metz), or one of the Immedial Blacks (Cassella). For bright colors, very fairly fast to light, the Direct Cotton Colors or Salt Colors, such as Benzo Fast Scarlet (Elberfeld), or the many fast Diamine Colors (Cassella), or the Dianil or Janus Colors (Metz). In factories they are often dyed with Basic Colors, usually after mordanting with tannin and tartar emetic. This, however, is

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troublesome to do on a small scale, and unless very carefully managed is liable to injure the luster.

Artificial Silk.—The famous old French chemist, Réaumur, in the year 1734, suggested, after a study of the silk worm, and of the method by which it “spins” the natural thread, that it might be possible to make a jelly-like substance which could be drawn out into a fine thread and, coagulating, form an artificial silk.

This suggestion was first acted on, in a practical way, in the year 1855, when Andermars obtained some curious results by dipping a needle or fine metal rod into a thin viscous solution known as collodion, and then drawing it out rapidly, made fine smooth threads as the material solidified. This collodion, which for many years has been in common use in minor surgery to paint on wounds and cuts, because it leaves a film of artificial skin, and in more recent times has been much used in photography, is a solution of guncotton or nitro-cellulose in a mixture of alcohol and ether. In 1885 Count Hilary de Chardonnet made improvements in this last process, and produced successfully the first real artificial silk threads on a commercial scale.

He also used a thick collodion solution, but instead of *drawing* it out he *pressed* it out through fine holes by using very great pressure. As fast as the gummy thread exuded it was picked up, carried along into a drying room where the alcohol and ether could escape (to be condensed later and used over again), and then the solid fiber was passed into a solution of some suitable reducing agent, such as ammonium or sodium sulphhydrate, which converts the inflammable guncotton into its original condition of cellulose. These resulting threads, being smooth and uniform when properly made, have very great luster. Indeed, they are often far more brilliant than the very best and finest natural silk, and can be dyed and woven into beautiful fabrics.

This discovery of Chardonnet's was at once utilized, and large and flourishing factories of Chardonnet silk sprang up

all over Europe. The first large factory, which is still doing a very profitable business, was at Besançon, in France, and later a large factory was established at Frankfurt, Germany.

The success of this process aroused the interest of other chemists, and before long several rival processes came into existence, also based on the use of a viscous solution of a cellulose compound. One company making the so-called Pauly silk utilized the solvent action of an ammoniacal copper solution upon cellulose for their starting point. The Farbenfabriken von Elberfeld, famous manufacturers of dyestuffs, took up the manufacture of silk from a solution of a compound of cellulose in acetic acid; and the Elberfeld silk, or, as it is widely known in Germany, Glanzstoff, is every year becoming a more and more important factor in the silk business.

A still different process which during the past two or three years has been successfully introduced into the United States depends upon the curious substance called Viscose, a thick, sticky solution of cellulose made by first treating wood pulp, cotton or other vegetable fiber with strong caustic soda and then dissolving the resulting product in carbon disulphide.

This Viscose was first introduced for many different purposes. The solvent, carbon disulphide, is very volatile, and flies off readily, leaving the cellulose behind in the form of a stiff jelly which, on drying, becomes solid and strong. So Viscose was used for waterproofing paper, etc., for making solid articles like piano keys and billiard balls, and even for making opaque patterns in calico printing. But its most valuable application is for artificial silk. It is pressed out through fine holes, and the thread resulting quickly solidifies as the solvent evaporates, and can be dried carefully and worked up on reels or bobbins, to be dyed later.

The artificial silk, as a rule, is a little stiffer than natural silk, but has an exceedingly fine luster. It cannot be spun in as fine threads as fine natural silk, but on the other hand can be produced in

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thick, smooth threads which, stained as a rule black or dark colors, quite replace horsehair for furniture coverings, etc. Similar products are made, too, by coating cotton with a layer of artificial silk.

Another curious use of this artificial silk process is when threads still thicker are made quite stiff and used for plumes and aigrettes. They can be dyed any color, have excellent luster, and are extremely useful for millinery.

One great drawback is common to all these different varieties of artificial silk. They are quite strong, although not particularly elastic when dry, but when wet lose their strength very markedly. Indeed, at one time it was found extremely troublesome to dye them, as the silk skein dyers, accustomed to work and wring and stretch their silk with impunity in and out of the hot dye baths, would try the same treatment with this new product, and in consequence ruin every skein. When thoroughly wet through in a hot bath the thread will soften until a skein may hardly bear its own weight. Accordingly, the dyeing is always done as quickly as possible, and generally at a lukewarm or only moderately high temperature. The skeins should be handled as little as possible in the dye bath, and when taken out to wring should be rinsed slightly to get rid of extra color, acid, etc., and then roughly dried, not by twisting on two sticks, as is customary with other materials, but by wrapping in cloth or blotting paper and then running the skeins backward and forward through the clothes wringer.

Tests for Artificial Silk.—All the varieties of artificial silk now on the market are made from some form of cellulose. Efforts have been made to take thick jellies made from gelatine or similar animal compounds and make threads from them, coagulating them later by treatment with formaldehyde or similar chemicals.

These experiments have, however, not as yet proved successful. Accordingly, the simplest test that will distinguish between a vegetable and an animal fiber will show whether a brilliant fiber or piece of goods

contains natural silk or not. The simplest of the tests is, of course, to burn a little with a match or at a flame and see if you can distinguish the characteristic "burnt feather smell" of charring animal tissues. The chemist would probably make the same test more accurately by heating a wad of the material in the bottom of a small test tube and noticing whether ammonia was being evolved, and whether the distillate was alkaline in reaction. The ammonia and alkali resulting from the nitrogenous organic matter is a good indication of animal matter.

To distinguish between mercerized cotton and artificial silk, it is generally enough to soak the samples for a short time, say a quarter of an hour, in boiling water and test their strength. Mercerized cotton properly made would be just as strong afterward as before, while the artificial silk would be soft and weak, if it would not, indeed, break down completely. Besides this it must be remembered that the mercerized cotton, in spite of its luster, is made up of threads tightly spun together from a large number of short fibers, none of which are over two inches or so in length, while the artificial silks are made up like natural silk, of long, continuous fibers twisted together to form the yarn.

Dyeing of Artificial Silk.—In general these artificial silks are dyed much like cotton or mercerized cotton, with the Salt, Sulphur and Basic colors, according to the shades desired and the degree of fastness to light and washing needed. As before remarked, it is necessary to constantly keep in mind the delicate nature of the fiber when wet and hot and to avoid straining or stretching it while in that condition.

The Chardonnet silk has a special affinity for the Basic Colors, and unless specially fast shades are required are often dyed with them without any previous mordanting in a bath acidified with acetic acid.

This silk does not attract the Salt or the Sulphur colors as readily as the Elberfeld (Glanzstoff) or the Viscose silks, but can

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be dyed very well with them if an extra amount of dyestuff is used to bring up the shade.

On the other hand, Glanzstoff and Viscose silk, without mordanting, can only be dyed light shades with the Basic Colors, but can be easily dyed with the Salt Colors (Diamine, Dianil, Janus, Benzo, etc.) and the Sulphur Colors.

The artificial silk, after dyeing, should be finished much like natural silk, by rinsing and then passing through a bath containing some olive oil, emulsified in a weak bath of soda ash. This increases the luster. They should also be dried at a fairly low temperature and while drying kept stretched out by hanging a wooden or glass rod in the loop of the hanging skein, or some similar device, care being taken to avoid strain great enough to pull apart the weakened fiber.

In conclusion, when carefully made and dyed these artificial silks furnish beautiful, brilliant, lustrous fibers, which can be used to great effect in many kinds of handicraft work. They can easily be procured with more luster than the very best natural silk, but even when dry are deficient in elasticity, and to some extent in strength,

and when wet are very fragile. The price is kept at a rather high figure, as a rule from 25 to 50 cents a pound less than that of good natural silk. But every year the production is increasing, new factories are springing up in every country, and as there is no limit to the production excepting the demand, it is probable that in a year or two, thanks to competition, the price will be dropped very considerably and the whole silk business will be revolutionized. At present it is estimated that the production of the artificial silk is not far from one-fifth that of natural silk, and this fraction is getting larger every month.

Indeed, the rise of this particular industry may fairly be considered as one of the most interesting, most useful and most valuable inventions of the manufacturing chemist during the last quarter century.

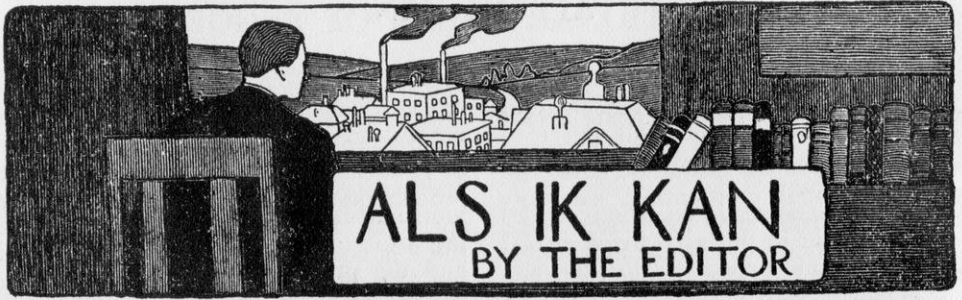
In preparing this series of articles limited space has made it impossible to go more into practical details than I have done, but I shall be glad to answer any inquiries as to methods of working which may be addressed to me in the form of a personal letter sent in care of THE CRAFTSMAN.

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF SUGGESTION

A letter recently addressed to THE CRAFTSMAN by a California architect asks that we go more fully into detail concerning the secret of the wonderful color combinations used by the Orientals and by primitive peoples,—a topic that was treated in a general way in this magazine for November, 1908.

While we would be glad at any time to accommodate our readers with more detailed information upon any given subject, we consider that the most valuable service that this magazine can render is to suggest topics which would lead to personal research and to continued experiment, in order that fresh results may be gained through personal experience rather than through the acceptance and application of cut-and-dried formulæ. An article such as the one we mention could at best be

only inspirational and the most valuable service it can render is to suggest to such of our readers who may be interested in testing new color combinations a method which has stood the test of ages and which produces the most beautiful results that can be obtained by the use of color. We might give endless stereotyped combinations, but we will answer for it that these would never give half the value to anyone interested in color that would be obtained by a series of personal experiments based upon the suggestions made in the article referred to. We have found that there is only one way to gain real knowledge, and that is to act upon a suggestion which contains perhaps only the germ of an idea, and to develop it until we reach the desired result through our own effort, and so make it a real discovery.



AN EFFORT TO COÖRDINATE AMERICAN ART

ONE of the best evidences we could have of the scope and variety of President Roosevelt's interest and activities lies in the fact that, in spite of all the political turmoil and dissension which have disturbed the closing weeks of his administration, he has found time to take a step which deserves to rank with the epoch-making reforms set in motion during the past seven or eight years; for he has made the first move toward coördinating and nationalizing the sporadic expressions of art which seem to bear the individual stamp of the American people and to express the spirit of American life.

At the suggestion of the American Institute of Architects, the President has requested the Institute to designate the names of thirty men, representing all parts of the country, who are fitted to serve as a Council of the Fine Arts. The council, as planned, will consist of architects, painters, sculptors, landscape architects and cultivated laymen, and its duty will be to advise upon the character and design of all public works of architecture, paintings, sculpture, parks, bridges, monuments and all other works of which the art of design forms an integral part. The executive head of the proposed council will be the Supervising Architect of the Treasury, and members of the Cabinet will be directed to refer to the council, for its expert advice, all matters in their charge that may embrace architecture, the selection of sites, landscape work, sculpture and painting. At the recommendation of the committee, the President also

has under consideration the establishment of a bureau of Fine Arts, which shall have authority to approve or disapprove the plans and designs of all future public works which come under the head of architecture and art.

The first thought that will naturally come to many is that this is a confirmation of academic rule and that it would be perfectly possible to have both council and bureau of fine arts composed of influential fossils, whose sole idea would be to continue the wholesale adaptation of foreign art and architecture to the needs of this country, discouraging all fresh and vigorous effort on the part of men who are seeking to find an art and architecture that shall be honestly expressive of the life and character of this country and this age.

And yet the possible danger of such academic oppression is trifling compared with the immense benefit that will probably result from Government recognition and support of art and architecture. One great advantage will be the taking of public works out of the grip of politics and putting them into the hands of men who are capable of giving us buildings and monuments, parks and bridges which will neither be a replica of something seen abroad nor yet an addition to the horrors which already have been inflicted upon us and which afford such unlimited amusement to the foreign traveler. The existence of such an advisory body would tend to bring public works under somewhat the same conditions that now prevail in the Civil Service, for it would be

difficult for a wily contractor with a political "pull" to get past the judgement of thirty experts representing all parts of the country and all gradations of opinion in such matters.

During the past decade enormous strides have been made in the growth of an art expression which is peculiar to this people. While it is true that the walls of our Academy exhibitions are crowded with pictures which might have quite as well been painted in France, or Italy, or Holland, one has only to make the rounds of the smaller galleries to see springing up everywhere a vigorous school of landscape painting that is bringing home to us the very spirit of the beauty of our own land; to see portraits that are vigorous and candid in their revelation of the individuality of American men and women; bits of genre that are true glimpses of the life of our streets and our prairies; and bronzes that are powerful, spirited, loosely modeled and expressive of the very essence of American life.

The same conditions prevail with our architecture. Most of our public buildings follow closely after foreign models, seemingly afraid to depart from the established precedent, but all over the country architects are building dwellings for the people that are as true an expression of their life and needs as was ever Greek or Gothic architecture. Each part of the country is beginning to realize that it knows precisely what it wants in the way of homes, and from that realization it is a short step to the development of a domestic architecture which belongs to this country and no other.

But so far all this fresh and original expression has never received national recognition, and therefore it has not even begun to develop into a coherent national art that shall have within itself all the widely differing elements of north, south, east and west and yet shall possess an underlying unity which marks it as belonging to one people. For this development there has been needed precisely the action now taken by the President: the

securing of Government recognition for art, and what is in a measure Government control over the character of our great public works. This does not mean the smothering of any individuality that is worth while, but it does mean the brushing aside of extravagance and eccentricity and the preservation of what is worthy to be enrolled among the permanent records of our national life.

If the council is wisely constituted, it should do for art in this country what the Council of Seventy did for the art of Greece. Allowing for the general progress of civilization since then, the conditions then and now are not so unlike. When the art of Greece was developing into the form which ever since has been regarded as the one perfect model, the life of the nation was restless, turbulent, energetic, ever seeking for new things and under the imperative need of expressing itself in every possible way. The art that sprang into life was vigorous and spontaneous; even in its first crude forms it was pure, wholesome and natural, because that was the life of the people. They were not smothered under the thick crust of civilization and tradition. They thought clearly and they created forms to express that thought, instead of imitating what other men have thought and expressed. Yet because of this very fecundity, the vigorous art of the young nation needed a restraining hand to curb it into dignified and coherent expression of Greek life as a whole. Therefore, the wise men of the council had absolute power to decide what had sufficient merit to live and help to form the art of the nation. The decision was final, and when a form of art or architecture was adopted, it was never superseded unless something came up that was conceded by all to be better from all points of view.

With our restless desire for novelty and the swarming expressions that come to us through our knowledge of what has been done in art, it is necessary that there be some influence to curb and coördinate our own growing art until it shall find

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itself and realize that all its varying forms are parts of one harmonious whole. This will be done when it becomes the art of all the people; when the man in the street shall know good architecture from bad, a vigorous statue from one that is commonplace and a beautiful park from one where the laws of grouping and perspective are all violated. The only way to educate public taste is to give it the right kind of food to feed upon. There is not a nation in Europe where the common people do not know more about art, architecture and music than we do, and there is not a country in Europe where such matters are not regarded as worthy to receive Government encouragement, supervision and control. If this closing act of President Roosevelt's administration develops along the right lines, it will equal in importance all that has been done during his term in office for the extension of agriculture, the conservation of our natural resources and the development of our inland waterways.

NOTES

THE Easiest Way" is the name of Eugene Walter's play, and a very rough, turbulent, agonizing road to travel this easiest way seemed as acted by Frances Starr and her little company of most extraordinarily clever players. One wonders just how much satire the playwright had in mind when he called "the easiest way" a pathway where a woman's soul is a negligible quantity, her heart the inspiration for sterling masculine wit, her tenderness, which may have sprung from the hidden fires of maternity, just a matter of barter; a primrose path for the young and beautiful, for which is relinquished every right and title to the "legitimate joys of life," such as respect of man, honor of the world, and the great endless joy and sorrow of motherhood. The stern moralist feels that it is none too great a price to pay for such a life as that portrayed in "The Easiest Way." "Exactly," says he or she, "why

do girls sell their souls and give up all that is worth while for a few years of this gilded wickedness? They must prefer darkness to light because their ways are evil." And this fine thread of morality is usually spun by the gentleman who is strewing roses on the easiest way, or who would like to, or by the woman whose life is more often than not self-centered, selfish, egotistical, and perhaps sensual, but protected. The insincere, the unthinking self-satisfied among men and women will find in *Laura Murdoch*, a girl caring only for the ephemeral gayety of Broadway, a girl with no moral fiber in her. "Why a girl who would even lie." And this, I am told, "no decent man can forgive." And the men in the play felt just in this same grand way about it, too. They could not forgive it. They could be forgiving about the phases of *Laura's* life which were not unlike their own, except that she had tried to avoid evil, and had only accepted it under what to her, at least, seemed pressure, and they were both "big" and "fine" enough not to utterly condemn her.

Not that it is pretty to lie; it's the monumental vice and productive of all manner of evil. It complicates life unspeakably and is unwholesome just in the same way that disease is, or any unreal, unliving thing, but *Laura* was not a philosopher, just a pretty, emotional, ungoverned, ignorant, undisciplined woman who first lied because she could not make herself write to her lover that she no longer loved him when her heart was breaking with love, and when she could not tell him that loving him thus she was going down the easiest way because she was hungry and cold and very weak, and later she lied to the lover himself the very moment he came to take her away and marry her, because she was afraid of losing love. She wanted to marry him and to go away and be happy, to lead this other sort of life which seemed very beautiful to her. I think she was even so brazen that she had thought about children, and so again she lied, and told her lover that she was quite worthy of him. But she was found out,

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just, of course, as she should have been, and the men reproved her very forcibly and they were very complacent to each other about her iniquity and both were evidently quite determined to teach her a lesson, but somehow to the writer (not to the audience—the applause was loud there—but to the mere writer) the men seemed rather puny and pitiful in their little mutual egotistical triumph. Of course, they were quite right; she should not have lied, and it was just to teach her a lesson; it was well to show her, and all the women in the audience, the specter of love's face sneering and cruel because it had seen that dreadful thing—a lie. And it happens, right in real life, that some love does just so quickly vanish where vanity is touched. There is a kind of masculine love, a great deal of it in the world, which feels that its reward should be a martyr's crown on the forehead of the loved one. It isn't giving any extraordinary equivalent for the crown. The point of view is usually the same as that of *John Madison*. "I gave you my *love*," he remarks to *Laura*, "and you lied to me." And this is all true, but she too gave him her love and all but starved in her poor little garret in her effort to deserve his, but somehow she did not succeed. She tried very hard to get the work she knew how to do and failed everywhere. But "couldn't she go into a shop?" This I have heard frequently asked in the lobby. "There is always honest work." Of this I am not so sure. There is not always work to be found, even at the lowest salaries, at shops or factories. Girls have been known to walk until they fainted in New York City to get a position where they could work ten hours a day for three dollars a week. And pretty as *Laura* was, work of this sort would have been very promptly made impossible for her. And where out of her training and experience was she to get the courage to face this sort of work, even if she could have had it? "There is always housework." But not always the opportunity for an utterly untrained, very pretty and not very strong young woman

to obtain it. So that in the case of an ignorant girl, without training or knowledge, it is sometimes borne in upon one that "the easiest way" at times has a way of seeming to be the only way, except that other way of going quite out of things, and that to some natures is very hard indeed, for it takes a certain desperate physical courage. *Laura's* type of girl has no physical courage; she is afraid of life and equally afraid of death. Life has taught her little more than fear, fear of the men she knew, fear of facing life without them. And yet when *John Madison* had first met her in the West, where she was playing a small part in the Denver stock company, she was apparently willing to face poverty and to marry him, just as other girls have the courage to marry poverty, though she might have failed in finding happiness with poverty, as so many other girls have failed.

But it was decided that her happiness should be deferred for a few years and that she should go back to New York and earn her living and wait. This, too, she wanted to do, and never dreamed of failing, because she loved *John* and wanted to be very good and very happy with him. But of her kind of work there was none; she was not a clever actress and the season was a very hard one, and all she found were months and months of cold and hunger, always in the background the rich man (the one who later on is so sensitive and nervous about the lie) wanting to show her the path which led down the easiest way. And so eventually, not being a martyr or very well disciplined or very courageous, just wretched and miserable and confused, the rich man won. "But *John* himself felt about it when he finally going to marry her. She should have borne anything." And this is just what *John* himself felt about it when he finally heard the truth. He would have made her his wife, said he to the audience, and yet he could not find the pricks of a solitary thorn on her little white forehead, which should have been furrowed and wounded for his sake. But thorns hurt

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Laura, just as they have been known to the girls of the smart set who marry hideous old *roués* to avoid the martyr's crown, and who, too, lie to their husbands and friends and to the world in order to wear a tiara instead of the thorns. And as the curtain drops we are led to believe that the prophecy of her former friends, that she will go from bad to worse, will in a very moderate lapse of time be justified.

Miss Frances Starr as *Laura* proved herself an emotional actress of extraordinary ability; she had that quality of appeal which reached over the footlights. Whether intentionally or not, she gave one the impression throughout the play that if Fate had not so decreed it *Laura* might have been a very happy, winning woman, a part of a very worth-while home. Some unusually clever acting was done by Miss Laura Nelson Hall, who played the part of *Elfie*, the friend, a part with some humor, some satire, good-nature, the type of woman who accepts life, even her phase of it, good-humoredly, with common sense and with some kindness. Miss Hall's work was convincing to the last degree, she was very pretty, over-dressed, intentionally so, and very human. The other members of the cast, *Annie*, the colored maid, *Brockton*, the rich man, and *Jim Weston*, the reformed manager, were all exceptionally well presented. Perhaps the least successful acting was that of Edward Robbins, who did the part of *John Madison*, but then that part was somewhat sentimental, a little self-righteous, and on the whole with less honest appeal.

RICHARD Strauss' much discussed opera of "Salome" had its second New York presentation at the Manhattan Opera House on January twenty-eighth. It was given in French, the language in which Oscar Wilde's text was originally written. The first performance at the Metropolitan, season before last, was in German, the language to which the composer adapted his music. The impression received from a first hearing of this strange music is of a journey into a new

and unimagined country, a land of rude towering rocks and crags, of vistas of tropical color and mysterious perspectives leading to an undeterminable horizon. It is difficult to say at once "I like it" or "I don't like it." It is too strange, even to one familiar with Strauss' symphonic style. A second hearing certainly strengthens the conviction that it is a style better adapted to the operatic form than the symphonic. Strauss' music has been defined as cerebral rather than sensuous, and repeated hearing also confirms the exactness of this classification even in the case of such a motive as that of "Salome." But harsh and discordant it cannot be called, for the antagonistic elements are blended together into an effect that instead of jarring upon the ear presents a magnificent and complex, if bewildering, pageant of colors.

So much of almost insuperable difficulty is involved in the production of "Salome," and the results in both cases were so extraordinary that one almost hesitates to discuss the elements that fell short in each. The single performance given at the Metropolitan—conducted by Hertz, who had studied the score with the composer—was the most thoroughly prepared and rehearsed of any given at that house, not excepting "Parsifal," and its effect was overwhelming. Campanini's interpretation lacks the barbaric splendor of Hertz'. Also at certain points the peculiar tone color was less successfully expressed than in that stupendous Metropolitan performance, yet this Manhattan "Salome" is a wonderful performance, another demonstration of the extraordinary musical cosmopolitanism of this broad-minded Italian conductor.

Mary Garden's *Salome*, like her other interpretations, is wrought out of her artistic intelligence, in the realm of the idea rather than that of literal realism—although it has its realistic moments. She is the child *Salome*, feline, Oriental (an effect denied by nature to Olive Fremstad of the luscious tones). It is a frank delineation of a frank subject which un-

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deniably is not a pleasant one, yet it is as art we are concerned with it. Mary Garden does some wonderful things in "Salome," perhaps the most interesting being her projection across the footlights of the growth of the idea in *Salome's* mind as she sits brooding upon the stone seat. She conveys somehow the actual moment. The episode of the head itself she contrives to make as little unpleasant as possible, holding it high in a deep dish as she addresses it, so that it appears as little more than the suggestion of a head. She gives more the effect of the unimaginative cruelty of a thwarted child than of the kind of person *Salome* is usually conceived to be. If one can regard the story as representing the psychology of a primitively unimaginative people, whose very civilization was barbaric, it leaves one more free to enjoy the art quality of the work. Mary Garden's vocal shortcomings, while more of a disadvantage in *Salome* than in *Mélanide*, are nevertheless largely lost sight of in a score so orchestral. Dufranne gave a French conception of the prophet utterly remote from the rough, violently virtuous creature of Van Rooy's impersonation. Dufranne's *Johanan* is rather a holy man shocked by the passion of *Salome*, with even a suggestion of fearing her spell. It was an interesting impersonation, vocally beautiful, incomparably superior in every respect to Van Rooy's. It is no disparagement of Dalmoes' excellent *Herod* to say that it falls short of the wonderful pathological study presented by Burrian in that character, for the Dresden singer's *Herod* was a great dramatic creation; but Dalmoes' *Herod* was beautifully sung and intelligently conceived. The Manhattan stage setting is inharmonious in color, but sufficiently authentic in effect.

AS a recent article upon the Guild of Handicraft at Chipping Campden by Professor Batchelder in the November, 1908, issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN* may have given the impression that the Guild has

ceased work or been dissolved, I am glad to have been given the opportunity by the Editor of saying that the Guild continues, as heretofore, to execute work in its various shops at Chipping Campden, and that furthermore there have been changes of an economic and constructive nature which may have considerable future significance.

There is an admirable phrase used in America, after periods of commercial panic: "We set the table afresh." In this setting afresh of the table we do not so much consider whether this or that undertaking has or has not been a business success, whether money has been dropped here or stock made there—we consider *the continuity of the working idea*, and in the setting afresh of the table a new combination is made, by which the working idea continues in some shape or form.

The table of the Guild of Handicraft at Chipping Campden has been twice set afresh, once in the year 1898, when ten years after its foundation it was converted out of a private business into a joint stock company, and once again in the year 1907, when it was converted into a group of private businesses working under certain common rules. Under each of these conditions certain principles were observed by its members—principles of craftsmanship, of standard, of coöperation, and after a certain period of trial and experience, when it was found desirable to modify the form with a view to protecting the principles, the form was duly modified.

Through the interest of an American gentleman, a Philadelphia citizen, who has had sufficient keen insight into the future to see the trend of modern industrial development, and whither it is leading us, the Guild of Handicraft has now come into possession of a landed estate at Chipping Campden, which is about to be broken up into small holdings for its members. With this estate the workshops, plant, properties, drawings, models, and generally the accumulated assets of twenty-one years, have been pooled and the whole vested in a body of trustees

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whose appointment in the future will rest with the members of the Guild.

Coincidentally with this a considerable educational development has taken place in the last three years at Chipping Campden; Government recognition for the educational side of the work has been secured, and the specific teaching in craftsmanship which has always been a drain and a handicap upon the business in previous years has been put upon an independent basis.

C. R. ASHBEE.

MR. F. Hopkinson Smith has a rare gift of painting places in which you would like to live, or where at the very least you would like to spend weeks resting or playing. He gives you a Venice that is at once cozy and loverlike, such silent colorful nooks wherein gondolas nestle; such isolated tables spread for lovers' luncheons under kindly shadow or a cup of tea for you in a most confidential corner of a most picturesque inn. There is a "Late Afternoon—Dordrecht," where you would love to stand and watch the sun drop suddenly back of the horizon, and then under the linden trees wander slowly home to a wonderful Dutch supper served in a garden with blue gateways, where on the sides the thatched roofs reach down a kindly shelter for you. Such color as well as romance! The beautiful faded old red of old Europe, that is the most often repeated note. It comes in patches of tiled roofs or in the old brick pavements, or in a bunch of flowers back of a garden wall. And how blue and limpid the water. Almost too limpid, one fears, for with all the charm of color and picturesqueness which Mr. Smith seems to have gained for this later work (and also the much greater freedom of brush work), at times there is a suggestion of the fluent water color medium leaking over the surface rather than doing its legitimate work. The paint seems too fluent, too uncontrolled. In some of the Venetian scenes it seems to have trickled out of the right places even. But there is so much

beauty, and an ever increasing beauty, in Hopkinson Smith's work, and who, indeed, is the mere layman to carp at what so few among us are achieving?

WHENEVER it is possible, the one man exhibit is the most satisfactory way to display the handiwork of any artist, whether it is a question of painting or sculpture or photography or handicrafts. This fact comes back to one repeatedly whenever the opportunity arrives to contrast the impression of a collection of unrelated artistic expression with a display of individual effort. Renewed evidence was given in the very interesting and complete exhibit of Alvin Langdon Coburn's photographs at the little gallery of the Photo-Secession the latter part of January. This was the first exhibit of Mr. Coburn's photographs alone which the writer has ever had the opportunity of seeing, and the impression of individuality, unusual achievement and a very definite attainment along unique lines was instantaneous. A rare understanding of composition was there, deft, nicely balanced; a sense of color not only in the country scenes but in the London streets, whether sunlit or veiled in fog. There was also a very delicate appreciation of lines and their relation, and above all an extraordinary impression of air and light, to gain which is the great effort of each great painter. After all, today, it is not the medium one considers so much, but the *gift* one is looking for, and Mr. Coburn has great gift and a rare charm and force in its expression. One always feels in studying his photographs that if it were not photography with him it would undoubtedly be music or poetry. Among some of the most interesting portraits shown were singularly significant likenesses of Taft and Roosevelt, of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Herford, most characteristic of Mr. Herford and especially lovely of his very pretty wife, several unusual presentations of George Bernard Shaw and picturesque likenesses of George Moore and W. B. Yeats.

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ANOTHER recent exhibit at the Photo-Secession was a collection of caricatures by Marius De Zayas, clever to the last degree, whether presenting writers, poets, stage people or society people in the act of ruling. Nothing could be better than the caricature of J. Nilsen Laurvik, except possibly the delicately cruel sketch of Richard Le Gallienne. Nothing could more subtly reveal the passionate egotism of the successful feminine than the sketch of Nazimova as *Hedda Gabler*, except possibly some of the Four Hundred opera goers in their boxes, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Howard Cushing and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. Mr. De Zayas' technique is a little short of that banal word, a miracle, not merely in line or form but in the wide free sweep of the brush work, a single line from head to foot revealing a half dozen characteristics over which one may smile or wince. As a rule, a complete sketch is made up of just a few of these sweeping brush lines, which gather up a correspondingly few blank spaces, and what you see is a phase or a half dozen phases of modern fashionable metropolitan life. In one, vanity, in another, self-satisfaction or self-assertion, and in many egotism and the disdain of all other successful phases of life. In power to portray in the fewest possible "words" conditions which are grown up through our sudden wealth and overwhelming egotism, De Zayas has a mastery of satire of which, so far as the writer has been able to estimate, there is no equal in this country.

THE latter part of January the Macbeth Galleries exhibited "forty selected paintings by living American painters." In this collection the most notable achievement was among the landscape artists, and of these some of the most significant work was that of Mrs. R. B. Coman. "Late October," "After the Harvest," and "Quaker Hills and Homes" were the landscapes shown. There is something quite extraordinary in the power Mrs. Coman has to paint houses that make one homesick to enter, and hill-

tops and fields that seem laden with memories of play days and old happinesses. Leonard Ochtman's "In the Mountain" was exhibited, and J. Francis Murphy's lovely "Afternoon in October," Jerome Myers' "Autumn Bower," and Bicknell's "Late Afternoon," filled with a delightful glowing late autumn sunset, and two most interesting Cos Cob scenes by Elmer MacRae. One of these paintings was called "The Inlet," and the other "Snowbound." Both were sympathetically painted and "The Inlet" was full of most brilliant color in sky and ship and sea, with the sense of a fresh wind blowing across the canvas. In the quieter painting, "Snowbound," the quaint old village of Cos Cob had taken on that mysterious beauty which comes from a still snow storm, and apparently a snow storm that is filtering through a faint glow that would otherwise have been sunset. As it is, the town is slowly, quietly vanishing in the enveloping white cloud. One feels that it is a gentle early December snow that brings the first thrill of winter and that is nowhere so wonderful as over these Connecticut hills. Mr. MacRae has caught the poetry of this bit of old New England, with its stretch of ocean reaching up to the village road and the gentle low hills of many colors as a background. Mr. Macbeth expresses great interest in the work of this artist and the purpose of exhibiting it frequently at his galleries.

DURING January the Art Institute of Chicago held a number of exhibitions in its galleries. One was the thirteenth annual exhibition of the Society of Western Artists, the greater part of which showing were landscapes, mostly of American scenes, and there were also several portraits and studies and photographs of sculptures by Lorado Taft, Nellie V. Walker and George Julian Zolnay. At the same time was shown a collection of drawings, studies and photographs of mural decorations by Edward H. Blashfield, comprising most of his more important recent work. Then there was

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an exhibition of paintings—landscapes—by William Wendt, and sculpture, mostly portrait-busts and reliefs, with some studies and sketches, by Julia Bracken Wendt. In this group of exhibits was also a showing of paintings by Albert Sterner, portraits and studies and an occasional landscape. There was also an Arts and Crafts exhibition, in which were shown photographs by Elizabeth Buehrmann, samplers lent by Miss Kate Ashton, photographs by Frances and Mary Allen, and portrait and other miniatures lent from the collection of Mrs. W. G. Hibbard.

IN an article in the February issue of **THE CRAFTSMAN**, on the exhibit of handicrafts at the National Arts Club during January, a mistake was made in crediting the jewelry shown on page 605. The very beautiful work should have been equally credited to Angela R. Vedder and E. Rosekrans Vedder. It is always **THE CRAFTSMAN'S** wish to give fullest credit for all work published, and the achievement of Mr. and Mrs. Vedder appear to the Editor particularly noteworthy.

IN the Bonaventure Galleries this winter was held a joint exhibition of paintings by Edward Lind Morse and drawings and decorations by William Fuller Curtis. Mr. Morse showed a half dozen oil paintings, mostly portraits, and a number of water colors, vivid, and of a remarkable depth of color,—lovely bits of our own country in all the seasons, and an occasional glimpse of France. Mr. Curtis' work exhibited comprised decorations, brilliant and of great harmony of color, two of which have taken prizes at the Corcoran Gallery, and a number of drawings, mostly studies, and some portraits of people who are more or less well known.

THE Berlin Photographic Company is showing reproductions of Contemporary German Art at their New York galleries. A number of reproductions of pictures that are being dis-

played in the loan collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art are included in this exhibition, which covers the work of a wide range of artists. Some of the paintings are reproduced in color.

AT the Frederick Keppel galleries was held this season an exhibition of etchings and dry-points by Whistler which gave much pleasure to many lovers of this branch of art. The collection shown was most comprehensive, as it covered all the different phases of Whistler's work in these mediums, and included some early trial proofs, together with later impressions of the same pictures.

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MAXIM Gorky's last tragic Russian story is called "The Spy," and from the title one might expect a hero of some romantic trappings, a man with proper stage entrances and exits, for or against the Government, with a deadly purpose adhered to at the risk of life, or worse yet, the very joy of life. A Russian spy readily suggests the center of the stage and a red setting and many curtain calls.

But Gorky is not a Broadway playwright; he is just a great artist who sees conditions in his own land with marvelous insight. He is nothing if not a careful psychologist and while he portrays vividly with appalling reality the single incident, the isolated individual, also he gathers together incidents and individuals harmoniously, and he composes well, so that his lights and shadows fall into well-related pictures, nothing out of drawing, nothing over-accented; but all so finely true, strong, convincing, that the story he tells whirls into the imagination, stirs the heart, tortures the nerves, leaves one smitten with the horror of this quietly told tale, silent with the specters it evokes of a nation which "legislates" through murder.

And *The Spy* is nobody in particular—a stupid boy, when little always cold, hungry, beaten, in the way. A little older his

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few diaphanous ideals are rent from him through the most vicious circumstances. He serves a master who is bad. He loves a woman who is bad. He thrills at the thought of serving the Government,—that, too, is bad. Then for a day the Czar listens to the people—they are to speak to him. That proves a farce—and the foolish, useless, fear-driven boy kills himself; for life, above all, is bad. ("The Spy." By Maxim Gorky. Illustrated. 500 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by D. Appleton & Company, New York.)

THE last, and in many respects the most remarkable, of Ouida's novels, "Helianthus," was published in this country only last fall and is being widely read both on account of the renewed interest brought about by the death of the author and partly because of the real hold which her books have always maintained upon the reading world.

"Helianthus" differs widely from Ouida's earlier books, and, while deeply interesting because of the fearless analysis it contains of social and political conditions in modern Europe, it lacks the romantic charm and quick-swinging march of events which characterize "Under Two Flags," for example. It is plainly a novel with a purpose, and that purpose is equally plain, for at times the zeal of the author leads her almost into vituperation, so sharp is her denunciation of the whole monarchic system of Europe. *Helianthus* might be Italy, or Greece, or a combination of the characteristics of both countries, and in the various crowned heads one recognizes without difficulty the War Lord of Germany, the Emperor Francis Joseph, the Czar and Czarina and others of less political importance.

The weakness of the book lies in the over-zealousness of the author to drive home her political convictions, for in places where she might better let the story speak for itself she halts the action to explain at length the full measure of iniquity which she is trying to depict. It is a book that should win many readers among

socialists and other ardent reformers. ("Helianthus." By Ouida. 445 pages. Price \$1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

OUR viewpoint toward classical education is changing as the more strenuous conditions of life make themselves felt, and there is a tendency now to treat the classics more as literature and less as a mental exercise. The historical value of the magnificent old epics is becoming more and more recognized, and even classical scholars are beginning to realize that there is a value in the story itself outside of the mental discipline involved in the translation.

It is with full recognition of this fact that the Rev. Alfred J. Church has given us still another classic translated into English and told in language quite within the comprehension of ordinary people. We already have from his pen "The Iliad" and "The Odyssey," freely adapted rather than translated, and now comes "The Æneid," told like a story and charmingly illustrated in color. Many a boy and girl who otherwise would know little enough of Greek thought and the conditions that went to the making of Greek history will gain some conception of both from this charming story-book. ("The Æneid for Boys and Girls." Told from Virgil in Simple Language. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A. Illustrated in color. 293 pages. Price \$1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A gift book that is peculiarly well fitted for Easter is "The Book of My Heart,"—a collection of thoughts, epigrams and sentiments which reflect the inner experiences of the writer, Miss Melanie Alice Weil, a Chicago society woman who has a turn for literature. The book is printed on rough antique paper, and each page has an elaborate decorative initial, head and tail piece done in two colors. ("The Book of My Heart." By Melanie Alice Weil. Price \$1.00. Published by The Library Shelf, Chicago.)

HOW THE HOME-BUILDERS' CLUB IS TO BE ENLARGED INTO A NATIONAL ORGANIZATION: BY THE EDITOR

THE organization of the Home-builders' Club—concerning which quite a good deal has been said in former issues of *THE CRAFTSMAN*—has borne fruit throughout the country in a goodly number of Craftsman houses. Every now and again news comes to us of another house built from Craftsman plans and harmoniously furnished throughout, which perhaps has been standing for two or three years without our knowledge, and we find that such houses, and the families who have occupied them, have been exerting a quiet, powerful influence among their neighbors. Not only has such an environment reacted upon the inmates of the home to bring out a truer expression of their better selves, but it has also exerted a like influence over scores of visiting neighbors and friends. The little leaven has worked, and is still working, to leaven the whole lump.

The many letters of grateful appreciation that have come to us from old time Club members have set us thinking. Evidences, multiplying upon every side, of the quickening of a general desire for a saner mode of life, have urged us to act in a more definite and larger way. And there is an insistent note in the letters coming to us from the owners of Craftsman homes of the joy they find in being the agents to their friends of a kind of revelation. Heretofore the attitude of the Club has been passive. The work has been done mainly by example, but the access of zeal that comes from converting others has kindled the missionary spirit. And we believe that many will be glad to gather under their roof from time to time a little group of friends, and to work and plan with them for the development of a home life that shall be an evolution of their best and truest selves.

A number of plans already have been suggested: One that finds especial favor with us contemplates gathering into local

Chapters, in various neighborhoods, little circles of engaged girls, brides, and perhaps a sprinkling of young matrons, who are definitely interested in the idea of home building. Of course, membership will be purely voluntary. Each group will be made up of friendly members of the same social set or circle. Meetings will be occasional, or at stated intervals,—as the majority may desire,—and a delightful informality will attend all of the proceedings. It is thought that active membership in each local Chapter should be confined to prospective homebuilders, but persons owning their own homes will be eligible to honorary membership. It will be a great pleasure to us to hear in a personal way from any of our readers who would like to receive a certificate of honorary membership in the national organization. We also wish to extend to all who would be eligible for honorary membership an invitation to act as organizers of local Chapters among their friends and associates. We hope there may be a keen competition among readers of *THE CRAFTSMAN* in various localities to be the first to found a local Chapter. No doubt there will be several clubs in each of the larger towns and cities, and these will be designated by number in the order of their application for charter privileges.

THE CRAFTSMAN mail service has been organized for the benefit of the Club. We feel that this unique Bureau affords in itself a reason for the existence of the Club. The object of the members will be to assist one another by mutual discussion and social intercourse in working out an ideal home. Many will wish to take up one or another of the arts and crafts in order that the appointments of their prospective homes may be given an expression of their own personality. The mail service of the Club, through its Bureau at the headquarters of *THE*

A NATIONAL CLUB OF HOME BUILDERS

CRAFTSMAN, will furnish the members, without charge, designs and complete instructions for needle work, leather work, metal work, in fact, all of the arts and crafts that tend to home decoration. Advice, when desired, will be offered regarding the best materials and the sources from which they can be obtained. Purchases, even, will be made upon request, the services of an expert shopper in these lines being available to members without any fee or commission upon our part.

Moreover, the range of questions that will be admitted covers the entire decoration and furnishing of Craftsman homes. The treatment of woods, metals, fabrics of all sorts, wall coverings, floor coverings, color schemes, and even landscape gardening and the proper care of lawns and grounds, will be among the many subjects upon which expert advice will be given if needed.

In brief, any problem that can engage the thoughts of engaged or newly married people concerning the ideal home they hope to have may be submitted to the Club by personal letter, and it will be our pleasure to see to it that the best possible solution is suggested. Moreover, many Chapters will no doubt wish to add a literary element to the friendly social hours of the meetings. While the hands of the workers are engaged in needlework or other crafts, papers can be read and various discussions held under suitable leadership. The editorial staff of THE CRAFTSMAN will regard it as a privilege to assist in planning literary work of this sort, suggesting recommended readings, sending lists of books and referring inquiring members to every available source of information. Papers, of course, cannot be actually prepared to be read at these gatherings. Every craftsman must work out for himself something that will be, in a real sense, his own, but all proper assistance will be cheerfully afforded.

The proposed mail service of the Club will be an individual privilege, conveyed by the certificate of membership and as-

sured by means of attached coupons. Each of these, if detached and mailed with the letter of inquiry to the national headquarters of the Club, will entitle the holder to an answer, full and explanatory, to any one question he may wish to ask. We have instituted this because much perplexity, embarrassment, and unnecessary expense could be spared intending homebuilders, if expert advice could be made available. How often are hardwood floors or other expensive interior decorations ruined by improper treatment, which can be made right only by submitting to additional expense. How often are inharmonious effects in color or injudicious combinations of all sorts discovered only when it is too late to find a remedy,—except through the waste of what has been done and the cost of new appointments. Another difficulty encountered by people living in the smaller communities, and less populous sections of the country, is that of obtaining proper supplies for work that is being done,—or just the one thing needed to complete an otherwise perfect decorative scheme. It is just because we know of no other way in which these problems can be effectually solved that we have deemed it wise to undertake the trouble and expense of organizing a Bureau for this purpose.

The Homebuilders' Club will afford a means of registering those who desire to avail themselves of these privileges. Without some such formal organization and mutual understanding, comparatively few persons would feel free to ask THE CRAFTSMAN for personal assistance in this fashion. There is a natural independence about us as Americans that makes us hesitate to impose our wants and wishes upon others, no matter how freely we may feel that they will meet our requests. But where there is an explicit agreement the case is otherwise. We have accordingly defined the limits and conditions within which this privilege will be accorded, and these we will be glad to communicate by mail to those interested.

