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See page 459.

JACOB RIIS — A FRIEND
OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

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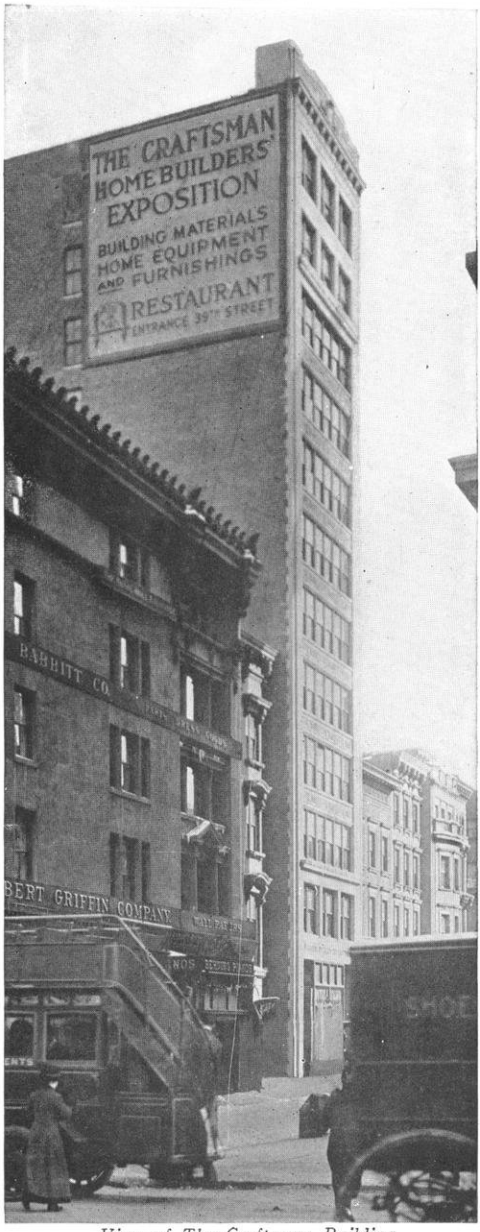

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THE CRAFTSMAN

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THE NEW CIVILIZATION: AMERICA AT THE FORGE: BY MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

AS I left the *Minneapolis* upon my first voyage to America, I entered New York in the same mood in which a child enters its first circus. My impressions at the end of the day were so rapid and so diversified that as I fell asleep I felt as if I had been face to face with a new civilization in the making. The faults of youth and the vigor of it also, the bluster of an outgrown childhood and the freshness of it, the devouring passion for attainment mixed with the greediness of the schoolboy were all before me. I found them in the air, in the streets, in the vivid faces and the rapid movements.

Neither greed nor snobbery are the real mainsprings of this new onward swiftness. The clear, alert eyes give their secrets, the nimble feet theirs. It is a new world bent on seeking and finding, on amassing and bestowing. Vulgarity is a passing episode. Robust democracy is the spinal column of the new civilization. The brutality of amassing is the same kind of brutality a schoolboy shows when he fights his fellows for marbles, pocket-knives or pennies. Like the schoolboy when he has won, the people of this new land are careless about their gains, but on the whole choose to give rather than to hoard. The millionaire in the new democracy has the Walt Whitman need to scatter amongst men and women as he goes. He loves his achievements more than his possessions, and in time he will grow to love his fellows quite as much as his achievements. To amass and to hoard is a modern sin. The new civilization gathers and scatters. The weakest eventually will not go to the wall because the strongest puts his back out and knocks it down if it is a barrier for the weaker.

When listening to "Mother Jones," the labor agitator, speaking to three hundred women for nearly two hours on the Colorado problem, I realized that I was looking into the eyes of the new civilization. She stood before us in her eighty-third year, reminding me of John Burns in his prime, shouting in England at the time of the great coal strike. The deafening cheers that greeted her words showed the trend of the new civilization. The lust of greed will

soon be a disease as direful as melancholia, and the passion for service an irresistible desire in a land which has produced a Lincoln, an Emerson and a Whitman. The new impulse is as certain as birth, as magnetic as love and as inevitable as death.

I CAME to America in despair, realizing that if militancy stands for the last word in modern politics we had better go to sleep and dream no more dreams lest they change into nightmares. I have been scarcely two months here and I know that the new civilization is as certain as that childhood passes into manhood if given a reasonable chance. The chic clothes, the dainty and digestible food, the haste without actual scrimmage, the subtle echo of a laughter testifying to a clean *joie de vivre* founded on New England ideals, the distinction and dignity of the arrangement in dwelling houses, the architecture of stations and public places in general are testimonies, in small things, of a new spirit in what, by some, could be called commercialized luxury. The intelligent working out of a real simplification of life is being tried at last.

This simplification may justly be described as a simplicity de luxe, but in the near future it will be one of the spokes in the great wheel of woman's economic freedom. Domesticity as a fetish is doomed, and as an enslavement it will be out of order in the new ways of living. In the new civilization woman will not be a doll, a slave, a parasite or a drone, but an artist—not only in handicrafts and the arts of the Muses, but in the formation of the new life of the future citizens.

There is in America a distinct intimation that the future of civilization will be a realization of human ideals and not a mere mad gallop for personal ends. It is a long cry from this first intimation to the logical working out of Kant's gospel that no human being should be used as a mere means to the end of another, but be an end in himself. The seeds, however, are planted and the harvest is a certainty.

When I went over the public schools in Chicago and realized that the parks had been brought to the people at their slum doors, and when I saw in those schools all the gifts of a new civilization in the elaborate swimming baths, recreation grounds and libraries, I realized another great spoke in the new wheel of social progress. In the education of a people on national lines, lies a nation's future well-being. To educe the best is to eliminate the worst.

When sitting by the judges in the Domestic Relations Court, in the Morals Court and in the Juvenile Courts, I knew for a certainty that this new way of dealing with the poor in spirit and in

will, aided by an understanding of the finest ideals in eugenics, would, in the near future, rob humanity of its dross and make room for its gold. Especially was I impressed by these new methods when sitting by the side of Judge Bartholme in her court one afternoon. To watch a woman judge and a woman doctor together analyzing frailties and suggesting and compelling remedies in the spirit of mother and not in the spirit of inquisitors was to realize fully the importance of the maternal in politics and the impotence of sex rivalry or antagonism. To lead aright and in a spirit of kindness young girls just developing into womanhood is no easy task and possibly never was meant to be undertaken by any but women judges.

IN the new civilization women's economic independence of man will be the greatest means to their interdependence. To sit for two days in those courts in Chicago and watch the men and women in all departments working in equal comradeship is to get a glimpse into the near future when the savagery of prostitution, the cannibalism of monopolizing commercialism and the dulness of sexual jealousy and tyranny will be nightmares of a decadent age. In the noise and whirr and pathos of those police courts I saw the new ideals of the modern world and the dawn of a democracy which is the breath of a new life and not the mere pose of a lingering death.

A little talk with Miss Janette Bates, the legal attorney, was most stimulating, and I was further encouraged to find that the judges have no prejudice about the matter of sex as it touches jurisdiction. I was told that though all courtesies are given as from men to women, nevertheless if the woman deserves rebuke or criticism she gets it as from one human being to another. In those crowded courts in Chicago there is an underlying significance that in the civilization of the future the human being will be more in evidence than the sex being. Perhaps it was a delicate compliment to a stranger which made both Miss Bates and Mr. Taylor tell me that the woman invariably gets the best of it in any dispute between the sexes. Certainly that was my conclusion during the hours I sat in the several courts—the most instructive schools I have ever entered. To watch the Binét method being tried and to hear of some of the wonderful experiments in the psychopathic laboratory, where men and women work together in harmonious comradeship in order to solve the problem of the feeble-minded, is to realize the immediate needs of a new civilization.

Every case in those courts has a new significance. Each difficulty, for instance, brought up before Judge Fry in the Domestic Relations Court impressed me with the urgent need of the complete

economic independence of woman. The difficulties, however, of the immediate situation not only are baffling, but seem insurmountable. Nevertheless, the new civilization hangs almost entirely on this economic enfranchisement of woman. The immediate consequences of any great emancipation mean heartaches, tribulations and mistakes in experiments of living in freedom instead of bondage. But as the law of life seems to be that we can only learn to walk by walking, to love by loving, to govern by governing, experiments must be risked and failures accepted as educative processes.

The great mental hunger and thirst for knowledge in the new democracy is a sign that a certain mass of civilized human beings are eager and ready to carry out a new code of living. Rigidity binds us. Decadent domesticity, stereotyped love, hypocritical devices to secure romance, paralyzing conventions and a slender hope we often misname faith, are still cherished as ideals. The keener spirits guess or realize the newer truths, but they have not the courage to put them into practice.

Let us consider some of the tendencies which could easily be carried into actual reforms and so help to make a new civilization.

ONE of the most effectual reforms would be a simplification of domestic life and a truer view of "menial labor." To simplify is often to beautify. To rid modern life of its knick-knacks is to make room for those things which are necessary and beautiful. The labor-saving devices in America, the excellent construction with regard to heating and mechanical domestic arrangements are aids to a new domesticity which will gradually do away with the servant question as it exists in so-called civilized countries. The new democracy holds the near solution of domestic drudgery. As to a highly civilized human being no person or race is abhorrent, so to an intelligent householder no necessary work is "menial," and can therefore be shared by any or every member of the household according to their individual capacity.

Our domestic slaves, as well as our habits of luxury or gluttony, keep us tied to a way of living which is savage in expression and boring in result. To have only beautiful things and artistic devices in our homes in order to produce a simplicity de luxe would be to emancipate many women and cheer many men. The new home will not be a cage or a showcase, but a well organized and beautiful expression of a new life in which men and women together will gradually make disorder, dirt and extravagance conspicuous by their absence. The labeling of any work as merely man's work or woman's work is an expression of an old civilization. In the future, when no

stigma rests on any necessary work, men and women will only do the work best suited to them and for which they have love. If, as must happen, there is some work which no man or woman cares to do, lots may be cast or we may pay as we now pay for specialized handicraft.

In this new democracy the humanization of law will become an enlargement of the true spirit of the home, and the maternal in politics will express itself in this way. Some men and some women will choose to work out their individuality in the domestic sphere; others will find their development in the development of others outside that sphere and in the saving of the many rather than only the few. For Judge Bartholme to spend her time in cooking or Judge Fry in domestic details, rather than at their posts in settling domestic relations, would be to waste the best energies of a nation.

When the people are educated to choose their judges, whether they be men or women, for qualities which make for humanity and justice, the courts will slowly become the larger homes, and every man and woman administering the laws will help to blend the paternal and the maternal in civic life. The division of courts, as in Chicago, into Domestic Relations, Morals, Juvenile Boys or Juvenile Girls is at once to concentrate and to expand. It needs a specialist in psychology to deal with the cases brought day by day into the Morals Court, as it needs a humorist as well as a humanitarian to bring peace out of the domestic disorder of the relationships and temperaments brought to light in the Domestic Relations Court.

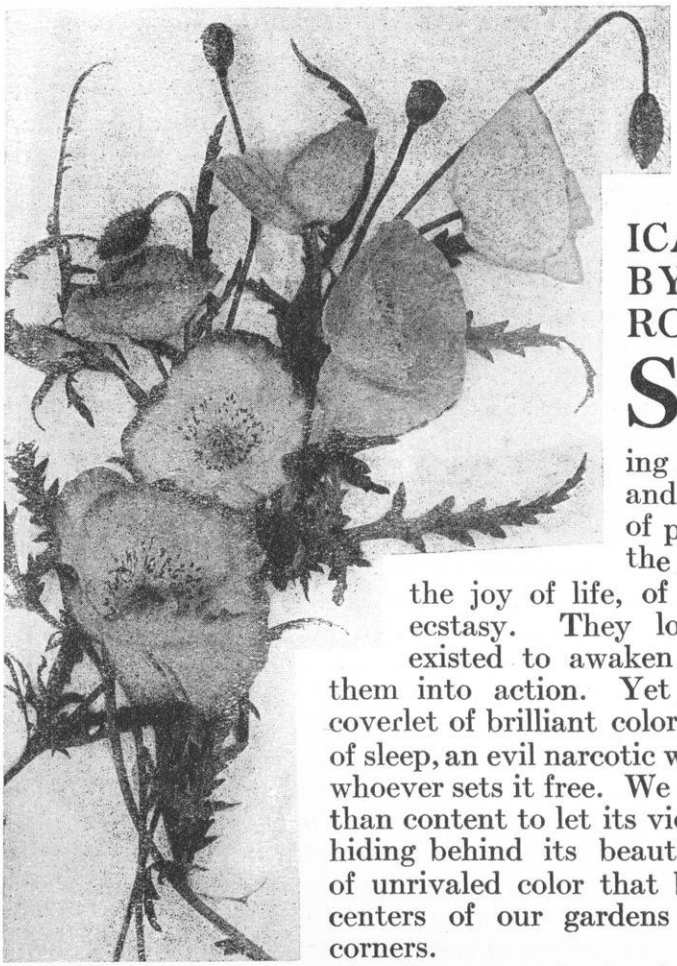
The simplification of domestic life and the humanizing of legal administration would inevitably lead to some device for freeing modern civilization in the most human way of its feeble-minded and those physically unfit for service as citizens. It is possible that if a tax were levied on the incomes of the fit in order to transport to some uninhabited island all certified incapable citizens, a complex problem of modern life would be near its solution. Such an experiment would clear the way for the humane and idealistic eugenist to step forward and prevent the propagation of the unfit through education, advice and even law. To transport those the eugenist declares should never have been born, to educate probable mothers and fathers in race morality, to allot specialists of a rare type to be judges in these important matters, would bring the new civilization into line with the new ideals. In the new democracy the fit will gladly labor so that the unfit, during their life-term of exile, shall live under wholesome and beautiful conditions. "He that is greatest shall be the servant of all" is not the saying of a decadent or a madman, but of one who knew the line along which any great civilization must evolve.

THE one radical reform needed to bring any experiment into sane and clear working order is the utter and complete emancipation of woman. To make woman entirely economically free from man is to give her the power to help man to bring into working order those civilized ideals which she as woman and he as man cannot carry out alone. Shoulder to shoulder as human beings, equal, but unlike, with complete economic independence, they will evolve a finer love which will be the basis of the new civilization.

The vote alone is only a small, though essential point in this matter. A vote may or may not change civic conditions, but it cannot alone open up a new spiritual horizon in the relationship of men and women. When love is disentangled from commercialism, then only shall we have a real social freedom.

Every separate case I heard and analyzed in the Court of Domestic Relations and also in the Morals Court in Chicago was before the judges because of some pressure through the fact that woman as sweetheart, wife or mother was depending on some man for a living. In a new civilization the whole community will be responsible for its single members and not one individual on another individual. When all the citizens give to the community an equivalent of what they take from it, and give according to their best capacity, woman and man as equal citizens will look back upon some of the disgusting and absurd relationships of today as we look back upon the conditions which produced the plague and smallpox. For it is worse than even physical disease, that disease of the soul which knowing the best deliberately remains content with the second-best or worse. The new love is not the supreme egotism, but the divine fire.

At present all the evidences of a young civilization emerging from the brutal manifestations of primitive savagery are here. The hunger and thirst after the knowledge which can be put into immediate action are very evident in America. It has expressed itself so far in a somewhat worn-out fashion—the fashion of accumulating and squandering, and outstripping others for the sheer love of enterprise. To spiritualize this ardent and adventurous spirit is to herald untold possibilities in the regions of love and art, and to make in the future an art of life itself. To bring beauty and joy into new relationships while intensifying true purity and rare passionateness, to bring the home spirit into the order and dignity of civic life, to have complete economic freedom and therefore justice for both men and women while educing the best and eliminating the worst in each through right mental and physical education—this is surely the way to bring into modern life a new civilization.



POPPIES: THE MOST BRILLIANT ALIENS OF THE AMERICAN GARDEN. BY ELOISE J. ROORBACH

SURELY no one but a chemist would dream of summoning sleep from so bright and gay a spot as a bed of poppies. They seem the very incarnation of the joy of life, of laughter, mirth and ecstasy. They look as though they existed to awaken the drowsy, to stir them into action. Yet beneath their silky coverlet of brilliant color reposes the essence of sleep, an evil narcotic with power to enslave whoever sets it free. We of the West are more than content to let its vicious drug remain in hiding behind its beautiful mask—its mask of unrivaled color that blazes in the sunny centers of our gardens or lights its dark corners.

The Opium or Sleep-bearing poppy is the oldest of all cultivated poppies, and is still the most variable and most widely known. The delicate Shirleys, though running almost the whole scale of pink and rose color possibilities in most erratic way, nevertheless remain singularly true to type. But the Opium poppy (*Papaver somniferum*) is capable of almost infinite diversity of form and color. Horticulturists have developed it mainly along two lines, the carnation or fringed-petaled and the peony-flowered. They have doubled and trebled them, giving them new body colors and diversified splotches. Joseph's coat of many colors could not compare with these multicolored flowers so flaming of color that they have been said to "warm the wind." This rich, showy garden flower, the famous poppy of commerce, is native to Persia, India and China. Its milky juice, so valued in those far Eastern lands, is caught as it exudes from the stalk that has been pierced. It gradually thickens

and hardens, forming crude opium. The seeds, strangely enough, contain no narcotic properties. They are pressed to obtain a fine, soft drying oil of much value to the painter, and are sold for bird food under the name of maw seed.

Poppies, though considered by most of us as belonging to what we call our "old-fashioned gardens," are all aliens. We have no native poppies unless we except the California poppy which some declare is not a true poppy. What we find in our fields are simply "escapes," or poppies which have become stunted through lack of cultivation. Most of the fifty and more species in cultivation are from the Mediterranean shores. The poppy season is a short one, but by careful planting and treatment they can be made to extend their time of blooming. They should be sown in the early spring, as soon as danger from frost is over, in finely sifted, rather rich soil, and covered as gently and slightly as possible. Annuals will not bear transplanting, so must be sown where they are to remain. They make a better showing if given a permanent bed, for they are self-sowing, and the self-sown seeds bloom much earlier than the others. The latter can be planted at intervals, a great point in keeping a long blooming time. The seed pods must also be kept rigorously cut, for if allowed to mature the plant's work is over and it ceases to bloom. The perennials can be sown a little deeper and will stand transplanting as soon as the seedlings are well rooted. The California poppies must be sown in the early fall, using only seeds of the season's growth, and must, of course, be protected with a mulch during the winter.

The secret of making poppies last in vases is simply to pick the half-formed flowers in the early morning, plunging them at once into water. Carry a small pail of water instead of a reed basket when gathering them, and stand them at once in the water. They droop quickly when cut, and once withered will not revive. Poppies of every variety lend themselves delightfully to interesting decorative effects.

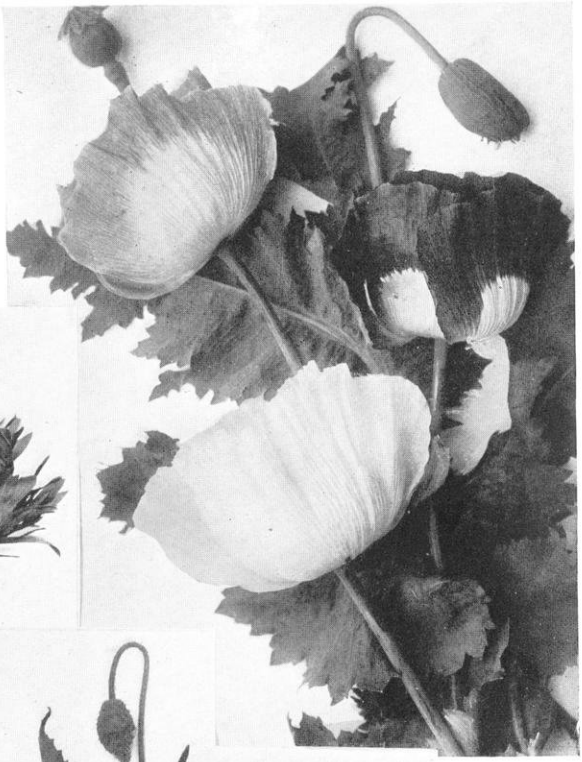
The Scarlet or Corn poppy (*Papaver rhœas*), as every one knows, is the flower that sweeps "like a scarlet tide" over England's wheat fields and along her hedgerows. It has a tall, bristly stem that lifts the delicate, flaming blossom well above the yellow wheat-heads. Two petals of this four-petaled flower are small, a distinct characteristic of this species, and its leaves are yellowish green, pinnately parted and hairy like the stem. It likes limestone soil, and will thrive where others would perish, for it is extremely hardy and almost takes care of itself. Sometimes the dooryard of a deserted New England farmhouse will be found overrun with these cheery

A GROUP OF POPPIES AT THE LEFT SHOWS THREE OF THE MANY FORMS ASSUMED BY THE VARIABLE DOUBLE TYPE: THE RAGGED FRINGED-PETALED OR CARNATION POPPY IS SOMETIMES QUITE LIKE A CHRYSANTHEMUM IN FORM BUT FAR RICHER AND GLOSSIER OF COLOR: IT IS EXCEEDINGLY DELICATE IN TEXTURE AND WHEN FULLY MATURED OF GREAT SIZE: THE PEONY FLOWERED IS MORE COMPACT OF FORM, QUITE FRAGRANT AND SHOWS FORTH EVERY TONE OF SCARLET AND RED: THE EDGES OF THE PETALS ARE CRUMPLED AND SLIGHTLY SLASHED SO THAT IT RESEMBLES THE PEONY TO A MARKED DEGREE.

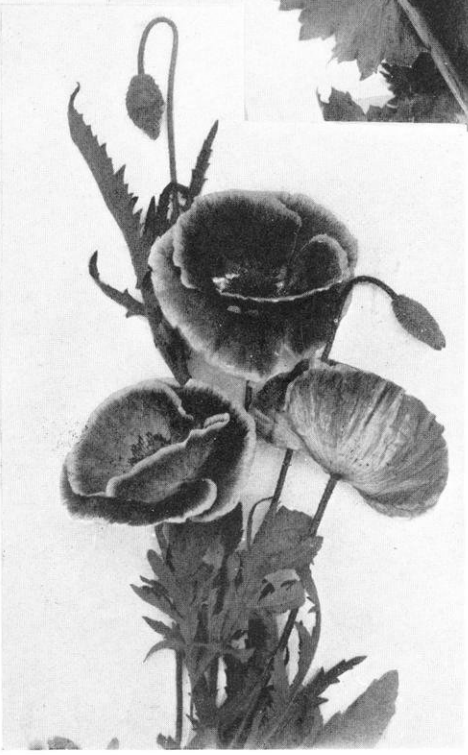
ANOTHER GROUP OF THE POPULAR DOUBLE POPPIES WHICH SHOW SOME FRESH SURPRISE OF COLOR AND FORM WITH THE DAWNING OF EACH DAY OF THEIR BRIEF BUT GAY SEASON: THE FLUFFY FEATHER BALL IS SOMETHING LIKE AN OLD-FASHIONED CARNATION, ONLY MUCH LARGER: THIS PHOTOGRAPH GIVES A GOOD IDEA OF THE CHARMING VARIABLENESS OF WHICH THIS SPECIES IS CAPABLE: THE SILKY WHITE SHIRLEY PROVIDES A FINE CONTRAST OF TEXTURE AS WELL AS FORM.

The photographs used to illustrate this article are by Nathan R. Graves.

A WHITE SHIRLEY POPPY AT THE RIGHT WITH ROSE-PINK CRUMPLED EDGE: THIS SHOWS THE INVARIABLE WHITE BASE OF THE SHIRLEYS WHICH DISTINGUISHES THEM SO MARKEDLY FROM THEIR PARENTS OF THE EARTH TONES: THE MARVELOUS VARIATIONS OF COLOR APPEAR IN THE SPLOTCHED, BANDED AND STRIPED TIPS OF THE PETALS: A PACKET OF MIXED SEEDS SOWN IN THE LAST YEAR'S BED WILL REVEAL THE MULTI-COLORED POSSIBILITIES OF THIS FLOWER WONDER.

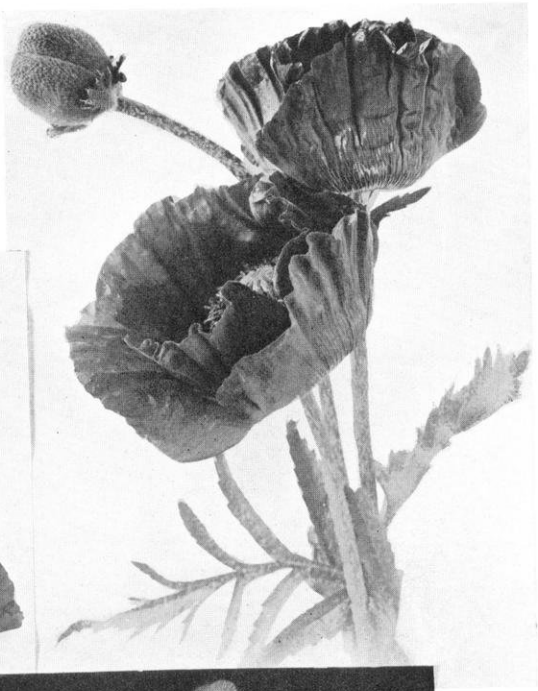


ABOVE IS SHOWN A RAGGED HYBRID OF GREAT BEAUTY OF COLORING AND IRREGULARITY OF SLASHED EDGES: THE FRENCH HYBRIDS ARE MARVELOUS IN COLOR AND DELICACY OF TEXTURE, YET WILL KEEP WELL IN WATER IF CUT BEFORE THE BUDS FULLY OPEN: THEY ARE ESPECIALLY LOVELY FOR USE IN VASES BECAUSE THEIR FRINGED AIRINESS OF PETALS AND GRACEFUL SWAY OF STALK PERMIT THEM TO FALL INTO IMPROMPTU CHARM OF ARRANGEMENT.



ANOTHER VARIETY OF THE SHIRLEY POPPY, A BRIGHT SCARLET WITH FLAME EDGE: THE BUDS ARE ALWAYS NODDING, NEVER ERECT LIKE THE VIGOROUS ORIENTALS.

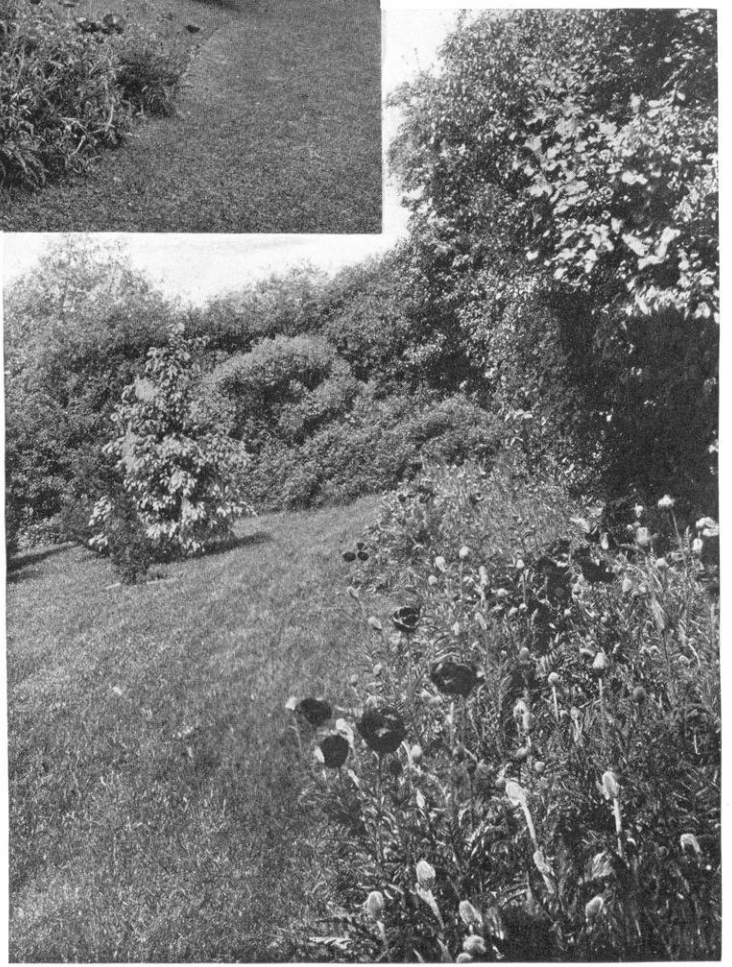
THIS GIANT COLLOSEUM, AT THE RIGHT, SOMETIMES REACHES A DIAMETER OF EIGHT INCHES AND IS ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANTLY COLORED OF ALL THE POPPIES: ITS FLAMING, CRUMPLED PETALS ARE UNRIVALED FOR SHOWING DISPLAY OF COLOR: THE TALL STALKS, OFTEN THREE FEET IN HEIGHT, HOLD THE BLOSSOMS PROUDLY ERECT AS THOUGH IT WERE A TORCH STANDARD.



ORIENTAL POPPIES THAT BLOSSOM WITH THE TULIPS AND DAFFODILS, RIVALING THEIR RICH BRILLIANCE OF COLOR, ARE SHOWN ABOVE: THEY PUSH VIGOROUSLY INTO FULL GROWTH AND ARE MUCH VALUED BY THE IMPATIENT GARDENER BECAUSE THEY ARE THE FIRST FLOWER TO FORM A HEAVY FOLIAGED MASS OF COLOR.

THIS TRANSPARENT, CHIFFON-PETALED POPPY FLUTTERS LIKE A BUTTERFLIES' WINGS, AS IT UNFOLDS FOR ITS BRIEF LIFE IN THE FULL SUN OF THE GARDEN.

TWO EXAMPLES OF EFFECTIVE PLANTINGS OF THE ORIENTAL POPPIES: NO FLOWER IN THE GARDEN MAKES A QUICKER GROWTH OR MORE GORGEOUS DISPLAY OF MASSED COLOR: POPPIES CAN BE SOWN BY THEMSELVES IN A BED OUT IN THE OPEN LAWN WITH NO FEAR OF STIFFNESS OF OUTLINE FOR THE LEAVES FORM A GRACEFUL FRINGE TO THE OTHERWISE SEVERE LINE OF BED: THE STEMS ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO SUPPORT THE LARGE BLOSSOMS AGAINST QUITE A STRONG BREEZE, YET HAVE THE APPEARANCE OF DELICACY BECAUSE OF THEIR LIGHTNESS OF COLOR.



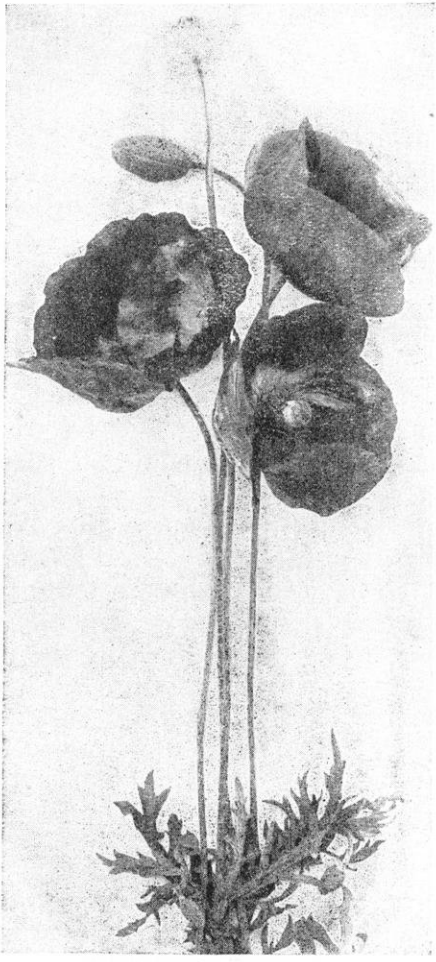
THE ORIENTAL POPPIES ARE ALSO GREATLY IN DEMAND FOR LIGHTENING A DARK GARDEN CORNER, OR ENLIVENING THE ASPECT OF A HEAVY HEDGE: WHEN PLANTED IN PARTIAL SHADE THEY DO NOT BLOSSOM SO QUICKLY BUT PUSH THEIR LIGHT GREEN STEMS TO A GREATER HEIGHT AND SHAKE OUT PALER, MORE DELICATE PETALS: THUS BY HAVING ONE BED IN THE EXPOSED SUNNY OPEN LAWN AND ANOTHER PLANTING IN FRONT OF A SHELTERED DARK HEDGE THE FULL RANGE OF ORIENTAL GLORY IS OBTAINED.

poppies; the only flowers (unless we except the lilac or syringa at the corner of the house and the peony at the doorstep) left to tell the story of the garden of hope once started there. The lilac, syringa and peony merely hold their own faithfully, but the poppies, "children of the dawn," spread and multiply, and cover the ground where the real children once played.

This English poppy is the parent of the numerous French and Shirley poppies, loveliest of all the large family of *Papaver*. The wonder of their delicate color comes from the successful elimination of the black that characterizes the parent stock. Their silky-tissued, gossamer petals are tipped with pink, rimmed with rose, splashed with flame, dotted, edged and striped with carmine, scarlet and all the tones and half-tones of bright reds, unmixed with mark of earth. Though they are always single, always have a white base and always have yellow or white stamens, they are marvelously diversified. Their petals are sometimes crumpled and crinkled like satin, or gossamer-thin like a veil, or transparently smooth like chiffon. They are so etherially delicate that even the purely commercial gardeners have been forced to give them fairy names, such as Fire Dragon, Pompon, Rosy Morn, Eiderdown, Snowdrift, Fairy Blush and Fay—ideal names for these fleeting, filmy, sunrise-colored blossoms.

Poppies are effective whether planted in beds out in the open lawns, in borders for dark hedges that act as startling foil to their delicate color and graceful form, along stone walls and at the base of a house. But the ideal way is to scatter them on a grassy bank, that begins with a gray, rough stone wall and slopes under white birch trees to a quiet pool—then let them alone. Let them make friends with tall grasses, mass themselves in the sunny places and venture shyly in shadowy ones. Their caprice of color, vagaries of growth, whims of blooming are well worth encouraging.

The barbaric, brilliant, lustrous-petaled, superb Oriental poppy is almost of another race. It is the acme of garden pomp and glory, unrivaled for showy effectiveness. It comes up with the daffodils and tulips, pushing swiftly into prominence. Traveling from Persia through Armenia into our land, it retains its inheritance of vivid colors, but has adopted our vitality of growth. Its blossoms are often six inches across, raised into the sun on a stalk three feet and more in height. Its buds never nod and droop as other poppies do, but stand stiffly erect. The pods are most decorative, making a fine contrast of color and form when arranged in a vase. It is long-lived, hardy, easily grown, incomparable in color, superb in growth. Many royal names have been bestowed upon this poppy, the pale pink



ONE OF THE SLENDER STEMMED, RICHEST COLORED OF THE SHIRLEY POPPIES.

Blush Queen, the silvery-white Silver Queen, the salmon-scarlet Salmon Queen, the orange-scarlet Rembrandt, the crimson and black Beauty of Livermore and the giant Colosseum, a flower eight inches in diameter, rich, polished and dark scarlet. No poppy can equal it for borders, for color fringes to shrub plantings, for showy massings in sheer color display. There is but one poppy to match it for richness of color, and that is the California poppy, the orange-gold *Eschscholtzia Californica.*

This *Copa-de-Ora,* Cup of Gold, spreads so thickly over the Pacific shores that the Spanish explorers named the land after it. "Land of Fire" they called it when first they sighted this "satellite of the sun." And they made the region "sacred to San Pascual since his altar cloth is spread upon all its hills." In the East this marvelously colored flower is an annual, but at home it is a perennial. There it blooms abundantly for all the spring months and can be found putting forth bright but small "three cent pieces" of flowers during every month of the year. Its calyx is pointed like a dunce cap and sets humorously on top of the bud until it is finally doffed by the rapidly unfolding petals. The stems are widely branching, almost creeping at times, and exceedingly graceful of line. The flowers have that human flower-trick of closing at night. A field like the Field of the Cloth of Gold during the day will be spirited into a sea of green at night. Not a dash of gold is to be seen when night arrives, for every blossom refuses to shine unless their lord, the Sun, is nigh.

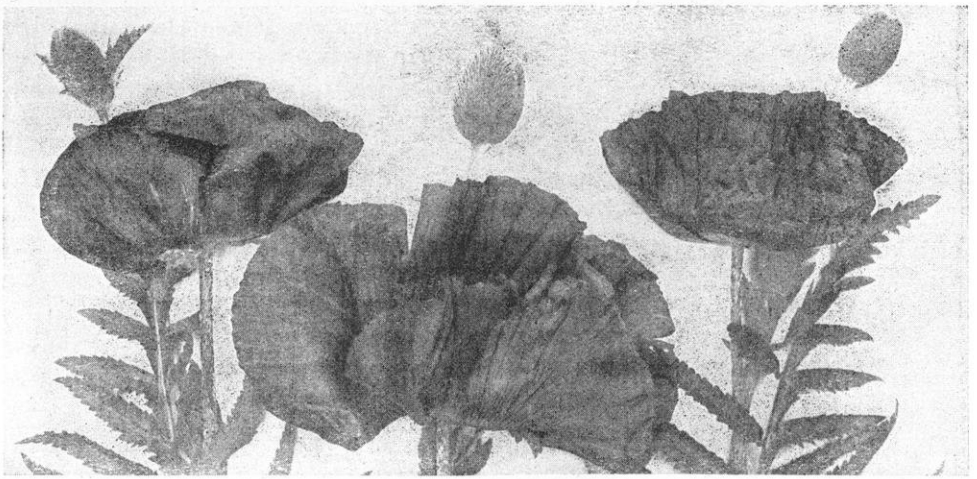
Other popular garden poppies are the dwarf Icelands (*Papaver nudicaule*). They are invaluable for the rock garden, to mass for low borders, for cutting, for shady places. There are many hybrids

of this originally golden-yellow favorite running through orange and pink to rose. It is a perennial, but must be treated as an annual. There is a white variety (*nudicaule var. album*) much in demand for small white borders. Another low-blooming dwarf poppy is the Alpine; this variety must have the protection of rocks. It likes rather poor soil, cool shade of rock, good drainage. These two poppies never cease to bloom during the whole season. They range from all the rose tints into and through the yellows, are banded, flecked and splashed in myriad of attractive ways.

The tiny little Celandine that received its name because it comes to the garden with the flitting of the swallow, is really the color of a canary. It likes the rock garden. So also does the light red, dwarf Rubrifrage.

Each florist offers his own long list of double poppies, those with smooth-edged petals, those with ragged, frayed-edged petals that resemble a chrysanthemum somewhat. These double hybrid poppies exhibit the climax of poppy brilliance and freakishness of color. There seems to be no limit to their tissue-papered crispness of form, their range of tender sunrise hues, their shimmering sunset colors.

Where is the garden of every-day reality, of rosy dream, of dearest memory untenanted with these evanescent flowers of mystery? They have crept in our poems as finally as the royal rose and the saintly lily. They have given us rest from pain, delighted us with their gay curtseys when the wind set them dancing, and keep yearly friendly tryst with us once we have invited with a packet of seeds!



CRUMPLED FLAME-COLORED ORIENTAL POPPIES WITH LARGE PALE GREEN HEAVY BUDS AND FERN-LIKE LEAVES.

THE TWO GREAT PAINTERS OF THE APPLE LAND OF SPAIN: BY MILDRED STAPLEY

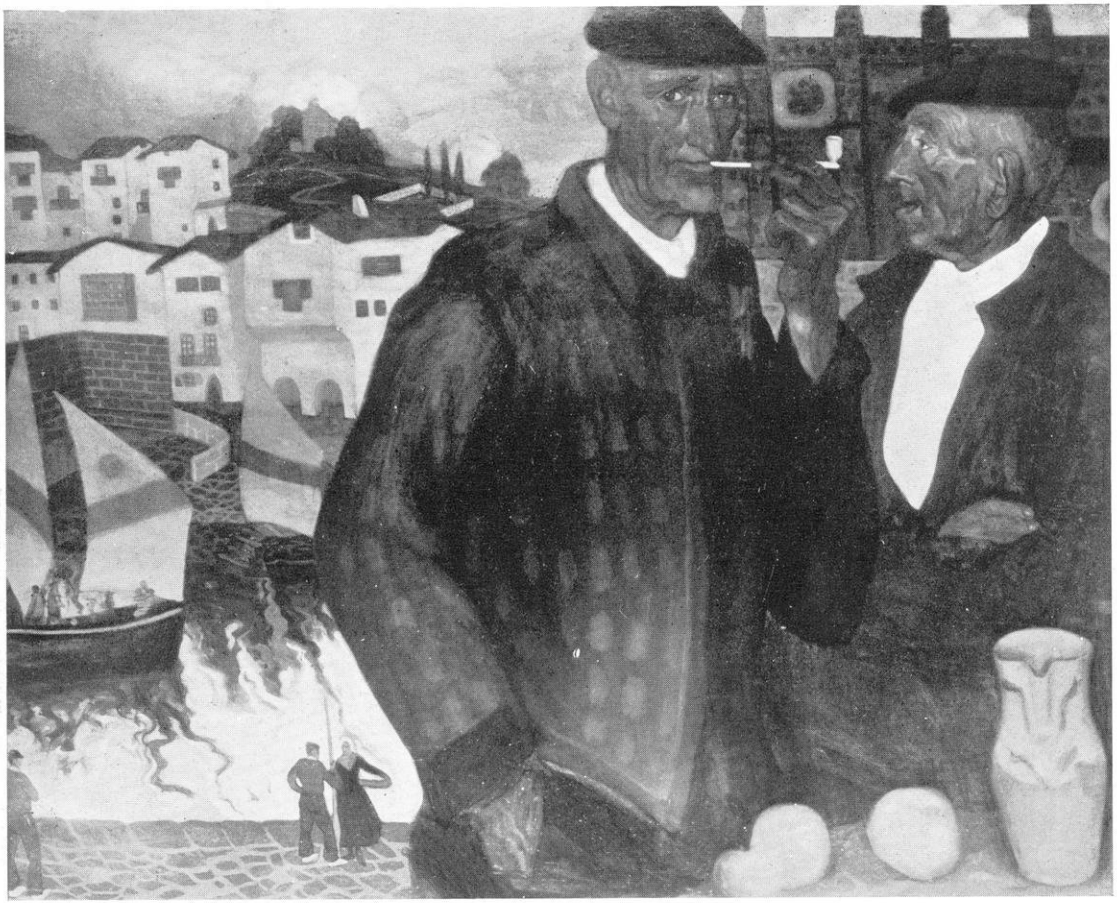
PAIN, to the outsider, means sunny, orange-scented Andalusia; to the Spaniard it means rather the grim northern provinces of Castile and Leon where the Goths, pushed ages ago by the Moors, developed through much hardship and struggle into the great Spanish nation. The popularity of Andalusia with foreigners is due to the Romanticists who saw wonderful "copy" in its Moorish glamor and found it just the right setting for Alhambra Tales, for "Carmens" and "Figaros." This foreign preference for the south at first amused the Spaniard; but of late he has begun to point out that northern Spain is equally, if not more, fascinating; wonderfully paintable either in words or pigments.

As a distinguished Spanish critic recently expressed it in a protest against certain artists who seek inspiration in the south: "If the impetuous Valencian recalls by his sunny canvas the golden orange and purple grape of Mediterranean regions, the meditative Castilian recalls by the cooler but more richly graduated tones of his, the apple of the north; the apple is bitter to southern palates, but we of the north know that it is an excellent fruit, carrying in its bosom a nepenthe for those who dwell in wineless lands."

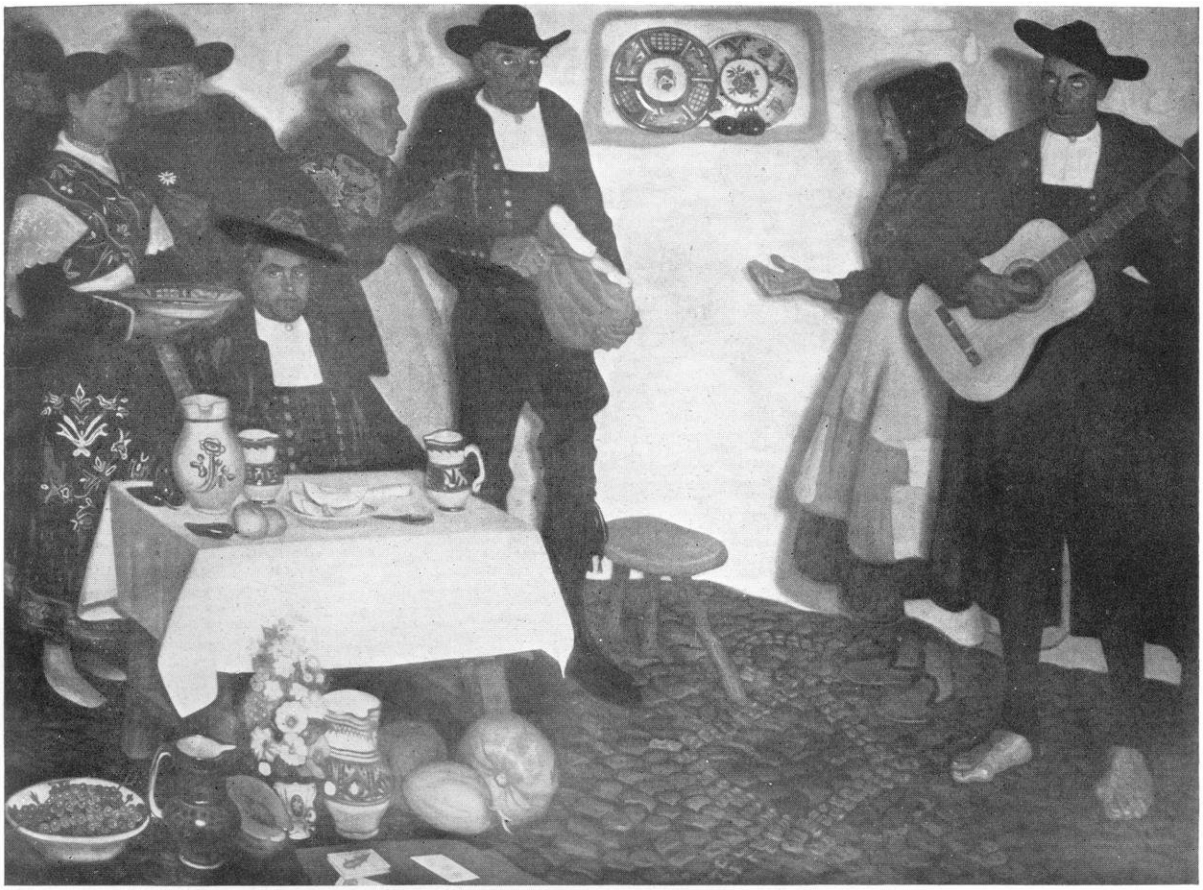
The two great painters of this apple land are the Zubiaurre brothers—always, excepting Zuloaga, who likewise has never gone to the south. But Zuloaga lives in Paris and paints his native land all too seldom; the Zubiaurres paint nothing else. They give us the very essence of Spanish tradition. Their figures, in quaint setting of undulating valley and hill, of rude stone bridges and firmly planted little stucco dwellings, carry conviction that they are the true sons of the soil, interpreted for us by one of their own brethren. They are seen with unswerving realism, yet with the realism made tender by artistic originality. To one familiar with Spain nothing seems posed for the occasion or influenced by the memory of things seen elsewhere.

Those *Charros* whom they paint, for instance; you may see them in any village of old Leon toward the Portuguese border—tall, straight men and women of the plain who continue to wear the barbarically brilliant costumes of their ancestors. So much are those wide-spreading yellow skirts a matter of preference that even the rich village girls who have been sent off to Madrid or Paris to school resume the traditional dress on their return to the province. The *Charro* would despise one of his race who urbanized himself. And similarly, when they gather in the public plaza to sing the wild inspiriting ballads of their ancestors to the ancient weird music of

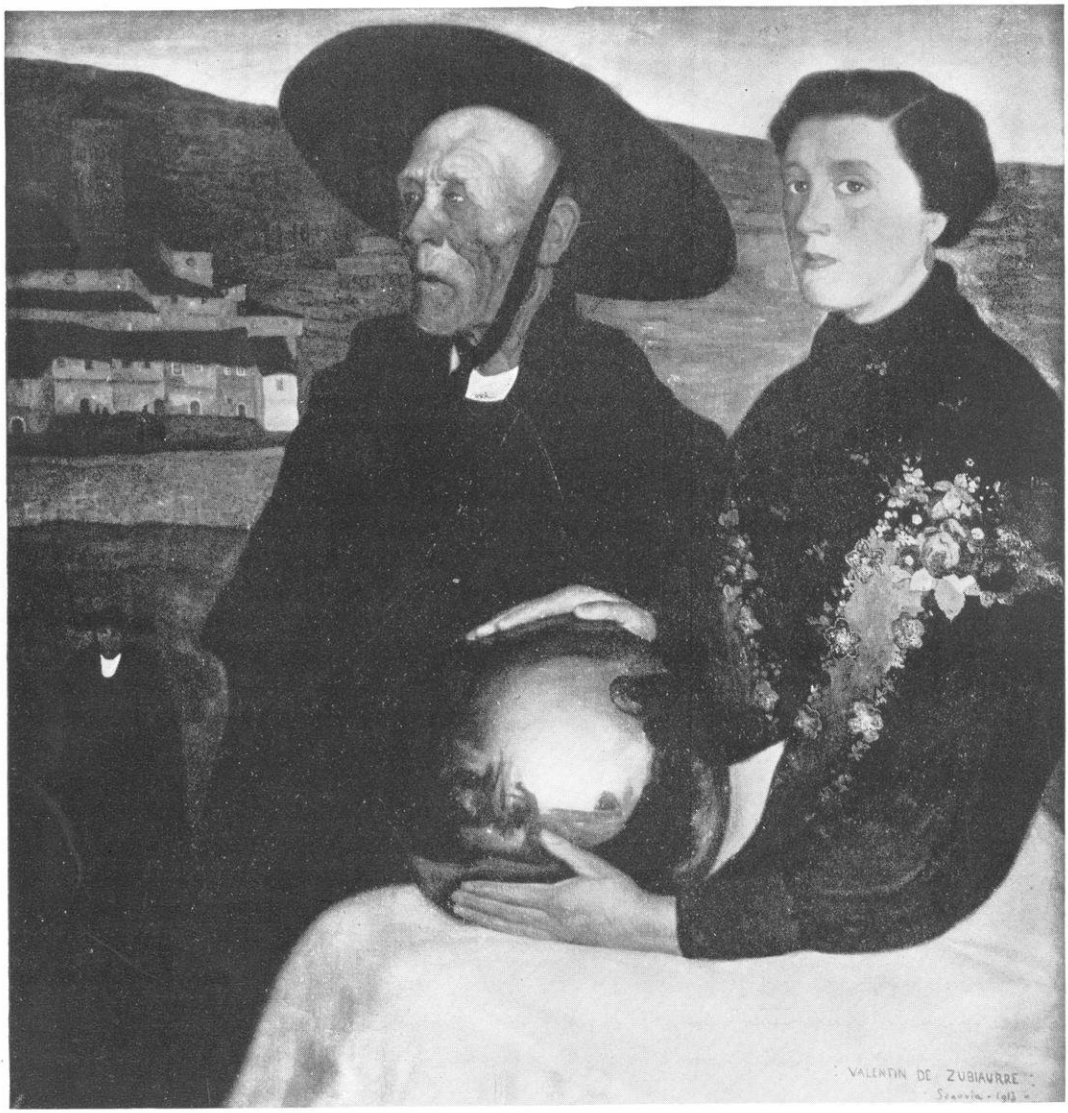
"A YOUNG ASTURIAN:" FROM A PAINTING BY RAMÓN DE ZUBIAURRE.



"FISHERMEN OF ONDARROA, NEAR SAN SEBASTIAN:" FROM A PAINTING BY RAMÓN DE ZUBIAURRE.



"ROGUES AND BEGGARS:" FROM A PAINTING BY RAMÓN DE ZUBIAURRE, PURCHASED BY THE GALLERY OF MODERN ART IN ROME.



"SEGOVIAN TYPES:" FROM A PAINTING BY VALENTIN DE ZUBIAURRE.

dulzaina or *tamboril*, they would look coldly upon one who allowed rain or wind or biting cold to drive him from the performance until it had endured at least six hours. That is what the traditions of his country mean to a *Charro*.

The mosaic floor of river pebbles in a Zubiaurre picture you may see in the humblest northern dwelling. Every cottage, too, has that shelf of wonderfully glazed, gorgeous peasant pottery—something peculiarly local and distinctive, and which you would search for in vain in the shops of the large cities. No mere ostentation of still-life virtuosity, this introduction of small objects; they are ubiquitous in the humble life of northern Spain. The painter has merely taken the material at hand and brought it under the domination of a composition sense as unaffectedly primitive as the elements it composes. That is why flowers and fruit and faience are as much in place in a Zubiaurre canvas as stiff little wild flowers in the foreground of a Gothic tapestry.

THE name Zubiaurre, like the name Zuloaga, at once announces itself as Basque. So well is the name esteemed abroad that the two brothers who bear it have received honors in every European capital. A dozen public galleries possess their work and innumerable private collections.

Valentin Zubiaurre was born in eighteen hundred and seventy-nine; his brother Ramón three years later. Their father is a distinguished musician, head of the Madrid Conservatory and Director of the Royal Chapel. Moreover, he is a *savant;* and both sons inherited along with his love of art, his fine intellect. From boyhood both wanted to be painters and seemed equally gifted. They were placed in the *Escuela Superior de Madrid* and were set simultaneously at copying in the Prado. Next they visited the principal museums of Europe, and then came back to paint Spain. And because they were always together, and because what they have put into and taken out of life is almost identical, it seems natural that their work should be spoken of collectively; but in truth there is a far deeper reason for their mutuality of vision. Both are limited to the eye for their knowledge of the world about them, for these talented sons of the Court musician were born deaf and dumb. Small wonder, then, that only the most analytical observer can recognize, at a glance, whether a canvas is by the exuberant Ramón or the more serious Valentin. People say merely "It is a Zubiaurre."

Not only is this true of their paintings of provincial life, but also of their portraits and family groups. Here each seems equally capable of laying aside his *Charro* manner and seeing in a delicate

and decorative way the aristocratic personages of Madrid's mundane world.

While no one would pretend to say that deafness is a blessing, one is still free to question whether, without it, the Zubiaurres would be so Spanish in their art. Equipped with normal means of intercourse with their fellows, might they not long since have found that brilliant artistic fraternity of Paris irresistible? Would they have been able to hold aloof from its lure and devote themselves so wholeheartedly to Spain? Or, with closer contact with cosmopolitan art-life, might they not, in this day of deviations from long-accepted standards, have attempted to translate the mystic beauty of their own Mediæval towns and types by some method so assertive as to outweigh, in itself, the quiet, quaint claims of the subject matter?

And the Zubiaurre eye, if it were not their chief point of contact with life, would it see so powerfully? Would it seize so unerringly the subtlest gradations of light and fathom the mystery of shadow? Would it run riot in a mass of warm rich color and suddenly offset this by a daring, large blank area of cool greenish-white? Would it master so successfully the trick of textures, lingering as lovingly on the leathery face of a Basque fisherman or a Castilian peasant as on the velvety surface of a peach? Idle questions, one may say; and the brothers themselves might be readiest to disavow any indebtedness to their supposed deprivation; but I cannot help suspecting that it has been a factor in keeping them with their own people, and for this reason it may well be pronounced a blessing in disguise.

THE Zubiaurres are doing for Spain what was done for Holland in that wonderful century when innumerable artists set themselves the task of immortalizing her landscape, her domestic life, her kermess frolics. No painter was similarly occupied in Spain in that day. Spain was then shaping her Sevillian group of religious painters and one—albeit the greatest—portraitist. But of *genre* painters, strictly speaking, she had none. No one depicted all those details of the daily life of simple people that lent color and human interest to the life of bygone days in Spain; but precisely because it is the one country of Europe where provincial customs and costumes and *ferias* and processions have hardly changed since then, it is still possible for native artists of clear vision and untouched by fashionable creeds and sects to make up these arrears to the Spanish School. That is what the Zubiaurres seem to be doing.

Their painting is nothing more than the virile technique that was good enough for the old masters applied to the purpose of re-

cording that daily life with which the painter has been familiar from his earliest moments. It is Spanish phenomena scrupulously observed by men highly gifted with the dramatic sense. And the dramatic sense, Romanticists to the contrary, can submit to fact, and by doing so it may arrive at rare pictorial expression. It gets poetic charm, for instance, without the usual nebulous blur over nature, but through the almost uncanny clearness of the keen Castilian air; and it achieves archaic charm without copying the primitives, but by merely accentuating those elements in rural life which, among these conservative folks of northern Spain, are the same as when the old masters of *genre* wrought in Holland.

Whether, should the two brothers later live and work apart they will develop differences of artistic personality, it will be interesting to watch. Meanwhile their work stands collectively as a masterpiece of observation. It is the Spain of the Spaniard unaffected by the much overworked golden glamor of the south. For artists in Spain or out, it is a rich æsthetic feast. For the layman who knows the country only through fiction it must be a revelation. It carries proof that Spain grows the apple as well as the orange. The apple, indeed, is the seal to a Zubiaurre painting almost as inevitably as the cherry-blossom is to a Japanese print.

ART AND THE DAILY LIFE OF MAN

"IF you accept art, it must be part of your daily lives, and the daily life of every man. It will be with us wherever we go, in the ancient city full of traditions of past time, in the newly cleared farm in America or the colonies, where no man has dwelt for traditions to gather round him; in the quiet countryside as in the busy town, no place shall be without it. You will have it with you in your sorrow as in your joy, in your work-a-day hours as in your leisure. It shall be no respecter of persons, but be shared by gentle and simple, learned and unlearned, and be as a language that all can understand. It will not hinder any work that is necessary to the life of man at the best, but it will destroy all degrading toil, all enervating luxury, all foppish frivolity. It will be the deadly foe of ignorance, dishonesty and tyranny, and will foster good-will, fair dealing and confidence between man and man. It will teach you to respect the highest intellect with a manly reverence, but not to despise any man who does not pretend to be what he is not."—From William Morris's "Art and the Beauty of the Earth."

SPRING, AND THE ONE ELM TREE: BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

HE *City*—intolerable as it is in itself and as an institution—is chief among those urging forces which shall bring us to simplicity and naturalness at the last. It hastens our emerging to freedom; and having achieved freedom, we cannot continue to remain apart, because we are so made that none can remain sensitive to prolonged beauty. Be very sure that the year-round countryman does not see what you see, coming tired and half-broken from the town; and those who are caught and maimed by the city cannot conceive their plight, as do you, returning replenished and refreshed.

I was twenty-five when I met the first longing for the country. We went to live in a good place, but there was no peace for me there. I felt *forgotten*. There was some vibration which my life then was shallow and artificial enough to require. I began to miss it feverishly at the end of a few weeks of the new life. The soil gave me nothing. I wanted what the cities could give—noise of name, the praise of men, the answer of the many to my work which was not fit to be answered. I wanted dress, games, light, because these cheap obvious things meant life to me. All waste and stimulation was dear; that which the many rushed after seemed the things which a man should have.

Though my wants were very many, I was not ready to give. I wanted the world to admire me, but I did not love men. I worked continually for my own aggrandizement; and though the air was dripping with fragrance and the spring ineffable with fruit-blooms, I was enough to poison any paradise.

It is very clear that I hadn't been man-handled enough, not punished enough, to come back with love and gratefulness to the old mother of us all. Some of us must be pitifully abused before we can accept the healing of Nature. I rushed away at last to an Asiatic war, and saw men at their worst, and called it life.

So deep was the imprint of this experience that I said for years: "The country is good, but it is not for me." . . . I loved to read about the country, loved to hear men talk about their little places, but always felt a temperamental exile from their dahlias and gladioli and wistaria. I knew what would happen to me if I went again to the country to live, for I judged by the former adventure. Work would stop; all mental activity would sink into a bovine rumination.

Yet during all these years the illusions were falling away. It is true that there is never an end to illusions, but they become more subtle to meet our spiritual equipment. I had long since lost

my love for the roads of the many—the crowded roads that run so straight to ruin. A sentence had stood up again and again from my work (for this was a realization which I had earned) that the voice of the devil is the voice of the crowd.

Though I did not turn yet back to the land, I had come to see the City as one of the three ranking menaces of the human spirit, a huge black companion for Trade and War—there's a three-in-one for destruction. And though there are races of men who have not yet finished their evolution through war, the most ancient and occulted of the three, it became very clear to me that the Anglo-Saxons, at least, must master Trade and go forth from the City for the re-creating part of their year or else suffer in deeper ways than death. The City will do still for the Mediterranean peoples and for a race that has long since passed its high spiritual tide, but sterility and extinction of name is the price that the Anglo-Saxons must now pay for continued competition in the ruck of life.

THERE came a spring at last in which there was but one elm tree. The rest was flat-buildings and asphalt and motor-puddled air. I was working long in those April days, while the great elm tree broke into life at the window. There is a green all its own to the young elm leaves, and that green was all my spring. Voices of the street came up through it, and whispers of the wind; I remember one smoky moon, and there was a certain dawn in which I loved, more strangely than ever, the cut-leaved profile against the gray-red east. The spirit of it seemed to come to me, and all that the elm tree meant—hill-cabins and country dusks, bees and blooms and stars, and the plain holy life of spiritual aspiration. It was this dawn that I found myself dreaming, thirsting, and waiting for—all that the elm tree meant—as if I were exiled from the very flesh that could bring the good low earth to my senses again.

Could it be that I was ready at last? We went forth very timidly, taking the cars that came first, and thinking that we would have a day's outing, even if we found nothing. Finally, a car brought us to the end of the landscape. It was one of the Great Lakes that brimmed before us. . . . For weeks there, in a little rented place, we were so happy that we hardly ventured to speak of it. We had expected so little, and had brought such a weariness. Day after day unfolded in the very fulness of life, and the small flower-beds there in the stranger's land held the cosmic answer. All that summer Jupiter marked time across the southern heavens, and I shall never forget the sense of conquest in hiving the first swarm of bees. They had to be carried on a branch down a deep gulley and

several hundred feet beyond. Two-thirds of the huge cluster were in the air about me before the super was lifted, yet there was not a sting from the tens of thousands. We had the true thirst that year; little things were enough; we were innocent, even of possession, and brought back to the good land all the sensitizing that the City had given. There were days in which we were so happy—that another summer of such life would have seemed too much to ask.

I had *lived* three weeks when I suddenly remembered that formerly I read newspapers—and opened the nearest. The mystery and foreign-ness of it was as complete as the red fire of Antares that gleamed so balefully every night across the lake—a hell of trials and jealousy and suicide. The obscenity and passion of it came up from the sheet to my nostrils like the smell of blood.

The spell was broken a little when we came to buy, for whenever you play with the meshes of possession a devil is near at hand to weave you in. It is true that we took enough lake-frontage for quiet and enough depth for a permanent fruit-garden—all for the price of a fifty-foot lot in the City; but these things call upon one for a certain property-mindedness and desiring, in the usage of which the human mind is common and far from admirable. There were days in the thrall of stone-work and grading and drainage in which I forgot the sun-path and the cloud-shadows; nights in which I saw fireplaces and sleeping porches (still innocent of matter to make the dreams come true) instead of the immortal signatures of the heavens.

BUT we had learned our City lessons rather well, and these disturbers did not continue to defile. A man may build his house. A few good things—perennials by all means, an elm tree, stone-work and an oaken door; the things that need not replenishing in materials, that grow old with you or reach their prime after you have passed—the silent beautiful things that symbolize the life that lasts, that draw the love from your soul as you pass—these are enough. For a home that does not promote your naturalness is a place of vexation to you and to your children.

Yet it is through the breaking of husks of illusion—through the very artificialities that we come to love the sane and holy things. The man of great lands, who draws his livelihood from the soil, can never know the healing or the tender loveliness that came up to us that first summer. One must know the maiming of the cities to bring to the land a surface that Nature floods with ecstasies. Carlyle thundered against artificial things all his wonderful life, exalted the splendors of simplicity which permit a man to forget himself—just missing the fact that a man must be artificial before he can be

natural; that we learn by suffering and come up through the hell and complication of cities only to show us wherein our treasure lies.

The narrow non-sensitive consciousness of the peasant, with its squirrel-dream of filled barns, its cruelty and continual garnering—that is very far from the way. Tolstoi went against the eternal law to try that. He wanted simplicity so tragically that he permitted his desire to prevail and turned back to the peasants for it. It is against the law to turn back. The peasants are simple because they have not met the intervening complications between their inland lake consciousness and the oceanic clarity ahead. Be very sure that none will escape the complication, for we rise to different dimensions of simplicity through such trials. War, Trade, the City and all organized hells are our training fields. The tragedy is to remain, to remain fixed in them—not to rush forth at last from our miserable self-consciousness and self-serving in the midst of them. Cosmic simplicity is ahead; the naturalness of the deeper health of man—that is ahead.

THE finer we are, the more easily are we slain. A continual process of recreation, *other than physical*, is essential for highly-endowed human beings. Perhaps there is nothing more needed in the world than joy—yet even there those who have *come along* require quality.

According to the development of the plant or tree does it draw the virtues of soil and light. Man and Nature combine to make a pippin from a thorn-apple, or an empress rose from a meadow briar, but for their increase and evolution they are dependent upon the combination of forces. Their reversion is swift and tragic without it. The higher animals demand the association of men for their well-being; and the first ailment for the nurture of the more sensitive children is the exquisite human magnetism—love. Even their bodies waste through love's lack.

According to our fineness we draw from the great driving force of creation our quality of energy. Everything is there, but its manifestations are through matter. All that moves under the sun is a product of the union of matter and the driving spirit of creation. If we are coarse and fibrous, only the low power of beasts can quicken us. *If we are sensitive from suffering and self-mastery*, we become instruments of a power to lift the hearts of men. The lump of coal is no more a product of sunlight than is the brain of man, though the one throws off its energy in sensible heat and the other in *thought* that impregnates the mind of the race and leaves no man the same.

In the intense years of apprenticeship a man struggles to bring

to himself the laurels of toil; in the good days of mastery which follow unless he lose his way, the worker seeks to bestow his gifts upon his race. For he has put away the cheap illusion of getting and is caught in the superb passion of doing. No other plan of education deserves the name in this year of our Lord. For we stand, each one of us, as fuses between the driving force of creation and the race to which we belong. The power to draw from is infinite, but only according to our capacity can we carry it. In the nature of life this capacity increases according to its proper use. It is therefore service and doing that bring to us the vital replenishment. The turning of the fuse *in to self* instead of outward in service, shuts us off entirely except from the low voltage of the animal and the savage.

Real joy is here to be found. It is not with the austerities apart; certainly it is not with the crowd. It will not possess one because he has come into the most perfect country of the world; certainly it will not flood home to the soul of man in the towns. Joy does not follow because one is excellently well in the body, for the most joyous spirits here below have not that health. The joy that does not mean pleasure; that means blessedness rather than happiness; the only real joy that evolved human beings can know is the deeper, the inner health of continual recreation, which comes from giving forth our best, the detachment of self from this best, the passionate ideal for the general good and service toward it. It is the purer receptivity which answers the loss of the love of self wherein the joy of living lies and all replenishment in poise and peace. You can go it blind and win on this formula; and all else is loss, indeed.

It is necessary to go up to Sinai, but just as necessary to descend to men with the story. It is essential to go to the country—in fact, many of us die for waiting too long—but just as essential to go back to the cities. Nature will cease her thrall; the very processes of re-creation will cease if we do not return to the cities for service. We are not in the world for northern summers and winters in Capri or California; we are not here for a year-round peace. Even the oxen may not have that. It is not that the cities are good that we must go, but because, freshened and replenished, our work is there among those who cannot leave—even among those who care not.

THE HUMBLE ANNALS OF A BACKYARD: THE RAIN: BY WALTER A. DYER

THE Lady of the House does not like thunder-storms, high winds or rainy days, and we seem to have a good many of all three in spite of our annual drought. I don't mind those things so much myself, though I hate to see branches blown from the trees, and I am not free from the depressing effects of a long rainy spell.

But there is a kind of rainy day that I like. It comes after a dry spell, when we have had plenty of sunshine and the garden is parched with thirst. I recall one such recently.

The sun went down in a golden haze, and in the morning we awoke to hear the steady rattle of the rain on the piazza roof. Out in the backyard the garden is drinking eagerly, and already the corn has taken on new life; it seems to have grown an inch. The grass and the lilac leaves are washed a clean, glistening green; the dahlia buds nod heavily in the dripping from the ailanthus tree above them. One of my tomato vines lies prostrate, perhaps from a too copious imbibing of the life-giving fluid.

Then I turn to the front of the house, for there is the impression I like to receive. A lone pedestrian hurries up the street, his umbrella held at an angle against the slanting spears of rain. Across the street and a little way down a covered grocer's wagon stops and a man in rubber coat and boots jumps out and dashes around the house with a basket. The horse stands and nods exactly as the dahlia buds do.

The rain comes down so steadily as to produce the effect of a fog, half blotting out the landscape and changing the aspect of familiar objects. All the sharp angles are softened a little, and the motion of the rain gives the scene a look of unreality as though it were a moving picture. All the colors are changed. There is no blue overhead, only a dull, slaty gray that casts its tone over all the landscape. Green, red, white, yellow, all are grayed as with the broad wash of an artist's brush. Only the brown of the tree trunks appears to stand out darker and more vividly. Our street seems turned into a Japanese print.

The grocer's man comes hurrying out and leaps into his wagon. The horse starts off at a smart trot and the street is deserted. I peer through the rain at the houses opposite, but detect no sign of life in the windows. It is as though the world were asleep, awaiting the coming of the Prince to kiss it awake again.

I alone of all the village seem to be alive and stirring. I am shut into a little world all my own. I experience all the joy of solitude and none of its pain. The witchery of the rain makes me as lonely as a mountain in the clouds and I surrender to the enchantment.

OUR WATER GARDENS: MAKING THEM AND PLANTING THEM: BY ALICE LOUNSBERRY

A GLIMPSE of water, mirrorlike and still, and a gracious flower floating like a swan majestically upon it is one of the fairest sights of Nature. It appeals to the emotions as well as to the vision. Within the last few years much has been said, much written about the facility with which water plants can be grown in streams and ponds conveniently near the home, in tubs sunken on the lawn, and in such other waters as lie on the landscape like mirrors reflecting the sky. The planting of water-lilies has been entered into with zest and its fascination widely extolled. And then in many instances, with the passing of the second season, has come a lull in the owner's enthusiasm. The plants procured to decorate the waters have failed to live over the winter; their blooms have been small and scattered, or in some other way they have disappointed the high expectations. Occasionally so melancholy has been the experience of an amateur with water-lilies that their cultivation has been discontinued without deep searching as to the cause for the failure.

Water-lilies are like people: they have their individual temperaments, demanding, besides, certain cultural conditions in order to thrive. To grow them successfully requires not only a keen observation of them as specialized forms of growth, but also a certain hospitable acknowledgment of their demands. With increased understanding of horticulture, the futility of attempting too much on small plots of ground has come to be recognized, but the simple fact of not specializing closely on the kind of planting most suitable to the landscape has paved the way for errors innumerable.

Very few places of limited areas lend themselves to a variety of planting. To attempt a rock garden, a rose garden, a water garden, perennial planting, shrubbery and lawn decoration without wide and diversified acreage is, in the greater number of instances, a mistake. And of all the plants that are grown, none requires a more sympathetic setting than the lily that adorns the surface of lake or pool.

It has been demonstrated that some water-lilies will grow in tubs sunken on a lawn or even in a city backyard, thus giving delight to the beholder. Others only fully enjoy them when they are cultivated on the waters of the open country or seen in their natural state, wild on hidden pools.

Happily even on cultivated grounds Nature is rich in streams, in ponds and boggy pieces of lowland through which the water moves

slowly. The latter is perhaps the most acceptable spot for a water garden, since Nature has planned so well in advance that little remains to be done in starting a lily pool other than to clear and regulate the land, dam the stream and plant the pond. The natural setting is in this case provided. In the coves of a stream, water-lilies can also be grown, although before deciding on their location it is well to notice where the force of the stream has formed a small bay, and then to work this feature still farther inland until a restful harbor is secured. Wherever soil has collected and natural vegetation sprung up along the shore, the opportunity should be grasped to extend it as a planting ground for such grasses and shrubs as give a harmonious frame to the lily picture.

Still it is important not to overdo these effects or the water will take on an elaborated look entirely unlike the handiwork of Nature. Simply the natural tendencies of the stream or pond should be accentuated, and always in such a way as to make fit homes for plants.

The most enticing of landscapes are those on one hand in which Nature is controlled, or on the other, elaborated in harmony with her original beauty. And since water is the natural element of reflection, the value of its nearness to the country home can in no wise be over-estimated. When it is absent in a natural form there is always the artificial pool or basin to be considered; constructions, however, which should not be entered into lightly since somewhat costly, and only satisfactory when exceedingly well done.

THE best of the artificial ponds are those that are dug out to a depth of about three feet and then tightly cemented, water being admitted gently at one end, let out at the other and drained away into the nearest sewer. Over the bottom of such a basin, rich soil should be deposited to the depth of eighteen inches, renewed in all probability each season. The shores of all made ponds and basins require also to be prepared with soil of rich quality, that they may foster the growth designed to take away from them the look of artificiality.

The importance of setting water plants in the right kind of soil is very great. They are as voracious feeders as roses, and exhibit their best only when placed in the richest mixture of mold and manure. Two parts of well-rotted sods and one part cow manure has been recommended as not too heavy for their nurture. The large natural pond or stream wherein lilies are grown should be dug out along the front, or wherever the plants are to be grown and replaced by at least a foot of soil richer in quality. To attempt to grow many of the

beautiful varieties of water-lilies, *Nymphæas*, without a just enrichment of the soil is merely to work toward disappointment.

The wild water-lilies thrive on decayed leaves and other vegetable matter accumulated in the murky bottoms of natural ponds; but the wonderful French and American hybrids, also the rare varieties from far-off lands, are not so readily satisfied.

The indigenous water-lilies of America are not numerous, the sweet-scented white water-lily or water-nymph being the most general in range and the best loved. In summer this lily floats calmly on the surface of the water and attracts to its golden heart the insects on which it relies for fertilization, drinking in meantime plentifully of life and sunshine. With its first foreboding of frost, however, it sinks to the bottom of the pond and nestles in the mud until the return of spring. The warmer water, heavier than ice, also remains at the bottom of the pond shielding it from the cold, like a coverlet. Frequently this native lily is seen in cultivation; although it is the hybrids, large of size and remarkable in color, that have given the greater impetus to decorative water planting.

Among these hybrids there are both tender and hardy sorts. The latter can be left in the pond all winter like the native, and will return to bloom the following season with the regularity of the daisies of the field. The tender ones, on the contrary, need to be taken up each autumn and stored in a greenhouse or cellar over the winter. For this reason it is customary to plant tender varieties in tubs, which in turn are sunk into the pond during the season of bloom, as it is only in this way that their cultural conditions can be well controlled. Water-lilies spread rapidly, so their root growth, which is often a serious problem when planted loosely in small ponds, is thus easily governed.

There are many people who find delight in these decorative water gardens and yet who confine their enthusiasm to the hardy varieties of *Nymphæas* with perhaps a few natives added, and one or two such notable tender beauties as the *Nymphæa Zanzibariensis*—the wonderful royal blue lily of Zanzibar which stays open from eleven in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon, upholding on stout stalks flowers sometimes ten inches in diameter. This variety of the water-lily is so splendid in color and texture that those who have no glass house or fitting place in which to keep it over the winter are willing to buy it anew each year in spite of the cost. As a decoration for a sheet of water it gives a poetical quality most ingratiating to the real flower-lover. Especially is it notable in contrast to the hardy *Nymphæa alba candidissima* and the tiny white variety, *Nymphæa pygmæa*.

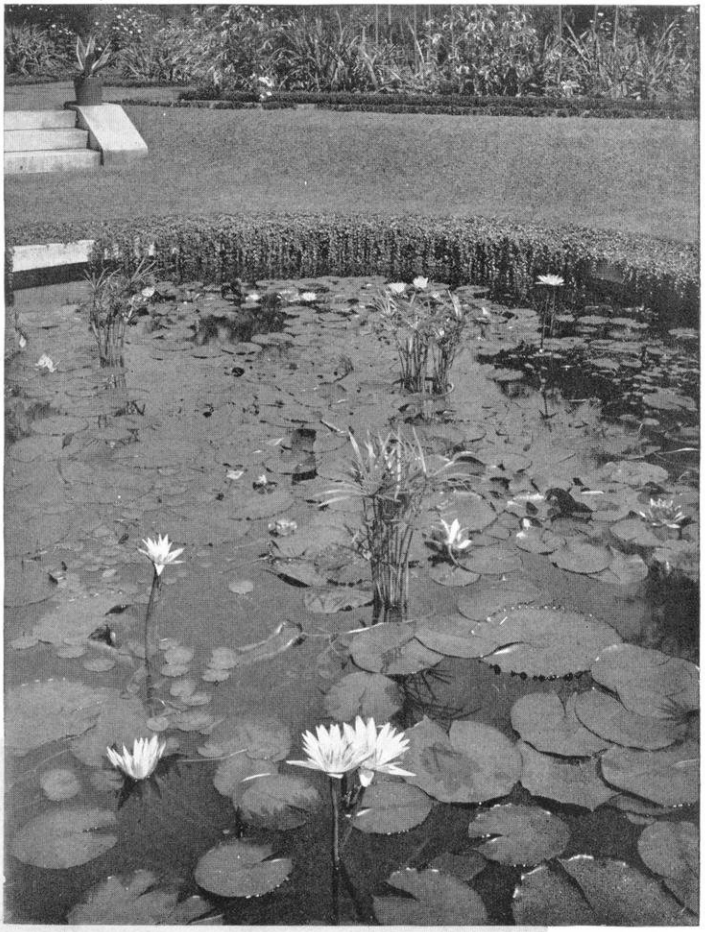
Photographs by Nathan R. Graves.

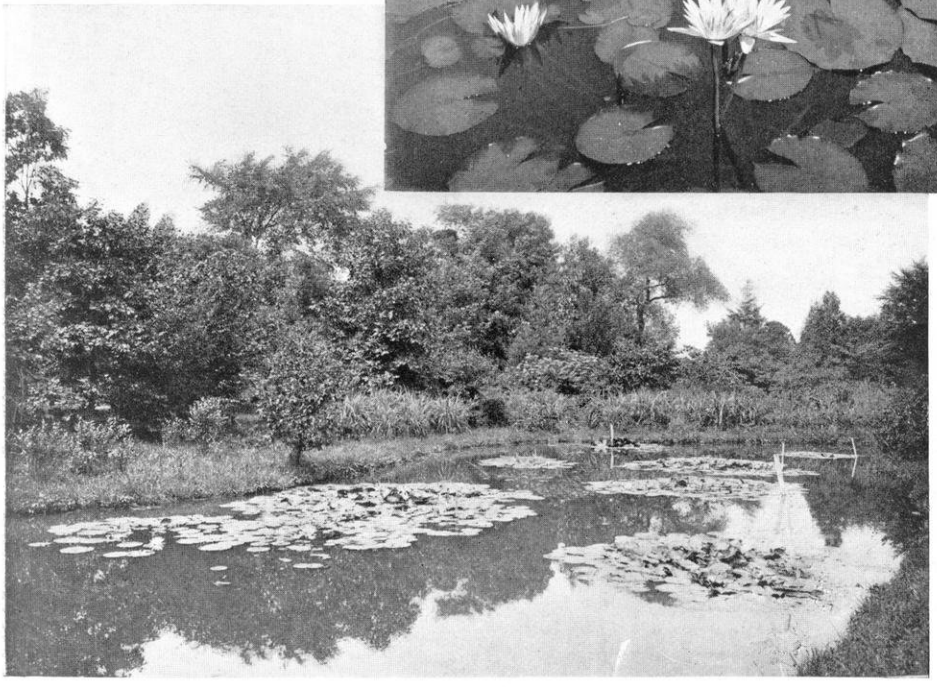
TWO VIEWS OF THE NYMPHÆA MARLIACEA ROSEA, ONE OF THE MOST RANK GROWING OF BEAUTIFUL LILIES: THE FLOWERS ARE DEEP ROSE IN COLOR AND OFTEN BOTH LEAVES AND FLOWERS ARE LIFTED ABOVE THE WATER.

THE HIGH HOUR OF BLOOM IN WHICH ALL WATER-LILIES OPEN THEIR FLOWERS AND SHOW THEIR GOLDEN CENTERS TO THE WORLD, INVITING THE WINGED FERTILIZERS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

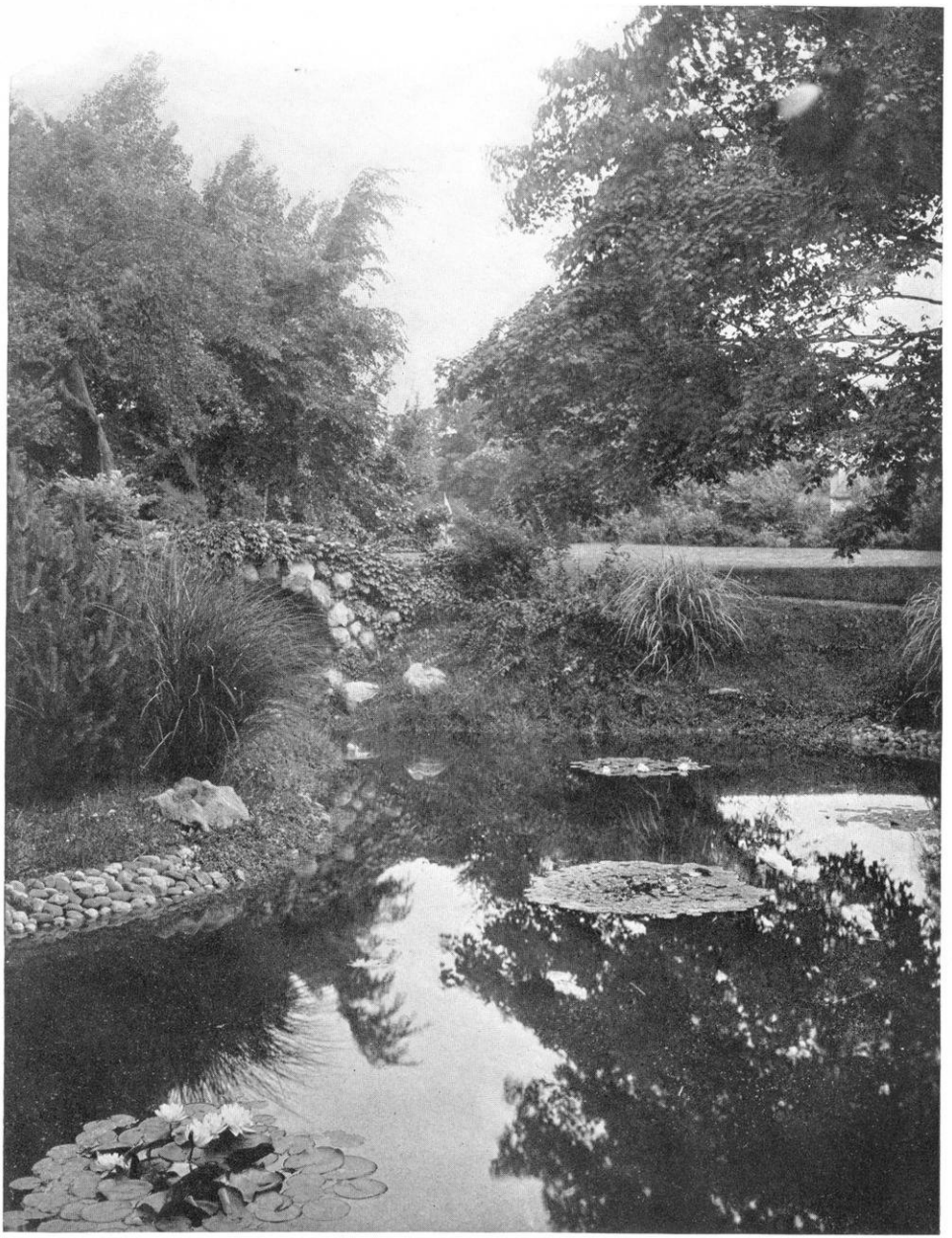
LILIES GUARDED BY THEIR PADS AS EFFECTIVELY AS BY A REGIMENT OF SOLDIERS: THE ILLUSTRATION IS ONE NEVERTHELESS WHICH MAKES ONE WISH FOR A CLEARER GLIMPSE OF THE WATER AND FOR A LESS CLOSE PACKING OF THE LILIES' LOVELINESS.

AN ARTIFICIAL POND WHEREIN TENDER LILIES, GRASSES AND OTHER PLANTS ARE CONFINED IN TUBS AND SUNKEN IN THE WATER: THE TRAILING VINES WHICH HAVE BEEN PLANTED ALONG THE EDGE OF THIS ARTIFICIAL POOL UNITE THE PLANT LIFE OF EARTH AND WATER NATURALLY AND THEREFORE CHARMINGLY: ALL SENSE OF FORMALITY WHICH THE SEVERE LINE OF THE CONCRETE RIM WOULD HAVE BROUGHT ABOUT IF LEFT UNBROKEN THEY HAVE ALSO GRACIOUSLY OVERCOME.





A NATURALISTIC POND WITH GROWTH WELL GRADATED DOWN TO THE WATER'S EDGE AND LILIES AND LILY PADS DECORATING ITS CALM SURFACE.



A POND IN WHICH THE PLANTING OF THE SIDE BANKS MAKES SUNNY REFLECTIONS AND DEEP SHADOWS IN THE WATER: HARDY LILIES ARE USED HERE SPARINGLY THAT THE MIRRORLIKE QUALITY OF THE WATER MAY NOT BE LOST.

OUR WATER GARDENS

IN planting hardy water-lilies, it is only those set in early spring, or as soon as their rhizomes show signs of growth, that give blooms the same year. Nevertheless, all can be planted up to September if the intention is to establish bloom for the following year. Few water gardens are satisfactorily decorated in one season, for the work requires not only the preparation of the soil and the water, but later a framework of shrubs to connect the pool with the landscape. The planting of the lilies comes last of all. The plants that should be encouraged to grow about the borders of a decorated strip of water are for the most part well known and seldom expensive or difficult of growth. A stately willow leaning to the water and linking it to the landscape, alders, tamaracks, swamp maples, button bushes, swamp azaleas, green-leaved bamboo, *Arundo donax*, pampas grass, *Eulalia Japonica*, the well-known "cattails," and Joe Pye-weed—these are among the larger plants that can be arranged and gradated so as to form a naturalistic framework and to bring the arrangement down to smaller plants. The latter include irises, the Japanese varieties that revel in moisture, cardinal flowers and blue lobelia, arrowheads and pickerel-weeds which grow fairly in the water, marsh marigolds with sunny spring bloom, and forget-me-nots, smallest of all, a blue fringe overhanging the bank and affording reflections that make one wonder if tiny fragments have fallen from the sky.

Securing the right reflections is one of the most difficult phases of water gardening. Should the entire surface of the pond be covered, monotony is sure to result. The mirrors in rooms had, no doubt, their inception in the sheets of water seen throughout Nature's world as she reflects her works of art.

The water-lilies—natives, hybrids and tender varieties from the tropics—are the much-desired on all ornamental pools, and for such places they are the natural source of beauty in the same way that certain shrubs are inseparable from old-fashioned gardens. At the same time there is a plant of like character, larger and more striking in personality that is sharing their prestige in decorating America's little waters, namely the lotus, *Nelumbium speciosum*, a native of the Orient and Australia, the flower of ancient Egypt and the inspiration of artistic design which has influenced the world. It is a glorified water-lily, with flowers wonderful in size, and an uplifted concave leaf as classic and beautiful as a piece of sculpture. This exotic Oriental water flower grows so luxuriously on the ponds and lagoons of this country that it has to be thinned out every season, or it would crowd all other water blossoms to extinction, completely covering the surface as it does with its mammoth leaves frequently

two feet in diameter. Many ponds therefore show only this lotus and produce by its aid sumptuous decorative effects; for the lotus is fine in color as well as in form, and its seed vessels are unusually interesting. The familiar cornucopias were patterned after these seed pods, and it is believed that from the habit of the Egyptians of enveloping lotus seeds in a breadlike clay before planting them arises the saying: "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

AT present the greater number of ornamental ponds and basins have come to show exclusively lotuses and lilies. But the better choice is with the lilies, unless space is unlimited. When the two are entered together the rare lilies should have their roots sunken in tubs so that the lotus tubers may be kept from encroaching upon them. The great leaves of the lotus, besides, keep off the sun from smaller flowers as completely as if they were green parasols.

Lotuses thrive in the richest, rankest mud that can be given them, particularly that in which there is considerable clay. Where there is room, they should be set in clumps or else used for individualistic beauty upon sheets of water showing no other forms of growth. Often the tubers of both water-lilies and lotuses have to be anchored with stones or bricks to keep them from rising to the surface of the water and floating away. But once established, the lotuses stand very severe winters and are, in fact, among the hardiest and most readily grown of all aquatics.

Perhaps the amateur planter desirous of decorating the water alluringly near his home will get the most varied interest out of the hardy water-lilies, dealing sparingly with those that are tender. In the way most appealing to his taste, however, his water property should be made to express a perennial joy. The idea that aquatics require expert care is now fortunately disproved. It had its origin, no doubt, in the failures caused by enthusiastic but unwise planting. The greater number of hardy water plants can be grown as easily as the most ordinary earth crops.

Not all nurserymen deal in the water plants, but there is now in this country a sufficient number able to furnish them and to give authentic information concerning their culture. The notion that none but a very rich man can have water gardens has been happily replaced by wide interest in their cultivation.

THE CASE OF KELLY AND HANNAH BELDEN: WHY OUR COUNTRY COMMUNITIES NEED MORE PLAY: BY WALTER A. DYER

HEN Kelly, our neighbor's hired man, appears in town, he is popped into the lockup at once to prevent trouble. He can get drunk quicker and get into more mischief than any other man in our hills. So they take no chances with Kelly. There are people down there in town who consider him a bad man. He isn't that at all; he is merely weak-minded and repressed. Getting drunk is Kelly's only outdoor or indoor sport; he has never learned how to enjoy himself in any sane, really happy way.

Now I maintain that Kelly's weakness is not his fault. Something is wrong with the scheme of things that has made him what he is. If something had not been left out of his make-up he would now be one of the most reliable and desirable farmhands in our neighborhood. My theory of it is that Kelly never has a chance to play, and so his natural hunger for recreation leads him through the swinging doors.

Hannah Belden is another example. Hannah doesn't drink, but she does dissipate in two other vices—gossip and that form of religion which is really hysteria. She will talk all night if any one will stay awake to listen to her; and she will follow an itinerant evangelist all over the county. She gets just as much wrought up at a revival today as she did thirty years ago.

Well, Hannah Belden has to have some fun, doesn't she? If you were to see the round contours of her face you would agree with me that the Lord made love of fun one of her chief ingredients. But what is a woman to do who has a lazy husband and a large family of her own, besides two boarders and a State ward to take care of? If you knew Hannah you would understand that she must simply explode if it were not for gossip and what she calls "religion." There's no other sport for her in our hills.

My conclusion is that unless something is done to make farm life more fun, we shall have to put up with gossip and hysteria and drunkenness—or explosions. Farm life has grown to be that way of late years. It wasn't always so. In the old pioneer days there were neighborhood husking bees, barn raisings, plowing contests, log rollings, house cleanings, sewing circles and quilting parties. There was a large element of fun in all these functions. The human animal's appetite for play found natural indulgence. In New England there was the old democratic town meeting, with its delight-

ful social features. People in the rural communities became well acquainted, and their normal need for recreation found expression in picnics, parties, spelling bees, singing schools, taffy pulls, barn dances, sugaring off, barbecues and camp meetings.

But those days have passed. The farmer has become more and more individualistic, more solitary. The labor-saving machinery that has made him more independent has also tended to increase his isolation. The old community gatherings have largely ceased, and the farmer's family has been cut off from many sources of social enjoyment and recreation. The farmer now goes forth to his fields alone. A rattling mowing-machine now takes the place of whistling companions with cradle and scythe. Kelly has no one to talk to all day long, sometimes, except the pigs and cows. Rural free delivery has rendered even the trip to the post office superfluous, and the newspaper makes the old-time neighborhood gossip and discussion seem a waste of time.

The farmer's wife has suffered even more. Alone in her house on the big Western ranch or in the Southern mountains, she shrivels and fades for want of social intercourse, for want of recreation. She is bound forever to the wheel, and her children grow up not knowing how to play. Hannah Belden will drive three and a half miles to town, with a sack of feed as her excuse, just for the sake of a glass of ice-cream soda and a few minutes' rustic persiflage with the fountain operator.

Man is a social creature, and cannot exist sanely and progressively without social contact in its lighter forms. For lack of these things the isolated mountaineer degenerates inevitably; Kelly takes to drink. Play is essential to the normal development of both individual and community, and it is because play has departed so generally from our hills and farms that insanity is more prevalent today in the rural districts than in the cities.

ALL work and no play is what has made many of our rural regions dull places to live in, and has driven the country young people to the cities. To reawaken the play spirit in such communities is to renew their youth. To organize and encourage sane rural recreations is a high duty confronting public-spirited citizens all over our land—to bring back some of the joy of living to the lives of farmers and little villagers and their families, and so to win back these people to a love of the country.

If play is not provided, there must be some other outlet—drink or other excesses, or insanity. The young men of Locust Valley, New York, understood this when they leased Neighbor Allen's barn,

fitted it up with a dance floor and pool tables and went into the amusement business in competition with the five saloons of the village. Locust Valley folk don't go out of town as much as they did to attend dances and moving-picture shows, and the saloons get less of their money. With the provision for play has come a more normal community life.

During the past few years far-visioned men and women have come to recognize the truth of this, and already the organization of community play has assumed the proportions of a national movement. I have been interested in making a few inquiries about these things, for I want to see the movement extended to our hills, so that life may be made richer for Hannah Belden and Kelly and the rest of our neighbors.

In the first place, the boys and girls need playgrounds. Many people, doubtless, still think of a public playground as a distinctly city need, since country children have all outdoors to play in. But it is the country people, not the people of the cities, who have forgotten how to play. It is a curious fact that out in the open country, where land is plentiful and cheap, there is practically none devoted to parks and public playgrounds, and public recreation fields are seldom to be found in our smaller towns and villages. Even the rural baseball team must pay rent for the use of some pasture lot.

The first move in the direction of constructive recreation in the country is to create a definite desire for it in the popular rural mind—not always an easy matter. Then comes the need for the invention and development of forms of amusement at once wholesome, absorbing and distinctly rural. The centralized school, the country church and the rural or village park are all institutions which may be used in this recreation movement.

Where the country school has been developed along the lines of community service, it offers perhaps the best starting-point for recreation work. The Farragut High School at Concord, near Knoxville, Tennessee, is the best example I have seen of a school that serves as a social and recreation center for a farming community. The baseball ground, tennis and outdoor basket-ball courts and the shower baths in the basement of the school are all well patronized during the summer, while the assembly hall, with its piano and stage, is in frequent use the year round. The school's Commencement Day is turned into a general field day and community picnic, to which many former residents and pupils return. I have seen similar schools in Wisconsin and in North Carolina, and I know that they exist elsewhere, but there is no reason why every district in the country should not develop its school building as a recreation center.

THE awakened country church is also offering a solution of the recreation problem in places where the pastor has assumed the right sort of leadership. Playgrounds, gymnasiums, reading-rooms and social organizations are provided and maintained by such churches, which have outgrown the old idea of an austere religion for the Sabbath only.

The old Licking Church, situated in open, farming country about ten miles southeast of Newark, Ohio, is a good example of the social rural church. Under the leadership of a progressive pastor, it has provided means for an active social life for the people of the community in the winter and for outdoor recreation in the summer. Social and study clubs and a lecture course are conducted, and in the summer months a spacious playground is provided, with facilities for baseball, basket-ball, tennis and croquet. A two-weeks' camp for young farm people is conducted on the shores of Buckeye Lake.

Another pastor who does more than preach and take up a collection is Rev. Silas E. Persons, of Cazenovia, New York, a village of two thousand people. Formerly aristocratic and conservative, the church now conducts mission services and Sunday schools in four country neighborhoods some miles from town, and has taken part in organizing their recreations. Even card parties, dances and pool are taken under the wing of the church, and there are bowling teams in the village. Church banquets are held for sociability's sake, and an annual outdoor field day. Last year the field day was broadened to include the competitive exhibit of produce, and so became a country fair. A plowing match was added and a lecture on agriculture. Side shows, fakers, gambling and liquor were excluded. In the winter a social club and entertainment course are conducted.

Rev. M. B. McNutt of Plainfield, Illinois, is another playing parson. Children's parties, social clubs for older people, baseball teams, a winter singing school, summer lawn festivals, plowing matches in September, amateur theatricals and village reunions all form part of a successful program.

In Hanover, New Jersey, the church has organized the recreative life of the countryside, and all the holidays are now celebrated at home instead of in a neighboring city.

Rev. E. Fraser Bell, pastor in an Adirondack summer resort with about four hundred permanent inhabitants, finding a dearth of village interests in the winter, established a gymnasium which has become the social center of the community. He organized an athletic club and raised money for the building by means of socials, plays and donations. The children have possession in the afternoon

and the older folk in the evening. A reading-room has been added, and the gymnasium has been a real quickener of community life which includes some fun for the young folks.

In some places the most effective work in organizing community recreation has been done by independent, non-sectarian organizations, such as lodges, granges and improvement associations. A noteworthy example is the County School Athletic League of Ulster County, New York, organized by Dr. Myron T. Scudder while principal of the New Paltz State Normal School.

An interesting field day is held each year in August at Amenia, Dutchess County, New York. Here, too, the genius of the affair is an individual—Professor J. E. Spingarn. It is a big community picnic conducted on a coöperative basis, the whole countryside turns out simply to have a good time. Athletic contests of various sorts are held, but the tendency is toward general participation rather than toward a spectacle engaged in by a picked few. A parade and pageant in the morning is followed, after luncheon, by athletic events, games and races for all ages of both sexes, trap shooting, baseball, folk dances, Boy Scout contests and exhibitions and various outdoor shows, interspersed with addresses by prominent speakers. In the evening there is usually a band concert, a torchlight procession, fireworks and a dance.

In Paton, Iowa, a little town of five hundred inhabitants, the annual carnival, the community's one expression of its play hunger, began to develop decidedly objectionable features. So the Commercial Club of the town organized and promoted a Play Day, when the stores were locked up and the people made a general holiday. There were four baseball games for village and farm boys and men, a picnic dinner, field sports, group games for little folks, etc. Nearly two hundred people actually took part in the sports, and the whole thing cost less than five dollars. It is an annual affair in that town now.

The Windsor County Play Picnic and Athletic Meet is held each year in June at Woodstock, Vermont, under the supervision of Mr. A. C. Hurd, County Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. It is participated in by two or three thousand people, old and young. Windsor is but one of eighty-nine counties in the United States that have been organized by the County Work Department of the Y. M. C. A., and in all of them social intercourse and rural recreation are made a feature of the Association's program.

In many sections of the country the active agents in this movement are the community betterment and village improvement societies, which are steadily increasing in numbers.

THE Civic League of Bennington, Vermont, affiliated with the Village Improvement Society, is a body of young women organized to study local social problems. A playground for children was the first experiment, and the village corporation later took this over and employed a trained play leader. This was the first public playground in the State of Vermont. In nineteen hundred and eleven a successful historical pageant was held, and following that a recreation survey of the village was made by an expert under the auspices of the Board of Trade, and a permanent secretary of recreation was employed. The secretary conducts organized play and athletic work for girls after school, including races, basketball and folk dancing; she provides similar recreation for evening classes during the winter, uniting young women of different interests on a democratic basis. During the summer months organized play and athletics are arranged for both boys and girls, including baseball matches for the boys and volley ball for the girls, and during the winter suitable sports are arranged. Among the special events of the year are a Christmas play, Christmas cotillion, valentine party for the evening classes, Washington party for the girls' athletic clubs, a Washington's Birthday entertainment for Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls, a folk dance festival in March, mothers' day and baby contest in August, annual athletic meet and various hikes, concerts, socials and entertainments.

Some workers in the field of organized recreation are urging that every town and village should provide a community commons or park as a recreation center, with athletic field, bandstand, picnic grove, children's playground, etc. Already this idea is taking form in a few localities. At Etna, Ohio, the town square has been used as a common playground and recreation center by the people of the township for half a century. In a dozen mill villages in South Carolina the Welfare Department of the Parker Cotton Mills Company furnishes the motive power, and largely through the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. conducts May festivals, garden clubs, athletics, and mothers' meetings.

Suggestions as to methods of organizing rural play are to be obtained from the Recreation Department of the Russell Sage Foundation, New York, and from the Playground and Recreation Association of America, New York. Some of our agricultural colleges, too, have taken cognizance of this movement—notably Cornell University and the Massachusetts Agricultural College—and offer summer courses in organized rural recreation, folk dancing, etc.

The latter college recently introduced this feature of its summer

school. Lectures were given on festivals and pageantry and courses and demonstrations conducted in organized play and folk dancing. The Extension Service of the college also conducted a boys' camp under military discipline, where country life subjects were taught. During the morning instruction was given in agriculture, hygiene, and citizenship; the afternoons were devoted to organized play, recreation, games, tramps, and evening camp fires, all under expert guidance. Following the summer school came a conference for rural community leaders, where rural sociology, organized play and folk dancing were among the topics considered.

"You have got to make the country as attractive socially as the city," says Professor Spingarn, "if you want to keep the young on the farms. The main thing is *play*. And the community should help to run its own recreations; its festivals should be not only for the people, but of and by the people."

"Properly supervised play," says Dr. Scudder, "is one of the most important concerns of every household, of every school, of every community." Play makes for health and contentment, and a more kindly community life.

There is something about playing together that produces a closer human fellowship than any other act except fighting together. With the departure of social play from our farming communities, there vanished also the community spirit, the local pride, that counted for so much in the early upbuilding of the nation. The decay of many of our rural communities forms one of the saddest pages of our history. It is by the revival of community play that the race of American yeomen can most readily be brought back to its own and the sleeping spirit of the American rural community reawakened.

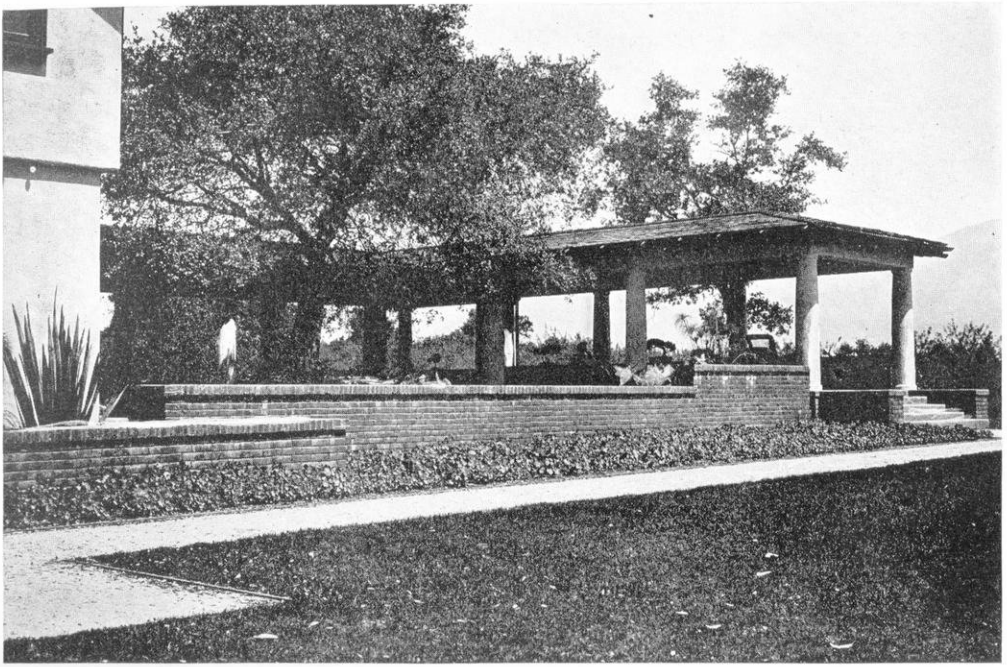
OUTDOOR LIVING EAST AND WEST: PORCH ARCHITECTURE FOR VARIOUS CLIMATES AND MODES OF LIFE

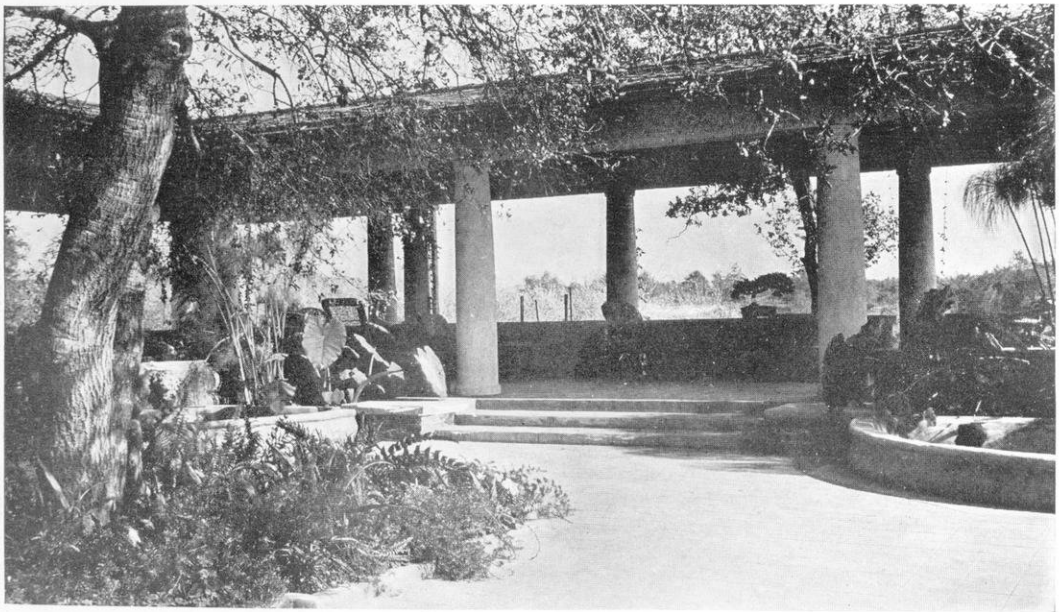
MERICA is an unusually favored land in many respects, and particularly so in the matter of climate. Thanks to the pleasant spring days, the long warm months of summer and the kindly autumn sun, the majority of our States—East, West and South—afford a generous opportunity for outdoor living.

Yet in spite of this "standing invitation" of our open-hearted mother, Nature, to come out into the wide, airy spaces of her wonderful playroom, and to rest in the quiet, shady corners of her universal garden, too often we do not heed or even hear her call. So busy are we with the strenuous work of living, of keeping up with fashions and appearances, and following the cult of the superficial and superfluous, that we lose our sense of values. We forget the relaxation and refreshment that await us in the more simple byways of our gardens, woods and hills. We need to be constantly reminded of this great fresh-air living room where our spare hours and moments might be so profitably spent—profitably, that is, for our bodies and minds and souls. And are not these as important as our bank accounts?

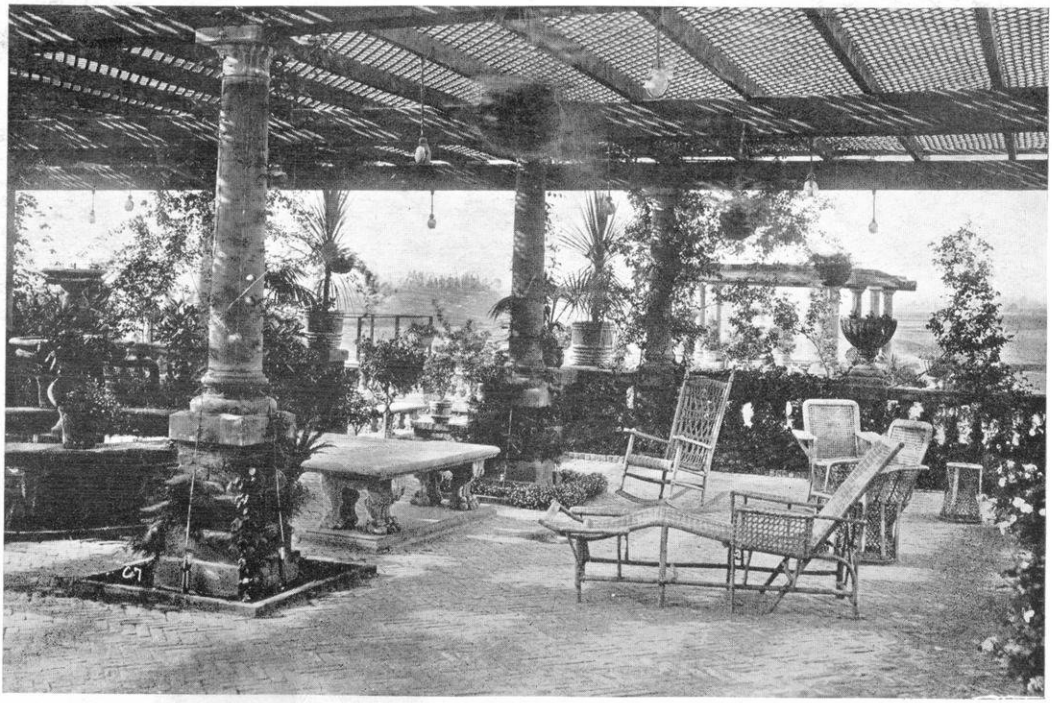
That suggests another pertinent question, put recently by Mr. Charles Alma Byers. "Many persons," he said, "justify their neglect of outdoor living with the plea that the building of porches, pergolas, summer-houses and similar shelters, as well as the planting and care of gardens, would mean an additional cost which they are not able to meet. Ordinarily this is a difficult argument to combat; but would it not be better to neglect the inside of the home a little instead of the outside entirely? Surely, when folks realize how such outdoor features may enrich their lives in health and happiness, not to mention the beauty that may be gathered by this means about the home, they will be willing, for so pleasant a purpose, to simplify their indoor furnishings, or even to sacrifice a little of the size of the house itself."

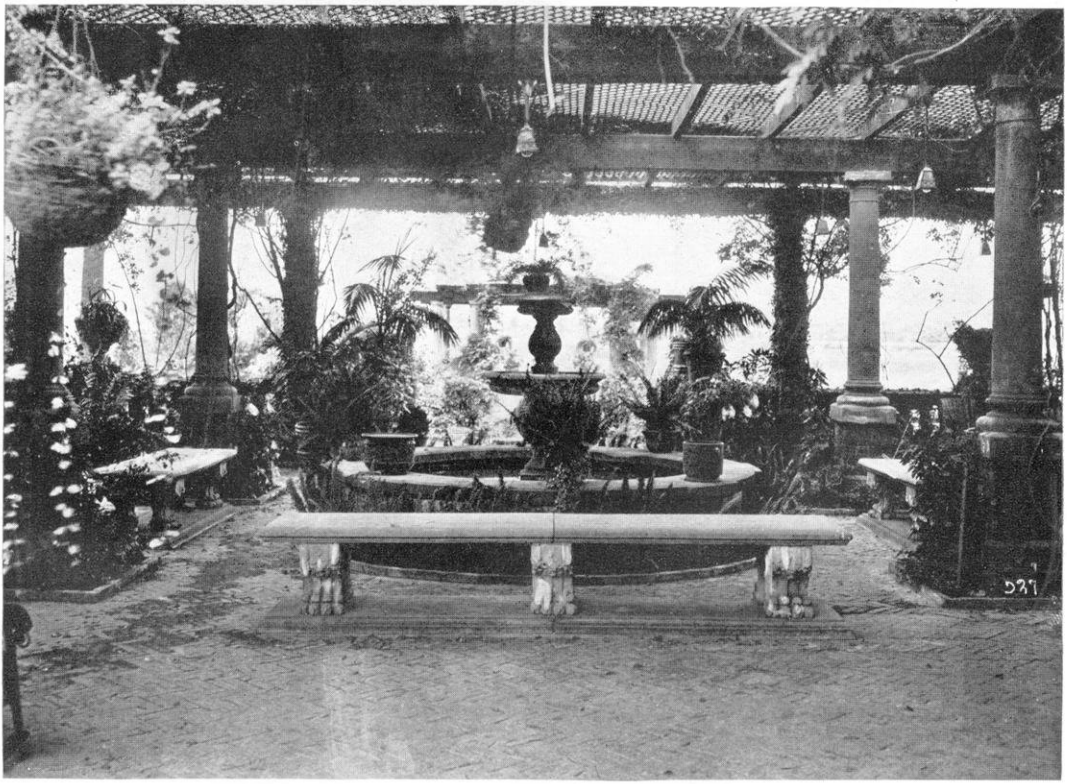
Habit is another important factor in this matter of outdoor living. We are so accustomed to working and playing, eating and sleeping, within a four-walled enclosure, and seeing our gardens mostly through a window pane, that we continue to do these things even when there is no need. For this reason it is all the more necessary that we should be continually reminded of the garden's presence. If it is to be a successful rival of indoor attractions, it must be made alluring, inviting, full of subtle and persuasive arguments that coax us out, in spite of ourselves, into the open air.



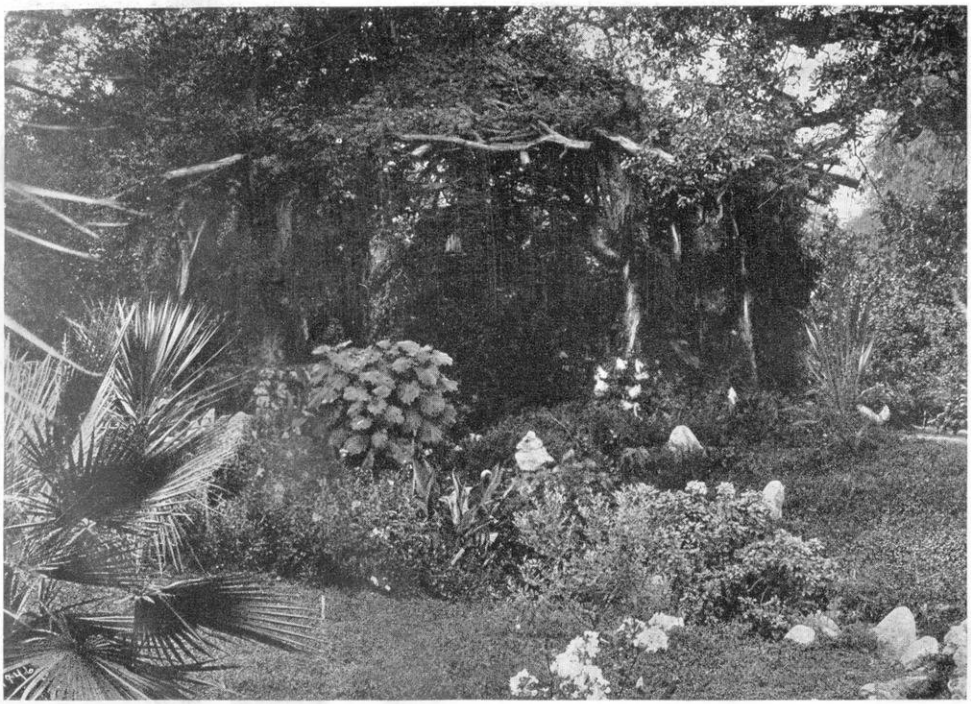


TWO VIEWS OF AN INVITING WESTERN OUTDOOR RETREAT, HALF VERANDA, HALF SUMMER-HOUSE: THE CEMENT FLOOR AND WHITE CONCRETE PILLARS GIVE ONE A SENSE OF COOLNESS AND REPOSE, THE LONG SHINGLED ROOF AFFORDS PROTECTION FROM THE SUN, AND THE BRICK WALLS GIVE A PLEASANT AIR OF SECLUSION WITHOUT SHUTTING OUT THE BREEZE OR THE VIEW OF ORANGE GROVE AND MOUNTAINS BEYOND.

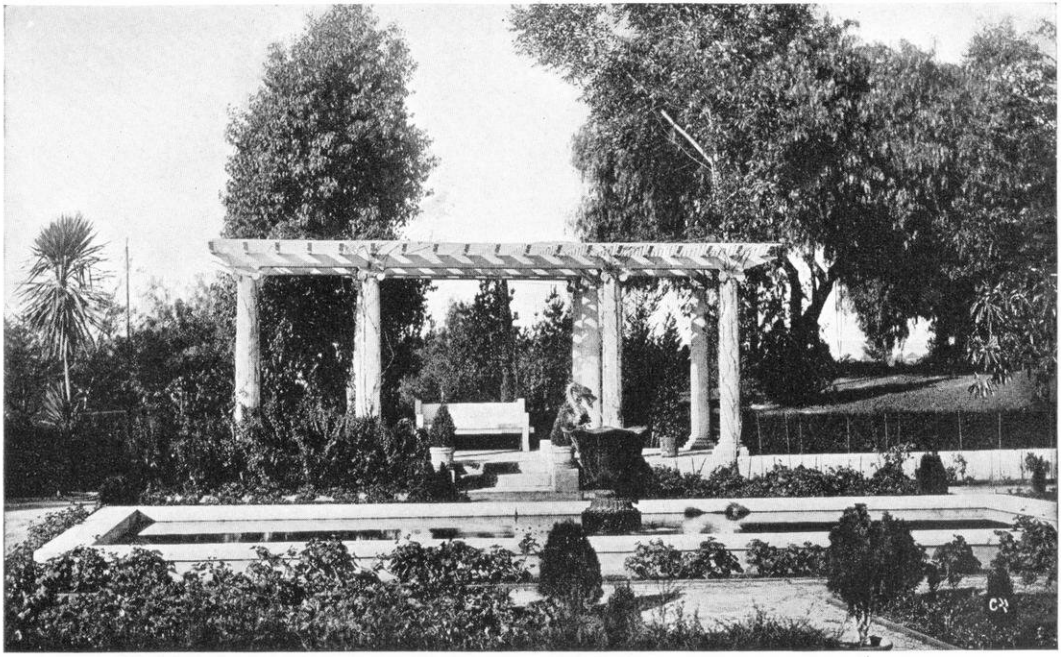




A PERGOLA SUMMER-HOUSE AS ORIGINAL AS IT IS LOVELY: THE LATTICED ROOF AND BRICK FLOORING, THE VINE-DRAPED PILLARS, FERNS AND FLOWERS GIVE THE PLACE QUITE A FESTIVE AIR, WHILE THE CENTRAL FOUNTAIN AND CONCRETE SEATS SUGGEST COOL RESTFUL HOURS EVEN IN HOTTEST MIDSUMMER.



ABOVE ARE TWO GLIMPSES OF A WESTERN SUMMER-HOUSE OF UNUSUAL PICTURESQUENESS: THE LIVING TREES AND SHRUBBERY FORM A NATURAL ENCLOSURE, AND SMALL ROUGH POLES, VINE-COVERED, ARE USED OVERHEAD: THE RUSTIC TABLE, HICKORY CHAIRS AND SETTLES, THE FERNS AND IVY, ALL ARE IN HARMONY WITH THE WOODLAND ATMOSPHERE OF THIS SECLUDED SPOT.



SUMMER-HOUSE OF PERGOLA CONSTRUCTION SET IN A FORMAL GARDEN OF THE WEST, WITH ITS WHITE SEAT JUST ABOVE THE LILY POOL.

A "TWO-STORY" SUMMER-HOUSE WITH A COOL SHADOWED RETREAT BENEATH THE PERGOLA STRUCTURE: A UNIQUE ARRANGEMENT WHICH IS QUITE IN KEEPING WITH THE FORMAL TERRACED GARDEN.

The wise architect, gardener and home-maker realize therefore the value of the right kind of persuasion in luring lazy, busy or absent-minded mortals out of doors. Hence the wide, cool verandas, the vine-draped pergolas, the sheltered seats and rustic arbors that are coming at last to play their part around our homes. For in spite of the fact that the majority of American gardens still fall far short of their possibilities in this direction, much that is practical and beautiful has been accomplished during the last few years.

And where these outdoor resting places are provided, they are pretty sure to prove an effective means of tempting one into the fresh air. Who can resist the silent invitation of a rustic seat waiting for an occupant beneath the sheltering grape arbor, or the gentle hint of a hammock or swinging seat beneath a pine-branch ceiling? Who will not turn his footsteps instinctively from an indoor room out to a breezy, high-perched summer-house whose miniature roof and pillars, seen from the window, promise such an airy retreat? What man cares to read in a walled-in library when he can take his book into a comfortable garden nook, and what maid or housewife would shell peas in a warm kitchen when she might be doing it in the cool shelter of a vine-clad porch?

SOME of the most picturesque and comfortable types of outdoor living places are shown in the pictures which illustrate this article, and we may be sure that no photographs, however good, can do full justice to these delightful garden retreats. Aside from their interest as a record of the kind of structures that have been recently developed in both East and West, they will undoubtedly afford a wealth of inspiration and practical suggestion for all who wish to make their gardens places in which to really live.

The first two illustrations show a rather unique outdoor shelter—half veranda and half summer-house. It adjoins one side of the main building and is designed in the form of an "L," nine feet wide and about seventy feet long. White concrete pillars support the shingled roof which extends the entire length, and the flooring and steps are of cement. An enclosing wall of brick gives a pleasant sense of seclusion. The space in the angle of the veranda and house has been converted into a miniature garden with a fountain and basin of concrete, a large tree, an interesting arrangement of plants and a wide, gracefully winding cement walk. The veranda itself commands a delightful view of an orange grove, with mountains in the distance, and this wide outlook, together with the breeze-swept openings and comfortable furniture, combine to form an unusually inviting outdoor retreat.

The next two photographs are of a large airy summer-house, suggesting the pergola type, although distinctly original in construction. Pillars of brick and concrete support a beamed and closely latticed roof, through which the sunshine filters faintly, and the flooring is of brick, laid in herringbone fashion. The whole is enclosed by a low railing, with pedestals at intervals for potted plants, and over this railing, as well as about the base of the pillars, are grown graceful flowers and vines. In the center is a simple fountain surrounded by four long concrete seats, which are particularly attractive against the background of foliage and blossoms. Willow tables and chairs are also used, and hanging baskets are suspended here and there from the roof, as well as electric lamps which add to the charm of the place at night. The pale green woodwork, the white concrete, the dark red brick and the green of the foliage make an exceptionally interesting color scheme.

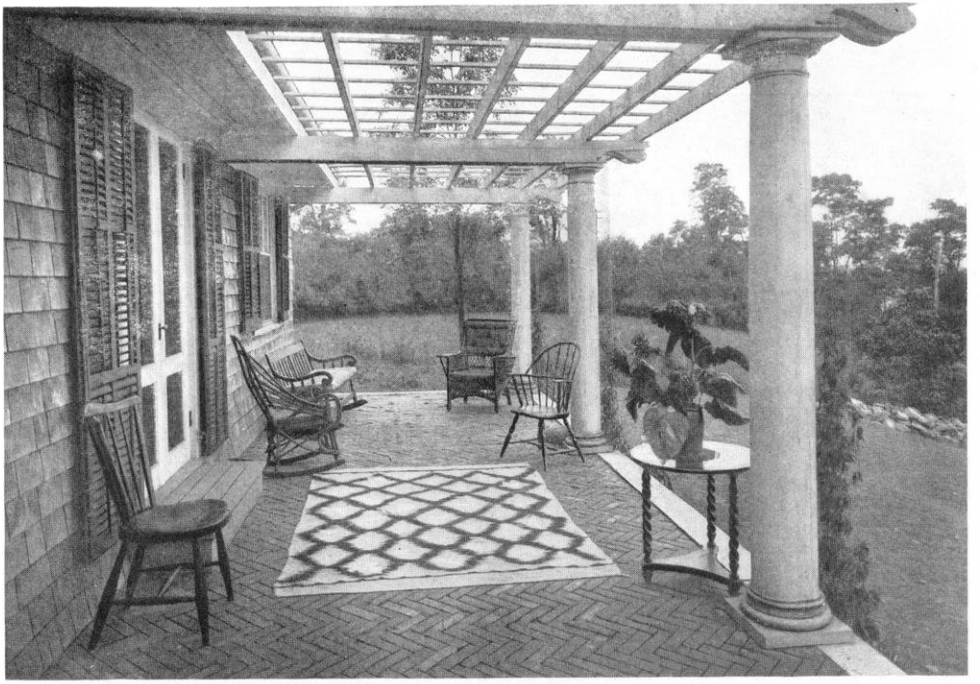
A summer-house representing the opposite extreme of workmanship is shown on the third page of the illustrations. Set in a wild growth of large trees and shrubbery, this rustic retreat is perfectly in keeping with its environment—in fact, at a little distance it seems almost a natural part of the grove. Its uprights are living trees, while the framework of the roof consists of small rough poles covered by vines that climb the tree trunks and trail across the rustic railing that forms the enclosure. One of the most striking features of this unique outdoor room is the rough central table, made from sawn sections of large logs, around which a few ferns are grown. Hickory chairs and settles complete the furniture.

NEXT come two summer-houses of the pergola type, belonging to formal gardens. The upper of these is extremely simple, all in white, with pillars of concrete, covering of pergola beams and lintels latticed on the top, and flooring of cement. The single seat looks down upon a concrete garden pool surrounded with flowers.

The structure shown in the lower picture is virtually two stories in height. The lower part, with its brick pillars and cement flooring, is walled on one side and is roofed by the floor of the pergola above, making it a very shady and secluded spot, suitable alike for very hot or for rainy weather. The pergola overhead is open on all sides, and has a beamed and latticed covering and a low railing painted white. The pillars are of red brick and white concrete, and the overhead beams and lattice-work are painted a light green, which is especially interesting with the flooring of brick. Hanging baskets, potted plants and serviceable furnishings add their grace and comfort to this pleasant outdoor home.

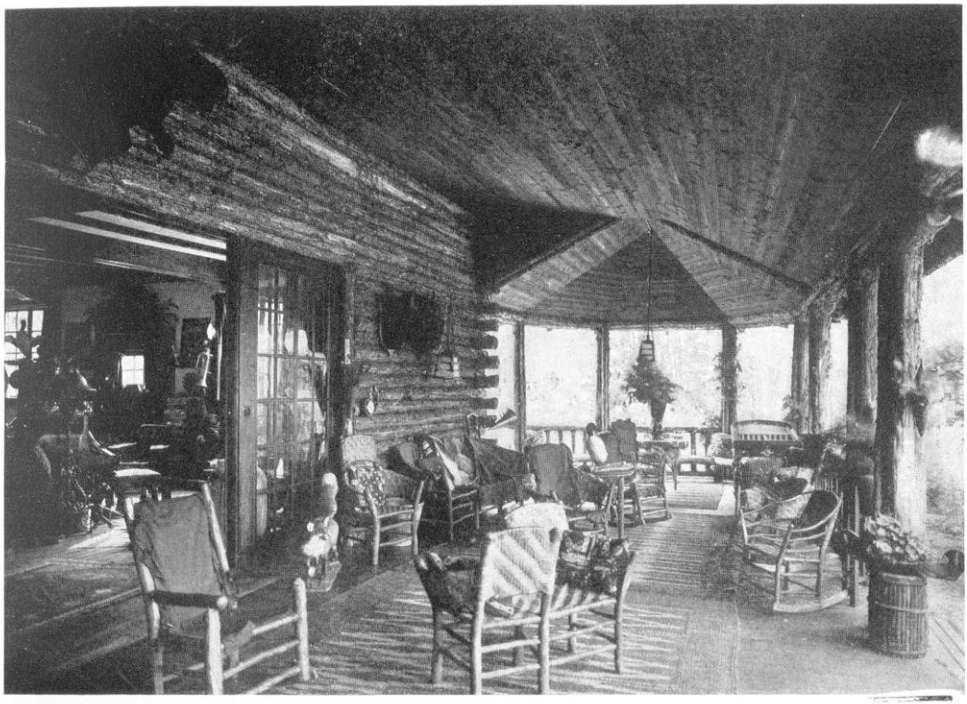
Photographs by Jessie Tarbox Beals.

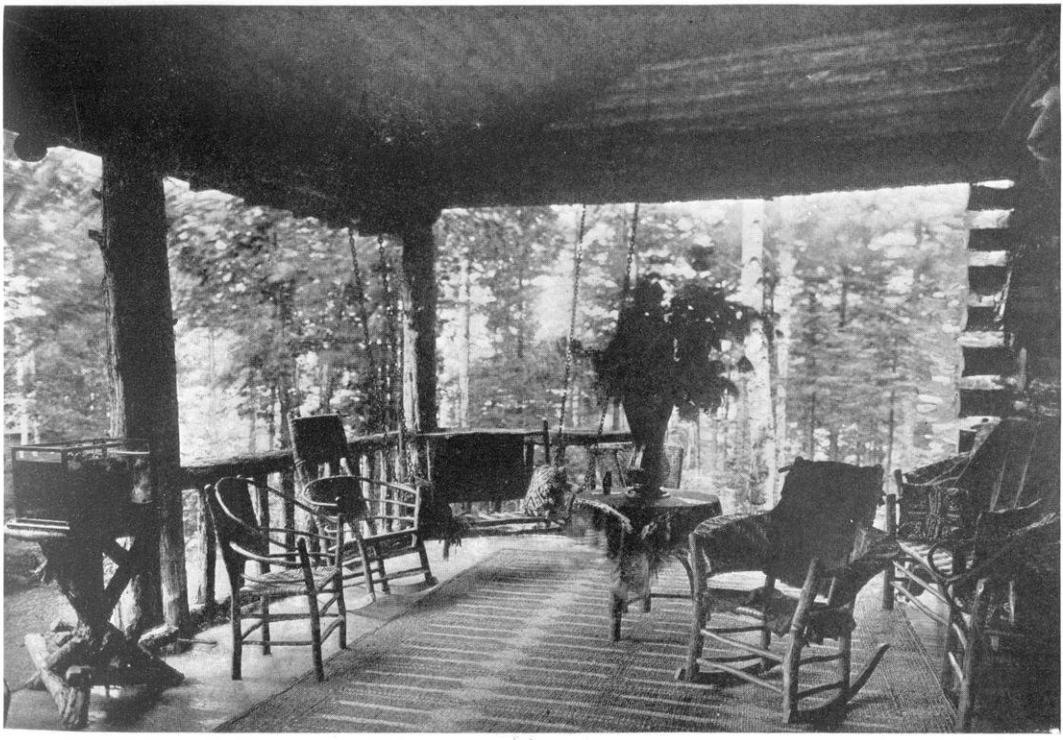
AN EASTERN PERGOLA WHOSE FLUTED COLUMNS SUGGEST COLONIAL DAYS, AND WHOSE BEAMED ROOF, BRICK FLOOR, SIMPLE FURNISHINGS AND LACELIKE VINES ALL SPEAK OF OUTDOOR SUMMER PLEASURE.



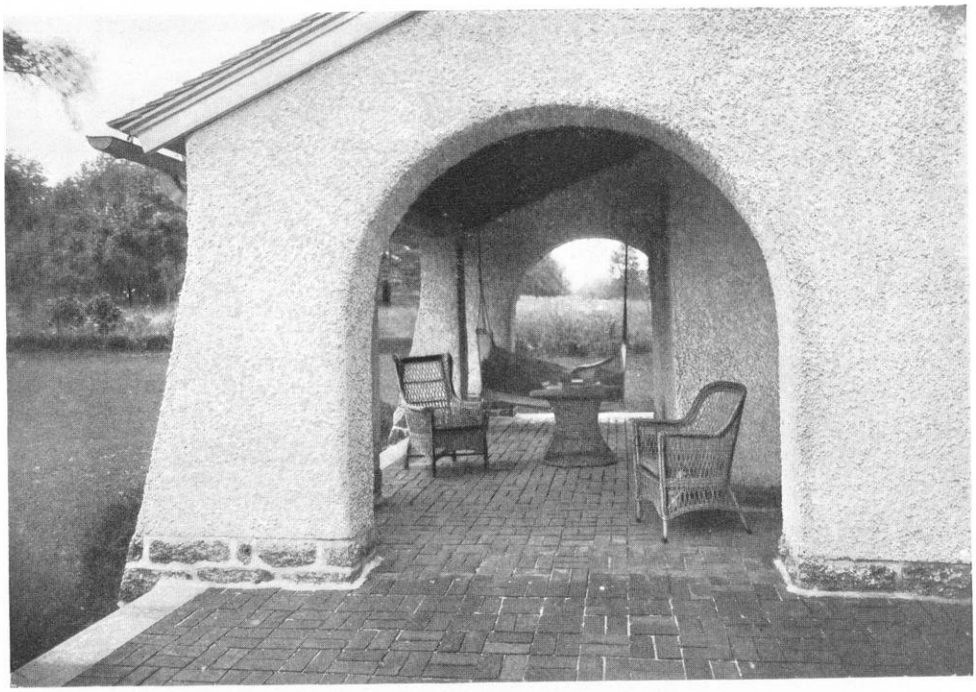
THE GENEROUS SPACES OF THIS LONG PORCH AFFORD PLEASANT VIEWS OF THE WOODED COUNTRYSIDE, AND WHEN THE VINES HAVE GROWN UP THE PILLARS AND FESTOONED THE PERGOLA BEAMS ABOVE, A GRACIOUS NATURAL SHELTER WILL RESULT.

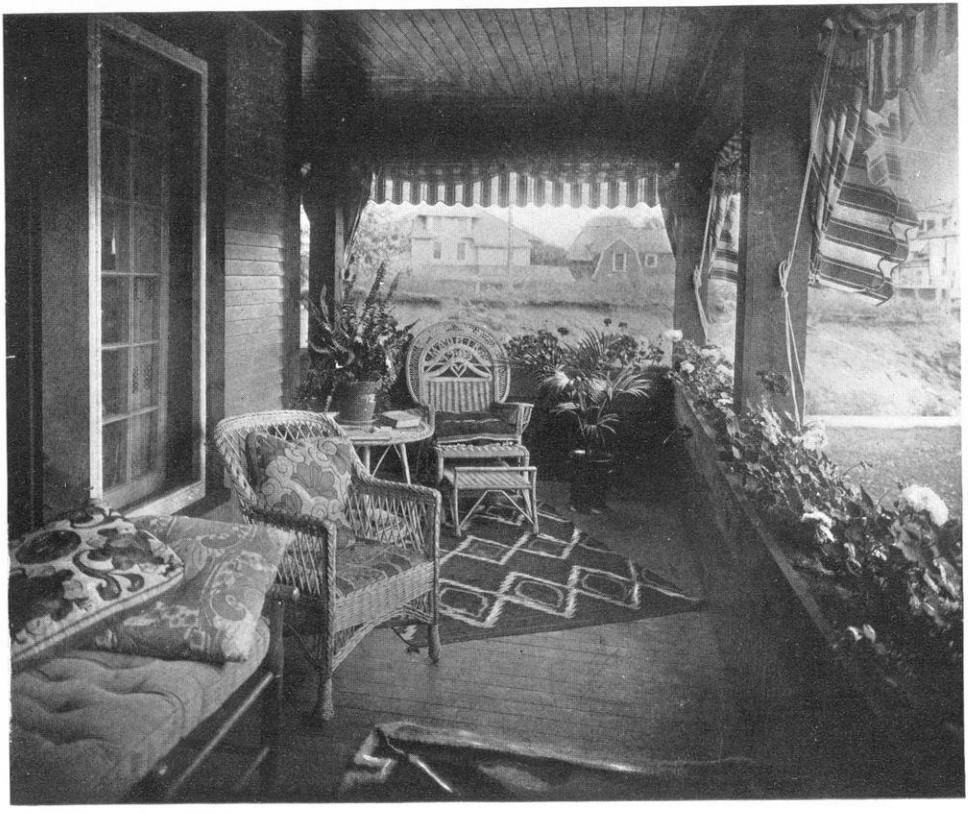
A ROOMY VERANDA OVERLOOKING THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER AND HOLDING MANY POSSIBILITIES FOR COMFORTABLE OPEN-AIR LIVING.





FOR WOODLAND SURROUNDINGS THIS TYPE OF VERANDA IS ESPECIALLY APPROPRIATE: THE ROUGH LOGS OF WALLS AND PILLARS, THE GRACEFUL SEMI-RUSTIC FURNITURE AND SIMPLE RUGS, ARE ALL ELOQUENT OF OUTDOOR COMFORT AND HOSPITALITY.





THERE IS SOMETHING ALMOST CLASSIC IN THE QUIET DIGNITY OF THESE CONCRETE ARCHES, AND THE WILLOW CHAIRS, TABLE AND HANGING SEAT LOOK PARTICULARLY INVITING BENEATH THE SHADOW OF THE SLOPING ROOF.

A VERANDA WHOSE FURNISHINGS, AWNINGS AND FLOWER-FILLED BOXES ARE A SOURCE OF DELIGHT FOR MANY MONTHS IN THE YEAR.

OUTDOOR LIVING EAST AND WEST

The last four pages of the illustrations include some remarkably attractive examples of Eastern porches and verandas. The first one is particularly airy and inviting, with its brick floor, simple columns and pergola roof against a setting of lacy vines, and the two on the next page are also suggestive of cool, sheltered outdoor living during the summer months. An entirely different type is shown in the two views of the long log-house veranda, which is delightfully in keeping with its woodland environment, and the structures on the last page, while totally different in design and feeling, are unusually charming, each in its own distinctive way.

Taken altogether, this collection of pictures gives one a fairly comprehensive idea of the progress that is being made in both our Eastern and Western States in this important field. And judging from the growing enthusiasm with which architects, gardeners and nature-loving home-makers are turning their energies into the outdoor-living movement, it seems safe to prophesy that before many years have passed no home will be considered complete without some form of comfortable and lovely living place in the open air.

These photographs, moreover, emphasize another interesting point which is too often neglected. Until recently the average home-maker who has had a little money to spend on his garden has deemed it necessary to indulge in various so-called classic decorations, which took the form mostly of mythological statues, Greek urns and marble seats. Now these might be effective in an old Italian garden, in the Pan-haunted atmosphere that clings about those stately and historic groves; but in an American environment such furnishings look artificial, and rob a simple garden of its friendly tone. On the contrary, porch, pergola and summer-house not only seem the most inevitable form of outdoor shelter in our land, but afford just the needed decorative, architectural touch, supplying this in a much more natural way than isolated bits of statuary or pottery placed upon terrace or lawn without practical purpose and without real relation to the garden or its visitors.

There is both comfort and charm in such well designed retreats as we have illustrated here. Good proportions, pleasing lines and wisely chosen colors and materials are the basis of their decoration, supplemented by the living grace of Nature's own foliage and bloom. Being full of human as well as architectural interest, they draw out into the friendly garden around them the very spirit and essence of the home, linking the house and grounds in a harmony which touches both eye and heart, and which grows closer and more enduring with every passing season.

COMMUNITY MUSIC-DRAMA: WILL OUR COUNTRY PEOPLE IN TIME HELP US TO DEVELOP THE REAL AMERICAN THEATER?

BY ARTHUR FARWELL

WO years ago, up among the hills of Vermont, I found myself one summer afternoon in circumstances which quite unexpectedly produced within me a surprising emotion which, in beauty, in joy, in humanity, above all in a sense of upliftedness and blessedness—a fusion of self with the great heart and soul of all mankind, and of God—surpassed all other of the emotions and experiences of life. At the same time I became aware that I was not alone in what I felt. Among the many persons about me there were, in the eyes of the younger, looks of wonder, and in those of the older, tears. Together with all else that I felt, I seemed to feel within the region of wonder and tears myself. There was something strangely inexplicable in it all, something that all familiar logic and reason failed to explain. It was like a dream or a miracle.

All that these people, seated with myself on an out-of-door grandstand, were witnessing, were incidents from the history of their town and some allegorical scenes, rather crudely acted, and some novel but not very extraordinary dances, all done by a number of their own townsfolk whom they were quite accustomed to seeing every day of their lives in the ordinary routine of affairs. There was music of a simple and effective, but in no sense of a remarkable character, composed by a young man of the town and played by an orchestra, which he had mustered from among the townspeople; and there was a chorus similarly procured. The actors and dancers were in costumes which, though appropriate and picturesque, were made of cheap and ordinary materials. The stage was Mother Earth, —a hillside with "wings" of forest to frame it, and at one side, in view of all the people, the town itself, with its little river in the valley below. The people had come up to this spot to see, but more than that, to *give*, a "pageant."

Still the miracle of the emotions which had been produced did not seem to be explained. The amateur acting and dancing which the people had seen could not compare in point of skill with that which they could see almost any day in the theaters in their town. The same could be said of the music in comparison with the artists from the Metropolitan centers who visited the town to give concerts. Neither was there here any attempt at scenery or scenic illusion, the familiar hillside, forest and view of the town serving as the prospect throughout; while in the town theaters could be seen all the wonders

of illusion which may nowadays be achieved upon any modestly equipped stage. Nor was there here, as frequently upon the professional indoor stage, any noted actor's or actress's name to give glamor to the occasion. The actors were local carpenters, farmers, merchants, blacksmiths—the everyday people of the town, and their wives, sons and daughters. None of the things shown or done on this outdoor stage were extraordinary or wonder-provoking in themselves (the wonder was that they were being done at all!), or anything beyond what any American town or country community could do proportionately to its own size. And yet these things brought together and put into a certain order were capable of gripping the attention of several thousand persons for two hours and a half, and of producing in the multitude one of the most powerfully exalting and humanly moving emotions which life can afford. If some profound tragedy were being enacted, or if some unimaginably splendid spectacle were presented, the matter would not appear so inexplicable. But such extreme measures for making an emotional appeal proved here wholly unnecessary, and one had to look elsewhere for the mysterious element which produced so powerful an effect.

EVERY one present knew, as I knew, that the awakening and stirring of that strange deep human emotion that spread through the assemblage had its source in the event of the day. The people, going away, knew, although they had not known it before, that it was *that* they had come for. But it was the last thing spoken of. Men and women with lumps in their throat and moist eyes shook the hand of the "pageant master" and muttered a few inadequate words, or went away silently. They all felt more emotional ecstasy than they had ever felt before, though they could not have said why. Perhaps the inexplicable pathos that mingled with the emotions of beauty and joy came from that very thing—that they had long carried in their hearts uncomprehended dreams of a life realized in forms of order, of rhythm, of beauty and joy, of brotherhood, and here in some mysterious way they had suddenly found themselves in a world where the dream had come true; here the dream was outside of themselves, shared by all, instead of being carried lonelily within—they could see it with their eyes and hear it with their ears, instead of having merely to imagine it deep in the solitary recesses of heart and mind. And it was not somebody else's dream put before them to wonder at or admire, it was their own story, how they and their town, their families and their friends, had come to be what they were, then and there—what they might become in

the future—that the pageant had spread out in living reality before them. And best of all, they had not *bought* the thing that had touched them so deeply and given them such great joy—they had *made* it.

If, being new at such a thing, they had had to call in a teacher, a "pageant master," to guide them, that is nothing more than any student does who is learning how to begin his work. And if they entrusted to the pageant master the labor of writing out the dialogue for the spoken scenes, they had had to teach him what to say and tell him what their fathers and mothers had done, and the generations before them, to make their town what it then was; and so, using the teacher as an instrument, they themselves made the "book" of the drama through him. When a community has gone to school in these matters for a little while, it will quickly enough learn how to stand entirely on its own feet. But these people had acted the parts, danced the dances, composed the music, played and sung it, made the costumes, built the grandstand, financed and advertised the pageant, all among themselves. And the months of preparation of these matters had stimulated the study and practice of all these things among the people and had implanted such joyous activities in the midst of their everyday lives; many happy gatherings had been brought about, and a stimulating sense of activity and expectancy had brightened the entire life of the town.

And then when at last all was ready, and the days of the pageant arrived, and all these hosts were marshalled on the outdoor stage in scenes of interest and beauty, of rhythm and order—then, the wonder happened, and the unseen Spirit of Life and Joy descended upon all the people, stirring within them deep and long-slumbering emotions and dreams, revealing to them the marvel of a life—their own life—uplifted and freed at last from perpetual bondage to a ceaseless round of sordid and despairing routine. Joy, crushed, blotted out for a time by the grinding machinery of the age—Joy was found again!

SUCH is the miracle of the pageant, when its secret is understood. The pageant—*community drama*—has shown a bright pathway up and out of the blighting grind and joyless routine of this present mode of life with which our nation is becoming at last so profoundly dissatisfied. Metropolis, large city, town, village or countryside; it is all the same; community self-expression and self-dramatization in forms of beauty and joy are showing us the way forward and through. In these activities life throbs again, no longer with the dull pounding of machinery, but with the beating of the heart.

Why should so important an issue, the inspiring of so life-giving an emotion, hang upon this matter of community-expression in the pageant or community-drama? A moment ago I told you how comparatively simple were the different elements of the pageant, and yet how great an effect was produced upon the people when they were "brought together and put in a certain order." But think for an instant how great a meaning lies hidden beneath the surface of these simple words. To "bring together" for such a common purpose implies no less a thing than *human brotherhood;* and to "put into a certain order" means nothing less than *art.* And so, at a stroke, we have the Brotherhood of Art! How mighty is such an idea for our democratic land of America—how simple and how new!

With this come the glad tidings of the new gospel of art, that its joy and beauty, its pleasure and refreshment and inspiration are not for a favored few in some distant metropolis, in musty museums or stifling concert halls and theaters, but for all the people in any and every corner of the land—not in some far-away day of hoped-for wealth and "culture," but now, for the making, and with materials that are immediately at hand. Art is not something you buy and hang on a wall. It is not something you *get;* it is something you *do.* Its prize of joy is not for the buyer, but for the maker. Every one knows that the real happiness of art belongs to the one who creates it—to the artist himself. But, you say, not every one can be an artist—only the exceptional person has such gifts. But stop a moment and think; there is something which may not have occurred to you before—suppose the *community* becomes the artist! Suppose the community does what the individual artist has done in the past!

When the community does this, it must have, as a whole, the same experience that the individual had before. All the inspiration and exaltation that the individual artist had alone will now suffuse the whole community. And how much greater is a joy thus shared than one which must be borne in solitude! When the community becomes the artist, every individual becomes a *part of a mighty artist.* Each does that part of the art-work which he can, knowing that the whole can be perfect only by his doing his share, however little that may be. It may be only the making of a costume or a part of one, being one of fifty "nature spirits," tending some electric signals to call certain groups on to the pageant stage, or something equally simple. Or it may be the taking of an acting part, unpretentious or prominent, playing or conducting the music, even composing it, or perhaps guiding the whole pageant force through the performance. Through this brotherly work of art, every community in the land can thus become an artist.

The little talents of individuals, bound together in one common effort, make the genius of the people. It is my experience, in the production of pageants, that every community, no matter how remote or obscure, is rich in unsuspected ability and talent of innumerable sorts, and is, in fact, chiefly made up of people who have not done what they can do either for lack of opportunity or from lack of any experience which shows them that they can do it. I have seen village blacksmiths, farmers, ministers, schoolteachers, students, not forgetting wives, mothers and sisters, blossom out into creditable and even very excellent actors with but the slightest coaching, although they had never before stepped out of the orbit of their usual routine of work. And I have not failed to notice the happiness which it has given them to find that they could do so, and especially to find that they were forming an indispensable part of a great spectacle of dramatic art such as they had never before seen or dreamed of.

THIS acting can often be made very natural to people by "casting them in their own parts," or in parts similar to their actual trade or profession. If to carry out a certain scene a constable, a newsboy or a mayor is needed, get a constable, a newsboy or a mayor to take his own part, and all he will have to do to act is to be himself. If a certain family played a very important part in the history of a community, get the present members of that family to take their ancestors' pasts. Probably they will have some of the original clothes of the earlier generation to use as costumes. I knew one case of a man whose family had degenerated since the days of his prominent ancestors, who was rehabilitated in self-respect and in the regard of the community by taking the part of his grandfather in a pageant. A sense of shame at first prompted him to refuse to take the part, but once he was led to consent the family dignity reasserted itself and made a new man of him.

The art of the Brotherhood of Art is the broad and noble art of the *drama*. But it is no longer the commercialized "play" written to lure the dollars out of the pockets of a jaded, neurotic and sensation-hunting throng in a garish Broadway theater. It is a thing infinitely more thrilling—the representation of the history, the present life and even the future of the people of a community, prepared and enacted by the people themselves. The eminent American pioneer of the pageant, Mr. William Chauncy Langdon, calls the pageant "a drama of which the place is the hero and its history is the plot." In Europe chiefly a "spectacle," in America the pageant has become a veritable drama, a play, given on a stage like any other play, except that the stage is usually, and certainly preferably, out

of doors. The idea of "procession" has wholly vanished from our pageant of today, and its dramatic aim and end has led us to rename it "community drama."

So strongly has this form of drama appealed to our country, so perfectly has it fulfilled the great need of the American people to engage in joyous artistic activity, that it is undergoing very rapid and striking developments. Above all else it is giving a constantly greater place to music. Music, at first a merely incidental thing in the pageant, is at last given dominion over entire scenes. Mr. Langdon, and myself as composer of the music for his recent pageants, have experimented with the broadest and freest use of music in community drama, with the happiest results, and it may be confidently predicted that from now on music and drama will go hand in hand in the making of the most desirable form of community drama. So our pageant, even if not devoted to solo singing, becomes at last as musical as opera itself! But since Wagner converted opera into "music-drama," our new American product we call *Community Music-Drama.*

The little Pageant of Meriden, New Hampshire, and the large one of Darien, Connecticut, in the production of which Mr. Langdon and myself have been associated, may thus be regarded as steps in the making of such an American community music-drama. The Pageant and Masque of St. Louis, produced in May of the present year, by Thomas Wood Stevens, Percy MacKaye and Frederick Converse, in collaboration, bears out the same tendency. But large or small, the wonder and the beauty of the matter is (and practical experience in many places is constantly bearing it out) that there is not a community in the whole broad land, from countryside to metropolis, that cannot have for itself the joy and the benefit of engaging in this new art-life of the people, and making this community music-drama for itself. In fact, it is precisely the national need of such a thing that has brought it to birth.

HOW easily choruses may be organized and drilled in any kind of a community I have learned for myself. But until some such need of them as community music-drama brings about, there is little reason for organizing them. Band or orchestra in at least a simple form can be developed practically anywhere. We are, as a nation, not spending six hundred million dollars a year for music and musical instruction without its showing some results! Setting forth to make such a community music-drama calls forth as if by magic every such possibility that a community has within itself. And so this new people's drama, with its art-needs of every

kind, is setting athrob the art activity of the whole people in every corner of the land and giving them one of the greatest things of life, which they had thought belonged only to great critics, to far-away centers of fashion and wealth. The fact is, that the old, narrow, conventional and over-commercialized art-life of the few great centers is growing stale, is failing to meet the national need, and is paling and withering before the new and various-aspected art movement of the people. The people are waking up to the fact that there is something which they want, and which they have not been able to get, and so, from their own need, they are *making* it.

And even with all that has been expressed, nothing has been said of the stimulation of commercial, educational, religious, agricultural and other interests of the community through the "pageant," or of the wonderful way in which such united effort brings about a new order of social and spiritual progress in a community. The organization of the Pageant of Thetford, Vermont, encountered particular difficulties at the outset through the existence of long established social and religious cliques. It united them in the end, and at the close of the pageant, when most of the townspeople together were massing for the final scene and exit, an old farmer on the grandstand was heard to exclaim, "Huh! that's the first time the town of Thetford ever did anything all together!"

For this new condition of creative art and the joy of art in America, the people are ready. All they need is to be shown how to make a beginning. The creative force is in themselves, and the materials are in their hands. The community itself is the artist, its people are the medium which the artist uses (as a painter uses his paints), and the dramatic representation of these people's own life in forms of beauty and order is the art-work. It is in order that the people may be shown how to set about it that the leaders of the "pageant movement" have arisen. Their function is to serve the people to this end, and teach them how to stand on their own feet.

Over all rise the two great spirits of Brotherhood and of Art, proclaiming a new gospel of more abundant life and joy for all.

WHAT WE NEED IN GARDENS IS MORE "ATMOSPHERE," AND FEWER THINGS: BY R. A. POPE, LANDSCAPE GARDENER

Illustrated with Photographs by Frances Johnston

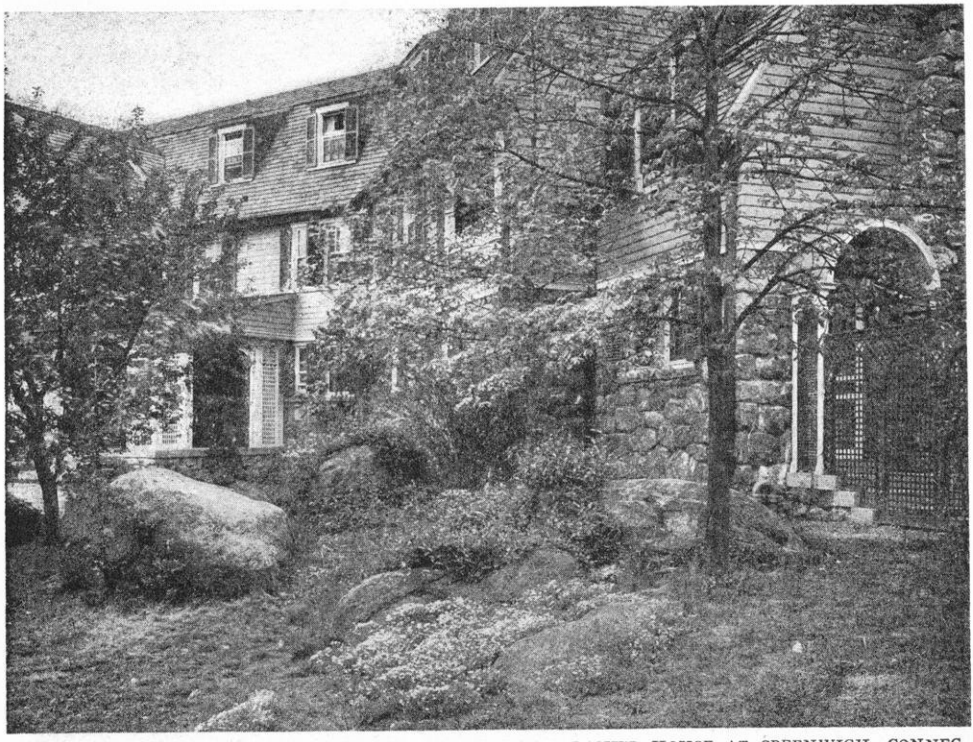
OME time ago I visited two gardens in Salem, Massachusetts. One of them was a formal garden, geometric in arrangement, planted with carefully placed masses and color contrasts. It was a skilful, luxurious example of the modern gardener's art. Yet in spite of its beauty of color and its wealth of flowers, it lay bald and shadowless and uninviting, giving one not the slightest suggestion of a sympathetic garden spirit.

The other garden, of more ancient lineage, was an interesting contrast to the first, for there was no formality in its planting. The box-bordered walk was overgrown here by a magnolia, there by an old lilac; flowers peeped from the hedge and nodded at one along the pathway; shrubs intermingled with old-fashioned herbs and blossoms, and the eye passed happily from shade to sunshine, and from sunshine back to shade.

Wandering along the pathway, drinking in the peculiar fragrance which seems always to cling about an old, old garden, I came to a little tea-house set deep in the shade of conifers, through an opening in which I could look out across the blue sunlit waters of the bay. And in this quiet, simple spot, I realized perhaps more poignantly than ever before, the real meaning of *garden atmosphere*. There was no great display of flowers, no special contrasting of color masses, no wealth of garden furnishings; not even a pergola had been needed to make this garden sheltering and sweet. Yet all one's senses were appealed to. The old-fashioned blossoms gratified the sight; the lilac, so fraught with memories and old associations, gave its fragrance; the well-worn pavement of the garden path, with its soft moss-filled crevices, satisfied the sense of touch, while the sound of one's footsteps mingled with the rustling of the leaves and became somehow imbued with the peaceful spirit of the place.

How few such gardens there are! The real garden, in this country, is a rare thing—rare because our ideals about gardens have not been right. We have either been indifferent altogether or have cared so much about making a good showing, an imposing or picturesque display, that we have misdirected our efforts. Whereas, if we had the true love of gardens and the real purpose of them at heart, it would not occur to us that they were things to show off or to boast of. We should be more likely to keep in them the same degree of personal privacy that we have come to want in our living rooms—and what is a garden save a living room out of doors?

WHAT MAKES A FRIENDLY GARDEN?

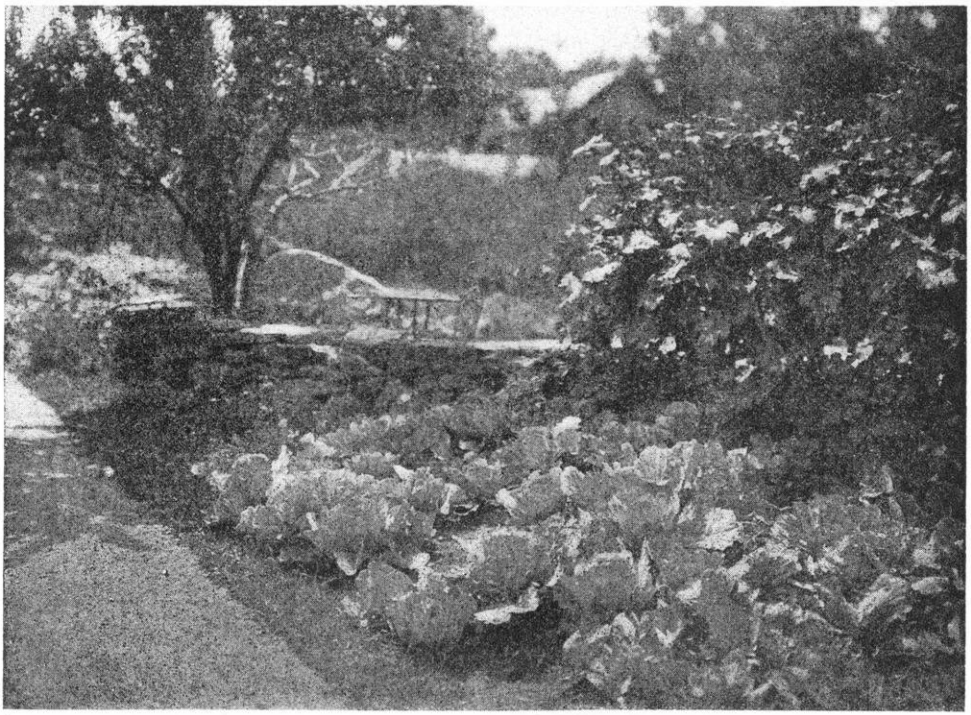


A FRIENDLY GARDEN CORNER BESIDE THE OLD-FASHIONED LANIER HOUSE AT GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, NOW THE HOME OF ELON HUNTINGTON HOOKER: MC KIM, MEAD AND WHITE, ARCHITECTS.

FOR many years our houses were over-furnished, over-decorated, encumbered with bric-à-brac, arranged for effect instead of comfort. So in our gardens many of us have made the same mistake. We have concentrated our efforts on sundials and geometric flower-beds, on rock gardens and arbors and lily pools, because we wanted those particular features to look at, to talk about, to show to our neighbors, rather than because of the intimate beauty and relaxation that such possessions might bring into our lives. In other words, we have thought of things rather than their qualities, the means rather than the end. And that is why we have so often mistaken the unusual or eccentric for the beautiful, and obtained originality at the cost of real charm. We have forgotten that pigments don't make pictures, furnishings don't make homes, plants and fittings don't make gardens. A picture has meaning, a room has the true home spirit, a garden has atmosphere, because of the personality of the artist. They are not collections of objects; they are materials so chosen and so arranged as to express an individual conception of beauty, intimacy or friendliness.

By the same token, the size of the garden has nothing to do with its atmosphere, except in so far as it limits or suggests the *kind* of beauty. For instance, in a small garden we cannot get grandeur; but we can create picturesqueness, intimacy and romance. On a large estate, on the contrary, we can get broad, inspiring landscape effects and wonderful vistas. Thus each style of garden has its own peculiar attributes which it is the mission of the gardener and landscape architect to successfully develop and evolve.

I remember with what anticipation I visited the King's garden at Windsor, expecting to be inspired by the royal atmosphere that must be a part of such a place. And how disappointing the garden was! It seemed as though the ideal had been to secure the maximum amount of color and quantity of flowers, for the perennial walk was nearly five hundred feet in length. The insistence of the desire for order was proved by the uniform slope and width of the long bed on each side of the path. Here was Nature in complete restraint, in spite of all her winsome, wistful efforts to free herself from this geometric bondage.



A GLIMPSE OF THE CABBAGE PATCH WHICH, WITH ITS TANGLED GRAPE-VINE, ROUGH STONE WALL AND SHELTERING TREE, FORMS AN HUMBLE BUT DELIGHTFUL EXAMPLE OF TRUE "GARDEN ATMOSPHERE."

WHAT MAKES A FRIENDLY GARDEN?

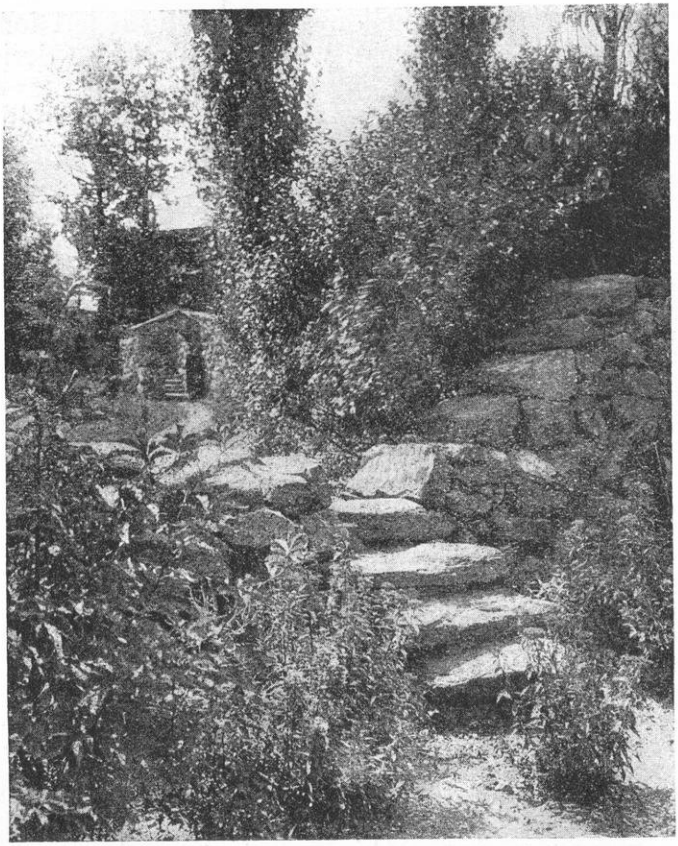
Now, it is possible to have a formal garden and yet have a friendly spirit, by using the formal lines only as a framework, in the shape of walls, hedges and paths enclosing the place and guiding us among its beauties. But when this precision is carried to extremes, Nature's garden atmosphere—always a subtle and elusive thing—vanishes, and we are left with mere colors, lines and spaces, bereft of soul. We may admire the garden, but we no longer *feel* it, for there is little room for emotion in a mathematical scheme.

HOW can we get the play of light and shadow, the sense of mystery and repose, that go to make up garden atmosphere? First we must use imagination, ingenuity and make use of whatever old and beautiful things are around us with which our

A SIMPLE RUSTIC BRIDGE ON THE HOOKER ESTATE THAT IS IN PERFECT HARMONY WITH ITS UNSPOILED WOODLAND SURROUNDINGS.

garden may be begun. Perhaps the first thing may be no more than an old apple-tree around which we may build a quaint and ancient-looking seat. Possibly in the orchard or small fruit garden there is a bit of old box border that we can use to plant our walk to the apple-tree. But what shall this walk be made of? Never of concrete, of course, for that would be too modern and precise for a

garden of this character. Brick would be more appropriate, especially if it is old, with the edges crumbling a little and the form irregular. There is a certain kind of brick, of light reddish tone, that was used in the Revolutionary period, and if there happens to be any of this in the neighborhood it will be just the thing for our garden walk. If not, we may find in a nearby brook some flat, rugged stones which may be laid in the English pavement manner, with wide joints for moss or grass to creep into. Perhaps we can lead our pathway still farther to an old pear tree or a lilac bush, and then on either side plant not alone perennials in their proper order as to height and color, but also shrubs and small trees with ferns and lilies-of-the-valley nestling in the shade, and maybe a few wild flowers of our own finding. Then, by way of linking all these to our house, we may build a simple Colonial grape arbor, planted with our favorite Concord, the fragrance of whose flowers is so sweet and subtle, and the fruit of which is so grateful to the sight and tempting to the taste. And when our garden structures are built and our flower-beds, hedges and vines are planted, we can ask Time's aid to soften and enrich it all.



AN UNUSUALLY PICTURESQUE USE OF FIELD STONE FOR STEPS AND WALL, WHICH SHOWS HOW MUCH CHARM CAN BE GAINED BY AN INFORMAL ARRANGEMENT OF LOCAL MATERIALS.

So kind a friend is Time to both architect and gardener, that its blessings more than counterbalance any ravages the years and weathering may bring, and even the most severe and unattractive

garden will grow mellow and alluring if left long enough to its own devices. Nevertheless, we must try to so design our grounds that we shall anticipate by art some of the softness and harmony of age, and by freeing us from the impression of individual things, give a perception of the garden's spirit and of the personality of which it is the expression.

This matter of individuality is an important one, for a definite conception, an artistic soul, is always behind material things where garden atmosphere is found. Take, for instance, the work of Robert Bradley, to whom may be attributed many of the most beautiful old gardens of Salem and Newburyport. After serving his gardening apprenticeship to an English lord, he came to this country toward the end of the eighteenth century and settled in Newbury, Massachusetts. He was the father of eleven children, but seems to have taken his responsibilities somewhat lightly, for he was fond of his cups to a sorry degree, and was more of an adept at playing the violin, for which he had great repute, than supporting his family. Yet in spite of this he was an expert gardener, and commanded the fee of a dollar an hour—a large sum in those days. He was recognized by all as a most affable companion, a loyal friend and a master gardener, and his genial personality found a permanent expression in the fine old places that have long outlived him.

From the friendly, sheltering gardens of our own New England, as well as from the more ancient ones of Europe's cottage and manor homes, we of today may learn many a lesson. But the chief is this: that the spirit is of more value than the materials, and that what our gardens need is not things, but atmosphere.

OUR NATIVE WOODS: THEIR NEW USE IN ARCHITECTURE AND INTERIOR DECORATION AS SHOWN IN THE FOREST PRODUCTS EXPOSITION

NE afternoon, not long ago, in New York's Grand Central Palace, a couple of visitors were being escorted through the Forest Products Exposition by one of the men who had helped to organize part of that interesting work—an expert lumberman, who was pointing out eagerly the various exhibits and explaining their significance. Stopping before a cypress structure that was particularly charming, he spoke of the beauty of the raw wood and lamented the indifference of the average American toward good materials and fine workmanship.

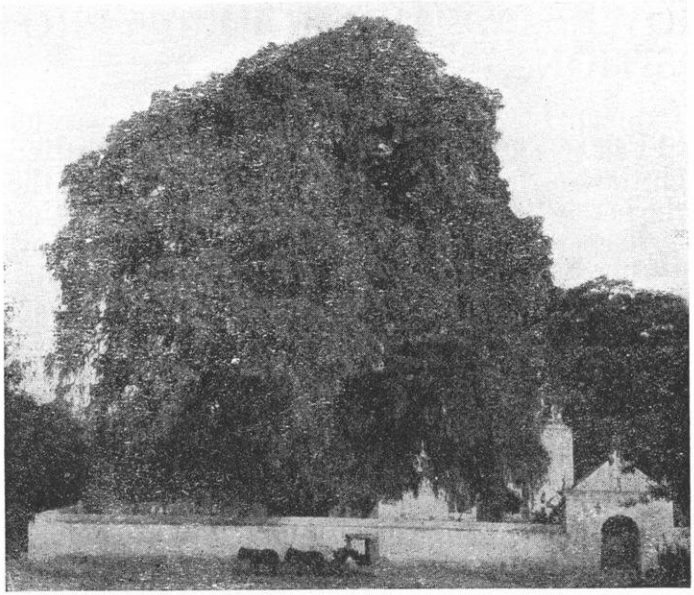
"One day," he said, "as I was waiting at a country railroad station, I got chatting with an old farmer who was reading a German newspaper. The conversation drifted from one thing to another, until finally he began to talk about American customs and to compare them with those of his fatherland.

" 'This is a scandalous country, this America,' he said. 'Its young people, they seem to have no respect for anything—not even for good old materials and workmanship. Why, in my days, we had pots and dishes and furniture that had belonged to my great grandfather, and if we broke anything it was taken to a potter or a cabinet-maker and carefully repaired. Now, in my son's family, if they break a chair, they throw it out on the wood-pile and buy a new one!' "

This spirit of waste and this lack of appreciation of both materials and craftsmanship are still very widespread in America. In our impatience to discard traditions and to rush forward to new ideals, we have gone to hasty and often unnecessary extremes. We have lost sight of the thoroughness of those Old World workers out of which grew so much of the charm of European lands. To cure this defect, we must teach our boys and girls the value of the raw product and the need of using it in so permanent and beautiful a fashion that everything which goes into a home will be worth making and worth keeping.

Like most vital things in life, this is a matter of sentiment as well as economy. When we once grow to understand and to love the natural beauties of our fields and forests, and when we learn to convert their products into useful and lovely things, then we may hope to build up the kind of national craftsmanship of which we may be justly proud.

A helpful and a welcome factor in this much-needed work of



THIS HUGE CYPRESS TREE, STANDING IN THE CHURCHYARD AT SANTA MARIA, DEL TULE, MEXICO, HAS REACHED THE AGE OF AT LEAST FIVE THOUSAND YEARS, AND IS SAID TO BE THE OLDEST LIVING THING ON EARTH: THE TREE IS STILL IN HEALTHY, VIGOROUS CONDITION.

popular education has been the recent Forest Products Exposition, for it appealed not only to the intelligence but also to the emotions of every visitor. It was impossible for even the most indifferent, casual-minded person to step inside the entrance of the Grand Central Palace that week, without feeling something of the same spirit—the same love of the forest and kinship with the trees—that must have touched the hearts of those who engineered this unusual exhibition. The minute you entered you were greeted by a sudden waft of fragrance—that pungent odor of the pines which is so indescribable in its sweetness. For, by some unique and happy inspiration, the men who planned this "forest show," in trying to devise an appropriate means of decorating the big marble entrance hall and staircase had hit upon the joyful expedient of bringing in great bundles of evergreen shrubs and branches, and transforming the cold pillars, for the time being, into huge forest trees. In this way, their visitors were at once encompassed by the woodland spirit, and stirred by a new curiosity and interest to inspect the different woods and structures that filled the large hall beyond.

One of the most attractive features of this rich and varied collection was a cypress pergola-summer-house, sturdy and comparatively simple in construction, yet worked out in so graceful and decorative a way that it was interesting from whatever angle one viewed it. The curved roof with lantern top, the torii-like caps of the pillars and the sugi finish on part of the grain were all suggestive of Japanese influence. The same inspiration was seen in the lighting, accomplished by hidden electric bulbs whose soft glow shone through

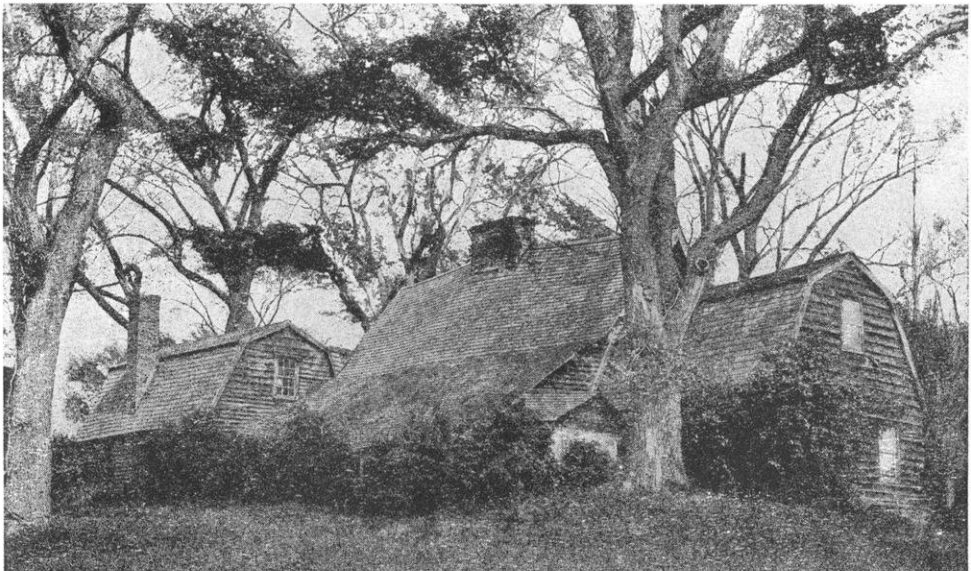
amber glass between a sort of wood fretwork or stencil. A new idea was suggested here for the illumination of American outdoor living places.

Not far from this pergola was the model of a cypress bungalow, built around a central patio, one side of which was screened by a graceful pergola planted with sheltering vines.

Another exhibition of unusual charm was a tiny cottage of North Carolina pine, the hall and living room of which were paneled in that friendly wood in a very interesting manner. The panels were shown with stains of mellow brown, green and gray, some with a wax and others with a varnish finish, proving that, although the wood is only about half as expensive as many varieties, it is capable of most artistic treatment.

The stalwart white pine of the American forests was also represented, both by actual structures and by photographs of picturesque old houses in which it had been used. Among the former was a miniature garden with pergolas and fences of the pine, brightened by borders of growing flowers that gave a dash of brilliant color to the exhibition.

The views of beautiful old buildings testified to the generous age which white pine will attain, and we are reproducing two of them here. One is the Fairbanks house at Dedham, Massachusetts, built

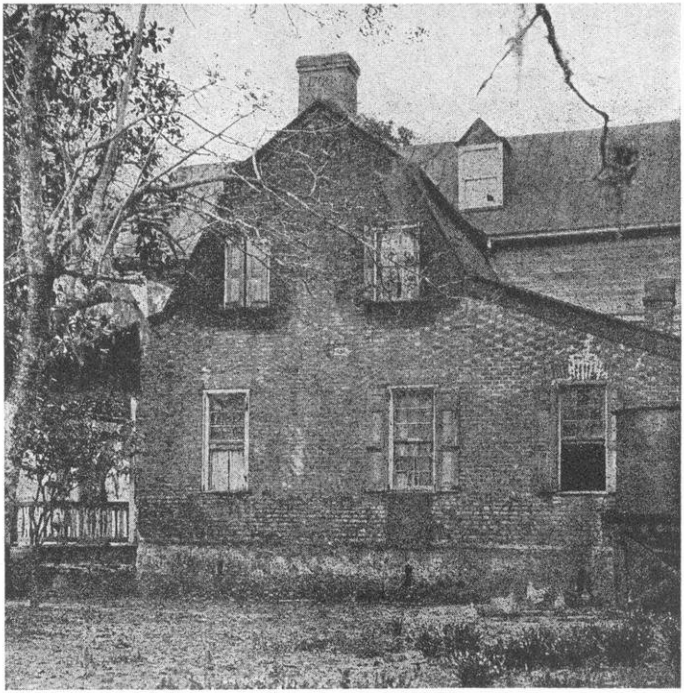


THE OLD FAIRBANKS HOUSE AT DEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS, BUILT IN SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX, THE OLDEST HOUSE IN AMERICA IN PRACTICALLY ORIGINAL CONDITION: A STRIKING TRIBUTE TO THE LASTING QUALITY OF WHITE PINE.

in sixteen hundred and thirty-six—the oldest house in America now standing in practically original condition, except possibly the shell and adobe houses of Florida and California. This weather-beaten homestead, nestling beneath the overhanging elms, has been handed down from father to son for two hundred and seventy-eight years, and its state of preservation is an interesting tribute to the unpainted white-pine covering.

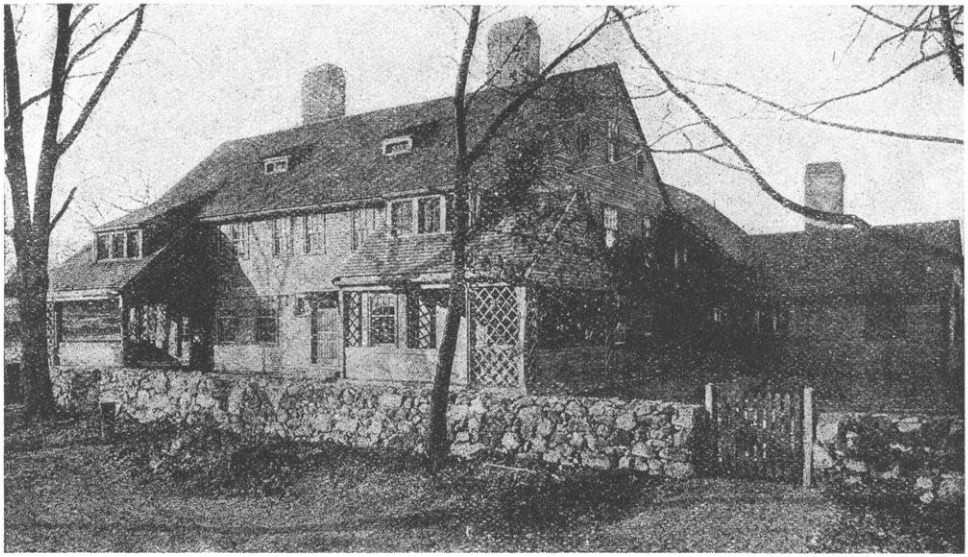
Redwood, that giant of our California forests, was also a conspicuous feature of the exhibition, and the fragment of corduroy road and rustic garden structures brought to the Western visitor memories of the vast forest aisles from which the logs and branches came.

The white or swamp cedar of our Southern States which has served America so loyally in the form of shingles and fences, rails and planks of many kinds, was not forgotten in this exhibition, nor were the Southern yellow pine, the Arkansas soft pine, the Douglas fir, the hemlock, maple, birch and elm. In fact, it would make a long list to enumerate the different woods and colorings and finishes that were on view at the Grand Central Palace that week, and which gave one such a comprehensive idea of the possibilities of economy, strength and beauty which lie in a wise use of our forest products.



EXETER PLANTATION, ORIGINAL HOME OF GOVERNOR NATHANIEL JOHNSON, OF SOUTH CAROLINA, ERECTED IN SEVENTEEN HUNDRED: THE CYPRESS WOODWORK, EVEN AFTER MORE THAN TWO CENTURIES OF EXPOSURE, REMAINS IN EXCELLENT CONDITION.

One point that must be particularly mentioned, however, is the manner in which these specimens were displayed. In almost every instance where the wood was shown in actual use—in pergolas or porches, interior walls or furniture—the work was marked by a simplicity and real decorative



THERE IS AN AIR OF OLD WORLD CHARM ABOUT THIS HOUSE NEAR BOSTON, IN WHICH WHITE PINE WAS USED: DERBY AND ROBINSON, ARCHITECTS.

feeling that held the attention and admiration of all who were interested in beautiful design and thorough craftsmanship.

An especially pleasing example of this sympathetic style of design and finish was found in the red-gum exhibit, where this smooth, fine-grained wood, that so well deserves its name of "satin walnut," was used in the paneled walls and bookcases and mantelpiece of a living room, that suggested an ideal background for period furniture.

Modern methods of protecting wood were also shown at this many-sided exposition—boards and posts, shingles and railroad ties treated with creosote or with carbolineum for protection against weathering, insects and rot. And by no means least in importance were the exhibits that taught America's great need of care and economy in the cutting and utilizing of timber. It was pointed out that we are cutting over three feet of timber for every foot that is grown, and that we are so wasteful in our felling and manufacturing processes that we only use about fifty per cent of the product. To educate the public on this vital matter, the United States Forest Service sent to the exposition many models and charts that showed in a graphic way how to avoid such enormous and needless waste, by utilizing in by-products the material now discarded in logging, sawing and building. In short, the Forest Products Exposition proved not only full of picturesque interest but of real educational value, and THE CRAFTSMAN sincerely hopes that it may be repeated in every city and community of the country.

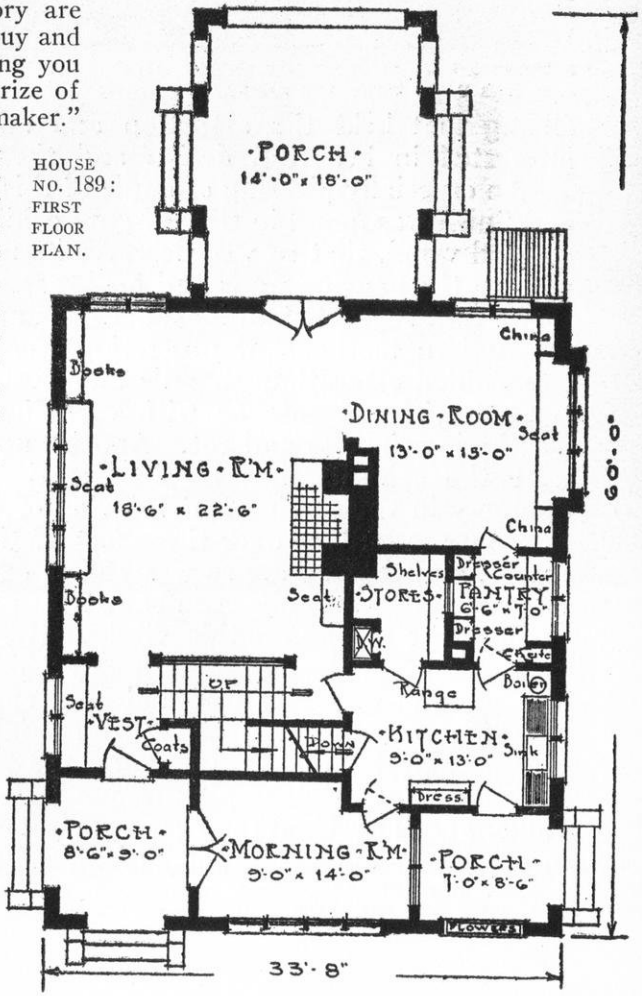
CRAFTSMAN HOMES EXPRESSING BOTH OWNERS' AND ARCHITECTS' IDEALS

IN this same issue of THE CRAFTSMAN is an article by Arthur Farwell—an article that fairly glows with conviction and sincerity. There are many utterances in it worth remembering, but perhaps the words that strike the keynote of the theme and remain longest in one's memory are these: "Art is not something you buy and hang on a wall. It is not something you get; it is something you *do*. Its prize of joy is not for the buyer, but for the maker."

That fascinating and elusive word "art" has been plastered over with definitions ever since civilization began, so that today we are always tempted to smile a little when some one volunteers a new one. But Mr. Farwell's contribution is too simple, too earnest and too true to be thus passed by. Its application, moreover, is a broad one, for art has many forms, from the highest to the most humble. The man and woman who dream and plan and finally build their own small home and plant their own informal garden can taste something of the creative joy that every craftsman and artist knows.

Indeed, there are few undertakings in life that afford wider or more interesting scope for the expression of one's individuality than the making of a home. And as a rule the keener the owner's vision of his future dwelling place, and the more personal effort he puts into its materialization, the more satisfying and original the result will be. He will need, of course, unless he has more technical knowledge than the average, a good deal of advice and help from the architect before his ideas are translated into workable terms. But if he can find one who is willing to work with him sympathetically, in harmony with his own ideals, the outcome is pretty sure to be successful.

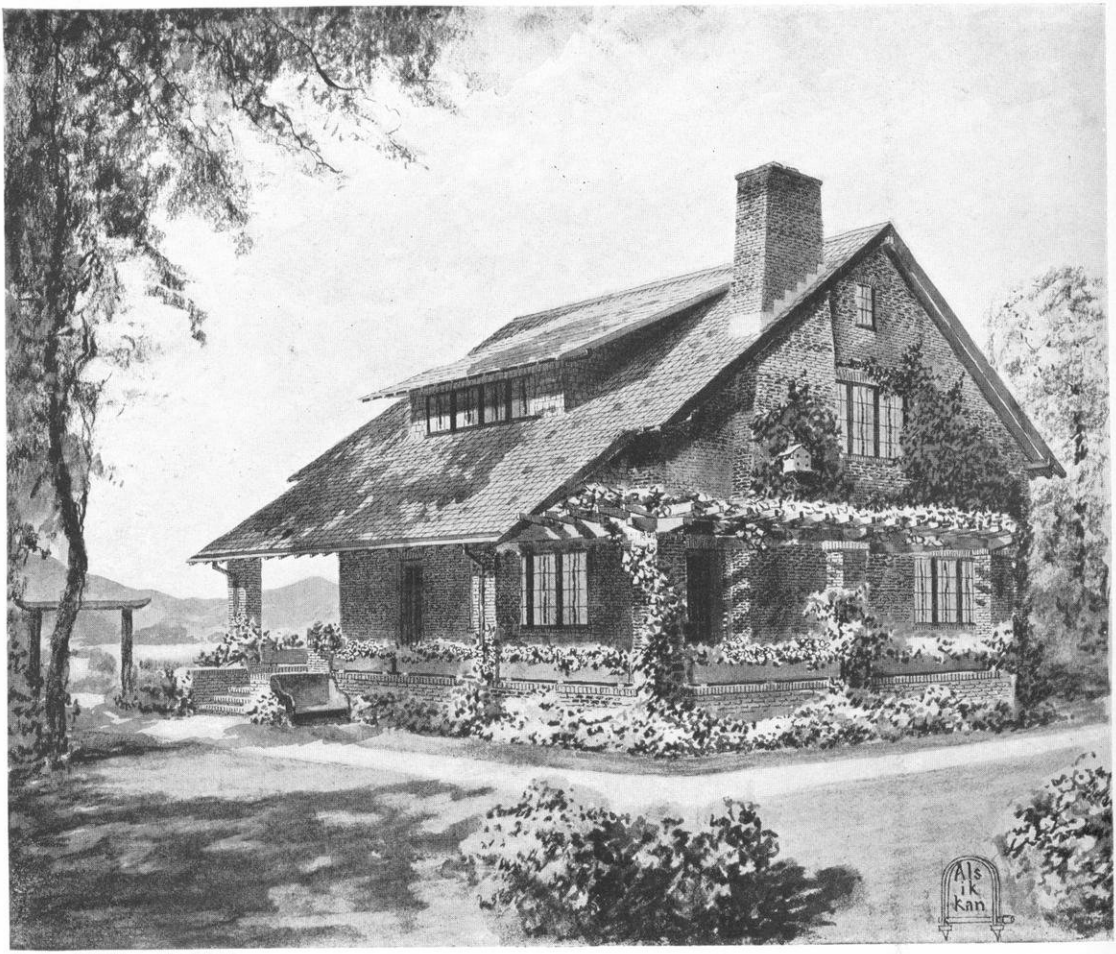
The two Craftsman houses which we are showing here are interesting examples of this coöperation between owner and architect, and we believe they will prove full of practical suggestions for others who are



HOUSE NO. 189: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 189, OF STUCCO ON HOLLOW TILE WITH SHINGLED ROOF, DESIGNED FOR A WOODLAND SITE IN PALOS PARK, ILLINOIS, FROM SKETCHES SENT US BY THE OWNER: AMONG THE INTERESTING FEATURES OF THE EXTERIOR ARE THE HOODED ENTRANCE PORCHES, THE UPSTAIRS SLEEPING PORCH ON THE RIGHT AND THE BIG OUTDOOR LIVING ROOM WITH BALCONY ABOVE IT, A GLIMPSE OF WHICH IS SEEN ON THE LEFT: THE FLOOR PLANS ARE PARTICULARLY WORTH STUDYING.



Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE OF BRICK WITH SHINGLED ROOF, NO. 190, WHICH WAS PLANNED FOR A SITE IN SYCAMORE, ILLINOIS, AND ARRANGED FOR VERY SIMPLE HOUSEKEEPING: IN ADDITION TO THE FIVE MAIN ROOMS, PORCHES FOR OUTDOOR LIVING AND SLEEPING ARE PROVIDED WHICH GIVE UNUSUAL INTEREST TO THE EXTERIOR.

planning to build along more or less similar lines. In each instance the owner sent us preliminary sketches showing the kind of house he had in mind, and by revising and modifying and adapting these in the light of our own experience, we evolved the present plans.

THE first house, No. 189, was designed for a site in Palos Park, Illinois. It is to be built in the center of a five-acre woodland lot, three hundred feet from the roadway. The construction is stucco on hollow tile, with shingled roof, and the interior is planned, as the owner said, "to be snug and compact for winter, but arranged for plenty of outdoor living in the summertime."

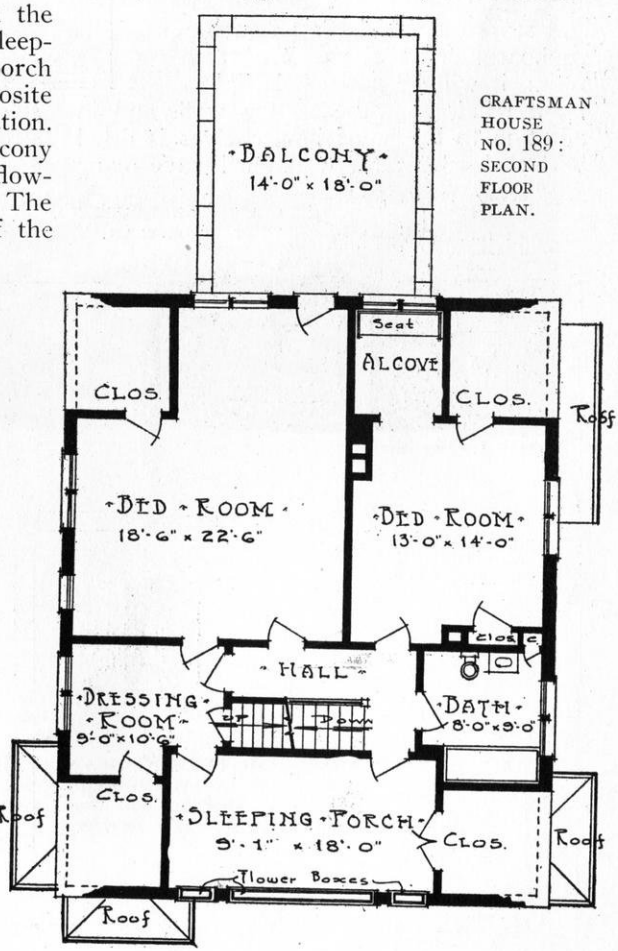
The single perspective view which discloses the front and side of the house gives an inadequate idea of the interest of the exterior; for in addition to the recessed porch and hooded entrances, the pleasant window groups, the dormer effect in the roof, and the openings of the upstairs sleeping porch on the right, there is a big porch projecting from the house at the opposite side which is barely seen in the illustration. Above this porch is an inviting balcony which can be made picturesque with flowers and vines set around the parapet. The kitchen porch and the bay window of the dining room, both of which are protected by little shingled hoods, add to the homelike air. The pergola construction with the lattice railing suggests a delightful form of semi-shelter between the front entrance porch and the flower garden.

The plans of this house are particularly worth studying, for the whole interior, both upstairs and down, embodies a really original and unusual scheme, one that is not only especially convenient for the family for whom it was planned, but may be readily adapted to the needs of others.

The main entrance is from the snug corner porch into a compact vestibule, which is provided with a coat closet on the one hand and a window-seat on the other. From this vestibule four steps ascend to a small landing, also reached from the entrance near the kitchen door, and the main flight turns up above the cellar stairs to the upper hall. The stairs are screened from the living room by a grille which forms a decorative part of the living-room woodwork.

Stepping from the vestibule into the large living room one is greeted by pleasant homelike glimpses on every hand. On the right is the big open fireplace and tiled hearth with a small built-in seat on one side and on the other a wide opening into the dining room; the opposite wall is filled by a wide group of small-paned casement windows with a long seat beneath and built-in bookcases on each side; while at the rear of the room one has a vista of the garden through the double window, and a glimpse of the enclosed porch through the glass doors which make it readily accessible from the living and dining room alike.

The latter is an attractive place, being lighted by a double window in the rear and a group of three in the side, projecting slightly to give more room for the window-seat. China cabinets are built into the corners, an arrangement which, as in the liv-

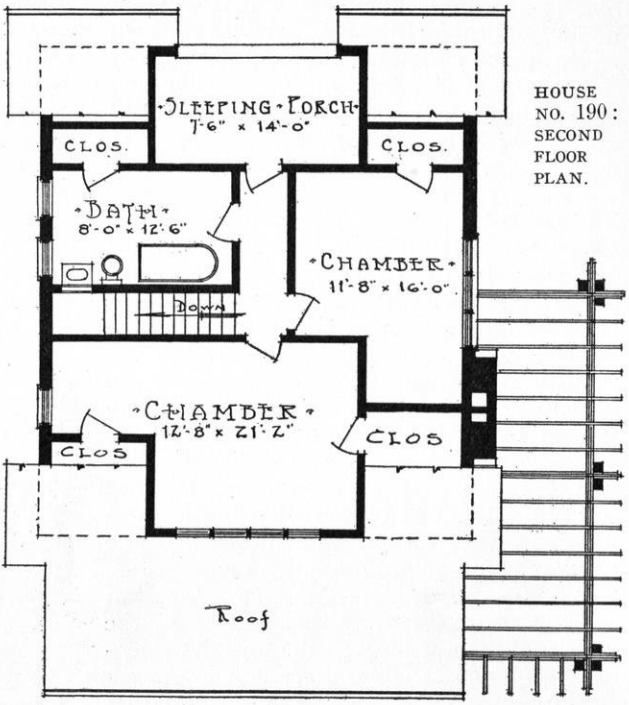


CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 189: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

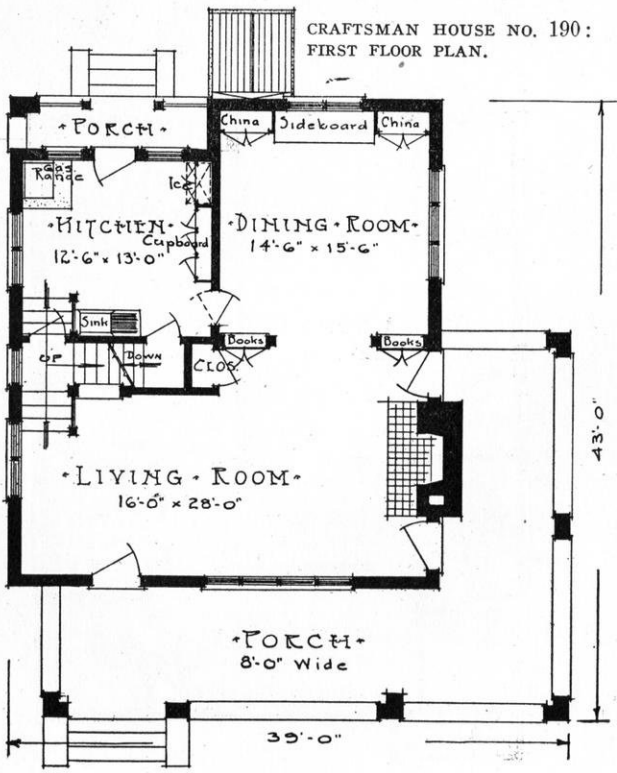
ing room, permits a very decorative treatment of the wall space.

The porch at the rear affords ample space for sheltered outdoor living and dining; in fact, it may practically be counted as an extra room, for the openings may be screened or glazed according to the season. Willow or hickory furniture, including comfortable lounging chairs, hanging seat and table, with rugs of grass or other appropriate material, and plenty of ferns and flowers, will make this one of the most popular spots in the house. Provision should be made, also, for lighting the porch at night in some soft, subdued fashion, preferably with a ceiling light or two, and a table lamp for reading.

Passing now to the front of the plan one finds a very compact arrangement of the kitchen, pantry and storeroom, including plenty of cupboards and shelves. The storeroom, it will be noticed, is lighted by a window in the pantry wall, and in addition to its set of long shelves is fitted with a dumb waiter which will save many steps between kitchen and cellar. If desired, of course, the shaft may be carried up to the second story to the corner of the right-hand bedroom. Another convenient feature is the clothes chute between bathroom and pantry.



HOUSE NO. 190: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 190: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

The small corner porch in front of the kitchen is so well sheltered by the roof, walls and parapet that it will prove a pleasant place for the maid or housewife to perform many little household tasks even during inclement weather. And if flowers are grown in a long box across the opening and vines are trained up the post, this corner may be made a charming part of the exterior.

The morning room, which is accessible from both kitchen and front porch, is especially light and cheerful with its generous windows that afford glimpses of the garden, and if the house is built with this room facing approximately south it will be a sunny place in which to serve breakfast. The doors opening onto the entrance porch may be either solid or of glass, according to the owner's preference, the exposure and climate.

If it were not desired to finish off the attic as the maid's quarters, the

space now devoted to the morning room could be utilized for the maid's bedroom, in which case the doors onto the entrance porch would be omitted.

The upstairs arrangement is as unusual as the one below. The big owner's bedroom is lighted by windows on two sides, and communicates not only with the hall and with the balcony but also with the dressing room that leads in turn to the sheltered sleeping porch. This bedroom as well as the dressing room and porch have big closets beneath the corner slopes of the roof. The sleeping porch is also accessible from the hall and is conveniently near the bathroom. A closet is built beneath the roof in the other bedroom, and the alcove thus formed has been equipped with a window-seat which adds considerably to the interest of the room. If the house were built in the South or West where one could sleep under the stars without need of overhead shelter, the balcony as well as the porch could be used for outdoor sleeping.

Ascending from the dressing room are the attic stairs—an arrangement that will be all right if the space above is to be used merely for storage. If servants' quarters were to be provided there, however, this staircase would have to be built so that it could be reached from the second-floor hall. In this case the dressing room could be made smaller, and the door between it and the bedroom moved farther to the left.

THE second house, No. 190, was planned for a site in Sycamore, Illinois, and as in the first case, the drawings and specifications were specially prepared from sketches and suggestions sent us by the owner. Brick is used for the main walls, chimney and the porch parapet, pillars and steps, shingles being chosen for the main roof as well as for the sides and roofs of the dormer.

The most satisfactory exposure for the house is facing south or southwest, insuring plenty of sunshine for the dining room, living room and porch. The latter is sheltered in front by the long, steep slope of the roof, and on the side has a partial covering of pergola beams, which affords a delightful opportunity for the use of vines and proves a very decorative feature of the exterior, as the perspective drawing shows. If the brick parapet is capped by flower-boxes as indicated, and if flowers are planted in a border along the base, the house will be linked to the surrounding garden in a most effective manner. The wooden settle in the angle of the porch steps and the tiny bird house set among the vines against the chimney also suggest hospitality for both human and feathered guests.

Indoors the arrangement is very simple, but full of thought for the comfort of those who live there. The big living room with its wide window groups and glass doors leading to the pergola-porch give light, air and pleasant vistas of the garden. The fireplace provides for warmth and good cheer during the winter evenings and the chilly days of spring and fall, and the presence of bookshelves on each side of the dining-room opening compensates for the absence of a separate library. There is a closet for coats nearby, and another convenient feature is the arrangement of the staircase, which is accessible from both the front and rear of the house. In fact, if the woodwork is designed and finished in the simple, friendly Craftsman style, with panels, grilles and shelf for a fern or bowl of flowers, to partially hide the stairs from view of the living room, this structure may be made quite a pleasing element of the interior.

Another attractive point about the living room is the vista one gets through the opening into the room beyond, where sideboard, china closets and high, small-paned windows fill the rear wall in practical and at the same time decorative fashion.

As the house was planned for comparatively light housekeeping, no butler's pantry has been provided. The kitchen opens onto a small porch that may be latticed, screened or glazed as the owner wishes.

The second floor comprises two good-sized bedrooms, bathroom and sleeping porch, the latter sunk into the back roof and sheltered by a dormer similar to that in front. The irregular shape of the bedrooms will add to the interest of their furnishing. Seats may be built in the alcoves, for instance, or they may be curtained off to form tiny dressing rooms. Closets are provided beneath the corners of the roof, and there is no attic, the space between the ridge being merely ventilated by a window in each gable.

Like its predecessor, this house is capable of many modifications to suit varying needs, and both are full of suggestions for prospective home-builders.

RUSTIC STEPS LEADING FROM THE PIER UP TO FITCH CAMP—A CHARMING WOODLAND APPROACH.

THE STORY OF MY CAMP: BY GRANT FITCH

MY friends have always accused me of wanting to buy scenery. In purchasing my property at Fish Creek I certainly did yield to the temptation — for when a discriminating cousin told me that the country was as beautiful as the Riviera, with air like the Austrian Tyrol, I fell a victim at once and bought some shore frontage on Green Bay without even seeing it. The inducement was also held out to me, that I would be free from hay fever.

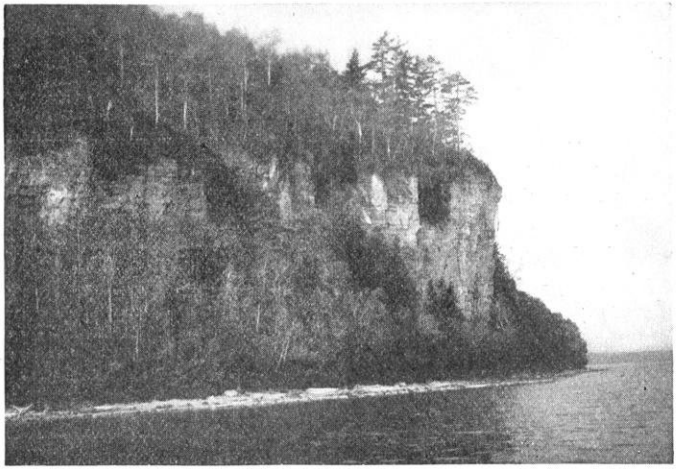
A few years later I saw my land and found it all that I had hoped it would be—a strip about 250 feet wide, densely wooded with cedar, balsam, hemlock, birch, with some maple, dogwood and beech, extending from the water to a sheer bluff of limestone 215 feet high.

The accompanying photographs give only a faint idea of the charm of the place, which is twenty-five miles from the railroad and so restful and peaceful that one almost feels as if he were in Clovelly—the whole atmosphere being so different from that of the usual small American village.

The purchase by the State of Wisconsin of a tract of about 4,000 acres of land, some densely wooded and some farm land, including six miles of shore line, has greatly added to the desirability of the place, for it means that this beautiful tract will be forever preserved for the people of the State.

So much for the location.

The house was originally a hay barn, built in 1865 by Olaf Hansen. It was offered to me because the owner had sold his land to the State for park purposes and was obliged to move his buildings, the title to which he retained. The lines of the barn



A GLIMPSE OF THE WOODED LIMESTONE CLIFFS ALONG GREEN BAY.

THE ORIGINAL LOG HAY BARN THAT WAS CONVERTED INTO THE PICTURESQUE CAMP.

were so good, and the silver gray of the logs so beautiful, that I decided at once to purchase it—take the building down—move it the four miles to my property and re-erect it log for log. This was in the summer of 1911. The result has been most satisfactory.

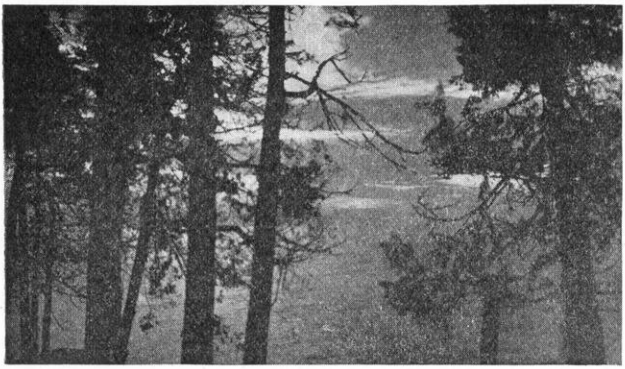
KITCHEN WING OF THE CAMP AFTER ITS COMPLETION.

The plan of the house is very simple. On one side of the open space through the center—which is 14 by 26 feet and was originally the threshing floor—there are two floors with two bedrooms and a bathroom on each floor. On the other side is the living room—19 by 26 feet—open to the rafters. The walls are stained a soft gray—the fireplace is of gray limestone taken from the bluff and the stones are laid so that no mortar shows—the fireplace opening is large enough for cord-wood. The doorway at the side of the fireplace opens into the kitchen wing, containing butler's pantry, kitchen and entry-way, with space for large ice-box and storage for supplies. Opening off the entry are three maids' rooms, and connected with the kitchen wing is the woodshed, storeroom, etc. Water is pumped from the lake by a gasoline pump to a large tank located on the slope above the house. Drinking water of wonderful purity is supplied by a well. The main house is 53 by 26 feet—some of the logs running the full length of the house. They are mostly of basswood hewed to a thickness of about seven inches. All the work of remodeling was done by local carpenters. I was my own architect.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

PERHAPS this was one reason why the work was so successful, for probably few architects would have cared to undertake the reconstruction of so simple a rustic dwelling. To them it would have been more or less a bit of architectural patchwork; but to Mr. Fitch it was different. This was *his own camp,* a woodland retreat where he could live, not merely next door

A FRONT VIEW OF THE NEAT REMODELED BARN.



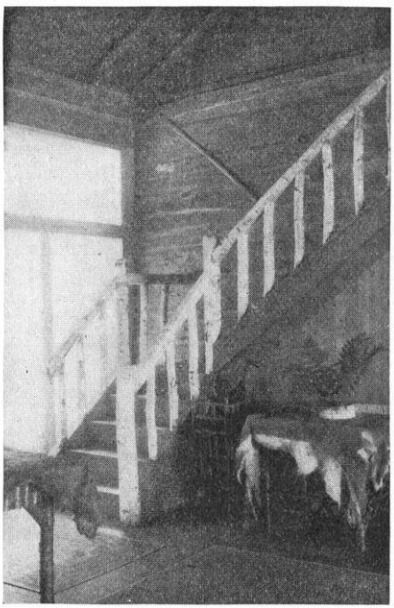
SUNSET FROM THE LIVING-ROOM WINDOW OF THE CAMP.

to Nature, but within the depths of her vast tree-covered estate. And how fascinating must have been every step of the process by which the gray logs of that old barn were gradually converted into a forest home!

There is always a sense of primitive ownership about such an undertaking. One can sympathize with those men of the past who hollowed out their own caves, built crude huts and cabins among the mountains or forests of a younger world for protection against the storms, the wild beasts or some warlike neighboring tribe. One feels the adventurous spirit of the pioneer who felled the trees for his clearing, hewed them into logs and built with his own hands a simple home among the woodlands of a strange new land. Moreover, as such work takes on a definite form, and bit by bit begins to approach one's completed mental vision—especially in a case of remodeling such as the foregoing article describes—the reincarnation of practically raw materials into useful and lovely form reminds one that nothing is ever wasted, and that all matter and energy is conserved and changed from time to time into some new expression.

CAMP FIREPLACE OF GRAY LIMESTONE FROM THE SHORE BLUFF.

There is a certain inspiration, too, in working among picturesque surroundings. The approach to Mr. Fitch's camp, for instance, is enough to transform even the most indifferent or care-worn city mood into one of rural contentment and enthusiasm. The white flash of the birches among the darker background of the other trees; the rustic steps leading from the landing through the woods up to the camp; the cool fragrance of the place, and the play of sunlight and shadow on foliage, branch and ground—all these are redolent of the happiness of the most wholesome outdoor living.



THE SIMPLE RUSTIC STAIRWAY.

As for the Green Bay shore—the photograph gives one but a faint idea of its majestic beauty. One can imagine those steep limestone cliffs, rising perpendicular from the water, half hidden by the mass of trees and bushes growing at their feet, up the sheer sides and along the crest. And then there is the sunset view from the camp itself, seen through the dark, silhouetted foliage. Surely no camper could wish for a more delightful environment! Perhaps Mr. Fitch did, as his friends said, "buy scenery." But what could be more satisfying than such scenery as this?

ROSES: BY WALTER A. DYER

I AM not a rose expert; I am not even an experienced grower of roses. But I can safely claim to be a rose lover.

I have a vivid mental picture of a backyard of long ago in which there was a huge bush of velvet Jacqueminot roses, higher than my head, and a still bigger Paul Neyron. I know this is not the approved way to grow roses; they should be cut back for the sake of larger and later blooms, but they were eminently satisfactory to us. In those days the Gen. Jack was to me the rose *par excellence;* I could fancy nothing finer. In between these two were a large white rose and a pink tea, whose names I have forgotten, and in other parts of the yard were three old-fashioned dull-red single roses.

Since then I have always wanted roses, and the first spring after we acquired a backyard of our own we set out a few choice varieties—Frau Karl Druschki, Killarney, Etoile de France, La France, Soleil d'Or, American Beauty, Caroline Testout, and Viscount Folkstone. It is only a little rose bed, and has not done altogether well. Caroline Testout died the first winter, and some of the others have had a hard struggle; but they have given us pleasure, and with more fertilizing and a little lime and continued care and cultivation I think we shall succeed.

I still love the "Jack," but have come to believe that the Killarney, with its heavenly pink blossoms and perfect buds, is the finest rose grown, though the sturdy white Karl Druschki presses it hard. The Soleil d'Or is a sort of interloper, being an Austrian briar that must not be pruned, but its clusters of golden flowers add piquancy to the garden.

Now if this were all I had to tell about roses there would be small gain in writing of them; but it has been my privilege to observe day by day a much larger rose garden and to make notes of those varieties that pleased me most. These notes I am preserving against the day when I shall have a larger backyard and greater opportunities for rose growing. Meantime it has occurred to me that they might be of service to other amateur gardeners who would be planting roses.

I claim nothing for this list except that it records a rose lover's personal preferences, whereas the catalogue lists seem to claim superior excellence for every variety in them. I have arranged them according to color, which the catalogues seldom do, and, as is customary, I have let the letters H. P. stand for hardy perpetual, and H. T. for hybrid tea. Here, then, is my list:

DARK RED:—Etoile de France (H. T.). Free blooming, deep crimson, very hardy. Perhaps the best known of the dark reds.

Prince C. de Rohan, or Camille de Rohan (H. P.). Similar to Etoile de France in color.

Jubilee (H. P.). Very dark and velvety. Blooms hold their color when old.

MEDIUM RED:—General Jacqueminot (H. P.). The old, unsurpassed favorite. Very desirable.

Ulrich Brunner (H. P.). Brilliant red. Very fragrant.

Captain Hayward (H. P.). Similar to Ulrich Brunner.

John Keynes (H. P.). A free bloomer.

LIGHT RED:—Captain Christy (H. P.). Not common.

Hugh Dickson (H. P.). A new rose of high quality.

DEEP PINK:—Lady Ashtown (H. T.). Sometimes a lighter pink shading to salmon.

MEDIUM PINK:—La France (H. T.). A perfect pink. Perhaps the most popular rose in cultivation. Also red and white varieties.

Killarney (H. T.). A perfect bud opening to a semi-double bloom. Also a white form.

My Maryland (H. T.). Another beauty, with long, graceful buds.

Mme. Caroline Testout (H. T.). Similar to La France.

Mme. Gabriel Luizet (H. P.). Large, full blooms.

Mrs. John Laing (H. P.). Fragrant, free flowering. Fairly deep pink. Very sturdy.

Souvenir du President Carnot (H. T.). Turns rather light.

LIGHT PINK:—Clio (H. P.). Large blooms.

Mrs. R. G. Sharman Crawford (H. P.). Similar.

WHITE:—Frau Karl Druschki (H. P.). One of the grandest, sturdiest roses grown.

Baroness Rothschild (H. P.). Turns pinkish.

Mabel Morrison (H. P.). Turns pinkish.

COPPERY AND SALMON SHADES:—Mme. Abel Chatenay (H. T.). Pink flushed with orange.

Prince of Bulgaria, or Prince de Bulgarie (H. T.). A new rose of fine quality.

Mrs. Aaron Ward (H. T.). Long stems. Color varies.

Mme. Ravary (H. T.). Beautiful orange tint. Not always a strong grower.

YELLOW:—Lady Hillingden (H. T.). Rare.

Alfred Colomb (H. P.). More often red.

Gloire Lyonnaise (H. P.). Very pale lemon yellow.

Soleil d'Or (Austrian briar). Perhaps the finest of the yellows except the climbers.

FOR LARGE BUSHES:—Paul Neyron (H. P.). Pink. Very hardy. Flowers as large as a peony.

Conrad F. Meyer. A rugosa hybrid. Yellowish pink. Very fragrant and hardy.

There are literally hundreds of others, and I know I have omitted somebody's favorite, but I can recommend this list for any one to begin on who has a backyard and wants roses in it.

LITTLE BACK GARDENS

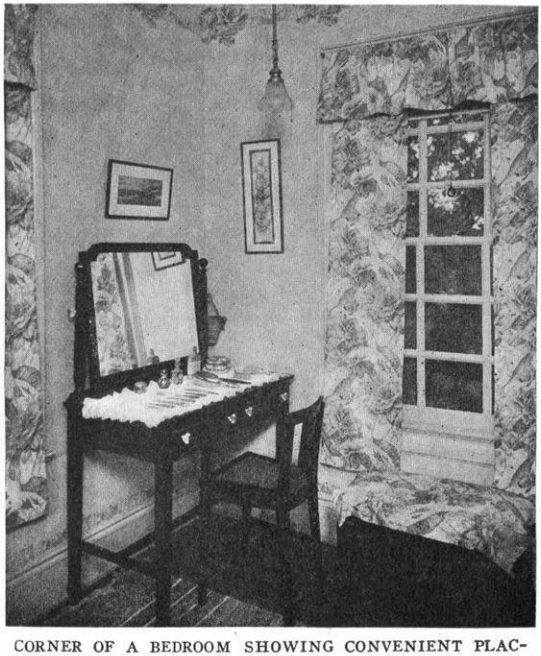
NO gardens are more humanly cordial than little "back gardens." With friendly informality they run over their fences, visiting and entertaining in truly neighborly fashion. They are generous also, keeping nothing of worth entirely to themselves. If one small back garden has a tree, its neighbor has its shade! If one has a bush, the other has its blossoms. The fountain springing from one pool refreshes the air of its associates. Flowers thrust their color spikes through the pickets of the "next-door" fence dividing their fragrance with generous impartiality. The rose climbing up the wall for a wide view of the world scatters its largess of petals on owner and passer-by alike.

Back gardens are thus cheerfully sociable because they are always created by friendly people. No one ever calls in the services of a landscape architect to plan out how the flowers of the dooryard garden should be set, how its path or two should be laid. Every one plans their own small square of earth to suit themselves. They have flowers all in a row or jumbled together just as they like, with no expert to dampen their ardor with scorn of their humble favorites. They dig in them before going down to the office or while the bread is raising. They plant the seeds, tie up the vines and tuck their garden away for its winter's sleep with their own hands. Flowers seem to know whether they are thrust into the ground at so much a dozen or set in as honored guests of the owner.

THE DISASTER OF BRILLIANT LIGHTING AND HOW TO AVOID IT: BY BERNIECE BOWSER

MOST home-builders appreciate the importance of planning their houses for ample daylight and sunshine. They consult the points of the compass before deciding in which direction the principal rooms shall face, and they design and locate the windows more or less in relation to the comfort and convenience of those within. They consider the furnishing of the rooms from an artistic as well as a practical standpoint, and work for harmony in arrangement and color schemes. Yet the question of artificial lighting—which is one of the most important matters in the home—is usually given very little thought. *It is time to think about it,* not only because we spoil the beauty of our rooms by poor lighting, but because modern high illuminants are so brilliant that they are injurious unless the eyes are properly shielded from their glare.

Our children attend schools which have been termed by one thinking man "factories of bad eyes," so wrongly arranged are the light sources. They study at night under eye-torturing lamps until they have to put



CORNER OF A BEDROOM SHOWING CONVENIENT PLACING OF THE ELECTRIC DROP LIGHT ABOVE THE DRESSING TABLE.

A CHARMINGLY SIMPLE AND HOMELIKE LIVING-ROOM CORNER, BUT ONE WHICH FALLS SHORT OF ITS POSSIBILITIES OF COMFORT BECAUSE THE ONLY SOURCE OF ARTIFICIAL LIGHT IS THE SMALL WALL BRACKET FAR FROM THE HEARTH: A DROP LIGHT FROM A BEAM OR CONVENIENT TABLE LAMP WOULD ENABLE ONE TO READ WITH EASE BESIDE THE FIRE IN WINTER OR ENJOY THE WINDOW IN SUMMER.

on glasses. We pay the oculist's and the optician's bills, but give no heed to the real cause of the trouble. Yet have we any right to allow our young people to live under artificial lighting conditions which strain the delicate organism of the eye? Can we foretell what effect this eye strain will have on them and on their children and on future generations?

Although our doctors and lighting experts are doing much to educate the public in regard to the need for saner methods of lighting, the indifference and ignorance on this subject are still wide-spread. When a man and woman start to build a home they decide first how much money they will spend, and as the work progresses they usually determine to invest a little more money in order to use a superior kind of roofing, to make the main entrance more dignified, to have better hardware throughout the house, or to build a larger or an extra fireplace. The last thing they give consideration is the lighting equipment. By this time they have probably spent a good deal more money than they originally planned, and their conscience begins to trouble them. And so, in this essentially important matter, they proceed to "economize."

The result of this false economy is always the same. After the house has been occupied a while it is discovered that the lighting equipment on which they tried to save money is impractical, inappropriate and inefficient. Their first thought is to change it. But the discarding of such fixtures means a dead loss of their cost, and the increased expense for new ones.

Moreover, lighting cannot be easily altered after it is once installed, and for this reason it is well to give the matter serious study while the house is still a thing of dreams. If you are planning to build in the future, think about the lighting question now. As you visit your friends' homes, look at their fixtures; notice how strong a part the lighting plays in theaters, stores, restaurants and churches. Not only will you glean thus many helpful hints, but you will find the subject one of absorbing interest.

When I pick up the plans of a house to lay out the lighting, the first room that I consider is the kitchen, and then the maid's quarters. I feel that we should have fewer troubles with servants if our kitchens and

THIS LIVING ROOM, WHILE LACKING THE CRAFTSMAN ATMOSPHERE OF THE FIRST, IS INFINITELY SUPERIOR IN THE MATTER OF LIGHTING, ON ACCOUNT OF ITS WELL PLACED TABLE LAMPS AND THE BRACKETS ABOVE BOOKCASE AND MANTELPIECE.

service quarters were comfortable and efficient. We hear a great deal these days about sanitary kitchens; we have electric washing machines, irons, dishwashers and other up-to-date conveniences; yet day after day houses are built with kitchens which are dark during the day, and which at night are so inadequately lighted that one can hardly read the oven register.

In building a home it is well to use foresight and anticipate the instalment both of electrical devices and of extra lighting fixtures, for the expense of putting in one or two additional outlets while the house is in the course of construction is very slight, and in a finished house rather expensive and inconvenient.

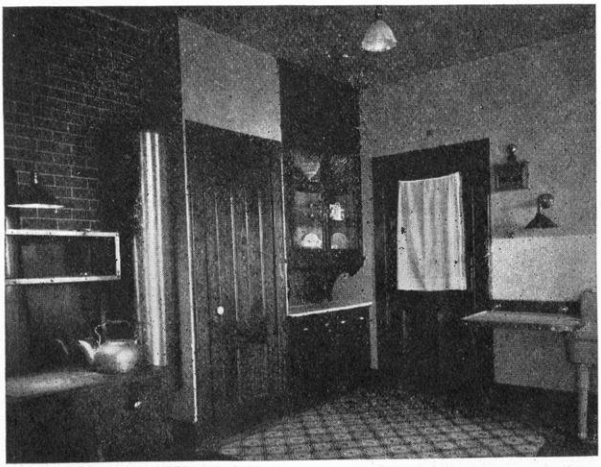
A DINING ROOM IN WHICH THE INDIRECT LIGHTING METHOD IS USED: THE HANGING BOWL WHOSE LIGHT IS REFLECTED FROM THE CEILING IS SUPPLEMENTED BY THE BRACKETS AND CANDLES ON EITHER SIDE OF THE ROOM.

Another point to be considered is the kind of metal and finish chosen for the fixtures. We often see brass used in the kitchen and laundry where there is more or less steam. This is radically wrong. Brass should never be used in these places, as it will not stand the atmospheric conditions. Nickel can be used with more or less success, but it is preferable to have copper finished with white enamel, which is clean, attractive, and with proper care needs reenameling about once a year. The glassware also should be chosen for efficiency and ease in cleaning.

The fixtures in the butler's pantry, refrigerator room, laundry and servants' quarters should be treated in the same manner. It is possible to use inexpensive yet practical and pleasing fixtures here, thus adding materially to the comfort of the servants and indirectly to their happiness and efficiency.

Dining-room lighting is, next to the kitchen, most generally abused. In thousands of homes we have so-called "art glass" domes which are deplorable from the standpoint of good taste and utility. The domes are made up in large quantities, and sold by the dozen to department stores. It is hard to understand why they appeal to so many people, for the majority of these fixtures look cheap and vulgar. The light is thrown on a white table cloth and is reflected in its totality into the eye. As you sit at a table lighted in this manner and attempt to talk with some one opposite you, you have the sensation of forcing your way through the light. If the dome is hung sufficiently low so that the light source is not visible, it is impossible to use candles or decorate with flowers to advantage.

There *are* domes, however, which are very beautiful; domes made of hammered metal with glass designed by artists. These are made with a section of glass across the bottom



AT FIRST THE OWNERS OF THIS KITCHEN HAD ONLY AN INADEQUATE CENTRAL LIGHT: EXPERT ADVICE CONVINCED THEM, HOWEVER, THAT LIGHTS ABOVE THE TWO MOST IMPORTANT WORKING PLACES—SINK AND RANGE—WERE INDISPENSABLE TO EYE COMFORT AND EFFICIENCY, AND THEY ARE NOW ENJOYING THE ADVANTAGE WHICH THIS ARRANGEMENT HAS BROUGHT.

which hides the mechanism of the dome as the light is diffused through it, and the result is as restful and charming as it is practical.

The adaptability of modern illuminants permits a wide range of individuality in the dining-room lighting. One can use an indirect method, in which an opaque receptacle is employed and light is thrown onto the ceiling, which acts as a reflector and fills the room with a soft, restful glow. With this system candlesticks can be used to advantage.

I recently lighted a very charming dining room by means of an alabaster bowl which looked singularly appropriate for its purpose, with a slender silver hanger that repeated the tone of the silver on the table. Brackets with candles were also used on the side walls.

Another delightful means of lighting a dining room is by the "shower" fixtures. In this case one should be very careful to have the lamps set well up in the shades so as to eliminate glare from a visible light source. The glassware, moreover, should be of sufficient density to prevent the lamp filament from showing through the glass.

More and more we are building homes in which the living room is the center of attraction. The room is employed for many purposes, often by several people doing different things at the same time, and the lighting therefore should be arranged so that all conditions may be met.

Many a man falls asleep over his evening paper not because he is tired out, as he supposes, after a day at the office, but because he is being put to sleep by Nature, who takes that means of protecting his eyes from strain caused by poorly placed light sources. Many women have wondered why their husbands prefer to read at the club rather than at home. I think that if these women would study the lighting in the rooms where they want their husbands to read, and then study the lighting in the club rooms where the men prefer to read, they would understand the reason a little better.

It is not necessary to have the same lighting treatment in adjoining rooms, such as dining room, living room and hall; but it is well to consider them as a unit so that the lighting will not be of such an entirely different nature as to cause a sharp contrast in passing from one room to another.

The lighting in a hall helps to create the first impression we receive as we enter the home. The atmosphere of a hall should spell hospitality, dignity and good taste, and it is possible to obtain lighting fixtures which meet every requirement, from the beautiful Colonial lamps of cut crystal such as our grandfathers used, to the modern Craftsman fixtures.

Bedroom lighting is often distressingly poor, yet to correct it is a very simple thing. Outlets over dressers must be properly located, to obtain good results. One can buy slender gold and silver hangers holding dishes of soft alabaster tones, or indirect lamps with silk shades that create mellow and harmonious effects. The lamp by the bedside is another useful item and is made in innumerable designs.

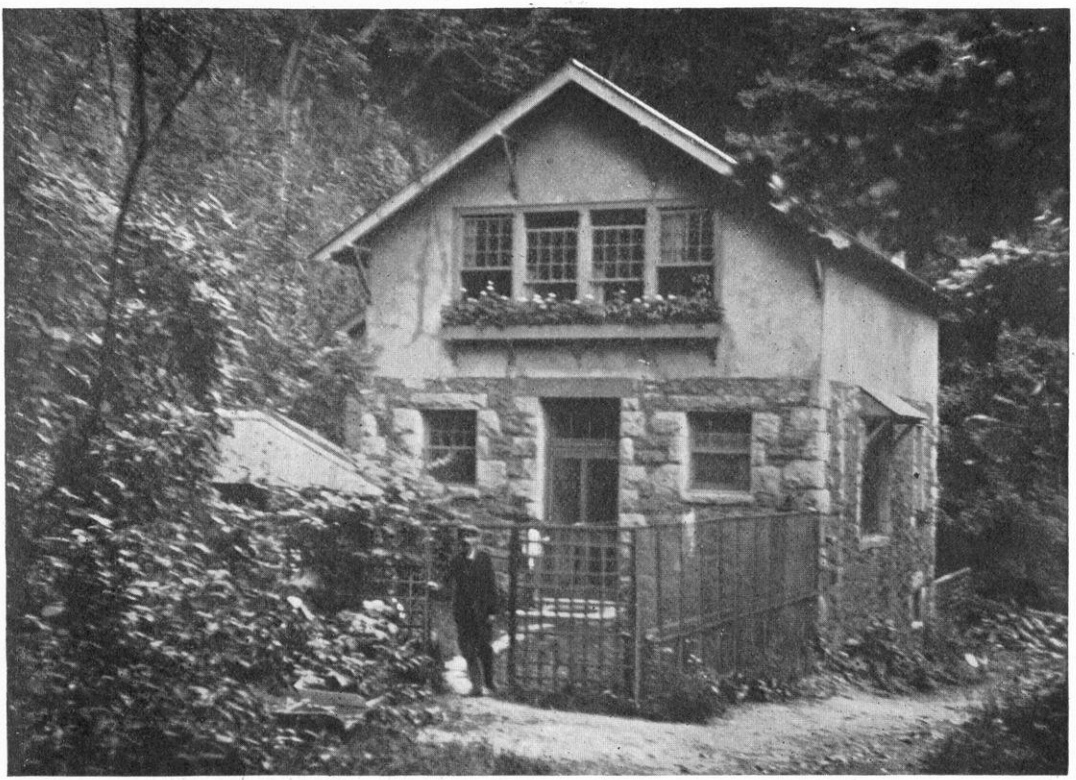
Bathrooms are so seldom well lighted that a man is pleasantly surprised if he can see to shave there with ease. Of course, if the outlets are well placed it is a simple matter; but even if they are not, it is possible for a specialist in lighting to produce good results. There are electric shaving mirrors which add to the bathroom convenience and which are especially appreciated by the man who travels.

It is impossible to give any hard-and-fast rules for the lighting of the home, as each room requires individual treatment, and what would be good in one would be out of place in another. But whether electricity, gas or oil be employed, efficiency and eye comfort are always possible, if the work is handled by a lighting specialist. And if the fixtures and lamps are in harmony with their surroundings they will be silent but permanent expressions of individuality and taste.

WOMEN FARMERS

THE Women's National Agricultural and Horticultural Association, organized in 1913, holds its annual conference at Ambler, Pa., where the pioneer and extremely practical horticultural school for women was established. Ambler is a short run from Philadelphia, and is a modern town in the center of the beautiful Pennsylvania farming country. Last year's meeting of those interested in agricultural education for women demonstrated that they can make good in many branches of that outdoor profession—as is evident from the fact that over 800 women have proved successful at floriculture alone.

A BABY'S NEST IN THE TREES



THE HOUSE OF VAN DEARING PERRINE: THE BABY LIVES IN THE TREES OVERHEAD.

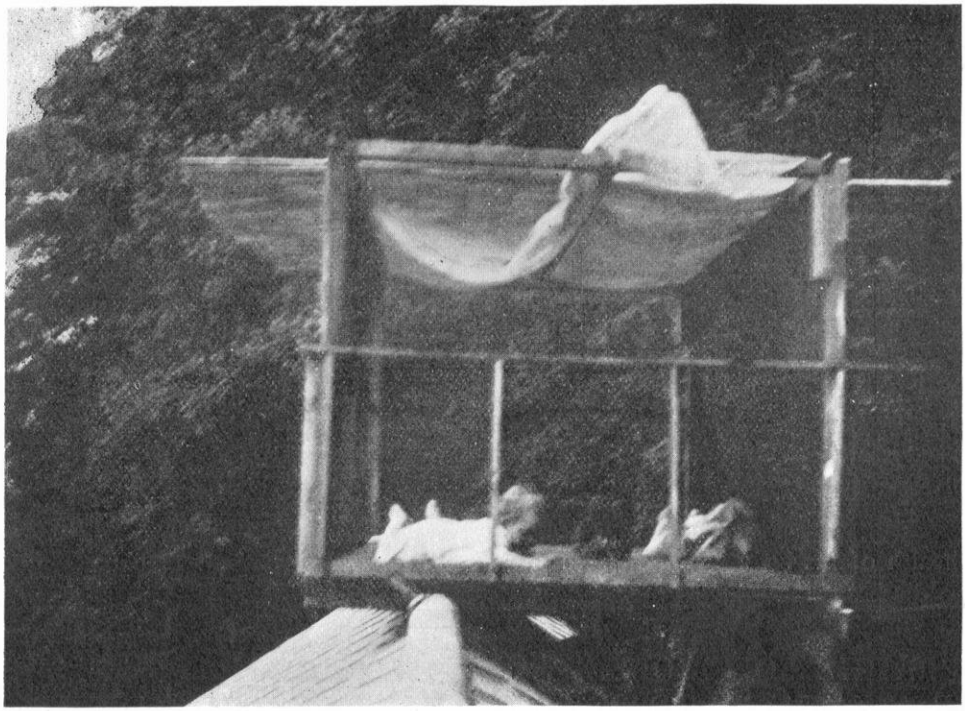
A BABY WHO LIVES IN A NEST IN THE TREE-TOPS: BY HELEN B. SCHOONHOVEN

"PUNKIN" came to live with his parents more than a year ago and a joyous little member of society he proved to be, demanding for himself all the thought, love and spare moments of a devoted artist father and a loving, musical mother. Life in a studio close under the eaves of Carnegie Hall in winter and under the overshadowing cliffs of the Palisades in summer presented problems to the parents of "Punkin," who dreamed with the vividness of their artistic souls of a perfection of babyhood, mental and physical, to blossom forth in the little human flower of childhood brought within their home.

Ingenious and mechanical as well as an artist whose canvases show a vision of the great themes of human experience, the father gave to the question of "Punkin's" environment much thought and finally devised a sleeping cupboard unique among outdoor sleeping devices, and a playhouse that has been the admiration and delight of all visitors to this baby's shrine. "Cupboard" is just the word to describe the outdoor sleeping device of this fortunate little one. It is like a box fitted on the window-sill and projecting right out of doors. The face of the box next the street is open halfway down so that the fresh air pours over the little sleeper, but does not blow as a direct draught upon him. In case of storm the father made slides to fit in the opening, but slanting outward to deflect the raindrops as an inclined roof would do. Two small doors with glass panes open into the room and a dark curtain drops over these to shut out the light. The mother lifts the curtain and peers through the glass at her safe and sleeping baby without disturbing him in his sheltered nest. "Punkin's" rosy cheeks, bright eyes and ever jolly composure attest the success of this outdoor sleeping as a safeguard against restless nights and fretful days so common among shut-in city babies.

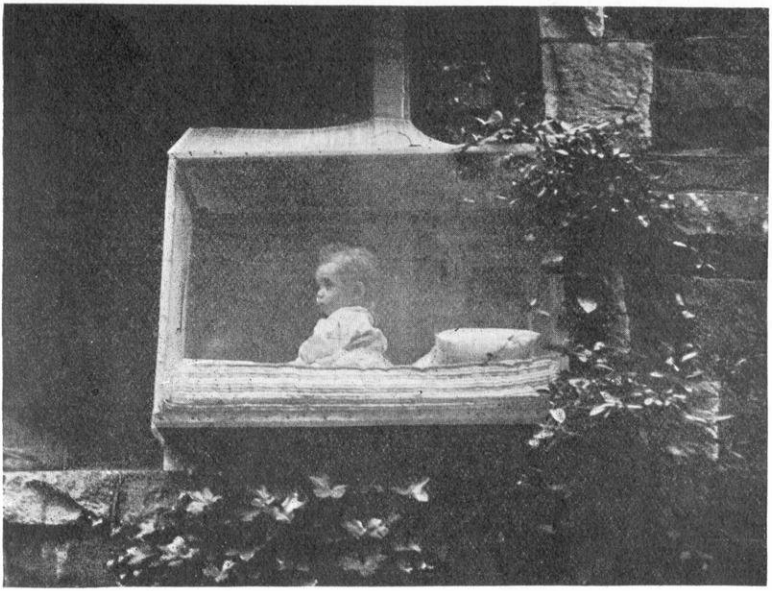
The blossoms of the May time called the artist and his family to the bungalow on one of the main travelled roads on the Palisades. "Punkin" loved the gay color

A BABY'S NEST IN THE TREES



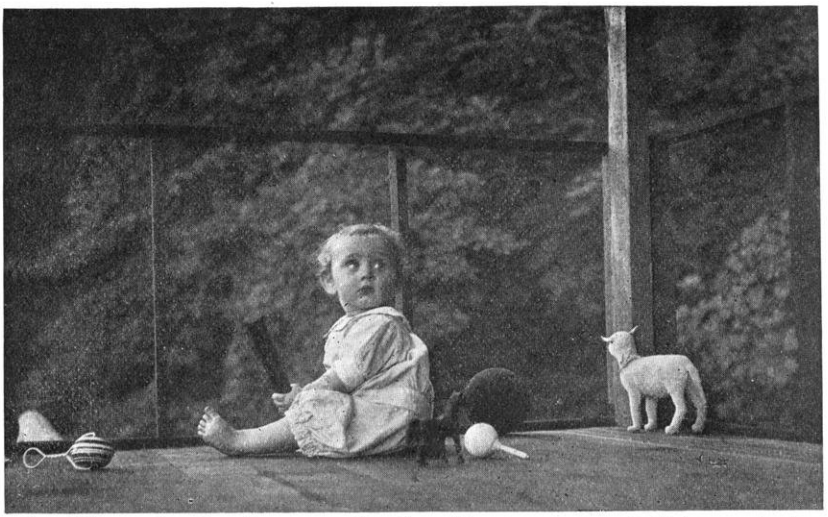
A VIEW OF THE BABY'S NEST IN THE TREE-TOPS.

of the spring awakening and he longed with all his baby soul to be nearer to the big trees with their rustling, waving branches. His little sleeping-box in the window was too confined for the increased activity of his daytime hours. He needed a playhouse, and outdoors it must be and safe from the drifting traffic and lure of the road. Again the artist father turned from his cliff studies of great storms and clashing forces of nature and considered "Punkin's" needs. High in the tree-tops, on the very ridge-pole of the studio, he built a playhouse for the boy. Safe from all intrusion, here the happy youngster plays and dreams and learns his lessons as all good babies must, and all the time the sweet, pure air is imparting health and strength. Here, on a summer day, you will find him and his woolly lamb tumbling about in loving comradeship. The hum of the city by day faintly reaches the shore beneath him where the Hudson washes the feet of the great steep cliffs. At night the twinkling lights of Manhattan send their beams across to the majestic rock piles.



AT NIGHT A LITTLE CAGE IS HUNG JUST OUT THE WINDOW.

A KANSAS MOTHER AND THE BOYS' LIBRARY



UP IN THE TREES: AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEST: A WONDERFUL GREEN NURSERY FOR WARM SUMMER DAYS WITH BIRDS FOR PLAYMATES.

High in the sweet security of his tree-top-home, "Punkin" and woolly lamb care naught for the greed and struggles, the sorrow and pain of that big city across the way. But some day among the days that are to be, his soul reflecting the health of his body, "Punkin" will perhaps walk among the generations of men and take his message of light and joy, learned and nurtured in his playhouse in the tree-tops.

A PRAIRIE SOD HOUSE AND THE KANSAS TRAVELING LIBRARY: BY JESSIE WRIGHT WHITCOMB

TWO men were motoring across Western Kansas on a section road that barely scratched the prairie—the prairie that met the horizon on every side without let or hindrance. For hours they had been the center of this horizon circle. The brilliant sunlight, pouring now straight down, was wearying in its intensity. The only wind was made by the purring car.

"I believe that's it now."

"Where?"

The driver pointed to a dot on the horizon straight ahead.

"And what might you call yon speck?"

"I think it's a sod house. They're scarce these days."

"A *sod* house?"

"Yes. Very good houses, too. But their day is done."

"In Scotland," remarked the other man musingly, "a wide stretch of country would be having its bits of houses here and yon. And living in them, men and women with keen minds and wide interests. And in every clud o' tow-headed bairns, one at least set apart for the college. You'll not be having the like of that on these lands!"

John Blunt shrugged his shoulders. "We've raised men on these Kansas prairies, short a time as we've been at it, men that we've no call to be ashamed of."

"Aye, but look at the Scotch breed from houses no bigger than yon"—the sod house could be plainly seen—"the Moffats, the Livingstones, the Mackays and all their ilk—braw men! Here it's all culture of the soil—not of the mind. All money, money—with a dearth o' thoughts."

"We'll stop here, anyway," said Blunt. "You'll like to see a sod house."

As the machine slowed up, three little fellows in blue overalls ran around the corner of the house.

"They're tow-headed enough!" laughed Blunt.

"Oo, aye: it minds me o' Scotland—the wee hoosie!"

Bits of grass and even flowers had struggled through in spots on the sod roof. The sod walls were straight, solid and substantial. The windows shone and the general cared-for appearance made a good introduction for the young woman who smilingly opened the door.

Her blue cotton gown was clean and fresh; her blue check apron gave a homely, capable air; her round arms, bare to the elbow, wore the same ruddy tan as her face and neck, and her cheerful smile glowed a welcome.

"Come in, do!" she urged. "We're just

about to eat dinner, the children and I. Mr. Holt's gone to town. We'll be glad of company, won't we, Honey-Ducks?" She smiled down at the three beaming youngsters snuggling around her.

"We're glad to stop," said Blunt. "Mr. MacDonald, here, has been thinking about Scotland all the morning and I want him to see a real Kansas sod house."

"We all love our sod house," she replied heartily. "I suppose something else must come in time; but I'm in no hurry."

They had been standing in the door long enough for the men to readjust their eyes from the outside glare, and as they entered Alec MacDonald drew a breath of surprised pleasure.

The room was large and low. On the wide window sills of the three groups of windows stood as many brightly flowering plants. The short, white curtains fluttered slightly in the faint breeze. One end of the room was serving as kitchen and dining room. The table, already set, a ray of sunlight brightening the blue-and-white dishes, stood near the stove on which various cooking utensils simmered with appetizing fragrance.

"That's a braw smell," sniffed MacDonald. "It is that!"

"There's plenty for everybody," smiled their hostess. "Joey, bring a good cool drink of water to the gentlemen, the sun's hot."

"It is that!" agreed MacDonald, his fascinated eyes wandering around the walls.

Blunt smiled understandingly at the woman of the house.

Across the room two doors, partly open, gave glimpses of two shiningly neat bedrooms. At the other end was a big fireplace, its vacancy holding a tumble weed as large as a bushel—an item that might have attracted the Scotchman had his eyes not been riveted on something over the mantelshelf. Then they were drawn to something else, and then to another object, until in a subdued voice he turned to Mrs. Holt, who was busy about the stove.

"And where, might I be askin', got ye the pictures? Our own Landseer—and as fine a carbon, I'm thinkin', as ever I saw of his 'Blacksmith' — and 'Dignity and Impudence!' Was I no looking at that in the National Gallery a year ago this month? And 'The Challenge!'"

He waited for no answer, but walked toward that end of the room, commenting with increasing astonishment as he went. "Titian's 'Man with a Glove' and the 'Madonna of the Chair,' and Turner's 'Téméraire'—I'm no admirin' *him!*—and Josef Israel's 'Alone'—losh, that's a sad thought! And Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy,' and Reynolds' 'Lady Mary'—from the pentin' itsel' and not from the engraving—and Georgione's 'Concert,' and a wheen mair I dinna ken mysel'. Aweel, aweel!"

Blunt laughed aloud, unheard, and the mother said softly to the children, "Mr. MacDonald likes our pictures, too, doesn't he, buddies! You'll have to ask him to tell you about some of them."

Mr. MacDonald's eyes had lowered to a bookcase. It held just fifty books, but he did not know that. He began reading the titles with enthusiasm. "Uganda's 'White Man of All Work'—a gran' book for the laddies. And have you naught about Livingstone? And 'Ivanhoe' and 'Lady of the Lake' and a life of Scott! Burns, and a life of Burns—grand readin'! And 'A Window in Thrums' and 'Bonnie Brier Bush' and 'Margaret Ogilvie'—a wunner of a book! And 'Little Minister'—poor trash, I'm thinkin', poor trash! And a wheen o' Dickens—he did as well as he could—he might hae been waur—and Stevenson! The Scotch could people the world and write all the books. We'd never miss the rest, barrin' ane or twa wha sud hae been born in Scotland. Ah—'The Promised Land'—a book I've long been wantin' to read mysel'."

The littlest boy was pulling him by the hand. "Dinner's ready—dinner's ready," he was insisting.

Mr. MacDonald roused himself. "I've been makin' a gran' fool of mysel', I'm thinkin'," he said apologetically as he took his place at the table, "but your pictures are so good, and your books—I'd like to stay this afternoon and have a good read!"

"None of *that,*" laughed Blunt; "we must go on."

"Those pictures and books are not ours, Mr. MacDonald," began Mrs. Holt. "They belong to the State of Kansas."

"To the *State?*"

"Kansas has a Traveling Library and a Traveling Art Gallery."

"What is it you're tellin' me?"

"We can get the use of fifty books for several months for two dollars—where there are ten or more people to use them.

I am the librarian because our place is the most central."

"Central!"

"Yes, there are two houses in sight out there—on the edge of things—and three others. We make out a general list, and this is filled out for us at the Traveling Library headquarters in the State House at Topeka. When each new library comes we have the greatest jubilation! You have to live this way to *love* books!"

"And the pictures?"

"They are sent out in the same way. They are not so easy to carry back and forth as the books, so most of them stay right here; but we all enjoy studying about them."

"Woman, it's grand!" cried Alec MacDonald enthusiastically.

"Yes," she laughed, "I think Kansas will prove before long that there is a way to raise artists and writers along with wheat and corn and alfalfa. These libraries make life wonderfully rich for many a Kansas prairie home."

"Losh, I'm fair amazed!"

"Turn healthy little people out on these prairies of ours, so full of light and color and fragrance—and—and—the sound of silence—and give them interpreters in pictures and books like these—well, I don't ask anything better for my boys. It's chance enough."

"I'll be seeing what it means to the bairnies," said Alec MacDonald persuasively to Joey; "bring me a book of Sir Walter Scott's." Quick as a flash the youngster scudded across the room and brought back "Ivanhoe" and "The Lady of the Lake."

"You haven't read these, I'm thinkin'?"

"Mother read us 'The Lady of the Lake,' but I read 'Ivanhoe' myself," was the eager reply.

"Name me a braw Scot who did great deeds in Africa?"

"Alexander Mackay!" shouted all three of the boys.

"Losh—weel done a'! Have you no books about the United States?"

"Parkman's 'Oregon Trail'!" was Joey's quick reply. "I read it myself."

"And the pictures, now—which might you be likin' the best?"

"Landseer's 'Blacksmith'!"

"And why now?"

"Oh—somethin' doin'."

"A canny callant! How about the Madonna?"

But Joey showed no enthusiasm. "She isn't half so sweet as our mother holding Davie!"

"Oh, Joey!" exclaimed his mother.

"Well—it's so, anyway," he said stoutly.

The Scotchman was laughing. "You've done weel. I'll no examine you further. Blunt will be hailin' me oot by the scruff o' me neck."

As the car started the men looked back at the smiling mother in her gown of blue, with her three little overall boys beside her, in the low sunny doorway of the sod house. The Scotchman gave a deep sigh of content. "I've widened my horizon, Blunt, man," he said; "*widened* it."

CAMPING WITH COMFORT

WE who work in cities, who find steady growth and continuous joy in our city living, need to get into the country as often as possible for the complete rejuvenation of those mental and physical powers without which our work is of little worth. Our imaginations and courage would smother under the continuous nervous strain of city living unless contact was made occasionally with the magnetic currents of energy stored in the rush of winds, the sweep of hill slopes, fragrance of growing things, sparkle and snap of clear waters. Life would narrow to a dwarfing rut, harden to the breaking point, shrink to a miserable effigy of its large possibilities if we did not look up occasionally from the details of our particular life to the great universal work going on in mountain, sea and sky. Every time we look with reverent wonder at these untrammeled great forces, we unloose a strand of the cord that binds us down like slaves to the particular existence we center in.

A walk in the woods is not a waste of good money-making time. When a man throws himself down under the shade of a noble tree and yields himself to reverie, the solution of some of his business worries comes to him. Definite thought is born of reverie, new ideas spring into life when the mind, unruly from utter weariness, is allowed to relax, to run down and get a fresh start. Mental activity always follows a deliberate passivity. Men do not go to a river's bank merely to sit for a day with rod in hand just to catch a rainbow-hued

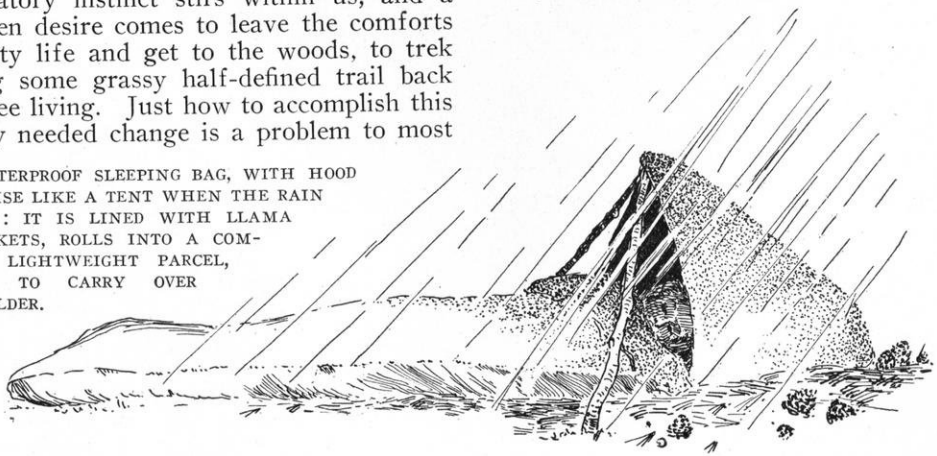
BROWN WATERPROOF CANVAS BUCKETS WITH ROPE HANDLES, THAT FOLD LIKE A NAPKIN: JAPANNED STEEL FRAME BUCKETS THAT STAND FULL OF WATER WITHOUT COLLAPSING; SHELVES OF STRONG CANVAS AND HARD MAPLE SLATS THAT CAN BE HUNG FROM A TREE OR THE RIDGEPOLE OF THE TENT; A TRIPOD WASHSTAND AND COLLAPSIBLE BASIN: EVEN A LANTERN THAT FOLDS TO FIT A HIP POCKET.

fish to fry in a pan, but to capture rainbow-hued hopes, new interests and fresh inspiration. There is no mawkish sentimentality in our desire to get out to Nature's influences, but wholesome sound reason.

When we hear the call of the wild goose on his northward flight, the primitive migratory instinct stirs within us, and a sudden desire comes to leave the comforts of city life and get to the woods, to trek along some grassy half-defined trail back to free living. Just how to accomplish this really needed change is a problem to most of us. We cannot walk out of our houses when the spirit moves us as do the Yogis of India—without clothes, food, or bank account. We have become accustomed to luxurious living and cannot exist happily without an ice-box and shower bath. Easy chairs have robbed us of the knack of sitting on the ground. We have become like the Fairy Princess who could not sleep if a petal of her rose-leaf bed was crumpled! We are accustomed to our apartment cells, and are uncomfortable away from them. We prefer 100-power electric lights to a glow-worm's spark, cocktails to mountain springs, crab ravigote prepared by a French chef to fresh brook trout caught and fried by ourselves. We have learned to sleep undisturbed by steam whistles, but the soft sweet hoot of an owl brings on a cruel insomnia. We triple-lock our apartment-house doors and feel secure from thieves and murderers, but what can be done to guard us from the possible attacks of fearsome toads, chipmunks or snakes!

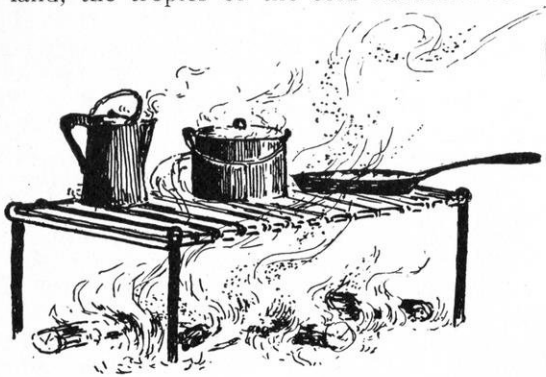
Since our luxurious living has unfitted us to make a complete change to the hardships of the old-fashioned way of camping, we have learned to compromise. We now go to the camp of our dreams, taking the comforts of the city with us, adapted in pleasant playhouse fashion to practical ends; not in the camping de luxe thraldom that would make outdoor living a positive burden, but in simple, convenient, sensible fashion that enables the camp cook to serve a wholesome meal without burned fingers and smoked eyes.

The problem of suitable clothing is the first to require solution—not a difficult one nowadays. A woman can now purchase ready-made clothes that are suitable, attrac-



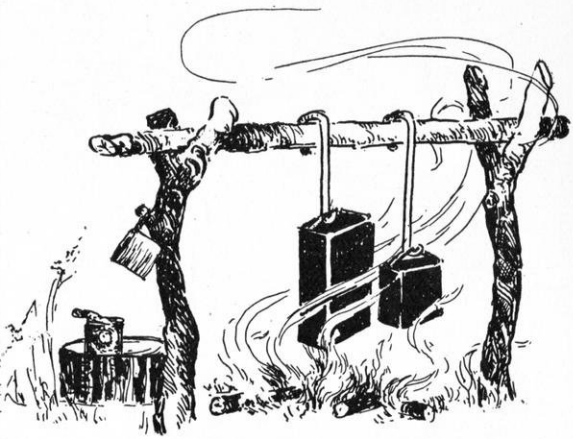
A WATERPROOF SLEEPING BAG, WITH HOOD TO RAISE LIKE A TENT WHEN THE RAIN FALLS: IT IS LINED WITH LLAMA BLANKETS, ROLLS INTO A COMPACT LIGHTWEIGHT PARCEL, EASY TO CARRY OVER SHOULDER.

tive, suitable in style and texture, for a pleasantly moderate price. The boots, perhaps the most expensive item, must receive great consideration, for the comfort of the whole trip depends upon easy-fitting footwear. Mountain climbing boots, waterproof, thick soled, hobnailed, durable, knee-high to protect from briar scratch, stone bruise or sting of serpent, cost from $8 to $18. The lower, more pliant bluchers or calf oxfords suitable for any wear short of mountain climbing are from $3 upward. For rest in camp after the fatiguing tramp, are moccasins, soft and damp proof, made by Indians. With the short khaki, Duxbak or Army serge skirt, slit for riding, trimly cut, supplied with real pockets, are shirts or shirt waists to match and fitted breeches that take the place of the clumsy bloomer. With such an outfit, costing from $15 to $30, she is ready for any emergency. A cotton cheviot suit can be made at home for but $3 or $4. Mackinaw coats, sweaters, raincoats and bathing suits, hats and gloves are shown in the stores at prices which suit the purse of every one. Men and boys are now outfitted from hunting coat to ponchos, with clothes ready to don, admirably designed to fit every outdoor need of our own land, the tropics or the cold northern regions, in Army serge, Forestry serge, U. S. Government khaki and the warmest of wools.



A FOLDING CAMP GRATE IS ONE OF THE MOST CONVENIENT ARTICLES OF A CAMP EQUIPMENT: THE FRAME IS RIGID, OF STRONG STEEL RODS HEAVILY TINNED: FOOD CAN BE ADJUSTED TO A SLOW OR INTENSE HEAT.

Whether to camp in a tent that rolls or a house that folds is a really vexing question, for the range of choice is so infinite. Portable houses coming in graded sizes remind one of the nursery rhyme of the Three Bears, with fittings for the Big Bear, Little Bear and Middle Sized Bear! Added to these assorted-sized portable cottages for the bachelor camper or family, are kennels for the dog and coops for the chickens! The little playhouses for the children are veritable Peter Pan affairs, put together in a minute, lived in happily forever after! No one could believe how homelike one of the larger cottages looks ten minutes after it is hooked together at the edge of a grove with the undisturbed ferns growing in masses around its base. Any one would be justified in thinking it had been lived in for months, because it radiates a home atmosphere from the beginning. The price of these real homes that can be transported from seashore to mountain at will is not much—from $135 to $800, according to the size, number of porches, trellises, furnishings. It would be difficult to construct a house as cheaply or as well for such prices.



THE FRYING PANS, BOILERS, CUPS AND PLATES OF THE POCKET CAMPING OUTFIT ARE SQUARE AND FIT TOGETHER WITH ROOM INSIDE FOR A KNIFE, FORK AND SPOON: IT WEIGHS, COMPLETE, ONLY 31 OUNCES.

Within are many conveniences that can also be transported in foldable form. There is a portable steel range that defies destruction, for from $17 to $60, according to the size, which can bake anything as well as the immovable ones of the city. There are heaters from $2.75 to $25 and innumerable alcohol and kerosene cookers and heaters.

As to tents—space will not permit mention of their varied shapes, sizes, colors and prices. There are dark green ones that rest the eye like interlaced branches of trees, brown ones that temper the glare of the deserts, white ones that the sun frescoes with pattern of grass or tree, of khaki, waterproof duck, balloon silk. Every one knows about tents, but every one does not know how to be comfortable in tents.

THIS PORTABLE HOUSE IS EASILY AND QUICKLY SET UP: THE FRAME IS OF OREGON PINE AND RED CEDAR, FINISHED WITHIN WITH A HEAVY WATERPROOF FIBER, SO THAT THE HOUSE WHICH SPRINGS UP LIKE A MUSHROOM IS DURABLE, WARM AND ATTRACTIVELY HOMELIKE.

There is no excuse nowadays for a disorderly tent, for there are folding shelves ($3.50) that can stand alone like a dressing table, and pockets ($1.75) to hang along the side, tripod washstands for $.75 and collapsible wash basins ($.50) to put on them. Buckets that fold when not needed or stand up safely when so required, made of Japanned steel frames, canvas sides and pantasote bottoms are but $1.50. Those who cannot go to the stream for a cold plunge may unfold a bath tub, suspend it on its own supports and enjoy the luxury of a hot bath. Of course there are innumerable foldable tables, chairs and beds. Sleeping on the old-time canvas cots was like sleeping in a furrow of the field, thoroughly cramping and uncomfortable inventions giving full play to the circulation of cold air. It was impossible to sleep warmly in one of those cots, which collapsed when it should have been firm, and refused to fold when desired. Now the strongest of wide cot beds made of rock elm with joints of steel is to be had for but a few dollars. Upon this firm frame rests an air mattress more comfortable than any other kind of mattress and more easily transportable. It requires but

THIS CHARMING PLAYHOUSE, SCREENED FROM THE FLIES AND CURTAINED FROM THE WINDS IS AN IDEAL PLACE FOR BABIES TO SLEEP OR CHILDREN TO PLAY: IT IS BUILT OF CEDAR WITH A HARD PINE FLOOR AND WILL LAST A LIFETIME.

little effort to inflate, solves the problem of sleeping healthfully in damp places, is easily kept clean, for it is provided with a removable washable slip. For those who travel about, liking to spread the bed on a fresh length of earth each night, these air mattresses are especially valuable. They come made in sleeping-bag form, that is, they are fitted into a waterproof bag that is hooded against the rain. Blankets are fastened into place, also within the outer cover, so that the bed is warm, damp and rainproof, soft and springy as a home bed. Other sleeping bags can be had made of closely woven waterproof canvas, lined with blankets or eiderdown quilts, so folded as to be both over and under the sleeper. These bags, without the air cushions, lace up at foot and sides to permit airing. A good bag, that rolls in a tight roll when being transported, costs from $10 to $30, according to the number of blankets needed.

At the door and "set-in" windows of the tents are bobbinet mosquito-proof fronts, made to fit any size tent or shape of opening. These same net coverings can be had for the beds, fitting over them like a veil.

The cleverest contrivances for the traveling campers' comforts are the cooking kits. There is a pocket kit that consists of a folding broiler, racks which thrust into the ground, two frying pans with detachable handles, a pot and two drinking cups. These articles which fold and nest together with space left for knives, forks and spoons measure 2 x 3⅛ x 8½, weigh but 31 ounces, and cost but $2.50. Larger outfits for the camp wagon or motor car, made on the same principle of fitting and nesting, come made of aluminum. These cooking outfits, whether of aluminum or steel, are assembled for 2, 3, 4, 6 or 8 people and packed with scientific cleverness into cases moderate of price or expensive enough to suit the most fastidious taste. The cooking pots have bags to put them in so that the rest of the outfit may not be contaminated by their too frequent association with fire. Complete luncheon kits of nickel-plated boxes for roast fowl, cold meat, sandwiches, salads, broilers, coffee pots, etc., when packed weigh but 27 pounds. But these are for the luxurious camper and presuppose an automobile and a camp cook.

One of the most convenient things for a simple luncheon outfit is the Primus burner, a small stove burning kerosene vapor, which will boil the water for the coffee in the time it formerly took to gather brush for the fire. It occupies but little space and is well worth its price, $3.75.

Another indispensable article of picnic camping is the Thermos bottle—those amazing creations that will keep coffee boiling hot or tea ice cold for hours, even days at a time. The sportsman need no longer carry a flat bottle of John Barleycorn in his hip pocket with which to cheer his long early morning wait for possible flight of duck. He can slip into the capacious pockets of his hunting coat a vacuum pocket flask filled with hot coffee, sweetened and creamed to his most fastidious taste, filled the night before and breakfast in comfort. Never has coffee so delicious a flavor, never so marvelous an aroma as when poured from a pocket flask into the cup removed from its top in that raw cold hour which precedes the rising of the sun. Never was more comfort purchased for smaller sum. The pocket Thermos bottles are from $1.50 up; the large family size holding a quart each are from $2.50 up. Wicker cases for these large bottles holding one or two bottles each are from $1.50 up.

The time is past when we say that we cannot afford to go away to rest our spirits by forest, farm or ocean, wherever sweet, wild, free spaces are found. We know that we cannot afford *not* occasionally to go to nature, that sure source of inspiration; that no money is better invested than that which adds to our love of living, love of working, love of beauty. Nothing we can do is of more lasting worth to our minds or bodies than the days, weeks or months spent in the presence of the everlasting hills. By making a gradual instead of a sudden change from luxuriant living, our bodies do not distract our mind's free enjoyment with a continual complaining. We can go to the country with our portable house well guarded by a Yale lock, our watch dog chained in his portable kennel close by, our hammocks, medicine cases, Panama hats within easy reach, or we can some day throw the medicine case into the brush, let the squirrels experiment with the hammock, give the hat to the birds for a nest, leave the front door ajar and spend the night under the pine trees' benedictory branches, looking up at the stars as they march obedient to the great Law we must learn to understand and to obey.

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JACOB RIIS: FRIEND OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

IN adding our tribute to the many that have been offered Jacob Riis by the thinking public of America, we feel that its value lies in its personal quality. We shall not attempt to sum up all that has been said of Jacob Riis as a great citizen, as a contributor to the literature of America, but rather we wish to dwell upon his friendship and the intimate side of his inspiration to us. In writing of this man, of our love of him, his friendship for us, there is so much to say, so much gratitude for all that he gave to us, so many good memories of his enjoyment of life, his enthusiasm for good deeds, so wide a variety of achievement to put down to his credit, that we realize afresh what a real privilege it was to know well this great and good man. He often dropped in to talk over articles for the magazine and just as often only to wish us Godspeed or to tell us of some new adventure in living or work that had come his way. During the years of our acquaintance, I cannot recall his uttering one single word of complaint or criticism. He was a human enough man, human in his likes and dislikes, in his happinesses and disappointments, but a man who always brought to his friends the optimistic side of his interest in living. He was a man whom America could ill have spared in the story of her spiritual progress. Although a foreigner, not born in this country, coming here very poor, very lonely, very young, yet we shall always think of him as a friend of America and especially a friend of the young American. He worked for our city boys from the beginning of his days of power and strength, and yet he was not a philanthropist through a sense of duty, but through imagination and suffering. He was a man also of great loyalty. The beauty of his own home, the love of his mother, the greatness of his own land he never forgot. An interesting story is told which brings this vividly to one's mind.

Years ago at the College Settlement he spoke of the meadows and fields near the old town of Ribe where he was born, where his little boy days were spent, and suddenly it seemed as though his audience had disappeared from view and in its place he saw the great northern seacoast. The students were breathless as they heard him.

"Over against the tenements that we fight in our cities," he said, "ever rises in my mind the fields, the woods, God's open sky, as accuser and witness that His temple is being so defiled, man so dwarfed in body and soul. How little we have of the making of ourselves. I was born on the edge of the moor, and once its majesty has sunk into a human soul that soul is forever after attuned to it."

I think the image of Jacob Riis will always come back to my mind as one really possessing majesty in his soul. He seemed to have the big quality, the great enthusiasm, the fearless creative spirit that did not count the cost where achievement loomed in his path. When the chance came to him to work for others, to inspire others or help others he always seemed to me to respond with a fine gladness of spirit that never stopped to calculate. He did eagerly for the world, without thinking just what return the world could make him, and it seems to me always that this quality of buoyant enthusiasm is the spirit that accomplishes the great things; in other words, it is one manifestation of genius and is the possession of the man who has vision and who must see to the end of it, and not waste his sight and his efforts on the little difficulties along the way. I could never picture Jacob Riis *fretting,* but if an anxiety became too great I could always imagine him overcoming the torture of it by a fresh adventure out in the world of achievement. And although today we sum up all that he accomplished in a mighty array of good deeds, yet in the actual effort to do these things surely often his spirit must have travailed and his soul sorrowed deeply.

The memories of his early home days seem to have survived all his first terrible years in America, when he was tramping and starving and sleeping in lodging houses and all but breaking his eager, tender, loving young heart. And yet how much the boys of today, especially the poor city boys, owe to those three hard years of Mr. Riis' early life in America. He knew by experience all the suffering and the hardship and the heartbreak that so often make criminals of the normal worth while lad. As he said in "The Making of an American": "In nine cases out of ten they are lads of normal impulses whose resources have all been smothered by the slum, of whom the street and its lawlessness and the tenement that

is without a home, have made ruffians. With better opportunities they might have been heroes."

But these hard days never hardened Jacob Riis' spirit. They brought him closely in touch with humanity and made him long to do for humanity. But even in the work for the Police Courts years ago when he made out reports there was a certain kindness and humor in them. "We must have," he said, "a good sprinkling of fun to keep our dreams from spoiling. The longer I live the more I think of humor as in truth the saving sense."

When Mr. Riis was working with the Police Court he lived in some poor little rooms almost as poor as you could find in New York, down on Henry Street. His old tumbledown house was within a stone's throw of a doorway in which he sat friendless and forlorn trying to hide from the police, who would not let him sleep during those first wretched boy days in the great city.

Our own knowing of Mr. Riis and our love of him came in the later years of his life, which were, however, still young years if one reckons from spirit and soul. When he told us that he had bought a farm we felt that he would get more from this living in the country than the mere building of a house or the cultivating of land. And when finally he wrote for THE CRAFTSMAN his description of his farm life in the articles called "Happy Valley" we knew how wonderful this life really had been to him, how he was realizing in it the lovely ideals of his youth, of his manhood, of his fullest maturity. Living and working with him in Happy Valley was his companion, friend and wife. It would be hard to imagine a serener real friendship than existed between these two lovers of the beautiful in life, whether in the city or in the country.

In the last letter which Mr. Riis wrote to THE CRAFTSMAN and which is possibly the last letter he wrote except to his family. we felt then the foreshadowing of the end of his fine and beautiful life. He was at the time out at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, where several months were passed before his return to Happy Valley to die in his own home, amidst those people and those surroundings which he loved best. The letter read:

"GOOD FRIDAY, 1914.

"DEAR FRIENDS: God help us, not this year will I probably be able to speak for you, much as I should love to. I am so weak after my illness and so short of breath that I cannot walk a hundred feet without sitting down. And next week I am to begin a course of lectures on which my whole life depends. How I can do it I don't know. I am simply praying that the strength may come. Once I am on the farm, it will come, in course of the summer, but until then——

"Give my warm regards to all. As soon as I can get around, I will come in and see you all. I have been sicker than any one knew, and sometimes it seems just as if it were the last of me.

"However, I guess I am tougher than that, and will yet be around. Hope so!

"Ever yours, JACOB A. RIIS."

It was only a few days after this letter came that we saw in the papers that his strength was failing rapidly and that he was returning to Happy Valley even at the risk of losing several weeks of life through the trip. Indeed this return to his beloved home at the possible sacrifice of a few of the very last days of his life was in keeping with the whole character of the man's spiritual existence. Always he was willing to give liberally for those good things that counted. And if some days' toll must be paid for the joy of being at home at the very end, then those hours were given gladly and freely without a murmur. Fortunately for those who loved him best, he actually reached the farm and went to rest near the sunrise and sunset of his own beautiful living place.

It would take no little space to catalogue the many helpful movements for humanity which were born in the golden heart of this lover of all suffering, sorrowing human beings. We have, for instance, grown in New York to accept the Playground Association as a matter of course, as one of the good things our children must have. We do not often stop to think how much of its success we owe to Jacob Riis, his love of the schoolchildren, his desire that something good and normal should be given to them.

In the last two or three years in New York all of the city has joined in the great Christmas Eve festival in Madison Square, where the great northern pine tree stood sixty feet above the singers and a flood of electric light and music filled the square from north to south and east to west. Here again the spirit of Jacob Riis' longing for the festivals of his early life, believing

that people should come together in music and good fellowship at the holiday season, helped to develop this beautiful metropolitan festival. He worked to raise the money, went out among the musicians and the singers begging of them do their share, in fact, his efforts awakened throughout the city the desire for a feast of good fellowship at least once a year outdoors, down among the people. The reorganization of lodging houses for immigrants also came about, in Roosevelt's time as Police Commissioner, through Jacob Riis' efforts.

Although Mr. Riis was an indefatigable writer and lecturer, all of his articles, his books, his lectures were along the line of public betterment. He never wasted an hour preparing material for the public that was not for the public good. The merely spectacular, or dramatic or popular or profitable seemed to have no meaning to him. He did not self-consciously decide always to be a humanitarian. What he did, what he thought and wrote was inevitably for the good of the public just as he inevitably gave a warm handclasp to a friend, a rich smile to those needing him.

I think it is not widely known that Mr. Riis once refused a cabinet position because he felt himself drawn so closely to the work of helping the New York boys at that time. Indeed, there were many superficial honors which the world would have been glad to lavish upon him, but which he barely had time to withdraw from, and I doubt if he ever remembered that he had given them up, or in fact that they had existed in the minds of his friends. His dreams were either for the future of youth in America or tenderly of his own youth. On one hand he realized we must fight for childhood, for its playgrounds, for its chance for happiness; on the other he said to a friend, "In my dreams I listen to the whisper of the reeds in the dry moats about the green castle hill, and hear my mother call me once more her boy, and I know that I shall find them with my lost childhood, when we all reach home at last."

Here at THE CRAFTSMAN we mourn the loss of a rich friendship and we cherish the memory of a man whose life was wise, kind, full of inspiration and always at the service of those who were suffering the worst or striving for the best.

Old subscribers of THE CRAFTSMAN will find a long and interesting article about Jacob Riis published in June, 1905.

BOOK REVIEWS

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT: BY PARRIS THAXTER FARWELL

THIS interesting book is one of a series known as "The Farmer's Practical Library," edited by Ernest Ingersoll, which includes over a dozen volumes on various household and community topics related to comfort, culture and general progress in modern rural life. The present work is addressed particularly "to the man and woman at a distance from the libraries, exhibitions, and daily notes of progress, which are the main advantage, to a studious mind, of living in or near a large city. The editor has in view, especially, the farmer and villager who is striving to make the life of himself and his family broader and brighter, as well as to increase his bank account; and it is therefore in the humane, rather than in a commercial direction, that the 'Library' has been planned."

The chapters and their illustrations cover a wide range of subjects. They take up first the value of natural beauty to a rural community, and next the work of village improvement societies. The home and its surroundings, the trees and forestry, country roads and village streets, all are discussed with much practical comment and advice, while questions of village parks and public buildings also receive their share of attention. The health of the community and the benefit accomplished by clean-up campaigns, the value of education and coöperative work, of clubs, recreation and social centers and churches—these are among the other important themes.

The topics are presented in a crisp, clear fashion, for as the editor states, "This is the day of the small book. There is much to be done. Time is short. Information is earnestly desired, but it is wanted in compact form, confined directly to the subject in view, authenticated by real knowledge, and, withal, gracefully delivered. It is to fulfill these conditions that the present series has been projected—to lend real assistance to those who are looking about for new tools and fresh ideas.

Assuredly, "Village Improvement" is a very helpful contribution to our literature upon this subject, and should prove of service not only as a record of what has already been achieved in this field, but also as an incentive to future effort. Mr. Far-

well, the author, it may be added, speaks with authority, as he is chairman of the Village Improvement Committee of the Massachusetts Civic League. (Published by Sturgis & Walton Company, New York. 356 pages. Illustrated. Price $1.00 net.)

THE HISTORY OF THE DWELLING-HOUSE AND ITS FUTURE: BY ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON

THE author of this interesting book, not content with tracing the genetic history of the dwelling-house from the first arboreal shelters and natural caves down to the steel and stone apartment structures of today, ventures philosophically into the future and outlines the form and management of the coming abode. He shows in concise, simple way how man's needs have shaped its form, from the first single lair of one man to the mutually protective block or garrison houses, to the larger privacy of the coming home, with its community governed, labor-reducing management. He shows how the prehistoric man who hid among the branches of trees to escape the attacks of marauding animals and the stings and poisons of crawling things, thought to get more complete security by adding rude doors or bars to his cage, wove the walls closer and the roof tighter.

The real homes practically came with the conquering of fire. The cave dwellers or troglodytes hid the fire in some natural cavity in the hillside, and made an opening in the top for the smoke to escape. With the introduction of the chimney, came the subdivisions into rooms permitting personal privacy yet with a central friendly meeting place.

The author traces the evolution of each feature of the house, showing how the present home is the outgrowth of man's needs, fitting his life as the shell fits the tortoise. He shows how with civilization the barbaric elements gradually fell away, how cleanliness came to be a necessity. He then points out how the future will see the death of the kitchen, of household drudgery, the gain of family privacy, of efficiency, of service and economy of living.

The book is an extremely helpful one to whoever is interested in home-making, house-building or civic needs. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 167 pages. Price $1.00 net.)

SAINT LOUIS: A CIVIC MASQUE: BY PERCY MACKAYE

THIS Masque is a contribution to a distinctive art-form of the Civic Theater, in its large-scale aspects, as outlined in the recent volume of Mr. MacKaye's dealing with the Civic Theater in Relation to the "Redemption of Leisure." The masque as a dramatic form is comparatively new to our country, but is fitted above all other dramatic forms for use in civic celebrations. This masque was written at the request of the Saint Louis Pageant Drama Association, and was produced with a cast of over 7,000 persons at the celebration commemorating the 150th anniversary of the founding of Saint Louis. Because this symbolic play was written by Mr. MacKaye it is entirely unnecessary to say that it is full of rare poetic and fanciful beauty, written with the rich imagination that is able to reach the full interpretation of the universal, world significance of the founding of that American city. In his preface he gives an interesting account of the place of such a symbolic play in civic development. "Art itself," he remarks, "is a word too long made strange to the man and woman of daily work. Well, then, henceforth let it become less strange—and translated. Another word for it is happiness—the joy of expressing ourselves nobly, whoever we are. . . . When throughout our country all of us shall get together for a real civic art, there will be a constructive revolution in America—a renascence of joy in the life, work and leisure of every man, woman and child." There is an appendix with directions for producing and a short synopsis by Thomas Wood Stevens in description of his Pageant written to precede Mr. MacKaye's Masque. (Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Frontispiece, 99 pages. Price $1.00 net.)

TO SUBSCRIBERS

WE wish to obtain copies of the following back numbers of THE CRAFTSMAN: August and December, 1904; January and June, 1905, and April, 1906. Subscribers who have any copies of these issues on hand and are willing to return them to us, may have their subscriptions advanced—that is, the date of expiration of the subscription will be moved forward two months for each magazine returned.