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"THE MOTHER OF TO-MORROW:"
A. STIRLING CALDER, SCULPTOR.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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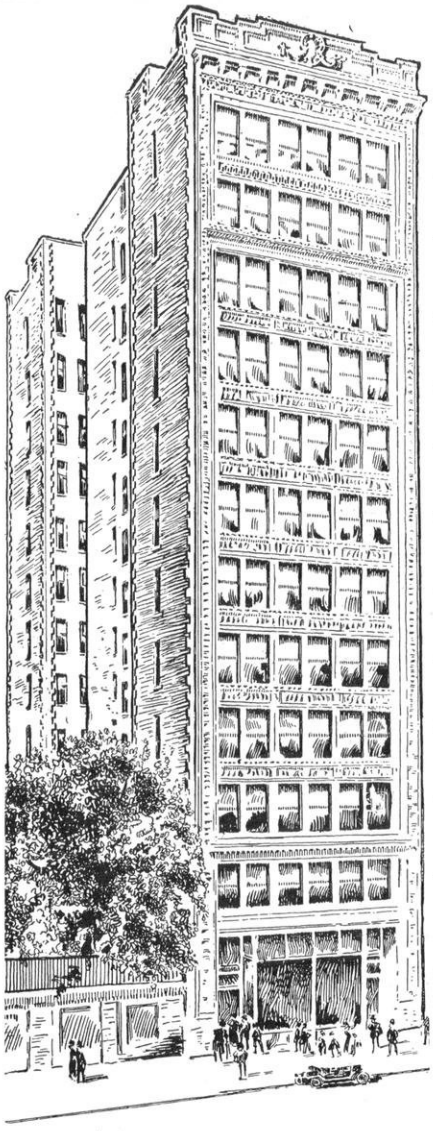

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} THE CRAFTSMAN PERMANENT HOMEBUILDERS' EXPOSITION

—RUGS—INTERIOR DECORATING

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—CRAFTSMAN FURNITURE DISPLAY

EVERY floor of THE CRAFTSMAN'S new twelve-story building—running through an entire block, 38th to 39th Streets, a step from Fifth Avenue, in the shopping centre of New York—is devoted to the service of the home-loving, home-building public, as indicated above.

The display of furniture, rugs, and draperies on the first four floors is full of inspiration for the homelover who is seeking to furnish a home in good taste. The next four floors are given over to the chief feature of the Building—the exhibits in the Craftsman Permanent Homebuilders' Exposition, as outlined on the next page. On the tenth floor, The Craftsman Magazine offers the resources of its Architectural and Service Departments to those about to build or remodel a home. The Craftsman Club-Rooms on the eleventh floor are for the free use of the public; here are charmingly furnished rest rooms for men and women, a reference library, and a lecture hall in which lectures will be given on building and decorating. The Craftsman Restaurant on the top floor is designed to cater to the comfort and refreshment of visitors to the Building, and has already become known as one of the show-places of New York.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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VOLUME XXVI AUGUST, 1914 NUMBER 5

THE MAGIC CITY OF THE PACIFIC: ARCHITECTS, PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS OFFER THEIR BEST TO THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION: BY JULES GUÉRIN

YEAR ago, in San Francisco, I stood upon Presidio's grassy heights at the edge of the Golden Gate. On my right was the great phœnix-city, in all her resurrected loveliness; before me lay the calm waters of the Bay—blue as the Mediterranean with the reflected color of a warm southern sky. But something held my eyes that day with an interest even more keen and more absorbing than the wonder of city or sky or sea. And that was the strip of brown, marshy lowland lying at my feet.

It was anything but beautiful—merely a stretch of dark, barren mud flats lying between the blue water and the sloping hill. Yet it held a peculiar interest. From where I stood, I could see the signs of human activity—newly made sea-walls and breakwaters, workmen with pumps and pile-drivers and wagon loads of earth and stone. The long-neglected mud was no longer to be useless; man was here—wresting his own from Nature, transforming the waste and watery places into solid land!

And as I watched those busy, bare-armed laborers, I had a vision—a dream of the beauty for which they were slowly laying the foundation stone. . . .

The brown marsh had vanished, the workmen were gone, and in their place arose what seemed a fairy city—a meeting place of the nations such as no country had ever known before—a thing of sunlight and color and joy. And as I looked upon it, I knew that it was the architecture of the New World, conceived by men of ideals and imagination, built by eager hands, adorned with the work of artists and sculptors, and filled with specimens of the finest craftsmanship of many lands.

As I looked down, the city of my dreams grew clearer, and shaped itself into more definite form. I saw the red tile roofs of vast buildings, the climbing towers, the huge domes of green and gold that glittered in the strong California sunlight. I beheld the great tri-

umphal arches, the long rows of majestic colonnades, and the gigantic groups of statuary intimate in color and texture to the buildings. I looked down upon the wide avenues and roadways with their dark green sentinels of shrubs and trees into the vivid, flower-filled gardens and high, open pavilions, and over the splashing fountains and broad pools of water that mirrored, with the deep blue of the sky, shifting colors of vine-clad column and wall and dome. Long, arch-framed vistas drew my eyes past hall and court and statue out toward the water and the hills, beyond the green lawns and terraces that sloped down to the Bay.

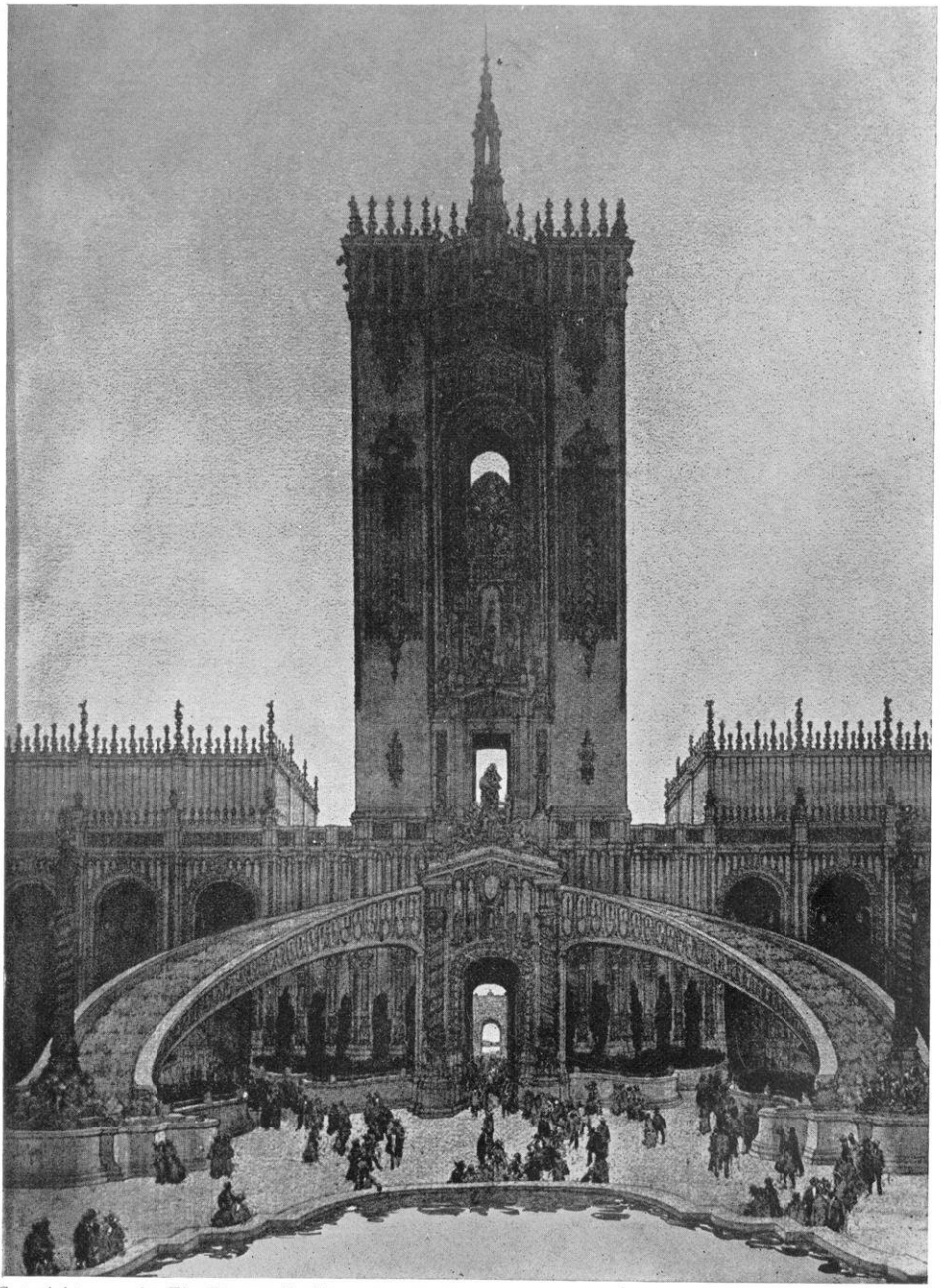
On every hand was the beauty of splendid color—the wonderful vibrating blue of sky and water, the terra cotta of the roofs, the living green of grass and trees, the orange and vermilion of the flower-beds, the shining gold of dome and statue, and the soft buff tones of roadway and arch and wall—a great architectural pageant in which builder and sculptor, painter and gardener, had each contributed his vital efforts toward the common goal.

Then, as I watched from my hillside of the Golden Gate, I saw the throngs of people pouring through that great entranceway into the wide, branching avenues of the city of my dream—not alone from San Francisco and its neighboring cities, but from all parts of the mighty continent and from far foreign lands; people of many tongues and races, rich and poor, simple and learned, young and old. There, in that international pleasure-city, one and all found common interest and joy, and felt the stirring of the spirit of universal brotherhood that idealists and philosophers have so long preached but which the world has been so slow in heeding. For gardens and towers and stately buildings, with their wealth of industry and art, spoke a language that every one could understand—the language of modern progress interpreted in terms of Beauty. . . .

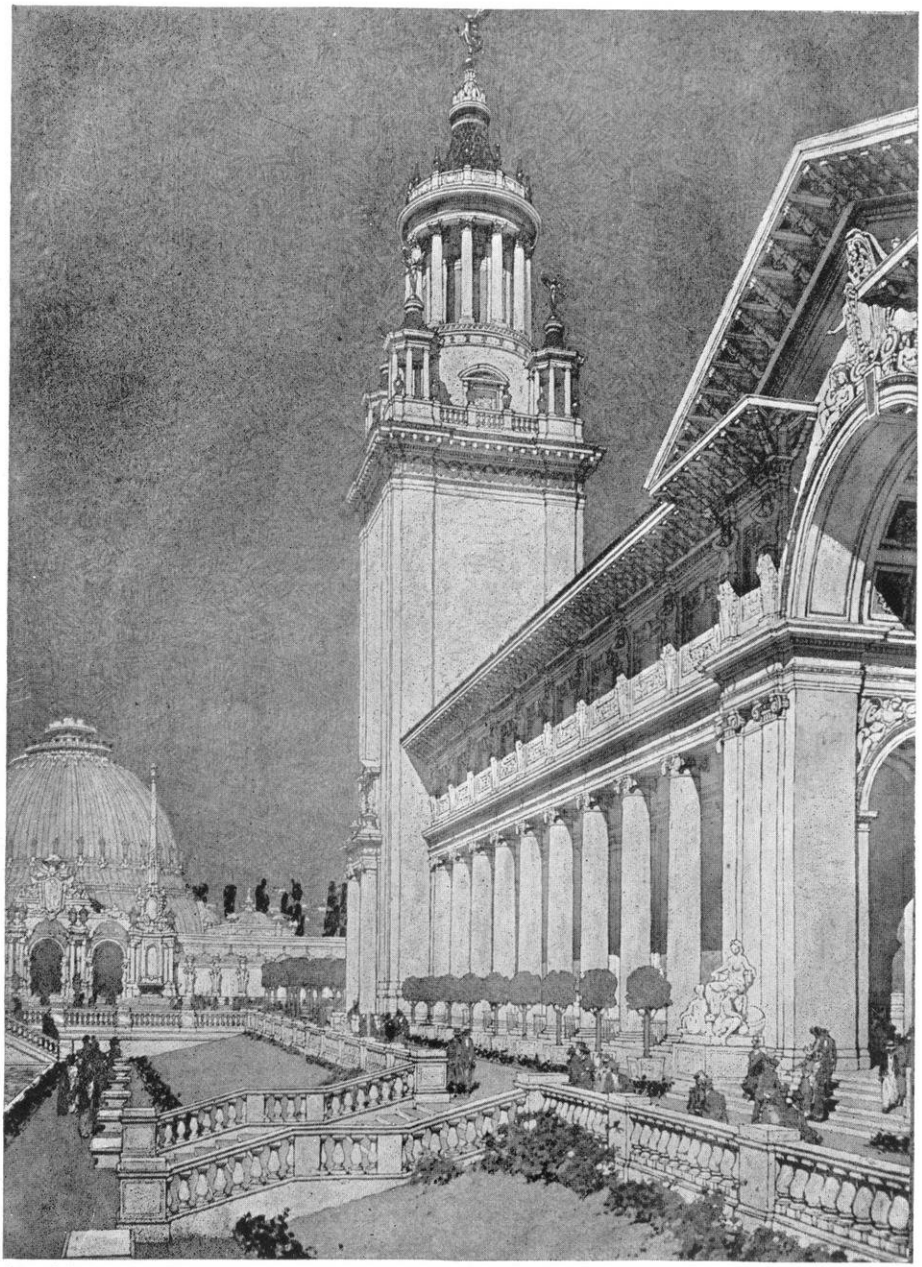
SUCH was my early vision of the great Panama-Pacific International Exposition—a vision that was shared by many other eager spirits who for several years have looked forward to the achievement of this gigantic enterprise. Architects, artists and business men alike have realized the possibilities which the Golden Gate offers for the building of such a marvelous world meeting-place, and for more than twelve months they have worked together, planning, designing and finally erecting and adorning the mammoth buildings which the beginning of next year will see complete. The twentieth day of February, nineteen hundred and fifteen, the great Exposition—the city we have dreamed and planned—will throw open its gates.

Why does this undertaking seem, to its organizers at least, of

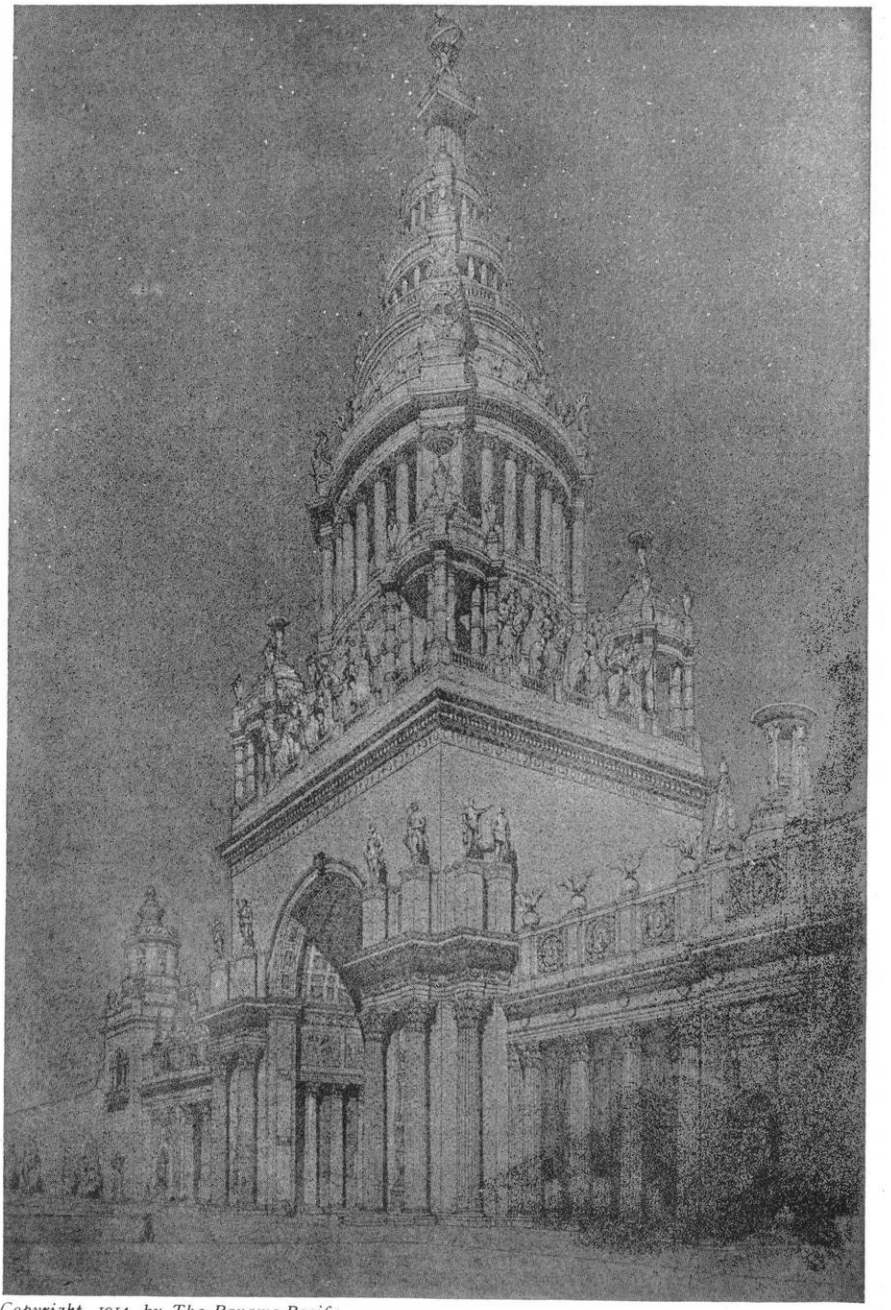
THE IMMENSE TRIUMPHAL GATEWAY OF THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FEET IN HEIGHT, STANDS AT THE EAST OF THE "COURT OF THE UNIVERSE," THE CENTRAL FEATURE OF THE WHOLE EXPOSITION: BOTH THIS AND THE WESTERN TRIUMPHAL GATEWAY ARE CROWNED WITH COLOSSAL GROUPS REPRESENTING THE NATIONS OF THE EAST AND THE NATIONS OF THE WEST: DESIGNED BY MC KIM, MEAD AND WHITE: THE MURAL PAINTERS ARE FRANK DU MOND AND EDWARD SIMMONS: FROM ORIGINAL DRAWING BY JULES GUÉRIN.



THE "COURT OF ABUNDANCE:" FROM THE SLENDER TOWER A WATERFALL CASCADES LIKE THE FOUNTAINS OF ITALY, FINDING REST IN A POOL PLACED WHERE IT WILL CATCH THE REFLECTION OF THE COLOR PICTURE FORMED BY THE JEWEL FRIEZES, THE TALL GREEN CYPRESS, AND POMPEIAN RED BACKGROUNDS: DESIGNED BY LOUIS C. MULLGARDT: FRANK BRANGWYN, MURAL PAINTER: FROM ORIGINAL DRAWING BY JULES GUÉRIN.



"COURT OF THE FLOWERS," DESIGNED BY GEORGE W. KELHAM, IS BASED UPON THE TALES OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS: THE JEWEL COLORS OF ARABY HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO FRAME THE FAÇADES ORNAMENTED WITH CARYATIDS AND FIGURES OF ORIENTAL SLAVES: THE DECORATIVE PAINTERS ARE CHILDE HASSAM AND CHARLES HOLLOWAY: FROM ORIGINAL DRAWING BY JULES GUÉRIN.



THIS GREAT TOWER GATE, AT THE EASTERN EXTREMITY OF THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS, IS THE DOMINANT ARCHITECTURAL FEATURE OF THE EXPOSITION: ELABORATELY DECORATED WITH SYMBOLIC GROUPS AND WITH FIGURES TYPIFYING THE PHILOSOPHER, ADVENTURER, PRIEST AND SOLDIER, IT WILL BE SEEN FROM EVERY COURT, FROM THE WATER AND FROM THE SURROUNDING HILLS: DESIGNED BY CARRÈRE AND HASTINGS, WITH MURAL PAINTING BY WILLIAM DODGE: FROM ORIGINAL DRAWING BY JULES GUÉRIN.

such unique, such unprecedented interest? As an exposition, it can hardly claim originality: Brussels, Paris, Chicago, St. Louis—these and other cities have all been the scenes of what were then considered, *par excellence*, the greatest "World's Fairs" of their day. Yet none of them embodied the architectural beauty and significance which will characterize this great enterprise of our own Southwest. And the reasons are worth looking into, for they reveal a new and revolutionary trend in American art.

The coming Exposition will touch important phases of social and political welfare, industry, commerce, education and all the peaceful arts; but to me, as a painter, its most striking aspect will be its contribution to artistic and architectural progress. It will accomplish something that no modern nation has ever wholly achieved; namely, the welding of three great arts—Building, Sculpture and Painting—into one perfect and inevitable trinity—a trinity based on harmony of texture, color and design.

Heretofore, the work of architect, sculptor and mural decorator has been separately conceived and wrought. At the entrances and within the halls of our great public buildings we have casually added stone and marble figures and groups of statuary whose cold outlines have borne as a rule no real relation to the structure itself. Upon the walls we have hung great canvases—beautiful, perhaps, but too often painted without regard to the places they were to occupy, and usually quite unrelated to the general color scheme of their environment. And with few exceptions, both the exterior and interior of our halls and galleries and libraries, even when dignified and lovely in proportion, line and decoration, have lacked the unity of texture and richness of color harmony that would have made them true works of art.

Color!—that is the magic quality our public buildings have missed so long. For color, like music, is the language of emotion. Without it our walls are dumb and unresponsive, our columns cold, our statues lifeless. With it, we may bring to the inanimate surface the joy of warmth and sunlight and vibration, and borrowing inspiration from the painter's palette, help our architecture at last to find its soul.

This need of color in the buildings of America has already been voiced by more than one trampler of conventions, although so far with but little result. To George Gray Barnard the most picturesque means of attaining the beauty of Oriental architecture is by brilliant tiles inserted in the brick and concrete walls in geometric or informal patterns, catching the sunshine and bringing warmth and interest into the flat walls of our tall office buildings, public edifices and homes. This is only one of many ways in which a similar end may

be accomplished, but it suggests a type of color decoration that is endless in its possibilities for beauty.

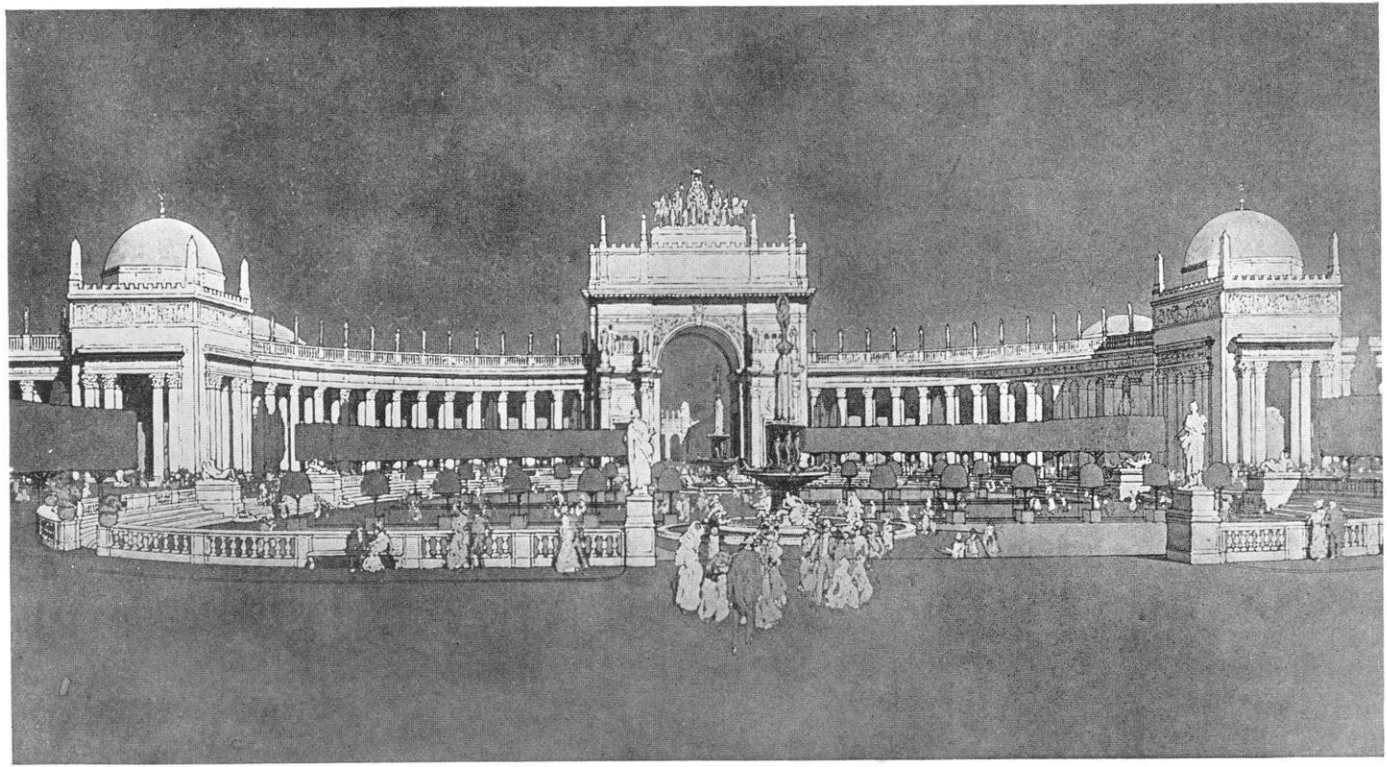
IN the Panama-Pacific Exposition, buildings and statuary alike will be colored by pigments introduced into the casting mass of Travertine—the composition which has been chosen for most of the structural and sculptural work. This interesting material is a sort of porous limestone like that used by the old Italian builders, and when its rough, weathered-looking surface and mellow buff tones are still farther softened by the tracery of that delicate vine, the *ficus ripens*, already planted and growing, walls and columns and statues will seem as though several centuries had linked them to the soil. What a welcome contrast to the white and garish buildings one usually finds in exposition grounds!

For the walks and roadways and pavements of the courts, gravel has been selected, of a more neutral, grayish tone, as befits the groundwork upon which the builder-painter works; for the whole place is to be treated as a picture, a vast canvas where every detail will add its subdued or brilliant note to the general color harmony. Behind the long colonnades the walls will be painted a wonderful Pompeian red, used as the "lining color" throughout, enhancing by its contrast the huge green domes and the two golden ones beside the entrance that will stand out in Oriental splendor against the intense blueness of the sky. Inside the domes, the eye will be greeted by rich blues and reds and golds; farther on, in the shelter of the great entrances, immense mural paintings, set like jewels in the framing walls, will give their note of color just where it is needed, complete in their individual beauty and at the same time treated as units in the larger scheme.

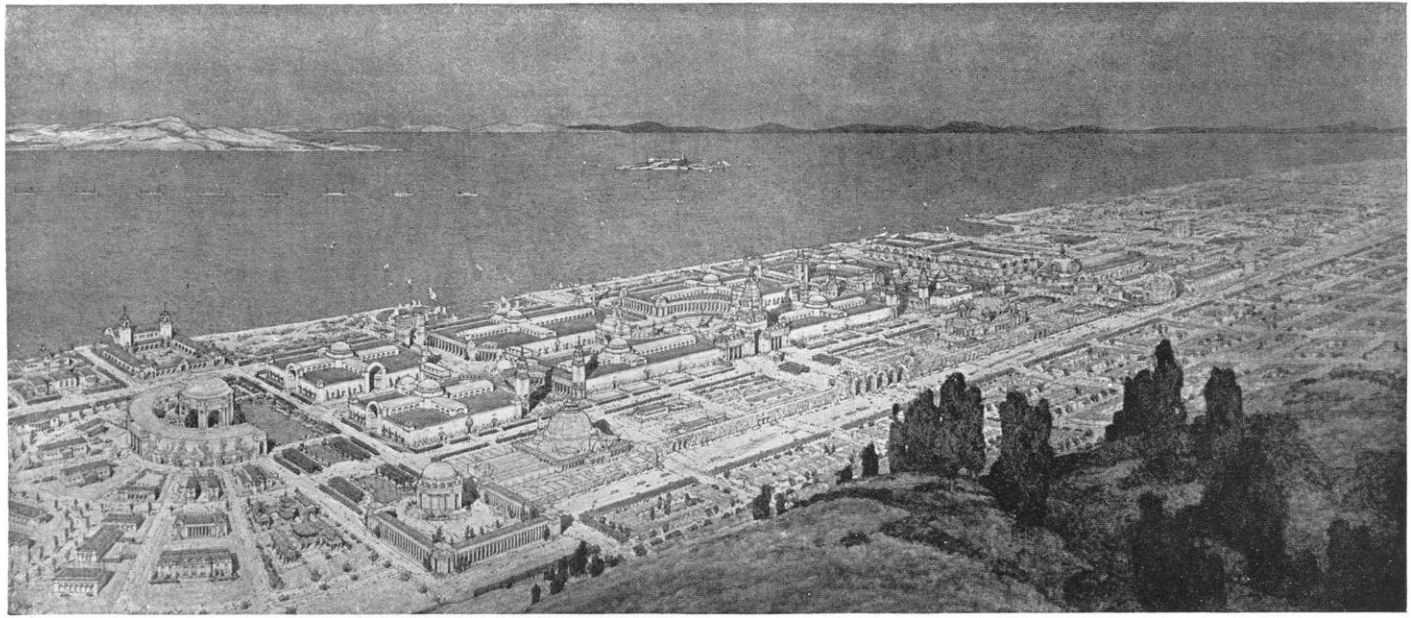
The interiors of the buildings will be left free of decoration as a rule, exhibitors providing their own materials against which to arrange each display. But here as well, even in the smallest detail, there must be no jarring note in the color harmony, and as art director of the Exposition, it is my task to see that there is nothing out of tone. To aid the exhibitors in this matter, three hundred different colored fabrics—linens, brocades and velvets—have been provided from which they may choose the backgrounds for their wares. Three official colors are used in the buntings for general decoration—a dull orange-yellow or corn color, a rich blue, and a soft rose.

Not the least important part of the Exposition's color scheme will be the ever-blooming gardens, entrusted to John MacLaren, whose efforts produced the present beauty of Golden Gate Park. The immense Forecourt will be planted with flowers in a succession

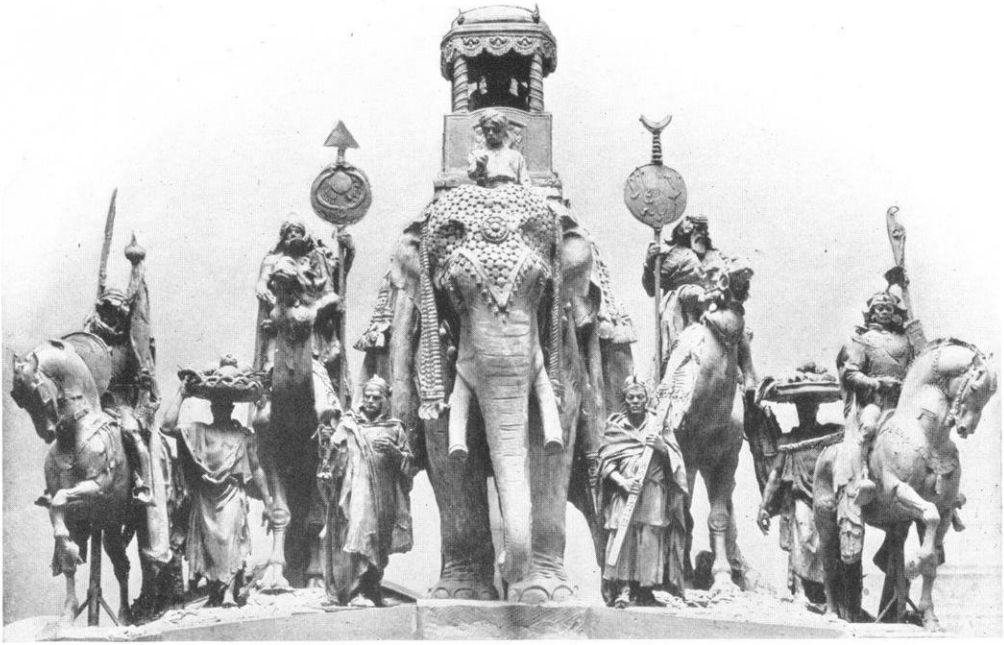
IN THIS COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS, DESIGNED BY HENRY BACON, COLOR WILL GLOW FROM THE WALLS WITH THE BEAUTY OF SPRING AND AUTUMN AND BE MIRRORED AGAIN IN THE POOL AS IN A WOODLAND LAKE: THE MELLOW BUFF TONES OF TRAVERTINE MAKE A WONDERFUL FIELD FOR THE GLITTERING JEWEL-FLOWERS: BY DAY ALL THE COURTS AND BUILDINGS ARE ENLIVENED BY INNUMERABLE PATENS OF JEWELED GLASS, AND BY NIGHT ILLUMINED WITH ELECTRIC LIGHTS GLANCING THROUGH JEWELED GLOBES: THE MURAL PAINTINGS ARE BY H. M. BANCROFT: FROM ORIGINAL DRAWING BY JULES GUÉRIN.

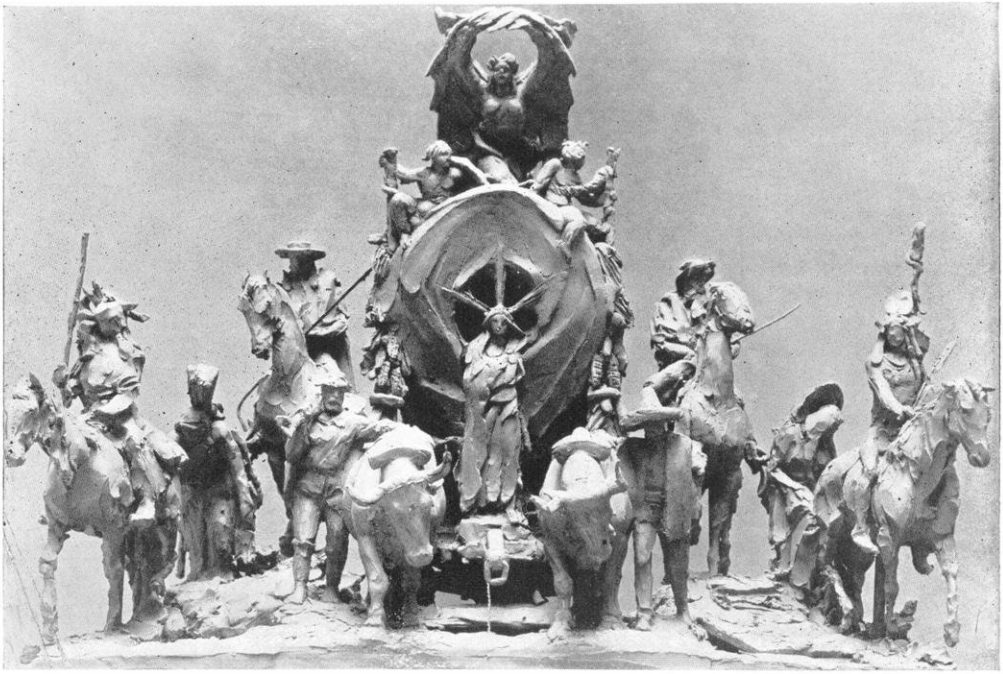


"COURT OF THE UNIVERSE" IS IN THE FORM OF A VAST OVAL: THROUGH THE MIGHTY GATES CROWNED WITH STATUES SYMBOLIZING THE NATIONS OF THE EAST AND THE NATIONS OF THE WEST, THE LIVING PEOPLE FROM THE EAST AND FROM THE WEST WILL COME: GREAT FRIEZES OF COLOR ORNAMENT THE SWEEPING COLONNADES: TWO FOUNTAINS REPRESENTING THE RISING AND THE SETTING SUN FACE THESE GATEWAYS: AT NIGHT THEY WILL BE LUMINOUS WITH COLORS, PLAYED UPON BY POWERFUL INCANDESCENT JEWEL LIGHTS: FROM ORIGINAL DRAWING BY JULES GUÉRIN.



THE MAGIC CITY OF THE PACIFIC WITH ITS GREAT TRIUMPHAL ARCHES, LONG ROWS OF MAJESTIC COLONNADES, VIVID FLOWER-FILLED GARDENS AND BROAD POOLS OF WATER, SUMMONED FROM THE MARSHY WASTES TO LIVE FOR A BRIEF TIME UPON EARTH BUT FOR ETERNITY IN THE MIND OF MEN: FROM ORIGINAL DRAWING BY JULES GUÉRIN.





TWO COLOSSAL GROUPS REPRESENTING THE NATIONS OF THE EAST AND THE NATIONS OF THE WEST STAND UPON THE TRIUMPHAL ARCHES AT THE EAST AND AT THE WEST OF THE "COURT OF THE UNIVERSE," DESIGNED BY MC KIM, MEAD AND WHITE: COLLABORATING SCULPTORS A. STIRLING CALDER, LEO LENTELLI AND F. G. R. ROTH.

of vivid uniform color, replaced, when their period of bloom is over, by others transplanted from the waiting gardens on the nearby hill. Lawns, shrubs and trees will all be part of the great architectural picture, every strip of turf and every clump of foliage placed like color from a painter's brush just where a broad green space or formal accent is needed in the composition, to emphasize some point of interest or to frame a vista through the grounds. Along the front of the buildings, at the edge of the Bay—a spot too unsheltered for flowers—lawns will be planted, backed by pines and eucalyptus, and a row of huge Italian cypress taken from an old Spanish cemetery and planted against the walls. And in the section set apart for the State buildings, an ancient garden, with a hedge fully fifteen feet high, preserved in all its quaint, old-time charm, will form the central patio around which will rise the walls of the California Building.

East of the entrance, among the flowering gardens of the Forecourt, will stand the Festival Hall where visitors will gather to dance, to hear world-famous music, or to listen to the conferences of architects, landscape gardeners, city planners and leaders in industry and art. On the west will rise the great Horticultural Hall, with the Peace Palace and Foreign Pavilions beyond it, which will bring to us a sense of the architectural beauty of other lands. And before one, looking northward, beneath the imposing arch of the entrance with its high tower and golden domes, will stretch the inspiring vista through the Court of the Universe out toward the broad waters of the Bay.

On either side of this great Court will rise the majestic buildings, dedicated on the one hand to the Liberal Arts, Agriculture and Education, and on the other to Manufactures, Transportation, Mines, Machinery and Varied Industries. The Machinery Building helps one to grasp the stupendous scale on which the whole place is planned, for when used for a ball it is large enough to hold eighteen thousand people and six orchestras, and on one occasion the famous aviator, "Beachy" flew beneath its seven-hundred-foot roof at the rate of ninety miles an hour!

East of this gigantic hall lie the Amusement Concessions, where the dance halls and bazaars, the tea-houses and cafés will deck out their gay stalls for the diversion of a pleasure-seeking populace. And on the west, beyond the Fine Arts Building with its circling colonnades, the impressive structures of the separate States will rise along the water's edge—each one the work of its own individual architect, but supervised by Mr. Kelham, Chief of Architecture, and conforming to the general color scheme.

What could be better fitting to a country of such Latin tempera-

ment than these vivid gardens, stately palaces and circling courts, their Oriental colors splashed through the day with sunshine or gleaming at night with a thousand golden eyes? And what happier means could their creators find for enhancing such beauty than the natural mirrors of fountain, lake and pool? Among the brilliant flower-beds, in the centers of the spacious courts, before the sweeping curve of the Fine Arts Building, patches of water will reflect the many-colored splendors of column, arch and dome, arresting through sheer force of beauty the steps of even the most phlegmatic visitor.

It is no wonder, surely, that with so inspiring a vision before them, some of the most famous architects, sculptors and painters of the day should have bent their finest efforts toward the Exposition's success. And since its scope is international, the contributors are not limited to those of American birth, but include artists of any nation whose work and ideals are in accordance with the spirit of the enterprise.

Among the architects to whose imagination and creative skill some of the finest buildings are due, may be mentioned McKim, Mead and White, who designed the central Court of the Universe, and Carrère and Hastings, creators of the lofty entrance tower that dominates the entire Exposition. Bakewell and Brown, Arthur Farquer, Bernard Maybeck, Henry Bacon, Louis C. Mullgardt, George W. Kelham, William B. Faville and Clarence Ward also contributed important work in the designing and erection of the various buildings.

Directing the sculpture are Karl Bitter and A. Stirling Calder—both well-known names among the able sculptors of the day. Mr. Calder himself has contributed much to the beauty of the Exposition, his most notable work being the "Fountain of Energy"—an equestrian statue symbolizing the indomitable force that achieved the Panama Canal. Collaborating with Leo Lentelli and F. G. R. Roth, Mr. Calder has also helped design groups of unusual vigor and beauty, chief among them being the "Fountains of the Rising and Setting Sun." To Robert I. Aitken has been entrusted the creation of four titanic statues —"Fire," "Water," "Earth"

"THE BURDEN BEARERS:" FRIEZE BENEATH THE GROUP "COLUMN OF PROGRESS:" H. A. MAC NEIL.

"ENTERPRISE:" DETAIL OF NATIONS OF THE WEST GROUP BY A. STIRLING CALDER.

and "Air" or the Court of the Uni verse; while Paul Manship has made for the upper ramps of the sunken gar- den two groups of "Order and Chaos" and "Eternity and Change." Isid ore Konti and H. A. Mac Neil have de- signed the great monu- ment "Pro gress" that will front the Bay, and Mr. Mac- Neil is also the creator of the long frieze of fig ures represent- ing the signs of the zodiac which will decorate the dome in the pa- vilion of the cen tral court. Other striking and sig nificant statues that will body forth the progres- sive spirit of the New World are the symbolic gro ups by Albert Jaegers and Furio Piccirilli for the Court of the Sea sons; Louis Chris- tian Mullgardt's mystic figures of "Fire" and "Wa ter"— themes which Aitken, Chester Beach, Sherry E. Fry and Leo Len- telli will also help interpret; James E. Fraser's "Ameri can Indian" and Solon Borglum's "Pioneer;" Charles H. Neihaus's "Cortez," Charles C. Rumsey's "Pizarro," and Haig Patigian's groups of "Steam," "Electrical Power," "Invention" and "Imagination," that will sur- round the columns of Machinery Hall.

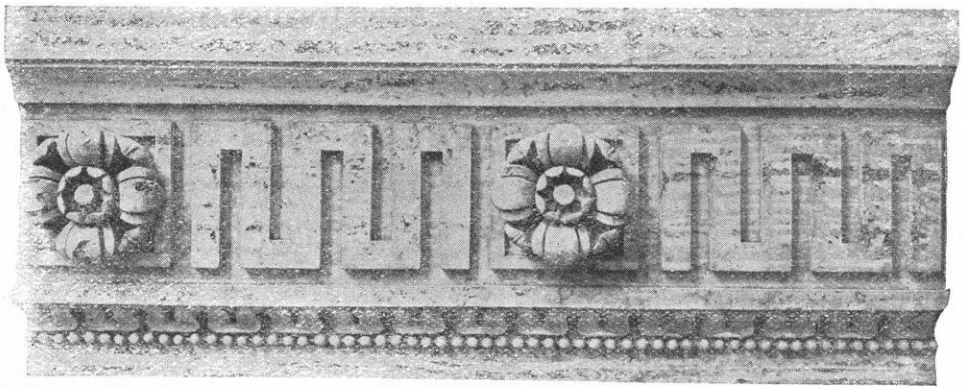
The mural painters whose canvases will add their messages of inspiration and their notes of color to the completed buildings include such names as those of Robert Reid, Frank Brangwyn, Charles Holloway, Edward Simmons, Frank Du Mond, H. M. Bancroft, Childe Hassam and William Dodge, whose vigorous sincere works have already won appreciation both here and abroad.

Nor must one omit to mention the men whose patience, skill and judgment have helped in the organizing and supervision of this huge undertaking—Charles Moore, President of the Exposition; George Kelham, Chief of Architecture; H. D. Connick, Director of Works; George Perry, Director of Exploitations; Dr. F. J. V. Skiff, Director

of Exhibits, and John MacLaren, Landscape Gardener. The Exposition is to be congratulated, moreover, upon having secured the services of Paul E. Deneville, who is making and placing the Travertine finish of all the buildings, and modeling the architectural ornaments with such skill. To H. M. Lawrence, also, must be given credit for excellent judgment in the architectural coloring.

When one considers the vast amount of money, energy and inspiration that are being poured into the creation of this vivid magic city beside the Golden Gate—when one thinks how beautiful a picture the towers and pools and gardens will present when once completed—it seems positively sacrilegious to even suggest destroying it all when the year nineteen hundred and fifteen has passed. Yet that is what will happen. Like so many of its predecessors, this Exposition is doomed to only a brief existence. The beauties of line and mass and color which all these architects, sculptors and painters have so eagerly and laboriously wrought, are to perish—all but the mural decorations, which unlike those painted for "World's Fairs" of the past, will be fastened lightly to the walls, removed when the Exposition closes, and sent to various art galleries and museums where their loveliness may give perpetual joy.

But even though the buildings and the sculpture will be demolished when their period of usefulness is over, the vision of their beauty, it is safe to prophesy, will linger for many years in the memory of man. For those vast halls and giant statues, those tree-lined avenues and garden-circled pools, will have voiced a message to which none can help but listen—a message that may freshen our ideals of form and color, and unite our builders, sculptors and painters for a common cause. Thus, out of the beauty of this temporary Exposition, a new architectural impulse may be born.



TYPICAL DECORATIVE FRIEZE USED IN THE TRAVERTINE BUILDINGS OF THE EXPOSITION.

THE BIRDS ON CRAFTSMAN FARMS: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON

HERE is a story current about Morristown, that when Gustav Stickley first established, and moved to, Craftsman Farms hard by that city, he was heard to express regret that so few birds were to be found on the estate. He had hoped to hear meadowlarks singing along the path as he walked, and catch glimpses of many brilliant warblers among the foliage. He probably wanted to be awakened by the song of the oriole, and later be soothed by the vespers of the song sparrow when the day was done.

That was three years ago. Marvelous changes have taken place on the wide stretch of forest and raw farm land since those days. The region is now one vast estate of beauty and usefulness, and with other changes have come the birds. Not simply a few shy creatures, but birds in numbers. There are large birds and small birds, and birds of bright plumage. There are birds that hoot and cluck, that caw and sing and they fill the air with their shoutings and their music. The forests and fields have given up their best and sent in the feathered tenants by scores and hundreds. In short, the place has become a bird-paradise.

It is a striking fact that this is so, for on the usual improved and beautified estate birds do not notably increase, and for this there is good reason. Few things are so distasteful to wild creatures as the strict, rigid, forbidding formality which pervades the premises of many country homes. Close-cropped lawns, limbs of trees all carefully trimmed up as high as a cow can browse, and the few shrubs all well pruned and of strange foreign variety—these are conditions which do not impart a sense of welcome and homelike atmosphere which birds so much enjoy. A brass-buttoned butler at the door is enough to shock the sensibilities of any natural-minded wild bird.

None of these conditions exist to any marked extent on the Craftsman Farms. There is, it is true, a well kept lawn immediately about the home of the owner, over which robins race and on whose green expanse a chipping sparrow now and then ventures in moments of boldness; but just outside the lawn and shouldering up close against the sunken garden the woodland stands with all its wild native growth. It is plain that the owner of this region is a naturalist at heart, which is another way of saying that he loves the forest in its natural condition, for to such a mind human attempts at beautifying a woodland dell by artificial improvements, add to its interest and charm about as much as paint would enhance the luster of the butterfly's wing or the blue of the robin's egg. No axe has profaned the natural growth in the glen which widens as it extends away and away

from the sunken garden. In the underbrush along the slopes, the cat bird and the brown thrasher have their haunts, and on the dead limbs the wood pewee sits and chants its plaint the livelong day. From the cool damp shade morning and evening the spiritual flute-like song of the wood thrush rings out like a call to prayer.

IN the freshness of an early summer morning, with field glass in hand, I walked through this dell with Mr. Stickley. There were no trimmed-out paths to follow, and often we had to stoop to pass under limbs, and in places were forced to part the bushes with our hands. We waded knee deep in rank growths of fern and jack-in-the-pulpits until we reached the brook whose murmur had lulled us to sleep the night before. There was no stereotyped place to cross it, for bear in mind there is nothing formal in the Wood Thrush Glen. The pebbles and rocks all lay as the stream had seen fit to place them. In the tops of the trees a little bird sang with a voice so loud as to be all out of proportion to the size of the diminutive musician. It was a wary creature and defied close approach although we followed it on and on deep into the woods. But while we were unable to get a near view of the shy singer, we steeped our minds for many minutes in the clear liquid singing of the warbling vireo.

I know a place which possesses another such a glen; or did until the owner began his "improvements." Then all the underbrush disappeared and the stream was cleared of superfluous boulders and accumulated driftwood. The lower limbs of the trees were cut away so that if peradventure the owner and his friends might chance to walk therein, there would be nothing over which to trip, and no swaying branch to force them to bow their noble heads. The uneven places on the hillside were all smoothed down. The ugly weeds were cleared away, and well-groomed grassy slopes appeared. Thus a perfectly good bird sanctuary was turned into a perfectly formal grass-tree-and-brook combination, which you might perhaps enjoy should you be permitted to proceed sedately along its well kept walks.

I did not offend my host by asking whether he ever intended to thus debauch and destroy the natural beauty of his glen, for well I knew that the founder of the Craftsman Idea, whose every act and impulse has stood four-square to the natural world, would never deprive the thrashers and cat birds of their beloved thickets, or drive the water thrush from its home by the stream, or make of the glen an untenable place for the pewee, the hermit thrush and the wren. No, so long as he lives there will still be dead limbs for the pewee to use as lookout towers, and rotting logs and stumps will in winter hold

their store of dormant beetles for the hungry crow to dig out when the snow lies deep in field and woodland.

"How about the hollows in the old trees?" I asked. "Have the tree dentists, on the plea of preventing further decay, filled these with cement?"

"Not yet," he answered and his eye twinkled knowingly. "If we close all the hollows, where will be the bluebirds' nest, and where will my screech owl find a place for her young? I am hoping too that the big flycatchers will come to see me; but if they find no hollow they will surely pass on to some more thoughtful neighbor. No, if Nature makes a nice hollow in one of my trees, I know that sooner or later some hole-nesting bird will need it for her eggs, and if they are good enough to come to my place to look for a home I want them to find just as natural conditions awaiting them as possible."

NOW, why was it that this bird-lover had cause to lament the scarcity of bird life on his place three years ago? Of those particular species which dwell in the glen—were they not just as abundant before he built that great artistic log cottage on the hill nearby? Have they really increased in numbers, or did he simply fail to observe his feathered friends as closely as now? Possibly the latter condition is true in part, but it is also true that bird killing animals and large predatory birds have been destroyed or driven from the neighborhood by the men working on the estate, and this has had a most salient effect in permitting the songsters to increase.

The greatest single cause which has tended to increase birds on the Craftsman Farms, was the edict signed, sealed and delivered to the Superintendent, that under no circumstances should any domestic cat, regardless of age, color, or previous condition of household usefulness, be allowed at large anywhere within the boundaries. Every naturalist knows what this means for bird-protection, for there is no wild bird or animal in the United States whose destructive inroads on our bird population is in any sense comparable to the widespread devastation created by the domestic cat.

This creature captures wild birds at all seasons of the year, but it is particularly active in catching young birds immediately after they have left the nest and before they have yet gained sufficient strength of wing to escape.

It is idle for lovers of cats to contend that it is only the half-wild and unfed animals which indulge in bird killing. It is as natural for a cat to want to kill a bird as it is for a child to want candy. I have personally known cats which received the best of attention, and for whose happiness the culinary possibilities of the household were ex-

hausted, to stalk birds on the lawn with apparently as much eagerness as a starving leopard might creep upon a fawn.

Putting bells on cats would doubtless save the lives of many birds. A surer safeguard would, of course, be to keep the cats shut up, especially during the spring months when the birds are engaged in rearing their young; but the only absolute way to stop the depredations of Grimalkin is to send him to a birdless land.

Birds quickly recognize the prescribed limits of regions wherein they have absolute protection. A few weeks ago, I chanced to be in the little town of Mackintosh, Florida. Most of the day I had spent in a boat on the waters of Orange Lake nearby. Except on Bird Island, a protected Audubon Society reservation some three miles away, it was noticed that the water birds displayed their usual wild disposition. Rarely were we able to approach closely any of them. In Mackintosh, however, all shooting was prohibited. In the cool of the evening I strolled down to the little wharf that extends out into the shallow water to an open place in the lily pads a hundred yards from shore. Here I sat for a time to enjoy the wild life of the marsh and shallow lake. A hundred feet away two coots were resting with the most apparent contentment. Presently a grebe swam out of the lilies, and for twenty minutes dabbled about in the water scarcely forty feet away. Such demonstrations as shouting and waving my arms failed to produce any further evidences of alarm than merely causing it to dive for a moment; but soon the bird refused to show even this much interest in the wild noises and hat wavings on the wharf. A dozen or more beautiful gallinules actually came on shore, walking about not unlike a flock of domestic poultry. These things simply meant that the birds knew they were safe from human molestation.

ON the Craftsman Farms, the birds have learned that they will not be disturbed by their human neighbors. A brilliant indigo bunting, nominally a bird of the old fields and hedgerows, sang long and loud on the top of a little tree growing scarcely ten feet from the house. Only a little farther away a robin was building her nest against the leaning trunk of a gray birch tree. Under the eaves of the big low veranda from which the sounds of human voices are almost constantly heard throughout the day, a pair of barn swallows were feeding their young. Standing on the edge of the porch one could almost touch the nest with his cane, and yet the swallow exhibited no anxiety regarding the safety of her nestlings.

After reducing the enemies of birds to a minimum, the next im-

portant step to attract and hold them in numbers is to provide abundant food. There are many evidences about the place to indicate that this has been done, for many seed crops and much fruit is grown. Among other dainties, sunflowers offer their store of seeds to the goldfinches, nuthatches and ever-hungry titmice.

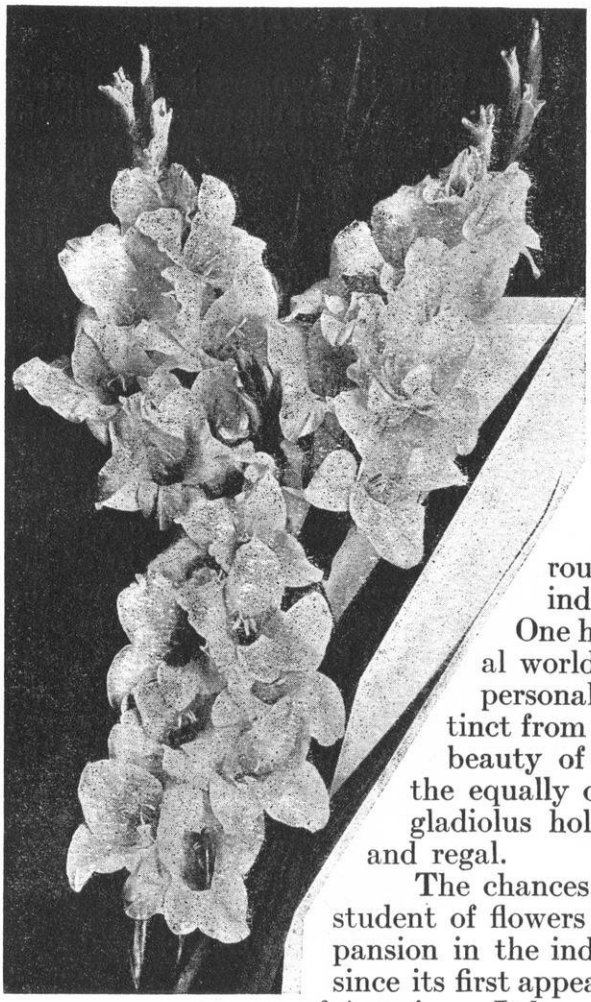
Somewhere I have read that a wealthy American who has a castle in Scotland is aroused from his slumbers each morning by the strains of a bagpipe played beneath his window; but sweeter than any musical instrument was the song of the Baltimore oriole that awakened me one morning at the Craftsman Farms. It called, it shouted, and whistled, until sleep was impossible. From the window, I saw him springing from perch to perch, and lustily voicing his joy at the return of day. The ecstasy of his music seemed to cause the leaves of the tulip tree to quiver, and fill the air with a cadence to which the most sordid mind must respond. It was but one member, however, of the morning chorus, and among the other voices which came in at the open window were those of the song sparrow, the field sparrow, the indigo bunting, the red-eyed vireo, and the strident shouting of a far-away jay. Anew, I was impressed with the curious fact that the cumulative effect of a variety of singing birds is always harmonious, for few indeed are the discordant notes which one hears in Nature; and if such there be, one would never expect to find them among the charming surroundings of the Craftsman Farms.

PETERSON AND FARM FOLKS

PETERSON doesn't think much of us farm folks. He likes to spend a week in the country provided he can hire a buggy and a hammock, but he says manual toil can never be anything but degrading; he can see that truth working out all around him.

Last time I was in town, I saw Peterson in his office. He was in his shirt sleeves, with his hair rumpled up, and he was rushing about distractedly, pawing over papers on his desk, cussing everybody around him and being cussed by the boss. In the words of the late Artemus Ward, "he was indede a lothsum objeck."

Perhaps all kinds of work are degrading. Peterson is beautiful in a hammock. From "*The Philosophy of Zarathustra Sims.*"



THESE FLOWERS, STRIKING IN PERSONALITY, DELICATELY TINTED, ARE STATELY IN BEARING, AND HAVE AN ARCHITECTURAL VALUE IN PLANNING A GARDEN.

THE BEAUTY, INDIVIDUALITY AND VARIETY OF THE MODERN GLADIOLUS: BY ALICE LOUNSBERRY

THE more one knows about flowers the more personal one's regard is sure to become. As with people, each flower develops in the right surroundings its own exquisite individuality of character. One has only to recall in the floral world the forget-me-not with a personality so lovely and yet so distinct from the rose, the fragrance and beauty of the lily so separate from the equally delightful jasmine and the gladiolus holding sway at once unique and regal.

The chances are that only the actual student of flowers realizes the wonderful expansion in the individuality of the gladiolus since its first appearance in the early gardens of America. It has not only increased in force and beauty, but in limitless variety. Through hybridization changes have been made within a comparatively short time that would have been deemed miraculous by those who knew the gladiolus in its former state. It has indeed exemplified, as perhaps no other cultivated flower, the willingness of Nature to develop under the guidance of man.

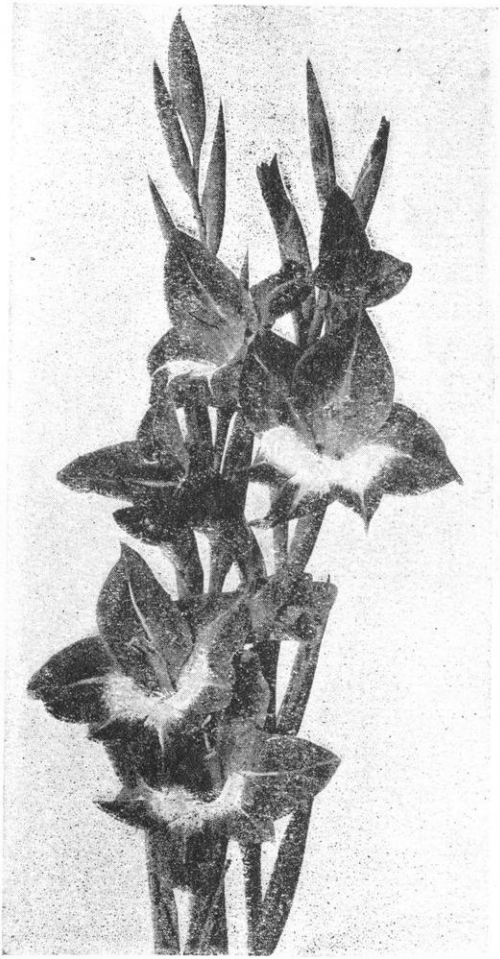
In height and air of general graciousness modern gladioli are suggestive of tall garden lilies, although in many of their flowers there is a translucence and delicacy of tint that makes them appear kin to the fairest orchids. Today their variety is infinite; for with such abandon have they lent themselves to the grower's art that on one commercial farm alone in this country there are over twenty-

five thousand varieties on which no common names have been bestowed.

Mr. Groff, whose skill is as indelibly associated with the gladiolus as is Mr. Burbank's with the Shasta daisy, has produced more varieties of value than could have been foreseen by the wildest imagination; it is almost as though the flowers have responded consciously to his purposes. In this country, furthermore, this work has been carried on by large as well as by small growers, until today the gladiolus can be seen in one place covering acres of ground and again as an individual of beauty in the greater number of gardens.

In color, height, duration of bloom and facility of cultivation the gladiolus ranks among wonder creations. It appears in every shade of brick red, scarlet, carmine and magenta; in all rose tones and in pinks; in pale yellows, deep saffrons and amber shades tinted with flame color; in grays; in blues fading to gray and marked like a blue jay's plumage; in maroons rich and velvety as the textiles of royalty and in whites tinted with the purest of rainbow colors. The spikes from the sides of which these radiant flowers burst forth stand in some instances three feet high; in others they are as tall as the tallest man. Clearly, then, it can be appreciated that, with this unparalleled variety of tone and shading, the gladiolus is an important factor in the color scheme of a garden and that its unusual and slender height gives it the same ability to produce architectural effects as is possessed by tall lilies and hollyhocks.

The day has gone by when a garden can hold its own through being merely a collection of plants varying unsystematically in



THE WHITE MARKING IN THE THROAT OF THESE RICHLY COLORED FLOWERS GIVES THEM VARIETY AND DISTINCTION.

height. Much attention is now paid to the skyline of a successful garden. In certain places it is desirable to keep this line low, while in others, following the lay of the land or the general idea of the planting plan, it should be raised high with blooming plants giving strong accentuations. Many impressive landscape effects have been created with hollyhocks, the tallest and most daring individuals of the garden. There are, however, certain niches which they cannot fill nearly as well as the gladioli.

The roots of hollyhocks are large and heavy and require much space in which to grow; it is unwise to plant them for permanency nearer than eighteen inches apart. Their leaves besides grow so large that they blot out the planting immediately about them; and frequently it becomes necessary to take off their lower leaves to a considerable height on the stem, that light and air may be admitted to lower-growing plants. Their bloom occurs usually from mid-July until mid-August, the time of unstinted revelry among perennials, and then is over for the season.

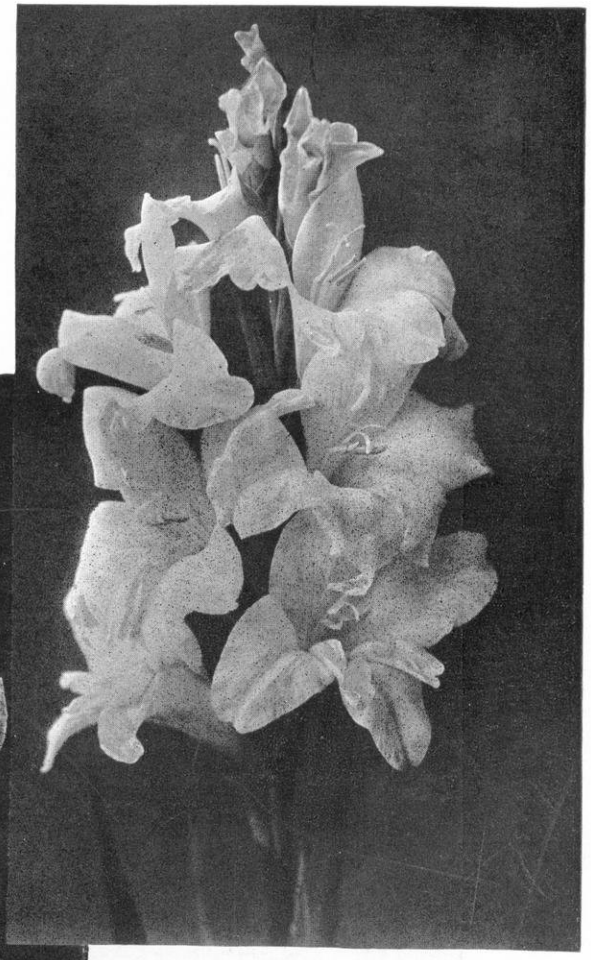
The advantages held, therefore, by gladioli over these magnificent plants (with which, however, they are in no way rivals, since both serve special purposes), are that their bulbs take up very little room in the ground—a decided benefit in borders heavily planted—and that their length of bloom can be extended, by planting the bulbs in succession, from July until frost.

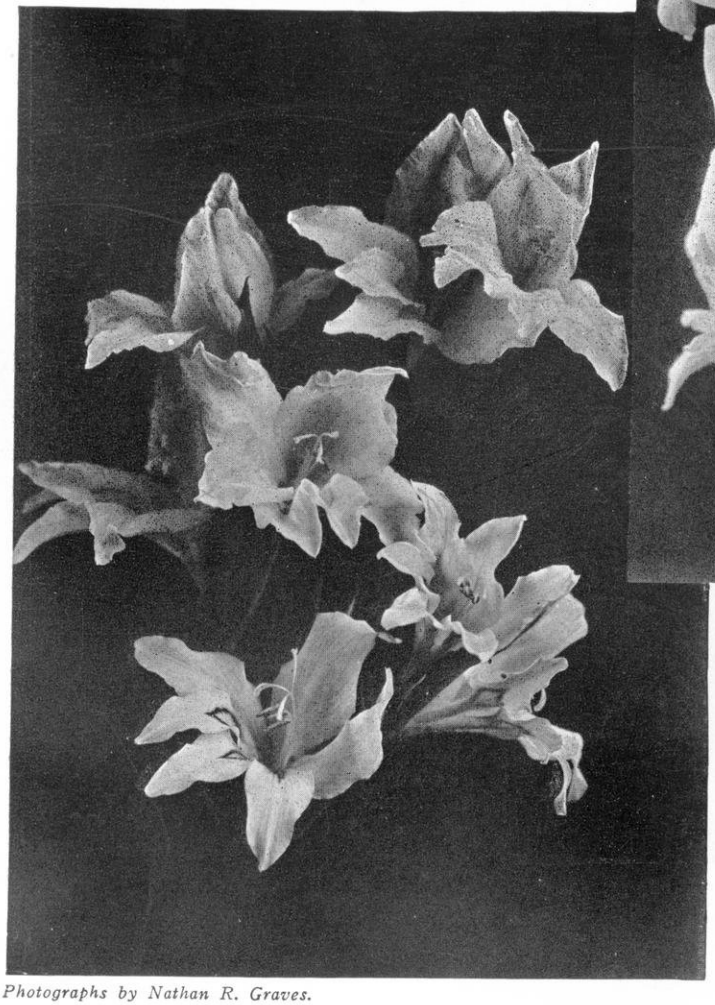
All who have worked with the problems of perennial planting know that when various beds have passed bloom the space they held becomes shorn of color until the following season. But when such small bulbs as those of gladioli are set in among them this defect is overcome, and as their spikes let free, as if by magic, innumerable radiant flowers the spot again is crowned with beauty.

No better illustration exists of this than when gladioli bulbs are planted among hybrid perpetual roses, identified with the bloom of June. This bloom, once passed, leaves, in the greater number of cases, the bushes bare for another twelve months. Yet all the time they are draining from the soil as much nourishment as it will give them and crying for more. To plant among them other large roots that draw freely on the soil is to sound the doom of the roses. A planting ground of perpetual roses, while not attractive in itself once the bloom is over, can nevertheless still be made a marked feature by setting throughout its extent the small bulbs of gladioli.

Beginning with the passage of the roses the tall spikes of these flowers continue to unfold, if planted in succession, until late in October. None other plant is so desirable for this purpose; the only others possible to plant with roses being pansies, which act as

THE GROFF HYBRID AT THE RIGHT HAS BEEN NAMED "PEACE" BECAUSE OF ITS TRANQUIL WHITENESS: ITS INFERIOR PETALS ARE FEATHERED DAINTILY WITH LILAC: THE FLOWERS ARE LARGE AND WIND AROUND THE STRONG STEM, MAKING A FULL BUT NOT TOO HEAVY SPIKE: THEY ARE IN GREAT FAVOR FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES FOR THEY BEAR CUTTING WELL, LIGHTEN THE SOMBERNESS OF DARK ROOMS AND LEND THEMSELVES TO ARRANGEMENT IN VASES WITH BETTER GRACE THAN MOST GLADIOLI.

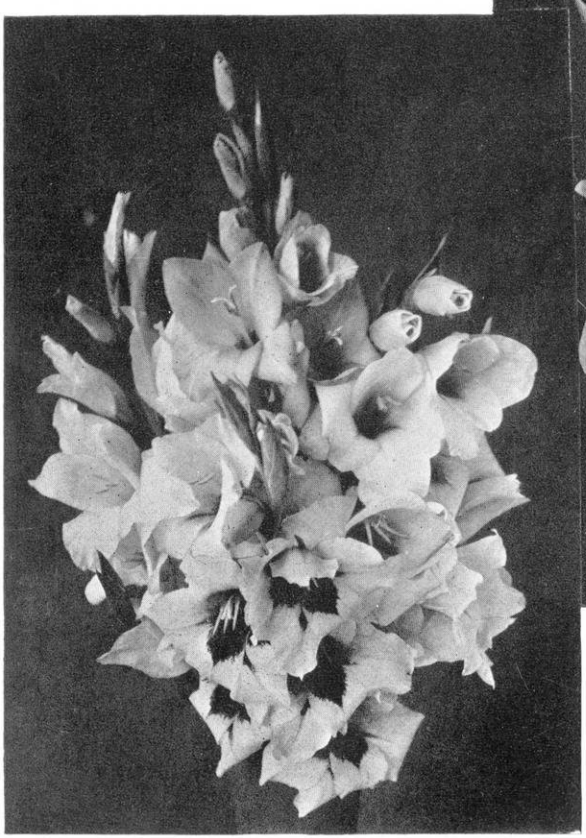


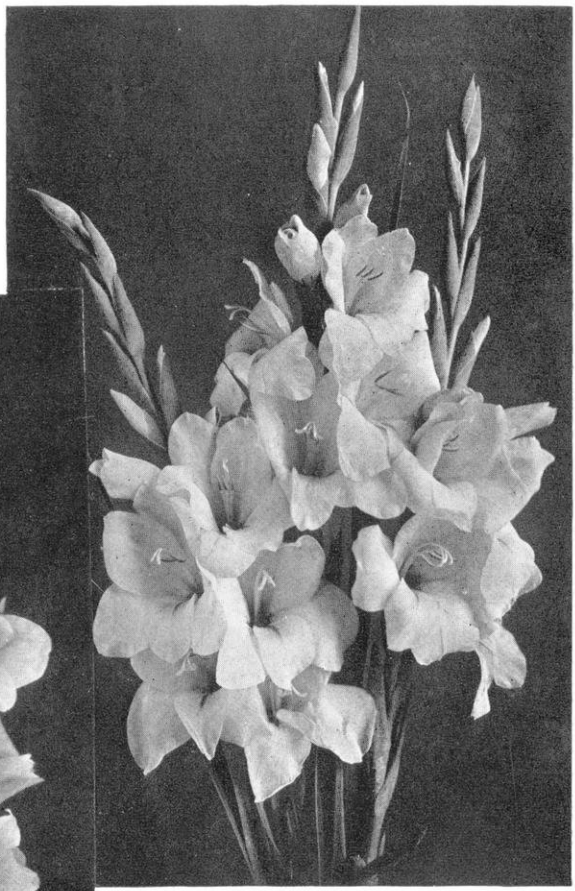


ONE OF THE UNCONVENTIONALLY SHAPED HYBRIDS, WHOSE CURLED PETALS ARE SLIGHTLY FLUTED AND VARIOUSLY TINTED: THEY GIVE A GREAT LIGHTNESS AND AIRINESS TO ANY BED OR BORDER, WHETHER OF MIXED HARDY PERENNIALS OR OF THEIR OWN FAMILY: A BED PLANTED ONLY TO GLADIOLI IS APT TO LOOK STIFF IN SPITE OF THE GORGEOUSNESS OF ITS COLOR DISPLAY, BECAUSE THERE IS LITTLE VARIATION IN THE FORM OF THE STRAIGHT SPIKES: THIS IRREGULARLY GROWING GLADIOLUS WILL BREAK THE SEVERITY OF EVEN RANKS AND ADD A WELCOME INFORMALITY AND GRACE.

Photographs by Nathan R. Graves.

THE "AMERICA," A CROSS BETWEEN GANDAVENSIS AND CHILDSII, IS THOUGHT BY MANY TO BE THE MOST LOVELY OF RECENT INTRODUCTIONS: IT IS VERY HARDY, PROLIFIC TO A DEGREE: ALL THE FLOWERS FACE THE SAME WAY ALONG THE STEM: THEY ARE PINKISH LAVENDER IN COLOR, A SHADE SELDOM SEEN IN ANY FLOWER EXCEPT THE CATTLEYA ORCHIDS: THEY SHOULD NEVER BE COMBINED WITH OTHER GLADIOLI.





THE GROUP OF GLADIOLI SHOWN AT THE LEFT ARE VALUABLE FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES WITHIN DOORS: THIS PHOTOGRAPH GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE GREAT RANGE OF FORM AND MARKING OF WHICH THE NEW VARIETIES ARE CAPABLE.

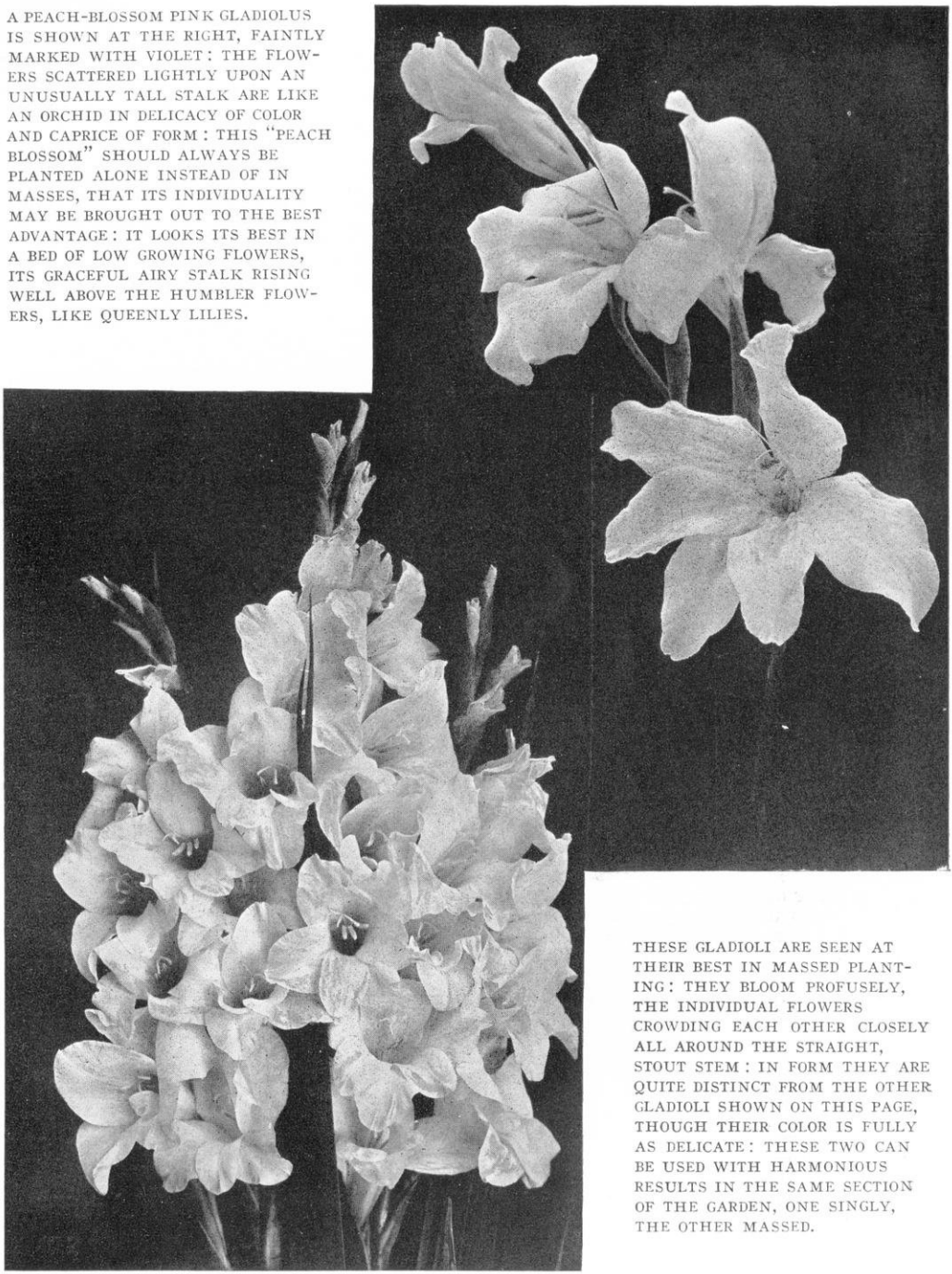
Photographs by Nathan R. Graves.

THE "NE PLUS ULTRA" IS DISTINGUISHED BY THE UNUSUAL MARKING OF ITS THREE LOWER PETALS AND BY ITS OPEN, FULL GROWTH : IT IS A FREE FLOWERING VARIETY, APT TO BE TOO THICKLY CLUSTERED FOR GRACE BUT ADMIRABLY ADAPTED FOR SHOWY MASSED PLANTING : ALSO EFFECTIVE WHEN USED WITH BORDERS OF HARDY PERENNIALS.

ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "NE PLUS ULTRA" GLADIOLUS : THE FLARING PETALS SO RICH OF COLOR, MARKED SO BRILLIANTLY, MAKE IT ONE OF THE MOST DECORATIVE AND POPULAR OF ALL THESE SHOWY FAVORITES OF THE GARDEN : IT COMMANDS ADMIRATION WHEN IT STANDS ALONE, WHEN AMONG ROSES OR WHEN MASSED TOGETHER IN ONE BED.

Photographs by Nathan R. Graves.

A PEACH-BLOSSOM PINK GLADIOLUS IS SHOWN AT THE RIGHT, FAINTLY MARKED WITH VIOLET: THE FLOWERS SCATTERED LIGHTLY UPON AN UNUSUALLY TALL STALK ARE LIKE AN ORCHID IN DELICACY OF COLOR AND CAPRICE OF FORM: THIS "PEACH BLOSSOM" SHOULD ALWAYS BE PLANTED ALONE INSTEAD OF IN MASSES, THAT ITS INDIVIDUALITY MAY BE BROUGHT OUT TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE: IT LOOKS ITS BEST IN A BED OF LOW GROWING FLOWERS, ITS GRACEFUL AIRY STALK RISING WELL ABOVE THE HUMBLER FLOWERS, LIKE QUEENLY LILIES.



THESE GLADIOLI ARE SEEN AT THEIR BEST IN MASSED PLANTING: THEY BLOOM PROFUSELY, THE INDIVIDUAL FLOWERS CROWDING EACH OTHER CLOSELY ALL AROUND THE STRAIGHT, STOUT STEM: IN FORM THEY ARE QUITE DISTINCT FROM THE OTHER GLADIOLI SHOWN ON THIS PAGE, THOUGH THEIR COLOR IS FULLY AS DELICATE: THESE TWO CAN BE USED WITH HARMONIOUS RESULTS IN THE SAME SECTION OF THE GARDEN, ONE SINGLY, THE OTHER MASSED.

Photographs by Nathan R. Graves.

ground covers, and annual asters, which have a somewhat short period of bloom.

ONE memorable garden of roses and gladioli is to be seen on an estate bordering Long Island Sound; its broad expanse shows the best kinds of roses as well as the improved strains of gladioli. Here the latter plants begin to bloom before the roses are entirely spent, becoming stronger and more conspicuous until at last they hold a sweeping, graceful possession of the entire field. They appeal as Nature's consolation when June has waned and the rose has dropped its petals to the earth.

Among horticulturists, gladioli are known as bedding plants. Their bulbs must be planted each season after all prospect of frost has passed, and from then on, provided their period of bloom is to be extended, until the last of June. In the autumn, when the foliage has begun to turn yellow, the bulbs must be lifted and stored in boxes in a cool place where the thermometer averages about fifty degrees. These bulbs, moreover, increase each season by means of bulblets—the reason that their planting ground can be extended as time goes on.

A sunny exposure suits them best and a sandy loam, although they will also do well in a heavy soil that has been enriched. Rotted stable manure that has been spread in the autumn and spaded into the bed in the spring is the fertilizer used, and it is important that fresh manure should be kept away from them since it causes the bulbs to decay. A handful of sand is, therefore, often put around each bulb when it is planted, or else the bulbs are placed on a layer of sand spread over the earth and later covered with soil. Usually the bulbs are set from three to four inches apart each way, and from two to four inches deep in the ground, the latter space varying according to the size of the bulb. In fact, their cultivation is very simple.

One of the strongest points in their favor, is that gladioli, like peonies, are exempt from blight and insect pests, and that worms neither worry nor destroy them. Spraying and the annoying picking off of marauders, which seem inseparable from many other plants, have no part in the growing of these flowers, which give generously in return for the simple benefits bestowed upon them, even making a desperate effort to thrive under actual neglect.

As picking flowers, gladioli hold a strong position, since their endurance is great. When the lower flowers on the spikes begin to show color they should be cut near to the earth and placed in water, which from then on must be changed frequently. The spike will

remain attractive until the flowers extending to its very top have unfolded. Often the opening up of the entire stalk will take the better part of a week. So popular have these flowers become for house decoration that they are now generally forced in greenhouses by commercial growers who find almost as ready a sale for them as for carnations. When so forced, the bulbs should be planted in the late autumn or as soon as they are properly cured. The small space which they take again makes them welcome in the limited quarters of a glass house as well as in many gardens.

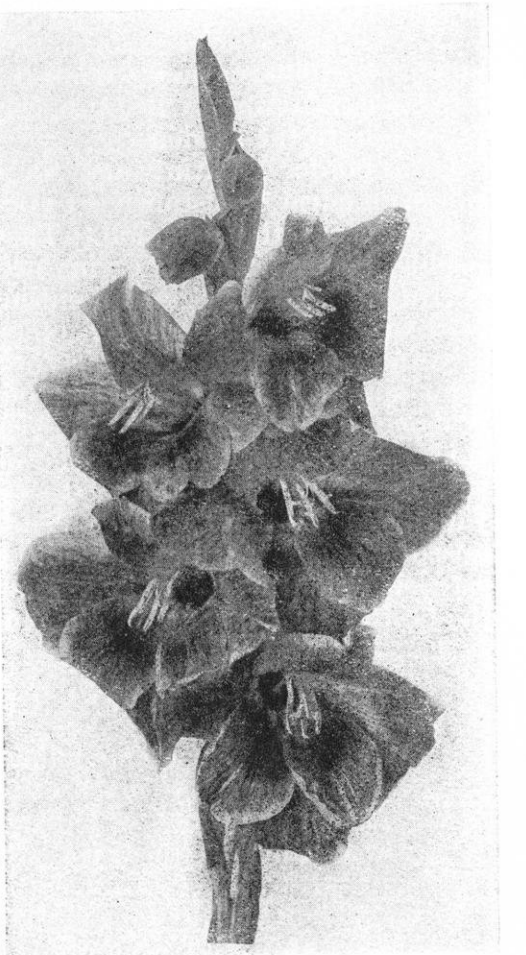
ONE of the largest growers of the gladiolus in America has dubbed it "Everybody's flower," because over his vast fields covered exclusively with this plant in many forms he has imbibed knowledge of their democratic spirit, experience concerning the ease with which they can be grown, and the wonder of their beauty as they unfold spontaneously, seemingly in recognition of a human need. Still the mere fact of their being classed as bedding plants has made many shy of planting them in small home gardens tended by some member of the family. The thought of lifting the bulbs in the autumn and of replanting them in the spring presents itself as troublesome to those who do not know the ease with which it is done. The dividing and resetting of perennials and the mulching necessary in their connection is as much of a labor, more in fact, than the exertions required by gladioli. But when knowledge of them is more general these wonderful plants will come into their own, and cling perhaps about the dooryard with the same air of at-homeness that the crimson rambler now disperses when peeping with equal frank friendliness into the windows of palatial homes and humble cottages.

Landscape architects are turning eagerly to the gladiolus to assist them in producing various important effects, and also to give a late bloom to spaces planted to German irises and roses. In themselves these tall plants are objects of pronounced beauty, a fact which does not escape the man who devotes himself to the adornment of the earth.

At the moment, the sword-shaped leaf is desired above all other forms by critical garden builders, because it fits admirably into certain expressions of landscape architecture. In motion it has a rhythmic, mystic quality adding to the romance of a garden; at the same time it has great dignity. One border-planting near the sea, in which a display of sword-shaped leaves is seen, is composed of German irises, yuccas and gladioli. In May, the irises begin to bloom, showing among their powerful sword leaves an infinite number of flowers,

silver sheened, in white, lavendar, blue and yellow and followed without intermission by the Oriental variety in clear purple. When entirely past bloom, the stalks should be cut down, the plants again becoming bold masses of bladelike leaves.

At this time, the yuccas, or Adam's needles, send forth their white waxlike bells, heavy with scent and raised on stalks sometimes six feet high. In personality, they are entirely different from the irises, yet they spring from round massive clumps of leaves following the same outline as those of the irises, though shorter and less inclined to be moved by the breeze. Among them, even later, the gladioli show their flowers, varied beyond dreams, and likewise surrounded by sword-shaped leaves. Infinitely lovely are these flowers in this particular spot, a surprise and a wonder throughout the remainder of the summer.



A SPIKE OF DARK, VELVETY RED GLADIOLI, FIT FOR THE WAND OF A FAIRY QUEEN!

EACH of these plants, yuccas, irises and gladioli, increases rapidly, and in the rich, sun-touched spot of this particular planting ground they have grown so luxuriously, while extending their dominion, that they have piqued the interest of people for miles about. As far as is known, this exclusive combination of sword-shaped plants stands alone, being the only one of note in the country. The conception, however, is one that might be duplicated in any garden border or wherever plants of striking individuality are desired.

Frequently yuccas and gladioli need staking in order that their stalks of bloom may be kept in position. Happily, this necessity is not as great a disadvantage as formerly when stakes were uniformly

ugly and conspicuous. At present, this same work is done either by means of bamboo colored green, and therefore readily hidden among the foliage, or by modish garden stakes topped by wooden imitations of birds. When properly placed, such stakes add a quaint attraction to the garden.

For border planting and for the back of long pathlike beds where an effect of distance is to be gained, there are few plants more advantageous than gladioli. They can be so easily controlled, so readily blended into the crying need of the garden.

But to become a gladioli enthusiast, one must first and foremost have an eye to the miracles of Nature's workings, likewise to the cleverness of the horticulturist in following her lead. The love of color must dwell in the heart, color mounting and vibrant, a cloud of flame, black, purple and the gentler tones of gray and pink. For it is to their colors that these flowers owe their obvious charm. Unhappily, they are scentless. In their form is recognized their individuality, the dignity of the slender height to which the spikes are raised, the green blades guarding them like sentinels. In truth, an extensive planting of these flowers leaning full south, growing under the best conditions is lovely beyond description.

THE CLOAK OF DREAMS

THEY bade me follow fleet
Where my brothers work and play,
But the Cloak of Dreams blew over my feet,
Tangling them from the way:

They bade me watch the skies
For a signal—dark or light,
But the Cloak of Dreams blew over my eyes
Shutting them fast from sight:

I have nor pain nor mirth,
Wonderment nor desire,
The Cloak of Dreams 'twixt me and earth
Wavers its drowsy fire:

I dream in dusk apart,
Hearing a strange bird sing,
And the Cloak of Dreams blows over my heart,
Blinding and sheltering!

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

"SOMEWHERE BACK OF MEMORY:" BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

BRIGHT cold Mid-March day, the northern shore of Lake Erie still frozen a mile out, and the wind just down with the sun. I had come forth from the city to think it over for a day and smell wood-smoke, a spring symptom. In the noble stillness, which for many moments had been broken only by the sagging of the dead ice, there came now a great cackling of geese, so that I looked up the lane a quarter of a mile to the nearest farmyard, wondering who had turned loose the collie pups. It didn't occur to me to look up; and that, when you come to think of it, is one of the tragedies of being city-bred.

Presently I had to. Voices of wild geese carry with astonishing force and accuracy. A hundred yards ahead was the long-necked gander, with the lines of a destroyer, his wings sweeping more slowly because of their strength and gear, yet he was making the pace. Then came his second in command, also alone, and as far back again, the point of the V. In this case, the formation was uneven, the left oblique being twice as extended as the right. . . . They were all cackling, as I imagined, because of the open water ahead, for geese either honk or are silent in passage. They began to break just above, the formation shattering piece by piece as they swept on with wild ardor toward the ice-openings. Coming up from the thrall of the thing, I found my hat in hand.

It would shake any one. Indeed, there's a fine thrill in the flight of ducks—darting dwarfs compared to these standard-breds, whose pinions sweep but once to the triple-beat of the twinkling redheads and canvas-backs. You tell the difference by the twinkle when the distance over water confuses the eye as to size. Mighty twelve-pounders with a five-foot spread of wing, many of these, and with more than a suggestion of the swan's mystic grandeur in passing.

Somewhere back of memory, most of us have strange relations with the wild things. Something deeper than the beauty of them, thrills. Moments of music stir these inward animations, or steaming for the first time into certain Oriental harbors, suddenly we are estranged from the self, as we know it, and are greater beings. I feel as new as a tourist, before Niagara or Montmorency, but as old as Paul and Silas in the presence of the Chinese Wall. The lips of many men, strange save to common sayings, are loosed to murmurings of deepest yearning before the spectacle of a full-rigged ship; and it matters not if, within memory, they have ever felt the tug of filling cloth in the timber underfoot, or crossed even an inland

waterway without steam. It was something of this that the flight of geese gave me—a throb from the ancient and perennial romance of the soul.

Many a man goes gunning on the same principle, and thinks that the urge is game. It isn't so, unless he is a mere animated stomach; and many think they have come into their own as they go to sea, the vibration of triple-screws singing along the keel. . . . They pass an iceberg or a derelict, some contour of tropical shore, a fishing fleet, or an old fore-and-after, and the steamer is a stifling modern metropolis after that—galley and stoke-hole its slums. Then and there, they vow some time *really* to go to sea.

Sing the song of steam—the romance of steel—there isn't any, yet. Generations hence, when the last turbine comes puffing into port, taking its place like a dingy collier in the midst of ether-driven hydroplanes—some youth on the water-front, perhaps, will turn his back on the crowd, and from his own tossing emotions at the sight of the old steamer—emotions which defy mere brain, and scorn the upstart memory—will catch the coherent story of it all, and his expression will be the song of steam. For the pangs and passions of the soul can only become articulate at the touch of some ancient reminder, which erects a magnificent distance of perspective, and permits to flood in the stillness of that larger time, whose crises are epochal and whose yesterdays are lives.

WAITING for the suburban car that night in the little lake town, I mentioned the flying wedge.

"Why, those are Jack Miner's geese," remarked a voice of the waiting-room.

I ignored the reply. A local witticism past doubt—the cut-up of the place. Jack Miner, as I saw it, might own Pelee Island, Lake Erie or the District of Columbia, but no man's pronoun of possession has any business relation to a flock of wild geese, the same being about the wildest things we have left. I recalled the crippled goose which the farmer's boy chased around a hay-stack for the better part of a June afternoon, and only saw once; the goose being detained that particular once with the dog of the establishment, which ranged the countryside for many years thereafter, but couldn't be coaxed past a load of hay, and was even sceptical of corn-shocks. I knew, moreover, that the geese are shot at from the Gulf rice-marshes to the icy Labradors; that they fly slightly higher since the common use of smokeless instead of black powder.

Yet the stranger hadn't been humorous. Any one of his fellow townsmen would have made the same remark. In fact, I had the

good fortune several weeks afterward of seeing several hundred wild geese playing and feeding on Jack Miner's farm—within a hundred feet of his door-step, many of them.

Years ago, a winter came on to stay before the corn was all in—a patch of corn on a remote back-field of Jack Miner's farm. A small flock of geese flying north in March, knew as much about the loss as Jack did. A farm-hand was first to note their call, and got such a case of *wanderlust* when he observed the geese, that he kept on going without returning to the house. He wrote, however, this significant news:

"Jack: Wild guse on your pleace. Leve corn on wood-lot. Ile come back mabe. Steve."

Jack Miner did just that; and the next year he left the corn a little nearer the house and so on. Meanwhile he made a law that you couldn't come onto his place with a shotgun. He couldn't stop the townspeople from taking a shot at the small flocks as they passed over from the farm feeding ground to the lake, but the geese didn't seem to expect that of Jack. He says they would miss it, if the shooting stopped, and get stale; and then it does a similar lot for the town in the critical month of April.

Finally Jack built a large concrete pond on his house acres, leaving much corn on the clean marges. He has a strong heart to wait with. The geese "had him" when he first carried forth the corn, but it was a year or two afterward before a daring young gander and pair made a hasty drop. For once there was no chorus of 'I-told-you-so's," from the wiser heads cocked stiff as cattails from the low growth of the surrounding fields. That was the second beginning.

THE system has been cumulative ever since, and in something like this order: fifteen, forty, one hundred and fifty, four hundred, six hundred—in five years. They never light all at once in the artificial pond—some watching as far back as from the remote wood-lot, others in the south fields across the road. Jack Miner feeds five bushels of corn a day and would like to feed fifteen.

"A rich man can afford a few geese," he remarked, "but it takes a poor man to feed six hundred."

He asked the Canadian Government for one hundred dollars the year to help feed the geese, but the formidable process entailed to get it, evidently dismayed Ottawa at the outset, for it didn't go through. Henry Ford came over from Detroit this spring, and the substance of his call didn't leak out. In any event, Jack Miner is still managing his brick-kiln. Bird-fanciers come nowadays in season from all over the States and Provinces, and Jack feeds them too. Meantime, we

summer folk who come early enough to the shore to see the inspiring flocks flying overland to the lake in the beginnings of dusk, and hear them out on the water where they moor at night, a bed-time music that makes for strange dreaming—we know well what kind of a gift to the community Jack Miner is; and we are almost as sorry as he when the keen hardy Norse blood of the birds call them forth from the May balm.

Of course he's an individual. He has time to plant roses as well as corn. At luncheon today, there was an armful of red roses on the table from Jack Miner's. He had sent them three miles in hay time; and didn't know that I had spent the morning writing about his geese. He has time to tempt thousands of smaller birds to his acreage. It's one seething bird-song there. Besides he makes a fine brick. You'd expect him to be a workman. . . . But the wild geese are a part of his soul.

"I've watched them for a good many years now," he told me. "I've seen them tackle a man, a bull, a team, and stand against the swoop of an eagle. Two ganders may be hard as swordsmen at each other when they're drawing off their flocks, but they'll stand back to back against any outsider. Yes, I've watched them a long time, and I've never yet seen them do anything a man would be ashamed of. Why, I'd like to see the wild goose on the back of the Canadian flag."

IT'S rather too fine an event to go often to Jack Miner's. It's the deeper impressions which count, and these are spontaneous, and do not come at call. One feels as if breaking into one of the natural mysteries—at first glimpse of the huge birds so near at hand—a spectacle of beauty and speed not to be forgotten. They are built long and clean. Unlike the larger fliers as a whole, they need little or no run to rise; it is enough to say that they rise from the water. You can calculate from that the marvelous strength of pinion. And they are continental wing-rangers that know the little roads of men, as they know the great lakes and waterways and mountain chains—Jack Miner's door-yard and Hudson's Bay.

"I'd give a lot to see one right close, Jack," said I.

"You don't have to. Come on."

He took me to a little enclosure where a one-winged gander was held.

"He came home to me with a wing broken one Sunday," said Jack. "It was heavy going, but he managed to get here. I thought at first we'd have some goose, but we didn't. The fact is, I was sort of proud that he came home in his trouble. I took the wing off, as

you see. He's doing fine, but he tried to drink himself to death, as they all do. That appears to be the way they fix a broken wing. It may be the fever or the pain; anyway they'll drink until they die. I kept this fellow dry until he healed."

The splendid gamester stretched out his black head and hissed at me—something liquid and venomous in the sound—the long black beak as fine and polished as a case for a girl's penknife. He was game to the core and wild as ever. . . . Jack hadn't let him die—perhaps he felt out of the law because of that.

"I'll go and do my chores," Miner said. "You can stay and think it out."

I knew from that that he understood the same big thing out of the past which the wild bird meant to me. He had the excellent delicacy which comes from experience to leave me there alone.

An hysterical gabble broke the contemplation. Waddling up from behind was a tame goose. The shocking thing was too fat and slow to keep itself clean—its head snubbed, its voice crazily pitched, its wings gone back to a rudiment, its huge food-apparatus sagging to the ground, straining to lay itself against the earth, like a billiard-ball in a stocking full of feathers.

And before me was that Magnificent, who had made his continental flights, fasting for them, as saints fast in aspiration—lean and long, powerful and fine in brain and beak and wing—an admirable adversary, an antagonist worthy of eagles, ready for death rather than for captivity. . . . All that Gibbon ever wrote stood between this game bird and its obscene relative dragging its liver about a barnyard—the rise and fall of the Roman, and every other human and natural empire—the rise by toil and penury and aspiration, and the fall to earth again in the mocking ruins of plenty. . . .

Good Jack Miner expressed the same, but in his own way, when he came back from the chores.

ENGLISH CHESTS OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES: BY JAMES THOMSON; ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

NE of the earliest and most valuable articles of domestic utility was the coffer or chest. It was held in high esteem by the English of Tudor and Stuart times, as the many fine examples that have come along the years to us testify. Going back a few thousand years we find the Egyptians using chests made of pine or cedar. To the Romans also chests made strong appeal. Made of beech and fortified with iron bands, the army of slaves of the patrician household was depended upon to carry them from place to place as the great man moved from city dwelling to country or seashore house. Holding the treasure, the linen pertaining to domestic requirement, as well as habiliments purely personal to the members of the household, such coffers could not well be overlooked as an important fitting of a Roman establishment.

The Norman noble when he invaded Britain used the chest top as a bed, a sack filled with straw serving for a mattress. At a later period the fourteenth century coffer served a triple rather than a double purpose, i. e., a place of storage at all times, a table by day, and a couch by night. On an ancient illuminated manuscript of the fourteenth century a husband and wife are shown in the act of playing chess, the man occupying one end of the chest, the wife the other, while the chessboard reposes on the middle space.

Later arose the practice of adding to the chest a back and arm pieces; hence the settle. The chest, however, does not seem to have assumed the dignity of cabinet or closet until a somewhat later period. All in good time, however, for there is not the smallest

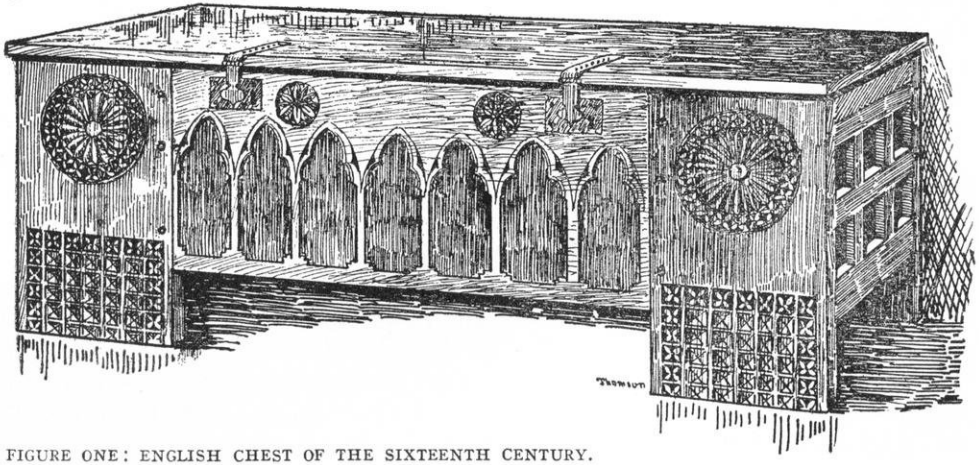


FIGURE ONE: ENGLISH CHEST OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

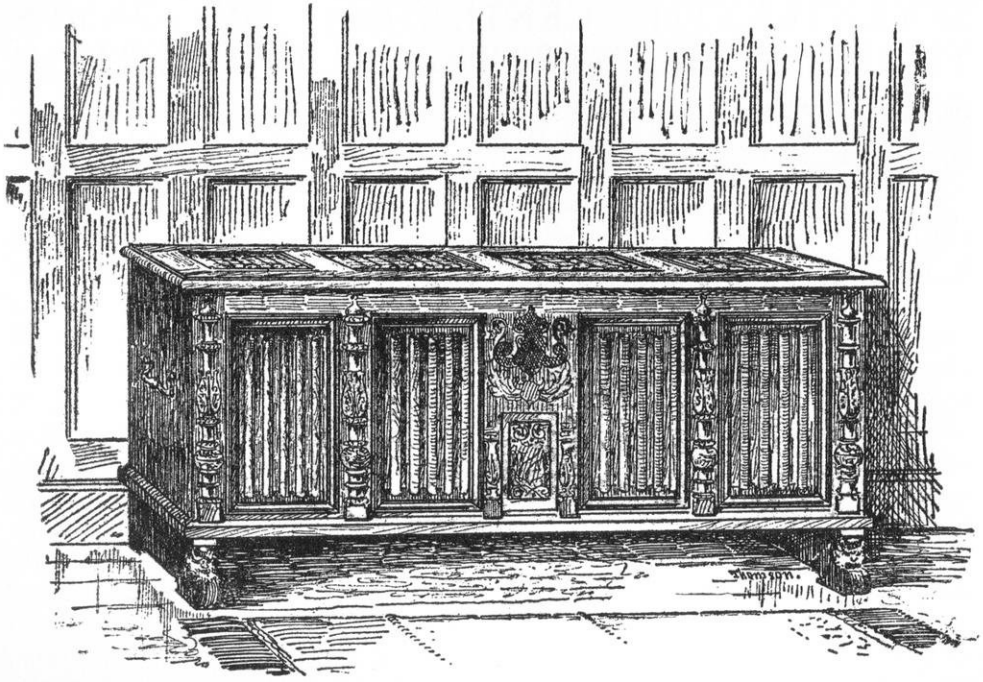


FIGURE TWO: CARVED TUDOR CHEST.

doubt but what the "court cupboard" and "bread and cheese cabinet" developed from the humble coffer of an earlier age.

Whether the Italian *cassoni* gave rise to the English chest is problematical. In the South Kensington Museum there is a *cassone* of cypress, the ornamental portion consisting of flat imagery, the incisions being filled with colored wax. Such *cassoni* or marriage coffers—which generally in shape followed the sarcophagus—were used to store personal clothes, hangings, silverware and every sort of valuable article. When the state of a country was unsettled and immediate flight was necessary, the chest presented as handy a receptacle as was possible for valuables.

The chests of the Tudor period are few, but interesting. Of the Jacobean period there are many examples, and very interesting they are both as regards joinery and decoration. The cabinetmaker and housewright of this period evidently was not hurried by "efficiency" methods. He may have missed many a stroke, or given a multitude of superfluous ones, but his product did not suffer thereby. Oak was the wood employed, the joints, of course, mortised and tenoned and double pinned, as was the old-time craftsman's practice.

As regards the contents of a chest in the "Taming of the Shrew," we find *Gremio* giving utterance to the following:

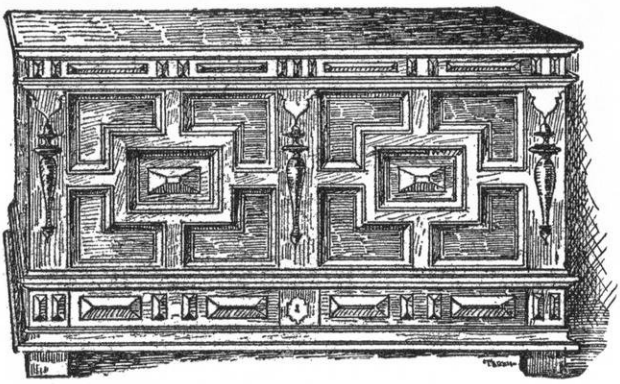


FIGURE THREE: STURDY CHEST OF THE ELIZABETHAN TIMES.

"In ivory coffers I have
stuffed my crowns,
In cypress chests my
arras counterpoint,
Costly apparel, tents
and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey
cushions boss'd with
pearl,
Valence of Venice, gold
in needlework,
Pewter and brass and
all things that belong
To house and house-
keeping."

At a later period it became the custom to give away a chest with the bride. In the last century a case of drawers was substituted for the chest. In both cases were they filled with linen and other textile fabrics of the bride's own spinning along with the many articles making up the wedding trousseau of the period.

"Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cyprus black as e'er a crow.
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces and for noses,
Bugle, bracelet, necklace amber,
Golden quoifes and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears,
Pins and pocking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel."

Shakespeare is our authority for the contents of the sixteenth century chest in the foregoing versification.

Inside of many such chests was a smaller box having a hinged cover. Here could trinkets and small articles be kept. Very often, too, in addition to this box and in connection therewith, would be a secret compartment ingeniously arranged. In figure twelve is shown how secrecy in one such instance was effected. By bending out the strip designated by the letter A in the drawing, a diminutive knob shown at B was released, which permitted the floor of the upper box to turn on a pivot in the manner indicated by the dotted lines. This gave easy access to the small box, which was long and narrow.

Somewhere near the end of the sixteenth century, drawers began

to appear in the chests. In figure nine we have such an example.

There is a peculiarity about the chests of earliest date as regards the mode of hinging. Across the under side of the lid at each end a strip is fastened, running from back to front. In figure five these strips are shown. The back end of each strip has an iron pin driven through from the outside into the framing, thus forming a pivot upon which the lid may swing.

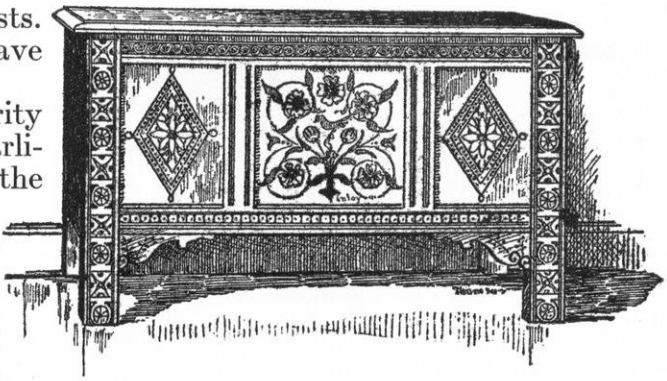


FIGURE FOUR: FINE EXAMPLE OF ELIZABETHAN WORK.

English chests have carving in low relief. The design may be only in the "flat," depending entirely on outline for effect. The spacing between the pattern is gouged out quite frequently in the roughest manner, and to still further emphasize the difference between pattern and ground, the latter is punched with a nail-head which has been filed across in the middle so as to give richness of effect. In the panel-work of figure six the ornamentation is of this character. There is no "stuck on" ornament, everything being carved in the solid.

When not left in the flat the pattern was enriched after the manner shown in figure eight. The panels here are most beautifully designed, the central portion of the middle panel being reminiscent of the Greek anthemion ornament. Worked almost entirely in the flat, the surface was enriched by incised ornamentation. These incisions of different kinds exemplify in marked manner the excellent effect possible with crude means.

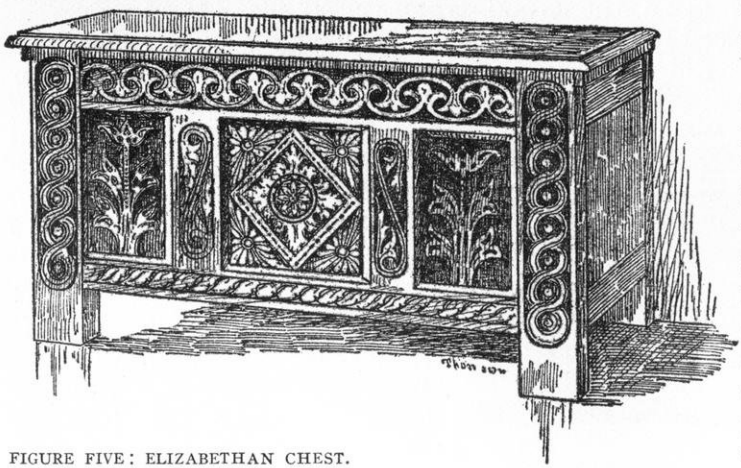


FIGURE FIVE: ELIZABETHAN CHEST.

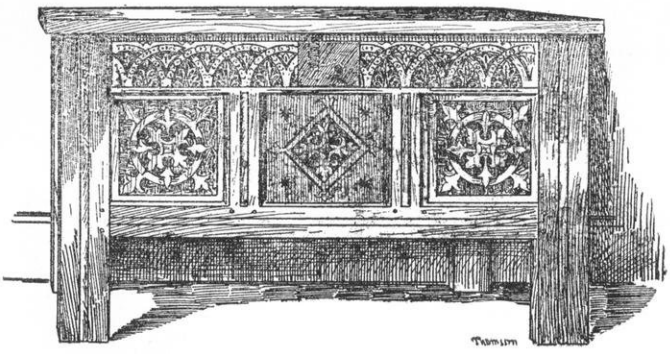


FIGURE SIX: CARVED JACOBEAN CHEST.

In many instances the flat ornament is departed from by rounding. So crude is the work in some cases, one might imagine a child had done it, yet despite the crudity there is a richness of effect not otherwise possible. Figure five gives a good idea of the customary manner of working up flat surfaces. In the ancient chest as depicted in figure one, we have example of still another manner of decoration. Here geometric designs are worked up by deep incisions into the solid. This chest, no doubt, was used in a church in the present state showing considerable dilapidation.

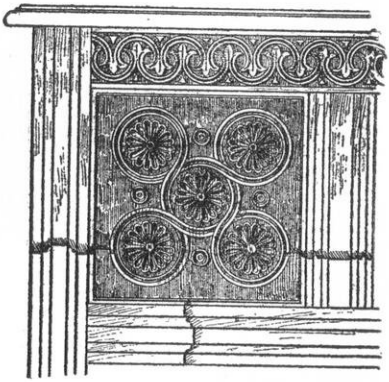


FIGURE SEVEN: DETAIL OF JACOBEAN CHEST SHOWN BELOW.

Another church chest is shown in figure seven, the beautifully designed panels of which will well repay study. The enlarged detail discloses more clearly the grace of interlacing and neat decided carving of rosettes. The carving here betokens a practiced hand.

The most elementary of decorative methods simply demanded that the design be sketched upon the wood when the lines were incised either with a tool producing a V cut or a hollow.

The men that did the carving seem to have gone to nature for patterns. Realizing their limitations they had no idea of attempting anything beyond their skill. The common garden stuff doubtless gave them many a suggestion. At all events, there is such variety in the design of chest ornament it seems plain enough each worker was the

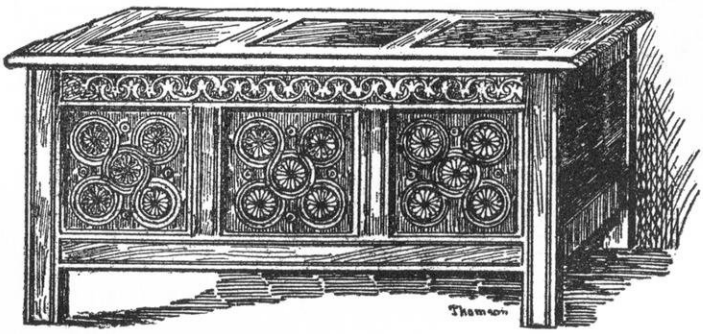


FIGURE SEVEN: JACOBEAN CHEST IN ASHBOURNE CHURCH, DERBYSHIRE.

originator of his own patterns. Hardly two chests are alike. Carving done by the village carpenter who found compass and straightedge his greatest aid in marking out geometrical ornament appeals to us in the same way as does the product of all primitive performance. In "Adam Bede" there is a character remindful of these old-time craftsmen. He looked on his work as part of his religion, and deemed good carpentry "God's will." Animated by so fine a spirit the seventeenth century village craftsman employed his skill to good advantage regardless of the clock.

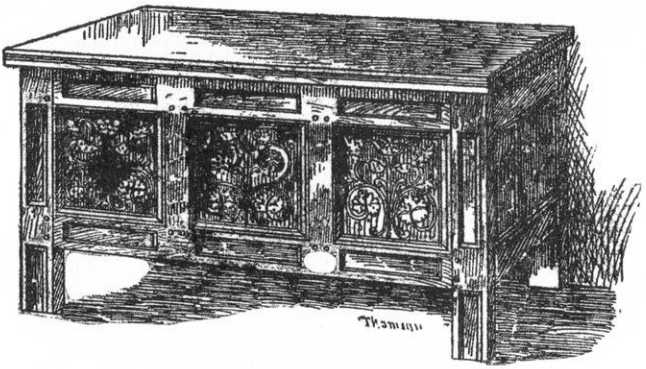
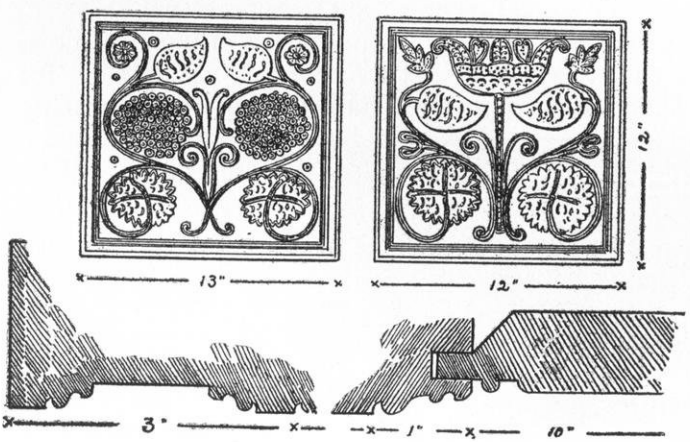


FIGURE EIGHT: JACOBEAN CHEST OF RARE BEAUTY.

There are many seventeenth century chests that show Flemish characteristics. Workmen from the Continent, lured by demand and high pay, invaded England, and where they did not do the actual work themselves they taught the natives how to do it. In figure nine is a chest after the Flanders manner. Panels representing streets, castles, courtyards, lantern towers, armed knights tilting, etc., are quite common. Many of the decorative features of Elizabethan and Jacobean woodwork may be traced to France and Flanders. The interlacing strapwork and the so-called Elizabethan panel (see figure three) are borrowed from the style of Henri-Deux and Flemish renaissance, respectively. The Elizabethan style did not attain its full development until after James ascended the throne. The development of the Jacobean style out of the one that gave it impetus was, no doubt, quite gradual, in its earlier forms presenting a problem in differentiation. The English from want of skill could not hope to



DETAIL OF CARVING IN FIGURE EIGHT.

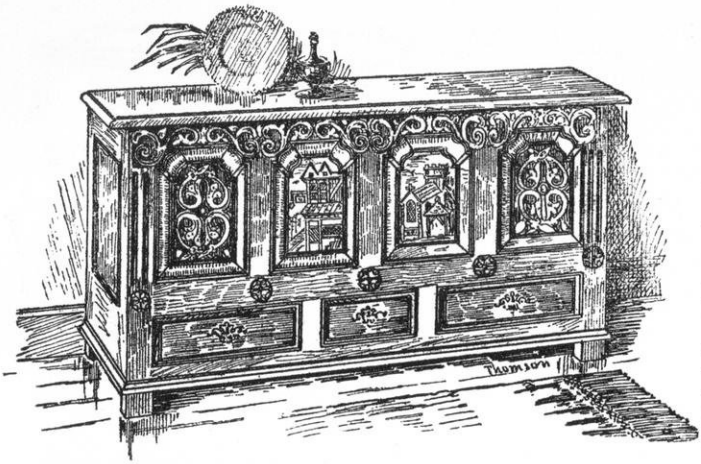


FIGURE NINE: AN ELABORATE JACOBEAN CHEST.

equal men of continental training, nor did they try, which betrays wisdom quite admirable. Knowing their limitations they did such carving as was within their capacity, and thus all unconsciously developed a new genre. Rude and elementary as the Jacobean wood carving undoubtedly is, there is about it a quite explainable charm. The fact that it is done in oak, no doubt, has something to do with this, for in a close grainless wood the effect is not quite the same. The very roughness, irregularity and crudeness in execution, combined with freshness and spontaneity in panel design, impart a charm to such chests as are here delineated that would not otherwise be possible. The skilled hand of the Florentine carver of Italian *cassoni* would rob the product of the archaic charm it should be the object in reproductory performance to cherish.

A reference has been made to the addition of drawers to the chest of the end of the sixteenth century. The Puritan settlers of New England seem to have combined the chest and bureau, for such articles of furniture were for long a familiar object in the homes of their descendants. In figure eleven is shown a chest after this manner, an heirloom in our family which appraisers at one time valued at half a dollar. It is, of course, not of an exalted type, but chests of like model with elaborately molded fronts after the late Jacobean manner sometimes come to light in old Yankee households. Chests of the bureau type, so far as I have been able to ascertain, are peculiar to this country. I have never been able to get a picture of one from an English source. There are chests

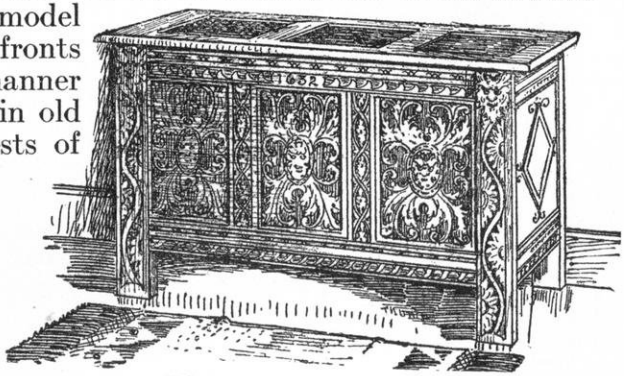


FIGURE TEN: SHOWING INTRICATE CARVING.

to be found in New England families that give every indication of having been brought from England by the early settlers.

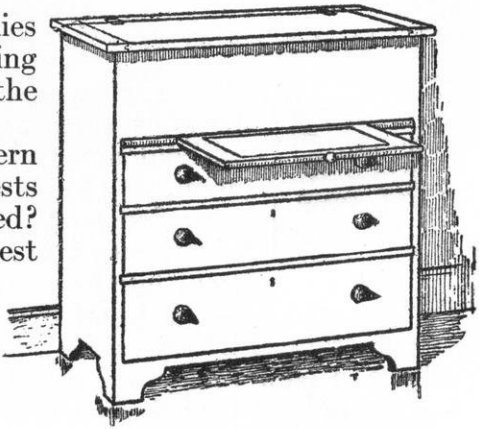


FIGURE ELEVEN: OLD COLONIAL CHEST.

For what purpose in the modern home of the well-to-do can such chests as are here portrayed be employed? Where there is an open fire the chest can be used as a woodbox. As a dignified piece of furniture for the hall there is none better. Chests that are table height serve a useful purpose as a temporary place for hats. Inside the box can be thrown waterproofs, rubber shoes, wraps of divers kinds, books, magazines, while the lid serves admirably for the hat, gloves, walking stick and other impedimenta of the casual visitor. Chests that are but two feet high will make a good enough seat for the waiting messenger boy.

In conclusion, I would emphasize the fact that the sort of carving here shown is none the worse for archaic feeling. All ancient carving showed the tool marks of the worker. It was never smoothed down by sandpapering. Sandpapering as a practice came to the front in France when the demand for a highly polished surface took root. Previous to that, woodwork had no other finish than a coating of beeswax vigorously rubbed with scrubbing brush and cloth. This produced the dull gloss now sought for by architects who have no love for the brilliancy of varnish.

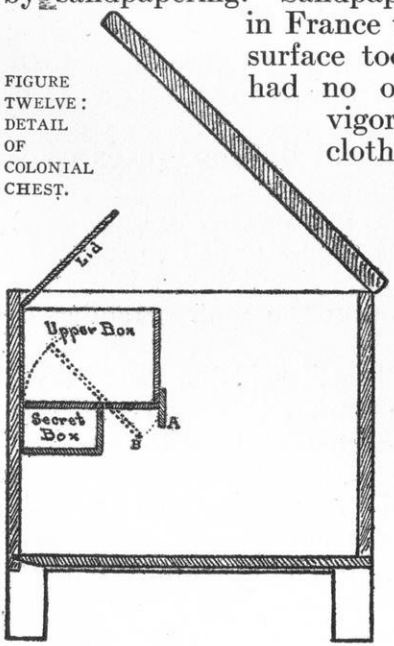


FIGURE TWELVE: DETAIL OF COLONIAL CHEST.

It is impossible to contemplate these big old-fashioned chests without feeling the contrast between them and most present-day products. Each one was the result of careful workmanship, and when once installed among the household belongings it became the nucleus for all sorts of family memories and associations, passing down as a loom from one generation to This is the sort of craftsm we need today, and w love the well-made a are ever striving to

OUR TOWN: A STORY PROVING THAT CIVIC IMPROVEMENT MEANS CIVIC PROSPERITY: BY WALTER A. DYER

E had always snubbed Henderson a bit at the office. He was such a pompous, conceited little upstart, without much apparent merit to base his self-esteem upon. He forced himself forward so persistently, and appeared so painfully ignorant of his own lack of effectiveness, that it seemed no great unkindness to treat him as we did.

It was consequently with a feeling of annoyance that I found myself trapped into a week-end at Henderson's. He lived in a little village in New Jersey, somewhere along the Hackensack River. We knew all about that, because Henderson was forever bragging about "our town." What we didn't know was that Henderson had the most charming wife that ever poured coffee, and that once within his own house he cast off his self-sufficiency like a top-coat, and became chiefly an admiring husband and a much loved father. Oh, there were several things we didn't know about Henderson.

On the train out, Henderson became almost companionable. The things he told me about people and places along the line were interesting. Quite a number of the men who began to leave the train at the various stations nodded to Henderson.

"Seems to me you know everybody," said I.

Henderson laughed, a bit vainly, perhaps. "I got acquainted with quite a few people in this county last spring, when we had that good-roads campaign I told you about."

I suppose Henderson had told us all about the good-roads campaign and we had paid no attention to him.

When we got to Henderson's town, every one seemed to know him, and two or three rather important-looking men stopped to speak to him. We passed a beautiful little brick library building, with white Doric columns in front and a little dome on the roof. Henderson pointed to it proudly.

"We certainly had to work hard for that," said he, "before we got it. Back there in that grove is the open-air theater I told you about. I wish you could come out next month and see the masque the young folks are going to give there."

After dinner I made a clean breast of it, and admitted I didn't remember a thing Henderson had told me about good roads and [illegible] and outdoor theater, and asked him to tell me again. Hender[illegible]ed good-naturedly and repeated his story of these move[illegible] of the tree planting and the boys' club and a lot of all of which he seemed to have taken an active part.

He was so earnest about it all, and Mrs. Henderson was so enthusiastically in sympathy with him, that I became deeply interested.

"So that," concluded Henderson, "is as far as we've gone to date. But, tell me, what are you doing for *your* town?"

The question gave me a moral shock that I haven't recovered from yet. What, indeed, had I done for my town? Not a thing that I could think of. In fact, I had never exactly thought of it as "my town" before. It was simply a place where I rented a house, and to and from which I commuted daily. My relations with the local government had thus far confined themselves to one complaint about a bad sidewalk, and the affixing of my signature to a petition for a public collection of garbage. I hadn't even voted at local elections, because I did not know any of the candidates or what they stood for.

On Monday, I felt it was no more than my duty to go to certain people in our office and tell them the truth about Henderson. I also took occasion to ask, "What are you doing for your town?"

Billings said that he lived in such a sleepy old back-number town, that it wasn't any use trying to do anything. Others had tried it and wasted their energy. It was too far behind the times ever to catch up until the old fogies were dead and gone.

Hawkins said he got home too late to fuss with those things, and he wasn't going to leave his family every evening to go down and loaf around the fire-engine house with the local politicians. And since that was apparently the only way to mix in, he had decided to keep out of it and make the best of things as they were.

Ackerman lived in a "restricted" community developed and controlled by a real-estate company. There was no local government except the company, which lighted the streets, took care of the trees and little parks, kept the pavements in repair, shovelled the walks in winter and sprinkled the streets in summer, removed the ashes and garbage, and performed other acts of public service as a matter of business and according to contract. The system suited Ackerman to a T, and he seemed to be getting fat on it. It didn't bother Ackerman any if he didn't know his neighbors. He and his wife were in the city half the time, anyway.

Some of the other men lived in apartments in town, and so, of course, were citizens of no community. In fact, there were only two persons in the whole place who used the expression "our town" at all. One was my stenographer, Miss Greenberg, who belonged to a Ladies' Guild that was getting up a fair to raise money for park shrubbery; the other was stocky little Jack Murphy who played center on his village basket-ball team.

Since that time, I have done one or two small things for our town,

and have taken a humble part in one or two community betterment movements, and I find that it pays. It gives one a feeling of belonging somewhere, of greater home attachment, of real citizenship and neighborliness. And I have come to understand Henderson better and to respect him. For Henderson has done something for his town.

NOW tell me, what are you doing for your town? I'll wager there's plenty to do; there always is. In the first place there is village beautifying. Always begin with that. For people become proud of a beautiful town, and local pride begets a community consciousness and a civic spirit. Then you are on the road to the attainment of your main object, which is to create a wholesome, happy, sane, law-abiding, progressive community life. Perhaps you are the one to start something in your town.

The best way to go about this work is to organize a village improvement association, unless there is already some civic or social body which can be utilized. Get some friends together, discuss the needs of your community, decide upon certain definite objects, draw up by-laws and elect officers, and you have your work cut out for you.

Merely to give a quick, general glimpse of the functions of such a society, here is a list of topics for discussion—things that have been accomplished by village improvement societies elsewhere: Tree planting and protection; parks, large and small; school and home gardens; improvement of public buildings and grounds, including schools and railway stations; roads, streets and sidewalks; anti-billboard campaign; public library; sanitation and hygiene, including clean-up days, garbage removal, sewers, mosquito and house-fly campaigns; educational and school coöperation, church aid, playgrounds and recreation.

Of course, the only way to do is to tackle one thing at a time. That's what others have done, and they have succeeded. In fact, I know of no better way to suggest the solution of the problems in your town than by recounting what has been accomplished by improvement societies elsewhere. The sum total of their achievement is inspiring.

There are over two hundred of these societies in Massachusetts alone, and it was in Massachusetts that the movement had its birth. In eighteen hundred and fifty-three, Miss Mary Hopkins, a resident of the commonplace, uninteresting, backward little village of Stockbridge, was vouchsafed a vision of what her town might and ought to be. She gathered together a few friends and acquaintances and formed the Laurel Hill Association, which has continued an active existence ever since. Children under fourteen years of age were admitted on payment of twenty-five cents or its equivalent in work.

"Any person over fourteen years of age," says the society's constitution, "who shall annually plant and protect a tree under the direction of the Executive Committee, or pay the amount of one dollar annually in money or in labor, shall be a member of the Association." The result was a democratic membership.

From the beginning, tree planting was encouraged and prizes were offered. During the first year, four hundred and twenty-three trees were set out. A hedge now surrounds the once desolate cemetery in the middle of the village, and trees, shrubs and walks have made it a garden spot. The town hall has been transformed, the grounds of the church and railway station have been planted and beautified; here and there through the town, at the intersection of roads, are small parks, each with a fountain or monument. Since the work began, over two thousand trees have been planted in the village; a system of sidewalks has been laid out; street lighting has been introduced; all the old eyesores have been cleaned up; a system of rubbish disposal has been put into operation; public squares have been planted as parks, and strips along the trolley lines; trees have been sprayed and the elm leaf beetle fought; historical spots have been marked—all through the efforts of the Laurel Hill Association. Stockbridge is today unquestionably one of the most attractive villages in all New England, and Miss Hopkins' vision has been realized.

THE Village Improvement Society of Wenham, Massachusetts, was formed by twenty women in eighteen ninety-three. They have planted avenues of trees, have laid out gravel walks, fought the tent caterpillar, established little parks at street intersections, improved the grounds of the school and town hall, secured new street lamps and sign posts, furnished rubbish cans, encouraged home gardens and dooryard improvement, and started school gardens. Then they began a social uplift campaign, a church aid movement, and a hospital fund, and introduced sloid and sewing departments in the schools. They conduct a Colonial tea house and gift room, made over from an old harness shop, and an annual flower fête, through which means the funds for their work are raised.

At Watertown, Connecticut, there is a very effective village improvement society that was formed nine years ago, the plan having been borrowed from Litchfield, and since extended to Bethlehem, Morris, and Oakdale. At Watertown, street trees have been planted and sprayed, eight little triangular parks laid out, prizes offered for the best school grounds, sidewalks secured, streets oiled, rubbish disposed of, and automobile signs erected. A community exhibit has been conducted and a young people's lyceum course. Wilbraham

and Brimfield, Massachusetts, have community councils that are engaged chiefly in civic betterment work, but which have secured better roads and conducted a general clean-up movement.

At Girard, Pennsylvania, a village of twelve hundred inhabitants, an improvement society was started some years ago by fifty women, each contributing twenty-five cents. They first built a little park in the center of the town, grading and sodding it, and furnishing it with concrete curbs, seats, shrubs, and a fountain. They have planted shrubs and Boston ivy in front of public buildings, shrubs and tall flowering plants about the telephone and lamp posts, barberries and other shrubs at the street corners, and have induced property owners to lay uniform cement walks and curbs. Committees of the society look after the church grounds. They have also cared for the old maples in the village, and have effected an improvement in the dooryards. Their latest achievements have been the planting of one hundred dollars' worth of shrubs on the grounds of a new school; the erection, through gifts of former residents, of an "Old Home Fountain;" the placing of new street signs on concrete posts, and the clearing out of an old canal.

At East Hampton, New York, the Ladies' Village Improvement Society raises several hundred dollars every year by means of a fair. The members care for the greens, one at each end of the village, and keep the cross walks clean. They have planted trees and shrubs, have waged war against the tent caterpillar, have assisted in beautifying the railway station grounds, and have provided rubbish cans and baskets. They hold monthly meetings, and the annual dues are fifty cents.

In Porterville, California, a town of thirty-two hundred inhabitants, the Ladies' Improvement Club holds a quarterly clean-up day and an annual May Day Festival, with a parade and carnival, baby show, society circus, baseball games, and dancing. They have opened a forty-acre park, with a large scenic lake, a stream, lawns, shade trees, flower-beds, rest benches, and tea garden. They have installed sanitary drinking fountains and have promoted school playgrounds, school gardens, and school libraries.

The society at Honesdale, Pennsylvania, was organized in eighteen ninety-one. They have cleaned out a small river and made parks along its banks, and have transformed a frog-pond and dump into a public park. They have a clean-up week and conduct sanitary and tree-saving campaigns. The Woman's Club of Calhoun, Georgia, was also organized for general improvement work. A rest room for women and children was furnished and a matron engaged; a swampy spot, full of rubbish, was reclaimed for a park and a log cabin built

thereon as club headquarters. The rest room was transferred to this building and a library installed. Clean-up days have been conducted, a fountain built for another park, and school buildings and grounds improved. Monthly meetings are held and the dues are ten cents a month. The Village Improvement Society of Roslyn, N. Y., was organized last year as an outgrowth of the District Nursing Association, which employs a trained nurse for the community and conducts a public health campaign. Among other things, a garden committee has furnished plants and seeds at cost, has encouraged children's gardens, and conducted a garden contest and flower show.

SEVERAL pastors of churches have taken an active part in village improvement work, among them being Rev. Anton T. Boisen, of Wabaunsee, Kansas, who has induced rival churches to coöperate for the good of the community, and Rev. Edmund de S. Brunner, of Coopersburg, Pennsylvania, who is the moving spirit of a neighborhood association which has accomplished much progressive work in local industry, as well as in recreation, home and school activities.

There are a host of other societies all over the country, whose efforts are helping to bring greater comfort, beauty and happiness into the people's lives. Among them may be mentioned that of North Andover, Massachusetts, which has devoted its attention chiefly to gardening; the Woman's Club of Hempstead, New York and the Ladies' Village Improvement Society of Enosburg Falls, Vermont, both of which have planted barren land and supported free libraries. Paton, Iowa; Claremont, New Hampshire; Pomfret, Connecticut—these have also been improved in many ways by united local effort.

Among the oldest improvement societies in this country, though of a somewhat different character, are the community clubs of Sandy Spring, Maryland—a Quaker settlement dating back to the middle of the eighteenth century. A public library, farmers' club, women's club and "home-interest" society are some of their most useful organizations.

Many mill owners, both North and South, have included improvement societies in their welfare work. A large number of the cotton-mill villages in the Carolinas have been bettered in this way, homes beautified, gardening encouraged, and social life fostered. At Hopedale, Massachusetts, a committee of citizens, aided by the mill owners, cleaned up an old mill pond, hired a forester, laid out a park with paths and bridges through the woods, built a boat house and recreation center and established school gardens.

OUR TOWN

LOCUST VALLEY is a rural Long Island community of about three hundred and ten families, three-fourths American and the rest Polish, Italian, etc. The place is mostly made up of large estates, and the people are divided into the rich and the poor. There is one live church, one school and five saloons. The Matinecock Association was started five years ago by a dozen business men to improve the living conditions of the poorer people, and now has a membership of two hundred and eighty men and women.

Two years ago the Association undertook to rejuvenate the church, and engaged Rev. E. Fred. Eastman to act as its pastor and as secretary of the Association. Since then a great uplift has been experienced in the community. One road has been macadamized and others improved. An employment bureau is conducted, and a self-supporting library has been established with two thousand volumes and a monthly circulation of over four hundred. The station grounds have been beautified, home gardens started among the schoolchildren, and prizes offered. A hundred-acre swamp has been turned into a lake and the mosquito pest reduced. A bathing beach and cottage have been leased for the people, and the town persuaded to spend ten thousand dollars for a bathing pavilion. Trees have been planted and the tent caterpillar fought. The church has been revived and is now well supported; there is good preaching and good music, the attendance has quadrupled, and the building has become a social center. Through the efforts of the education committee of the Association, the schools have been greatly improved. Kindergarten, sewing, cooking, music and manual training have been introduced, and the attendance has increased ten per cent.

Two years ago a recreation department was organized, and an old barn was fitted up with dance floor, movable partition, electric lights and club room equipment. Dances, suppers and euchre parties were held and attracted all the young people of the community. There were only two rules—"No booze," and "No gambling." An athletic committee organized a Boy Scouts brigade and a baseball team. Out of this has grown a plan for a neighborhood house, with auditorium, club rooms, bowling alleys, gymnasium, baths, library, kitchen, and quarters for the fire department. Twenty-six thousand dollars have been raised for this purpose.

Finally, the Matinecock Association has organized the music of the community under a committee and a hired musical director. He is engaged to train the glee club and the children's choir in the church, and the school authorities employ the same man as teacher. A monthly recital is held and there is also a boys' band of twenty pieces.

IMAGINATION AND THE CAMERA: ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARON DE MEYER: BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

IT is the illusion of beauty that we are seeking for in all art. The actual material loveliness that Nature has created we cannot reproduce with any kind of satisfactory charm because with all our many and infinite gifts we cannot create the sense of vital force that has furnished the beauty to the living thing. And, as a matter of fact, the more definitely and closely we strive to merely *imitate* Nature, the more closely we seek to follow the working of her deft fingers, the further away we are from the subtle ever-changing mystery of living beauty. It has taken us many centuries to learn that color saturated with light and quivering in the currents of air, that a flower with fresh sap pouring through every petal, that a stream of water changing every minute with the force of its current are all things that cannot be infused into canvas or marble or music, and convey, even to the listening ear, any sense of reality if we concentrate upon the physical side of Nature's beauty.

Within the last very few years, the great men in every phase of art have reacted from the purely material imitation of Nature and have sought to create through their work the wonderful illusion that Nature herself creates, and which no technical imitation of her ever brings for a moment.

The stage in the hands of a man like Gordon Craig has reached up from the material mise-en-scène to a wonderful vision of effects that stir the imagination and render it sensitive to the purpose of the dramatist. The scenery which Gordon Craig seeks for the stage is not a record of some scene painter's intelligence; it is rather a study of certain illusions of conditions that will produce emotion. You do not look for a green garden, a blue sky, a yellow house and remain satisfied; rather you experience the emotion that you would were you actually out in some fresh green garden under a radiant blue sky. In other words, he seeks to push the effect of his stage arrangement past the eye to the soul. This is equally true of Debussy's music, of Corot's painting, of what MacDowell has done for us in America. With MacDowell, one never finds the imitation of Nature's color and sound, but always through the magic of his infinite genius one responds to Nature's wonderful moods, one's heart beats with the melody of "The Wild Rose" and deep wistful tenderness responds to every sound of "The Indian Lodge" or "The Water Lily."

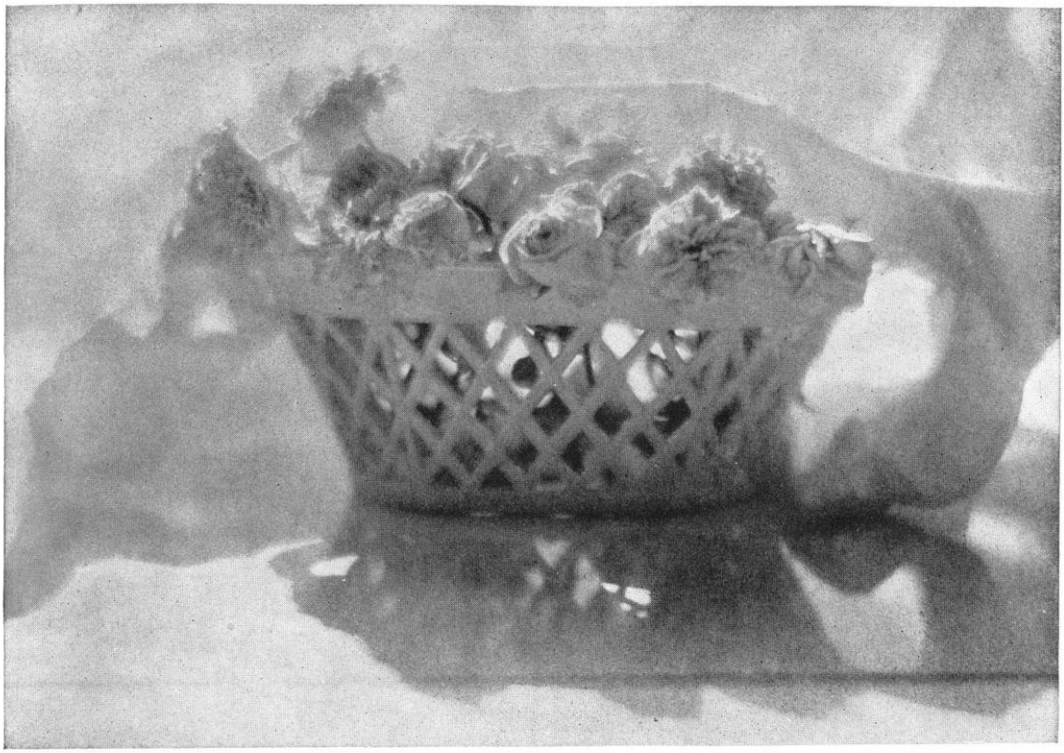
More and more our own painters today are seeking to forget the baleful "art of imitation." It is no longer a question of textures and

mathematical outline. We find our men, whether landscape painters or portrait painters, seeking to transfer to their audience the exquisite joy which they received from the surroundings they have placed on the canvas. If you are looking at Robert Henri's great portrait, called "Herself," you are not thinking of the material in the gown or the background or the kerchief; you are thinking of Ireland, the kindness of her people, the health, the unquenchable aimiability, the humor that is only a part of a profound kindness toward all life, and you smile back at "Herself" glad to have known more of her people, of her race.

The same is true of Glackens' painting of the seashore. You are not asking whether he is painting Long Island or Gloucester or Nova Scotia, you are refreshed with the wind and the sun and the joy of the children. You feel as they felt the day he painted them, as he felt while he was painting. And so art seems to have lifted itself up to that reticent edge of the infinite where man has somehow seized Nature's own force to produce varying and wonderful emotions in the heart of the beholder.

Perhaps the last art to respond to this subtle illusory power is what has been known either exclusively as a craft or as one of the minor arts. For many years, photography was merely a convenient mechanical opportunity of securing a poor likeness of some unfortunate friend. In the last decade, the men who have known the camera for what it was really worth, who have realized that it could be made more than a mere imitation, with commonplace, obvious value, so that it held strange and exquisite subtleties, have through the power of their own genius and confidence in their insight developed, in close touch with Nature, the art of photography to a height that seems little short of a miracle.

A photograph today is no longer a map, a mere outline of related surfaces; it can carry for one the very spirit of the subject photographed. A landscape in a little photographic print can give you the delicacy of a misty, early morning, the rich warm beauty of midday, the pale haunting tang of twilight. The photographing of people is no less wonderful. The artist of the camera has achieved the power of photographing beyond the surface, of reproducing temperament, of even bringing through the lens qualities hidden from the eye of the ordinary onlooker. And today it is the avowed purpose of the man who uses light as his technique to create moods in the soul of the observer. One would think that this might be done by perhaps one or two men of genius, but one could recall with ease and pleasure a dozen men who have found the camera infinite in its capacity for stirring the emotions in response to beauty.



"ROSES IN JUNE SUNLIGHT:" FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON RUDOLF DE MEYER.

"SUNLIGHT THROUGH THE WINDOW:"
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON DE MEYER.

"CRYSTAL AND ROSES:" FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON DE MEYER.

"POPPIES IN MEADOWLAND:" FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON DE MEYER.

"TEA IN THE GARDEN:" FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON DE MEYER.

IMAGINATION AND THE CAMERA

The readers of THE CRAFTSMAN will remember with pleasure the presentation of a series of studies of trees by Baron de Meyer in the March, nineteen fourteen, number. It is our good fortune to have secured a group of de Meyer's still-life pictures which illustrate this article, or rather which are illustrated by the article. I question if the actual sight and fragrance of fresh flowers would be more powerful to stir the imagination and to touch the response for beauty than these delicate wild flowers of Baron de Meyer's. In these few prints, he gives us the impression of flower life, seen through quivering atmosphere, and almost changing as one looks upon them. The line of flowers growing in the edge of a meadow is one of the most remarkable photographs of Nature that we have ever published. Through some intricacy of genius, Baron de Meyer has caught, in this little ledge of wild flowers, the very thing that one feels in walking through meadowlands, the lowliness, the bright beauty, the glow of sunlight over them and the wild grace which comes from growing without interference of the gardener. We feel that in these especial studies this remarkable photographer is working along the same lines for results as are our painters and our musicians and our stage artists; that he is seeking the ineffable rather than the material and that somehow, in a way beyond our understanding, he has been enabled to meet the subtleties of Nature halfway, wooing them, charged with Nature's primitive force, through his camera out to the world.

I do not think that as yet we fully realize the wonder of the new art of photography, not only the miracle of it in color, but all that will be accomplished for us through the practical use of the black and white phase of this work in its final and fullest development. It is already being employed to secure records of historical and social conditions the world over. Probably one of the most interesting sections in the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, is that given to the work of Mr. E. S. Curtis, the Indian photographer, who has prepared volume after volume of photographs which are not only absolute and authentic records of the life of what remains of the picturesque Indian today, but which must rank as an artistic achievement, each print being genuinely a work of art, not only in its technique, but in color, mounting, etc.

Few art exhibitions of the season in New York bring together more interesting, cultivated, enthusiastic people than those attending the studios of what are called today the art photographers.

We are hoping later on to present in THE CRAFTSMAN Baron de Meyer's photographs of modern Spain. Rare studies of temperament, of joy, tragedy, grace, of the vivid living to be found in many phases of modern Spanish life.

THE VISIT OF THE SILVER-CRESTED GULL: BY LADD PLUMLEY

A SILVER-CRESTED gull visited the Island of Manhattan on a dark night in August of nineteen hundred and thirteen. Almost one hundred and thirty-seven years before the visit of the wanderer from its far northern Laurentian home, a young idealist was hanged because he was an idealist, and because he loved his country better than his life. It is said that just before the rope was placed around his neck he expressed a wish that was as wonderful as it was beautiful.

Although silver-crested gulls are luminous and even in the darkest hours of the darkest night can be discerned, yet only those who are ready to sacrifice all that is most precious ever see one of the swift *clan*. Ordinary gulls are not luminous and do not visit the waters of Manhattan during the summer months; but once in a thousand years, so runs the ancient Indian legend, a silver-crested messenger wings its flight to one of the many places that sacrifice has made sacred. And when the place is so honored, the miracle comes that *he or she* of the sacrifice for one day walks the earth and beholds the good and the evil mixed with good, that has thus befallen.

So the silver-crested visitor at early dawn of the August day dropped toward an opening in the island's glittering garment and rested on the proud head of the bronze statue of a soldier that stands in the middle of a park in lower New York. And a moment later, after the bird had lifted itself and had turned its flight skyward, Nathan Hale yawned, the ropes that bound his arms and feet slipped away, and he stepped from his pedestal.

Nathan shielded his eyes; then, with a gasp of astonishment, he glanced upward and beyond the square. Opposite, tier above tier of fancifully wrought cornices and pointed gray arches, mounted a mighty tower to the very clouds. Coming day tinted the topmost pinnacle with rosy light. Like the towers of the lost city of Atlantis, almost like the visions of St. John in the Revelations, so at first the idealist thought of this stately wonder.

"By Jupiter!" he exclaimed, and he lowered his eyes and glanced around the square. "It is as amazing as the story of Aladdin. Yet, methinks, I would have it less material, less of the order of a pointed box. Doubtless, however, this 'common' is the center of the priesthood of some modern religion. The priests must be legion, to judge from the myriad windows."

Two men stood at Nathan's side.

"And he made it out of five cent things," remarked one, and

Nathan moved nearer so as not to lose the words that mixed themselves with the clatter of the street.

"Wish I had the receipt," said the other.

"Can't get it. It's like fiddle playing. You must be born to it."

"Can we go to the top?"

"Sure thing! Follow me."

Behind followed Nathan, unseen by his guides.

The horseless vehicles of Broadway caused little astonishment to the soldier. From the second he had opened his eyes he scanned the changes since they had closed on the file of redcoats and farmlands with clusters of low houses, not with the curiosity of a sightseer, but with a profound desire to know whether these changes matched the dreams of his college days of what this civilization would mean for his race. He had dreamed of a country where all were equal, where mankind labored for the common good, where its cities perpetuated in splendid forms the happiness of all. So he searched for what lay hidden behind all material changes.

The three gained the platform from whence they could see below a vast circular valley of iron, mortar, brick and stone; of endless structures erected by the labors of an infinity of workmen.

"What do you know about that!" exclaimed one of the men. "Say, our town isn't in it!"

The other said,

"Five cent things did it all! He started without a penny. Hully gee! but I'm hungry! Let's get down. I've got to make Newark on the jump. I'll dig up something nice if I land that order. I hear a noise like a thousand coming my way!"

Nathan sadly followed his guides down to the street. Without having heard in detail he already understood that this wonder tower, and doubtless all the other amazing structures, were like those of a Nineveh or a Babylon; cruel edifices such as the world has always built at the centers of its commerce. It was chaotic, stupefying, even terrible, but not beautiful. And the two, his companions to the platform, were of a type that he had known well. He had seen plenty and to spare of them in small clothes and square-toed shoes.

"It was perhaps a mistake!" he mused. "Mayhap I might have renounced my country and joined the forces of King George. But a truce to this; the sacrifice was made. And it may be too soon to state an opinion—I will go further and see more."

The idealist stood before St. Paul's churchyard.

"They honor the dead," he murmured. "This held the place when I taught school on Long Island. And no change in the sanctuary! But they could never have the heart to destroy this noble edifice.

There is doubtless a leaven that seasons the loaf of this pompous city's multitude."

While he mused, peering through the iron palings at the time-discolored monuments, mingled in the roar, he heard,

"Worth millions and millions! Why in the name of common sense don't they ship the old stones to Greenwood and put up another Woolworth Tower! It would pay big."

"No doubt they will," answered another. "This is no place for such things as churches. But I mustn't gas any longer. I've got to look into a piece of real estate. I can chuck you, for a commission, a tip that way—it's worth thousands."

"Thousands, thousands!" soliloquized Nathan. "It was so, too, among the commercial class in my time. But I dreamed of something different," he added, while his lip curled, "and methinks General Lord Howe would have paid a pretty penny for my knowledge of Washington's army. If these money vultures could hear me, I would like to get their opinion of the case. Given a young soldier, death by the rope, or the thanks of a king and a grant of lands in Nova Scotia! Forsooth, these would say it was a fool's choice. But I have one day only; I will go elsewhere."

He turned his face toward the north and joined the eddying multitudes that, now that the business day had begun, thronged the streets.

"It is a deafening city," he remarked. "Broadway of my time was a vastly more convenient street. Yet these hordes are pleasing to the eye. In my day, folk wore braver raiment but not so new and neat. But the ever shifting faces are the faces of those who think but little. Ah me! these are not the men and women of that glorious commonwealth that I thought would come!"

After viewing all the luxury of the shop windows below Forty-second Street, Nathan paused before the Public Library.

"One would know this building in a million!" he exclaimed. "No need to read an inscription. I will go in."

From floor to floor the soldier-scholar ascended. Into every room where there were books he entered, and with each step his delight increased. He devoured with his eyes the tiers on tiers of printed wealth. Then once more on the lower floor, he watched the hundreds of the city's patrons exchanging books for others at no cost to themselves.

"By Plato!" exclaimed the young graduate of Yale College. "The learned riches of an Athens or a Rome could not have been more vast! It was worth it. Do you hear? It was worth it! If I had twenty lives it would be worth them all!"

THE residences along upper Fifth Avenue did not much impress the man who had been familiar with the beautiful colonial homes of Continental days, with their broad lawns, great gardens, and sweeping driveways.

"I grant you there are more wealthy merchants in this fantastic city than history tells us were in Genoa or Venice, but their architects have but two ideas only. One is to copy every brazen device of all the architecture that the world has ever seen, save only what is fanciful and beautiful; and the other is to design really dainty grill-work and satisfying gateways. If their grotesque chimneys matched their grated entrances, and what lay between were fitting, Christopher Wren could have told them little. But the poor, not the rich tell of a city's happiness or misery. I will betake myself elsewhere; mayhap this fine street is but a splendid avenue with the rags of poverty fluttering on both sides."

Nathan walked eastward and the further he walked the more amazed he became. Along Fifth Avenue he had passed few children, and wondered; but as he journeyed onward, boys and girls of all sizes down to tots that sat helpless on the curbs became more plenty than the multitude on lower Broadway. He made detours around them and at times a rabble danced behind. For although their elders could not see him, to the children who still believed in Santa Claus, fairies, and Mother Goose, Nathan was a wanderer out of a story book; his hair tied with a blue ribbon, with the most satisfying of bright buckles on his low shoes, and the most delightful of stockings.

Here the idealist searched the faces of the men and women he met. They were miserably poor, and it was easy to understand that they were anything but happy.

Near the river front, he saw a thin-faced woman, dressed in a soiled garment like a stained calico meal sack, enter a meat shop. He followed her.

"It is that the beef, it has gone up once more," said the German salesman.

"Give me——" the woman hesitated, and her eyes searched the counter. "Give me a pound of what you sell the cheapest."

No need had the idealist to be told that the cost of any meat was a strain hardly to be borne. He thought of the windows he had passed earlier in the day, of the stone palaces, the gates of wrought bronze, and the shining vehicles in the street. He remembered a woman on the central avenue; a woman clothed as a queen might be clothed, with a great bunch of violets on her breast, and leaving on the air behind her the heavy scent of perfume. He thought of these things as he watched the woman of the soiled wrapper pressing to her, as if it were the violets, her package of meat.

He watched the woman's sad face as she turned from the store, with her piece of the shank of an ox.

The butcher said to himself, "It is that I myself have sorrow. If it keeps on, God only knows where it will end!"

Then all that he had seen since he had left the avenue of the palaces was getting worse, thought Nathan. "If it keeps on,"—if what kept on? He longed to ask the salesman, but he knew that he would not be heard. Yet he had seen in the faces in the lower city this thing; he had seen it even in the face of the woman of the violets; here he saw it close at hand and in its rank bitterness. He knew nothing of its origin, nor could he know but a pin-point of its significance. Yet he understood. In the shop itself, with its malodorous merchandise; in everything he had seen it. The conviction oppressed his heart that the further that he delved into this civilization, so flaunting and garish on the surface, the more it would prove the hideous human sacrifice of the many on a glittering and rich altar for the superfluity and joy of the few.

"It was in vain!" he shouted. "I tell you, it was all in vain!"

But the German butcher nodded his head to an acquaintance passing in the street and heard nothing from the shadow that strode so quickly from the doorway.

The idealist had noted a name above a door. He would return and observe for himself how the millions had been piled together that had built the tower on lower Broadway.

Near the entrance was a candy counter and here two alabaster-faced girls shoveled bright-colored sweets never ceasingly into weighing pans and from the pans into paper bags. The air was fetid from the rabble of buyers, and the heat as oppressive as if the store were a hothouse for the forcing of roses.

One of the girls had a quiet and delicate beauty, a beauty that was not unlike some spring blossom. She straightened with a sigh.

"Done up already, Katy?" asked the other girl, never stopping for a second her endless shovelings of sticky candy into the bags.

"Eight hours yesterday with the candy, and then the floor manager ordered me to help at the cake counter. Tired! I'm dead—and it's only eleven!"

"And she isn't much more than a little girl—poor sickly flower!" said Nathan. "Ah, my dreams, she has the face of my dreams!"

As he gained the street he shook his fist at the sign above the door.

"Buildings that cost millions! This is what my two of the tower gossipped. Like playing the fiddle! Cannot be learned! Must be born to it! Blessed, thrice blessed, are they who are never born than to be born thus!"

THE idealist had seen much. His day drew near its end. He stood before a vast square building. On the wall hung a sign.

"Wanted—Ladies on Shirts."

Nathan smiled grimly.

"Forsooth, we long ago worked women, but the word 'lady' had its significance. The worst of us would have been put to the blush by this emblem."

A shabby woman, with swollen and red eyes, separated herself from the crowd and moved toward the sign.

"Here is one of the Republic's ladies," remarked Nathan. "Methinks her country has dimmed her eyes with sorrow!"

The woman passed into the building, and the soldier followed up a flight of stairs.

Within a great room were rows behind rows and yet more rows of power-driven sewing machines. The workers bending over the machines toiled desperately, with an intensity and speed that brought a gasp from the beholder. It was a wild nightmare of woman's toil. Garments flew from one worker to the next with bewildering rapidity. It was difficult to realize that the workers were not machines themselves. Some were women prematurely aged, with whitened hair and wrinkled faces, others were passing from girlhood to maturity; but all were wretched, saddened, and bedraggled. Nathan knew that these were slaves of the needle; that they were held in some mighty power that lashed them with unseen scourges to their toils.

"Things are humming!" exclaimed the purple-faced driver of the human mechanism to the frail woman at Nathan's side. "We've got a big contract and we're pushing it through on the rush. Piece work! Bully thing for everybody. Keeps 'em on the jump. Got three machines left. But you must hump yourself. If you can't chase yourself and chase yourself good, you're fired. Steam for running power costs money, but we get all the ladies we want. It's up to you to catch the pace and keep it. See, dearie!"

Nathan felt his hands grip into knots. He swung his arm back, aiming between the brute's eyes, then he remembered.

"To die for such as you!" he shouted. "To die that such spawn should hatch and live! God Almighty! the disgrace—to die for such as you!"

But the other did not hear. He bit his nail with a crunch that suggested some low order of beast.

"There's your machine—in the corner," he snarled. "The last lady didn't make it go because of the light. It's the street for your little tootsies if you can't turn the trick. Get a move on you!"

Nathan fled from the clattering room, the sodden air chasing him down to the street.

"It was a failure!" he screamed. "To die for my country! God Almighty, break up the image into a thousand fragments and scatter it to the four winds!"

THE sun had sunk in a great wheel of flame. Red and white lights glittered above the stores and within shop windows.

"It is a city of diamonds and rubies!" exclaimed the idealist. "If it were the city of my dreams all that the poets have sung of a golden age would have come true."

"You are so funny, sir," said a childish voice, "that if you could see your own legs, I'm pretty sure you'd laugh quite hard."

Nathan glanced down. A little girl looked up into his face. He smiled.

"Mayhap I would, little maid," he replied.

"I've never heard any one say 'mayhap,' " remarked the little girl. "It's funny like your blue hair ribbon. But I like you," she confided. "Perhaps you come from a long ways off."

"Some one hundred and thirty-odd years, I take it," replied Nathan.

"That must be a very long ways," said the little girl. "And Miss Esterbrook—she's the leader of the summer evenings, you know—and Miss Esterbrook said that if there were any strangers in the city that wanted to come they were invited. You must be a stranger and you'd look so awfully nice on the platform."

"My compliments to your courteous Miss Esterbrook. And may I ask where might be the gathering of this pleasant invitation?"

"It's a midsummer night's song festival," said the little girl. "Most of us have to stay right here all summer. My Pa works on the Elevated, so Mother and us can't get away. But we have the school to go to once in awhile."

"And where might be this school, little maid?"

"Get your head just right and you can see the big electric lights at the gates. The song festival is at eight. And I must run along. Mother isn't very well, and I've got to get Pa's supper, and tend the baby, and get dressed, and everything."

NATHAN sat among those on the rear of a platform in an immense room. It was a cheerful room. Everywhere there were children. Boys and girls of bright faces and dressed in their best filled hundreds and hundreds of seats. The sea of little faces that were turned toward the platform gripped Nathan's heart and brought a mist before his eyes.

"These are they," he murmured. "These are the faces of those of my dreams!"

The exercises began with the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner, a detachment of little boys in Continental dress marching up toward the platform and presenting arms with wooden guns.

"My comrades in arms," whispered Nathan. "The dear little chaps! I wonder if they have ever heard my name?"

A boy in the front rank nudged his companion. "Do you see him?" he whispered eagerly. "The man behind the others. He looks like Nathan Hale down in front of the City Hall."

After the first song, and for the most of the evening, Nathan held his hand to his eyes. His emotion overpowered him. These little citizens of the Republic had such soft hearts and such overflowing sympathy for the weak and those in trouble. The pieces that were spoken by enthusiastic voices were filled with the love for humanity and the love of country. Patriotism surged in the air. Songs were sung that fired the heart of an old man who sat next to Nathan so that he forgot himself and shouted as if he, too, were a boy. And afterward for the space of a full minute he gazed at Nathan with a puzzled look in his eyes.

The hour and a half passed all too quickly; Nathan would not have believed that he had been in the room for a quarter of the time.

"Here are those of the sacrifice," said the soldier. "These are the hope of the Republic!"

Even as he spoke he heard the beating of wings, and looking upward through a skylight the idealist saw a luminous hovering bird. "My day is over," he whispered.

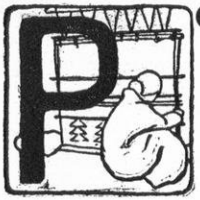
Suddenly the hundreds of little folk came to their feet, and a wonderful burst of childish voices swung into the majestic measures of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." And as the immense company of children broke into song, each brought out from under coats or from the folds of little gowns a flag and swung it in the air. The flag was not the one that Nathan had fought under, but he knew that it was the sacred symbol of his country.

The soldier leaped to the position of attention and stood again with his hand to his forehead.

"It was worth it!" shouted Nathan amid the ringing childish treble of the last verse. "If I had a hundred—nay—a thousand lives, I would so gladly give them all!"

IN the dimness of the park, Nathan mounted his pedestal. And a little later the beams from a light in the shadowy tower opposite dropped on the statue and showed the rigid, proud features of the soldier, just as proud as if he had never wakened in the city of his sacrifice.

THE HOUSE SET UPON A HILL: ITS PICTURESQUE OPPORTUNITIES AND ARCHITECTURAL PROBLEMS



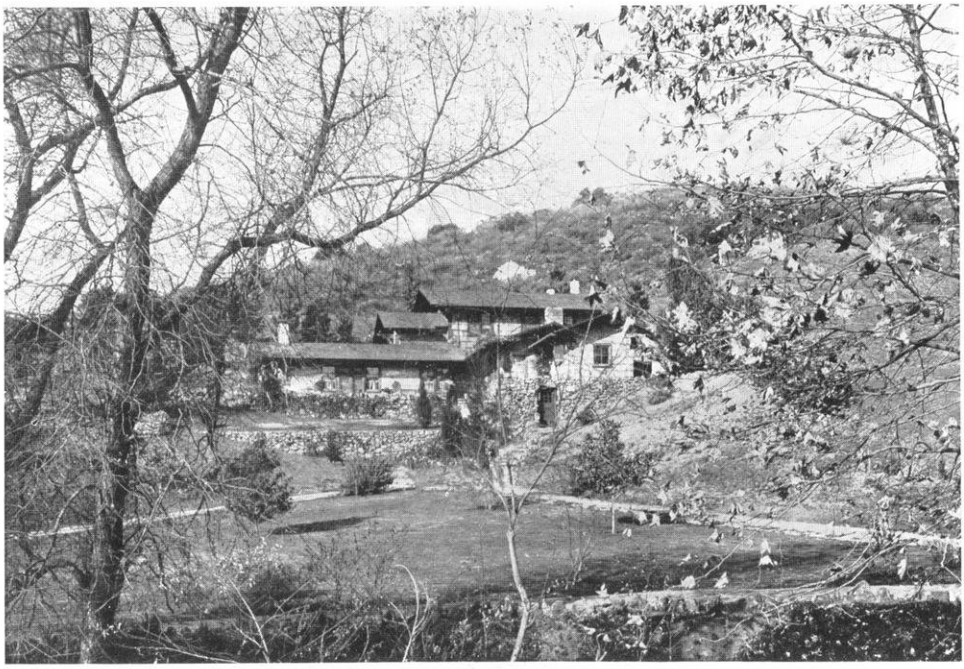
OETS and painters were called in to "dream" for the old Princes of Italy when they wished for a home, and their palaces, stately and fair, set in the midst of gardens watered with fountains, still live upon the slopes and in the valleys of Italian hills, glowing testimonies to the place of "vision" in architecture. Without vision, a house is but a house—not a home—and endures scarce the span of a life. Fortunately for the development of home-building in America today, many of our modern architects have the poet's vision and know well how to rest their dreams of fair homes upon the foundations that stand even past the third and fourth generations. Their knowledge of the endurance of materials, their quick perceptions of new possibilities, their clever adaptability have won them renown throughout the world.

The rolling hills of southern California demand of an architect an exceptional combination of ability to dream æsthetically and to construct practically. The general lines of the house, the slope of roof, the color and choice of material, the planting of the garden call particularly for a poet's vision, for bad taste in architecture is never more glaringly apparent than in a house built upon a hill. Its position is always a conspicuous one. From afar it is as a single spot against a background, so must somehow be united with that background in color and form, as a boulder with a mountainside. This does not mean that it must be the same color, but that it must seem suitable, normal, natural. A boulder, rounding, jagged or flat always looks in place, whether on a grassy, bushy or gravelly hillside. So a house, low or many storied, of sharp or softened roof lines must be appropriately proportioned and modeled; must be made to look in place. From near at hand, it is apt to loom awkwardly, seem unwieldy and without gracious perspective, unless great care is taken to prevent this. Seen from below, overhanging roofs often outbalance walls, or project sharply into the air like defensive bayonets.

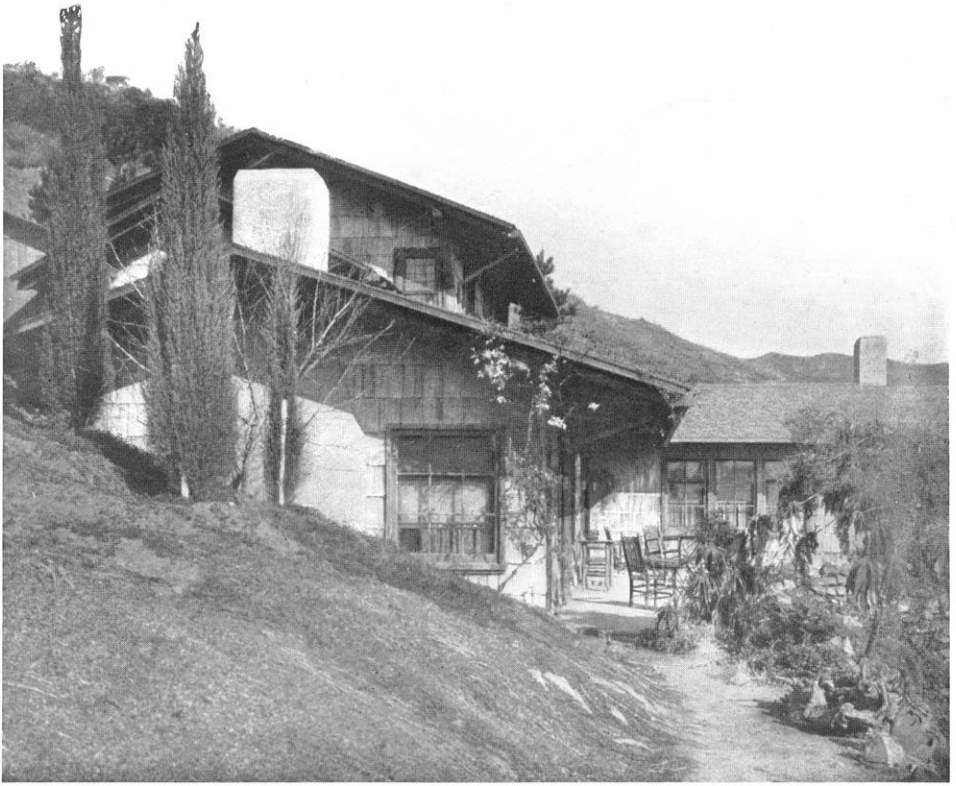
These rolling hills demand also a practical knowledge of drainage, of foundation, wall construction, and terracing. The winter rains of California do not always fall gently and softly. Sometimes they fall in torrents and come rushing down a hillside, guttering garden and lawn, undermining foundations and filling cellars as though they were intended for reservoirs.

The deep canyons upon whose steep slopes many people love to build, clinging like swallows' nests, present still another problem—that of light. The sun rises late and sets early for canyon dwellers,

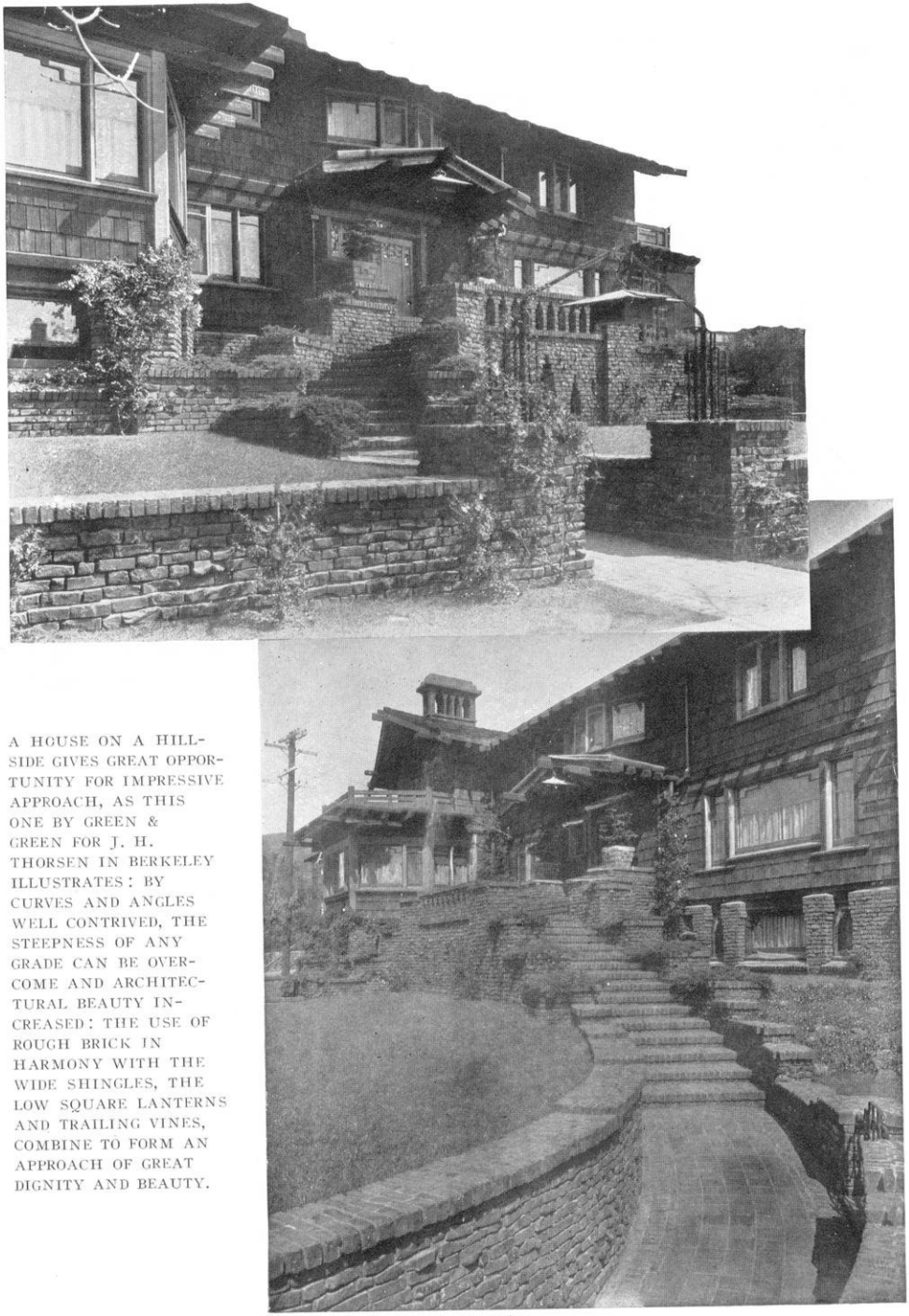
IN THIS HOUSE, DESIGNED BY ARTHUR R. KELLEY FOR DR. C. H. FROST, THE SHARP ANGLES OF THE ROOFS WERE SOFTENED, WHICH ADDED MUCH TO THE SYMMETRY OF A BUILDING THAT OTHERWISE MIGHT HAVE BEEN TOO SQUARE AND SEVERE TO SEEM IN PLACE AMONG THE ROUNDED HILLS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



THIS HOUSE WAS DESIGNED FOR MR. JOHN T. ALLEN, BY ARTHUR R. KELLEY, AS A SCULPTOR MODELS A HEROIC GROUP SO THAT ITS LINES WILL BE EFFECTIVE FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW: DISTANCE EVEN ENHANCES THE BEAUTY OF THIS HILLSIDE HOME BECAUSE ITS PROPORTIONS ARE TRUE.



THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS MAN'S SYMPATHETIC PLANTING OF A HILLSIDE WITH TALL ITALIAN CYPRESS TO BALANCE ROOF LINES AND WITH THE FLOWERING-VINE BANK TO UNITE WILD MESA AND TRIMLY-CUT LAWN : THE LOWER ONE SHOWS HIS WISDOM IN LEAVING NATURE'S PLANTING UNTOUCHED.



A HOUSE ON A HILLSIDE GIVES GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR IMPRESSIVE APPROACH, AS THIS ONE BY GREEN & GREEN FOR J. H. THORSEN IN BERKELEY ILLUSTRATES: BY CURVES AND ANGLES WELL CONTRIVED, THE STEEPNESS OF ANY GRADE CAN BE OVERCOME AND ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTY INCREASED: THE USE OF ROUGH BRICK IN HARMONY WITH THE WIDE SHINGLES, THE LOW SQUARE LANTERNS AND TRAILING VINES, COMBINE TO FORM AN APPROACH OF GREAT DIGNITY AND BEAUTY.

Photographs by George R. King.

so the wise orienting of a house is a serious matter. A plan, made in an office, that is perfect in itself, one that could be built on any level city lot, is of no use on a hill site. A plan excellent for a canyon lot running east and west will be of no value in one running north and south.

So before the architect can begin his "dreaming" he must study the site with a surveyor's and engineer's knowledge, investigate the chances for proper draining, compute the cost of foundation—always a considerable one on hillsides, sometimes amounting to as much as the house itself. He must consider the approach, another difficult problem, not only from the road-maker's standpoint but from the artist's. Hill lots are rich in suggestive opportunities for impressive or informal approach to the house, but their graceful suggestions cannot always be carried out. Grade must be considered and cost of road making; stone or brick steps, gravel or sod paths, must be determined upon with the uniting of beauty and practicality always in mind.

The question of drainage must come first. If the house can stand upon a natural knoll such as is often found in a gently sloping hillside, the matter is easily settled. Otherwise drains must be dug that will lead the sudden flowing of waters away from foundations and lawns. The leads can be covered ditches or open drains lined with concrete or gravel. In very steep lots the water can be conducted in a series of plunges lined with boulders, simulating a natural waterfall. Creeping cypress planted at the side will reach arms across it, just enough to partially cover it and break a too apparent line. Ferns, papyrus, iris can be set around the rock bottom pools that break each fall. Such naturally prepared rivulets, though dry most of the time, are always attractively suggestive of waterfalls. Garden shrubbery leans over them naturally, and if their paths are wisely chosen there will be no overflowing of banks and washing away of lawns.

Another way is to let an open lead follow the line of the roadways or paths. Here a formal stone or concrete curbing is not only suitable, but almost indispensable. Flat slabs of stone laid over the lead where foot paths join the main roads suggest a bridge, and give fine opportunity for garden pictures—a lantern or bird house on a standard, rising from a clump of bushes at one corner, a bench nearby, or an arch just beyond. The best garden pictures are made from just such impromptu situations as the meeting of trail and road, the angle of wall and house. Still another way is to sink tile on the outside of the retaining walls, conducting all waters in a hidden way to main city systems.

THE HOUSE SET UPON A HILL

IF there is no natural knoll then the hill must be cut into and a level place made. The removed dirt is generally banked into a terrace faced with stone or brick or gently graded as a continuance to the lawn. The face of the cut must also be overlaid with stone or brick, and tile sunk along its base or a drain dug. In the very steep, hillside building-sites, a series of terraces is required, an expensive but most effective plan. Then the garden can be so planted that it will cascade over these terraces, concealing or revealing its presence as a brooklet ripples over or around its bed of boulders. Where wall joins terrace retired seats can be built, or fountains be made to play. By the side of a landing, a lily pool can be made or a rest arbor constructed. There are many opportunities for a beautiful, easy ascent from street to house, opportunities for informalities and surprises, for varied vistas and intimate corners.

Another plan for hillside construction of a house, one needing less outlay of money, and that utilizes space to better advantage, is to fit the several stories of the house along the face of the hill so that the basement, first and second stories, are each entered from a level. This plan is best for a small steep lot, because no space is lost and because little paths can wind from one floor to another, furnishing an easy outside ascent and giving opportunity for charming garden planting.

We are here showing several houses built by Western architects upon hillsides, where difficulties of design and construction have been met both beautifully and practically. The house of John T. Allen, of Hollywood, California, designed by Arthur R. Kelley, is beautiful from a distance as well as from its own dooryard. The level lines of its roofs, paralleled by the level lines of its terraces cross the low sweep of hill with harmonious symmetry. All thought of severity is obviated by the oppositely sweeping curves of the two entrance flights of steps and the converging lines of the roadway. Seen through the delicate frame of trees, it holds instant interest, suggesting large and homelike rooms, comfort and generosity. Looking up at it from the base of its own stairway, a position that always puts roof lines to trying test, the full cleverness of its designing is more apparent. The choice of the wide shingles, or shakes, as they are called in California, in combination with the rough stone of the embankment, is an effective one, contributing in natural sympathetic way to the informality of the brushy hillside. The planting also is unusually harmonious—a few stiff spruce trees such as might have been planted there by the winds, a graceful clump of eucalyptus, several tall cypress trees set just where they will focus interest, singly at the angle of wall and embankment, and in an irregular group at the side

where they emphasize the line of the roof, a flowering bush at the foot of the steps, vines trailing over the wall to make it one with the ground. In one of the three photographs of the Allen house (the one showing a near view of the terrace porch and the well-grouped cypresses), an unusual treatment of bank can be noticed. Back of the house is the untouched mesa, below is a well-cared-for lawn. This bank is neither roughly wild nor trimly cultivated, but a happy blending link between the two—a wonderful flowering vine that flows unevenly from top to bottom of the bank, venturing unhindered into the path. This vine, called Mesembryantheum, is much in favor in California, for it rushes quickly like a tide, breaking "into foam of flowers," pouring over walls and banks with incredible swiftness and beauty.

ANOTHER lovely informal treatment of a hill slope, much in favor with Californians is shown—a bank left absolutely untouched, the wild flowers coming and going with the seasons, with no interference from man, only a little sympathetic encouragement from him. If poppies grow wild on man's newly acquired lot in that land of flowers he scatters a few more near them. If a mariposa lily lifts its butterfly blossom into the air, he gives it welcome companionship of its own kind. If the rains do not fall as they should, he gives them drink. Every one in California who has a garden, has a wild flower reservation of some kind—a boggy spot, a sunny slope or a shady corner. Seeds, bulbs or plants are brought in from the wilds and set in the city garden in the way that they like, so they feel and look at home, even though enclosed by a wrought iron fence. Wild flowers are cherished possessions there. They are admired as they well deserve to be, for their exquisite beauty, their joyous cheerfulness of color and exuberance of growth.

Another example of a hillside house well designed, ably constructed, harmoniously fitted in its place, is the one owned by Dr. C. H. Frost, of Hollywood, California, Arthur R. Kelley, architect.

The softening of the roof angles has given it just the grace required by its position in that sheltered fold of the hills. The shrubbery merges gradually in size from the low bushes at the summit of the hill down through an occasional aspiring spruce to a massed planting of tall and rounding trees. The house seems to be resting naturally and of its own accord among the trees, leaning comfortably back against the hill. The native trees and shrubs of the hill touch it intimately, the paths lead around it informally. Rough stone of embankment, irregularity of stone step, natural sweep of road, unite in furthering its hospitable sense of unconventionality.

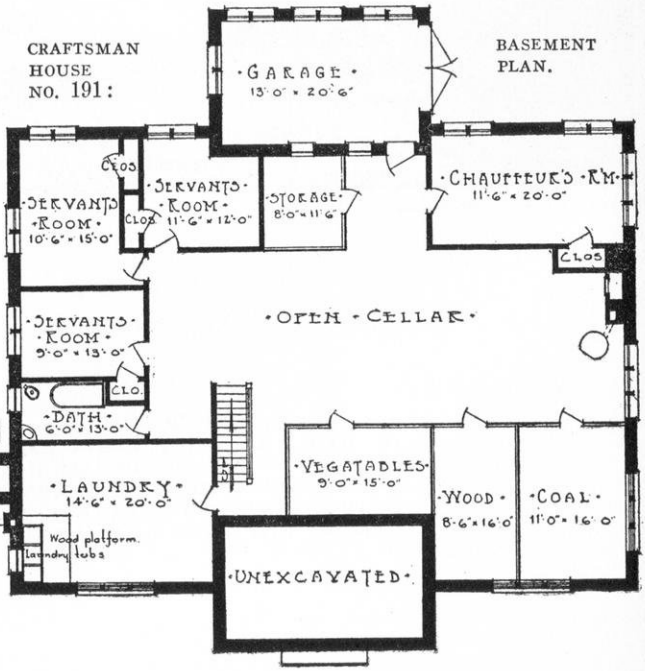
CRAFTSMAN HOUSES LARGE AND SMALL

A SHORT time ago one of our subscribers asked us to prepare special plans for a three-story home, to be built upon a sloping lot that ran from one street through to another. The dip in the land was considerable, and he wanted to adapt his design accordingly, so as to avoid unnecessary excavation, to get plenty of light for his basement rooms, and to take advantage of the view. The resultant plans and sketches proved so attractive, and embodied so many unique and practical features, that we decided to publish them this month in the magazine, so that other home-builders who happen to have an irregular lot may glean suggestions for their own case from this big comfortable house. The drawings show, moreover, an unusually interesting embodiment of Craftsman ideas on a large scale—for the present design includes not only spacious rooms and outdoor living places for the family and guests, but also convenient accommodation for several servants, chauffeur and automobile.

In planning the house, it was natural to have it face the highest street, for this allowed the servants' quarters and garage to be built at the back of the basement with plenty of windows. It also permitted the erection of a big living porch and balcony above the garage, where one could overlook the garden from a pleasant height. The dining room has also been placed at the rear, in the southeast corner, where it will get ample sunshine, and this brings the kitchen to the front—an unusual but in this instance satisfactory arrangement.

The two perspective drawings of this house—No. 191—give one some impression of its appearance from different points. The surfaces of the concrete or stucco walls are broken by the recesses and projections of the various porches and balconies, while the roof of flat tiles, with its various angles and ridges, presents an opportunity for a note of warm color—moss green or terra cotta—against the more neutral tone of the walls. The front and back of the building are symmetrical in design, unlike the sides which follow the lines of the hill, and there is a suggestion of the Mission effect in the arches, balcony parapets and tops of the façades. These architectural features give the house a certain decorative air, without detracting from its sturdy simplicity, and when the garden is planted and vines trained against the walls, the building will seem quite to belong in its surroundings.

The plans are as unique as they are prac-

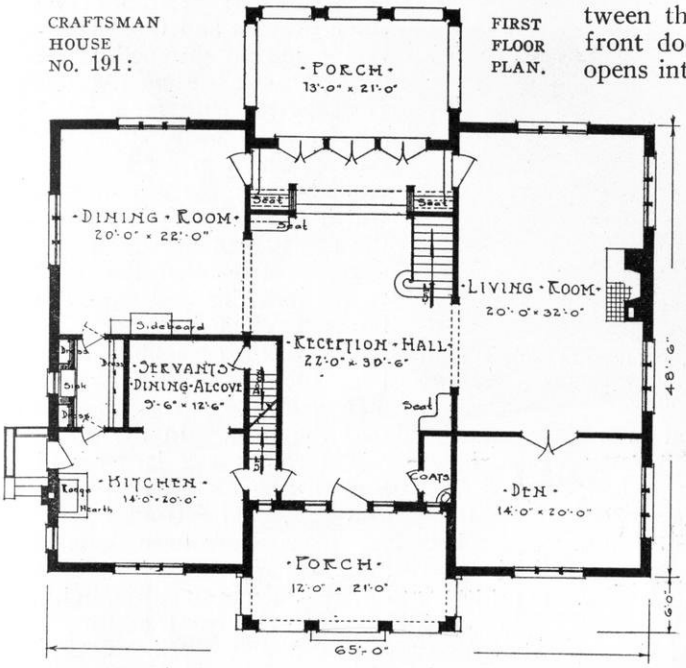


Gustav Stickley, Architect.

THIS VIEW OF CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 191 ILLUSTRATES A SIMPLE BUT DECORATIVE USE OF CONCRETE IN THE WALLS AND PORCHES, WHICH WILL BE PARTICULARLY EFFECTIVE IF THE FLAT TILE ROOF IS TERRA COTTA OR MOSS GREEN: THE HOUSE INCLUDES ACCOMMODATION FOR THREE SERVANTS AND CHAUFFEUR IN THE BASEMENT, SPACIOUS LIVING ROOMS ON THE FIRST FLOOR, AND SIX BEDROOMS WITH THREE BATHS UPSTAIRS.

Gustav Stickley, Architect.

REAR OF CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 191, SHOWING THE GARAGE AND PORCH ABOVE IT, WITH BALCONY OVERHEAD: OWING TO THE SLOPING SITE PLENTY OF LIGHT AND VENTILATION IS PROVIDED FOR THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS IN THE BASEMENT: THIS BIG, ROOMY HOME IS AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF CRAFTSMAN IDEAS CARRIED OUT ON A GENEROUS SCALE.

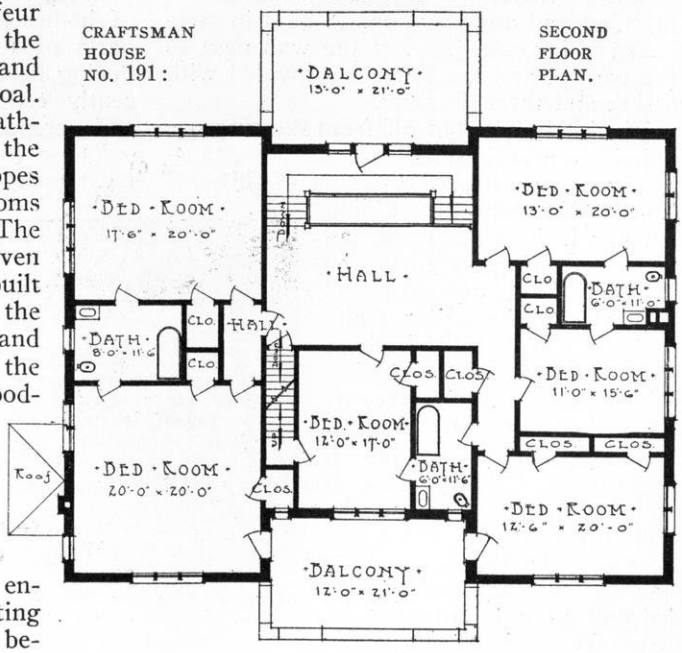


tical. The aim has been to provide both generous spaces for family life and for the entertainment of guests, and opportunity for quiet seclusion indoors and out—in fact, to embody on a large scale in this big roomy home the same frank, open and yet intimate spirit that characterizes a Craftsman cottage or bungalow.

The basement plan shows convenient accommodation for the chauffeur and servants in addition to the usual laundry, furnace room and bins for vegetables, wood and coal. Behind the laundry are the bathroom and three bedrooms for the servants, and as the ground slopes down toward the rear, these rooms have good-sized windows. The rest of the basement plan is given up to the garage, which is built under the projecting porch, the small storeroom for tools, etc., and the chauffeur's bedroom on the right. By the use of good woodwork, light tinted walls and simple harmonious furnishings, the servants' quarters can be made very attractive and homelike.

Turning to the plan of the first floor, one finds the main entrance sheltered by a projecting porch which is recessed also between the walls of kitchen and den. The front door, flanked by casement windows, opens into a great entrance hall, 22 by 30½ feet. On the right is a big coat closet with a wash basin in one corner, and built into the angle between the closet and living-room partition is an inviting seat.

On the opposite side of the living-room opening, the main staircase ascends to a landing that extends the full width of the hall and has a glass door and windows opening onto a balcony. A few steps lead up from the left hand of this landing to the second floor. At the rear of the entrance hall the floor is dropped a couple of steps to give headroom, so that one can pass beneath the landing through the double glass doors onto the back porch. Two steps also lead to this end of the hall from living and dining rooms, giving ready access between these rooms and the porch, and permitting one to pass from one side of the house to the other without disturbing people in the entrance hall. The building of seats beneath the stairs as indicated adds to the homelike appearance of the place, and the arrangement of the windows and other openings affords long and interesting vistas on every hand, giving a delightful sense of



HOME OF W. W. MERRIMAN, LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA, BUILT FROM CRAFTSMAN DESIGN NO. 76: ORIGINALLY PLANNED FOR A HILLSIDE SITE, BUT READILY ADAPTED TO LEVEL GROUND.

spaciousness and hospitality as soon as one steps into the house.

The living room, which is 20 by 32 feet, seems even larger on account of the wide opening into the hall, and these two rooms, when the furniture is moved aside and the rugs taken up, will form a big airy place for dancing. The open fireplace will give comfort and good cheer in winter, and in summer the wide groups of casement windows will let in every breeze.

The den that opens from he front of the living room affords an opportunity for privacy, and while the windows on two sides admit plenty of light and air there is ample wall space for bookshelves and desk.

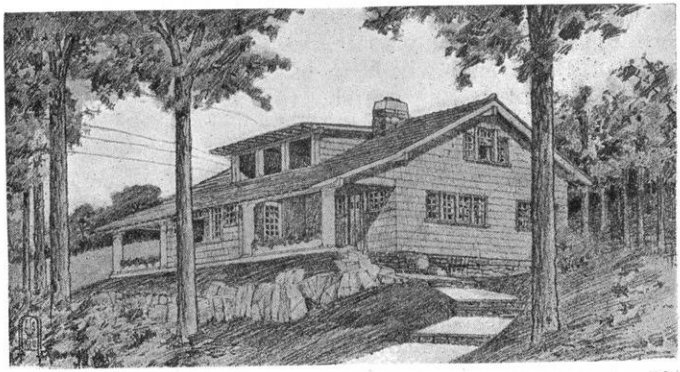
The dining room is large, as befits a house of this size, and the casement windows overlooking the garden let in the morning and noonday sun. A built-in sideboard is indicated against the wall next to the pantry, and the latter is provided with a sink and three dressers.

The kitchen is shut off from the entrance hall by the back stairs and small passageway, and an interesting feature of this section is the servants' dining room, which is practically an alcove at the back of the kitchen. From one corner of this alcove the cellar stairs descend. A small porch is built at the side of the kitchen, which being near the street is convenient for tradesmen.

The second floor has a large central hall which is well lighted by the door and windows opening from the staircase landing onto the balcony at the rear. This balcony may be covered by an awning if desired. The six bedrooms and three bathrooms are so grouped as to provide the utmost convenience for both family and guests. The bedroom in the center which overlooks the front balcony has a bathroom which is also accessible from the passage and corner room nearby. The other two bedrooms on this side of the house have a bathroom between them accessible from both rooms, while a similar arrangement exists on the left-hand side of the plan. In the latter case, however, the rooms are larger and are reached through a small entry opening from the central hall. The front corner rooms both have glass doors opening onto the balcony. Plenty of closets are provided and there is storage space in the attic, lighted by small windows in front and rear. The attic stairs ascend above the back staircase, reached from the middle bedroom.

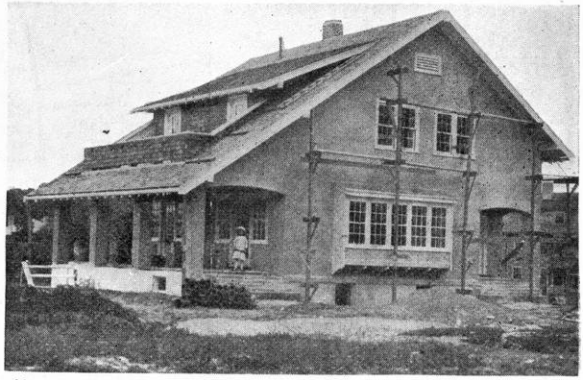
READERS of THE CRAFTSMAN who are in the habit of following our architectural progress and studying the various house designs which we present each month, may be interested to see how some of these look when embodied in material form. Indeed, we have already published from time to time photographs of homes built from our plans in various parts of the country, and we are reproducing here views of two such homes recently erected, together with the original and perspective drawings.

These cottages happen to be among the most popular of all our designs, no doubt



ORIGINAL PERSPECTIVE DRAWING OF CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE NO. 76: GUSTAV STICKLEY, ARCHITECT.

because they embody so many typical Craftsman features—big living porches, roomy, open interiors, large fireplaces, built-in fittings and a compact arrangement of rooms that lends itself to comparatively simple housekeeping. And it is interesting to note, in each case, how the owners have adapted our plans to meet the particular requirements of their location, climate and special family needs. At the same time, while incorporating in the building various minor changes—such as the construction of the foundation, the style of the windows or the details within—the main design has been adhered to with pleasing and practical results.



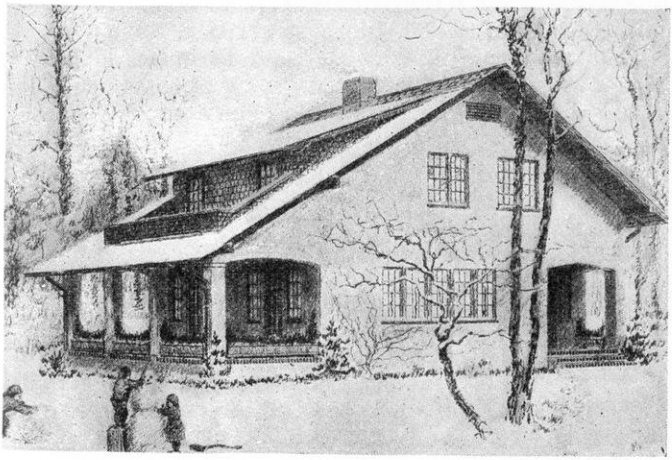
COTTAGE BUILT FROM CRAFTSMAN DESIGN NO. 149, FOR C. O. GARRETT, WELLESLEY HILLS, MASSACHUSETTS: A COMFORTABLE, COMPACT STUCCO DWELLING ARRANGED FOR SIMPLE HOUSEKEEPING.

Of course, much will be added to the charm of both cottages when a few seasons of weathering have mellowed the walls and roof, and when the planting of the garden has given natural decorative touches to each place and made the building seem a harmonious part of its surroundings.

The first home is that of W. W. Merriman, of Los Gatos, California. It was built from our design No. 76, which was originally planned for a hillside site in Maplewood, New Jersey; but with a few modifications it has been easily adapted to the level ground on which it is shown. The same materials—shingles with stone chimney—are used in the Western bungalow as in its first Eastern "incarnation," and with the exception of the windows and the openings of the big attic room, which have been slightly altered, the general appearance of the two is very similar.

The original plan of the first floor, which was published in THE CRAFTSMAN for October, 1909, will be found worth referring to by those who have a copy of this issue among their magazine files. The two large covered porches and the rear pergola provide plenty of space for outdoor living whether one wants sun or shade, breeze or shelter, at any hour or season. The big living room that extends clear through the cottage is especially inviting, with its groups of small-paned casement windows and glass doors opening onto the pergola, giving long vistas of the garden. The built-in furnishings—window-seat, bookcases and china closets—at each end, likewise add to the livable air of the place, and are as decorative a part of the woodwork as they are practical.

The rear of the living room was intended to be used as a dining room, for in a cottage of this simple character people often prefer to make the one room serve a double purpose and thus retain as large a space as possible for general living. The attic plan of this cottage, as first published, included a big central room with a bedroom on each side.



ORIGINAL SKETCH OF CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE NO. 149, ONE OF OUR MOST POPULAR DESIGNS: GUSTAV STICKLEY, ARCHITECT.

The second home, built for C. O. Garrett, of Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, is taken from Craftsman Cottage No. 149. This was a compact, comfortable stucco dwelling published in December, 1912, and containing, in addition to the porches and downstairs rooms, four bedrooms, bath and balcony on second floor.

HOW TO UTILIZE DISEASE-KILLED CHESTNUT

HOW chestnut timber that has been killed by the bark disease can be utilized to bring the most profit is told by the U. S. Department of Agriculture in a bulletin just issued for the benefit of farmers and other timberland owners in States where the blight has appeared. Most of the chestnut timber north of the Potomac River has been attacked and much of it killed by the disease, which is now spreading to Virginia and West Virginia.

Sound wood from dead chestnut trees, says the Department, is fully as strong as wood from healthy trees, and is suitable for poles, lumber, ties and slack cooperage; for mine timbers and tannin-extract wood; for shingles, fence posts and rails, piles, veneer and fuel. It cannot be used profitably, however, for tight cooperage, for wood distillation or for excelsior.

Disease-killed chestnut does not begin to deteriorate until two years after death, and in most cases it has been found that trees up to 10 inches in diameter can be sawed into merchantable products after they have been dead four years; trees from 10 to 18 inches in diameter, after they have been dead five years; while trees above 18 inches in diameter are merchantable six years after death. It is best, however, to cut and utilize infected trees as soon as possible after they are attacked. Diseased timber is still live timber, and can be sold as such, while dead timber, even though sound, always presents difficulties in felling, manufacturing and marketing.

In deciding what product to manufacture from his stand, the farmer or other timberland owner should first consider his own needs for fuel, fence posts and rails, split shingles, construction material for barns and sheds, or even interior finish for a new house. If a woodlot owner has more dead timber than he can use himself or dispose of to his neighbors, he should consider making one or more of the following products to be sold to dealers, railroads or manufacturing plants: poles, sawlogs, hewn ties, slack cooperage bolts, tannin-extract cordwood, mine timbers and cordwood for brickyards, lime kilns, brass factories, iron foundries, etc. Any of these products can be made with the tools kept on every farm.

Manufacture of lumber on the ground requires a portable sawmill. Portable shingle and stave mills can also be obtained, but such an outfit would be warranted only if there was enough timber to insure several years' operations. Owners of portable mills, however, often buy timber when there is enough to warrant a set-up. Moreover, there may be a custom sawmill or one operated in connection with a lumber yard or woodworking plant in the neighborhood. Stave, heading and shingle mills may often furnish a market for logs.

Logging chestnut for poles is much the simplest and cheapest form of utilizing the blighted timber. It consists simply in felling the tree, sawing off the top at an inside bark diameter of 7 or 8 inches, trimming the branches close, and peeling. Chestnut poles may be marketed through the hundreds of pole dealers scattered throughout the region of the bark disease, or may be sold to one of the telephone, electric light or trolley companies in the same region, or to buyers for the large telephone and telegraph companies and the railroads. Prices range from $.80 to $1.25 for 20 foot poles, to $6 to $8 for 55 foot poles.

Chestnut finds a wide use for ties, but it must meet the competition of better woods, and therefore does not hold its place as well as in the pole market. In the case of crooked trees, however, hewn ties are probably the most profitable product, provided there is not a sawmill or stave mill in the vicinity. To secure information of the size of ties demanded, and the prices paid, the stumpage owner should consult the nearest railroad station agent.

The manufacture of staves is one of the best means of utilizing blight-killed chestnut wood, since material as small as 3 inches in diameter and 19 inches long will often be accepted. Slack-cooperage mills even purchase bolts which may be measured by the cord. Some of the bolts may be as small as 3 or 4 inches in diameter, though the greater portion must be from 6 to 10 inches. Bolts for keg staves are about 19 inches long, and those for barrel staves from 28½ to 30 inches long. Stave bolts, on account of their small size, offer an excellent opportunity for the utilization of trees too crooked, defective or small for poles, lumber and ties. Cooperage mills pay up to $4.50 and $5.00 for chestnut cordwood delivered. The average selling price at mill for chestnut barrel staves is from $5 to $6 per thousand.

A COLONY OF ROCKY HOMES WHERE NATURE WAS CONSULTING ARCHITECT

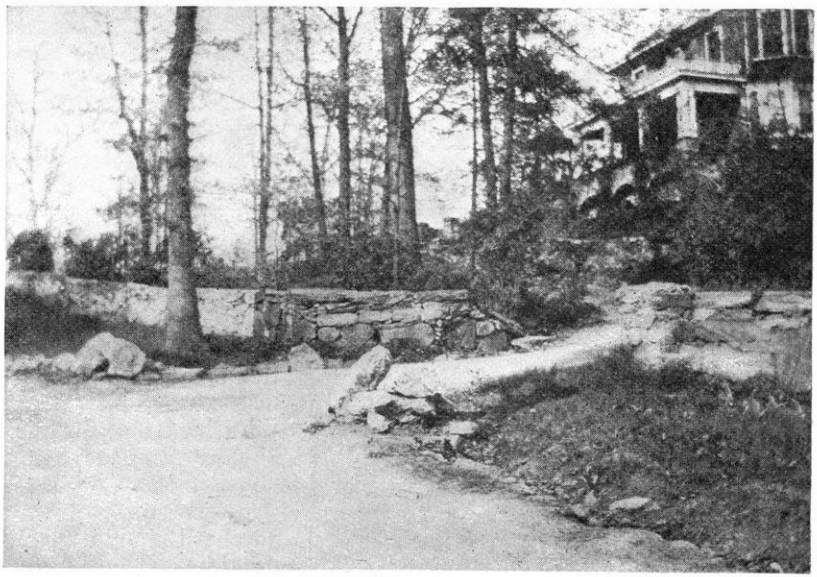
A BEAUTIFUL suburb is still a comparatively rare thing in this country. True, the last decade has shown much significant progress on the part of American architects and landscape gardeners, and groups of simple, well designed and sturdily built homes are beginning to dot the green fringes of our cities and towns. But many of the outskirts are still spoiled by monotonous and unlovely buildings, and suburbs of genuine beauty are the exception rather than the rule. For this reason one is all the more delighted to discover a colony of really comfortable and artistic dwellings, that show how homelike atmosphere as well as architectural charm can be achieved by working in harmony with Nature for the fulfilment of human needs.

One of the most successful of such suburban colonies is that of Lawrence Park, which nestles among the rugged outlines of Bronxville, a few miles from New York. It would be difficult to imagine a more delightful spot for a group of cottages, bungalows and big rambling homes than the rocky, woodland-covered hillside, and the prospective home-builder who is fortunate enough to be within reach of this pleasant place will find veritable inspiration among its friendly houses, inviting gardens and winding roads.

The most striking feature of this section of the country is its wealth of rocks and stones. Everywhere one sees them—huge gray boulders of granite and quartz jutting out from the side of some grassy hill; great lumps of blue and purplish rock with edges smoothed and rounded by years of weathering, lying half-covered with earth and grass and suggesting the backs of prehistoric elephants submerged in century-long sleep. By the roadside, man-cut rocky sections reveal their colored strata, shifted obliquely by some earth-settling or displacement of a geological past. Mounds of scattered stones dot the meadows, relics, no doubt, of the moraines left long ago by a melting glacier from the north—stones that seem as though waiting to be built into some rocky form of native architecture.

In fact, this is just what has been done, for one sees low walls of rough, weather-beaten field stone marking the boundary lines of meadows and farms. This rugged material has been used, too, in the cottages and barns—sometimes just for the foundation, at other times for the main walls—always in a way that makes their natural beauty of coloring and irregularity of shape a decorative asset of the buildings. They remind one strongly of the field-stone dwellings and Quaker meeting houses scattered around Philadelphia. But while the whole countryside near Bronxville and Tuckahoe is rich in these simple, picturesque features, it is in Lawrence Park that the stone architecture has been developed to its most artistic height.

This pleasant region lies behind the steep and rocky mount on which are perched the concrete walls and terra-cotta tiled roofs of Bronxville's imposing inn, "The Gramatan," a unique building admirably adapted



A TYPICAL GARDEN ENTRANCE IN LAWRENCE PARK, N. Y., WHERE THE IRREGULAR FIELD STONE HAS BEEN USED WITH SIMPLE AND PICTURESQUE EFFECT.

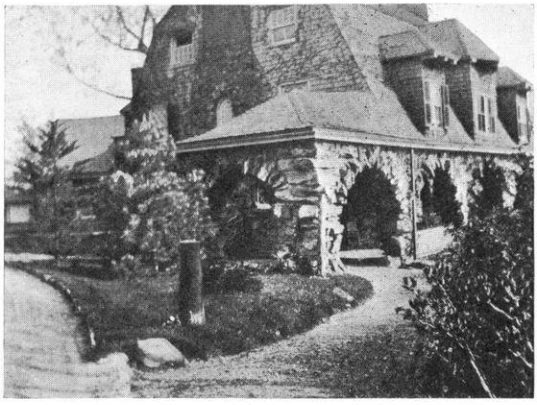
THE CONSTRUCTION SHOWN HERE IS CHARACTERISTIC OF LAWRENCE PARK, WHERE FIELD-STONE WALLS REPEAT THE ROCKY NOTE OF THE HILLSIDE GARDENS.

in plans, design and materials to its irregular and towering site.

Lawrence Park is full of surprises. Every turn of the road—and those turns are many—brings into view some new and unexpected charm. Here is a clump of trees upon a grassy incline, with slabs of granite at their feet, and behind them part of that same rock foundation, blasted and broken into convenient fragments, has been used for the walls of a sturdy vine-covered home. Another turn, and beyond more rocky ledges, trees and knolls, are other houses of field stone, stucco or shingle—homes that rise so naturally from the rugged ground that they seem to have stood there for ages, part of the form and spirit of the place. And although they obviously encompass much spacious and luxurious comfort, they have yet an air of solid simplicity. Their wide sheltering porches and big stone chimneys, diamond-paned casements, broad-eaved roofs and peeping dormers seem to spell in every syllable of stone and beam and shingle, the word "home."

Around them, creeping snugly up to the very walls, are the informal gardens—so informal, often, that they are hardly more than little bits of Nature, coaxed into companionship with man. Here and there, where the ground grows tired of climbing and relaxes in a miniature plateau, smooth lawns appear, bordered with flower-beds and bushes. But in most cases the gardens have been left in primitive wildness, with only the suggestion of a human touch. The latter takes the form, usually, of irregular patches of vividly blooming flowers that gleam with sudden brightness of blue, pink, white or purple among the more neutral tones of the rock.

There is usually no dividing line between these pleasant gardens, save an occasional bush, a group of planting or a ledge of rock, so that the effect of the whole hillside is almost that of a park or coöperative colony.



HOME OF H. A. BANE, SHOWING ESPECIALLY STURDY STONEWORK IN THE ARCHED PILLARS OF THE PORCH: WILLIAM BATES, ARCHITECT.

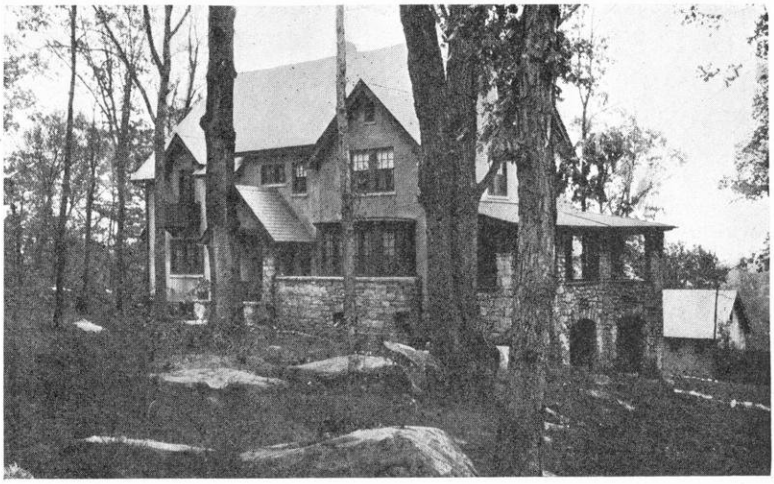
A dip in the road discloses the panorama of a wide valley with wooded hills and half-hidden housetops beyond the low stone wall and posts that mark the farther boundary of Lawrence Park; while to the left the road winds up a grass-grown hill. And at this point is a most unusual piece of architecture.

Jutting out of the hill is a huge gray granite boulder, and perched upon it like a lighthouse upon a rock is a great rambling house that spreads out solid wings and airy porches to hold it firmly on the slope. With decklike balcony and windowed tower, it seems to be keeping guard over the quiet valley below—a veritable rocky sentinel.

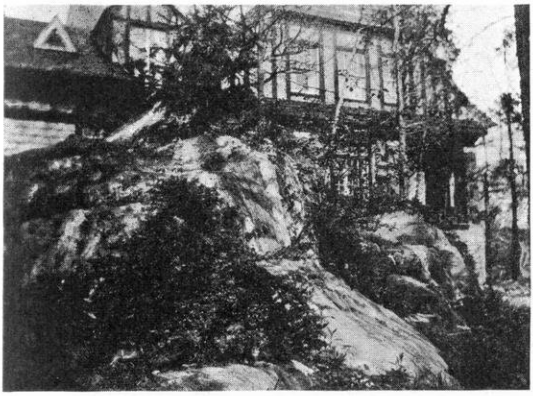
FIELD-STONE AND CEMENT HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF DR. CHARLTON, WHICH IS ADMIRABLY ADAPTED TO ITS SLOPING SITE: WILLIAM BATES, ARCHITECT.

NATURE AS CONSULTING ARCHITECT

The roadway that curves about its base to the avenue above brings one to the highest point of the Park. Here, too, are homes, large and small, of field stone, brick, wood and stucco, with occasional touches of half timber in the gables that remind one of English manors and cottages. Indeed, it is very evident that the architects have drawn considerable inspiration from the "old country;" yet there is no slavish imitation, but rather an adaptation of old traditions to new needs. Each house seems essentially the outcome of individual and local conditions, planned to express definite ideals in close harmony with the materials and site. And always one feels that the rocks and trees, the little hills and valleys, have all been courteously considered in the planning and building of the home. Nature has been "consulting architect" as it were, with the result that human handiwork of real beauty has been achieved without the sacrifice of native loveliness. Of course there are a few mistakes, a few details that are not as sympathetic as they might be with the general scheme; but those are the spots in which Nature was not consulted or her advice not wisely taken, where the architect was too egotistical or too eager to "show off" some eccentric effect. Fortunately, however, such instances are few and far between, so that the main impression of the colony is one of unusual architectural sincerity, friendliness and natural charm.

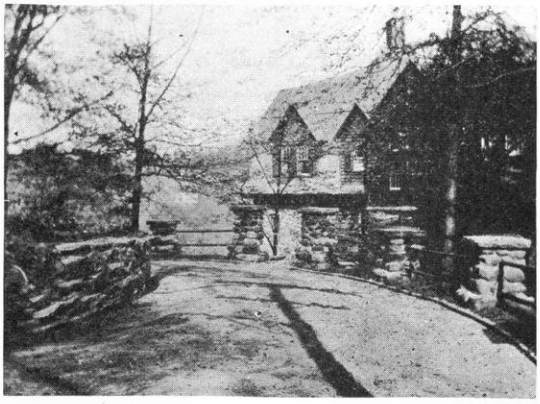


THE HOME OF J. C. GAZLAY, WHERE THE ROUGH STONE OF THE HILLSIDE HAS BEEN CONVERTED INTO STURDY FOUNDATION WALLS.



GRANITE BOULDERS IN LAWRENCE PARK, WHICH FORM SUCH A RUGGED NATURAL SETTING FOR FRIENDLY, RAMBLING HOMES AND INFORMAL HILLSIDE GARDENS.

Below the pleasant by-ways of Lawrence Park and its garden-circled homes, is a quaint little stone church by the roadside, whose rugged walls bring to mind the old Bible comment about the wise man of the parable who built his house upon a stony site: "and the rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock." So, too, have the builders of this woodland suburb planted their walls in solid stone, and in doing so have discovered the poetry as well as the strength of rocky architecture.



WINDING ROADWAY WITH FIELD-STONE POSTS, THAT LEADS TO ROBERT LIVINGSTON'S HOME, ORIGINALLY DESIGNED BY WILLIAM BATES FOR THE WIFE OF THE LATE GENERAL CUSTER.

SAFEGUARDING THE HOME AGAINST FIRE: BY AGNES ATHOL

I WAS awakened one morning some months ago by the confused sound of many voices and vehicles just outside my house. When I looked out of the window, I was horrified to discover that Mrs. Gifford's house across the street was burned to the ground. The roof of the house next to the burned one was on fire, the engine concentrating its attention on it.

Ours is a little community of twenty or thirty frame houses, lying on the outskirts of the city—not quickly accessible to the fire department. Nevertheless, neither the Giffords nor myself nor any one else to my knowledge, in the entire vicinity, had ever installed any protection against fire. It might easily have been my house that burned while I slept heavily on; the sparks on my neighbor's roof might just as well, with slightly different wind, have alighted on our shingles. Certainly there was nothing but fool's luck to prevent them from doing so.

The owners of the property just destroyed had recently spent several hundred dollars on painting and redecorating their home. Had one-third of this amount been put into fire protective devices, especially in the cellar, where the overheated furnace caused the trouble, the house might have been saved. Their frightened dog rushed upstairs through the smoke and roused them barely in time to get out over the blazing beams; an automatic alarm on the stairway would have warned them of danger many minutes sooner. After the Gifford fire I went to a friend who is connected with the Fire Underwriters and asked what to do to make our house safe.

"Get sprinklers," was the first thing he said. "Everybody ought to put sprinklers in the basement when they build. The fire department is all right, but most people fail to send in an alarm till the fire gets too big to handle."

"But what are sprinklers?" I asked.

"Go into almost any department store or factory and look up at the ceiling. You will see a number of parallel water pipes with little knobs along them at intervals. Those are the automatic sprinkler nozzles. They are sealed by a little plug of metal which is fusible at a low temperature. Suppose you have sprinklers in your cellar and the furnace is accidentally neglected. The unusual heat melts off the plug and the water rushes out and extinguishes the fire. A round disc immediately in front of each nozzle makes the water spray out over about a hundred square feet. The sprinklers act whether anybody is home or not—and you can't stop them from putting out your fire till the water is turned off at the main."

"I see. If Mr. Gifford had put sprinklers in the cellar the fire would have gotten no further. But do you have to have them all over the house?"

"No," replied Mr. Rhodes, my expert friend. "Not in private dwellings. But if your other neighbor had had an arrangement for wetting down the roof he would not be employing those expensive carpenters to reshingle it. A perforated water pipe along the ridge-pole could be operated by a valve in the attic. Any woman could manage it."

"Doesn't it cost a lot to install pipes and sprinklers?"

"Not as much as a fire costs," he answered drily. "Of course any installation—gas, electricity, fireplaces, cupboards—anything, is cheaper at the time a house is under construction. But it is really very easy to connect a sprinkler system with your water pipes in the cellar because they all run through the basement before passing to the different rooms of the house.

"Another good cellar precaution is a sheet of metal—zinc or tin—immediately over the furnace. And of course keep the cellar clean and tidy without accumulations of rubbish. Upstairs there are other ways of checking fires quickly."

"Chemical extinguishers?"

"Sometimes. One kind of dry powder extinguisher is splendid for putting out burning fat or oil in the kitchen—when the oven catches fire, or a lamp is overturned. An extinguisher which forms a blanket of heavy gas is the thing for the electrical fires that result from a frayed light cord or electric iron attachment which has become worn. This type of machine is invaluable in the garage for gasoline flare-ups, which occur so commonly. It is operated quickly and simply by a valve wheel, and comes in a size so small, fitted with brackets, that it can be hung up inside the automobile."

"I thought chemical extinguishers were liquids," I ventured.

"Many are. The liquid extinguishers are better for fires that are spread out in a room, the dry powder kind for those in a confined space—a fire in a closet or a frying pan. The gas kind, while especially intended for fires caused by volatile oils which are spread by the use of water, are also of all around service. Most liquid extinguishers are really water extinguishers. They are similarly charged but differ in the devices by which the charge is released. Nearly all of them contain inside a solution of bicarbonate of soda in which is suspended a small phial of sulphuric acid. When the machine is turned upside down the sulphuric acid is discharged into the soda and carbonic acid gas is formed—the same gas our soda water contains. This propels the water out with great force and adds to the extinguishing efficiency."

"Wouldn't it be a good thing to have a chemical apparatus on each floor?"

"Yes, indeed, only when you buy an extinguisher, see if it has been approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters in Chicago. If you are not sure, write and find out. Every good device for fire-fighting, from non-freezing hydrants to patent glove cleansers, is given our seal of approval and listed so people can be certain. You ought to try all the extinguishers in the house once in a while, marking on a tag when they were refilled and by whom. The awful Iroquois Theater disaster could have been checked if the extinguishers had worked right."

"How about fire pails?"

"Have two or three, by all means. I should set them on a bench or shelf in the upper hall where they would not be emptied or knocked over. The trouble is, fire pails and extinguishers are not enough. Human beings are necessary to make use of them. What people need in addition are the automatic devices which go off before the situation is serious and either put the fire out or give a warning. Take the thermostat, which is an automatic alarm—literally a heat recorder. Some of them operate by a sensitive metal spring and others by compressed air. You can attach them to an electric bell circuit exactly like the door-bell. When any unusual heat rises about them the spring or compressed air expands and acts upon the electric circuit. The bell begins to ring and rouses the family long before the fire is beyond control. I should put thermostats on the ground floor near the stairwell, in the kitchen and the storeroom, and possibly at the top of the basement stairs—all the main fire-danger points of a house. Then before the fire amounted to anything it would actually be ringing for admission!"

As I was thanking Mr. Rhodes another question occurred to me. "We carry fire insurance, of course, but no amount of money could replace some of my old furniture. What is the relation of insurance to fires, anyway? It doesn't really give you back what you lose."

"That's what most people don't understand. Insurance is all right as far as it goes—it is a protection from absolute destitution, but it doesn't replace anything. What is burned is gone — irrevocably wasted. The materials, time and labor expended on what has been burned are absolutely thrown away. Insurance capital is like a reservoir from which temporary assistance flows out to meet the distress of the loser. This reservoir has to be kept full all the time. You pay a little, I pay a little, in direct premium or charge for protection; we pay a great deal more indirectly—higher office rent because the landlord has to insure, higher food and clothing prices because factories and stores have to insure. This will be true as long as preventable fires continue to occur.

"But there is one aspect of insurance that is self-evident. The more remote the fire hazard in your home, the less you have to pay directly in the form of premiums to get financial protection. It's sound business policy, therefore, to reduce one's rate by installing preventive safeguards, isn't it?"

A VERY wise man once admitted that there were three things which were too wonderful for him, yea, four which he knew not: the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid.

I take it that he was in no way perplexed by three things that are beyond me, yea, four which I could never get the hang of: the way of a setting hen; the way of a cow in the corn; the way of Hannah Belden at a Methodist revival; and the way of a church member with a heifer to sell.—*From "The Philosophy of Zarathustra Sims."*

HOME OF DR. CHARLES PULLEN AT ROCHESTER, NEW YORK: THIS BUNGALOW IS OF HOLLOW-WALL CONCRETE WITH ROOF OF RED CONCRETE TILE: THE ROOMS ARE BUILT AROUND A CENTRAL GLASS-COVERED PATIO THAT SUGGESTS A DELIGHTFUL ADAPTATION OF A SOUTHERN FEATURE TO NORTHERN NEEDS.

CONCRETE IN HOME ARCHITECTURE OF INTERESTING AND UNIQUE DESIGN

ONE of the most striking characteristics of American architecture today is the widespread use of concrete. We see it in our skyscrapers, in the great railroad terminals, libraries and other public buildings, as well as in our suburban and country homes—from the simplest bungalow to the most luxurious residence. As a rule this adaptable material is used with remarkably good effect. Our architects seem to appreciate its varied possibilities for beauty, and at the same time realize the need for a more or less simple, sturdy style which the very nature of concrete suggests. They have discovered, too, the unique decorative quality that may be attained through well-balanced proportions and harmonious lines, through the tone and texture of the surface and the design of the various structural features. And working in sympathy with the material itself, with due regard for all these latent virtues, they are recording today in concrete an exceptionally interesting chapter in the architectural history of our land.

Aside from its artistic qualities, concrete has many practical ones that recommend it to a high place in the modern home-

DINING ROOM IN DOCTOR PULLEN'S BUNGALOW: THIS ROOM OPENS INTO THE CENTRAL PATIO WITH ITS FOUNTAIN, POOL AND FLOWERS: THE PANELED WALLS AND SIMPLE FURNISHINGS ARE IN KEEPING WITH THE STURDY STYLE OF THE BUILDING: C. R. NEWKIRK WAS THE ARCHITECT.

CARETAKER'S COTTAGE AND STABLE WITH GARAGE BETWEEN, ON DOCTOR PULLEN'S ESTATE: THE BUILDING HARMONIZES IN MATERIAL, COLOR AND DESIGN WITH THE NEARBY BUNGALOW.

builder's esteem. Not only is it durable, requiring little in the way of up-keep, but it is proof against water, fire and vermin, and is a non-conductor of heat, rendering a house cool in summer and warm in winter—that pleasant and much-desired paradox. Moreover, it lends itself to comparatively inexpensive forms of construction. For these reasons, it is no wonder that concrete is taking its place today as one of the most popular of building materials, and is already playing a significant rôle in the developing of a typically American architecture.

There are many forms of concrete construction in use nowadays. Besides various kinds of stucco work, in which coatings of concrete are applied to brick, hollow tile or metal lath, we have solid and reinforced concrete, concrete block and hollow wall. This last, although of comparatively recent invention, has successfully passed its experimental stage, and is now being used with remarkably satisfactory results for buildings of many types all over the country.

The examples of hollow-wall concrete shown in the accompanying photographs are interesting illustrations of the adaptability of this particular form of construction. The buildings, which are on the estate of Dr. Charles Pullen, Rochester, New York, were designed by C. R. Newkirk, architect, and were erected by the Van Guilder Hollow-Wall method which has proved so useful and economical for all sorts of structural work where strong, well-insulated walls are desired.

The same general style is followed in both the bungalow and the combined caretaker's cottage, garage and stable, which stand a little distance away. And this harmony of materials, color scheme and design lends a certain unity and distinction to the grounds which will of course be considerably enhanced when the planting of shrubs, trees and flower-beds has linked the two buildings to each other and to their surroundings. The somewhat rough texture of the concrete surfaces, combined with the darker note of the woodwork and the rich tones of the red concrete-tile roof, form an attractive contrast, and need only the addition of a few vines to complete their picturesque air. There are several unique touches in the design of the roof, gables and dormers, which show an original handling of both plans and materials. The wide projections of the eaves, the shadowy and inviting recess of the porch with its concrete steps and parapet, the square effect at the top of the roof, the timbers that project through the walls, and the use of transoms above the double windows—these are all practical and decorative features.

In the arrangement of the bungalow, inspiration has evidently been drawn from the Mission architecture of the South, for the house, which is 60 feet square, is built around a central court covered by a large skylight which shelters the place from the inclemencies of a northern climate, and yet leaves it with a glimpse of sky overhead, suggesting the sunny, open patios of California homes. This effect is further em-

phasized at the front of the court, which is filled by a wide group of long, small-paned windows, two stories in height, and protected at the top by a hood of red tile. The patio itself is of concrete, with a fountain and pool in the center where ferns, flowers and vines lend a garden atmosphere. The building of a big open fireplace with tiled hearth in an alcove of one wall allows this delightful place to be used in winter as well as summer.

From the patio open the various rooms. Some impression of their homelike quality can be gained from the photograph of the interior which we are reproducing, and which shows a corner of the dining room and the opening into the room beyond.

The view of the other buildings shows a practical and pleasing way of combining cottage, garage and stable in one group. The dwelling portion is particularly worth noting, for the concrete parapet and pillars of the porch form an interesting extension, giving a lighter touch to the solid form of the main structure, and affording a roomy place for outdoor life. The garage, which is the connecting link between cottage and stable, also makes a break in the contour of the mass.

Nothing has been attempted in the way of ornament, in either this group or the bungalow, the architect relying for beauty entirely upon texture, color and design. But in its sturdy, unpretentious way, this roomy home and its out-buildings present an unusually pleasant group, suggesting one of many ways in which concrete and tile may be combined with artistic results.

It would of course be possible, in buildings of this type, to introduce a touch of decorative color in the gables or along the parapets of the porches, in the shape of colored tiles whose rich tones would lend a touch of emphasis to the surface and overcome any danger of monotony. This, however, is a matter to be decided by each individual owner and his architect; some prefer the simplicity of the plain, unadorned concrete, which has always a certain dignity of its own when rightly used; others like to add a gracious tracery to its bareness by the planting of vines; still others see in the insertion of tile mosaics in some geometric form, the ideal means of decoration. But whichever medium is chosen, one can always achieve both individuality of feeling and artistic effect in even the simplest concrete home.

BIG CAMPAIGN FOR INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION

THE National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education is planning to raise a large sum of money during the coming month, to go toward the expenses of the organization for the next five years. $100,000 is to be raised by the committee in New York City alone, and other committees will be formed in various big cities throughout the country.

The members of the society believe that the worker must be trained to work and that the State should train him. In a democratic country, they say, education is one of the most important functions of the State. A worker who is not trained to work is not educated. The State should give him the broadest mental equipment possible in the given time, and at the same time fit him for more or less specialized work.

There is abundant provision, the society feels, for the youth who can take long years of schooling to prepare for a profession; public funds and private endowments are at his disposal. But the boy or girl who would be trained for the trades, the industries or the household has hitherto been left to his or her own devices, with lamentable result.

There is an ever-growing demand, however, for industrial education. Labor unions, manufacturers' associations, social workers, educators, citizens in general are aware of this great need. Industrial schools are springing up all over the country, and it is confidently believed that they will receive Federal aid. For the prosperity of the country depends largely on the efficiency of its workers, and the more adequate their technical training, the more successful they will naturally be.

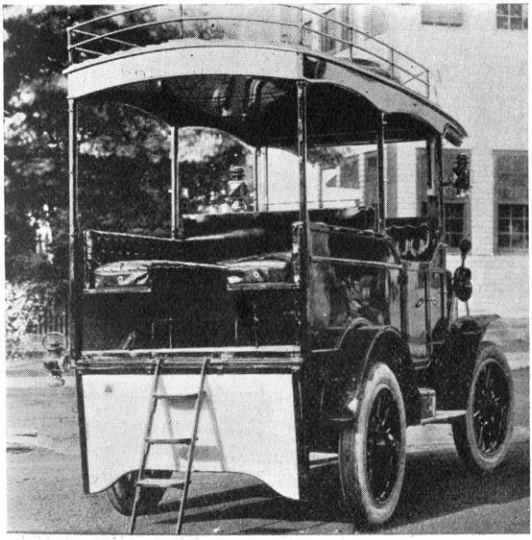
The National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education is a centralizing agency where those who have special knowledge of industrial education bring that knowledge and make it generally available. Its committees are at work on such problems as those of legislation, work for girls and women, industrial and trade schools, practical part-time schools and evening industrial schools, endeavoring, by legislative and educational means, to raise the general standard of industrial efficiency.

THE MOTOR TRUCK IN COUNTRY AND CITY SERVICE

MAN invented explosives and harnessed the lightning, to war with his enemies, to defend himself and his property, to strike death to his neighbors or to keep them in proper subjection, in fitting awe of his masterful prowess. Now he controls these powers so superhumanly invoked in the cause of war, for a vastly different purpose—to plow his fields and take their yield to market. His first roads were highways of death and destruction. He built them that his armies might have a quick access to the granaries of his neighbors and bring back with ease the ill-gotten plunder. Their whole intent and purpose was hostile, they were powerful weapons for the ravishment of lands, the pillage of property, the enslaving of people. Now roads are built for the transportation of produce instead of armies. Their whole intent and purpose is neighborly coöperation instead of neighborly annihilation.

Good roads and controlled explosives are now man's most powerful aids to personal and public advancement. They have been associated with him through many phases of his history, through his wars, his pleasures and his commercial enterprises. It is a question as to whether good roads have increased by demand of motor vehicles or whether motor cars have developed in popularity and usefulness because of the existence of good roads. Certainly they are constant associates and also invaluable allies of man.

A MOTOR TRUCK WITH TOP IN THE TROPICS.



MOTOR BUS FOR COUNTRY TRAVEL.

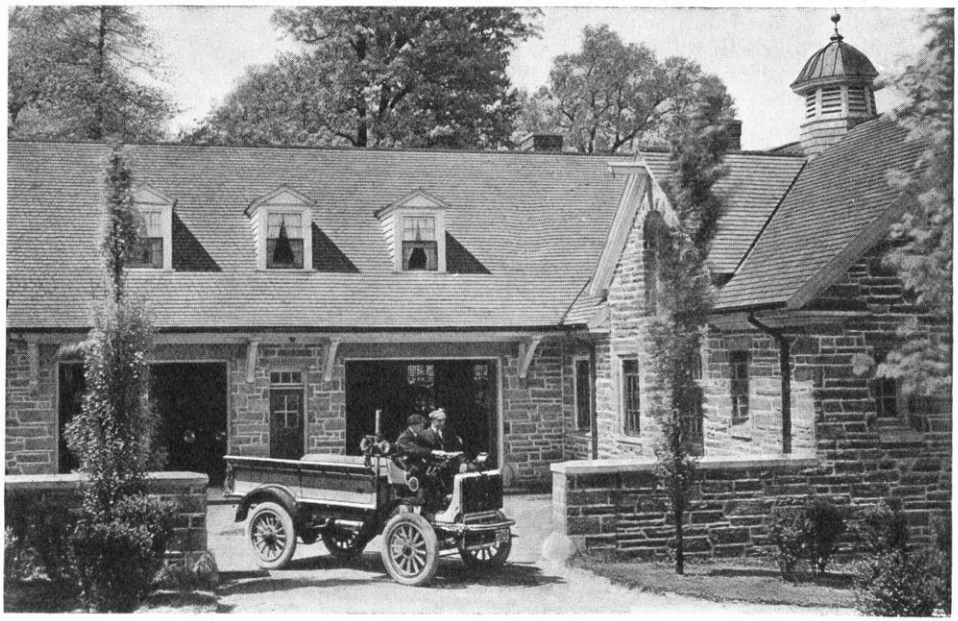
Motor cars and good roads have brought the city and the country into a more friendly association and understanding. Since a city's existence depends upon the prosperity of its back country, it is well for them to work pleasantly and confidentially together—for the well being of one is based upon the success of the other. In America are more than 2,222,248 miles of excellent roads connecting city and country, and over 50,000 motor trucks thundering over them, rushing fresh farm products into cities and returning to the country laden with needed products of the city.

Horses are no longer adequate to the stupendous task of keeping city and country in close touch. Neither are the steam cars able to push infinitesimal arteries into every secluded hamlet and valley, making them a necessary, a vital part of one great living system. The motor car is proving itself to be the indispensable mediator between city and country. Business men are transported daily from suburban home to skyscraper office in quick time and with much comfort by the ever handy motor car without the annoyance of rushing to catch

trains for the privilege of standing all the way to the city. The pleasure car has brought back to the city man his almost lost memory and love of the country.

The motor truck is the revolutionary, the long-prophesied aid of city and country. Once there was rebellion because the steam shovel did the work of a hundred hand-shovel men in quicker time. There is no rebellion anywhere because the motor truck does the work of a hundred teamsters. In India even there is nothing but admiration for the wonderful engine that in five trips of fifteen minutes each can transport the cotton that takes thirty men and sixty bullocks an hour's trip each. They are being extensively used there, operated by white-turbaned drivers, and are pushing into the almost isolated farm provinces, paving the way for the coming of railroads. In China they are augmenting the efficiency of the camel caravan, receiving the goods brought over the northern desert routes and rushing them quickly into Canton and the seaports of Hongkong or Shanghai.

In America their uses are so various and important that it is quite impossible to make mention of them all, yet new employments are continually being developed for them, especially in country estate service. As general utility cars, their design is legion, each owner adapting the open body or closed type to his especial need. There is a combination passenger and luggage car used to convey guests to and from railway stations, the two rear seats being removable, which allows for ample baggage space. The closed delivery cars are in general use for city service and for transporting perishable country produce. The open type body as shown in one of the illustrations is more convenient for general hauling of farm materials about a large estate, in moving household goods to and from city and country house, and carrying dairy products to early markets. These open body cars, especially in the West, are often supplied with removable tops and are in this form frequently draughted in the transportation service of small fruits. With these smaller open trucks, berries and small fruits can be rushed in good condition to an early market.



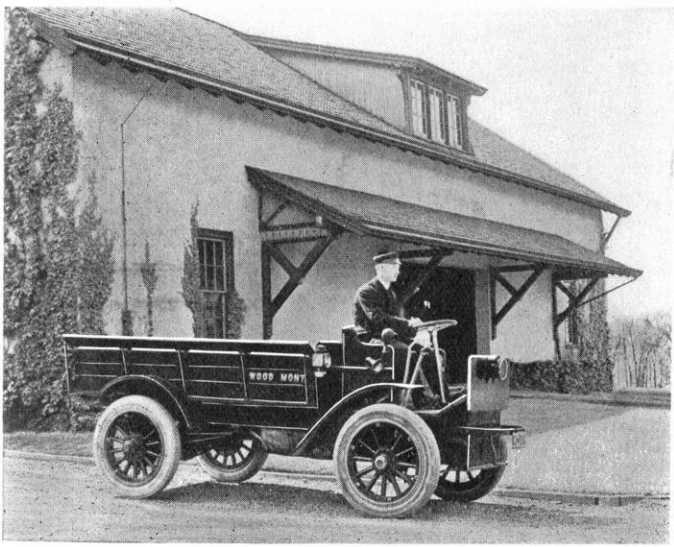
MOTOR TRUCK WITHOUT TOP.

Fruit growers constantly testify to the value of the large fruit trucks in making quick deliveries when the markets demand, thus permitting the grower to take advantage of unexpected opportunities. One report of a New Jersey fruit grower will serve as illustration of their efficiency. He writes: "One day last summer it became necessary for me to ship two carloads of apples from Beverly station of the Pennsylvania Railroad. I had no pickers on hand, so my truck was dispatched early in the morning to Palmyra, nine miles away, for eleven men to pick my apples. After

making this eighteen-mile trip, the truck made eleven trips to Beverly, carrying sixty bushels of apples at a load. The distance to Beverly and back is seven miles, and these eleven trips, therefore, aggregate seventy-seven miles. The Autocar then took the eleven pickers back to their homes in Palmyra, making eighteen miles more for the day. The total distance traversed by the Autocar on this day was one hundred and thirteen miles. To have accomplished this work with horses, taking into consideration the difficulty of getting pickers on hand, would have practically been impossible in order to make my shipment promptly. Three trips to Beverly and back is about as much as a team of horses can accomplish in a day."

A MOTOR TRUCK LOADED WITH VEGETABLES: GREAT CAPACITY SHOWN.

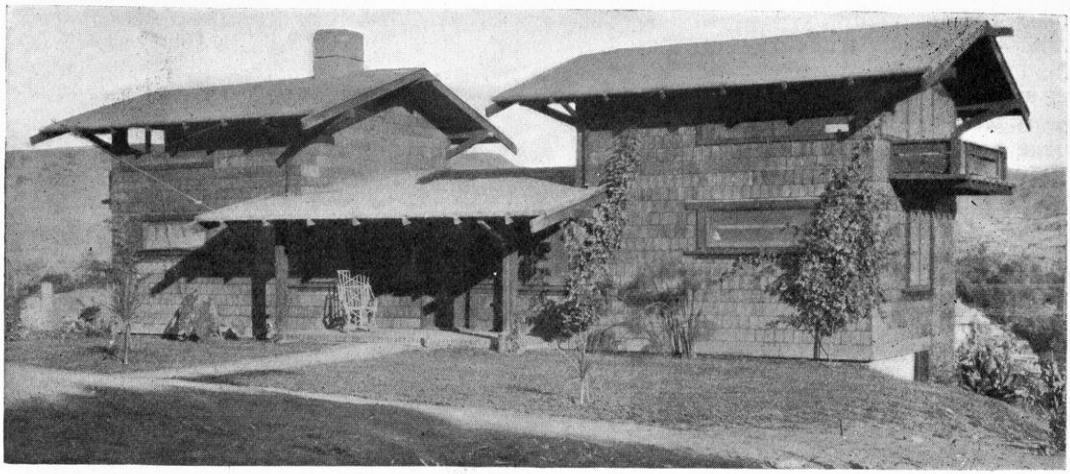
The demountable truck is another form recently introduced for the convenience of country estates. It is a truck having a body built to receive a loaded rack. This eliminates the time formerly wasted by having the motor wait, idle, while being loaded. Now the truck runs up to the loading shed, receives its already loaded tray, and is off again with no waste of time. This new form of delivery truck, which is as serviceable in the city as in the country, now averages 40 or 50 miles a day when previously it could average but 15—for there is positively no wasted time. The body is not only demountable but is power-dumped. Contrast this with the delivery service of the immediate as well as far past and we realize how rapidly these power vehicles are working themselves into an indispensable factor of modern life. Their future form can hardly be prophesied.



THE MOTOR TRUCK AS A DELIVERY WAGON.

Fruit growers, coal dealers, dairymen, packing companies, in fact, every business requiring express delivery of goods, now consider large motor trucks as indispensable. Improved loading and unloading facilities constantly being introduced are helping to cause a steady decrease in the number of horses used in city trucking.

In their stead are tireless, efficient, powerful motor trucks, mighty as Hercules, reliable steel-armored messengers of the Gods of Neighborliness and Good Fortune. Streets are cleaner and business is conducted with greater despatch now that these modern monsters have relieved the overburdened horse of a task too great for its ability.



PICNIC HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA SHOWING SLEEPING PORCHES ON UPPER FLOOR.

THE PICNIC HOUSE

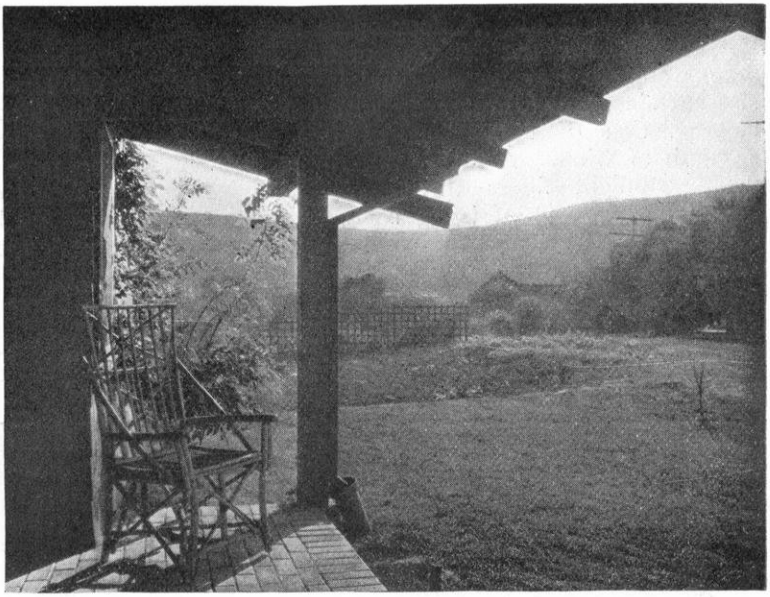
WHEN the men and women who closed the doors of their bleak New England houses rebelling at the severity of a climate that imprisoned them and banished their gardens for the greater part of the year, moved Westward following their desire for freedom, and reached California, they found a climatic welcome exceeding their expectations. They hopefully penetrated the canyons and climbed the hilltops of that hospitable land, their air-tight New England homes exchanged for the airiest structures they could stimulate the architects to build. Their bedrooms, whose every crack was once fairly caulked in an endeavor to shut out every breath of air, are now little more than a roof upheld by four corner posts.

Their ways of getting the Western house plans adjusted to their universal demand for an outdoor sleeping room are various indeed. Architects and owners plan almost invariably for an especial privacy for the outdoor sleeping room. A house designed by W. E. Allen for Mrs. W. W. Wiles of Los Angeles presents one successful solution of the problem of obtaining a quiet seclusion for the porch bedroom. Two bedrooms have been included in the plan, that are as retired, as separated from the rest of the house as though perched upon a mountain top.

They call the little place a "Picnic House," for no other name seemed to fit it so well. A picnic is a day out of doors; a day when there is no household drudgery, when meals are eaten under trees instead of roofs. The name is therefore entirely appropriate, for every day there is spent out of doors, meals are served on the green-roofed pergola room and household drudgery is unknown, for everything has been planned for economy of effort.

The outside walls of this simple little six-room house are of 1 x 12 rough boards covered with split redwood shakes, which without the application of paint, stain or oil soon have the appearance of being old and weathered. The roof is of white malthoid with the edges heavily rolled. The eaves have an extension of four feet and are heavily bracketed after the fashion of the Swiss châlet. In the center of the front wall is a small brick-floored entrance porch, roofed and partly recessed. The wide front door, which is of a single slab of redwood, opens into the living room.

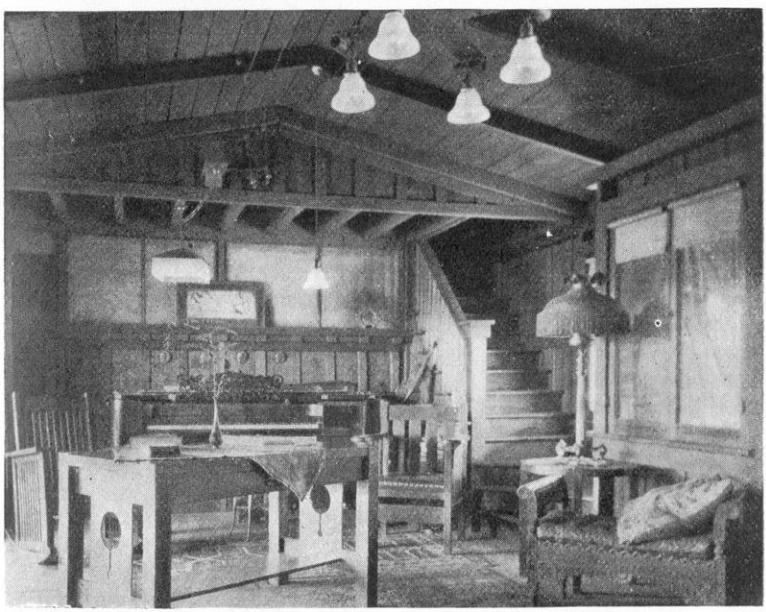
The living room has been treated in an original way. On either side of the wide front door are open stairways leading to the upper sleeping room, one of which is on the western and the other the eastern end of the house. The first landing of the stairs is open, the next has a low railing with simple newel, the upper part is enclosed by a lowered width of ceiling. The ceiling, then, of both ends of the 29 x 16 room is lowered for a width of four feet to an eight foot level and beamed with 2 x 8 timber set 18 inches apart. These lowered portions of the room to a height of five feet are faced with 1 x 12 rough boards with three inch battens, paneled above the plate rail with strips of natural tan Chinese tea matting.



ENTRANCE PORCH OF PICNIC HOUSE, WITH VIEW OF GARDEN.

The central part of the ceiling peaks with the roof lines and is finished with 1 x 6 rough boards laid on 2 x 4 rafters, all exposed and stained a rich brown. A dull red brick fireplace at one end of the room extends clear to the ceiling. This large central room is living room, music room, library and on rainy days a dining room. There is a built-in buffet-cupboard near the door into the kitchen, which projects a little into the main room. The corner formed by the extended cupboard has been utilized for a seat seven feet long by two feet wide. Upholstered and cushioned in harmonious colors it adds to the room an atmosphere of comfort. Floors throughout the house are of six inch tongue-and-groove Oregon pine, stained and oiled. Bath and kitchen are finished in white enamel.

In the bedroom at the left of the entrance is a charming little brick fireplace. This room is finished by battening the inside of the exterior walls—a popular, inexpensive and quite satisfactory way of finishing California cottages. Between the board walls and the shingles is a thickness of heavy tar building paper, through which wind and cold cannot penetrate. A plate rail runs around this room, above which is the frieze of Chinese tea matting. The ceilings are beamed.



LIVING ROOM, MUSIC ROOM AND LIBRARY COMBINED IN THE PICNIC HOUSE.

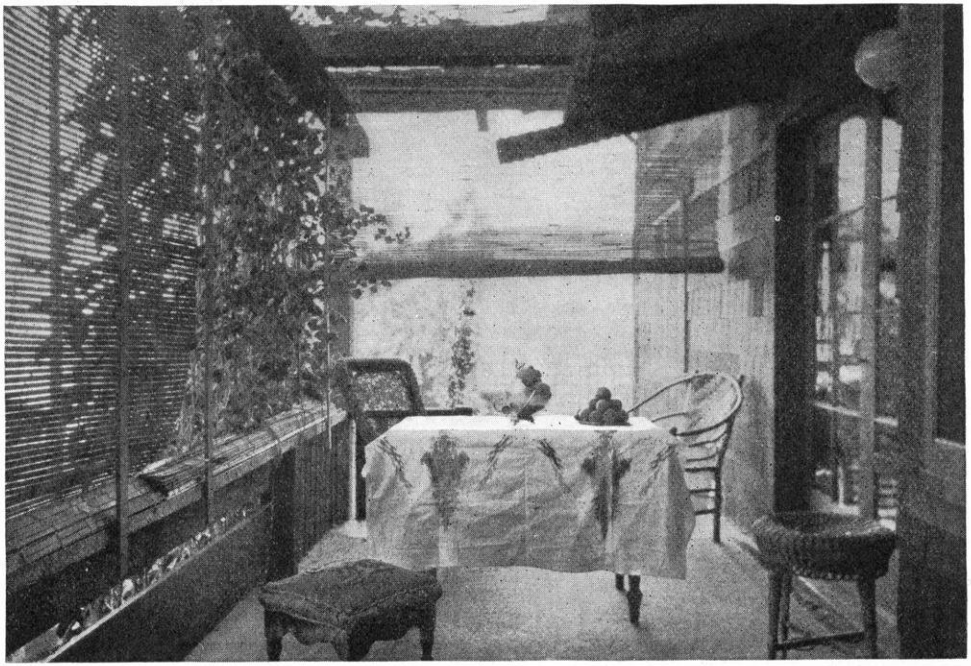
The outdoor bedrooms, 12 x 16 each, have roomy clothes closets and large sawed openings instead of windows on three sides. These screen windows, fitted with heavy curtains which can be lowered during storms, permit of fine extended views down into the canyon below. One of them opens onto a balcony, where one can sit to enjoy a sun bath, or spread the bedding for an airing.

The closed-in kitchen, 10 x 10, is extended by a screen porch, 10 x 6, where vegetables are kept, tubs for washing are placed

and goods delivered. A door opens from the kitchen onto the pergola porch. Its outer walls are growing vines and Japanese slat curtains, which are easily adjusted to suit position of sun, slant of rain or strength of wind. A lovely dining room, where sunlight filters through fragrant grape-vines instead of being barred away by thick walls! Glass doors opening from the central living room unite it with the pergola dining room instead of shutting it out as wooden doors would do. Summer or winter that open room looks like a picture upon the walls of the living room. Blue sky, drifting rain, and green vines paint their varying pictures across the open space of that glass doorway.

This pergola porch has the picturesque quality of an old Roman banqueting hall, with friezes of purple grapes and green leaves against the deep cerulean sky by day, and stars for tapers by night. Each meal served upon that porch has the cheerful festive spirit about it that is so conducive to good health, good spirits and a continual, quiet joy of life. Physicians constantly suggest outdoor living for both nervous and unhappy people. They know there is something wholesome in it, something remedial, that the outdoor air is a better elixir than any they can brew and seal in a bottle, that the exultant song of a bird will do more to cheer away gloom than any orchestra of men. The secret nest among the vines becomes the children's most cherished possession, teaching them things never possible to be learned in schools.

California is full of people who have fled from the strain of cities, seeking health. Little homes are built where simple living is possible, in the folds of the wild-sage hills, in bay-tree scented canyons, among the balsam pines of the higher altitudes. Hardly one of the subtle diseases which somehow steals unawares upon the dweller of cities but is put to rout by an outdoor life. "Picnic houses," comfortable and homey, cleared of all the encumbering non-essentials of life, are better physicians than any fashionable "springs" of foreign lands.



A REAL LIVING PORCH, BREAKFAST ROOM AND RESTING SPOT FOR THE PICNIC HOUSE.

This particular "Picnic House" has much to commend it to the attention of prospective home-makers anxious to incorporate outdoor sleeping rooms in their building plans in a practical inexpensive way, while adding to the attractiveness of the house, to its convenience and its comfort. That these sleeping rooms were placed where the greatest seclusion could be obtained and in a manner that brought about a pleasantly original construction of the living room, are two great advantages.

ALS IK KAN

A SUMMER FARM SCHOOL FOR CITY CHILDREN

TO most of us, the word "culture" has a more or less superficial meaning, as something apart from daily work and life. When we speak of "education" and "learning" we think instinctively of schools and colleges, textbooks and classrooms, around which all our studious traditions have grown. And so deep-rooted are these ideas and associations that our attention is always arrested by anything as unusual as a *farm school.*

This being the general attitude, it is no wonder that considerable initiative is required to launch anything in the shape of an outdoor school, where a few acres of fertile land take the place of a small, shut-in classroom; where spade and hoe, not pen and ink, are the tools; where seeds and bulbs take precedence of books, and actual productive work is rated higher than theories and memorizing. Every effort that succeeds in breaking through the popular prejudice and inertia, and gives to agriculture a serious place upon the school curriculum, is to be eagerly welcomed. For apart from the country's need of efficient farmers, such healthy training has a definite value for every schoolchild, whatever may be his or her future career.

So earnestly have we believed in the wisdom of bringing the boys and girls of America into close touch with the land—with our gardens, fields and forests and all the natural sources of supply—that we have always been eager to record in THE CRAFTSMAN any signs of progress in this important field. And during the last few years we have published many articles showing how successful the new farming movements have proved—how practical and inspiring have been the achievements of the agricultural colleges, the school gardens, the vacant-lot societies and similar forms of enterprise. For they have helped to win back many city-bound people to the wholesome work and freedom of the soil, and have turned the energies of thousands of boys and girls into happy, healthful and productive channels.

There is one phase of agricultural education, however, which seems to be only a recent development—and that is, *the carrying on by the pupils of actual truck farming, for profit, on land available by the public schools.* This has been worked out successfully in connection with Public School No. 4, in The Bronx, New York. Although the experiment is being tried at present on a comparatively small scale, with a restricted class of pupils, the enthusiasm of the little farmers and the success which they have already attained, makes the undertaking worth recording. For it often happens that a single practical example of this kind furnishes initiative and inspiration for other schools and communities, sowing the seed for a vigorous and widespread movement.

Simon Hirsdansky, the principal of the school in question, describes the work as follows:

"We have in our school," he says, "four classes of 'ungraded children'—those who are mentally backward or defective—and it is with a number of these boys that the farming has been successfully tried. This limitation, however, does not lessen the value of the experiment, for there is no reason why it should not be extended to sickly and anæmic pupils as well as to those who are physically and mentally sound.

"Next to giving the children a good physical start, there is nothing that the school can do for them which is of greater value than fitting them for earning their livelihood. Realizing this, we had already taught them various handicrafts—basketry and shawl-making—in which they had turned out remarkably clever and salable products. But this was not adequate; they needed outdoor activity and also an occupation in which they would be sure of 'making good' financially in the future—in other words, a field that was not crowded by over-competition. We decided, therefore, to teach them truck farming.

"Funds were raised by the Child Welfare League and the New York Foundation, and a course was planned to extend from April 1st to October 1st. Through the kindness of Commissioner Thomas Whittle—a man who is always ready to coöperate with any progressive undertaking—we were given the use of four acres of land on Hunter's Island, in Pelham Bay Park. Reasonably good farming soil was chosen, in a spot sufficiently secluded to prevent the products from being tampered with.

"In this delightful spot the work began. Mr. W. R. McHargue, who had farmed in Florida and Montana and studied at the University of Stetson, Florida, was chosen as instructor. Seventeen pupils, ranging

from eleven to seventeen years old, were taken daily to the Island by Miss Elise Seyfarth, whose interest and enthusiasm are so unfailing that she is staying in town all the summer to carry on the work. And so diligent have the boys been in cultivating their land and caring for their crops, that they have already grown enough vegetables to supply a nearby inn. In fact, from the very first, the work was put on a substantial, profitable basis, and contracts were made with several neighboring households who promised to buy all the vegetables the boys could raise.

"Superintendent Maxwell, recognizing the importance of the little farm, has arranged to have it placed upon the list of summer schools and to have teachers assigned to it. The land is also being used for camping during vacation, so that it has the double attraction of a paying farm and a picturesque pleasure-ground."

As Mr. Hirsdansky points out, the value of a farm school of this character is by no means confined to the backward pupils for whom it was originally planned. Like manual training, physical culture and many another branch of modern education, the activity that has proved so beneficial for pupils below the normal standard will prove even more advantageous for those of average development. An experiment like this opens up a new vista for public educators everywhere. Why cannot every one of our schools have not only its garden but its strip of farm land and agricultural instructors? Why cannot pupils be taught to grow their own fruit and vegetables, not as a mere dilettante study, but for actual use and profit? The contact with the soil, the exercise and the interest that always attaches to productive work, will form an excellent basis for future success in any field, while those who wish to make agriculture their life work will have the foundation of practical experience.

The organizers of such farms will find, as did Mr. Hirsdansky, that the parents will welcome such a program, while the real estate owners and park commissioners will be only too ready to place at the disposal of the school unused land that is fertile and near enough to be of real service. Nor need this outdoor work be separated entirely from the regular courses. Chemistry, botany, mathematics—these may all be studied with relation to soil, fertilizers, plant growth, and the marketing of the products.

The value of a farm school during the summer is well nigh incalculable, especially for the boys and girls of the crowded city tenements. It takes them away from the stifling, unhealthy streets and dingy rooms out into the open air, among green fields, beside shady woodlands and pleasant waters, where their bodies and souls have a chance for that wholesome growth and expansion which their city environment can never give. It transforms them from idlers and mischief-makers and members of destructive "gangs" into busy, happy little farmers, proud of their responsibility, eager to work as well as to play in this novel outdoor "classroom."

When once a few of our public schools have included such a farm as a permanent part of their equipment, when once they have proved how much physical and mental benefit first-hand agricultural experience holds for boys and girls of practically all types and ages, surely the boards of education in other towns and cities will see the wisdom of such training, and farm schools will eventually be, not the exception, but the rule.

There is one point about the farm on Hunter's Island that is worth particular notice—namely, that the boys actually *sell* the vegetables they grow. Perhaps this accounts partly for their success. If the work were done merely because "teacher said so," or because the parents wished it, or the child simply liked to make things grow, the enthusiasm would probably be much less and the results not nearly so encouraging. But when the boy knows that his crop of corn or lettuce or tomatoes is not only going to add to the relish of his own home dinners, but is also going to prove a marketable product that will reward him, in actual money, for his toil, he is apt to work with considerably more zest and take greater pride in his crops.

What a contrast, moreover, is presented between this farm school and the average business college where the students are trained by means of "mock" buying, selling, correspondence, bookkeeping and other clerical work. Although it teaches them the principles of trade and business management, such a system lacks the interest and incentive which the realities possess. How much more satisfactory for the children to feel that they are, even from the start, real producers. To "learn by doing"—that is after all the most effective plan.

BOOK REVIEWS

COLOR DECORATION OF ARCHITECTURE: BY JAMES WARD

FORTIFIED with the quotation from Ruskin, "I cannot consider architecture as in anywise perfect without color," Mr. Ward offers an eloquent plea for a greater use of color in city buildings. The history of art testifies through all its great periods, he points out, to the universal delight that artists, decorators and architects have taken in the color expression of proportions and arrangements for the decoration of buildings.

The Italian architects of the sixteenth century, whose work still draws admiring students from all over the world, were not satisfied with gray and drab buildings, but enlivened them with color set in as wall mosaics and stained glass, with mottled marbles, metals, tile and floor mosaics. The author contends that nature for the solace of mankind has made most of her works beautiful by dressing them in colored garments. Birds, insects, stones, gems, trees, flowers and "weeds of glowing features," the countless phases of the earth, the sea, the sky, afford the clearest evidence that nature delights in rich and bright as well as in quiet schemes of color harmony. "Therefore if true art is built on the solid ground of nature, color cannot well be divorced from it, for although certain uncolored artistic creations are legitimate enough, they come under the head of illustrations, or are portions of colored schemes of decoration, for colorless art, like colorless nature, is almost a contradiction in terms."

He attributes our avoidance of color in public buildings to a sort of inherited puritanical pride, as if it were a desperately wicked unregenerate instinct needing watchful suppression. He declares we are inconsistent, because we tolerate the most daring combination of color in stained-glass windows yet fear to use it in the rest of our architecture; that our churches are a reflex of the Mediæval spirit that sacrilegiously scraped off the decorations of their piers, walls, ribs and ceiling vaults, depriving them of their former beauty. Though the book was written primarily for the practical help of decorators, students and craftsmen, its purpose also is to interest all people in the use of color in the construction of their houses.

It is true that the modern use of color in architecture needs reforming. Those daring enough to use it at all, display a bravado that covers a fearful doubt. Italy's bold use of color from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries, mellowed with the half-tones of time, attracts the art lovers and workers of the whole world. The streets of our cities are admittedly gray, practical, commercial avenues and lack the mellowed beauty of the cities of the Old World. But the purpose and needs of ancient and modern cities are widely different. There is something incongruous about the noisy electric rush and bustle of present Rome. One cannot conceive of New York as a quiet place where travelers hunting beauty may pause and dream of past or coming romance. The use of color which makes the Old-World cities marvels of beauty is irreconcilable with our towering skyscrapers. A new use of color is needed and modern architects are giving much thought to the discussion of its introduction in our civic and private buildings. This book argues well for its more general use. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 131 pages. Price $3.50 net.)

MARKETS FOR THE PEOPLE: BY J. W. SULLIVAN

WITH a knowledge gained by several years' examination service of the projects to reduce the cost of living, at the Washington headquarters of the trade unions of America, supplemented by a personal study of the market systems of Europe, Mr. Sullivan has compiled a valuable book covering every phase of the market question. After setting forth the various merits and demerits of the commercial channels between the producer and the consumer, from the "old woman and basket" system in Europe, to the public markets of the chief continental cities and municipal markets of America, he suggests a system. Not a complete system, but one founded on a correct principle. The rights of the consumers are the chief basis of his plan of reform. He advocates:

1—Ambulant street vending, free to all comers, limited in range only by necessary health laws and any higher social exigencies of other traffic.

2—Open-air markets to be held for a few hours semi-weekly or tri-weekly, in street or park or other public space, in any

quarter of Greater New York where bodies of consumers may demand them; free to all vendors either of foodstuffs or manufactured articles of household or personal use.

3—Existing public markets to be used to the fullest extent through modern methods —auctioning, licensing the market commission men, selling by sample, ordering from producers for direct delivery, encouraging the attendance of local producers.

His arguments in favor of the pushcart vendors are worth consideration. They render special service in the speedy disposal of a glutted market, distributing a shipment which otherwise would cause the producer to suffer a total loss, to people who welcome an opportunity to buy cheaper food. Without the coster the overplus of the day's market could never reach the people. The abolishing of the pushcart men from our streets, he says, has given rise to a storekeepers' tax on the poor. His plans, all based on the consumers' rights, great and small, set forth in concise, convincing language, should be in the hands of the buyers and sellers who wish to get the best worth of their money with the least outlay of effort. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 316 pages. Price $1.25 net.)

THE TITAN: BY THEODORE DREISER

IF any proof is needed of Mr. Dreiser's popularity as a portrayer of certain phases of American life, it is to be found in the following quotation from a current paper: "The advance demand for Theodore Dreiser's 'The Titan' was so large that a second printing became necessary before the publication of the first." This certainly is an unmistakable tribute to the author of "The Financier," and shows what an impression that work made upon the public, and with what interest its present sequel is being hailed.

After reading the five-and-a-half hundred pages in which Mr. Dreiser describes the financial, matrimonial and other experiences of *Frank Cowperwood* during his active life in Chicago, it is impossible not to admit that here is a remarkable and vigorous piece of modern fiction. Fiction? The word sounds strange in this connection, for so real are the characters, so vivid the incidents and scenes, so inevitable and convincing the psychology, that the book reads more like a genuine biography. It is a frank, fearless revelation of certain business and social currents of metropolitan life, seen from the standpoint of the man whose bold, unscrupulous personality with its lust for success—whether expressed in terms of prestige, money, women or art—dominates every page with a determination that one both condemns and admires. Nor is this concentration upon *Cowperwood* and his career achieved at the expense of the other characters, for his wife *Aileen,* as well as the various other women who assumed, for a time, such important rôles in his life, are all presented with a clarity that leaves in each case a distinct, unique impression.

Many people, of course, will object to having the unconventional aspects of existence recorded in so direct a fashion, without any apology, without any attempt to gild over their crudeness. But they must at least admit that, given the subject matter, it has been treated in a masterly way. In fact, Mr. Dreiser is doing for this country what men like Balzac and Du Maupassant did for France, or what George Moore, Masefield and Galsworthy are doing for England—recording in literary form the thoughts and actions and emotions of real people who are the natural, if temporary, products of definite social and economic forces. We shall await with interest the third volume in this unusual trilogy. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 552 pages. Price $1.40 net.)

STORIED WINDOWS: BY A. J. DE HAVILLAND BUSHNELL

THE author's excuse for another volume on Gothic windows is that most of the authoritative books are written by the glass artist and designer and therefore full of technicalities difficult for the beginner to understand. It is very true that there is need of a book on stained glass which will take no knowledge for granted, which will illumine the "intelligent ignorant" person instead of creating in him a confused sense of a pathless jungle of fine-sounding words. Mr. Bushnell was encouraged to write this simply worded yet instructive book, from an appreciator's rather than a technician's standpoint, through watching the faces of travelers as they came into cathedrals and gazed blankly at the famous old windows. He saw in so many faces an expression of hopeless vacu-

ity, saw their manifest wish to admire and to understand the wonderful glass. He talks of materials and colors, of periods, of early, middle and late Gothic, of glass hunting through France, and gives detailed descriptions of the most celebrated French cathedral windows. Travelers who wish to wander appreciatively through French cathedrals will do well to have this pleasantly written guide with them. (Published by The Macmillan Co., New York. Well illustrated. 325 pages. Price $4.00 net.)

RICHARD WAGNER: THE MAN AND HIS WORK: BY OLIVER HUCKEL

STUDENTS who have appreciated Dr. Huckel's spiritual interpretations of the great Wagnerian music dramas will be glad to hear of his recently published critical analysis of the great man's life. He has given, in a small volume, uniform in style with his eleven books on the dramas, handled with the same charming simplicity of treatment, a penetrating insight into Wagner's personal life. His sympathetic understanding of the musician's work has given him a rare grasp on the underlying motives of his life. The outward events of the composer's career, the molding influences of his experiences, his weaknesses and strength, have been thoughtfully weighed and balanced with endeavor to reach a just estimate of this great musician. (Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. 118 pages. Price 75 cents net.)

VOCATIONS FOR GIRLS: BY E. W. WEAVER

THIS book was prepared by a committee of teachers under the direction of E. W. Weaver, who, being director of the Vocational Guidance and Industrial Education Bureau of the Buffalo Chamber of Commerce, is qualified to speak with authority upon this important subject. The chapters summarize the available information relating to the modern professions and industries, setting forth the necessary requirements of the worker and suggesting how she may advance herself in her chosen field.

As Mr. Weaver says in his preface, teachers can do much in their classes toward giving the girl about to leave school a general survey of the field of occupations, helping her to form definite purposes, teaching her how to investigate for herself questions that deal with the choice of a career and the methods of preparation for success along particular lines. Her attention should be directed, moreover, to the vocational training facilities of the community, and she should be shown how to utilize these and given an index to vocational literature.

After discussing the question of choosing a trade or profession and preparing for it, the book takes up in a practical way the conditions and opportunities in various occupations, including factory and laundry work, dressmaking and millinery, domestic service and domestic science, craftsmanship and the practical arts, salesmanship, telephone and telegraphic work, office work, civil service, nursing, librarianship, teaching, social work, journalism and literary work, agriculture and business proprietorship.

Altogether, "Vocations for Girls," though it does not pretend to an exhaustive treatment of such a wide subject, does contain many practical working suggestions and much sound advice for girls who are about to choose or start upon their business career. (Published by The A. S. Barnes Company, New York. 200 pages. Price 75 cents net.)

THE HOME NURSE: BY DR. E. B. LOWRY

AS Dr. Lowry reminds us in the introduction to the above book, into every home at some time there is apt to come illness and the necessity for intelligent care of the sick. Some patients can be taken to a hospital, others can employ a trained nurse in their own home; but a large percentage must be nursed by a member of the family who realizes then her lack of knowledge and experience. And although the doctor naturally gives her instructions, she feels the need of some reference to which she can turn at any moment for information upon doubtful points.

It is to fill this need that Dr. Lowry has compiled the present volume, every page of which is filled with brief, clear directions to the home nurse for the care of her patient. The book is divided into three parts —general nursing, special diseases, minor disorders, accidents and home remedies. (Published by Forbes & Company, Chicago. 206 pages. Illustrated with diagrams. Price $1.00.)

CITY PLANNING FOR NEWARK

EVERY account of the planning or improving of a city is of interest, not only to the residents of that particular place, but also to other communities, civic officials and architects. For while local conditions vary widely, there are certain broad principles that apply in every case, and the experience of one town-planning commission is sure to be of value to others.

The neat and carefully prepared book recently issued under the title "City Planning for Newark" gives a detailed account of what has been done to improve that city from the standpoints of hygiene, efficiency and beauty. Among the subjects discussed are structural and decorative improvements, arrangement and width of streets, harbor development, the market problem, trolley transportation, the canal, municipal recreation, the work of the city planning commission during the past and its program for the future. (Published by L. J. Hardham Printing Company, Newark, N. J. 148 pages. Illustrated.)

GREEK AND ROMAN SCULPTURE: BY A. FURTWÄNGLER AND H. L. ULRICHS: TRANSLATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

WITH this conveniently arranged small edition of the "Monuments of Greek and Roman Sculpture," the leisured student or hurried tourist easily gains a comprehensive survey of the principal periods of Greek and Roman sculpture. The critical text accompanying the fine illustrations forms a concise account of Ancient Art, gradually leading the reader to a better understanding of its historic development and æsthetic importance. The comments have been made almost entirely without quotation from modern scholars, which give them interest to the omnivorous student, seeking subtle insight and fresh interpretation. (Published by E. P. Dutton, New York. Profusely illustrated. 241 pages. Price $2.50 net.)

FIVE PLAYS: BY LORD DUNSANY

IN Edwin Bjorkman's introduction to the "Five Plays" of Lord Dunsany, one of the Modern Drama Series, he says that "the reader has only to take a brief glance at one of those works to make the astonishing discovery that he is being introduced to worlds of which he has never heard before." He declares that this Irish dramatist with his delicate inexhaustible imagination has not only created a new mythology and made a world of new countries, but has power to transport staid dwellers of the Usual Land to those fascinating realms of his fancy. Since his characters live in the "Edge of the World" or the "Lands of Wonder" we are delighted to know that they bear delightfully surprising names never before sounded by human tongue. He further declares that these plays of a distinctly new order, full of a deep and rich symbolism, have an original beauty of design and style, that great economy of means has been observed, not a tone nor gesture wasted in obtaining the effect aimed at. (Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 116 pages. Price $1.25 net.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Furniture Design," by Fred D. Crawshaw, Professor of Manual Arts of the University of Wisconsin, is a well illustrated, practically written treatise for use in schools and shops. (Published by the Manual Arts Press of Peoria, Illinois. 124 pages. Price $1.00 net.)

"Technical Trigonometry," by Horace Wilmer Marsh, the Fourth Volume of his series of Constructive Text-books of Practical Mathematics. (Published by John Wiley & Sons, New York. Illustrated. 232 pages. Price $1.50 net.)

"What Sculpture to See in Europe," by Lorinda Munson Bryant. (Published by John Lane Co., New York. 206 pages. Price $1.35 net.)

"Socialism and Motherhood," by John Spargo. (Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. Frontispiece. 128 pages. Price 60 cents net.)

"Tiger," a one act play, by Witter Bynner. (Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 48 pages. Price 60 cents net.)

"New Men for Old," by Howard Vincent O'Brien. (Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 320 pages. Price $1.25 net.)

"The True Adventures of a Play," by Louis Evan Shipman. (Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. Illustrated. 179 pages. Price $1.50 net.)