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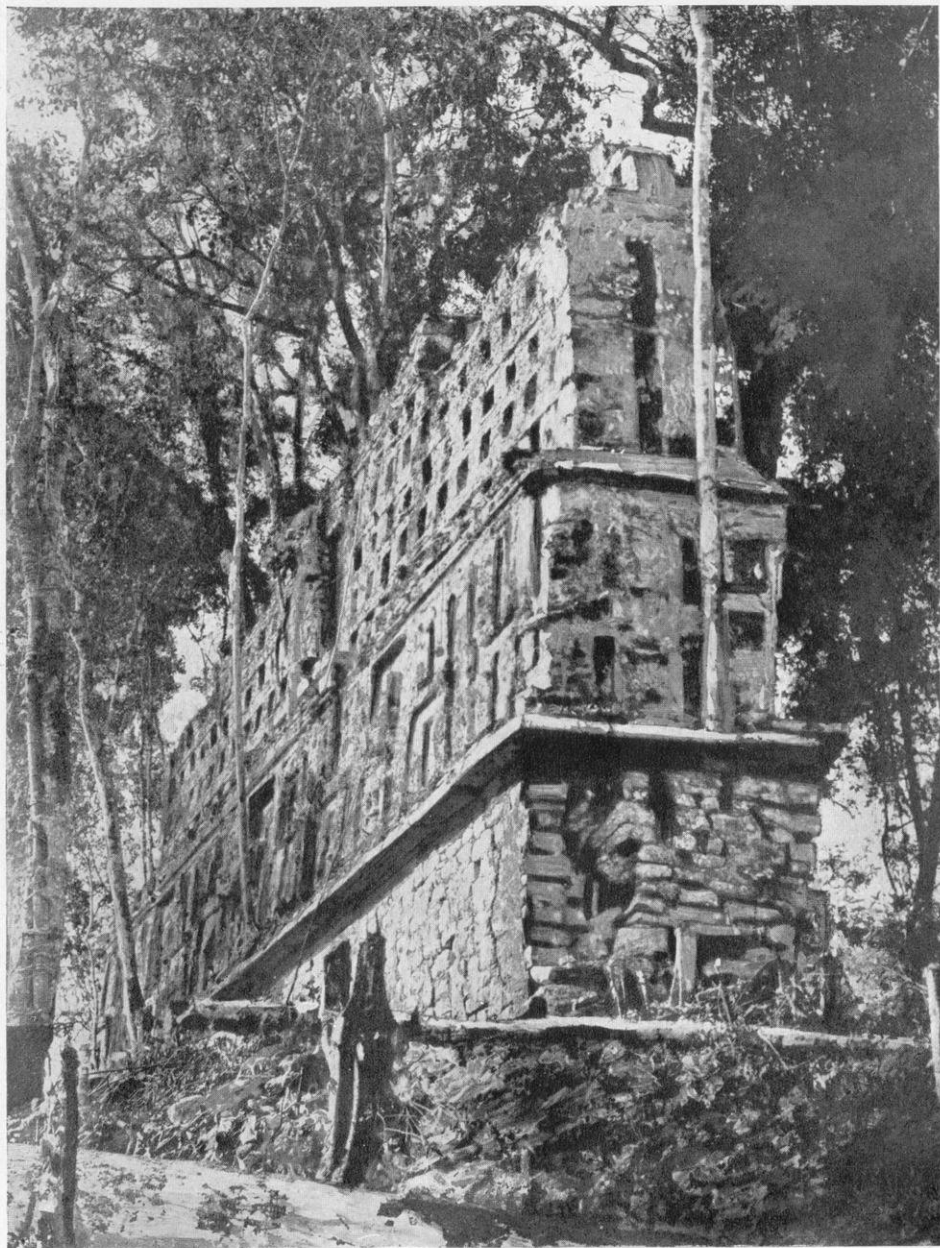
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A SKYSCRAPER OVER A THOUSAND YEARS
OLD DISCOVERED DOWN IN YUCATAN

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME X

SEPTEMBER, 1906

NUMBER 6

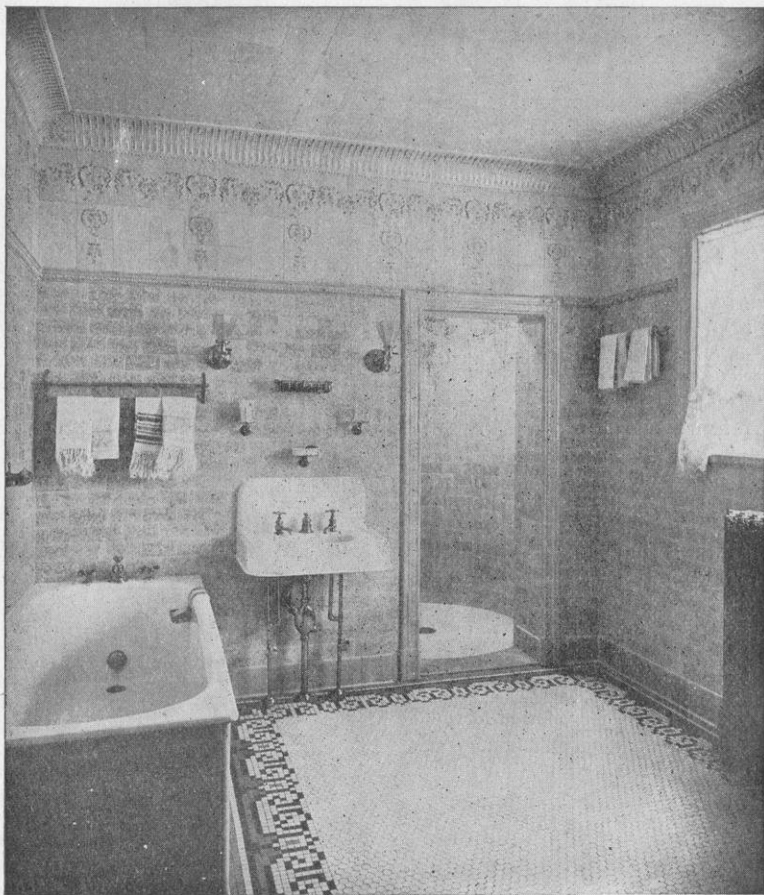
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PUBLISHED BY GUSTAV STICKLEY, 29 WEST 34TH ST., NEW YORK

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THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME X SEPTEMBER, 1906 NUMBER 6

TIKAL—THE FIRST AMERICAN CIVILIZATION: "SKYSCRAPERS" OVER ONE THOUSAND YEARS OLD DISCOVERED IN YUCATAN: BY WILLIAM GRIFFITH



TIKAL! This word, dense with mystery and vaguely suggesting remote reaches of antiquity, conveys but the smallest meaning to contemporary civilization. It is as a hieroglyph—a riddle woven with memories dim and baffling as the foredawn of history. Tikal was hardly more than a word, even five hundred years ago, when a curious cavalcade, headed by one Diego de Landa, Bishop of Yucatan, tortuously threaded the Central American forests in search of something to corroborate the strange current rumors of the region. Bishop de Landa, while Queen Bess was throning herself, and Shakespeare was penning plays in London, while French history was ripening toward the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and while Spain was honoring Cortez for his exploits in Mexico, was the first European to set eyes on Tikal and Chichen Itza—respectively the Rome and Athens of ancient America.

Incredible as it may appear, even the following chronicle left by the devout pioneer beadsman lay neglected, if not forgotten, in a Spanish monastery, while with the centuries passing over them the forests gradually invaded the once-flourishing Mayan metropolis and erased it utterly from view. Recently, or nearly five hundred years later, Professor A. F. Maudslay and Theodore Maler, of the Peabody Museum at Harvard, followed by Count Maurice de Peregny, noted French archeologist, pursued the same trail blazed by the Bishop of Yucatan, and are now rendering their completed reports, which are romances of scientific facts. Enough has been seen and photographed of the region, as witness the accompanying illustrations, to awaken general wonder and curiosity concerning those prehis-

THE FIRST AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

torians—Mayan artists and craftsmen—who carved and painted centuries before

“Stout Cortez . . . and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a peak in Darien.”

The de Landa chronicle, itself a unique relic, says partially: “Chichen Itza, probably the second city of the empire of which Tikal was the capital, is admirably situated ten leagues from Izamal and eleven from Valladolid. The older natives in the region to-day say they remember hearing from their ancestors that in such a place once reigned three lords who were brothers and came from the west. They brought with them a great number of people and, building towns and cities, ruled them for many years with justice and in peace. They were reverent toward their gods and erected many fine temples and buildings. These lords came without any women and lived chastely, one of them eventually disappearing. This wrought a change for the worse. The people were divided into factions, the noblemen were driven away, the cities were laid waste and the populace dispersed, abandoning the fertile plain.

“ONE of the great buildings which I visited (in 1565) has four stairways which look toward the four quarters of the world, each stair being thirty-three feet wide, with ninety-one steps, and it is arduous work to ascend them. There was at the time an open-mouthed serpent curiously carved on the front of the respective balustrades, which ascended to a small level plain at the apex. There I found a building of four chambers, the middle chamber having been used for burning incense. Coat-of-arms and emblazonings were sculptured here and there with strange effectiveness.

“This particular building gave an excellent idea of the masonry of the period, the walls remaining in a remarkable state of preservation, so strong was the cement made in those early times. In front of the main building, and some distance away, were two small theatres built of stone and having four stairways topped with flagstones, on which, it is said, they played farces and comedies for the solace of the people.

THE FIRST AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

“There ran from the patio, in front of these theatres, a beautiful broad causeway leading to a pool about two stone-throws off. In this pool they were accustomed to throwing live men as sacrifices to the gods in times of drought. They held that these victims did not die, although they were never seen again. They also threw in many valuables made of precious stones and such things, so that if this land has had gold in it, it would be found in this pool, so greatly was it revered. It was fully seven fathoms to the surface of the water, and more than a hundred feet across, very wonderful as a piece of masonry, being cut out of the solid rock and extremely deep. Atop of the rock and near the pool was a handsome building, where I found idols in honor of the principal structures and temples of the country, very like the Pantheon at Rome. I also found lions worked in high relief, amid such other evidences as argue that the people must have been excellent artisans.”

Where exactly are the ruins of Tikal and its civic contemporaries? In what is known as the Usumatsintla Valley on the borders of Guatemala and Mexico and extending into Yucatan are, so far as known, those immense mysteries of masonry so profoundly screened by mahogany and cedar jungles. According to reports rendered the Peabody Museum, the Mayans rivaled the Egyptians and fairly eclipsed the Trojans and Assyrians as master-masons. Upward of twelve massive pyramids form what may be termed the tomb of the buried Mayan metropolis, some of them rising nearly two hundred feet above base and coping. Topping each pyramid is a ruin of what was once a temple of heroic architecture—huge piles of masonry rearing themselves on massive carved base stones, weighing many tons each and standing just as they have stood for ages.

So remote are these riddles of ruin, so inconceivably desolate the region and so dense the forest, as to render it extremely difficult to determine the position of more than a few buildings, besides the aforementioned mounds, which rise far above the tallest trees. All about them is a trackless waste of forest radiating as far as eye may reach and of a stillness rivaling primordial silence. An idea of the forest density is given in the report that one frequently may be within twenty paces of mountains of masonry without being aware of the fact. So luxuriant are the Central American forests that great tracts may be cleared only to revert to jungle within twenty years.

THE FIRST AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

TIKAL, or its ruins, is in the center of what was once a vast limestone plain, and occupied, in the heyday of its supremacy, an area at least a league in diameter. Evidently a capital as well as metropolis, the site must have been an ideal one at the time the city and its mysterious people flourished. Just when that was has not as yet been determined definitely, though there are evidences that the place was abandoned many, many generations before the Spaniards came and conquered Mexico.

Coming down to contemporary times, the ruins were rediscovered by Governor Ambrosio Tut and Colonel Mendez in 1848. This was nearly three centuries after the hardy Spanish churchman broke the great seal of silence on and around Tikal. Still later, in 1877, the mystery was penetrated by Bernoulli, who, however, succumbed on his way home. His observations, condensed in fragmentary notes, were lost.

That the Mayans, from whom the Aztecs probably degenerated a thousand years ago, had reached a higher stage of civilization than the Assyrians of pre-Babylonian times is Count de Peregny's conclusion as a result of his delving and careful readings made during the past year or more. Books of medicated leaves, scientific appliances of an astronomical nature, evidences of games corresponding to tennis and baseball, charioteering, rudiments of painting and impressive carvings in stone and wood have already been discovered among other evidences of superior civilization.

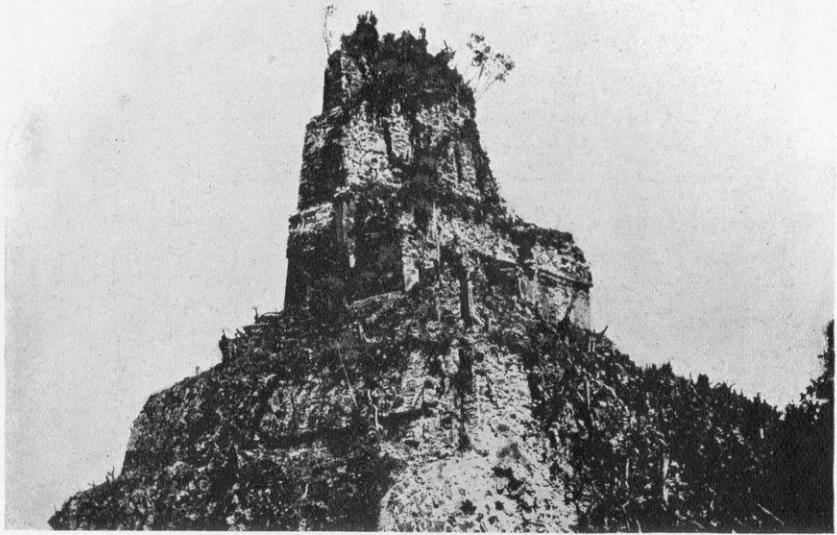
De Peregny found the outer and inner doorways of the temples covered with lintels of extraordinary carving. These lintels, without exception, are of chico sapote-wood, a wood which has defied eons of sun and storm. Scores of these carvings, already discovered, reveal a boldness of conception and quality of execution, which compare favorably with the best Assyrian and Egyptian work.

Following the example set by Professor Maler, the French archaeologist spent, with his party, a year making clearings about four of the dozen greatest mounds on the site of Tikal. Professor Maler, who took up the work where Professor Maudslay left off some years ago, has cleared and explored five pyramids up to the present time.

Preliminary measurements taken of one towering mound showed it to be slightly upward of two hundred feet high, one hundred and sixty-five feet across the front, and slightly less on the sides. The



A TIKAL TEMPLE OVERGROWN AND
LOST IN THE DENSE FOREST

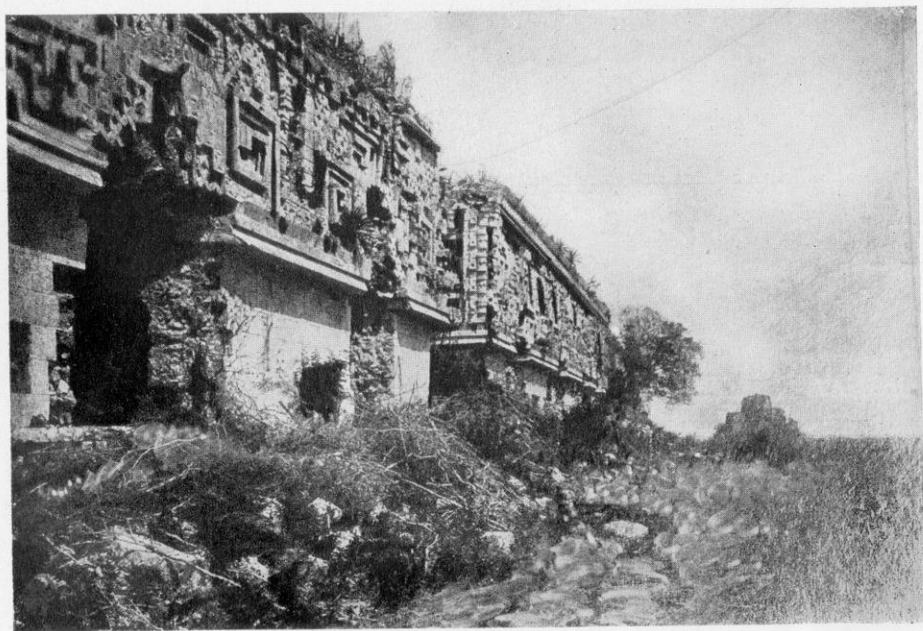


THE GREAT PYRAMID
AND TEMPLE AT TIKAL

EXPLORERS EXCAVATING THE RUINS OF
THE OLDEST AMERICAN CIVILIZATION



CARVED ENTRANCE TO THE
PORTAL OF THE HOUSE OF KINGS
THE HOUSE OF KINGS AT TIKAL



THE GREAT MAYAN ALTAR WHERE
HUMAN SACRIFICES WERE OFFERED

THE HALF-UNCOVERED
GOVERNOR'S HOUSE AT TIKAL

THE FIRST AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

temple on the apex plateau is gained by a stone staircase whose bottom steps have a breadth of sixty-four feet and depth of four feet six inches. These measurements are reduced in ascending, the top step measuring sixteen feet by an eighteen-inch depth.

A second temple, measured as accurately as possible under the circumstances, and a second pyramid, reared themselves fully two hundred and fifty feet into the air. The base of this mound was three hundred and twenty feet across and one hundred and ninety feet on the slope, while the temple itself was about seventy-seven feet square, with a huge entrance guarded by sculptured lions, of themselves nine feet high on their haunches. The walls of these temples range from three to seven feet in thickness. One temple, with a floor area of one thousand and sixty-six square feet, and fifty feet high, contains three apartments of different altitudes.

AND now comes a most extraordinary and significant discovery made by this trio of antiquarians. They have reasoned from the arrangement of these pyramids and the general plan of the city that no other ancient tombs or temples on the American continent offer such convincing evidence as the Mayan cities that their construction was along astronomical lines. The great height of the pyramids was occasioned by an evident desire, it is believed, to secure a length of axis, and the fact that all the Tikal temples face the cardinal points of direction further endorses the conclusion.

One may trace the sequences of the mighty structures by their very positions, the second, third and fifth temples facing the rising sun and following one another in order of time, the third one having been built when the erection of the first had impeded the stairway of the second, and so on, in rotation.

Clearings of sufficient area have been made to afford another important experiment to confirm the astronomical theory beyond a shadow of doubt. Simple in itself, this experiment disclosed that the streets and public improvements, so to say, radiating from each temple, were governed by shadows cast by the pyramids at certain hours of the day, and other lines cast by the moon nocturnally.

Near this giant quintet, resurrected by the Maler party, which forms a plaza, were several wasted buildings, scarcely more than foundations, which were imposing houses occupied by the priests.

THE FIRST AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

Before each building, or foundation, stands a large carved altar of stone, uniformly depicting a Mayan chieftain, arrayed in turban and tunic, and armed with a mace or scepter, standing in an attitude of triumph over a prostrate victim.

Researches thus far have determined several curious paradoxes in the customs and observances of the people. For example, it is believed that the priesthood and soldiery were synonymous—the high-priests in time of peace being military leaders in season of war. Judging by the fact that the only evidences of any means of communication corresponding to our alphabet were found in the houses of the priests, or military classes, it is reckoned that the art of reading and writing was confined to them. Several rude pamphlets, remotely resembling portable volumes and made of chemically prepared tree-leaves bearing curious hieroglyphs, attest to the literary tendencies of the race.

On the other hand, nearly all the sculpture and sapote-wood carvings depict scenes of violence, as though expressions of latent cruelty. Splendid temples abound with altars, evidently constructed for the sacrifice of human offerings. Holidays and calamities were alike commemorated with human sacrifices, according to the most plausible interpretations.

One mammoth altar, in the form of a circular table (the ten-ton stone top being supported by great square pilasters) contains a sort of trough designed evidently to carry away the blood of victims. This theory is further supported by the tabular angle of incline which would readily shed blood or any flowing substance.

DICTATED by the complete absence of springs and water in the neighboring region, investigation was instituted, which revealed enormous subterranean aqueducts, or chaltunes, in which great reservoirs of water were once stored. Pressing on stubbornly through the dense forest, the French explorer found a stately quadrangular area, which may have been used as a stadium, where athletic games were contested and races run. Although as yet no positive evidence has been adduced to show that the Mayans had horses, parallel grooves, worn in the stone flooring of this stadium point to the use of wheeled vehicles.

Reading the engravings on the temples and pyramids themselves, noteworthy for their ferocious subjects and brutal expression, one

THE FIRST AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

concludes that this strange lost race rivaled Rome under Nero in making a fine art of cruelty. Their campaigns of conquest and defence, as portrayed by their sculptors, were short, sharp and sanguinary. No pity appears to have been shown to the vanquished, nor any quarter, and what could not be pillaged was destroyed. This undoubtedly explains, ventures the French savant, the number of devastated cities rebuilt and new tombs or temples erected after each war.

While meager evidences of metallurgy have been discovered—no foundries nor forges among them—the Mayan weapons of finely carved and tempered stone and iron-hard wood were vastly superior to anything wielded by their contemporaries on the north. The dress of the nobles, both men and women, consisted, so far as evidenced, of loose-flowing tunics and a sort of toga dyed rather brilliantly, according to Indian predilections. The hair was worn short, cut in a fringe on the forehead, and to wear a beard was a sign of servility, or worse. There is incidental evidence that squinting, curiously enough, was fashionable, mothers insuring their daughters the habit by suffering a tuft of hair to trail over their eyes.

Among many interesting stelae pictured by the archeologists is one showing an erect human figure in facsimile. Wearing an elaborate head-dress, with fantastic ornaments and exaggerated feathers, this graven image bears in one hand a scepter tipped with feathers, and in the other a shield. There is the usual fringed cape, heavy collar and a large medallion, under which is seen a rich mantle reaching almost to the feet, garters, buckles and shoes or sandals. Under an inscription are some symbolic decorations, and toward the lower extremity are two vivid human profiles. Under one inscription is a figure with monstrous head, resting on a stool, which appears to be emblazoned. Clearly this impressive bas-relief belonged to a temple of the sun, the sun apparently being a Mayan deity, so far as one can judge of their religion.

Other panels show the heads of tigers ranged around throned human figures elaborately carved. As these heads still preserve a semblance of coloring when seen under the glass, as do numerous carved serpents depicted crawling over human victims, the Mayan sculptors and artists must have been versed in the chemistry of pigments.

THE FIRST AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

Besides pictures of martial and sacrificial life, of monarchs and the national observances of this vanished race, its every-day pursuits are shown in many instances. Here a man is tilling the soil, there another bartering for trinkets, and so on. When all these stelae are deciphered it is imagined that an adequate history of the people will be unfolded.

PRIOR to resurrecting Tikal, archeology has busied itself among the ruins of La Reforma, Chancala, Xupa, Peltra, Uxmal and Piedras Negras, in the Usumatsintla Valley, besides some months spent delving around ancient Chichen Itza, in Yucatan, and these once prosperous and progressive cities of the past are but a few among many which lie buried under America.

Several Piedras Negran temples show even more decay than those of Tikal, owing to rougher climatic conditions, it is argued. One of the smaller temples there houses a tall stone altar, ascended by some twenty steps and so hollowed as to form a small chamber, reserved, it is thought, for peculiarly sacred rites—those to which the *hoi polloi* was not admitted. Owing to the prevalence of human sacrifice, it is reasonable to infer that they were cells where sacrificial candidates were shrived. The carvings show not only the gods, the religion, the rulers and the national ceremonies, but, as do some of the Tikal engravings, the home-building and bread-winning pursuits. Agriculture was the general occupation of these peoples, whose cities were undoubtedly the great granaries of the Mayan empire.

There are many features of Mayan arts and crafts which remotely suggest Maori handiwork, and others which are hauntingly reminiscent of our North American aborigines. Certain it is that Tikal was the capital of a once-powerful and cruel, though highly developed, people—a people who wrote and carved, warred and loved, had theatres and teachers and temples and tombs just as their contemporaries had in what history terms an older world. They themselves have been erased, canceled like a racial error, leaving only sparse remnants of art—but it is art, art hewn and vivid as the living sparkle of imperishable stars.



CARVING ON LINTEL
OF THE SUN TEMPLE



MADONNA AND CHILD IN THE ARBOR
BY DAGNAN-BOUVERET

SOME ART COLONIES IN BRITTANY—GREAT PAINTERS WHO HAVE FOUND THEIR INSPIRATION IN THE MYSTERIOUS CHARM OF THIS SIMPLE LAND: BY J. QUIGLEY



BRITTANY has been so great a source of inspiration to painters during the last forty years that men of all nationalities have been attracted to this land of mysterious charm. Art colonies have sprung up here and there, the most familiar being the cosmopolitan colonies at Pont-Aven and Concarneau in Southern Brittany.

The painter finds in Brittany an inexhaustible wealth of subjects. The landscape is varied in character and appeals to men of varied temperaments and varying moods. In some parts there are richly wooded valleys, fertilized by running streams; in others the country is bleak and mountainous, or made up of tracts of wild moorland and forests. All round the coast from St. Malo to St. Nazaire the scenery is marvelously picturesque and dotted with poor fishing-hamlets and prosperous seaside resorts. The fisher people are a hardy race, essentially pictorial in their picturesque surroundings, and varied in type, the somber Dowarnenez folk being quite unlike the more pleasure-loving and expansive people of Camaret. Inland one finds the religious and toil-worn peasants, who live a meager and monotonous life in their peaceful villages, content to think and act and dress as their forefathers have done for centuries.

With the well-known art colony at Pont-Aven we associate the names of Bastien Le Page, Dagnan-Bouveret, and Jules Bréton, and during recent years both Pont-Aven and Concarneau have attracted many other remarkable men, including Simon, Cotter and L'Hermitte. Some artists have wandered to more isolated places, seeking greater solitude, and striving to penetrate even deeper into the life of the people than did the gifted pioneers who discovered the charms of Brittany. The hotel at Pont-Aven has been known to the art world for about forty years. One of its first habitués was Wyllie, the American, and since then many well-known French, American and English workers have frequented the place, including Walter Langley, Colin Hunter and others who have since moved to that other peninsula beloved by painters—Cornwall. The two peninsulas have many points of resemblance, wild coast and glorious sea, and the

BRITTANY ART COLONIES

people are first cousins, both having sprung from the Celts who were swept westward by the Saxon.

THE *salle à manger* at Pont-Aven hotel is paneled with pictures by various artists, and in the salon there are works by F. Fleury, Alexander Harrison, Mrs. Adrian Stokes and many others, all gifts to Mademoiselle Julia, the owner of the hotel and valued friend of artists, who appreciate her fine and sincere personality. It is said that the village has paid the price of popularity, and lost some of its primitive charm, but this is not evident to the uninitiated, and Pont-Aven is still an ideal spot for artists, especially before and after the tourist season. The villagers dress in an effective costume, and are accustomed to pose as models; and the landscape is peculiarly verdant and richly wooded.

Concarneau is another important art center, where many noted men and women have worked—a cosmopolitan crowd who usually come from the Paris studios and exhibit most of their work in France. Some of our own men have worked there, including Mr. Terrick Williams, who exhibited some interesting pictures of Concarneau before he went to Algiers and “found himself” more completely as a successful painter of sunlight and color-effects. America is ably represented at Concarneau, especially by Mr. Charles Fromuth.

Concarneau being a fishing town, the whole population works at the sardine industry in summer, and winter is therefore the best and cheapest time to secure models. The place abounds with interest for painters. It is full of movement, color and expression—almost Southern in character, and wholly unexpected to those who have formed their ideas of Brittany from Pierre Loti's sadly beautiful romances; or from Daudet's descriptions, for Daudet, who was essentially a lover of town life, found Brittany sad and desolate.

The climate of Concarneau is so mild in winter that many artists work there all the year round. On sunny days blue seems to be the prevailing note, for the sardine-nets floating from the masts are blue, and the fishermen moving here and there are mostly clad in blue linen. Groups of women move about in their picturesque dress, their short skirts swaying in the breeze and sabots sounding a sort of rhythm. No wonder that, with these ever-moving groups against an ever-changing background, the painters enjoy the life at Concarneau.

BRITTANY ART COLONIES

THE principal art gallery of Brittany is at Quimper, the fine capital of Finisterre. The Musée contains some excellent pictures by various artists, including Deyrolle, Vidal, Girardet, Guillou, and by the younger men, Alexander Harrison and E. Hirshfield, their work being full of interest to lovers of Brittany, apart from its undoubted artistic worth. One recalls with keen pleasure A. Harrison's "Moonrise Over the Sea," and "*L'Adieu*," by A. Guillou. The latter fine sea-piece, with its tragic story, is one that would naturally inspire the painter, who was both born and bred at Concarneau, and knows the terrible power of the sea on that coast.

But Concarneau and Pont-Aven are by no means the only haunts of painters in Brittany, although they attract a greater number of resident workers, and are perhaps better known to the general public. Quimperlé has its own following, one of the most noted being Mr. Fritz Thaulow, who revels in painting its picturesque peasants, its richly wooded scenery and soft-flowing river.

There is scarcely a town or village in Brittany but has some interesting feature, hence one finds artists at work here and there throughout the country. Tréguier, Perros Guirec, St. Jean du Doigt, and other lovely nooks along the coast are all artists' haunts, though the peasants are less interesting at these places than at many others where the costume is more picturesque and more generally worn. The inland villages and towns of Brittany are not less delightful than those by the sea. Dinant is eternally charming in spite of its being overrun by visitors; and Huelgoat, Chateaulin, le Faouet—to name a few out of the many places off the beaten track—attract both figure and landscape-painters who need solitude for their work. Huelgoat is a mountain village in a healthy district, and is absolutely delightful with its wild moorland and forests.

Painters who love the bizarre in place and people find this quality in a marked degree at the Island of Ouessant (Ushant), and in the Pont l'Abbé district, where the tragic note is dominant. The islanders of Ouessant (in Breton "the Island of Alarms") are extraordinarily handsome, the women of a mournful, almost Spanish type, with ivory complexions, large, dark eyes, and dark hair hanging in plaits either side of pointed caps. The district of Pont l'Abbé is inhabited almost entirely by the Bigauden people, a strange race living apart, somewhat Mongolian in type, and wearing a curious dress embroidered in

BRITTANY ART COLONIES

brilliant colors, slightly resembling that worn by the islanders of Märken in Holland. Of all painters who have studied the Bigauden people, Lucien Simon—whose work is well known in this country—has been most successful in rendering their character and environment.

Though less known to English painters, the fishing town of Camaret, south of Brest, possesses attractive qualities, and several Frenchmen have found inspiration there, including Ch. Cotter, familiar to us in England as one of the greatest exponents of Breton life and character. Some of his work might appear comparatively meaningless unless one knew the tragedy of life on this wild Finisterre coast, the extreme poverty of the people and their constant struggle for existence. The barren land yields little in return for labor, and the sea claims its dole of human life, hence the people of Ouessant especially are constantly in mourning for their dead. Cotter renders this poignant misery only too well, but at Camaret, in spite of the tragedies of this awful coast, the people are cheerful by nature, and with great courage and thrift have secured some measure of prosperity. The marine painter, M. Marcel Sauvaige, has built a studio there overlooking the sea, and spends most of the year at Camaret.

Evidently Brittany plays an important part in the art life of to-day, and the artists who rush there for a few weeks of hurried sketching will find only what they seek—mere impression of people and places that are picturesque in themselves and therefore lend themselves easily to pictorial effects. But in all art the worker must bring something of his inner self, without which the glamour and pathos of Brittany can not be easily understood. The men who have achieved success by work done there have devoted endless labor and study, and given part of themselves in return for the inspiration they found in this strange, unchanging land of Brittany.





GRAPE-PICKING IN THE SUNSHINE
BY L. L'HERMITTE



BRITTANY REAPERS
BY JULES BRETON



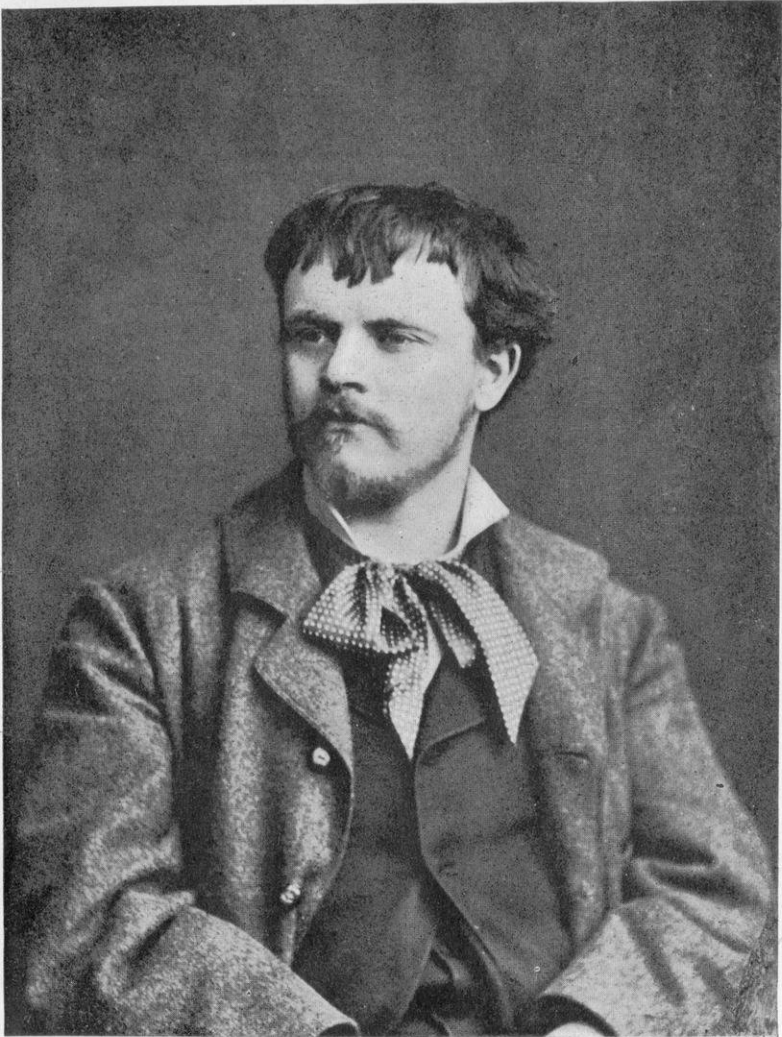
A WOMAN OF BRITTANY
BY JULES BRETON



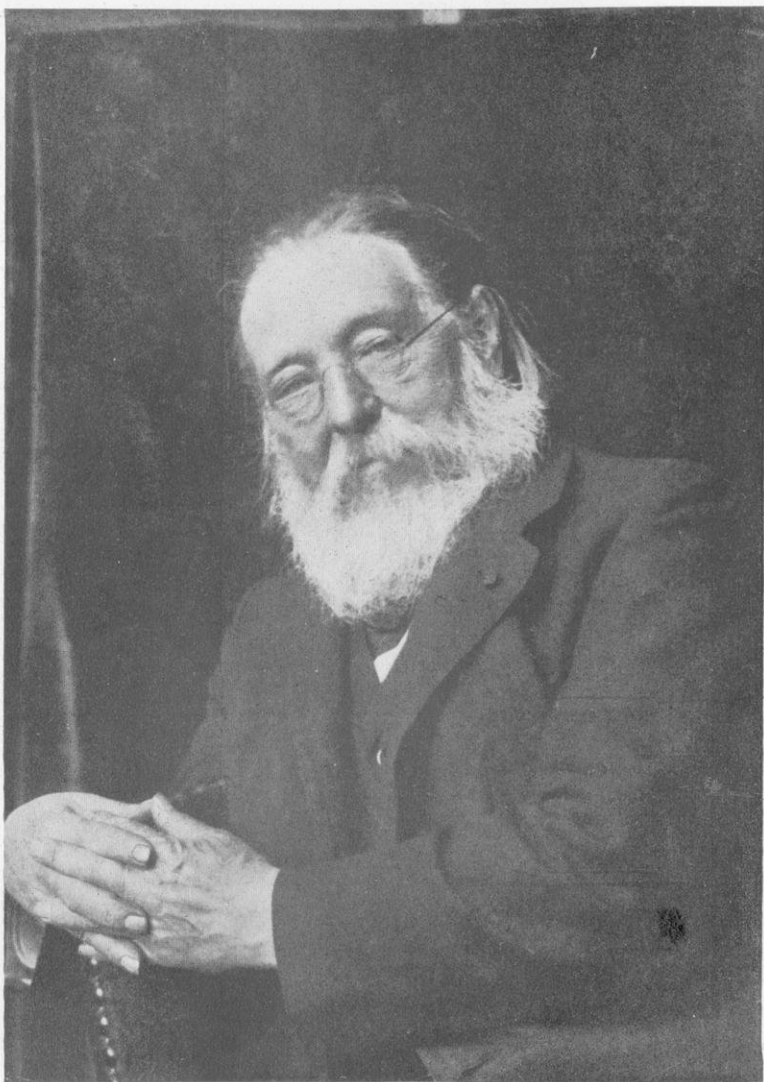
THE VISION OF JOAN OF ARC
BY BASTIEN LE PAGE



VIELLE FABRIQUE IN NORWAY
BY FRITZ THAULOW



BASTIEN LE PAGE, A NOTED
BRITTANY PAINTER



JULES BRETON, A FAMOUS
ARTIST IN THE BRITTANY COLONY



CONSECRATED BREAD
BY DAGNAN-BOUVERET

A PRACTICAL MEMORIAL TO A GREAT WOMAN: BY ESTHER MATSON



HE futility, the deadness and selfishness of the ordinary monument has at last been realized. Yet this has only come about within the last few years, and even to-day it is the few rather than the many who are awake to the fact that a hewn stone eventually crumbles away and adds dust to dust, whereas a kind deed lives on and gathers to itself as surely as the river draws its tributary streams.

Because of the few who believe thus the world is richer by many an endowed hospital, by many a memorial window and gracious deed.

And far away in the miniature town of Asolo there is a memorial that is still different. This is an industrial art school, a school for hand-made lace, and it is suggestive of the newest thought of our time, the thought that recognizes the relation between joy and craftsmanship. Built as it was by Mr. Barret Browning to the memory of his mother, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, it is only fitting that this school at Asolo should exhibit a feeling for beauty, both indoors and out.

As seen from the tiny town square the most striking feature of it is its splendid windows. These are grouped along the whole front of the house on the upper main floor and have boxes of flowers ranged along the base of them, accenting their pleasantness. Entering, one finds spacious rooms, numbers of small chairs, and—for the rest—simplicity. Outdoors again we discover, just below the window line, and slightly above the doorway itself, the unpretentious mural tablet to Elizabeth Barrett Browning. At the corner to the right stands a little fountain, and here at almost any time of day or evening some picturesque peasant may be seen filling her pail or halting for a chat.

To our new-world clumsiness, the deftness of the tiny fingers of the little lace-makers was of the nature of magic. When told that many of the patterns had religious names, here an Ave and there a Pater Nostra, we were almost persuaded to believe in miracles, so marvelously intricate and delicate were the designs.

And after all, the best of it was the pleasure the children themselves took in their handiwork. This was a delightful example of that fine ideal "That joy cometh in the doing." And we can not but ask ourselves the question: "How indeed might not joy be increased in the world instead of private grievings emphasized, if only men and women would think on these things, and create such green and sweet memorial spots as this at Asolo."

A NEW CIVILIZATION—WHAT NEW ZEALAND HAS ACCOMPLISHED BY HER EXPERIMENTS IN SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC LEGISLATION: BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

(Begun in *The Craftsman* for August)



FEW years ago there was much complaint in New Zealand over the high price of coal. Parliament investigated the matter and found a state of affairs similar to that of the coal roads and coal mines of Pennsylvania. The shipping interest owned the principal coal mines, and, being without competition, made its own prices. The committee appointed by Parliament found that prices could be much reduced without interfering with wages or lowering profits unreasonably, and it recommended that government should extend to the coal business its plan of competition with private enterprise. For some years the government has owned and operated two coal mines. One of these, a large property, has yielded a fair profit, while the other, much smaller, has resulted in a slight loss. But the two together more than pay their expenses, and they have brought down the price of coal very considerably. But it still stayed at a higher figure than reasonable profits seemed to warrant, and the government decided that the wholesome effects of competition were needed by the wholesale and retail dealers. Accordingly, a few months ago, it established distributing agencies for the retailing of the coal from its own mines.

There is a similar story to tell in the matter of rents. As a result of the colony's rapid advance in prosperity, land values in New Zealand are unwarrantably high and rents in the cities and towns are excessive. The government decided to put a firm hand upon these high and rising rents, and recently began to acquire land in suburban districts, divide it into small parcels, erect thereon homes of wood or brick, according to latest sanitary requirements, and sell or lease these to workmen at low prices. At first glance the scheme seems not unlike the plans for the buying of land and the putting up of homes which have been carried out by several German cities, by Glasgow, and notably by London. But the idea in all these has been simply ameliorative—to give better housing, better conditions of life to the workingman. And in many instances they have been merely a form

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of poor relief, for they have not paid their expenses. The New Zealand idea, although it has been pervaded by that humane feeling, that spirit of brotherly kindness which animates all its activities, has been primarily for the purpose of keeping a controlling finger on land- and house-rents. And the scheme is expected to pay its own cost and to be self-supporting to the last particular.

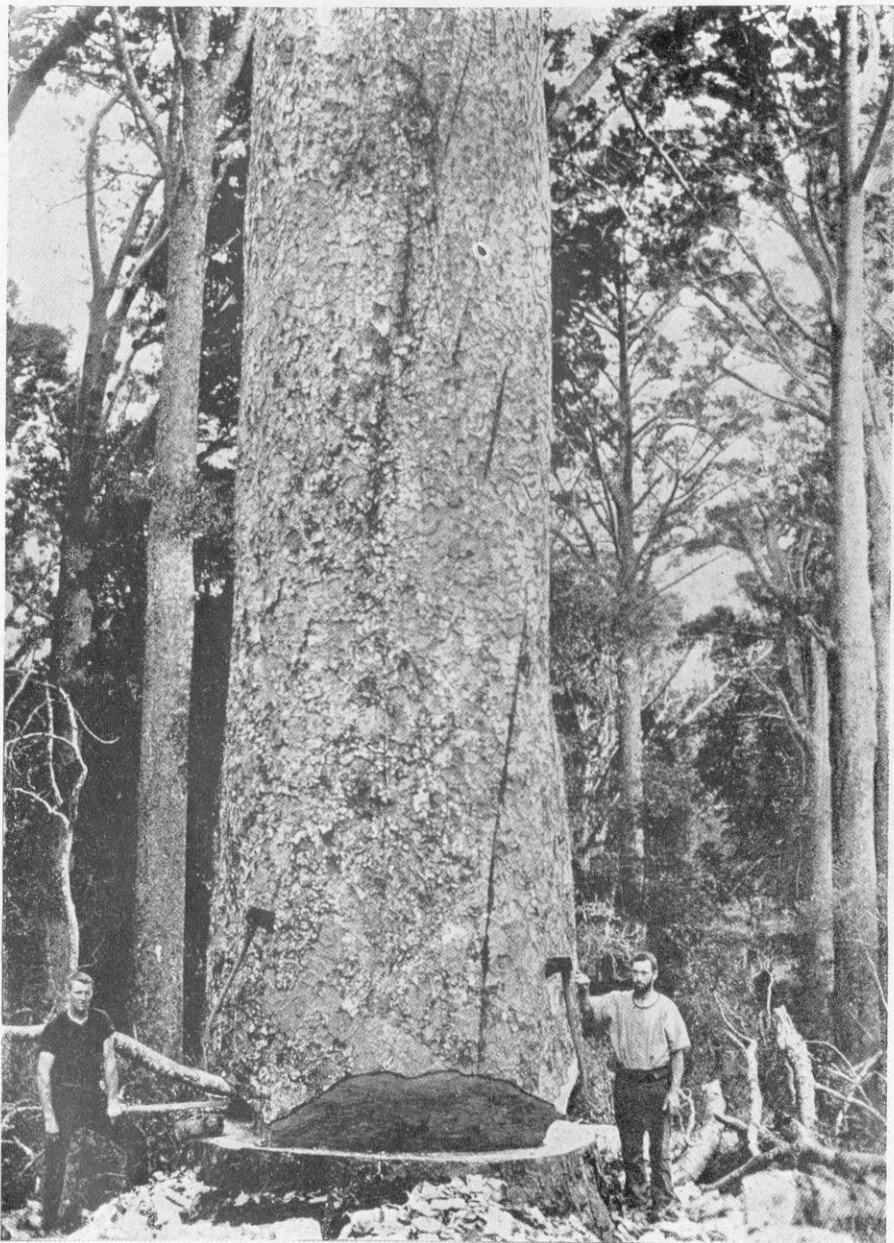
The income-tax and the graduated land-tax together form an important factor in the government's attempt to prevent the accumulation of big fortunes and to make it easy for the less favored to get together a competence. They were among the first measures passed by the Liberal Government. The income-tax begins with incomes of \$1,500, after exempting \$250 for life-insurance premiums. The rate is two and a half per cent on the first taxable \$5,000 and five per cent on incomes above that amount. The New Zealand tax varies in an important particular from the system of taxation of incomes that prevails in nearly every European state—its initial exemption is very much larger. In England the tax begins with an income of \$800; in Russia \$600; while in Prussia \$214 is the exemption. New Zealand also grades the increase more steeply than do the European states, except Switzerland, where the rate of increase is fivefold, while in New Zealand it merely doubles. All land-tax in New Zealand is upon the unimproved value of the land. All improvements are exempt—that is, all value that has been added by labor, all live stock and all personal property. Land values of less than \$2,500 are also exempt. Those from this sum to \$25,000 are taxed at a rate of a little less than one-half of one per cent. At that value the graduated tax is added to the ordinary tax and increases gradually until the maximum of one and one-fourth per cent is reached, when the value is a million dollars. The intention of the government in this system of graduated land- and income-tax is not only to bring the heaviest burden of taxation upon the strongest pecuniary shoulders, but also to act as one form of discouragement to the desire to pile up wealth. The amounts paid in both of these forms of taxation and the number of those paying show a steady increase from year to year—another proof of the growing prosperity of the colony. The ever-present humanity and brotherly kindness in the administration of New Zealand's laws is to be found in the discretion given to the commissioner to remit the taxes in cases of widows, orphans, the old and infirm, when, in his judg-

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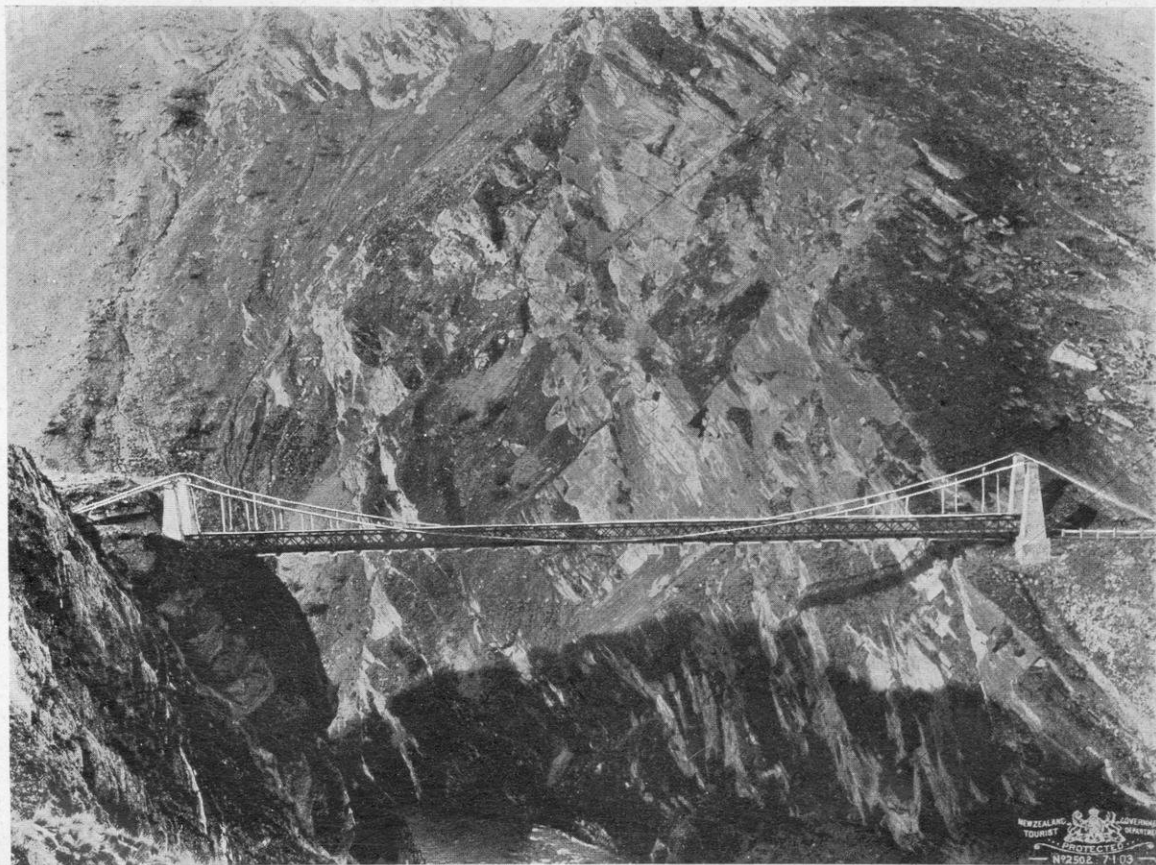
ment, its imposition would be an excessive hardship. The New Zealand tax-gatherer, as well as the government rent-collector, takes his heart with him when he goes on his rounds.

A NOVEL institution which is a part of the New Zealand system for curbing greed is the Public Trust Office. Its purpose is to provide an office for the management of estates, the investment of money under state guarantee, and the making of deeds, wills and other instruments. The public Trustee serves as executor, administrator, trustee, agent or attorney of any property that is put into his hands by reason of death, incompetency or the wish of the owner to rid himself of its care. It is now carrying on its books four thousand estates, and its investments amount to nine million dollars. Although all its services are performed either free or at very low cost, the office is a money-maker and its profits are large. In fees, commissions and costs of legal service it has saved large amounts to the people of the middle- and working-classes. A wide discretion is given to the Public Trustee in the interpretation of all instruments that come under his hands. He can use not only his judgment, but his heart, and it is a part of his duty to get away from legal technicalities and be guided by common sense, justice and humanity. Indeed, one of the most striking features of legislation and the administration of law in New Zealand is this wide discretion that is given to public officials in every department. The aim of the laws is to secure justice and humanity, and the administrator is expected always to compass that end, and to be both honest enough and competent enough to be freely trusted in the exercise of his judgment and compassion.

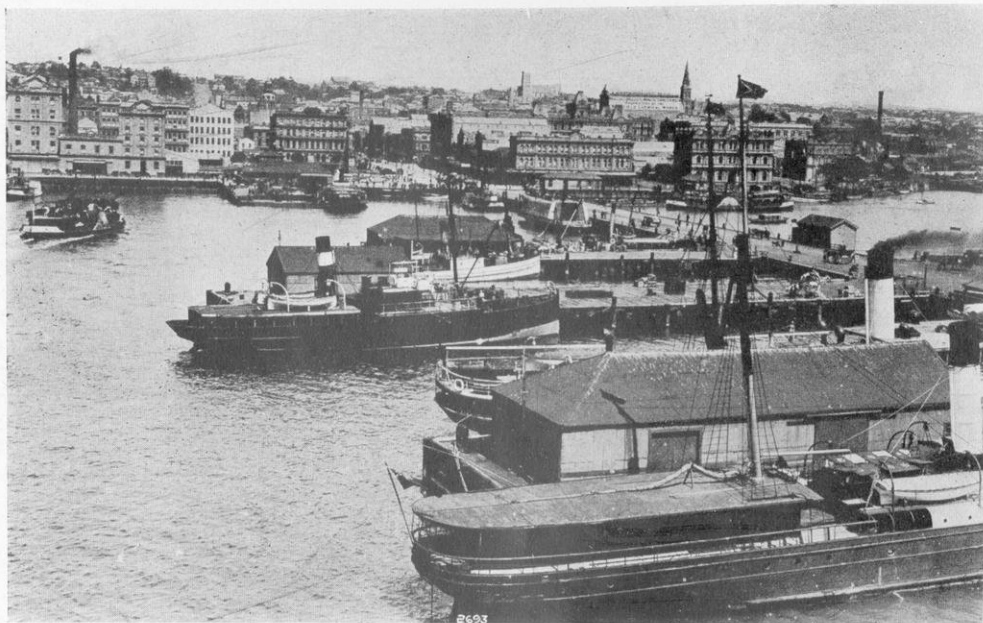
New Zealand is a large employer of labor in her public works, and in these the government has endeavored to secure to the workers the full reward of their labor. The work is done by co-operative groups, who associate themselves together under a foreman of their own selection. The work costs the government no more, and the laborers save for themselves the profits that would otherwise go to the contractor. The plan has proved eminently satisfactory, for not only do the workers get more pay and enjoy the educating and elevating advantage of being intelligent, self-respecting partners in the work instead of mere slaves to a job, but the government, which supervises the work and furnishes its own materials, gets what it pays for. The same



NEW ZEALAND'S GREAT WEALTH
IS OUT OF HER OWN SOIL

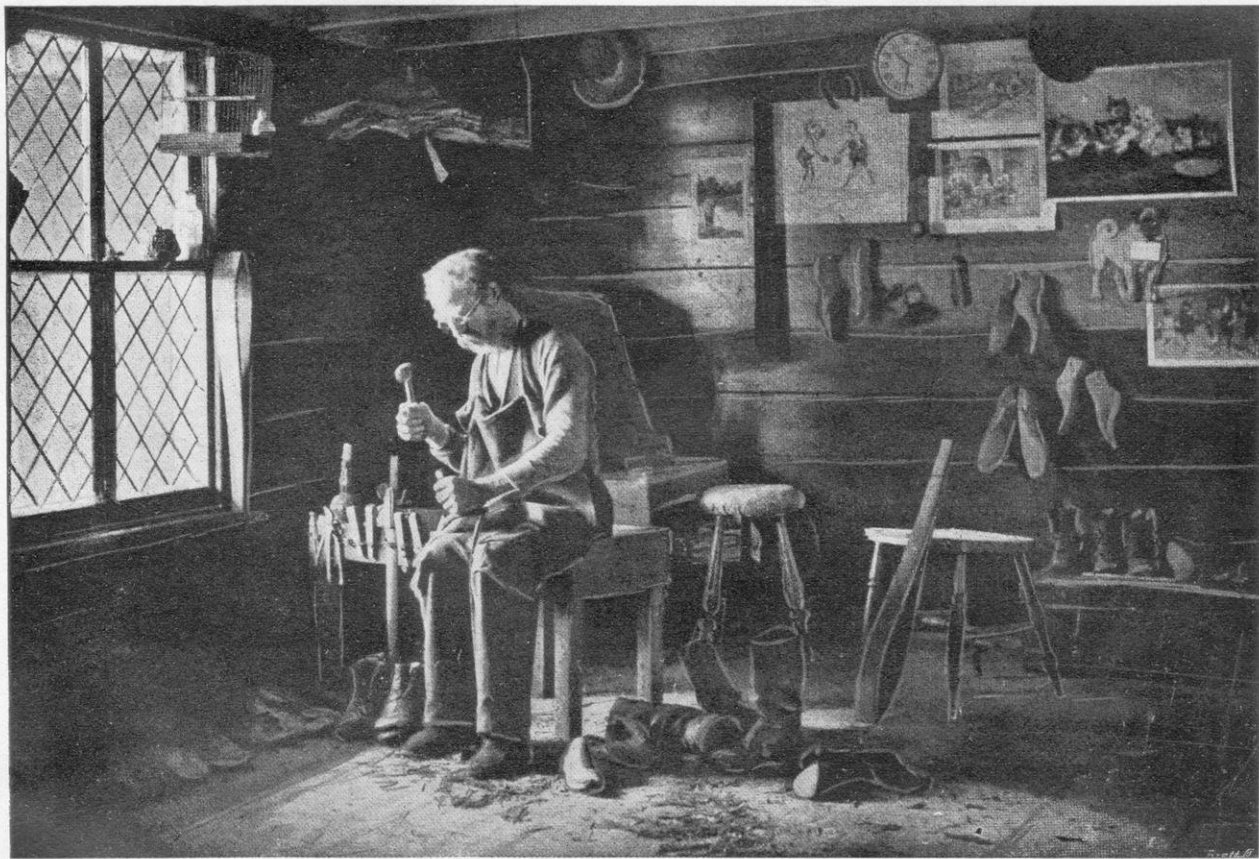


HER PUBLIC WORKS ARE IN THE HANDS OF THE
GOVERNMENT, AND FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PEOPLE



THERE IS EVIDENCE OF INDUSTRY
AND THRIFT ON EVERY HAND

THERE IS NO CROWD AND FRET OF
LIFE EVEN IN THE BIG CITIES



"TO WHATEVER CLASS HE BELONGS THE WORKER
HAS TIME FOR AMPLE REST AND RECREATION"

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method is employed in New South Wales, where the co-operative groups are called "butty-gangs." But it has not, I think, been tried outside of Australasia.

FOR eleven years New Zealand has had industrial peace. It is the only civilized country that has had during that time neither strike nor lock-out. Controversies have raged over her system of arbitration of industrial disputes, but the final clinching argument in its favor is that it works. It is a practical success. The arbitration court is composed of a president, appointed by the governor of the colony from the Supreme Court Bench, and a representative of capital, and a representative of labor, appointed by the governor on the recommendation respectively of the employers' associations and the trade unions. There is no appeal from the decision of the court, and it seemed to me that the conspicuous success of the system is largely due to this wise provision. A few years ago a miners' union was stirred to explosive indignation over a decision of the court, which did not give it what it wanted, and the members threatened to strike. But they presently cooled down and kept at work. And at the end of the life of the award both miners and employers came amicably before the court with a request that it be renewed. The same result has come about in several other cases. The fact, it seems to me, goes far toward vindicating the New Zealand method of settling labor troubles. It compels acceptance by both labor and capital of just conditions until, in calm blood, both sides are able to recognize that they are equitable. An ex-judge of the Arbitration Court told me this story: The girls in a match-factory came before the court asking for an increase of wages. The proprietor said he could not pay what they wanted, that his enterprise was in its infancy, and to increase wages would ruin it. The court heard the evidence on both sides, studied the financial condition of the business and the cost of living in the city, and then the judge said to the proprietor: "It is impossible for these girls to live decently and healthfully on the wages that you are now paying. It is of the utmost importance, not only to them but to the state, that they should have decent, wholesome, healthful conditions of life. The souls and bodies of the young women of New Zealand are of more importance than your profits, and if you can't pay living wages it will be better for the community for you to close

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your factory. It would be better to send the whole match industry to the bottom of the ocean and go back to flints and firesticks than to drive young girls into the gutter. My award is that you pay what they ask." The man protested and grumbled, but he obeyed the order. He did not close his factory, and his business continued to prosper. The judge's little speech embodies both the underlying principle of all New Zealand's progressive legislation and the spirit in which it is administered—the *welfare of the worker is of more importance than the profits of the employer*. And therein is a complete overturn of all our world-wide and time-old convictions, methods and ideals. Any civilization which holds to that conviction and enforces it with all the enginery of its government is a new thing under the sun. For it is a civilization that is based, not on commercial success and greatness, but on humanity.

During the last few years there has been a marked tendency on the part of both labor and capital to get together, talk things over in a calm and reasonable way, come to an agreement, and then take this before the court and ask to have it given the force of an award. The habit of arbitration makes for harmony and good will and a spirit of just and fair dealing on both sides. There are a few merchants and manufacturers in New Zealand—but they are very few in number—who do not like the arbitration system, and would prefer the old method of settling labor troubles by trial of strength. They belong to two classes. Either they are bred-in-the-bone conservatives, who would always think an old way better than a new, no matter what a new might be, or they are those greedy exploiters of labor, birds of prey upon the growing wealth of a country, who are never satisfied with any profits, no matter how great nor how obtained. The latter are to be found everywhere. In the United States we used to call them "captains of industry" and worship at their feet. But there is some hope that we are learning better. Most of the merchants and manufacturers of the colony are in favor of the arbitration law, at least in principle. A few find fault with its administration, thinking it favors the working-class too much. Now and then they grumble loudly about particular awards, and occasionally a labor union that has not got all it wanted will pass red-hot resolutions about the personnel of the court. But these things are of little consequence, and the temporary irritation which calls them forth soon passes away.

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The things that are of consequence are that for eleven years, during a time of rapidly increasing prosperity—the breeding-time of strikes—New Zealand has been practically free from all labor disturbances, that the variety of manufacturers, the amount invested in them, their profits, and the number of workmen employed have all increased, that the number of petitions in bankruptcy have shown a steady decrease from year to year, that trade and commerce have grown by leaps and bounds, and that the wages and the conditions of life and work of the laboring people have been greatly bettered.

EVER since the liberal government came into power, measures affecting the wages and environments of workers in shops and factories have held an important place in the debates and enactments of the New Zealand parliament. This, of course, is merely in line with what has been done in greater or less degree by all civilized countries. But the New Zealand laws have a whole-heartedness in their reach and depth and in their enforcement which makes them particularly efficient. Their success is largely due to the intelligence with which the labor department is administered. The provisions of the labor laws and the awards of the arbitration court are enforced by inspectors who are appointed by reason of their common sense, their humanity and their fitness for the position. Sunday comes as near to being a complete holiday for every man, woman and child in New Zealand city or town as human effort can make it. Chemists' shops and restaurants are open for a short time during certain hours, and street-cars and ferry-boats keep up a partial schedule. Otherwise you can not buy so much as a newspaper (there are no Sunday papers in the colony), a cigar, a postage stamp, or a lemonade. Everybody takes a holiday and almost everybody goes out of doors. The weekly half-holiday and the frequent legal holidays are as strictly observed.

The molding power of law in its effect upon the character of a people is strikingly exemplified in the impress which these labor laws have made upon the New Zealanders. To regard a reasonable time for rest and recreation as the due of every workingman and woman has become so much a matter of habit with them that the community is more shocked by any considerable breach of the shops and factories act than an American city is by a murder. A labor-inspector in Auck-

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land, during my stay there, found that the waitresses in a certain restaurant were kept on duty longer than the law allowed—no longer, however, than they work in many an American restaurant without anybody being in the least disturbed. The newspapers, usually sedate and dignified, flamed into headlines about “white slavery,” every one talked about it as a most shocking case, and many people declared they would not patronize the place. One finds everywhere this kindly, sympathetic feeling toward the workers, the poor, the aged, the less fortunate. Humanity, embodied in laws that are obeyed, has made a whole people humane.

This spirit has caused a general change of feeling on the subject of the old-age pension law, passed some eight years ago. At first it was looked upon with a good deal of disfavor and considered to be a sort of state scheme for the dispensation of charity. But all that is changed, and I found all classes, among both the government adherents and the Opposition, saying, “It is a good thing.” No one looks upon it as a charity, but as the right of those who have fallen upon hard luck to a provision which will give them a comfortable, dignified and respectable old age, exactly as the prosperous sons and daughters of a family ought to provide home and comfort for old and unfortunate parents. The pension is \$125 per year, payable monthly to those who have reached the age of sixty-five, are of good character, and have a yearly income of less than \$300. It is more purely a socialistic measure than the old-age pension system of Germany, which is merely a part of its vast workingmen’s insurance scheme. It is more nearly akin to the French measure passed last year, but the latter is less liberal in its provisions and is conceived more in the alms-giving spirit than in the keen sense of the call of humanity.

SUPERANNUATION for teachers was inaugurated last year, the fund to be provided partly by the state and partly by contributions from the teachers. The railway and the police service already have this provision, and the project is on foot to establish the same sort of annuity for the whole of the civil service. The late Premier Seddon had a national pension scheme which he hoped to make “the crowning effort of his public life.” He intended that it should provide a fund, subsidized by the state, to which any one could make contributions and in time get his money back in an old-age

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annuity, with interest upon his payments, and his due proportion of the subsidy. But the shrewd business head of the former Premier did not intend that this huge scheme should be a burden upon the state.

Just before the parliamentary election of last December Mr. Seddon issued a "manifesto" setting forth the general and some of the particular aims of his government. Here are some extracts from it which illustrate that spirit of humanity, in its largest sense, which I have tried to show is the dominant note of the liberal regime in New Zealand:

"I believe that the cardinal aim of government is to provide the conditions which will reduce want and permit the very largest possible number of its people to be healthy, happy human beings. The life, the health, the intelligence and the morals of a nation count for more than riches, and I would rather have this country free from want and squalor and the unemployed than the home of multi-millionaires. . . . I have tried to provide such social and economic conditions in this colony as will prevent that helpless subjection of one class to another, so wide-spread in the older lands. A spirit of self-respecting independence already marks our people, and I would have the title 'New Zealander' imply, the world over, a type of manhood, strenuous, independent and humane. The practical reformer must often be content with small profits and slow returns; he must proceed piecemeal and by slow and steady stages, removing obstructions to and providing facilities for a higher development of the people as a whole. I understand this to be modern humanitarian legislation, and I claim that this spirit pervades all the progressive laws and state experiments that my government has tried during the last fifteen years." In the same paper, in reference to a system of paid government-nurses with medical attention and care, which he had in view for the poor in large cities, especially for women at maternity, Mr. Seddon said: "The silent martyrs of life are the low-waged workers' wives who keep the cradle full and bear the double burden of maternity and poverty." Did any other government ever stop from its tax-gathering and navy-building and army-provisioning long enough for a word of compassion and an act of care for the women who bear the "double burden of maternity and poverty"?

In New Zealand there is no labor party, while the socialist party is small and unimportant—it polled but two thousand votes at

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the last election. It is almost as much opposed to the government as is the Opposition, and has rarely failed to make a mess of things when it has succeeded in getting a finger into the enactment of legislation. The one fact that made possible the revolution in New Zealand was that in 1889 the Liberal Party in parliament, after a brilliant and determined contest, had shorn property of its right to the ballot. The one-man-one-vote principle had its first trial in 1890. The great maritime strike, which for four months had paralyzed every industry in New Zealand and Australia and had ended in the utter defeat of the workingmen, had stirred up many new ideas and had made thinking men determine that such a state of affairs must never recur. The industrial depression, the falling population, the drain of wealth out of the country, the general bad conditions that were constantly growing worse, had made many of the public men willing to try a new order of things. And when the Liberal Party was returned in the 1890 election New Zealand at once set her face in a new direction. In the sixteen years since then she has not shown the least sign of turning back.

THAT New Zealand stands where she does to-day, at the head of the countries of the world in the general happiness and prosperity of her citizens, is largely due to the remarkable capacity as a fighting general of his party of Richard John Seddon, who was premier of the colony for thirteen consecutive years. He was a man of very great will-power, an astute politician, and possessed of such dominance of character that throughout the colony he was generally known as "King Dick" by both enemies and friends. The opposition to him and the measures of his government was and still is bitter and determined, and the driving of this progressive legislation through parliament has been no child's play. The Anglo-Saxon has always had the courage of both his convictions and his prejudices and has always been eager to fight for either of them, to his last gasp, with whatever weapons the spirit of his time approved. The struggles over these measures in the New Zealand parliament between the government and the Opposition have been like the fights of two bulldogs. But of late years the government majority has been so overwhelming that it could carry most of its measures without much difficulty.

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The history of the New Zealand movement points two striking morals that are especially significant to Americans. One is that molding power of law to which I have already referred, and the other is the tremendous driving force of individual character, the extent to which the individual can make himself an influence that will change the whole course of events. It was John McKenzie, with his bull-dog grip on his own convictions and his determination to fight till he won, who gave to the colony's poverty-stricken thousands the possibility of owning their own prosperous homes upon the land. It was William Pember Reeves, now for some years the colony's agent-general in London, who gave it its arbitration system. He determined, after the great maritime strike, that New Zealand must have something of the sort, studied the question in all its bearings, investigated the workings of similar contrivances elsewhere, drew up his bill, and then fought for it in parliament until that body, smiling doubtfully over its feasibility, but willing to give it a trial, made it the law. In similar way the credit for the old-age pensions act belongs to Richard John Seddon. In the early nineties there were four men in New Zealand, whom their associates nicknamed "The Quartette," who were accustomed to get together and discuss the things they would like to see done in New Zealand and decide on the things it would be possible to do—but always bounding their efforts by the immediately possible. They were John Ballance, who was then premier; Sir Robert Stout, W. P. Reeves and Edward Tregear. In the ardent hearts and shrewd, practical brains of these four were conceived many of the measures that have made New Zealand a shining light in the eyes of all who desire social and economic reforms elsewhere. Ballance died long ago. Stout is on the Supreme Court Bench. Reeves has long been in London, and only Tregear is left.

ECONOMICALLY the New Zealand reforms have been made possible by a borrowing policy. A big public debt, amounting now, net, to some two hundred and eighty million dollars, stands at the base of her prosperity. To get the money for its railway, road and telegraph building, the buying of estates, the loaning of money, and all the rest of its many activities, the Seddon government floated loan after loan, mainly in the London market. Many critics of the government consider this policy an invitation to certain disaster. But

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it must be remembered that the whole of these borrowings has been invested in such wise that they are all either directly or indirectly productive and beneficial. The annual income continues, year after year, to be larger than the expenditure, while the assets of the colony, the things for which the debt was incurred, more than cover the indebtedness, and are yearly increasing in value.

One hears much in Australasia about the effect of the New Zealand legislation on capital. The opponents of the Seddon government declare that it drove capital away from the colony, and considered this one of the blackest accusations that could be brought against it. A man who has been associated with the government for many years replied in this wise to my inquiry upon this matter: "Of course, capital, like everything else in the world, flows along the lines of least resistance. It is bound to go where the road is easiest and it can get the biggest returns. That is, it will go where it can exploit labor most. As we have been doing our best for the last fifteen years to make such laws as will prevent capital from exploiting labor, we are not surprised or disappointed that it doesn't rush hither from the four corners of the world. But, distinctly, we do not want any capital to come here that is not willing to give labor just conditions of work and a fair share of results. We consider that we shall be better off without it unless it is willing to put up with the conditions we impose. We are not trying to see what big individual fortunes we can make, and the thing we are trying to do can not succeed in the same country where big-fortune building is possible. But we are not driving away our native capital, and we are learning how to use it co-operatively, and so keeping its increase at home. On the whole, we think we are better off without an influx of capital from abroad." The spirit of this man's remarks was repeated to me many times by others, and I think they represent fairly well the feeling of the supporters and also of many of the opponents of the Seddon policy.

One striking effect of New Zealand's progressive legislation is that it has checked that rapid growth of the cities at the expense of the country population which elsewhere is one of the greatest problems of the time. The small towns which I visited were all trim and smart looking, their shops giving evidence of a standard of living quite as high as that in the most prosperous of our own farming communities. In the cities merchants and others have great difficulty in finding boys

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for office and errand work. The boys who elsewhere supply this need, because they must work to help support their families, do not have to work and are in school. The people are orderly and law-abiding beyond comparison with any others of whom I know or have heard. On Labor Day in Auckland, the largest city in the colony, fourteen thousand people, nearly all of the working class, were congregated in the park. And all day I did not see a single brawl or disturbance of any sort nor one drunken or disorderly person.

PUBLIC life is extraordinarily pure. Corruption or mismanagement in public office is almost unknown. The success of all the reform measures has been due as much to the men who have administered them as to the measures themselves, while no small degree of credit belongs to the people of the colony, because of their law-abiding character and their willingness to give fair trial to new statutes. Notwithstanding the fearlessness with which the New Zealanders have cut loose from the established economic order one finds among them a curious strain of conservatism. For instance they gave the ballot to women thirteen years ago, and the women use it and cast almost as high a percentage of votes as do the men. Mr. Seddon told me that he did not think his government could have carried a good deal of its social legislation without the help of the women voters. But they have not yet given to the wife her joint right in the home, and Premier Seddon was being soundly rated when I was there because he was advocating such a measure. There is a lack of individual initiative and of private energy in the industrial life which strikes an American like the dropping of notes from a familiar air. But individual energy, unshackled and well stimulated, has given us our railroad problem and our Standard Oil methods and our meat-trust horrors.

The life of the New Zealander flows in leisurely style. To whatever class he belongs he has ample time for rest, recreation, amusement, and he declines to live at a pace too strenuous for him to enjoy these things. He gibes at the American for his eternal chase of the almighty dollar, and he refuses to believe that that dollar is worth all that his American friend gives up for it. His ideals of life, like the sort of civilization that his government has evolved, are not based on dollars and are not bounded by commercial success.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT MILAN, ITALY: AMERICA NOT REPRESENTED

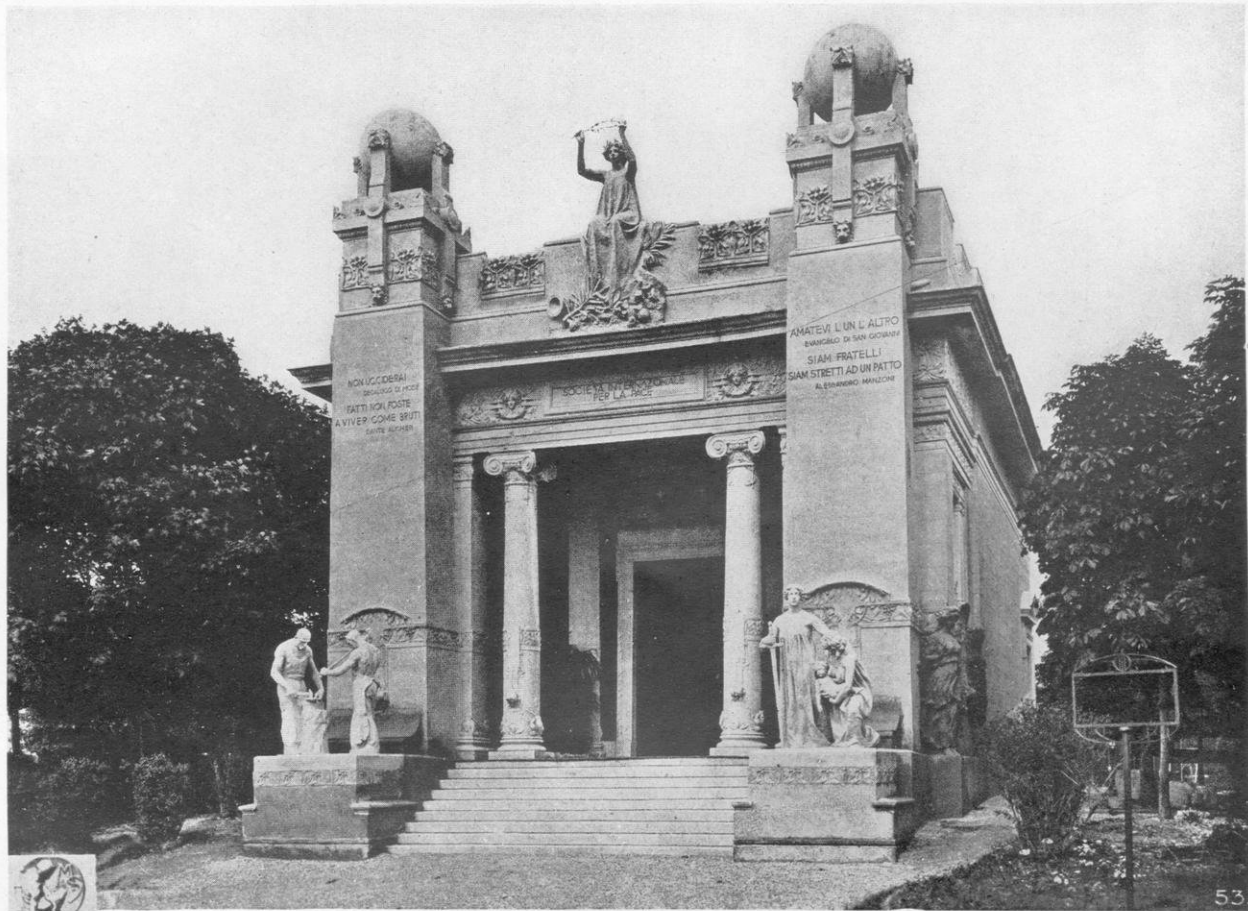


MILAN has had a slow, hard time getting her Exposition started; not from lack of funds or national interests, but largely because the Italian temperament does not lend itself to executive triumph. The Italian mind creates gladly, but does not execute easily. In its own country it has not yet learned to build and paint to order. Art has been the expression of a dream, and Southern nations dream indolently; and now, with the Exposition date over three months back, there are still unfinished buildings and bare spaces in the buildings and undecorated booths.

Yet enough has been accomplished to convey a definite idea of what modern Italy, especially the Italy of the north, is doing in the way of architecture, painting, sculpture, industrial art and civic improvement. For, although the Exposition is international, it is also an expression of the social development of the Italy of the twentieth century; and it is this development that awakens the interests of Europe and America.

“What is Italy’s new art-feeling?” is a question we are all asking. Is it strong and initiative? Or tawdry and imitative? It is the Italy of to-day working in traditional channels, or feeling new inspiration from the modern spirit which is far away from Dreamland, is active, strong and alert? Every nation knoweth its own weakness as to social development. And the nations that are represented at the Milan Exposition are there more to study Italy than to prove themselves.

To sum up, the impression made recently upon the mind of an intelligent American visitor at Milan (an impression which is confirmed by pictures sent to *THE CRAFTSMAN*, direct from Milan), modern Italy is groping her way toward a new manner of art expression; she is not forgetting the glory of her old masters, her vast arches, her Doric Columns—she has progressed out of these, not away from them. They still express her great love of the beautiful; but she is also putting into her architecture to-day an occasional suggestion of the fire and strength of the twentieth-century Renaissance in art. She has discovered the value “of the straight line of beauty,”



G. B. Bossi. Architect

THE PEACE MONUMENT
AT THE MILAN EXPOSITION



Locati and Bergomi, Architects

BUILDING OF ARCHITECTURE
AT THE MILAN EXPOSITION



Locati Architect

BUILDING OF DECORATIVE ART
AT THE MILAN EXPOSITION



Locati, Architect

PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE
AT THE MILAN EXPOSITION

THE MILAN EXPOSITION

the restfulness of bare spaces, the monumental dignity of square pillars, and the art value of "ornament *only* where it inevitably develops." Study the *Padiglione Della Pace* shown in one of our illustrations. It is structurally perfect, its proportions are in exquisite harmony. Every decorative detail seems as essential as the foundation itself; and yet there is great strength as well as beauty.

ON the other hand, the Fine Arts Building, though well placed, following as it does the outline of the arena, is a failure architecturally. It is neither traditional nor Renaissance, but a jumble of various personal opinions in the matter of art, and extremely Rococco in line and ornament. Italy is still feeling her way, and naturally any new departure in art will for a time meet with alternate success and failure. Almost the entire art-gallery is given up to Italian exhibitors, and, yet, of the three thousand pictures exhibited, there are no schools and no individual efforts that particularly deserve comment. Italy's great painters are still her "Old Masters." Her paintings to-day are tentative modern work of the ultra-Parisian description. She is not painting what she thinks, but what Paris thinks; and so, for the time, is not painting well. In sculpture she is more individual. Although her best work smacks of Rodin, it is still Rodin Italianized, Rodin out of a southern dream.

In the exhibitions of industrial art, Milan and Turin are both showing signs of some spiritual awakening. The furniture exhibits from both these cities show a restrained simplicity in construction and ornamentation, artistically far beyond the furniture from Munich or Paris, much nearer London in feeling, but simpler even than the work of the English craftsmen. The structural lines of this new Italian furniture are almost entirely straight, there is no ornament put on merely to gratify a riotous imagination; and there is a distinct tendency to allow the woods used to reveal their natural beauty.

Of course, the Italian lace exhibit is beautiful, both the new lace and the old, and there is a decided effort to originate new designs, so far as perfection of technique would permit. The most beautiful modern laces were from the schools in and about Venice. Strangely enough the embroidery shown—the handiwork of many Italian children—is extremely poor—a mixture of native and foreign ideas—inartistic and inexpressive. The native displays of pottery and weav-

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ing are also non-significant. They are neither Italian in *motif*, nor anything else; and so of no interest except as the making of them kept idle little Italian hands out of mischief.

IT has been before pointed out that music and science often take possession of the same brain; that the relaxation of the scientist's is very often music, and that the corner-stone of the musician's life is frequently science. At Milan, we find the music-loving Italians making also very good records along lines of pure scientific invention. There is an extremely good Italian showing in the buildings devoted to railway and machinery exhibits, and also in the rooms given up to useful domestic inventions. Germany, Belgium and Hungary make noteworthy showings in the same buildings; they are also pre-eminently music nations.

After Italy, the Hungarian exhibition along fine and industrial art lines is most important and significant. In the Hungarian building there are a number of completely furnished rooms, with distinctively national style of furniture, with pottery that is Hungarian in line and ornament, with beautiful new jewelry after old Hungarian models, with gem-like embroideries in Hungarian colors, and with deeply interesting displays of industrial art from the various handicraft schools of which Hungary is justly proud.

Canada has a house of her own building, decorated effectively with her many grains displayed against a scarlet background. All of her important agricultural produce is there, with interesting displays from her factory. There are many cases of her minerals, and everything is described statistically in pamphlets printed in several languages.

France has her usual "world's fair" exhibit of gay dresses and tawdry furniture, with some fine scientific and artistic achievements mixed in. And South America arrived in time, built a house and has unique displays of the products from her soil and factories. America is practically not there at all, neither in science, art nor industry. The Bureau of Social Service of New York presents an interesting exhibit.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Just as we are going to press, word reaches us that the buildings at Milan Exposition are being destroyed by fire with at least a loss of \$2,000,000. The exhibits of architecture and art are almost wholly destroyed. The fire started in the Decorative Arts Building, burning the original model of the Milan Cathedral Dome and many other valuable exhibits.

WHAT EDWARD CARPENTER SAYS ABOUT WALT WHITMAN IN HIS LATEST BOOK.



NEW book on Walt Whitman has come from across the sea. It is called "Days with Walt Whitman," and it is written by Edward Carpenter, who of all living men is perhaps best qualified to write with full understanding of the American prophet who had to turn abroad for the honor he failed to receive in his own country. Most of the Whitman literature we see is merely a collection of "beautiful thoughts" about Whitman; this book is from a man whose utterance is as simple as his comprehension is broad and deep, and whose own life gives him the power to understand Whitman's. What may be called the personal part of the book is merely the account of two visits made by Mr. Carpenter to Whitman, one in 1877 and one seven years later, and yet it leaves the impression of a life-long friendship and perfect understanding between the two men, in which the reader is somehow included. The glimpse of Whitman given in the story of Mr. Carpenter's first meeting with him is as convincing as a personal experience. Says Mr. Carpenter:

"If I had thought beforehand (and I do not know that I had) that Whitman was eccentric, unbalanced, violent, my first interview certainly produced quite a contrary effect. No one could be more considerate, I may almost say courteous; no one could have more simplicity of manner and freedom from egotistic wriggings; and I never met any one who gave me more the impression of *knowing what he was doing* than he did. Yet away and beyond all this I was aware of a certain radiant power in him, a large, benign affluence and inclusiveness, as of the sun, which filled out the place where he was—yet with something of reserve and sadness in it, too, and a sense of remoteness and inaccessibility."

And this is the Walt Whitman who was known and loved by those who met him daily:

"After some conversation Whitman proposed a walk across to Philadelphia. Putting on his gray slouch-hat he sallied forth with evident pleasure, and taking my arm as a support, walked slowly the best part of a mile to the ferry. Crossing the ferry was always a great pleasure to him. . . . The life of the streets and of the people was so near, so dear. The men on the ferry-steamer were evidently

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old friends, and when we landed on the Philadelphia side we were before long quite besieged. The man or woman selling fish at the corner of the street, the tramway-conductor, the loafers on the pavement—a word of recognition from Walt, or as often from the other first. Presently a cheery shout from the top of a dray; and before we had gone many yards farther the driver was down and standing in front of us—his horses given to the care of some bystander. He was an old Broadway ‘stager,’ ‘had not seen Walt for three or four years,’ and tears were in his eyes as he held his hand. We were now brought to a standstill, and others gathered round; ‘George’ was ill and Walt must go and see him. There was a message for the children, and in his pocket the poet discovered one or two packets for absent little ones. But for the most part his words were few. It was the others who spoke, and apparently without reserve.

“**T**HUS we rambled through Philadelphia—mostly using the tram-cars. . . . Whitman could not walk far. I was content being with him anyhow. He certainly was restfulness itself. When we reached the ferry on our return the last bell was ringing—we might have caught the boat, but Whitman seemed not to think of hurrying. The boat went, and he sat down to enjoy life waiting for the next.”

Mark the phrase “he sat down *to enjoy life* waiting for the next.” His secret of enjoying life was not hard to find, and yet who of all that have written of him has ever told it so nearly as Whitman himself would have explained it as this:

“Whitman had a knack of making ordinary life enjoyable, redeeming it from commonplaceness. Instead of making you feel (as so many do) that the Present is a kind of squalid necessity to be got over as best may be, in view of something always in the future, he gave you that good sense of *nowness*, that faith that the present is enjoyable, which imparts color and life to the thousand and one dry details of existence. As I have hinted before, he was no great talker, and would generally let the conversation ebb and flow at its own will, without effort, ready apparently for grave and gay alike.”

Brief, expressive snatches of some of these conversations appear here and there, transcribed almost literally from Mr. Carpenter’s note-book. One of them gives Whitman’s impression of modern

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well-to-do life, a view which it is hardly necessary to say is peculiarly interesting to THE CRAFTSMAN, sounding as it does in a few homely phrases the keynote of the whole present movement toward reform and the reasons that in this country lie behind it. The talk had drifted to conventional shoddiness and vulgarity. Said Whitman:

“It seems a strange thing to me, this love of gilt and upholstery among the Americans—that people leading a free natural life should, directly they make a little money, want to go in for sofas, expensively furnished rooms, dress and the like; yet it seems to be a law, a kind of necessity, that they should do so. I suppose it is partly that each man wishes to feel himself as good as others, to feel that he can have of the ‘best,’ too, democracy showing itself for a time in that way, reducing the borrowed old-world standard of superiority to an absurdity, and I guess it will not last forever.”

AT ANOTHER time he voiced his belief as to the ultimate solution of the political and industrial problem in America. Said he:

“I believe, like Carlyle, in *men*. I think that, notwithstanding all set-offs, the great capitalists and masters of private enterprise have, in America at least, been useful. . . . I like and welcome all agitation, even the fiercest, but, like Carlyle, have little belief in reform talk. Society, like a person in middle life, is *set*, and you have to make the best of it. I am, I hope, a bit of a reformer myself. Yes, we must *grow* generous, ungrasping masters of industry; absurd as the idea would seem to most nowadays, I believe that is the upshot of what is going on. The creation of a large, independent, democratic class of small owners is the main thing—though it is never once mentioned by our economists and politicians. I am satisfied that for America, Free Trade and open admission of all foreigners is an integral part of its theory; the future of the world is one of open communication and solidarity of all races; and if that problem can not be solved in America it can not be solved anywhere.”

So with walks and talks and pleasant “loafing” the acquaintance grew. A little later Mr. Carpenter says:

“As the days went by I began to see more clearly the depths which lay behind the poet’s simple and unconcerned exterior. Literary persons, as a rule, write over their own heads; they talk a little bigger

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than themselves. But Whitman seemed to fill out 'Leaves of Grass,' and to form an interpretation of it. I began to see that all he had written there was a matter of absolute personal experience—that you might be sure that what was said was meant. There was the same deliberate suggestiveness about his actions and manners that you find in his writings—only, of course, with the added force of bodily presence; and far down, too, there were clearly enough visible the same strong and contrary moods, the same strange omnivorous egotism, controlled and restrained by that wonderful genius of his for human affection and love."

The two had numerous talks about Whitman's work and the reception it had met here and abroad, and Whitman, as simply as he did everything else, spoke of his own struggles, dreams and ambitions. Speaking of his message to the world, and of his much-disputed method of delivering it, he said:

"I did, in fact, rewrite and destroy much before I published. I can not think that I have altogether attained, but I have planted the seed; it is for others to continue the work. My original idea was that if I could bring men together by putting before them the heart of man, with all its joys and sorrows and experiences and surroundings, it would be a great thing; up to this time I have had America chiefly in view, but this appreciation of me in England makes me think I might perhaps do the same for the old world also. I have endeavored from the first to get free as much as possible from all literary attitudinizing—to strip off integuments, coverings, bridges—and to speak straight from and to the heart."

THE same theme naturally occupied their attention the last time they met. Mr. Carpenter speaks of his last visit to Whitman's home:

"He was very friendly and affectionate, and sat by the open window downstairs enjoying the wafts of fragrant air, while he talked about 'Leaves of Grass.' 'What lies behind "Leaves of Grass" is something that few, very few, only one here and there, perhaps oftenest women, are at all in a position to seize,' he said. 'It lies behind almost every line, but concealed, studiously concealed—some passages left purposely obscure. There is something in my nature *furtive*, like an old hen! You see a hen wandering up and down a hedgerow,

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looking apparently quite unconcerned, but presently she finds a concealed spot, and furtively lays an egg, and comes away as though nothing had happened! That is how I felt in writing "Leaves of Grass." Sloane Kennedy calls me "artful"—which about hits the mark. I think there are truths which it is necessary to envelop or wrap up.' "

"This was the last I saw of Whitman. I left him sitting there by the window in his downstairs room, close to the street and passers-by—his clear eye undimmed by age, his rugged, loving nature unaltered; though there was a certain grave weariness in his otherwise majestic presence, which gives one a touch of sadness when one thinks that he had still nearly eight years to pass of increasing physical disablement and of continually diminishing vitality, culminating at last in serious bodily misery and wretchedness, before death might relieve him of the burden of the flesh."

THE tremendousness of Whitman, the unruliness, the substratum of granite in his nature, as well as the splendid abundance that marked everything he did, have the keenest fascination for Mr. Carpenter. Again and again he returns to it:

"Volume—voluminousness—was one of Walt's most notable features. Physically it was so—as witness his ample proportions, his keen and well-furnished senses; mentally the same—a mind well stocked, interested in every subject, balancing, weighing, comparing, slow-moving, but never retracing its steps; emotionally and by temperament the same, with an immense range of emotion, and volume of feeling when roused, but slow, deliberate, cautious, lethargic, and at times even lumpishly immovable. This voluminousness is the key to his literary style, which at its best is magnificent—thought after thought culled from every side and department of life, ranged in successive line and phrase, marshaled and held in suspense, as it were, in huge array, till at last they are hurled upon the reader in one mass and with overwhelming power; but which style at its worst is cumbersome and disjointed. It is this voluminousness which goes with the whole, florid, full, emotional nature of the man, fond of materials and plenty of materials, not especially careful of order or arrangement, not too studiously clear or concise in thought and expression, but always ample and inclusive."

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“Whitman’s immense, moody and emotional temperament—he calls it ‘turbulent’ himself—forms a factor of his character and writings which has perhaps not been sufficiently considered—especially by some of his admirers, who, as so often happens, are more concerned to present an ideal personality than a real portrait. There are indeed some of his biographers who are at pains to explain that many of his expressions of sympathy and participation in the weaknesses and sins of humanity are to be taken as theoretical or allegorical expressions, having by no means a personal interpretation. Yet surely this is to take the clay out of the brick, the marble out of the statue. While it is obvious that no man could have in one lifetime run through *all* the experiences mentioned in ‘Leaves of Grass,’ the whole point of the matter is that the author actually finds in himself the capability of these experiences, and quite personally identifies himself with them. It is, in fact, just these earth-entanglements, in a character so cosmic in its range as his, which are of special import as giving direction and effect to his individuality and to his work. Not only is it clear that without his voluminous enfoldment in the earth-life—the Nessus-shirt of Hercules—he could not well have performed the mighty works that he did; but it is difficult to see how, without some of that obduracy and egotism of his, he could have held his own against the great surge of obloquy and ridicule which covered his first appearance on the field of literature. Whitman saw (somewhere within himself) the typical man of a new era; and he gave himself to the utterance of what he saw. It stood in the most glaring and irremediable contrast to the genteel ideal of the civilization around him. Alone, he had to confront the whole of modern society. Now then, if ever, strength was needed. Now then tenacity, obstinacy, wilfulness—they had to be made the most of. If they were faults they were such as could ill be spared. His was perhaps the most deliberately daring advance ever made in literature; and it is difficult to believe that it could have been made except by one in whom the rocky elements of character were abundantly present. ‘Leaves of Grass’ itself has this quality of undeniable ‘thereness,’ and when the critics have had their say and expended all their shafts upon it, it still remains solid and untouched—like the earth, which survives all the theories of the geologists and surrenders itself to none. . . . In many ways Whitman marks a stage of human evolution not yet reached, and hardly suspected, by humanity at large;

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but in no respect is this more true than in respect of his capacity of love. If you consider Whitman's life you will see that love ruled it, that he gave his life for love. There were other motives, no doubt, but this one ultimately dominated them all. It permeates like a flame his entire writings; it took him to the battlefield and the hospitals in succor of wounded soldiers; it led him (before the war) deep into the life and comradeship of the people—all phases; after the war it united him in bonds of tender and life-long friendship with many, both men and women; it surrounded his death-bed with devotion, and brought thousands to his funeral. For it, he gave away his possessions and the material means of life; he gave prospects of professional success; he gave health, fame—all that a man can give—and accepted illness and obscurity, and oftentimes long and painful loneliness and betrayal even of love itself."

AND it is worth something as a comparative estimate of values in literature to read this from one of the more critical chapters: "Of all the tribes of specially *literary* people (one sometimes thinks), of the Popes, Drydens, Swinburnes, Paters, the Brownings, or Tennysons even, not to mention hosts of lesser names—which of them, after all, as time goes on, and except for certain antiquarian interests and a few passages which represent the real unloading of the writers' hearts, will really be affectionately remembered or persistently read? A few pithy passages, of verse or tale, enshrining some vivid, sharp experience—and for the rest what a deluge of words! The touch on actual life so thin, so poor, so ignorant. The society, yes, which animates itself round a Rape of a Lock, or discusses Broad Church questions over the walnuts and the wine, is there—but of the great world, what? A shade of sentiment or of thought, interesting enough, no doubt, and which may happen to be in vogue among a certain class—but of the great reaches of human passion and experience how much—or how little? Words, words, and fine-spun forms out of the thinnest basis of material! At every turn of the page, gross misapprehensions and ignorance of the actual lives and conditions of life and heart of the thousands and millions and thousand millions of the earth! How can these things hold any readers except those whose outlook is equally blinkered? The purely literary work has its interest, has its place; but its appeal is so limited. With Whit-

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man, the workman, the normal (or 'average') man—for, of course, the man who deals with materials and wins his living from them is the normal man—comes, for the first time, in a deliberate and representative way, into literature. He comes, not as a man who abandons his former mode of life in order to seek a literary ideal, but as the master-workman who stays where he is and uses literary form for his own expression—and with the same directness and mastery that he uses toward life. Hence a new era of literature—a literature appealing to all who deal with life directly, and know what it is, a literature which will be read and lovingly absorbed by the millions as time goes on."

The attitude of American writers and men of note toward Whitman much interests Mr. Carpenter. He makes no comments, but lets certain passages speak for themselves. For instance, during his first visit to America, he called upon Oliver Wendell Holmes. Here is his impression of the genial "autocrat," and his unadorned account of the latter's impression of Whitman. It is the more interesting because it embodies also the opinions of Lowell and Longfellow—three of the greatest authorities in American letters:

"He was then about seventy years of age—a dapper, active little man, full of life and go, rather enjoying the visits of strangers. . . . I said something about American literature and 'Leaves of Grass.' 'Oh, Whitman,' he said; 'well—well—well—Whitman is all very well—he has capacity, but it won't do—it won't do. I tell you what, it's something like this: you know, skilful cooks say that the faintest odor, the merest whiff, of assafoetida will give a piquant flavor to a dish—and I can believe that; but to *drench* it in assafoetida—no, that won't do. The poets *coquette* with Nature and weave garlands of roses for her; but Whitman *goes at her* like a great, hirsute man—no, it won't do. Now,' he continued, 'the other day Lowell and Longfellow and I were chatting together, and the subject of Whitman turned up. Said Lowell, "I can't think why there is all this stir about Whitman; I have read a good deal of his poetry, but I can't see anything in it—I *can't see anything in it.*" "Well," said Longfellow, "I believe the man might have done something if he had only had a decent training and education." "As to my own opinion, why," said Holmes, "I have already given you that. So you see what we think of him in America.'"

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THE last chapter of the book is devoted to an account of the influence of Emerson over Whitman, and of the occasional encounters between the two. Emerson's attitude, although really friendly, is best expressed by the following extract from a letter written to Thomas Carlyle in 1856:

“One book, last summer, came out in New York, a nondescript monster, which yet had terrible eyes and buffalo-strength, and was indisputably American—which I thought to send you; but the book throve so badly with the few to whom I showed it, and wanted good morals so much, that I never did. Yet I believe now again I shall. It is called ‘Leaves of Grass,’ was written and printed by a journeyman printer in Brooklyn, New York, named Walter Whitman; and after you have looked into it, if you think, as you may, that it is only an auctioneer's inventory of a warehouse, you can light your pipe with it.”

Yet of all the leaders of American thought, Emerson came nearest to understanding Whitman, and always entertained for him a kindly, if doubtful, feeling. As to the effect of the teaching of Emerson upon the early efforts of Whitman, Mr. Carpenter quotes from the “Reminiscences” of John Townsend Trowbridge this significant paragraph:

“Whitman talked frankly on the subject, that day on Prospect Hill, and told how he became acquainted with Emerson's writings. He was at work as a carpenter (his father's trade before him) in Brooklyn, building with his own hands and on his own account small and very plain houses for laboring-men; as soon as one was finished and sold, beginning another—houses of two or three rooms. This was in 1854; he was then thirty-five years old. He lived at home with his mother; going off to his work in the morning and returning at night, carrying his dinner-pail like any common laborer. Along with his pail he usually carried a book, between which and his solitary meal he would divide his nooning. Once the book chanced to be a volume of Emerson; and from that time he took with him no other writer. His half-formed purpose, his vague aspirations, all that had lain smouldering so long within him, waiting to be fired, rushed into flame at the touch of those electric words—the words that burn in the prose-poem ‘Nature,’ and in the essays on ‘Spiritual Laws,’ the ‘Oversoul,’ ‘Self-reliance.’ The sturdy carpenter, in his working-day garb, seated on

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his pile of boards; a poet in that rude disguise, as yet but dimly conscious of his powers; in one hand the sandwich put up for him by his good mother, his other hand holding open the volume that revealed to him his greatness and his destiny—this is the picture which his simple narrative called up, that Sunday so long ago, and which has never faded from my memory.

“He freely admitted that he could never have written his poems if he had not first ‘come to himself,’ and that Emerson helped him to ‘find himself.’ I asked if he thought that he would have come to himself without help. He said, ‘Yes, but it would have taken longer.’ And he used this characteristic expression: ‘I was simmering, simmering, simmering; Emerson brought me to a boil.’”

Of Whitman’s “Leaves of Grass” there is just and keen appreciation in Mr. Carpenter’s book; of the importance of Whitman’s mission to the world, the loftiest and most fearless claims; of the lesson of his life and of the years of suffering at the last there is this: “The last twenty-five of Whitman’s years were overshadowed by the clouds of partial and intermittent paralysis. From the miracle of health and strength which he had been before the war, it was his destiny to come near being a chronic invalid. Unfitted for active life, unfitted even for much literary work, he quietly accepted his lot; and being unable to express his message in any more resounding way, was content to fashion the commonplaces of his daily life to its utterance; and no one, I think, could witness the dignity and simple beauty of this later life without feeling that here, in its way, was a poem as pregnant as ‘Leaves of Grass.’ Gentle and humane in manners, the rocky bases of his nature—if such had been conspicuous before—now covered with tender herbage and flowers, making the most of small details, fond of children, and with a pleasant, cheery word for all, letting life come and go with large equanimity, he was a man whom the simplest could approach without effort, and who was loved by hundreds who never read a word of his writing. If he had a preference, it was for the ‘common people.’ The unconscious, uncultured, natural type pleased him best, and he would make an effort to approach them. The others he allowed to approach him.”

TWO LIVES—A STORY: BY FRANK H. SWEET



HE town was dilapidated, even disreputable in its neglect. As the stranger stepped from the ancient carryall which he had hailed and hired from the station platform seven miles away he felt the utter incongruity of it all. Only nine hours from Wall Street, and it might be on the opposite side of the world. He looked about with an air of questioning reminiscence, as though wondering if he could have been familiar with any of this in a less critical period of his life.

But the history of it was an open page. The young blood and they had gone in search of the car of progress, and many of the older people had followed to help or lean on them. The few left were those who had neither outside interest or inside ambition. He turned to the owner of the carryall, who was still regarding the dollar given him with pleased interest.

"Can you tell me where Joseph Alibone lives?" he inquired.

"N—no; not round here. An' still," the man's face wrinkling into intense thought, "the name does sound nat'ral."

"He used to live in that little house across the street," the stranger said, pointing with his cane; "the one where the roof has fallen in."

"Oh, them Alibones," with an air of relief. "I thought the name had something in it. But we ain't spoke two names round here since I don't know when. It's old Joe, an' fat Tom, an' little an' big John—that away. Before the doctor and preacher died we did call out their whole names, jest to be stuck up, but it's too much work right along. I ain't heerd the name Alibone spoke out in twenty year. But say, stranger," his voice becoming more animated, "that house has a big hist'ry. One o' the boys went off an' got himself scand'lous rich, so he could buy railroads an' palaces, an'—an' ships on the ocean. When we heered we looked for him to send a wagonful of gold down to his brother Joe, but he never did."

"Where does Joe—Joseph live?" the stranger asked eagerly.

Something in the voice made the carryall-owner look at him wonderingly, then walk twice around him, snapping his fingers from time to time and studying the tailor-made clothes and silk hat and gloves with frank admiration and awe. At last he stopped directly in front and looked curiously into the stranger's face. "Be ye him?" he asked.

"Where does Joseph Alibone live?" impatiently.

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“Be ye him?” anxiously and without the least notice of the question. Then, “But of course ye be. The clothes show it.” He puckered his face conciliatingly and thrust it into within three inches of the stranger’s, whispering: “How’d ye do it? I want to be scand’lous rich myself—always have wanted to be.”

“**W**ILL you tell me where my brother lives, or shall I ask some one else?”

“Ye be him, then,” joyously. “Co’se ye want to see Joe right off. It’s nat’ral. But I’ll foller ye down soon’s I get the mail sorted, an’ find out how it’s done. Ye see, I’m mail-carrier an’ postmaster both, an’ sheriff an’ town constable. But it’s ’mazin’ hard to work, an’ when ye show me ’bout gettin’ rich I shan’t do a stitch. We have mail come in here twicet every week. See this street?”

“Yes.”

“Waal, foller it right on for two mile, an’ ye’ll find a little hut on the right-hand side, in the woods. The street ain’t a street then, it’s a path. But the hut’s there. It’s Joe’s. An’—”

But the stranger had turned abruptly and was hurrying down the street. The carryall-owner looked after him thoughtfully.

“Funny he went from here right out among folks, drummers an’ all sorts, an’ got richer’n they did—scand’lous rich, folks say. Funny! When I go to the city I get skinned every time. But he does look old—older’n his brother Joe. An’ if I ’member right, ’twas Tom who was youngest. Waal, I’m glad I didn’t tell him I was Lish Larkin, the boy who whipped him the day before he run off. Maybe ’twould a’ hurt me gettin’ rich. He, he!”

The hut was easily found, besides the seven or eight houses left standing in the village, it was the only building the stranger saw. And the carryall-owner had been right about it standing in the woods, for there had been no attempt at clearing or cultivation. The trees and bushes grew close up to the hut on all sides, and a tangle of wild vines had taken possession of two-thirds of the log step. As the stranger saw it, and his eyes took in the surroundings, he paused with strong emotion.

“Poor Joe! Poor Joe!” he said compassionately. “Why didn’t he let me know? I never dreamed of this, or of the village being in such ruins. It was fairly prosperous when I went away. And Joe always

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wrote such bright, cheerful letters, telling how happy he was with his animals. I thought he had a nice, big farm that was well stocked. He would never let me help him; he had everything he needed, he wrote, and more. And now this! Poor Joe! Poor Joe! I have been to blame, for I ought to have come down and seen how things were going. I have been too busy accumulating money. And it was Joey who let me have all his little hoard when I went away. How people forget! But he shall never want anything more. I will take him back to the city with me and let him have all the things that money can give."

A MAN was coming slowly around the hut, with head bent, humming the air of some boyish wood song. The stranger sprang forward. "So old and bent as that," he thought. "Poor Joey!"

But as he advanced the man suddenly raised his head, his shoulders squaring. There was nothing old about Joe Alibone. His complexion had the ruddy color of its youth, and his hair had scarcely commenced to turn. Force might be lacking in his face; but it was a face of perfect contentment and happiness—gentle, loving, thoughtful, benign—the face of a poet and dreamer, of a philosopher. The stranger gazed at him with wondering recognition, then opened his arms.

"Joey! Joey!" his voice choked. "You look just the same as when I left, only larger."

At the familiar name Joe Alibone started, his face kindling. He had not recognized the white-haired, care-worn figure before. But first he carefully placed a rabbit, which seemed to be hurt, upon the ground. It was this he had been looking at when he came around the hut with bent head. Then he caught his brother in his arms, his face strongly expressive of the pity and grief he felt.

"Tom, little Tommy," he said, the love in his voice mingled with deep self-reproach. "I oughtn't have let ye stay off there so long a-workin' an' a-worryin'. I knowed it all the time, but I was easy an' you was set, an' it seemed less trouble that a-way. But I oughtn't, Tommy, poor little Tommy. I was older an' should 'a' had my say. Ye've growed old an' tired out, while I've jest lazed my life away here in the woods. But ye shan't go off any more, Tommy. There ain't no need. It's nice here in the woods, an' there's a-plenty for

TWO LIVES — A STORY

both, an' the house's a-plenty big. We'll set on the log step an' look round at the birds an' things an' talk. It'll be nice. Do ye 'member how we used to set snares an' climb trees an' watch squir'ls? We'll do it again, only we won't ketch 'em any more. They're nicer to look at. Law, law, it doesn't seem forty-seven years ago sence ye went off, Tommy! Ye was thirteen then an' me fifteen."

All the time his hand had been patting his brother's back, as though he might be a boy who needed petting and comforting after some youthful trial or an unusually hard day's work.

Suddenly there was a low whir of wings, and a bluejay dropped lightly upon Joe's shoulder and from there dropped to the crook of his elbow and thrust an inquiring bill into his blouse-pocket. Then a movement on the stranger's part caused the bill to withdraw quickly and the wings to half-rise. But the tips of Joe's fingers touched the wings caressingly, reassuringly.

"There, there, Jaybird," he said soothingly; "it's all right. That's my brother Tom, who's comin' home to stay with us. You mustn't mind him. Now go a little deeper," opening his blouse-pocket with one of his fingers; "you'll find the seeds there all right."

THE bluejay had cocked his head on one side in an attitude of listening. Now, as though understanding or recognizing the opening behind the finger as significant, he suddenly thrust his head into the blouse-pocket, drawing it out a moment later with the bill full of seeds. With these he flew to a nearby limb. Joe chuckled.

"Jaybird'll be back again in a few minutes," he declared. "He wouldn't 'a' left my elbow if I'd been by myself. But he'll soon get used to ye bein' here, an' mebbe git to let ye feed him. We must fill up your pockets with seeds an' things." Several odd, impatient chirps came from different directions, and Joe glanced knowingly from one to another. "Jaybird'll have to hurry," he observed, "or there'll be a lot o' bills gettin' in ahead o' him. They'd been here a'fore now if it hadn't been for studyin' you. I have to fill my pockets 'bout twenty times a day. An' 'tain't only birds. Jest come with me a minute."

Twenty or thirty yards on, and Joe stopped beside a tiny, thread-like path, which none but practiced eyes would have noticed. But Tom, even over the forty-seven years of estrangement, recognized with a quick thrill a rabbit-run.

TWO LIVES — A STORY

“Bunny, Bunny, Bunny!” Joe called. But he was obliged to repeat it several times before a soft rustling was heard in the bushes, and a pair of big, soft eyes looked at them from the foliage.

“He sees you, Tom,” whispered Joe. “S’pose ye step back jest a little.”

Tom did so, and a moment later saw the rabbit hop to Joe’s side and raise itself upon its hind legs, feeling about Joe with its nose. But it did not attempt to reach the blouse-pocket that contained seeds, for Bunny did not care for seeds. Instead, it poked its nose into a capacious lower pocket where there were pieces of apple and lettuce leaves and green vegetables, which were more to its liking.

“**D**O ALL the wood creatures know you like that, Joe?” Tom asked, almost enviously.

“Most; but some of ’em’s more shy. The hermit-thrush and scarlet-tanager won’t eat ’less I go deeper into the woods, an’ sometimes I have to coax a good long time ’fore the partridges or the wood-mole will come out in sight. But gen’rally we’re good friends here in the woods. Ye’ll learn to know an’ like ’em jest as well as me pretty soon. Ye’re bound to. I ’member ye did when a boy.”

“That was a long, long time ago, Joe,” was all Tom said. But it was very wistfully.

Two hours later the old man rose from the log upon which they had been sitting. Tears were in the eyes of both.

“I am sorry, Joe,” Tom said, as he held his brother’s hand. “I had hoped to take you back with me. I have a big house, with servants and carriages, and was looking forward to you and I spending the rest of our lives together. But we must see each other often.”

“Yes, often,” agreed Joe, with voice trembling. “Ye must come down. An’, for all ye’ve said, this still seems to me this is the best place for ye to live. Money-gettin’ has made ye old and worn out. I’ve lazed most o’ my life, but I’ve been happy an’ had a good time, an’ I believe I’ve helped to give everything around me a little easier time in some way, humans and critters. An’ I’ve kept young. I don’t feel a bit older’n I did twenty years ago. But, o’ course, I ain’t knowin’ o’ your ways. Yes, ye must come down often.”

And so they parted, each to remain in the path which his life had made.

SOME QUEER LABORERS—WHERE PEACEFUL LIVING IS PREFERRED TO MONEY MAKING: BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER



IN TRAVELING over the great western country of the United States, owing to the cosmopolitan character of the population, one has excellent opportunity to observe human nature and its many varieties, and possibly no one feature of life is more interesting than the strange fields of labor. In New Mexico is found one of the most contented of all laborers—the native garnet-collector; seen lying prone upon the ground, resting on his elbows, languidly gazing at an ant-hole, out of which comes at intervals huge black ants bearing tiny stones. These ant-holes or nests can be found all over the surface in certain localities—circular mounds a foot or more in diameter, darker than the surrounding ground. The ants bring small stones up from the interior in the pursuance of their labor, and a certain percentage of these are garnets, to obtain which the Indian merely lies down, brushes over the quart or more of fine debris, or watches the large ants and relieves them as they come to the surface with the gems.

Among many tribes, work—that is, drudgery—is done by the women. Among the Navajos a woman is frequently seen herding cattle or horses, driving them in, a richly designed blanket thrown over her shoulders to keep out the chill of the evening. These people are skilful makers of jewelry, pounding and hammering bands and bracelets of silver out of silver dollars, and displaying no little taste in their designs. It is not the jewelry, however, which attracts one's attention, but rather the strong face of the worker—a type long to be remembered. The Navajos are among the finest specimens of all the American Indians of to-day. They are famous manufacturers and "good Indians." The Navajo blankets have a world-wide fame, and those of native wool and dyes made by the Indians are often of beautiful design and very expensive. Bales are sent in from the country, piled on the backs of burros, stored in the warehouses of way-stations and finally sent to Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York, Chicago and other large centers for goods of this character.

At the old city of Santa Fé, New Mexico, one finds various interesting fields of labor, from the boys who drive the trains of burros to



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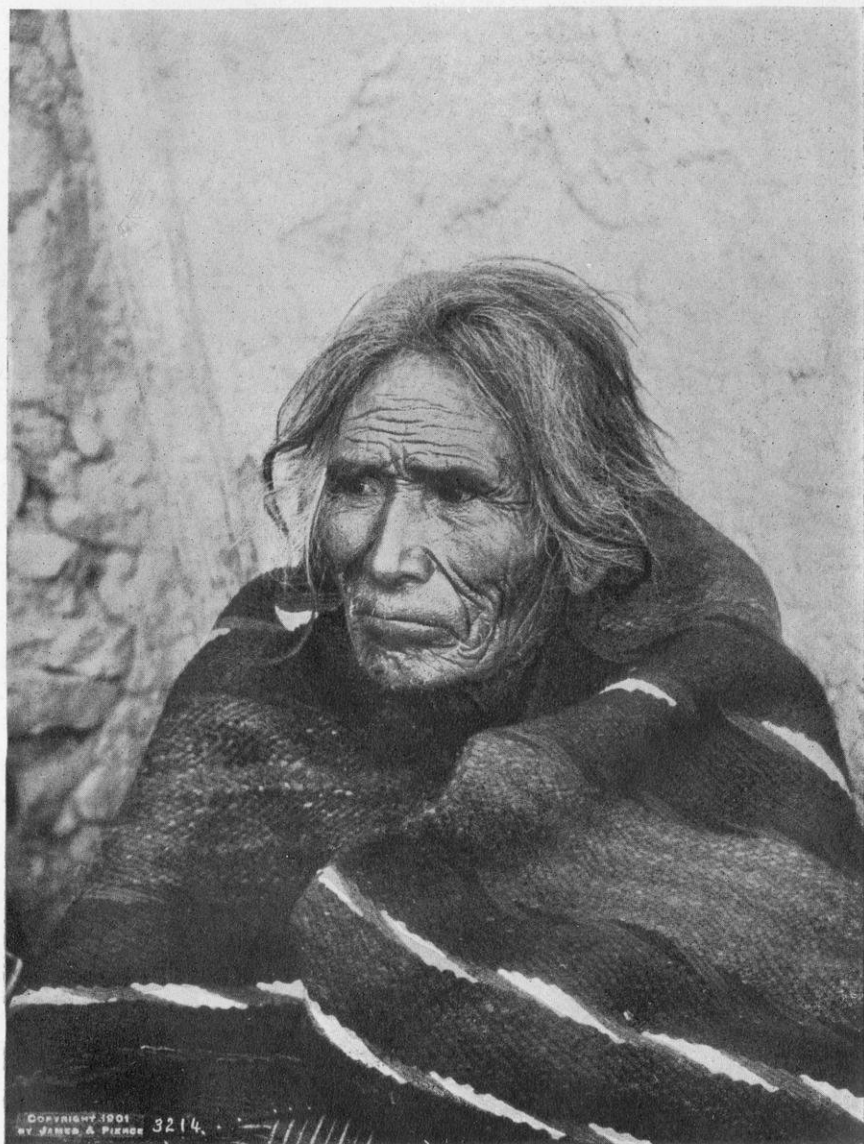
NAVAJOE WOMAN WEAVING
FROM HER OWN DESIGNS



SALT-MAKERS IN THE
CALIFORNIA DESERT



WOOD-CHOPPERS IN THE
RED WOODS, CALIFORNIA



MAKER OF BEAUTIFUL
NAVAJOE JEWELRY

SOME QUEER LABORERS

the jewelry-manufacturers, of whom there are many, producing beautiful silver filagree-work, also gold, massive gold and silver bracelets and bangles set with huge pieces of turquoise. Not far from here we may find Indians who hunt for turquoise, often bringing it in from secret places. In New Mexico a very ancient turquoise-mine has been discovered which is worked to-day. It is supposed to have been worked several thousand years ago, and the turquoise of Old Mexico, it is supposed, come from here in part. Indians, strange to say, are not, as a rule, interested in mining for gold and silver. The writer has seen an illustration of this. Not ten miles from a placer mine was an Indian settlement, the natives in actual poverty, but making no attempt to hunt for the gold which was being accumulated all about them by a band of Chinese placer-miners, all of whom were probably making from two to ten dollars per day. The Indian hunter is a picturesque figure. This is the field of his choice; labor in the sense of extreme hard work is abhorrent to him; yet in some of the hottest places in the desert, as at Needles, the Yuma Indians make excellent workers, it being impossible to secure white men to work, as they can not endure the protracted heat. At Zuñi may be seen the bead- or wampum-maker, a fine type of one of the most progressive of the American Indians of the West. He sits in front of his door, and with his boring-tool, made by himself from the ancient type, bores a small but perfect hole in each bead, and in this way all the countless beads found in the bead-graves of the West were made. These Indians are farmers, horticulturists, architects, and their little gardens and fields, their picturesque homes are among the attractions of the West along the great lines of travel.

IN NEW MEXICO and Arizona the basket-makers are picturesque figures, and the work they produce finds a market over the entire country; Indian baskets have become a fashion and large prices are paid for them. As an illustration, a basket which was bought from an Indian in Tulare County, California, for five or six dollars, sold to a collector for one hundred and fifty. Numbers of collections of Indian baskets are to be seen in the United States which represent large sums, as high as several thousand dollars. Many of the baskets are extremely fine, often holding water, and the designs very artistic and beautiful.

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In New Mexican homes strange articles are found, and the Indian girl is often seen grinding corn, making flour upon a metate—a flat rock—after the primitive fashion. In all the old camps of California and the Pacific Slope, seeds and grain were ground in this manner, and the flat stones and their pestles or grinders are found in all the Indian graves, it having been the custom to bury the possessions of the Indian with him. The old grinders are still in use in certain localities, and women and girls may be seen grinding acorns, cones or piñons on the flat stones. The discovery and collection of these curiosities has given rise to another peculiar laborer—the curiosity-collector. These men live on the islands, particularly Santa Catalina, famous as an archeological treasure-house. They outfit at Avalon, where there is a large curiosity business, and are taken to the various islands, often being left several weeks, spending their time in opening the graves of the ancient people of the Santa Catalina Channel. The island of that name has many old town-sites, and tons of stone implements have been carried away from there and distributed over the world. At San Nicolas Island there are shell-mounds a mile in length and eight or more feet in height, which the collectors open carefully, taking the material—skeletons and implements—which later are sold to the dealers or to some museum. San Nicolas is the most desolate spot to be imagined, buffeted by wind, and the sand blowing like rain or snow. But here a single man lives—a herder of a few sheep—with two dogs as companions. When the writer went ashore, after great difficulty and danger in the heavy surf, the one inhabitant was seen walking away, and did not display any sociability until held up. He was a Basque, utterly ignorant of the news of the world for the past year and apparently had but one desire unfilled—beans, which he was given. He had abundance of provisions, red wine and tobacco, and in his daily ten- or fifteen-mile walk up the island he shot sea birds to supply his larder. Robinson Crusoe could not have been more alone than this man, who said his only fear was that some day he might be blown into the sea, though he confessed that he also feared that the spirits of the ancient islanders, so often disturbed, might haunt him. As we left he stood on the beach, a gun over his shoulder, a cane in his hand, his big dog at his feet, plainly relieved at our departure.

In New Mexico the stations are often given a picturesqueness by the women and girls who come in from the outlying Indian towns to

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sell ollas or clay vessels of various sizes and colors. These jars are very attractive, and ornamented in a barbaric fashion. Some of them are of large size, yet are easily balanced upon the head of the owners, who use a grammet or base of basketry to protect the heads. The vessels they sell are made originally to carry water from the springs to their camps.

The track-walker, common in the West, represents an uninteresting yet important field of labor. His business is to walk over a certain number of miles of track every day and see that it is in perfect order. The traveler may see the "walker" of the Royal Gorge sitting on a rock overhanging the mysterious river, eating his dinner preparatory to taking up the silent tramp through one of the most remarkable cañons in the Rocky Mountains, where in some places the walls almost appear to meet.

COMING to the cities of the Pacific coast, strange fields of labor are found. Here may be seen the Chinese school-teacher teaching the young disciple of Confucius, with a hearty contempt for everything American except the language, which he is anxious to acquire as a mere business proposition. The most remarkable laborer among the Chinese is he who is the "legs of the dragon." The latter is an extraordinary object resembling a dragon, often two or three hundred feet in length, of most gorgeous make-up, and a head sufficiently fantastic to make the beholder thankful that it is but a picture of the fancy. Each large city has a dragon. There is one in San Francisco and one in Los Angeles. Each is estimated to be worth \$20,000 or \$30,000, being made of the most expensive silks and satins, with gold, silver, ivory and glass trimmings. When times are hard the dragon is brought out to appease the evil spirits, and it is always exhibited at the first-of-the-year processions and with the Tournament of Roses of Los Angeles. To say that this dragon is fearfully and wonderfully made will suffice. When it appears, it invariably creates a sensation, winding down the streets like a huge caterpillar, snapping its jaws from side to side, its evil eyes glistening, its antennæ quivering. The legs of the dragon are Chinamen selected for the purpose. They are concealed beneath it, their heads being under the back; and being well trained they give the dragon the natural undulatory motion that real dragons are supposed to have. The legs are some two hundred in

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number, depending upon the size of the creature; and the men are very proud of their work, especially the big man who bears the head and makes the jaws open and shut. Another important position is the one filled by a Chinaman who precedes the dragon, who dances along taunting it, just escaping from the vicious snaps the hideous fangs make at him. The "legs" of the dragon are trained for the positions and strive to hold it year after year.

In Southern California the orange-picking is a labor by itself, requiring some skill. The pickers are mostly Mexicans who go around with long ladders and with bags strung about their necks clipping the fruit from the trees with peculiar knives made for the purpose. A good picker and culler can fill a large number of boxes a day.

One would hardly expect to find laborers on the California desert, where the heat is often 130 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, and where no grateful oasis can be found; yet here, in a singular sink or depression nearly three hundred feet below the level of the sea, is found an interesting business—that of plowing salt. So hot is this region that few white men can stand it, and the majority of laborers are Indians, who thrive in this desolate, ancient sea-bed. The salt is plowed up, the plow being hauled by a cable attached to an engine; the salt then being heaped up into small piles, later placed upon flat cars and transported to storehouses. No field of labor offers more terrors to the worker. Intense heat, suffocating sand-storms, glaring, white salt, deadly to the vision of white men, it would seem, yet the Indians of the desert live and work here year after year. Several years ago the Colorado River overflowed its banks, and the weird depression began to fill up and a vast sea formed. The Indians became demoralized and fled to the mountains, believing that the ancient sea of the California desert had returned.

America has some of the finest and largest trees in the world, and a war of extermination has been waged against them, on one hand, while, on the other, the government has been endeavoring to place them all in government reservation. The men who cut these giants of other centuries live a most isolated life deep in the heart of these Titans, some coming out but once a year, remaining year after year, winter and summer, their lives almost comparable to that of the sea-elephant hunters, who live on Kergulen land two years at a time amid endless rain and sleet.



KLICATAT SQUAW WEAVING A MAT

NAVAJOE WOMAN HERDING HORSES ON THE PLAINS



A CHINESE SCHOOLMASTER

THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF THE WILD: BY CHARLES BARNARD



HERE was once a New York child who was sent with a Fresh Air Party to the country. On her return she was asked which of all the country pleasures that had been offered to her she liked best. She replied: "They let you walk on the grass."

When the late Duke of Argyle visited this country he was asked what seemed to him the most interesting thing to be seen in New England. In reply he said, in substance, "Its wildness." He explained this in one of his printed descriptions of his visit here by saying that on the short railway ride between Boston and Newport he passed through miles of beautiful, wild woodland. It seemed to him very attractive to find so much of native wilderness in such close proximity to cities.

These two answers to practically the same question are expressions of the same ancient human love of wild things and wild places. A park, lawns and formal gardens, a country house with extensive grounds may charm the eye and satisfy the artistic sense, yet are we all glad to escape the prim formality of landscape gardening and return to the wild, to live once more in the freedom of level, sonorous beaches, to look to the hills from whence cometh health, to wander through cathedral woods or over spacious meadows and golden marshes fragrant with the salt breath of the sea. That this return to the home of the race—the wilderness—is both an ancient instinct and the result of a growing love of Nature there is evidence enough upon the shelves of every book store.

One state in the Union recognizes and cultivates this love of the wild. Massachusetts, with fine artistic sense, has bought up ribbons and patches of unimproved land, miles of fens, forests, mountains and shore and long trails of wood and meadow where wander brooks and streams, and, so to speak, dusting them off, has presented them to the people as perpetual free reservations of wild beauty. Even a little strip of roadside commanding a fine view is sometimes reserved as an outlook for the passer along the street. Year by year, generation by generation, these reservations grow wilder, fairer, more noble with great trees, more fragrant with wild flowers, more musical with wild birds.

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WHEN these reservations were first proposed, people were not sure that wild land could be found near the cities and towns of the state. To-day Boston is a wonder city, the Mecca of the tourist, because of its extraordinary combination of city and wilderness. To realize how large a part of New England is still a wilderness it is only necessary to look out the right-hand car window (or both windows) on the ride between New York and Boston, via Providence. Within thirty minutes after crossing the Harlem, patches of unimproved woodland can be seen. Unfortunately, these charming and, if the owners only knew it, immensely valuable bits of wilderness are fast descending to the dreary monotony of suburban streets. Beyond Stamford, these wild places increase in number, and the villages and towns appear to lie very close to the wilderness. A few miles beyond New Haven a grand panorama of rivers, bays, wide marshes, beaches, rocky, wooded islets and wooded hills extend in wonderful variety and beauty all the way to Westerly. Then follows miles on miles of unimproved woodland extending almost to Providence, with an occasional outlook over empty shore and lonely beach along Narragansett Bay. Even between Providence and Boston much unimproved land can be seen; some of it, as at the Blue Hills, being State Reservations. The ride shows only the thinnest thread of the country, but all that is seen is a fair sample of the whole of the three states through which the road passes.

Now, why is it that so much of real wilderness, in such close neighborhood to so many towns and cities, is so bare of homes? Why are the towns so crowded, why such congestion in cities in such immediate neighborhood of waste land, why so much empty space for homes when two million people in New York exist (they do not live) in flats? Why do not the tens of thousands, who love the wild, return to the wilderness, where live, unseen, the kindly, gracious nymphs, naiads and dryads, whose generous arms are laden with precious gifts of health, peace, long life and happiness?

There is one answer that seems, at least, to satisfy the real estate agent. It is the cost of improving the wilderness. Clearing the woods, grubbing out the stumps and stones, grading, plowing and planting are costly. Roads, paths, lawns and gardens are expensive to make and maintain. It is cheaper to huddle homes in a suburb, cheaper to build deceptive four-family houses.

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF THE WILD

THEN why "improve," why sandpaper Nature to make a dull town? Why not build a home in the wilderness without improvements? There are thousands of families in New York who wish they could find a home in the country, the real country, not a farm, not a house on a village street. They want a home in the country for the children's sake and to add years to their own fast-burning lives, but they all hesitate at the cost of improvements. They recall the fact that so many hopeful families have prepared beautiful homes in the country only to find that the cost of maintaining the grounds more than doubled the rent, and that the initial cost of improving a country estate is seldom or never recovered. In August they go off for a day in the woods, and at nightfall the children, happily tired, splendidly sleepy, wish they could "just stay here all the time." A few of the wiser fathers meet this instinctive human longing for the wild by letting their young folks camp out in the woods or by the shore for a few days or weeks with wonderful results in good health and high spirits. Out of the mouth of a child sometimes cometh native wisdom. Why not stay in the wilderness all the time? Why not build a home without improvements?

In building a home there are two essentials—water and transportation. There must be a well, and there must be a road. Wells can be dug almost anywhere in New England at moderate expense. Then there is the rain, over forty inches a year. The well will supply table water and the rain will help fill washtub and bath. A house 25 x 30 feet has a roof surface of 750 square feet. With an inch of rain-fall two square feet of roof surface will collect one gallon of water, or 375 gallons for the whole roof. The rain-fall in New England for a year exceeds forty inches. If it were all saved and stored, such a roof would collect 15,000 gallons of water, or 50 gallons for every weekday in the year—a water supply that practically costs nothing but the expense of saving it. For the sanitary problem of a house in the woods a properly placed cesspool is the best solution. The making of a simple road to reach the house from the town road would be the only other improvement, the actual cost of such a road depending on the character of the ground and the length of the road. These things—well, cistern (or tank), cesspool and road—would be all the absolutely essential improvements for a woodland home. All others could be omitted.

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF THE WILD

Build the house in the woods, removing just enough trees to make room for the cellar. Finish road, well, cistern and sanitary fixtures—and stop. The house finished, let the folks move in. Do not cut down a single tree or set out plant or shrub until the family has lived in the house for six months. Then they may learn from experience and observation just how far it is desirable to aid Nature to make the house cool and yet light in summer and sunny in winter. If a flowering shrub appears to just happen near the house such wise planting may be acceptable, but let there be no formal gardening, no attempt to do more than gently restrain and guide Nature in enhancing the native beauty of the place. No need of lawns—the ground under the trees, when cleared of brush, is better than any carpet of grass. No need of paths—the children will soon make all that are needed. Such a home will cost little or nothing to prepare or maintain beyond the cost of the house, road and well. Year by year it will grow more beautiful and without expense or care beyond an occasional healthful day's work in keeping the woods safe and tidy.

Hundreds of homes built in recent years, particularly in eastern Massachusetts, prove that it is possible to live in comfort and safety in the wilderness. Moreover, the cost of these places is far less than the average cost of country places with grounds. Everywhere people are looking to the wild as a solution of the question of a rural home. Camps and bungalows, seashore cottages and Adirondack log-houses are rapidly growing in demand for summer homes and often for permanent homes. The fact that a home in deep woods may be safe, comfortable, convenient and wonderfully attractive is sending many families from the city to the wilderness. The result is that there is a growing recognition that a wilderness may be a valuable asset, that there is a real growing commercial value in simple wilderness.

Too fast, too unwisely we have cut down the trees, plowed up the wild flowers and driven away the wild things of the woods and fields. We have destroyed a native garden of surpassing variety and beauty to make a formal exhibition of foolish double monstrosities and mere overgrown wonder flowers. It is not yet too late to save our lovely wild places—not too late to transform our remnants of the wilderness into reservations and homes that shall be of surpassing beauty, because sweet, wild, natural and free from the conventional improvements of the landscape gardener.

PARALLELOGRAM PARK—SUBURBAN LIFE BY THE SQUARE MILE: BY H. A. CAPARN



WITHIN ten miles, as the crow flies, from City Hall of a large Eastern city, and reachable by a journey of not less than an hour and three-quarters (if you make all the connections and barring delays and accidents), is a tract of land which we will call Parallelogram Park, for it is a type of many another such. Years ago a land company with a desire to extract gold from the soil, and what it considered, no doubt, a systematic and business-like way of doing it, acquired the land and proceeded to parcel it off. This they did in the most approved method, with the aid of a T-square and a ruling-pen, separating it into small and parsimonious sections. There is a good deal more than this, however, but all in the same style. Any one who can not see the beautiful simplicity of this plan and the opportunities it offers for a reposeful and poetic and inspiring existence amid such order and definiteness, must be sadly lacking in something or other. If, for instance, you happen to live on one of the squares, all you have to do to reach your house is to alight from the car at the avenue most convenient, walk down it until you reach your square, then turn to the right or left, as the case may be. Taken with the other advantages, this surely should impress one with the beauty and calm of a life in the country.

The land company did not stop here; they sewered and lighted some of the roads, planted trees along them and put down some board walks, so that people could step out of the mud once in a while. Then they advertised lots for sale, inviting all to come and buy, to taste the sweets of rural life before it was too late.

But the expected rush never happened. People came and looked, but most of them went away again. Some few remained and bought lots and built on them, and there they are now—possibly because they can not get away. They are land-poor and house-poor, and with very little of either house or land; but their little patch of ground means much more to them than a thousand acres of country estate means to Mr. Astorbilt, and holds them much tighter.

Perhaps this curious unresponsiveness to the arts of the advertising agent and the push of the real-estate man is due to the thanklessness and perversity of human nature. People don't know what they ought to want, and usually will not let themselves be taught. Here is

PARALLELOGRAM PARK

the country with all the order and regularity of the city brought into it, and the land is taken up so slowly that the agent's hair must have turned gray with anxiety long since.

Or perhaps it has something to do with the place itself. Let us examine the conditions a little more in detail, and see if they are all such as would attract a prospective householder.

THE land itself falls from the public road with a decided slope, and presently becomes nearly flat. However, slope and flat are all the same to the artist who laid it out, and he rules it all into sections by running parallel roads straight through and more parallel roads across, until the region looks like a vast checker-board, and pedestrians on the sidewalks seen at a distance give the impression of balancing themselves carefully along the top of a rectangular fence, so rigidly are they kept to the forward march! and the right turn! left turn! Of late, the management has become more progressive and is putting down brick pavements and cement sidewalks at great expense.

All this is no doubt done to increase the illusion of being in the country. The "streets" are forty feet wide over all, which, allowing five feet apiece for two sidewalks and four feet apiece for two rows of trees, leaves a clear roadway of twenty-two feet. The lots average about forty feet wide and eighty feet deep, and there are enough of them together to make a "block" of about three-quarters of an acre or a little more, enclosed rigidly by bands of cement sidewalk. No kind of building but a house may be erected, so that a stable is out of the question, and even a coop for half a dozen chickens is frowned upon by the authorities, and is likely to subject the enterprising builder to social ostracism as not being "residential." Even a dog-kennel is viewed with the sidelong eye of suspicion. No fences may be put up, though a privet hedge is tolerated. Of course, a sort of privet hedge may be grown in a few years by not clipping it at the top, but a real hedge can only be raised gradually and by dint of resolute cutting down and patient waiting; so if a lot-owner wants a little privacy in his backyard he must get it by a makeshift or wait six or eight years for it. But privacy is out of the question outside of the four walls in such places. The houses are, of course, exposed on all sides, until it seems as if the back were more public than the fronts, and the "park"

PARALLELOGRAM PARK

is so open in all directions that you can see Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Brown hanging out clothes a quarter of a mile away, no matter where you go. Rows of trees run together with grim rectangularity at every corner, and even their fresh foliage in the spring does little to mitigate the ironclad squareness of everything. Lest any should desire to excel his fellows in the possession of land, it is ordained that property shall be taxed on every street on which it fronts, so that by holding two lots you may have to pay taxes on three streets, and by holding a whole block (three-quarters of an acre) you must pay taxes on four streets. Since the new policy prevailed of replacing the board walks with cement, the grades of many of the streets have been altered, with such results as the picture shows.

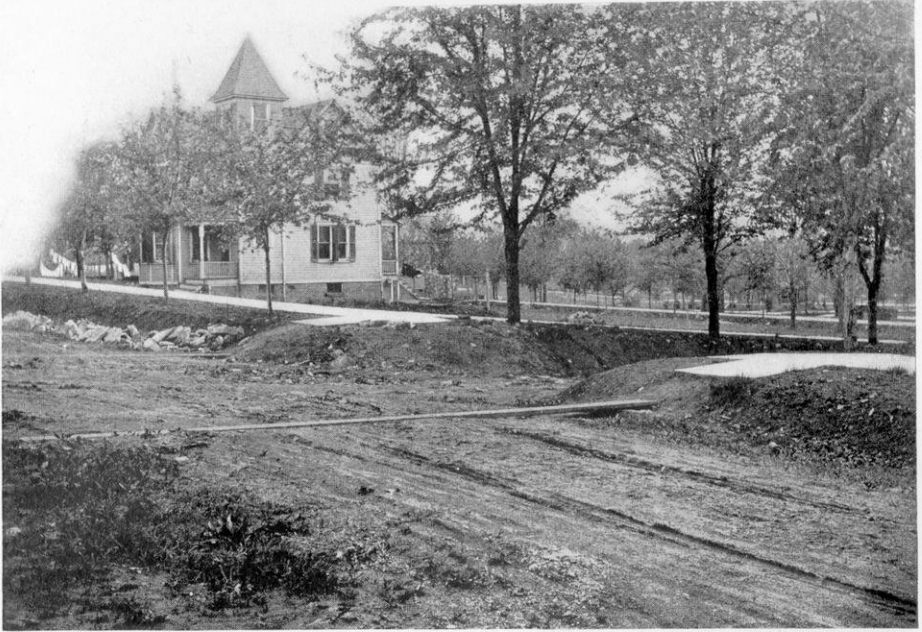
Many lots already built upon are anywhere from one to four feet below the sidewalk and injured in consequence beyond repair. All this might have been avoided if the designer had been able to separate himself from the idea of rigid similarity and relentless straight lines, and curved his roads as the lay of the land suggested. Thus there might be lots of many different sizes and shapes, and there would be continual variety and interest wherever one went instead of the repellent monotony that now rules everywhere. There would have been more work for the surveyors and the clerks in the office, but intending purchasers would have been infinitely better pleased, and every lot might have been sold by this time. The park might have been a thriving community full of houses, each with some peculiar interest and individuality of design, each with its own advantages of aspect and situation, instead of flimsy carpenters' designs strung out in interminable rows of deadly sameness.

THIS is only a type, though probably not an extreme one of many a suburban, cheap-residence park. The word cheap here is used in its worst sense, as opposed to and inconsistent with economical. A thing on which good thought and pains have been lavished can not be stigmatized as cheap, no matter how inexpensive its materials. But a scheme whose first and most obvious characteristic is parsimony in care, sympathy and consideration for others is cheap in the most glaring way; it is cheap with the cheapness of dulness, ignorance and indifference. In the case under discussion, niggardliness in first planning or in the employment of those who could plan,

PARALLELOGRAM PARK

has cost the promoters very dear, for most of the lots are still vacant, and the thirty or forty small houses scattered over an expanse of seventy-five or a hundred acres seem only to make the whole place more deserted and forlorn. Now the attempt is being made to make up for the lack of thought in the original planning by outlays in costly paving and sidewalks and gas and electric-light installations, and probably a certain number of new buyers or tenants will be attracted by the "improvements." But what real want can such a place ever fulfil? It is neither city nor country, nor can it ever supply the place of either. It is not city, for it is too far from the center of things, its streets too narrow for traffic and its blocks too small, and there will be none of the privacy a city affords with houses touching yet completely separated. It can not be country with its cast-iron plan, its straight streets and its houses huddled together on mean little lots all the same size and shape, and all running the same way, so that neighbors can almost shake hands out of opposite windows. At present, children can play on vacant lots, but where will they play except on the street when houses stand on all the lots that are not much more than just big enough to receive them? It can not even be suburban, for it is too like a stunted town and has almost nothing essential of the country.

Of course, all this multiplication of small parts is due to nothing but a short-sighted desire to make money. Land bought at one hundred dollars an acre and sold in forty-foot lots is likely to be very profitable—if anybody can be found to buy them. There's the rub. If the parts shrink below a certain size and the surroundings become too common and prosaic, the most unimpressionable and anxious seeker for a cheap home of his own becomes repelled. What he wants, even if he does not know it, is flexible lines and surfaces, an air of rest and freedom, a respite from the tyrannical rectangularity of the street and the monotony of the windows of his factory or office. He wants a space round his house bigger than a city backyard—where land is worth hundreds or thousands of dollars a front foot—where he can dry his clothes, play with his children and raise some sweet peas, Lima beans and flowering bushes, and even have a real garden of his own. The lack of these things is not atoned for by sewers, electric light and city water, and the really economical real-estate man is he who makes his lots not as small, but as large as he can. They may not bring so



SIDEWALKS RAISED FOUR FEET ABOVE THE
LOTS TO "IMPROVE" THE STREET-GRADE
A PARALLELOGRAMMATICAL
STREET IN WINTER

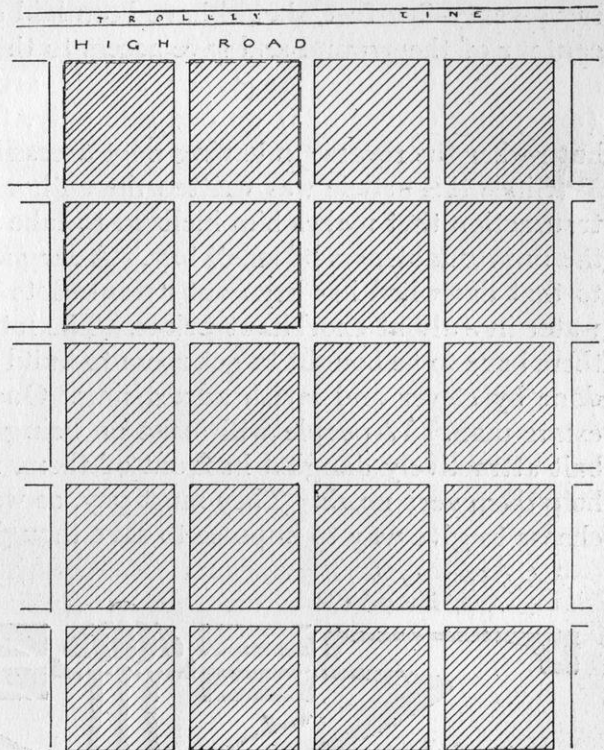


COUNTRY HOUSES ON ADJOINING LOTS ALMOST CLOSE ENOUGH TO SHAKE HANDS FROM OPPOSITE WINDOWS
THE TOWN LOOKS LIKE A VAST CHECKERBOARD—THE PARALLEL LINES ARE "AVENUES"

PARALLELOGRAM PARK

much in the aggregate, but they will sell quicker and save years of waiting, trouble and taxes; there will be fewer costly roads to make and repair, and all the outlays for sewage and water and other installations will be less. In defense not of the too-greedy real-estate man, but of the crowds of unthinking and much-occupied wage-earners who spend their hardly won and saved money on mean and sawed-off little fragments of the expansive surface of the earth, it is well to point out, however imperfectly, how detrimental to both buyer and seller is this policy of stinginess in dealing out slices of land and of effort and consideration in deciding how it can best be done.

Lest we should appear to be talking too much in generalities, let us do a little figuring. Suppose four of the blocks in the diagram to be united (see the dotted line around four squares). It will at once appear that the cross streets will be eliminated, and we shall have a block four times the size of one of the smaller ones (not counting cross streets), and even then much smaller than a New York city block. These large blocks will cut up into twenty lots one hundred and sixty feet by forty feet, not a good proportion, but a fair size, and twice as large as the present small lots. The space now occupied by the four cross streets will make four and a quarter more lots, twenty-four and a quarter in all, a balance of about sixteen lots less than the original scheme. But when the cost of



A DIAGRAM OF PARALLELOGRAM PARK

PARALLELOGRAM PARK

road-making, gutters, sewers, sidewalks, etc., is considered, to say nothing of the delayed sales of the smaller lots, does it not seem likely that the larger lots could be sold at the same price, and perhaps a better profit? Not merely would the cost of street-making and maintenance be eliminated, but the land would not hang idle on the owners' hands, eating up money in taxes and interest. Quickness of sale is a most important factor in such undertakings, for slow sales keep capital lying idle, and quick sales can only be made by giving people good bargains. People who lay out such schemes seem to have a mania for building roads, with all their expensive accompaniments, forgetting apparently the valuable space and money they use up. In making residence parks, both for the sake of the artistic effect (which greatly helps the saleable value of the land) and for economy on construction, the roads should be decreased to the useful minimum. In such a place as that under discussion two or three main avenues of generous width, say seventy-five feet, should have been laid down to conform with the contour of the ground and give access to the interior of the park, and narrower, subsidiary roads or streets arranged to serve the lots (excepting corner lots) on one side only, for there is no advantage, but rather the reverse in having a lot accessible on more than one side.

Since this article was written the author has heard of a real-estate transaction that makes him inclined to take back all he has said about the unprofitableness of small lots. A large tract of land very similar to that described has been cut up into lots which have sold like soda water in July at exorbitant prices. The lots are so small that two of them have to be bought to get room to build a house. All this has been done by clever and lavish advertising. One can not blame the real-estate man. If people will insist on being attracted in swarms to a bait attractively dangled in front of them, magazine articles will not help them very much. They must pay, as we all have to pay, when we choose to give way to impulse to save thought.



FOUR IN THE OPEN—CHRONICLES OF A SUMMER HOLIDAY: BY VIVIAN BURNETT



THE holiday was my holiday, such a holiday as a busy city man in summer manages, at times, to sandwich in between two weeks of labor in a superheated office—a poor, insignificant thing to be called a holiday, but nevertheless precious for the small relief it gives from the swelter, crash and bang of the business-mad marts. Yet they are not totally despicable, such holidays, for they have this virtue, that while they last they *are* holidays. Let them be longer, and the languor, the limb-stretching ease of it all disappears—the leisure becomes an accepted right, instead of a blessed privilege—the sense of holiday passes. The days of labor are forgotten, almost before the galls of the yoke have healed on the shoulder; the sense of respite goes; the habits fall into the ruts of laborless days, and the joy of freedom vanishes. It seems to me that in the scheme of the rewarding world to some there should be some provision that the feeling of holiday—of labor rightly set aside—should never fade. If in heaven I am not to realize that I am holidaying from this vale of tears—then I shall want to go somewhere else.

And perhaps it would be into the Land of Childhood, for I think it is one of childhood's most precious characteristics that its sense of holiday is perennial. Give a child the whole day to play, and it comes to you heavy-lidded at the twilight, begging that the bed hour be put off just another few minutes, for just another game. If the big children could only manage somehow not to forget the charm that makes play never-wearying—or could learn it again from childhood! I sometimes think—at times I firmly believe—they can learn at least the form, and absorb a bit of the spirit.

As I came down the stairs, just before breakfast, on this holiday of mine, and looked out of the open door, through which the moist morning breezes brought me the intoxicating fragrance of a hundred fresh country things, I saw little Narcissa, her arms ecstatically extended, her head thrown back and her eyes searching the blue sky above. She was singing, rhapsodizing, piping in her tender treble, a hymn to the morning all her own.

I like to drink the sunshine; I'm drinking air in, too—
Like earth drinks up the water, and grass drinks up the dew.

FOUR IN THE OPEN

In Narcissa's song there was a note of the gladness of life; and I confess that the warmth of her morning greeting imparted some of the thrill to me.

"That's a poem. I made it," she cried, when she had a mouth free to speak with. "Do you like it?" I confessed I did, and following her precept and example, I stood with her hand in mine, drinking in life, and many emotions nameless because they are so fine, from the warm sun, the brisk morning breeze and the beautiful country, until the bell sounded us to breakfast.

Breakfast was set on the veranda. Jack, the thoroughest kind of a boy, came clattering down stairs, just as we were getting seated; and following Mary, the maid, as she came from the kitchen with a plate of rolls, was Minerva, nearly two years younger than Narcissa—which makes her about six.

IT WAS at breakfast that I discovered that it was also their holiday, for they immediately began planning what I was to do.

"He's going sailing with me," was Jack's declaration between two bites of toast. "He's never been in the *Bobbet*, and I want to show him how I can sail."

There is a lot of the man-to-be already showing in the boy Jack. There are no frills about him, and he possesses a certain intrepidity, combined with an ample measure of clear-sightedness and common-sense, that makes him perfectly safe to trust with himself. His fondness for the water amounts to love. When the littlest lad he could name and describe every separate rig of vessel, and the old fishermen of the village used to chuckle as they put him through his paces, naming the ropes and spars and tackle of a ship. In due time he developed the natural desire to sail his own craft, and his wise mother, on his tenth birthday, made him a present of a small dory, in the face of the fearsome criticism of all the neighbors.

Jack's declaration was immediately followed by a protest from Narcissa. "Oh, Jacky, I wanted him to come into the woods with me, to the Dell, the one I've just discovered this summer." And Minerva joined the clamor with, "He must see my flower-beds."

In time to save three sets of feelings, Wise Mother made the discovery that the day would be long enough for the heart's desire of all three children. She suggested that, as the tide was just floating

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Jacky's boat, and a good breeze was blowing, I should go with him first—which was agreed.

I don't believe that a boy can be with the sea much and not get some of its breath and freshness and wholesomeness into him. Since Jack had owned his dory he had been running wild with the sea, drinking in the invigorating wind of it, and the unstinted sun of it had sunk deep into him. The mariner's brown was already on his face and arms—not a skin tan, but something that might almost seem to be part of the flesh and blood. The *Bobbet* swung at anchor with some fifty yards of shallow water between it and shore, and it is ample indication of Jacky's strength that he carried my 140 pounds pig-a-back from the dry sand to the boat.

Every rope lay properly coiled; every bit of brass shone spotlessly. Captain Jack was an orderly seaman, and a spry one. The mast was set, the sheets rove, the sail spread in a jiffy, and the little craft, taking the wind in her sail, careened gracefully, and shot ahead. With a conscious sense of captainship, Jack, who had relegated me distinctly to the role of passenger and ballast, sat at the tiller. The problem of sailing a boat was evidently one that gave his boyish soul the greatest joy. He watched the water ahead of us with eager eyes to detect dangerous catspaws of wind, then turned his attention to the sail to see if it were drawing full; next his eyes were on the sheet and tackles about the boat to be sure everything was fast, or taking in a buoy or chance boat that might be coming too dangerously near.

We sailed along for a time in silence, a silence one gets only on the water. Jack broke it at length by saying, "Don't you like it—the way she bobs up and down—and the way the water slushes around her bows? It's 'most the nicest sound I know."

As we rounded a point, a small boat carrying a couple of young men crossed our path. "Shall we race 'em?" asked Jack, and almost before I could reply he had ordered "ready about," I had shifted to the other side, the boom had swung over, and we were off after them.

CAPTAIN JACK was keener than ever. That boat had to be beaten. He trimmed the sail with the most precise care, set me on the forward seat because that brought the boat to her "best sailing lines"; he took advantage of each catspaw, and held the little craft to it, until the water lapped over her sides. Swiftly we

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drew up to them, Jack's excitement climbing higher and higher each minute, and mine after it, even though I was only passenger and ballast. Jack's eager eye and tense, childish face amused me and delighted me; he was showing his real character stuff. Holding onto an unusually strong puff, while our adversaries timidly luffed, until the water was splashing aboard over the lee rail, the young captain shot his little ship ahead. We crossed their bows, and he waved a quietly derisive hand at them, and turned to me, crying out, "You see, the *Bobbet* can go."

Having demonstrated the *Bobbet's* ability, Captain Jack was willing to turn homeward. The wind had died down, and low down in the sky, big black clouds were piling themselves up. "We'll have to shorten sail soon," remarked the skipper, as he looked about. His skill in the lore of sea and sky told him that a storm was coming.

"Looks like a pretty bad one," commented Jacky, as he set about making everything taut, and I began to be just a little bit dubious as to the wisdom of trusting myself out in a boat with so young a skipper, as I saw the dark streak, spotted with spume come rapidly toward us. But it didn't daunt Jacky in the least. When the *Bobbet* felt the first puff he put her about, and in a few seconds, without shipping a pint of water, we were skimming along amid the white caps in perfect safety.

Jacky was enjoying it, and I began to. The clouds carried wind, but no rain, and in a few minutes the fury of the squall blew itself out. Then the youthful skipper of the *Bobbet* put her about again, and cleverly easing her to the still heavy wind, carried us scampering home, with a broad wake of foam behind us.

I was proud of young Captain Jack. The big sky, the free winds and the broad waters, it was borne in upon me, were proving exceedingly good teachers for him. He was learning what books can't give a boy—self-dependence, resource, courage—these things, indeed, and besides, the frankness, simplicity, robustness and sincerity which are a part of the beauty and fineness of natural things.

When Jack, panting, let me down from his back upon the dry beach, Minerva stood ready to take possession of me.

"You have to plant lilies-of-the-valley where they can have lots of shade," she imparted to me. "Gerangiums will grow anywhere, but I don't think they are very pretty. Do you? Nashturshums make an awful pretty border, and they grow very fast."

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THE young horticulturist's activities were ruled by her own sweet will, and the results were evident in two long plots, one by the side of the house, one by the back hedge, a crescent close by the pathway leading to the back door, and a circle in the center of the lawn. A small spade, a rake with some teeth out, a hoe and a trowel lay in a heap by the house. Scratches of the rake, and holes made by the hoe on each of the plots, as well as dead weeds, recently uprooted, showed me that the enthusiastic little gardener had been preparing for my visit.

She plumped down on her fat knees beside the crescent plot and continued her loving labor of weeding. She had produced flowers, with a delightful, childish irregularity; but she had satisfied her desire to make things grow, all in her own way. As long as the good earth harbored her seeds, coddled them and warmed them, and brought forth the flowers, it did not matter to her much where they appeared. So she had scattered seed and bulb indiscriminately, and they had flourished into a wild and charming garden.

As she knelt beside them, there was a little something in her attitude of the worshipper. Ever and again her snub nose poked itself into the calyx of a flower to revel in its odor, and in many a bloom that to my coarser nostrils held no fragrance she seemed to find a rare perfume. Her little fingers moved lovingly and tenderly around the stalks and roots of her blossoms, as if she feared she might hurt them.

She was knee-deep in blossoms, phlox, nasturtiums, geraniums, bachelor's buttons, an *olla podrida* of color and bloom, and to my affectionate eyes she seemed a fragrant flower herself, a gigantic golden-headed blossom, the sweetest kind of flower the earth can boast.

"Now," she said, turning around and surveying all the clumps of bloom that were rioting in the various beds, "I'd like to give you a flower." She made her decision, but I could see that it was with a little regretful hesitation that she broke off a couple of pansies.

BEHIND me I heard the rhapsody of the morning. Narcissa was humming the tune, and I filled in the words, fastening their meaning to Minerva, in her tangle of flowers, to Narcissa herself, and to Jacky, too.

Narcissa slipped her soft little hand into mine, and leaned her chestnut head against my arm.

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"It's so cool and lovely in the woods at noontime," was the indirect way that she extended me her invitation to come with her.

"Where are we going?" I asked her, when she had led me out of the garden, and was heading me across some fields that, I confess, seemed to me, in the midday summer sun quite Sahara-like. Narcissa laughed. Her laugh is a soft contralto gurgle, an ineffably sweet extract of happiness. "On to my Dell, where dryads dwell," she responded gaily. Narcissa, I believe, lives in the momentary expectation of having a faun or nymph or hamadryad step out before her from some tree. She is deeply learned in such things, and she reads much, especially in Lemprière's Classical Dictionary, and puts me frequently to rout in discussions, through her knowledge of Olympian relationships and biographies.

We progressed across the field by a series of stoppages, for on our path was a stray, belated daisy to be gathered and placed in my button-hole, balancing the pansy; a wild strawberry vine to be plundered of its two wee fruits, of which the larger was forced upon me; a toad, sleeping lazily in the shadow of a weed, to be gently urged into jumping; an abandoned field-mouse's nest to be pointed out as a marvel, and a host of other things, small but mightily important. We arrived at a barbed-wire fence and crawled through, and stood finally in the Promised Land of shade and coolness—Narcissa's territory. The little wood was not large, but the trees in it were well grown—maples, birches, pines and a few oaks, with but little underbrush.

"Look! Such a soft carpet," broke out Narcissa. "All grass and moss. I just love it under my feet. And I love the greenness—even the sunshine, when it comes through the leaves, rubs some of the green off. Don't you think it is the nicest wood you ever knew? I like to make it as much like a maze as I can," she explained, "so's people can make believe they can't find the way to my Dell, or away from it, without I show them." Suddenly she stopped. "What is that?" she said. "What?" I queried. She turned a listening ear up toward the tree tops. "Wait!" she whispered, and then in a moment I heard the rippling call of a bird. "An oriole?" she questioned me. I blushed inwardly on admitting my ignorance, and excused myself by the fact that I was city-bred. "And can you tell all their songs?"

"Not all. But lots—the thrush, the catbird, the vireo—I can't think of many just now. But when I am in the Dell I like to lie on my back and look up and listen to all the birds' songs."

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BEFORE us, a half-dozen straight pines grouped themselves in a circle. Narcissa led me between the largest of them, saying it was the gateway, and we stood on a pine-needle strewn space. We were silent a moment to listen to the gurgle of the water as it wound its tortuous way between the rocks that barred its path.

"It's the coolest sound I know," broke in Narcissa. "I lie here on the nice smelly pine-needles, with the root of that big tree for a pillow and just listen and listen. And sometimes I think I hear voices in it calling to me as if *I* were a dryad. And one hot day I just slipped off all my clothes and played I *was* a nymph. It was ever so much fun, splashing about in the water."

And that is, according to my reasoning, why she is so invariably happy. Somehow, I explain it, she is aware of the real harmony of things; senses it with a finer nerve than most of us have; and sees no cause for anything but rejoicing. If there is a lesson in nature, or perhaps it is something too sublimated to be termed a lesson—she has unconsciously absorbed it into her childish soul, and it gives evidence of itself in her very definite beauties of mind and body.

"Would you like to see my Treasure House?" she said suddenly.

"Yes, indeed," I answered and followed her to a large tree before one of whose gnarled roots a sizeable stone was rolled. She pulled it away and disclosed a hole crowded with things.

The Treasure House contained just what I should expect Narcissa to treasure—pieces of bright-colored fungus, a huge pine cone of most perfectly tapering form, a couple of speckled blue eggs that, she hastened to assure me, were taken from an abandoned nest, several bright feathers dropped by birds in their flight, and a host of other things, whose beauty would be most evident to a child of the woods.

When all the treasures had been exhibited, admired and put away again, I went back to my tree. She came and laid her brown head upon my knee.

"Let's keep still; let's listen to the forest talk," she said, as we lapsed into a lazy silence. Then the chorus of the wood rose—the buzzing of it; the murmur and thrum of it; the leaves rustling, the branches softly scraping against one another, the boom of the flies, the only busy creatures near, the melodious, clear, thrilling call of the birds, and the occasional crackle of a twig or a rustle of dry leaves that betokened the cautious passing of a small animal.

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AT LENGTH, being the heavier body, I fell to earth, and, prompted by an interior emotion quite common to me about one o'clock, I remarked, "We must not keep them waiting for lunch."

Narcissa scrambled up, reluctantly. "Oh, it's so lovely! I do so hate to leave it," she said. And so did I.

The noonday meal ended with the inevitable question: "When can we go in bathing?" The tide was high early in the afternoon, but caution against cramps and other disorders required a small space of time to elapse between eating and entering the cold ocean. That period was worried through somehow, and we soon found ourselves splashing in the Bay. Jack could swim like a fish, and it did not matter to him whether he was above or below the water. Narcissa, the sprite, was just as well able to take care of herself. Minerva could make her pudgy legs and arms go fast enough to keep her above water for considerable time, and did not mind water over her head, so long as somebody, especially Jacky, was around.

When we had had enough of this we adjourned to the sand, where Minerva brought me snail shells and horse-shoe crabs and starfish, to tell me how wonderful they were. Narcissa robbed a near-by rock of its seaweed to make a wig for herself, and played sea-queen.

It was a full afternoon for all of us. There was an excursion to the town, the main object of which was the purchase of an ensign for the *Bobbet*, which I had promised her captain. Then we visited the fish-houses, where there was a hearty "Hello, Cap'n" for Jack from every grizzled tar, and a fatherly smile of welcome for Narcissa and Minerva. Then there was some reading from their favorite book of fairy tales while we swung lazily in one hammock, and finally, toward the cool end of the afternoon, at Narcissa's suggestion, we set off for the High Cliff. It was a long tramp, but Narcissa knew the most beautiful way round, and took us a circle through her beloved woods instead of by the dusty road.

The lengthening shadows gave warning that we must be returning. By another route, through the darkening and mysterious woods, still piloted by our woodswoman, we made our way homeward, happy, but tired and hungry. Our holiday in the open was over.

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AND the point is this: that I wonder if a holiday would hold half as many joys to my dear little friends Jacky, Narcissa and Minerva if they were city-bred children instead of living all the year round in the country. Minerva has only a doll or so in her playroom—for use, I suspect, on rainy wintry days. More often her playthings are the flowers. As for Narcissa, I can see her as a pale city child, spending her time with her sensitive nose poked into books of romance, and from this, I opine, her living in the country has saved her—and would save many like her, who grow peaked and bent-shouldered for want of space to throw themselves about in. I am glad that the woods offer her a healthy outlet for her imagination, and that she has had opportunity to find out how much there is of real interest in the Book of the Outdoors. As for Jacky—he's a great sailor, and I know the sea is helping make him the right kind of a straightforward man.

When the house was still, and I sat alone in the moonlight on the veranda, with my feet on the railing, watching the pale blue smoke of my cigar make a pattern against the dark blue of the sky, another thought came to me—that *I* had learned a great deal on this holiday. Three eager pairs of eyes, three quick, sensitive little minds had been lent me, and by grace of them I had seen many a beauty in this old world that I had, in natural process of living, grown blind or callous to—commonplaces, just the ordinary things that custom had staled, but things of a real beauty, nevertheless, that one ought not let escape him. The child sees the beauty of these minute perfections of Nature, as they dawn upon his fresh, impressionable consciousness—and I sometimes think that the greatest service of children lies in their bringing to us older ones, again and again, the news of the wonder of these commonplaces. They keep our eyes and our ears open, so that we shall not be among those that having eyes see not, and having ears hear not. They make us review again the finenesses of life.

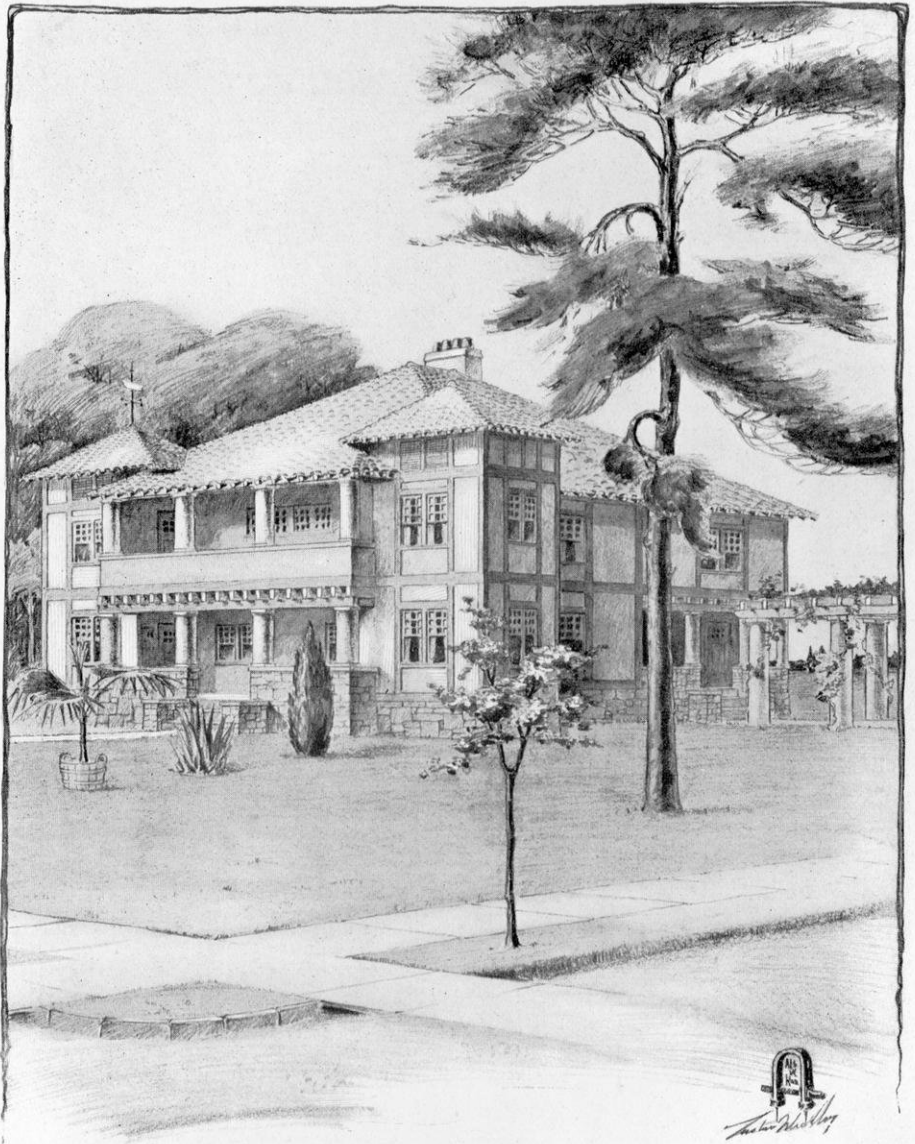
For this service of go-between 'twixt us and the world, and Nature especially, it seems to me no child is so well fitted as the child that lives in the country, and drinks deeply of Nature from its first day.

And thus this story of a holiday seems to resolve itself into an argument that country life is best for a child; does it not? That is what I have meant to suggest, only I consider it not only the "best thing," but an inalienable right.

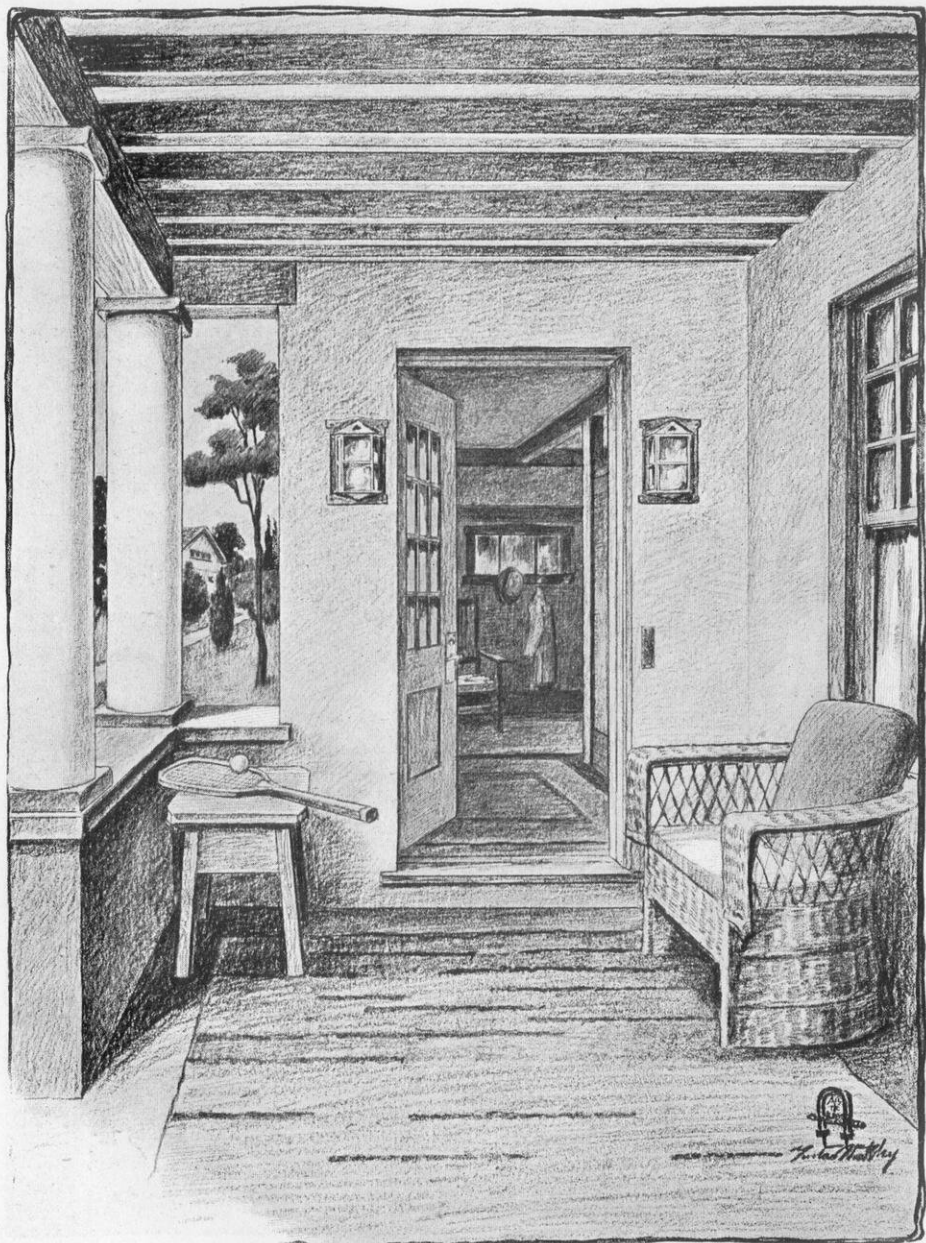
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1906: NUMBER VIII.

IN PLANNING the Craftsman house described and illustrated in this issue, the necessity arose for the introduction of some new feature that should be a decided change from the forms hitherto used, and yet should not depart in any way from the simplicity and directness of construction and arrangement that form the fundamental principles of all the Craftsman house plans. The result is here given, and we ourselves regard it as the most completely successful house plan yet published in *THE CRAFTSMAN*. It is not a large house, yet it has the feeling of dignity and spaciousness that usually belongs only to a large building; it is in no sense an elaborate house, yet it is decorative, possessing a sort of homely picturesqueness that takes away any sense of severity from the straight lines and massive construction. This is largely due to the square tower-like construction at the two corners in front and to the double verandas, both ample in size and deeply recessed, that occupy the whole width of the house between the towers. Of these, one is the entrance-porch, and the other an outdoor sleeping-room. The latter is the first actual use we have made of an idea that is essentially in harmony with all our theories of life. We have outdoor living-rooms and dining-rooms to bring the life of the home as much as possible into the outer air, and we believe that in the near future the porch that may be used as an outdoor sleeping-room, will be a part of every house that is built with special reference to health and freedom of living.

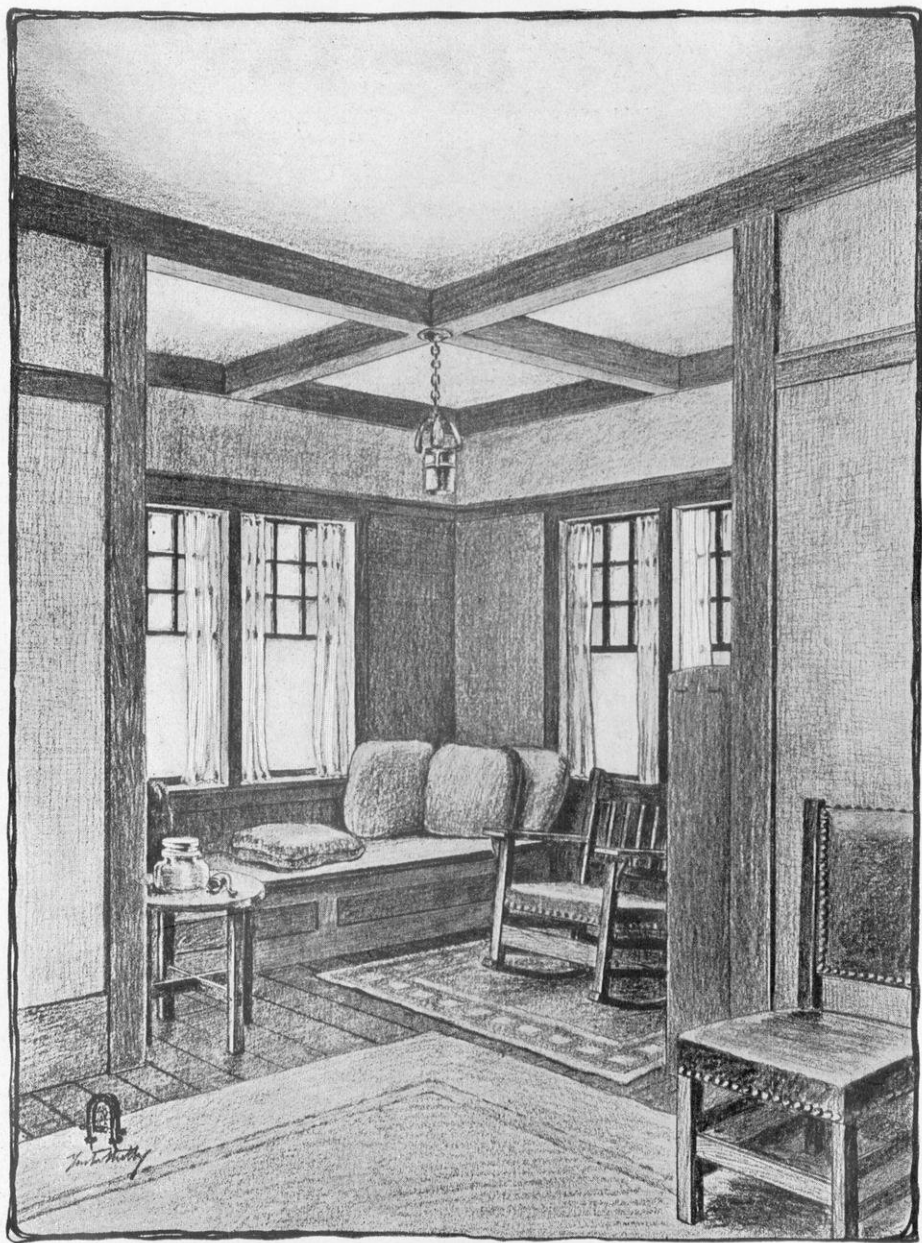
The cost of this house, as estimated, approximates \$10,000. It is of cement and half-timber construction, with a tiled roof and a foundation of local field stone, carefully split and fitted. The foundation is carried up to form the parapets that shelter the recessed porches on the lower story, and the copings are of gray sandstone. The walls are of cement plaster on metal lath, the plaster being given the rough "gravel finish" and colored in varying tones of green. To do this is a very simple matter, and the result is a surface most interesting both in texture and color. The plaster is first colored by the use of about six or seven per cent of green ultramarine, and while it is still fairly soft the gravel is spattered over it by means of a shingle. The gravel should be of a size that will pass through a screen with a half-inch mesh and be retained on a quarter-inch mesh screen. After the gravel is on, a rather thick green paint should be stippled on with a very stiff brush or the end of a broom, taking care to make the application rather irregular and not too thick. The half-timber construction and all the exterior wood trim is of cypress, stained to a darker tone of the same green as the walls. In this house the exterior woodwork is especially satisfying in its structural form, being decorative in its lines and the division of wall-spaces, and yet obviously an essential part of the structure. The horizontal beams serve to bind together the lines of the whole framework, and the uprights are simply corner-posts and continuations of the window-frames. The roof of dull red tiles gives



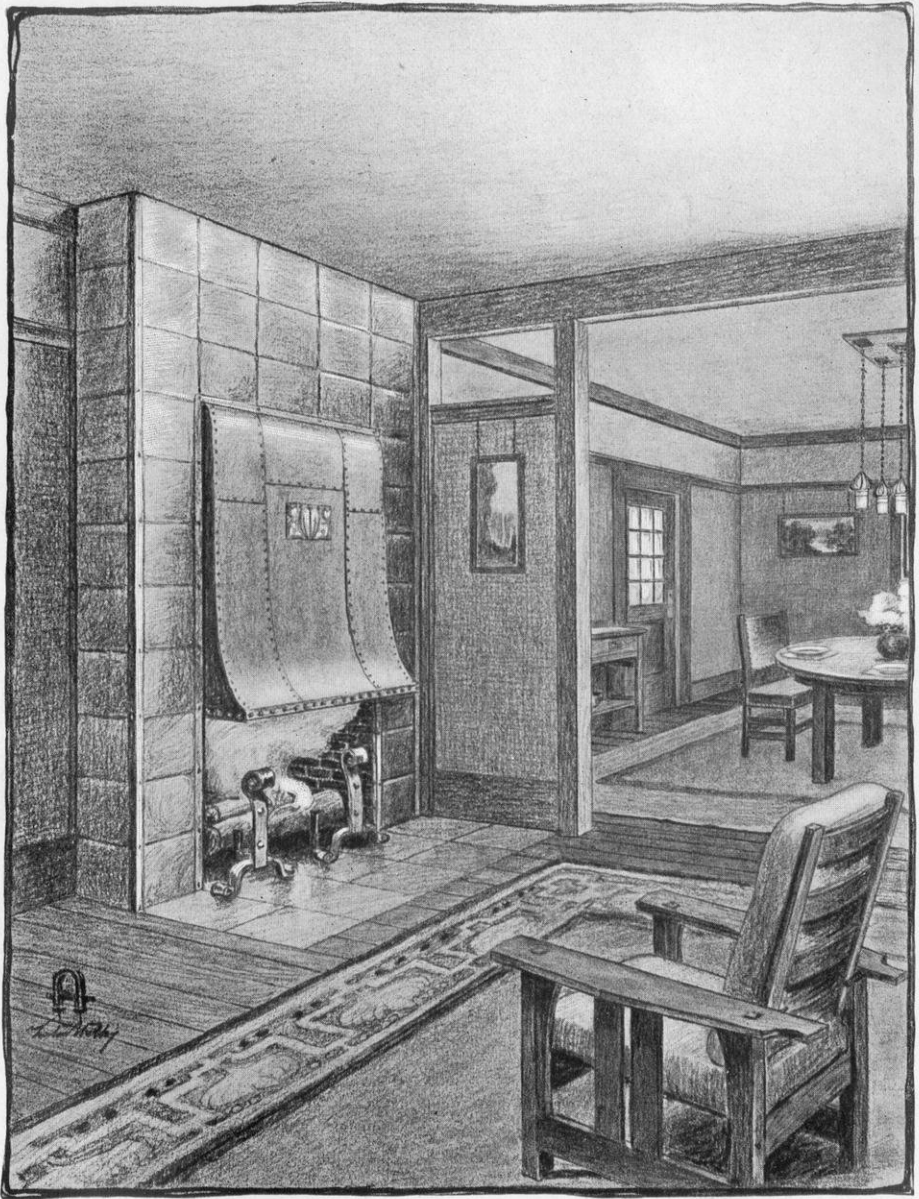
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, SERIES OF 1906: NUMBER VIII—SHOWING ENCLOSED A SLEEPING-ROOM PORCH, AS DESCRIBED IN THE TEXT



FRONT PORCH LOOKING TOWARD MAIN ENTRANCE



TOWER NOOK IN DINING-ROOM



FIREPLACE IN LIVING-ROOM, SHOWING DINING-ROOM

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER EIGHT

life and warmth to the color-scheme of the exterior, and the thick round pillars, painted white with just a suggestion of green, lend a sharp accent that emphasizes the whole. The rafters are not cased in, and form an attractive feature of the construction. The chimney is plastered over the brick, and chimney-pots of red tile project above the gray stone cap. The house is so arranged that one chimney, with four flues, serves for all the rooms.

The entrance-door is at the left end of the porch, which by this device is made to seem less like a mere entrance and more like a pleasant gathering-place where outdoor life may go on. The floor of the porch is of the square dull-red tiles known as "Welsh quarries," laid in black cement, and is covered with a large rug of rugged texture and durable coloring, fitted to stand rough usage and exposure to the weather. One or two pieces of wicker furniture, cushioned with forest-green canvas, extend a silent welcome to all visitors and make of the porch what it should be—a resting-place. The exposed rafters form a beamed ceiling, and the whole porch may be hidden by a screen of vines, if the house is so situated that such shelter and shade seem desirable. On either side of the front door is a lantern framed in wrought iron and fixed to the wall.

The dining-porch at the back of the house is more nearly square, and opens into both the dining-room and an entry which leads to the kitchen. A charming feature is the vine-covered pergola which forms the approach to this outdoor dining-room. The construction of the pergola is the same as that of the porches,

with round white pillars and square beams colored green, so that it forms a perfect link between house and garden. The floor of the dining-porch, like that of the front porch, is of red "Welsh quarries," and the white pillars complete the prevailing scheme of red, white and green. As suggested here, this porch is furnished with a round dining-table of brown fumed oak, with rush-seated chairs of the same wood. White table-linen should be used, and the last touch of perfection would be added by dishes of that beautiful Japanese pottery that is a pale leaf-green in color and is known as Kobé ware. The porch is lighted by a group of small lanterns hanging in wrought-iron chains from the beams of the ceiling. If so desired, it can easily be either screened or glassed on the exposed sides.

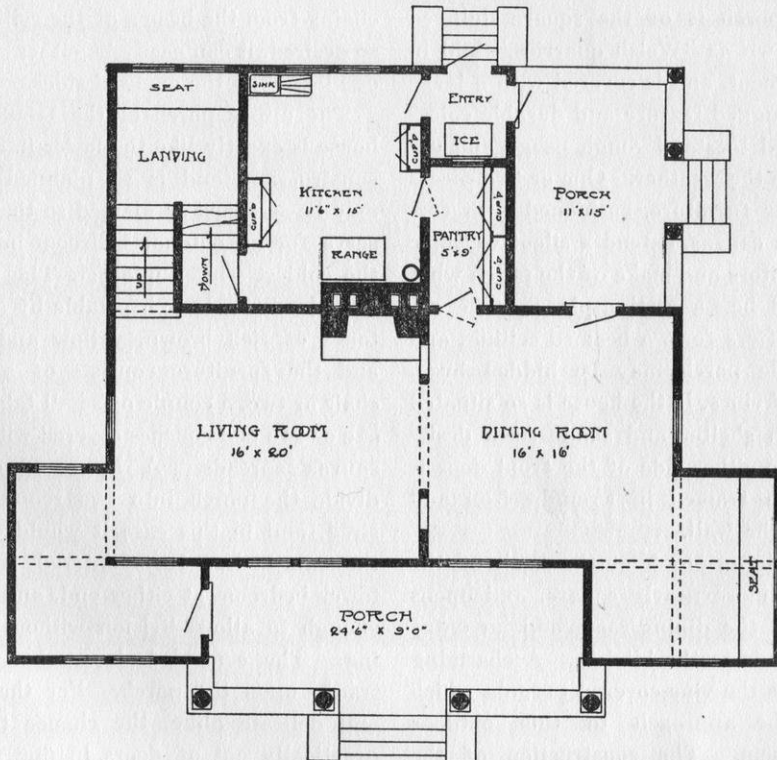
The upper porch at the front of the house is exactly like the lower in size and construction, and is so planned that it may be screened or glassed so that it will serve for an outdoor bedroom in all but the coldest winter weather. The floor of red tiles is made comfortable by a rug in tones of rich brown, yellow and green, and the furniture consists of a wicker chair or two, a couple of small tables, and one or two bed-couches covered with green canvas spreads. A large screen will divide the porch into two rooms if desired, and in this case it would call for the two beds. It is entered from the tower bedroom at either end, and is long enough to allow division without crowding. The central bedroom has no entrance upon the porch. For the robust and delicate alike, the chance to sleep practically out of doors in fine weather would prove an inestimable boon, and

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER EIGHT

would bring rest and healing to many a weary victim of insomnia, as well as balm to irritated nerves. Many who think longingly of vacations and the freedom of camp life, would find they hardly needed it if it were possible at home to pass an occasional night out in the open air, and, the healthful habit once formed, the outdoor bedroom would be likely to have much more constant use than the one within the walls of the house. With privacy secured by vines and screens and the visits of the friendly little mosquito discouraged by wire netting, the comfort of the open may be enjoyed without any of the usual disturbing drawbacks that

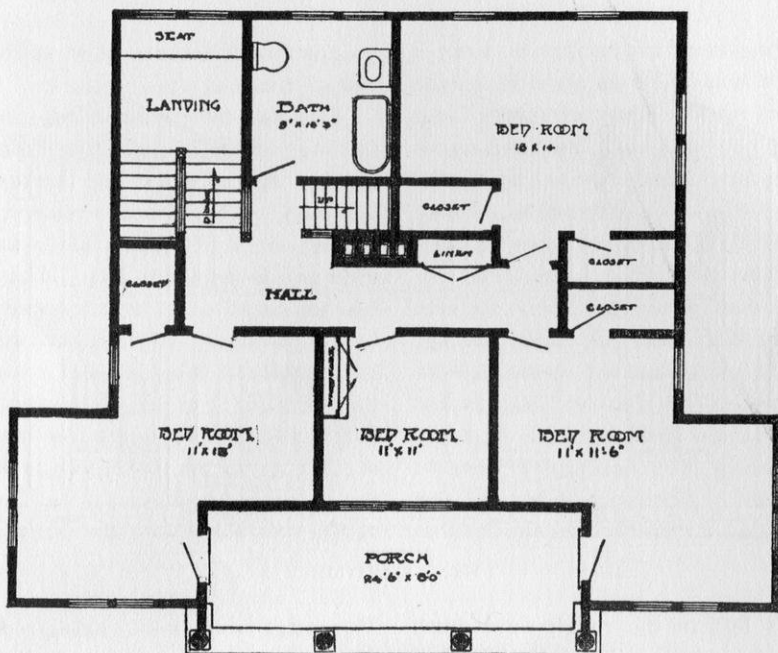
keep people indoors even on stifling summer nights.

With the towers included, the entire frontage of the house is fifty feet and its depth forty feet, but the dimensions of the body of the house, exclusive of the towers, are thirty-seven and a half feet wide and thirty-three deep. The interior has the usual open arrangement of the Craftsman house, with the variation given by the tower nooks. One of these forms the entrance from the front door to the living-room. To understand the charm of this it will be necessary to compare the entrance as shown on the floor plan of the first story with the illustration of



GROUND FLOOR PLAN

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER EIGHT



SECOND FLOOR PLAN. STORAGE-ROOM AND SERVANTS' ROOM IN ATTIC.

the tower nook in the dining-room. The construction is exactly the same, with the exception of the crossed ceiling-beams, but the entrance is rather more screened from the room by the running out of the partition to the center of the nook. In the opposite nook, which is used as a den to smoke and lounge in, the partition is all cut away, leaving only the beam construction overhead to mark the angle made by the corner of the dining-room. This is an unusual and most interesting structural feature that has in it all the charm of the unexpected. This dining-room nook is furnished with a window-seat and bookcase, to which is added a low smoker's tabouret and a big easy chair. The entrance nook is naturally left unfurnished except for the beauty of its woodwork and wall-surfaces.

The whole of the lower story is the same as to woodwork and wall treatment. The woodwork is all of brown fumed oak, but of a light, luminous tone in which there is a subtle undertone of green. The walls up to the plate-rail are covered with Japanese grass cloth in one of the almost indescribable hues that come in this beautiful fabric. It is a very soft, woody shade of pale silvery brown, that might be compared to sunburned straw if it showed a golden and reddish tone instead of a silvery luster over a hint of olive green. It is neutral enough to be restful and yet is full of life, and it blends perfectly with the changing double-toned hue of the woodwork, showing the same soft, luminous quality. The ceiling is of deep ivory, in which appears the merest suggestion of green. The

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NUMBER EIGHT



FRONT ELEVATION

plaster is left in the rough sand finish and is painted with oil paint. The last coat is of white lead mixed with turpentine and colored with a very slight touch of yellow ochre and the merest trace of green. The frieze as shown here is plain, and the same color as the ceiling, but if a richer and more striking color-scheme is desired, nothing could be better than one of the English landscape friezes in rich, dim, autumnal tones that show soft, pale brown, deep olives, and a few traces of dull red. A plain frieze that would give a pleasant color variation would be of grass-cloth in a tone of dull leaf-green, rather pale and silvery.

The mantel-breast is of large square tiles, matt finish and of a dull tone of brownish yellow. It is bound at the corners with strips of copper, and the fireplace-hood is also of hammered copper. The andirons are of wrought iron, and the hearth is of the same yellow tiles.

The rugs for both living-room and dining-room show centers of olive-green, with borders in yellows, browns and old blues, the latter giving accent and variety to what otherwise might be a rather somber combination of colors. The furniture is of fumed oak, the same tone of woodwork, with chair-cushions of olive-green leather and pillows of old blue and straw-covered canvas. The floors throughout are of fumed oak, with rather wide boards. Both rooms are lighted with the Craftsman shower lights, electric lanterns of straw-colored opalescent glass framed in beaten copper, and hanging from oak ceiling-plates in wrought-iron chains. The windows are curtained in a thin material of golden yellow, giving an effect of sunlight in the rooms. One distinctly Craftsman touch is seen in the pictures, which have very plain, narrow oak frames, and are hung from the plate-rail with wrought-iron chains.

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The stairs are at the back of the living-room, and run up to a broad landing lighted by casement windows, under which is a window-seat. Both stairs and upper hall are treated the same as the lower rooms in woodwork and wall-surface. All the floors on the second story are of fumed oak like those below, and the doors are also of oak on the hall side. The woodwork in all the bedrooms is of ivory-white enamel.

The east tower bedroom has a warm color-scheme, as it is shaded during the greater part of the day. The walls are divided into narrow panels by strips of the white woodwork, making a wainscot that extends to the height of the cap-moldings of the doors. These panels are covered with Japanese grass cloth of a rich reddish-yellow hue like the sunny side of a peach. The ceiling and frieze are of the palest possible peach tint.

The west tower bedroom is cooler in

color effect. The walls are painted, with a dull velvety finish, in sea-green—just the color that shows on the under side of a wave that is about to break into foam. The ceiling is a very pale tint of the same color.

The small bedroom between these tower rooms is designed for occasional use or for a child's room. The casement-windows are set high so as not to give a view of the porch. The walls are finished in a soft, pale tea-color, and the furniture is of brown oak. The rag rug is white, with dashes and stripes of yellow and brown.

The servant's room is in the attic, and is lighted by the dormer window that appears at the back of the house. The remainder of the attic is devoted to storage room, and is lighted and ventilated by the slat windows in the towers. There is plenty of closet-room, and the kitchen arrangements are modern and convenient.

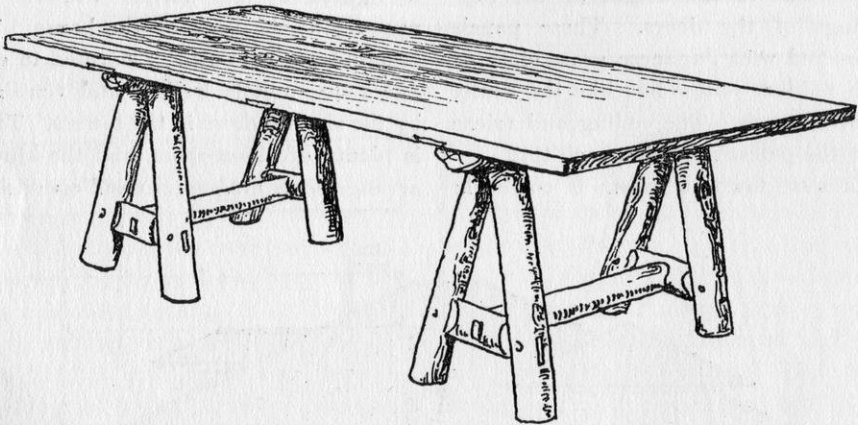


SIDE ELEVATION

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

SAW-HORSE TABLE

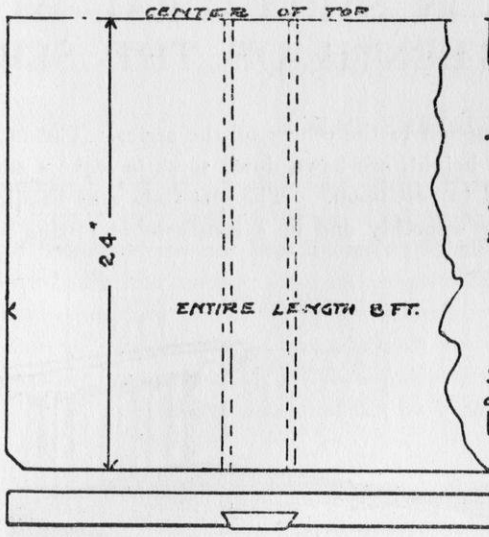
THIS table, which is the fourth rustic piece shown in this department, is designed for use in a cottage or for a porch—so that when the table is not required for use, the top can be taken off and the horses placed together, taking up very little space. The table-top needs to be splined and glued up—made from very dry lumber, and the three braces, one at the center and one at each end, are driven in from the sides; they are then secured by screws, two in each board of the top and never glued. The well-made horses are the same rustic construction as the other pieces in this series and need no further explanation.



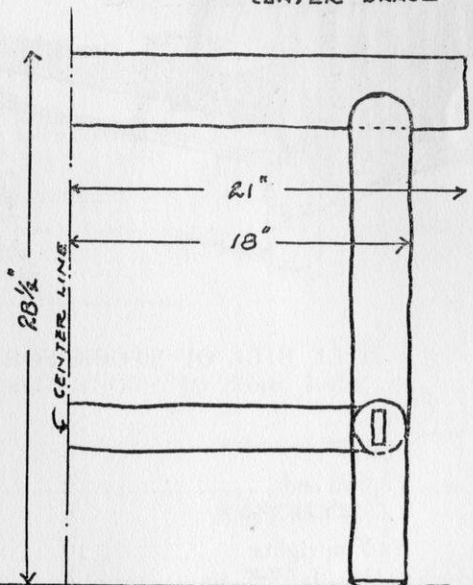
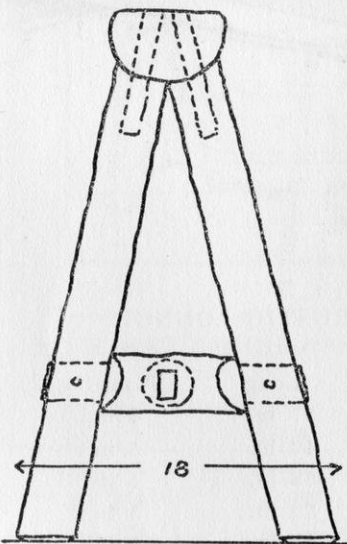
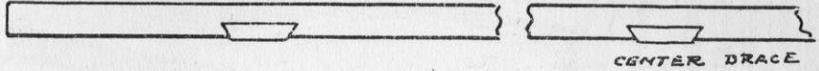
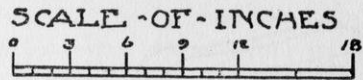
MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR SAW-HORSE TABLE

Piece	No.	Long	Diameter
Legs	8	28 in.	3 in.
Short stretcher	4	16 in.	3 in.
Long "	2	36 in.	2½ in.
Top of horse	2	44 in.	6 in.
Braces for top	3	49 in.	4 in. wide
Top	1	96 in.	24 in. wide

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



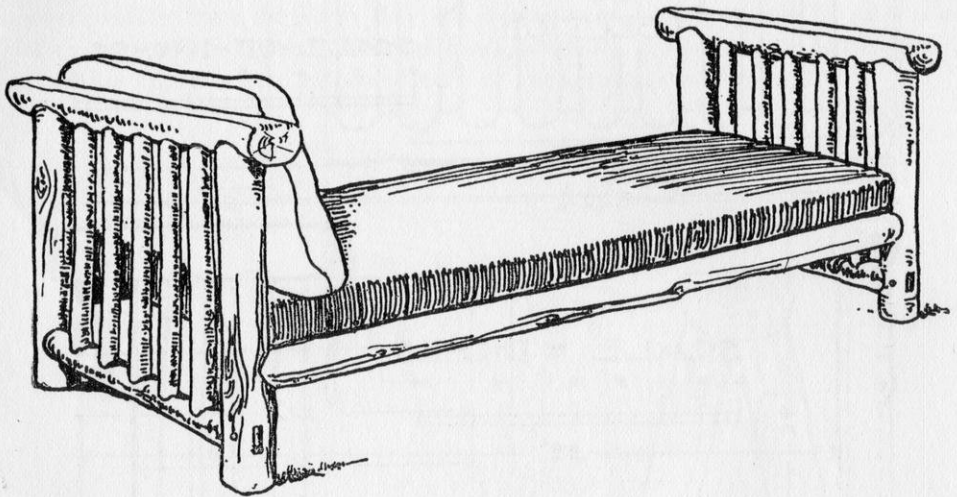
DESIGNS FOR
A RUSTIC
SAW-HORSE
TABLE 



HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

LOW RUSTIC LOUNGE

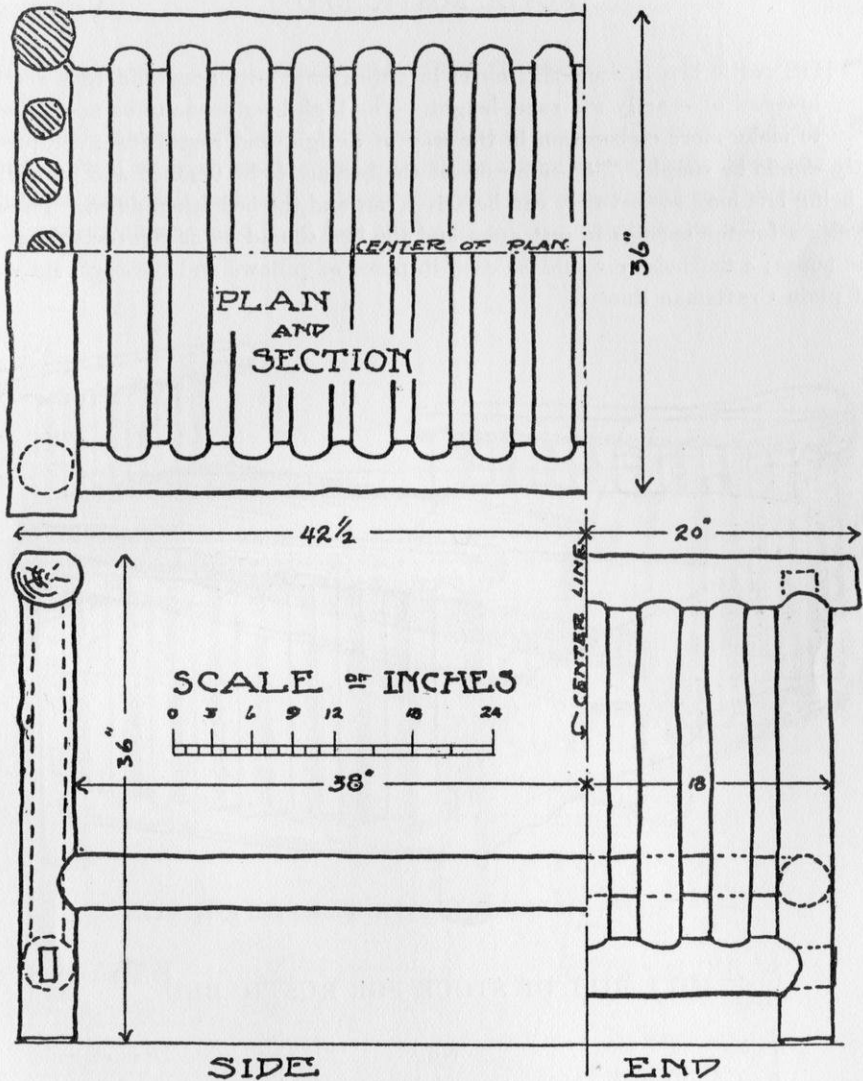
THIS piece is similar in construction to the others of the series. The tops of the ends, which are of equal height, are hewn down so as to leave a smooth surface for the arm or hand to rest upon. The seat-slabs may be slightly hewn so that the seat-cushion will lie smoothly and be a comfortable resting-place.



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR RUSTIC LOUNGE

Piece	No.	Long	Diameter
Posts	4	37 in.	4 in.
Top of ends	2	42 in.	5 in.
Lower brace ends	2	38 in.	4 in.
End uprights	10	30 in.	3 in.
Side rails	2	85 in.	4 in.
Seat-slabs	16	34 in.	3 in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

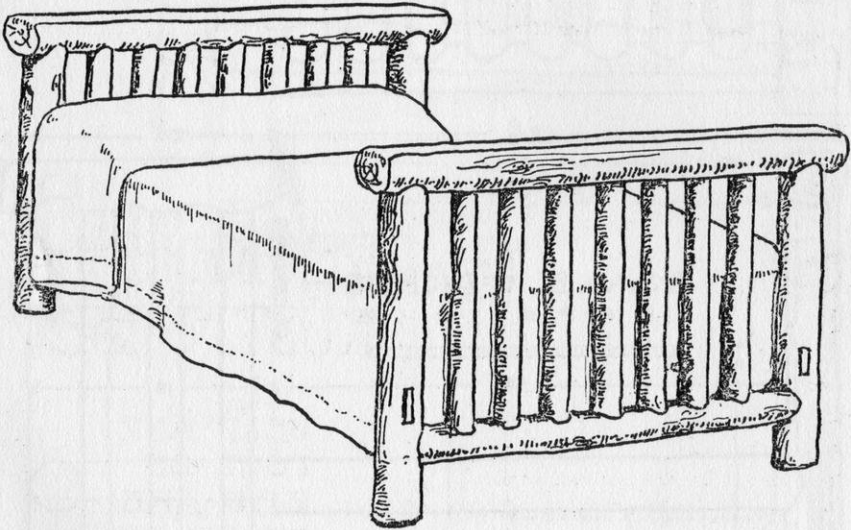


DESIGN FOR A RUSTIC LOUNGE

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

NOVEL RUSTIC BED

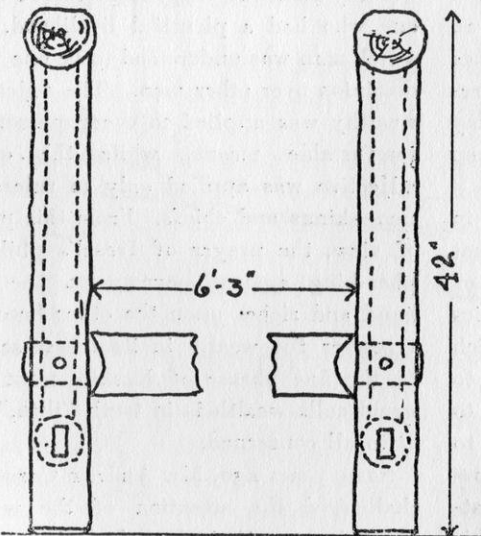
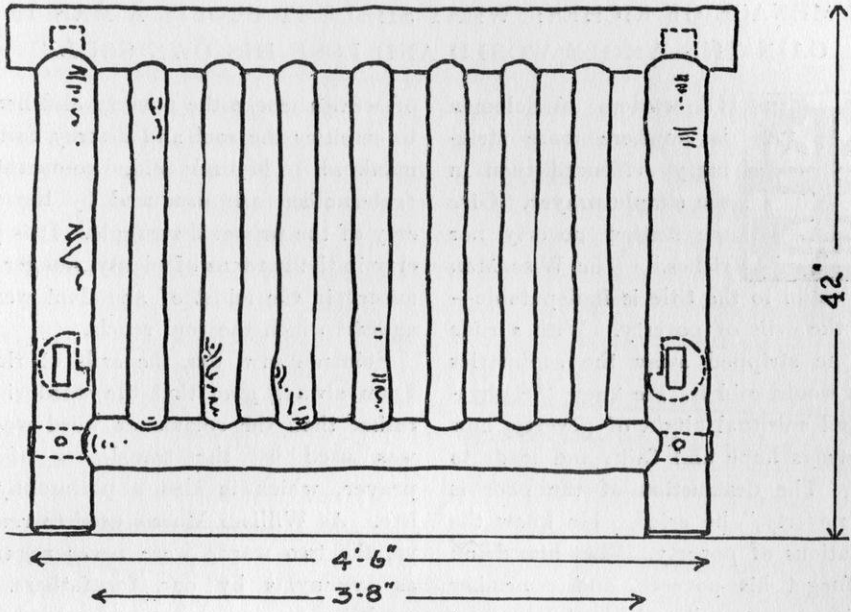
THIS rustic bed is decidedly novel in appearance—its head and foot are both low and of exactly the same height. The high head came to be used in order to make more elaboration in the way of design, and rustic furniture pre-eminently should be simple. The side rails of the bed are to be tenoned and pinned, the pins being left long so that they can be driven out and the bed taken down. The rails have cleats for the springs to rest upon and the bed should be as comfortable as any in the house; a flat bolster would be used in place of pillows and the cover-lid would be of plain Craftsman linen.



MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR RUSTIC BED

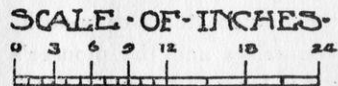
Piece	No.	Long	Diameter
Posts	4	42 in.	4 in.
Top of ends	2	60 in.	5 in.
Lower rail in ends	2	56 in.	4 in.
End uprights	14	34 in.	3 in.
Side rails	2	88 in.	5 in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



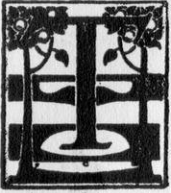
DESIGN FOR A
RUSTIC BED

HEAD AND
FOOT OF
BED ARE
TO BE EX-
ACTLY ALIKE



ALS IK KAN

THE MENACE OF RICHES: "WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN IF HE GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD AND LOSE HIS OWN SOUL?"



HE wisdom of Solomon is nowhere more strikingly evidenced than in the simple prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." The Wise Man—his claim to the title is indisputable—knew the evils of poverty. With a rude hand he stripped away the sophistries which would gild it. He knew the physical and spiritual blight of poverty, how it destroys hope and faith and leads to vice. "The destruction of the poor is their poverty," he cried. He knew the temptations of poverty. "Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more" and "Lest I be poor and steal" are sayings which reveal an immense fund of sociological experience and observation. The temperance reformers and social evangelists of to-day might, if they would, learn much from the wisest of Israel's sons!

There is a poverty, common enough in the experience of the race, which is not evil; which stimulates virtue instead of vice, and develops the noblest qualities in man. In the simple poverty which arises in connection with man's efforts to subjugate the hostile forces of nature, to conquer the aridness of the desert, to reveal the hidden stores of wealth, poverty often arises and the pioneer's battle with it is long and fierce. But in this poverty of the primeval struggle there is always a fine spirit of democracy and equality. No flaunting, arrogant display

of wealth mocks the poverty and hunger to embitter the soul and destroy faith in mankind. Mutual aid, co-operation, fraternalism are produced by the poverty of the primeval struggle. It is poverty in the gardens of plenty, hunger and misery in the midst of abundant wealth, against which the soul rebels.

Solomon saw, too, the evils of riches. I am always glad that the word riches, rather than the commoner word wealth, was used by the translators of his prayer, which is also a philosophy of life. As William Morris used to remind us, the two words were never regarded as synonyms by our forefathers. A wealthy man was always understood to be one who had a plentiful livelihood, but a rich man was understood to be one with dominion over other men. The adjective wealthy was applied to every person of comfortable means, while the other adjective was applied only to rulers of men—kings and chiefs. From this point of view, the prayer of Israel's philosopher-king against poverty on the one hand and riches upon the other becomes a prayer for wealth in its truest sense. In the fine phrase of Ruskin, what the world calls wealth is in truth "illth," an ill to all concerned.

Some years ago, Mr. Andrew Carnegie challenged the attention of the world to this question by declaring that "the man who dies rich dies damned," but it does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Carnegie, or any of the par-

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

ticipants in the discussion which the startling aphorism produced, that to be born rich is to be born damned in an almost literal sense. The lot of the child born in the tenement home of poverty is no less enviable than that of the child born to a heritage of riches.

For weeks past the attention of the American public has been riveted upon the details of a sordid tragedy of extravagance, vice and murder, and the presence of the scion of a rich family in a prison-cell waiting trial for murder. The pulpit and press of the country have teemed with moralizings inspired by the murder of the brilliant architect by the degenerate spendthrift, but all that is true or vital in them can be expressed in our adaptation of the Carnegie epigram, to be born rich is to be born damned. The destruction of the rich is their riches, just as surely as "the destruction of the poor is their poverty."

Inherited riches, it is safe to say, are at least as effectual destroyers of virtue as inherited poverty and its attendant evils. And because the ownership of vast fortunes leads inevitably to the establishment of a hereditary class, ruling society by sheer power of riches, the problem of the inheritance of riches assumes an importance second only to that of the inheritance of poverty. That the President of the United States should seriously propose the curtailment of the private accumulation of wealth is significant of the extent to which the gravity of the problem is felt by serious-minded citizens. Even the most ultra-conservative defenders of the present social system, do not pretend to believe other than that the immense hoard of the late Russell

Sage could not have been gathered except by methods inimical to the safety and stability of the republic. Few believe that its distribution among numerous charities by the widow, however well advised and conscientious she may be, can atone for the wrong done to society in its gathering. Those workmen who paraded the streets of London the other day, carrying banners with the inscription, "We do not want Charity; Justice alone will satisfy," expressed a conviction which becomes more and more common every day.

The Sage millions brought no good to the man who literally gave his soul in exchange for them, and their distribution in the form of charities can do little or no good to society. The extension of philanthropy is almost as much to be feared as the extension of poverty itself. Nothing is more certain than that charity, doing things for people, weakens their moral fiber and demoralizes them by creating a sense of dependence and an unconscious attitude of self-surrender to the chance currents of philanthropy. Especially is the private assumption of social duties and responsibilities to be regarded with suspicion and fear. By destroying the sense of social responsibility and creating a spirit of dependence upon individuals, the form of philanthropy which builds libraries, hospitals, art-galleries, and similar institutions, has done immense, altogether incalculable, harm. A public library or an art gallery ought to express a phase of civic development, a collective effort to obtain culture and intellectual life. Similarly, a public hospital or sanitarium should be expressive of the spirit of civ-

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ilization and humanitarianism in the community, instead of which such institutions are too often merely monuments of private munificence, and of the lack of those very civic qualities which they ought to represent. A library or an art-gallery built at the expense of the citizens themselves, to meet their own felt needs, is infinitely more expressive of civic culture than the most elaborate and costly one built at the expense of an individual could possibly be.

There is a natural price which must be paid for everything before it can be fully enjoyed. The little girl who makes her own rag doll, or who saves her pennies to buy a doll for which she makes the dresses, will get vastly more enjoyment out of it than the daughter of the millionaire will get out of her costly life-sized mechanical doll with its extensive wardrobe. The boy who makes a toy-boat for himself will find it far more attractive and interesting than the expensive and elaborately fitted model yacht will prove to be to the owner who has sacrificed nothing for its possession. To watch the satiated and blasé children of riches, finding no pleasure in their numerous and costly toys, and then to watch the intense joy of poorer children as they play with the toys they have made or bought, or even with the bits of broken china they have gathered, is to receive a pathetic illustration of the way in which riches blight childhood and corrode its joys.

As with childhood, so with adult life. The healthy pleasures of the man or woman who pays the natural price of honest labor—something very different from joyless and dehumanizing toil—afford a

striking contrast to the jaded spirit of the rich, for whom unnatural and almost hysterical excitement takes the place of pleasure. The feverish excitement of life in what is called "Society," and its servitude, would be poor exchange indeed for the simplicity and sweetness of life enjoyed by tens of thousands of humble workers in our towns and villages. Even their vacations bring little of either rest or pleasure to these enslaved victims of unearned riches. Life in any one of our great fashionable summer resorts is as unwholesome and barren of naturalness and joy as the nerve-shattering, body-and-soul-destroying fever of the "town season." Both alike consist mainly of a mad rivalry of riches. Monkey-dinners, dog-dinners, and dinners characterized by unmentionable human depravity, are the natural fruitage of riches gained without effort on the part of the spenders.

The root of the evil lies in the fact that riches destroy the natural resources of the human life for pleasure and culture. Instead of the spontaneous expression of personal feelings, and the ripening of personal experience, there is the vain attempt to hire or purchase the things which make life beautiful and gladsome, with the natural result that the hired things and the purchased things prove to be Dead Sea fruits.

It is by destroying the motive energies of experience and instituting the dollar standard of life, that riches enslave and destroy the soul of man. Children whose costly toys atrophy the inborn sense of gladsomeness in life, become men and women with the acquired idea that everything in life may

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be measured in terms of dollars, and that pleasure, good taste, education, and even love itself, may be bought in the mart if only enough dollars are offered. The child wantonly destroys the expensive toy because it cost him nothing in labor or sacrifice, nothing but a few easily acquired dollars, as a dissipated youth smashes plate-glass windows or insults women with equal wantonness because he believes his dollars will purchase immunity from the ill results which must otherwise follow. Trifling with the honor of women and murder are but further links in the same chain of evil.

There are not wanting signs of a revolt against the tyranny and folly of riches among the rich themselves. More significant even than the popular clamor for the limitation of private fortunes, and the curtailment of the power of riches over our social and political life, is the renunciation and denunciation of the parasitic life by so many young men of great prestige and fortune. Like Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, the grandsons of the elder Scipio Africanus, quite a number of young men born to great riches have recently turned from and attacked the parasitism of their own class and embraced the gospel of the socialization of wealth and opportunity. Whatever the ultimate political significance of that movement may prove to be, there can be no denying the wholesomeness and inspiration of this action on the part of such men as James Graham Phelps Stokes, Joseph Medill Patterson, William Bross Lloyd, son of the late Henry Demarest Lloyd, and Ferdinand Earle, the wealthy young artist who is the latest recruit to the notable band. Born to the

life of luxury and riches, they turn from it crying, like the ancient preacher: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" They are the preachers of a significant and wholesome gospel of honest living.

It will be well for these men, well for the movement to which they have allied themselves, if they apply the lessons of their personal experiences to the larger life of the great ideal which they have so heroically embraced. Burdened with riches and oppressed by the burden, the temptation to pour them into the treasuries of the movement must come to them with great force. And the challenge of a critical and cynical world, as well as the innocent expectation of their comrades in the crusade to the New Jerusalem of human liberty, conspire to urge them on in the same direction. Yet it may well be doubted if they can do anything but wrong to the cause they would serve by endowing it with their riches. Movements, men in the mass, do not differ materially from individuals, and are exposed to the same perils. Riches too easily acquired are as fatal to the integrity of popular movements as to individuals. Nothing could be easier than to sap the self-dependence of the movement to which they have allied themselves, to unwittingly destroy the sources of its energy, the earnest vicarious service to which it owes its growth, the secret of the idealism which distinguishes it from the sordidness of privilege-serving political movements.

It is but natural that earnest workers in any cause, whether it be political, religious, or artistic, feeling themselves hampered at every turn by lack of money, should long for some sympathetic

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person to endow it with riches. "Oh, if only some friend could and would give us a million!" cries the devotee of art, religion, or of social reform. Yet, in its last and deepest analysis, it is in effect the same cry as that of the poor dress-maker who longs to marry a millionaire because she fancies that the riches so easily acquired would buy her the pleasure she yearns for. Just as the yearning for riches on the part of the individual is essentially an endeavor to escape the payment of the natural price in labor and patient sacrifice for the pleasure and beauty of life, so is the desire for endowments for religion, art, or social reform. And the one is just as vain as the other. Nothing can be really attained without the payment of its due and just price. The spiritual quality of the church which depends for all its resources upon the contributions of the rank and file of its membership, is incomparably higher than that of the church which depends upon the munificence of a few rich members. The humblest village library that is built by the collective sacrifice of the community, though it contain but a few hundred books, represents far more in the way of cultural progress than the costliest and most monumental building stocked with rare editions imposed upon it by benevolence could represent. If the citizens of any community were to combine to raise by voluntary contributions money enough to buy a single painting or piece of sculpture, it would inevitably mean far more to the artistic education and inspiration of the community than a priceless gallery of Old Masters given by some modern Croesus could possibly

mean. So, too, with movements for social reform. If a thousand men and women each raise a dollar, either by their own labor or by collecting pennies or dimes from others, it must inevitably mean far more to the cause than ten times the aggregate amount from a single source.

It is inconceivable that as we ascend the scale of civilization we shall tolerate the congestion of riches, the vain and cruel hoarding of wealth till it becomes an ill and a burden, as now we do. A wiser distribution of the wealth and opportunities of life will somehow and some time be realized. It will not be upon a basis of philanthropy, however, but of justice. The senseless accumulation of things to our own servitude and destruction will, let us hope, give place to a wiser recognition of the essential things of life—the social sense that life consists in owning only the things which can be profitably used without the degradation of others or ourselves.

By John Spargo.

NOTES

A CATALOGUE of the Tenth Annual Exhibition of the Art Association, Richmond, Ind., which also contains a complete and lengthy list of this gallery's permanent exhibition, wins instant consideration; not only because it covers so wide a field of fine and industrial art work, but because the quality of the work shown and the methods of presentation are of national importance.

The object of this association, as set forth in the by-laws, is not merely to gather together a sufficient number of

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pictures of enough importance to make the "line" significant, an appeal to the dilettante; the purpose is much higher—as expressed in the catalogue, it is "to promote as a whole the welfare of art in the city of Richmond"—and art is here used to express every phase of beautiful living, from good architecture to a comfortable kitchen. This purpose is to be accomplished, to again quote from the catalogue, "by giving appreciative encouragement to all local art-workers by providing art-lectures and by giving an annual exhibition which shall contain the work of the Art and Manual Training Departments of the Public Schools of the city of Richmond, Ind., the work of local artists and craftsmen, together with the exhibits of the work of representative American and foreign arts and craftsmen; to promote and encourage the study of the literature of art, and to establish and maintain a permanent collection of works of art."

You see it is much greater than affording idle people an opportunity to stroll through a beautiful gallery—this purpose of the Richmond Art Association. The time has come in America when the people will no longer be satisfied to have their art confined to a single beautiful building or limited to the walls of the "best room." We are waking up to the necessity of having art in our daily lives. The "democracy of art," as we read it to-day, does not merely mean that art is for all the world, but that it should be for all the world all the time. And America, above all nations, should be the first and foremost to voice this sentiment; and every art-gallery in this country should be a school to show that art

is simple and practical and real enough for every-day living.

The permanent exhibition of the art-gallery of Richmond does not merely present the work of some of the truest American painters and sculptors, men who are finding inspiration in their own country for their art-expression; but shows excellent collections of original drawings, proving the progress of the art of illustration in America, a fine lot of etchings and prints from all over the world, and an extremely practical showing of the work of American photographers, including examples of the best of the photo-secessionists. Each of these exhibits is so arranged that it is a matter of instruction as well as a means of culture.

The possibility of educational advantages in the industrial art rooms will easily be appreciated by a brief summary of the various exhibits: In Room A there are potteries from many important kilns in America and from abroad. In Room B there is an unusual exhibit of fine hand-bookbinding, book-plates, and illuminations. Room B also contains a well-arranged and unusual exhibit of modern metal work, of jewelry, toilet articles and desk-pieces, besides home decorative work in metals. Of leather work and fine American textiles there is a large collection, showing an advancement along the line of American weaving that is of national gratification.

Besides these general exhibits, the Richmond schools send, from time to time, exhibits of the fine and industrial art-work they are doing, and proofs of their progress along manual training lines.

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There are lectures for the school-children in harmony with the work that the Association is trying to accomplish. And exceedingly good musicals are given that are meant to be instructive as well as enjoyable. In fact, the Richmond Art Association is rapidly becoming a center for the social progress and civic improvement of this section of the West—a hint to American art galleries throughout the country.

THE importance of Vacation Schools having been permanently acknowledged by all people interested in social betterment in cities, it is interesting to note just what New York is doing this summer in the way of education and amusement for the little children of the poor, which she has always with her. To quote from a somewhat statistical though important resumé of the work, recently published in New York, which sums up the question widely and intelligently:

“The summer session of 1906 began on July 9, when thirty-one schools were opened, seventeen in this borough, thirteen in the transpentine province and one in Queens, for a six weeks’ session of three hours daily except Saturday and Sunday. For the year ended July 31, 1905, the report of Miss Evangeline E. Whitney, district superintendent in charge of vacation-schools, playgrounds and recreation centers, showed an aggregate attendance in thirty-three schools, of 523,399, or a daily average of 17,466—approximately 9,000 in Manhattan, 7,000 in Brooklyn, 855 in Queens and 370 in The Bronx.

More sympathetically than the vacation-schools, however, the playgrounds

and recreation centers appeal to public interest. In 1904-05 the attendance at the sixty-seven afternoon playgrounds was in the aggregate 1,980,366, a daily average of more than 41,000; and at the evening roof playgrounds it was 1,355,485 and 28,239. This year the playgrounds of eighty-five schools will be open to the city’s children from one to five-thirty each afternoon for eight weeks. There will also be in use thirty-seven indoor playgrounds, and several vacant lots have been placed at Miss Whitney’s disposal by private persons. Sandpits, tents and various apparatus of play will make these places a haven of delight to the youngsters, who would otherwise be on the streets. Trained supervisors will make these summer afternoons a source of profit as well as pleasure to the youngsters, all unknown to the little beneficiaries, who are “out for a good time.” The work of these supervisors, most of whom are regular teachers in the city schools from September to June, is a most commendable one, and the slight addition to their year’s pay is not their best reward for giving up the biggest part of their summer vacation. It is a reward in which the whole city shares.

Shower-baths will be open to the children all day, and in the evening, at schools, 1, 21, 34, 110, 147 and 188 in Manhattan and three schools on the other side of the East River.

The Federation of Churches will this summer employ sixty-nine college students as teachers in its twenty-three schools in New York and Jersey City, and there will probably be at least 6,000 children in attendance. The work, in

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New York, is non-sectarian. Classes will meet in the church-halls of nine denominations and in Settlement houses.

With these well-equipped school-rooms and cool courtyards to lure them from the baked pavements, the children of New York City are better provided for by the public schools than the children of any other city in the world. The question is not "Does it pay?" but "How can the good work be extended??"

THE New Gallery of New York City is entitled to a special word in THE CRAFTSMAN, for its working policy is the same as that which underlies this magazine; namely, to stimulate art in America, to encourage the people of this country to find inspiration in their own soil, and to point out to the country at large the importance of supporting the national art, if we desire to have one. This gallery is largely given up to the men of the present, and its purpose is to give these men who are fresh in the field of art the chance to prove that they have a right to be there.

Last winter a most important exhibition was held at the new gallery of the sculpture of Charles Haag. It was his first public recognition in America, and the beginning of his success. Our readers who are interested in the new, radical, vital school of sculpture will be glad to have recalled to their memory the article about this important Swiss sculptor which appeared in the July CRAFTSMAN.

The last exhibition of the season at the New Gallery shows the paintings of Van Dearing Perrine. Mr. Perrine's struggles on the road to the field of art were of a nature that is customarily allied

to genius. He had something new to say, something very wonderful about American scenery, and he wanted to say it in his own way; in other words, he wanted to develop the technique suited to his subject instead of acquiring one in Paris or Munich suited to Barbazon fields or Bavarian hills.

As has been said, in speaking of Mr. Perrine's work, and indeed of artists the world over, that "no new expression of art has ever appeared without the artist being nearly defeated in the struggle through lack of appreciation and means of livelihood during important years." And one does not forget that Millet's struggle outlived his strength. Mr. Perrine found no exception to this hard rule for men of originality.

"He dodged adversity and hunger in several states, as he says, he went to school to both of these. Finally he learned a trade to provide himself with bread, and following it—but dreaming always—he worked his way to Texas and from there sailed for New York—to study art. Without direction or friends, and blindly led to believe in the schools, he went to one or two for short periods, but feeling their restrictions and that they were not for him—and dreaming always—he wandered from Canal Street to the country, over in New Jersey, where, with some interruptions, he has since lived, always painting when and as he could. He has had no teachers, nor sought Europe for material, but has painted all his pictures between Sandy Hook and the cliffs of the Hudson opposite Spuyten Duyvil. He says the only picture that ever influenced him was a cheap chromo he saw in a window in

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Dallas, and that all his other inspirations has come from life."

Mr. Perrine lives in a little, old, abandoned schoolhouse on the cliffs of the Palisades, in the midst of the scenery which he has elected to paint—the ever-changing face of night, starlight, moonlight, storms at twilight, lights glimmering through an evening mist, snow-white nights in winter, dripping nights in rainy June, the first break of spring dawn with the shadow of night about it, and the river at night; all done with a supreme feeling for the majesty of nature's somber moods.

A first glimpse of a roomful of Perrine's pictures gives one a sense of grayness; if there are many of them, one misses color, and until one studies each one separately there is a feeling of too much bareness and the lack of detail. But after some time spent with the pictures, both of these impressions, at least partially vanish. You find a wonderful color in some of the canvases, subtle reserves of color, the strangeness of night in them all. And, too, little by little you feel that the big spaces are full of peace and rest and belong to these canvases as they do to nature.

Van Dearing Perrine is essentially American in feeling and technique, and so, is much criticized by the conventional school, and strongly believed in by the habitués of the New Gallery and the school of artists this gallery stands for.

EDWARD CARPENTER'S latest book, "Days with Walt Whitman," has just been issued in this country by The Macmillan Company. It is so unquestionably the sanest, clearest and most

profound appreciation of the personality and work of the great poet-philosopher that it seemed to demand notice beyond the limits of the ordinary book review. Accordingly, a resumé of the book, with copious extracts, is published in the body of this magazine, beginning on page 737. ("Days with Walt Whitman," by Edward Carpenter. 187 pages. Price \$1.50. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.)

REVIEWS

WHEN a reviewer characterizes Margaret Deland's remarkable book, "The Awakening of Helena Richie," as the book of the hour, it means a vast deal more in this particular instance than a mere catchphrase conveniently handy to his pen. In every sense of the word, Margaret Deland's book, of which the world is talking just now, is the novel of the hour, for it handles a great theme of vital interest to society and handles it with unsordid touch and with a strength that is conspicuous for its charm and refinement. The reading public has been satiated with the flood of novels of which the woman who dares is the pedestaled heroine; tired of being dragged through the usual slough of *risqué* situations to a *dénouement* which either leaves them with the impression of sensualism condoned or of morality overdone. That is why "The Awakening of Helena Richie" is the novel of the hour, it uplifts and does not offend. It is done with the utmost nicety and charm and it leads unswervingly to the preservation of the laws of society and of the home—a cli-

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max which gives a sense of the keenest satisfaction when the book has been closed and makes one feel like laying it by against a rainy day when life seems sordid and nothing seems to matter. After all, for all his recent-day prating about "living in the open" and flying in the face of conventionality, the Anglo-Saxon in his heart of hearts clings with inherited tenacity to the sanctity of his fireside.

The book is absorbingly interesting and thoroughly charming from cover to cover. It has an indefinable atmosphere all its own that is reminiscent of lavender and attar of roses, of rare old lace and all the other little touches indicative of the gentlewoman that Helena Richie is, despite the life she leads in the pursuit of the phantom of happiness.

Helena Richie is a woman who, true to every inherent feminine instinct, longs for happiness. Reared by a grandmother who curbed her young spirit, she had married Frederick Richie when very young, catching thus at the happiness she thought her married life would bring. She was bitterly disappointed. In a fit of drunken rage, her husband injured her little baby, and when the baby died, she left him to live the unconventional life with Lloyd Pryor, a widower, who loved her for what she afterward discovered was her purely physical charm. Again a ray of happiness—a little home at sleepy Old Chester where Lloyd Pryor came often when he could slip away from the watchful eye of his only daughter, and there were delightful rambles in the fragrant garden and cosy evenings in the daintily appointed home.

Then, the man of the world began to

tire of his pretty toy—began to realize that he was living over a mine. Then, once more a glimmer of sunshine—David—round-eyed, serious, chubby David, an orphan child befriended by good old Doctor Lavendar and finally adopted by Helena Richie. The child later proves a real David to Pryor's Goliath, striking, all unconsciously, but with the unerring aim instinctive in children, at the weak point in the armor of Helena's lover and causing the break between the two which leads to Helena's awakening. Perhaps nowhere else in fiction, save in the work of Stevenson, was ever a child drawn with such loving touches—such complete understanding. His quaint little irrelevant sayings, which you will find yourself quoting, give to the story a great deal of its charm.

After her break with Pryor, Helena Richie feels that she can now confess to the good people who have taken an interest in her, the double life she has been leading, for Pryor had been known to the village folk as her brother. To her astonishment and dismay, she finds that, upon revealing the facts to Dr. Lavendar, she meets with his disapproval and the assurance that David must be taken away from her. Helena Richie's awakening is complete when she finally sees, through the Doctor's eyes, that her whole life has been one of supreme selfishness, of untruth and deceit. She realizes that she is not a fit guardian for the child, voluntarily gives him up to the Doctor and plans to begin a lonely life in a nearby town. Then, the Doctor, sane old moralist that he is, when he is fully convinced of her complete regeneration, plans a surprise; and so, when

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the stage rumbles away from Old Chester on that rainy morning, Helena Richie finds little David on the seat beside her. ("The Awakening of Helena Richie," by Margaret Deland. 357 pages. Illustrated. Published by Harper Brothers.)

"THE School and Its Life," by Dr. Charles B. Gilbert, contains a brief discussion of some of the most vital questions that arise in the system of the school and in the administration of the system. These questions include situations developed in the single school with its one teacher and one class or in the great system of a city or state, including many schools and governed by many officials.

These situations the author has looked at from all sides—with regard to the welfare of the child, with reference to the aims and difficulties of the teacher, from the view-points of superintendent and supervisor and with all due respect to the opinion of the parent. The various elements of school life, its ideals, its morale, its conventions and its occupations, are dealt with in turn.

The treatment of occupations includes suggestions for courses of study in both the graded and ungraded schools, laying special emphasis on the fact that the matter presented for learning should be made vital through expression, through actual productive work by the pupil.

The chapters on "The Morale of the School" take up the conventions of school life—the value of real obedience and the appreciation of achievement in and for itself, as against a senseless martinet-discipline and the unworthy incentive of secondary ends.

Topics that to all teachers are of live, daily concern are given consideration in the following chapters: "The Gradation and Promotion of Pupils"; "The Place of the Teacher"; "The Freedom of the Teacher"; "The Development of the Teacher"; "The Course of Study"; "Teachers' Meetings."

No less valuable are the comprehensive chapters devoted to the attitude and functions of the superintendent—in his official relationships with boards and teachers and in his social position in the community. The supervisor, the principal, the "special" teacher—all these are timely subjects, treated in the light of common sense, and varied experience.

A chapter on the "Social Functions of the School" carries out the point made by the author throughout—that the life of the school should not be regarded as a separate and distinct affair—set aside from the rules and conditions of other living—but as merely a part of and preparation for the wider life, governed by the same laws of growth. "That the common life shall be preserved and at the same time the individual need and the individual aspiration satisfied, so that each shall contribute to the general welfare and at the same time derive the utmost individual good from the common life—this is the great problem of school administration"—and no teacher or educator can fail to be helped appreciably in the solving of this problem by the reading and study of Dr. Gilbert's reasoning and conclusions.

("The School and Its Life," by Dr. Charles B. Gilbert. 266 pages. Price \$1.25. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York.)

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

PHILOSOPHY, ART AND SENSE FOR THE KITCHEN

OUR kitchen is not that of a millionaire; it has not a tile floor, enameled brick walls or glass shelves; it is not fitted with appliances for cooking by electricity or with automatic arrangements for bringing up coal or sending down ashes. It is a plain, ordinary kitchen, built new five years ago, and attached to an old house to take the place of the former basement-kitchen. It was planned by the landlord and the carpenter for unknown tenants and the general arrangement had to conform to the plan of a house built many years before. If, then, it has been possible, with these usual, every-day conditions, to develop a kitchen that possesses convenience of arrangement and unity of purpose, it would seem that similar ends might be obtained in any kitchen, anywhere, by any person, through use of the same means—careful thought.

We are busy women who have learned in other lines of work outside the household, the value of order and system, and when we began housekeeping we saw no reason why the application to the kitchen of the same principles that were used in arranging a study or a library should not produce the same ease and joy in the work of the household. If a library, to be of service to those who work in it, must have its books classified according to some clearly recognized principle, would not a kitchen gain in usefulness if some principles of classifying its utensils were employed? If a study-table demands every convenience for work,

ought not a kitchen-table to be equally equipped? If the student can work more effectively in a cool room than in one that is stifling hot, will not a cook produce better results if working in a well-ventilated room? If the librarian needs time-saving devices, does not the butler need appliances well adapted for his work? If the instructor needs the materials for investigation, if his work is not to perish of dry rot, should not the houseworker have at hand all the materials needed if that is to represent progress? If the parlor gains an attractiveness when its colors are harmonious, will not the kitchen gain if equal thought is paid to its decoration?

It was the affirmative answer to these and similar questions that led to the evolution of our kitchen from a state of unadorned newness to its present condition. An indulgent landlord provided a model range, a copper boiler, a porcelain-lined sink, and a double shelf; we have added the gas-stove, the instantaneous water-heater, the electric fan, two double shelves and all the utensils. Thus equipped, what does our kitchen represent?

To answer this question it is necessary to consider its general arrangement. The north side is filled by a window, the range, and the outside door. This, with the adjacent east side, we call "the cooking side." Here are arranged boilers, saucepans, broilers, and all implements, large or small, needed for cooking.

The south side is filled by the door leading into the refrigerator-closet, the

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baking-table, and the door leading into the butler's pantry. This we call the "baking side," for here is the baking-table, with its bins for flour and meal, its drawers for cooking-spoons, -knives and -forks, and sliding shelves for baking and for bread-cutting. Above it are all the utensils needed in cooking, together with spices, essences, and various condiments. A "kitchen-indicator," showing articles needed from the grocers hangs at the left of the shelf, a peg at the end holds the household bills, and pegs at the right are for shears, scissors, a pincushion, and a cushion for needles used in roasting.

The west side is the "cleaning side." This side is our special pride and delight, for here on a corner shelf is our electric fan, the drop-leaf table for drying dishes, the porcelain sink with its brass faucets, the nickel instantaneous water-heater, and our fine forty-gallon copper boiler. Here above the sink are collected the cleaning-brushes of various kinds, ammonia, borax, scouring-sand, and all cleaning preparations. The sink is set about three inches too low for comfortable use, a fault in sinks almost universal, and to remedy this defect the rack on the table was evolved from four nickel towel-bars joined by connecting metal plates. Lack of wall space required that the shelf on this side of the room should be shared equally between the preparations for cleaning and the kitchen-library, while the basket for newspapers and magazines occupies the end of the cleaning-table. But does not cleanliness of mind accompany cleanliness of material equipment?

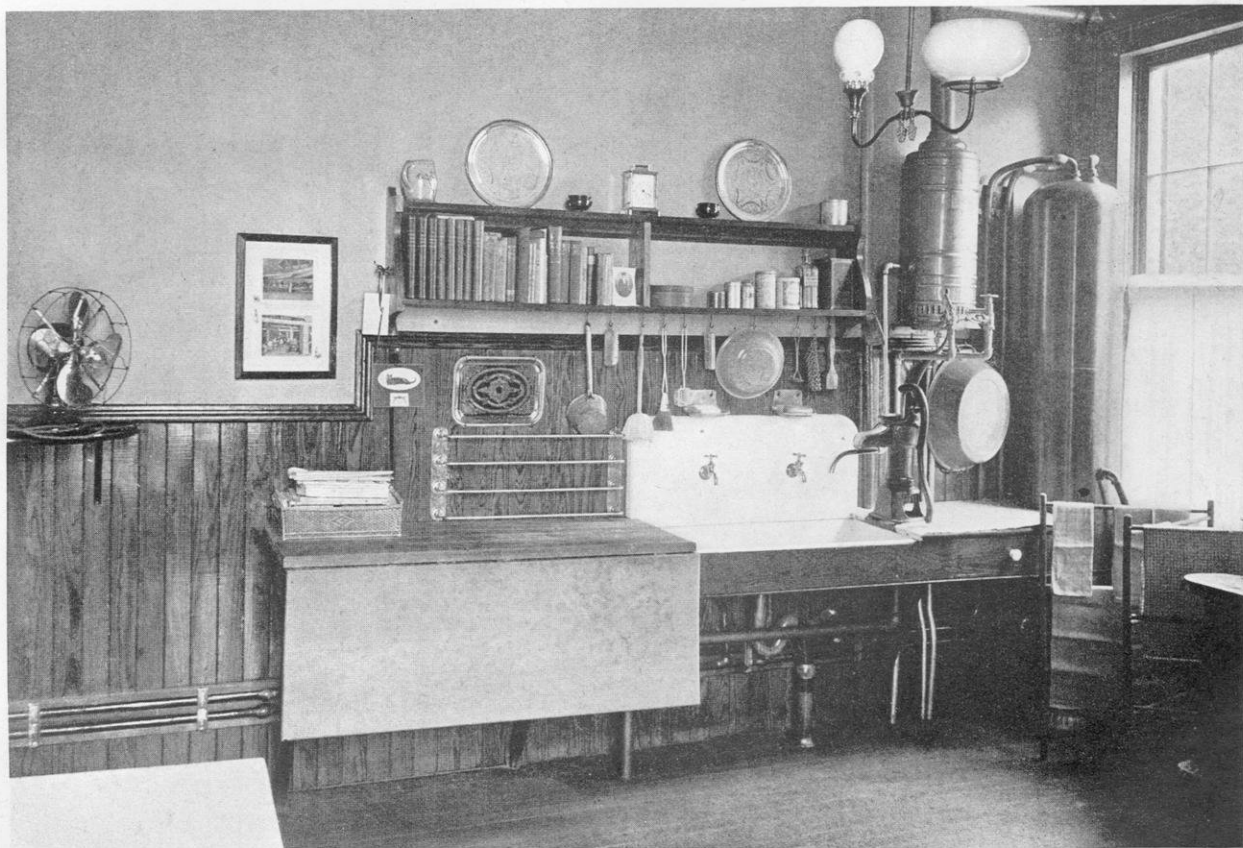
This is our kitchen as regards its

ground plan and its exterior aspect. But the student of history always looks behind the external surface and studies the record, and hence our kitchen records a belief in a few principles that seem fundamental in a household.

The first principle is that a kitchen should be absolutely sanitary in all its appointments. This means not only filtered cistern-water, a still for distilling water, a porcelain-lined sink, and an abundance of hot water, but it means an absence of cubby-holes and cupboards where articles may be tucked away and accumulate dirt. Everything is in "the open," every part of the kitchen is kept spotlessly clean, and we have never seen a water-bug or any kind of insect about the house.

A second belief recorded by our kitchen is that of unity of plan. If the artist places before all else in importance the composition of his picture, if the author believes that his book should be the elaboration of a single idea, if the engineer knows that every part of his engine fits by design into every other part, it would seem clear that the application of the same principle is essential in the household. If the kitchen is to sustain an organic relationship to the other parts of the house it must represent in the arrangement of all its details the same idea of unity of composition that is expressed in a painting, of unity of development that gives life to a book, of unity of design that makes the perfect engine.

A third idea represented in our kitchen is that it must be equipped with every labor-saving device and with every convenience for work, if satisfactory re-

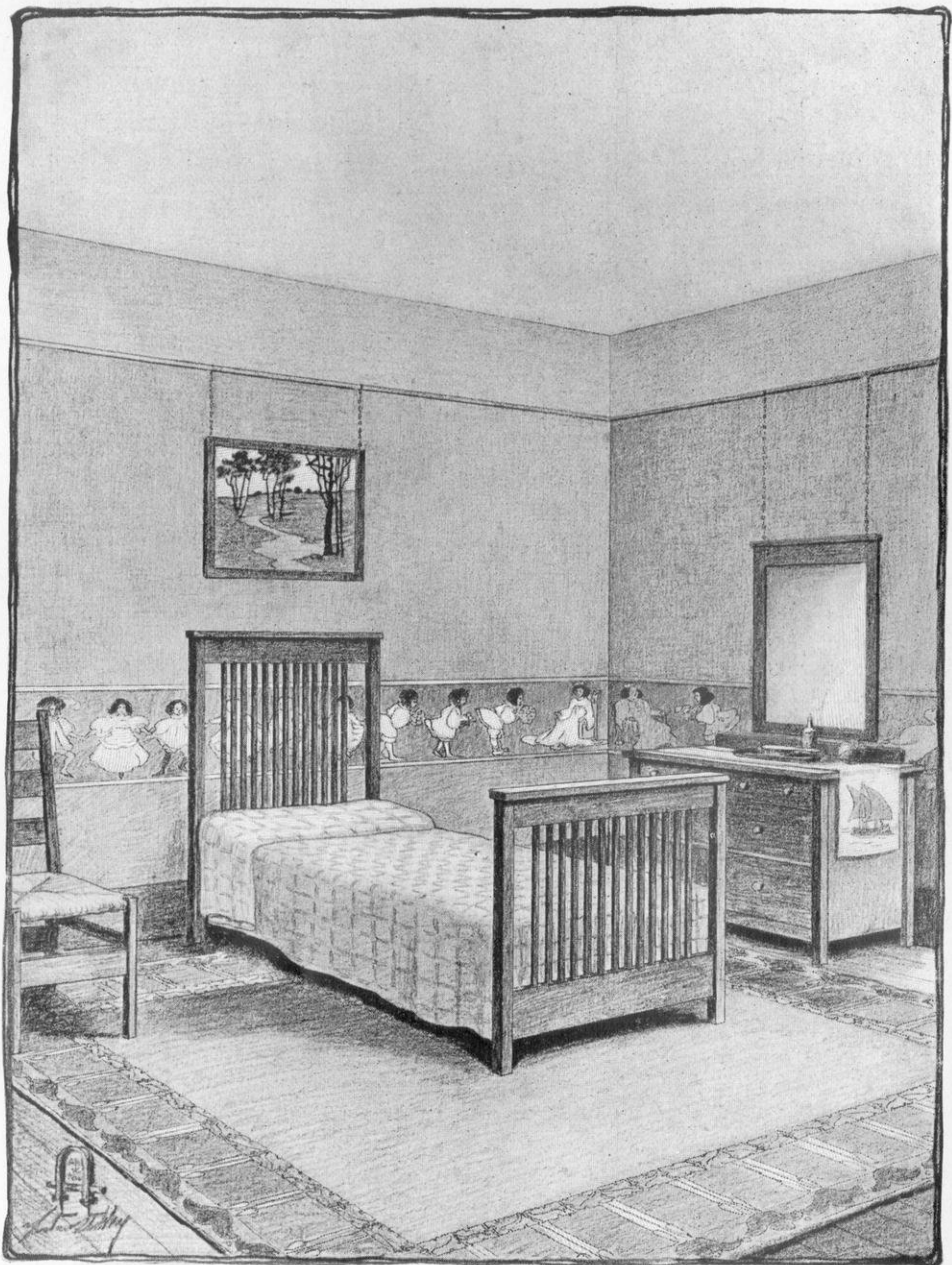


THE "CLEANING SIDE" OF THIS
PHILOSOPHICAL KITCHEN

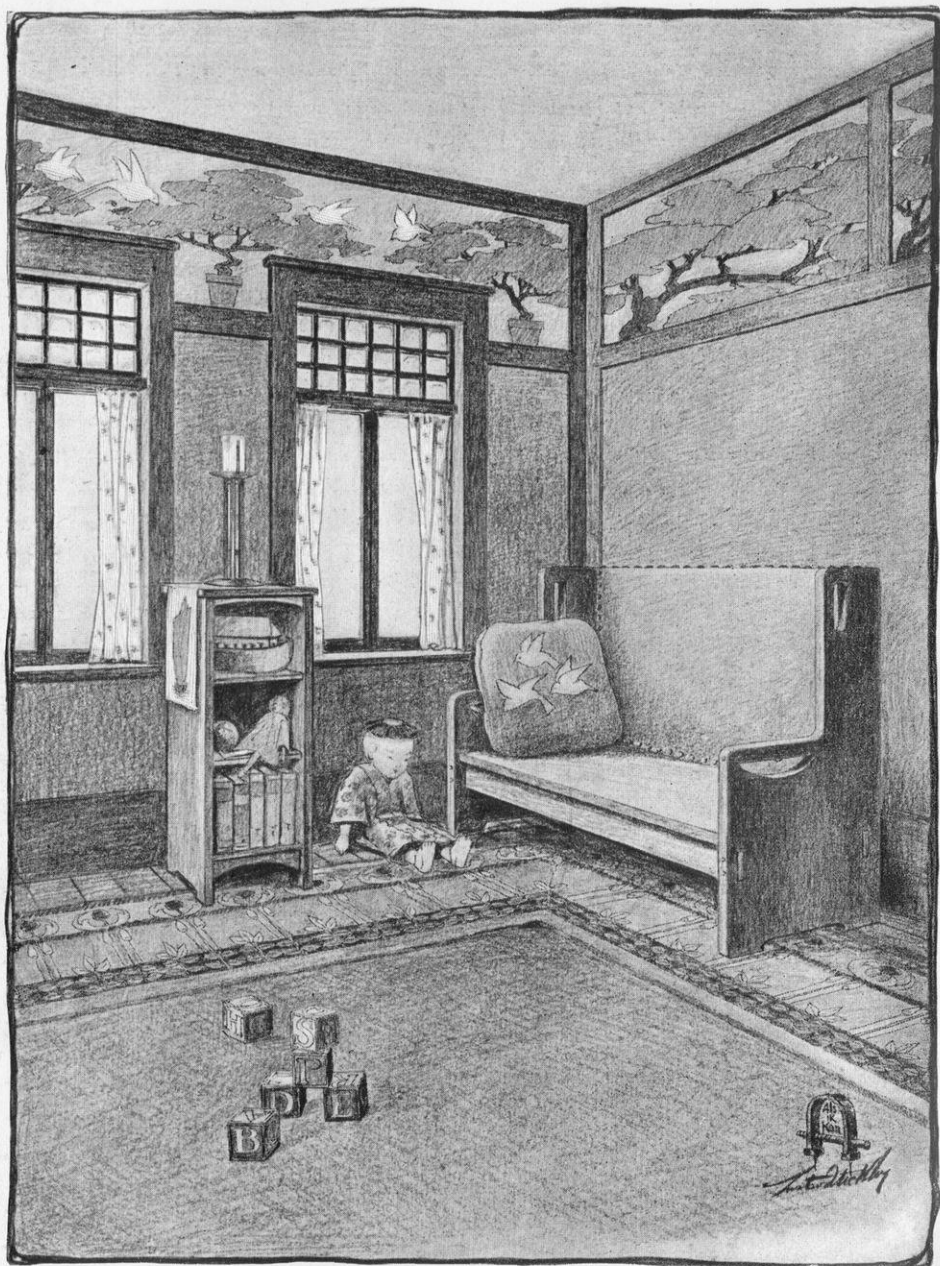


THE "BAKING SIDE," WITH EVERY
MODERN CONVENIENCE AT HAND

A KITCHEN MUST BE EQUIPPED WITH
LABOR-SAVING DEVICES FOR BEST RESULTS



THE SIMPLE AND THE DIRECT ARE THE TWO
CONDITIONS THAT APPEAL MOST TO CHILDHOOD



“WHY SHOULD NOT THE FURNISHINGS OF THE NURSERY TAKE ON THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PRELIMINARY STEPS OF A GOOD EDUCATION?”

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sults are to be secured. The first thought of the manufacturer is for the equipment of his manufacturing plant with every modern appliance. Can a perfect product come from imperfect, inadequate means of work in the household? The application of this principle has of necessity involved many experiments— inventions will not work, or good ones are superseded by better ones, or a new need arises and must be met. Every week sees some article discarded because an improvement on it has been found. In the city of twenty-two thousand inhabitants in which we live automobiles have been used six years and approximately three hundred are now owned there and in the immediate vicinity, but not one can be found of a pattern prior to that of three years ago. If an automobile must be disposed of because it is not of the most recent model, does it seem unreasonable to cast aside a twenty-five-cent egg-beater that chafes the hands, a pineapple-snipper that wastes the fruit, an unsightly broken saucepan, and a patent water-cooler that will not cool the water?

But man does not live by bread alone, and a kitchen may be sanitary in all its arrangements; it may represent unity of plan, it may have every modern convenience, and yet it may lack the essential of attractiveness. The arts and crafts movement has not yet reached the kitchen, and it is thus almost impossible to secure cooking utensils of good artistic design and color. But the second-hand store will often furnish a piece of good pottery, brass, or copper that may be utilized in the kitchen and serve the

added purpose of increasing its attractiveness.

Yet a kitchen may illustrate all of these principles and still lack those subtle features that establish, unconsciously, some connection between it and its predecessors in other times and in other places. If the theory of evolution has taught us not only in science but in art and in politics and in everything connected with our daily life to look behind the surface and to seek the origins of things, if it has taught us ever to look for the relationship between the present and the past, surely the kitchen must not be excluded from this process of thought. Apparently the work performed there each day has neither connection with the past nor outlook into the future, yet this is but a superficial aspect of the situation. The kitchen of to-day, with gas-range and instantaneous water-heater is the direct heir of the kitchen of yesterday, with coal-range and copper boiler and of that the day before yesterday with open fire and cauldron. An attempt to maintain this connection with the past is sought through the photographs on the walls. Two views of early Colonial kitchens give historic continuity with the present, a photograph of the interior of a Dutch kitchen gives a touch of that cosmopolitanism that makes the whole world akin, while that of a famous hotel in New York City places us by prophetic fiction in the class of millionaires.

Such is our kitchen. "Does it pay?" It has paid us.

Lucy M. Salmon.

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CRAFTSMAN FURNISHINGS: AN ART-LESSON FOR CHILDREN

THE oldest of us, or the most tired, or the most blase have certain memories which we take through life—the vital, beautiful memories of our nursery-days. Never do we forget “Old Mother Goose,” or “Alice in Wonderland,” or “Jack the Giant Killer.” They are not more dramatic, nor more significant, nor more forceful than many stories read in middle life—not one whit—but they are poured into our little brains at an age when we are the most plastic, most impressionable to all surroundings. And what is even more important, these tales were direct and simple narrative. These are the two conditions that appeal most to childhood, whether in stories, or landscape, or home surroundings, or people; adult minds acquire complexity and subtlety as a matter of self-protection, a need growing out of the fear of life; but normal children are not afraid; they are full of questions, and they want simple, direct answers.

Now, as the simple and direct is really the best in life and the best in art, which is only beautiful living, why are not children entitled to nursery conditions that are the beginning of right living? Why should not the furnishing of the nursery take on the significance of the preliminary steps of a good education? If the lines of the nursery-furniture are structurally perfect, if the colors are Nature's own exquisite harmonies, if there is no useless detail or silly ornament, but only beauty that is instructive, and teaching that is beautiful, the child is bound by all physical laws to assimilate these surroundings as the basis for standards.

No one teaches him; he is not told about the value of bare spaces, about the peace of good color combination, about the futility of waste decoration, but he is living with these good things, and they are making an indelible impression upon brain-cells at the age when the imperishable memories are being accumulated.

Average people when asked if they are interested in building and interior decoration usually reply: “Oh, I am interested, but I haven't the time to study it up.” It is the current impression that to know about architecture or furnishings involves years of study; while the truth is that there are but few simple, direct principles in architecture and all the rest is accretion, the adding of the personal point of view of each individual builder or decorator. Variation is not constructive principle, but it is used by many craftsmen to secure fame and fortune. To return to the nursery, these very principles in building and furniture are so simple and so direct that they come within the scope of every child's intelligence. A boy of seven can grasp the foundations on which good building and good craftsmanship rest, and if the nursery is a witness to these principles, there is no need of instruction; a child's comments about the room he lives in will bring out all the knowledge he will need, and even if the actual information should not be sought, there is still about him art in its truest sense to be absorbed and retained as a standard.

Children seldom miss a direct appeal. They can not. They are naturally vital

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and dramatic. Their perceptions though limited in scope, are clear; as a rule they "think straight and see clear" and they welcome gladly the conditions which fit their perceptions. To keep their minds level and lucid it is most wise to surround them with the conditions that make the straight, true call. The fewer explanations given children, the better. Absorption is better than precept in nursery days.

We acquire so much that is just mental overloading. People seem to be compelled to talk so much to express what they wish to convey. The more cultivation, the more words. If two diplomats were to meet and discuss social relations, it would mean hours or weeks. If two street-cleaners have something to say about the destiny of their city (namely, a new street-cleaning ordinance), it is over in ten minutes, and they understand each other perfectly. The primitive mind is ready for simplicity, and the nursery is above all things primitive.

In the two illustrations given with this article, two corners of different nurseries are shown, both fitted up from the point of view already expressed—rooms for children to be contented and happy in, rooms to teach them by living pictures the beauty of true art; and both, homey, comfortable, and fairly indestructible playrooms.

The first, is a nursery sleeping-room fitted up with Craftsman furniture. The rug is in a cool wood-brown that does not show the soil that is brought in from garden or roadway. In the border are greens, nature's colors. The wall is a pale, cool green, of olive tone, with a wonderful, low dado-frieze just about on

the level with a seven-year-old head. It is the funniest, jauntiest, most fancy-stirring frieze, of queens sitting in state, with humble little girl subjects approaching in long rows, carrying bouquets of red roses for her majesty, and wearing their best little short frocks which tilt daintily at the back as they make their bows. The frieze-colors are green, red and brown, nice outdoor Autumn tones, a frieze to make fresh stories out of every day in the year. On the end of the bureau-scarf there is a Dutch ship sailing away to Holland, where all Delft crafts belong. There is but one picture on the wall, a lovely, old, fairy, green wood of the days of Robin Hood. The furniture is simple, as the Craftsman furniture always is, and of course structurally perfect. It is of fumed oak, a rich forest-brown, finished so that the color and the grain of the wood is a part of its lasting beauty. The bed is low and beautifully proportioned, with head- and foot-boards of Craftsman spindles. And the low square bureau, plain and well put together, and the low chair with its handmade rush seat all suggest durability and comfort, and the art which is at one's command for daily use. "Not much furniture," you say, and "no decoration except frieze and picture and rug." Quite true. It is the ideal of the Craftsman interior that there should be no crowding of furniture, and no use of ornament where it is not inevitable. The Craftsman nursery is intended as a silent art-lesson, the memory of which will never be outlived.

The second illustration is the corner of a Craftsman playroom. The walls are plain tea-color plaster, with a hint of

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yellow sunlight in the tint. The wood is forest-brown, fumed oak, with a glint of yellow in its exquisitely finished surface. And the rug is brown and green and yellow; there is not a discordant color in the room, and there never should be in a nursery. Likewise there are no over-vivid colors to rasp sensitive baby nerves. The frieze for the maize-colored paper is a landscape design, of deep green woods, with flights of birds and a cool blue sky. On a Craftsman settle, which children always love to snuggle down on, there are blue pillows, the color of the sky in the frieze, and white sea-birds flying across them. The settle is made of a rich brown oak. It is deep and comfortable, and put together with tenon and key to last for many generations of nursery-folk. There is a sort of bookcase in this room, a lower

shelf for fairy stories, an upper one for a tired little dolly, and on the top there is a beautiful tall wooden candlestick with a yellow candle in it which takes all the shadows out of twilight bedtime. Again you see no crowding, no useless things, no hiding of wall-covering; but a careful study of what is most beautiful and comfortable at the same time—the most important kindergarten art-lesson that a child can have.

These pieces of Craftsman children's furniture will be used as models for the cabinet-work in October. Four illustrations will be given, with working drawings, full instructions for making and mill bills. They will be simple pieces for the amateur cabinet-worker, and a valuable furniture addition to every household where there are little children.

