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*See page 12.*

"AND WE WOULD PITY? HOW MANY MEN WOULD BE ABLE TO LIFT THE LOAD THESE WOMEN BEAR? BUT THEN THE MEN OF WHOM WE SPEAK WERE NOT BORN OF SUCH WOMEN: LABOR IS WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL; IF WE WOULD AVOID NATIONAL CATASTROPHE, LET US WORK, OR OUR CHILDREN WILL BE OUR CURSE."

# THE CRAFTSMAN

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VOLUME XXIII

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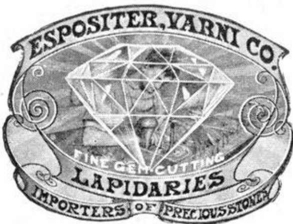


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THE CRAFTSMAN

PUBLISHED BY THE CRAFTSMAN PUBLISHING CO.
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# THE SONG OF THE BIRCH CANOE: BY CHARLES A. EASTMAN (OHIYESA)

"MOTHER," spoke up one day a shy little Indian maiden of the Algonquin blood, "mother, I want to make my own canoe! I am old enough now to make it tight and strong."

"Ayashe must know when she has the confidence in herself to make her own canoe. I shall be glad if that time is come," answered the busy mother, with her quiet smile.

The mother of Ayashe, "The Little One," was a notable wife and mother from the standpoint of the Algonquin woman. Her tepees, canoes, baskets, mats and the garments of deerskin wrought by her hand were models of craftsmanship. No one ever left her home hungry or dissatisfied, and her husband and children were considered to be especially fortunate. She had taught her only daughter these primitive womanly arts, and it was her pride and ambition that Ayashe should in time become as efficient as herself. But like all good, sensible mothers she was practical and economical, therefore she had never yet allowed Ayashe to try her skill at canoe-making, on the ground that she would be sure to waste many sheets of good birch bark!

"It is my heart's wish to provide for myself every bit of the canoe; its bones, flesh and nerves as well as its fine robe and ornaments," now exclaimed the happy little maiden.

The chief was informed by his faithful wife that their daughter had determined to make her first canoe.

"My daughter must know that the Great Mystery himself gave us the canoe to be our carriage and beast of burden for untold generations," he declared with gravity. "The brother tree, the birch, has generously offered us his skin, as is told in the sacred legends, and the other brother, the cedar, has given not only of his skin, but his flesh, and very roots for frame and sinew, and finally our brother pine gives his life-blood, the pitch, for the seams. We have always honored these three in commemoration of their aid. As you all know, it is our custom of old when about to make a canoe, and particularly the first canoe, to make an offering to the Great Mystery and the spirits of the trees, expressing our thanks, and also praying that the spirits which

pervade the air and water may handle the frail bark gently. My daughter must not forget this," ended Medweasunk (which means His-Voice-Is-Heard-Amid-the-Lightning).

"Yes, yes, Ayashe shall go with me to the Manito rock tomorrow; there she will leave her offering and the wind will bear it afar over the lake." Thus spoke the old grandmother, Kezhikone (The-Fire-Burns-Briskly).

THE sun had just appeared among the treetops, red as a ripe apple in the misty air when the old woman and her granddaughter were already halfway across the lake, nearing a solitary island whose rocky summit rose domelike and venerable, fringed at the base with some ancient pines and cedars. It was a veritable shrine to the wild man, a cathedral of Nature, hallowed by the worship of generations. There tradition had been heaped upon tradition for hoary centuries, until some had been obliterated and others assumed new shapes, even as the boulders that were strewn upon its shores.

The canoe was lifted bodily from the water and laid gently upon the rocks. Then Ayashe, at her grandmother's bidding, went on until she stood alone and breathless at the summit of the cliff, where the sheer wall of stone descended to deep water. The old woman waited for her halfway up, for no human presence must disturb that solemn communion with the Spirit.

Ayashe, like an eaglet from her giddy height, gazed in ecstasy upon the expanse of deep black water, studded with fairy groups of verdant isles just awakening to life at the touch of the rising sun. Never before had she known such an overwhelming consciousness of the unseen world. Stooping, she laid her bundle of tobacco and paints upon the rock, gathered some dry moss, and with her grandmother's flint and steel made a tiny blaze, to burn incense of cedar and sweet grass. Then for several minutes she stood in silence, facing the east, and uttering in her soul the simple prayer of a child to the Father of all.

When she descended from the rock, Ayashe placed the canoe upon the water and launched under the cliff a miniature canoe which she had brought with her, freighted with wild rice and maple sugar. Having finished the simple ceremony according to the usage of her people, she came back happy and impatient to seek the forest for the materials of her maiden canoe. Before the next dawn the girl and her mother had set out for a larger island where there stood a stately grove of primeval birches. At the foot of one of the most venerable, Ayashe reverently placed her symbolic offering; then with sharp

knives she and her mother stripped the finest of the bark, making perpendicular cuts as high as they could reach, and then gently loosening the many-layered skin. The mother was an unerring judge of quality in this matter. All birches of smooth surface may look good to the inexperienced canoe-maker, but the complexion tells much to one who is instructed in woodcraft.

"Ah, *nishishin!*" (very good), exclaimed several of the Algic grandmothers, when they inspected the large, smooth rolls of bark which the proud mother lifted from her canoe, and which Ayashe joyously spread upon level ground, with heavy stones upon the edges, not forgetting to sprinkle each with a decoction to make them more flexible. She accomplished this in the midst of an admiring circle of women of all ages, matrons with their babies on their backs, and young girls who secretly hoped that they might be equally successful when their turn came to go after bark for the maiden canoe.

ONE more day the good mother spent in the deep woods with her daughter, and at evening they brought back their load, slender poles of the swamp or white cedar, together with some of the flexible roots and inner bark of the same tree. These were stripped into cord or coarse thread and laid aside in coils and bundles, while Ayashe's father devoted himself to whittling the poles to a proper thinness in preparation for the framework of the canoe. Meanwhile the maiden herself went into the pine woods and secured a quantity of pitch for the sealing of it. All having been made ready, both father and mother watched her work while she drew on the level ground the outline of her canoe.

Just outside of the family home of birch-bark, Ayashe's mother had her fireplace, and near by was a commodious arbor, roofed with tamarack poles and balsam boughs. In this scented and shady ground she spread her best mats and skins, and here she invited all the young men and maidens of the camp for Ayashe's canoe-making. The girls were asked to bring their bone and wooden awls, while the boys brought sharpened knives. Meanwhile Medweasunk went after game, and his wife was busy opening her choicest boxes of maple sugar and woven baskets of wild rice.

All was ready. The people came gladly. The old medicine-man, Ogama, offered a short invocation and made his address to the friends in behalf of the maiden. The best singer struck his rawhide drum and there was a lively song and dance.

And then to work. Ayashe had selected the trees whose bark she took under her mother's guidance. With the help of her family, she had prepared this bark, the roots, and the wood for each part, and the

pitch was melted and stood in readiness. She had exerted her utmost skill to draw the totem of her clan, the beaver, upon the headpiece, and for her personal emblem she made also the figure of a loon, the swift and fearless water bird at home in calm or storm.

There were just five pieces of thick flexible bark. The middle one was six feet long by four wide, and on either side a strip was added, four feet by one and a half. The end pieces were six feet by three, save where they projected to meet the short side strips. At head and foot these pieces were rounded to form the bow and stern, and small triangular pieces were added for the curve. Stout pegs having been driven into the ground as marked out by Ayashe, and the pieces of bark placed in position, the girls were invited to sit on either side, two workers to each seam. One punched the holes for the strong cords of cedar roots; the other drew these cords firmly, the two edges being very slightly overlapped. As the bark had been properly softened for easy handling, it was very pliable, and the maidens worked fast and beaverlike, yet not unskilfully or unthinkingly, for they watched closely for any defect or irregularity; moreover, behind them stood others to give warning. As they worked, they talked among themselves in soft, musical voices, as one would imagine the brook talking to the pines, or a tree full of blackbirds in the springtime.

Soon the first set of workers was relieved by another, and so on until the hand of every maiden present had added her love stitch to Ayashe's first canoe.

ALL this time the older people were interested spectators. Lovers of mirth and humor, they pretended now and then to ridicule the skilful work of the maidens, likening the unfinished canoe to some clumsy or ungainly thing in nature. This drew forth playful retorts and laughter. At last the main seams were finished, and the released bark, true to old habit, again formed itself into a hollow trunk. The suggestion of a canoe was there, but without grace or dignity.

"Do not work all the time, children! You must eat, now." So speaking, the good mother brought forward a steaming kettle of venison, and another of ducks with wild rice. Then there were wild berries to follow. Such simple feasts made these children of the woods very happy. "'Tis a pure and wholesome joy: to work, laugh, play, dance and eat!"

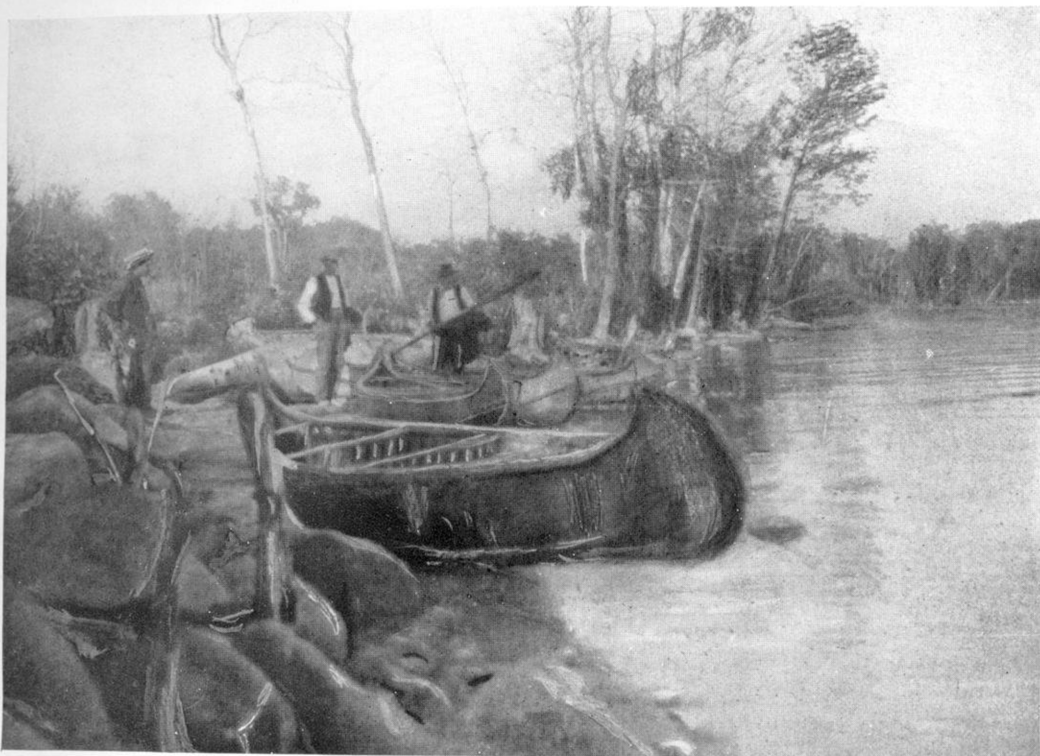
After the meal was finished, there came a few drum-beats and another song, ending in cheers and laughter. Then all was still, and one could hear plainly the swash of gentle waves on the beach, while in the distance the loon gave his high-keyed call of inquiry. The

*From a Photograph by Dr. William Jones.*

A GROUP OF BIRCH-BARK CANOES MADE BY THE OJIBWAY INDIANS OF LAKE MATABE, ONTARIO: THE BEAUTY OF THE CRAFTSMANSHIP IS ESPECIALLY SHOWN IN THE OVERTURNED BARKS.

*From a Photograph by Dr. William Jones.*

OJIBWAY MOTHER AND CHILD FLOATING THROUGH THE LAKE REEDS AT TWILIGHT.



*From a Photograph by Dr. William Jones.*

INDIAN-MADE CANOES AT THE NORTHERN LAKES OF LONGFELLOW'S COUNTRY.

*From a Photograph by Dr. William Jones.*

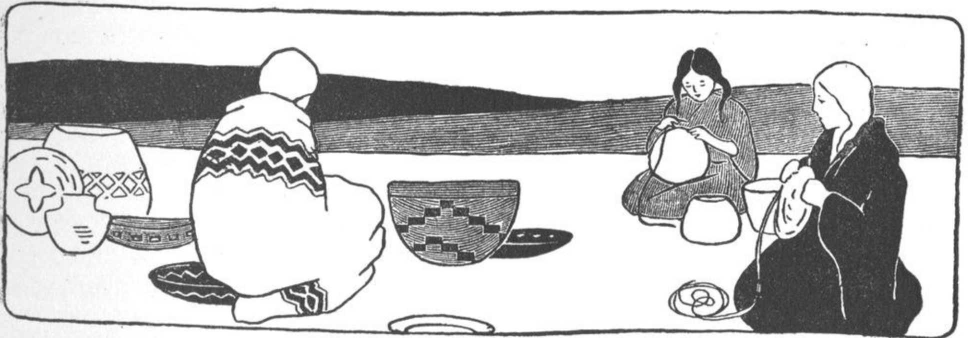
INDIANS OR WHITE MEN WHO HAVE MADE THEIR CANOES AND TRAVELED IN THEM A LIFETIME REGARD THEM WITH REVERENT HUMAN AFFECTION.

cheerful gathering again became absorbed in the task, and this time it was the turn of the young men. They must insert the back-bone and ribs of the canoe.

As with the maidens, the work was doubly manned and crew followed crew, each vying with the other. There were neither saws, squares nor planes, but merely knives, awls and stout cords for the work. The light craft was finally completely surrounded by strong warriors, and in the midst of their laughter, yelps and whoops of joy the graceful canoe was born!

Then came the final ceremony, the christening, as it were, which was both serious and impressive. Ayashe not only dressed for it in her finest doeskin robe with long fringes, but prepared her whole soul for the event. She walked at the head of the procession, in silent prayer, carrying in her hand a filled pipe, the customary emblematic offering. The little bark was carried by four warriors to the water's edge, followed by the maidens, then the young men and finally the old people and children.

Ayashe stood upon the white sand, with the deep pine forest at her back, and they laid her canoe at her feet. After holding the stem of the pipe upward for an instant, she turned and gave it to the old man, Ogama, who stood immediately behind her. He lighted it and passed it around the circle in deep solemnity. When all had finished, the young men launched the canoe with a spring, Ayashe holding in her hand a cord fastened to the bow. For the first time it danced upon the gentle waves—the creature of a day, conceived in love and reverence, brought forth in the midst of feast and dance and joyous toil—the canoe of Ayashe, the little Algic girl!



# GERMANY AN OBJECT LESSON IN CIVIC ACHIEVEMENT: WORK AND DISCIPLINE THE SECRET OF HER SUCCESS: BY JOHN CORY

ONE of the most spectacular features in recent world history is the rapid rise of Germany to riches, power and prestige. From a group of ragged little kingdoms biting and snarling at each other, Germany has accomplished an amalgamation, a centralization that makes her one of the most powerful nations of two continents. In international politics and in industry she has attained place among the first three nations. In military organization, in scientific research, in the application of knowledge to practical conditions of life and the enlargement of technical and popular education she is perhaps foremost among all nations. Her ascendancy in music was one of her first national achievements. In her art alone, which also includes her architecture, is there a streak of weakness and futility, as though her strength had gone into the humanities rather than the arts.

It is a matter of no small significance to all the growing changing nations of the world, the reason or reasons for Germany's splendid civic achievement. What force or combination of forces has cemented her broken unhappy little kingdoms? What power has overcome the overwhelming ambitions and selfishness of her small principalities? Why should one monarch and one system of industrial achievement be accepted by a dozen small rulers? How was the chain linked together so that its power today threatens to clasp and hold nations that were great and old when Germany had a dozen rulers?

It is well possibly to consider the German nature individually. Whether in his own country or abroad, the individual German possesses to a preëminent degree stamina, pertinacity, reliability, understanding associated with patience, skill, the outgrowth of both. Manufacturers the world over prize the German workman. He is conspicuously thoroughgoing. In traveling over America today the farm that seems in the best working condition, that suggests a sure income, well planned and well managed, is more often than not in the hands of the German-American. In the manufacturing world where in the few instances really good craftsmanship is desired, again we find the superintendent seeking the German cabinetmaker, the man who has pride in his work, a joy in revealing that pride. In practically all stages of economic development where conscientious thrift is needed, the German finds a ready welcome. It is our pleasant task in this brief article to try to discover some of the circumstances that have produced these sterling qualities.

In the first place the German race, or races, for there are at least

two well-defined types, are of comparatively pure blood. Excepting the English, no other great nation is as fortunate in this important particular. Nature abhors a hybrid, and peoples of mixed blood are handicapped in the struggle for national efficiency.

The process known as the survival of the fittest sternly meting out its terrible lesson, justice, during early historic and Mediæval ages, gave the modern German his physical foundation. Nature has never placed Germany on her most favored nation list. In the early days, before the people with their irrepressible resoluteness had taken matters somewhat into their own hands, she was an austere and niggardly mistress. Dense black forests and fever-laden swamps filled the native mind with awe of some terrible despotism. Economic need drove all the inhabitants to fierce and continual conflict. At best, life would have been a hard struggle; but hemmed in by hungry neighbors, each little lean kingdom could survive only through coöperation, self-sacrifice and discipline among its individuals.

With the advent of feudalism the need for these qualities was intensified, if that were possible; for in no country was the feudal system more ferociously developed than in Germany. The thousands of petty princes were in perpetual strife; there was ceaseless insecurity, and an unrelenting necessity in each little group for organization, obedience and self-denying loyalty to an arbitrary chief.

AS modern Europe emerges, the lot of the German peasant is still hard. Split up into many States, his country is the cockpit for all nations. Husbands, sons and brothers being commandeered first here than there, the women wrested the scanty sustenance by toil and heavy sweat. The history of Germany has been, and still is shaped by tremendous external pressure; and the character of her people has been profoundly influenced by the surging upon her borders of Slavs, Romans, Papists, Swedes, Austrians, French and Russians. Savagely suspicious of and antagonistic to neighbors as a result of the long-standing strifes of clans and communes, the numerous little States, however, needed this great pressure to grind them into confederation. Echoes of clannish mistrust may still be heard in the Fatherland, although the bogey of British ill will has lately stilled many a wee protesting voice. Is there not tragedy, pathos and heroic determination in that line of the national song, "If only we always like brothers together may hold, *Deutschland über alles?*" Germany today is united in the letter and in spirit. Her people have begun to direct to the Fatherland the burning devotion, the self-forgetting coöperation, the inflexible loyalty which they were schooled to lavish upon the smaller unit.

## HOW GERMANY MADE HERSELF GREAT

The secret of the power of the German is his sublime respect for authority, which was born of the primitive awe of fearsome Nature, nursed by the Mediæval tyranny of feudalism and matured by the necessity for obedience under modern external pressure. Frugality and industry were early enforced by an ungenerous soil. Self-sacrifice was the price paid by communal preservation.

In our days the German prospers sanely. He has personal poise, individual content. He is self-controlled, cultured, capable alike as head of family and member of society. Centuries of rigid discipline have given him social perspective; he stands in no danger of being fever-ridden, consumed body and soul by the desire for wealth and power. He has a nobler idea of the purpose of life.

The men in Germany marry young. The women work hard, in the field, in the garden, in the house; the incentive is not personal gain, but family well-being. Those twin Fiends—Idleness and Hustling—have no abiding place within the realm of the Kaiser. The German is happy, because he is constantly occupied without being slave-driven either by an overreaching ambition or by a desire for display and sensation.

Two factors stand out in German racial development—the compelling necessity for steady labor, and the insistent demand for coöperation, communal consciousness, self-sacrifice and civic loyalty.

These were also the conditions under which our forefathers developed a forceful manhood. But, alas, our country proves to be a spoiled darling of Nature, and our people have become intoxicated by her prodigality. "*Civis Germanus sum*" has ever been a clarion call to social service. Time was when a "*Civis Americanus sum*" was also impressive, but today it is a vain and empty boast, devoid of all true patriotism. The irresponsible manner with which the most worthy of our fellow countrymen evade the laws of the land and violate the regulations of their communities is nothing less than appalling.

As our own country is prodigal to us, so we in turn are lavish toward our children. And as we are careless of our civic duties, so our children are unmindful of our wishes (recent articles to the contrary, none the less) German civilization is, by common consent, a success. America has yet to justify "the world's greatest experiment in democracy." She will do it only when a majority of her citizens is actively, intelligently and disinterestedly concerned in the welfare of the State.

To this end the young generation must be deliberately trained. Much of our trouble comes from a misinterpretation of the term education, which is so often considered as merely coextensive with the far less vital term, scholarship. Admirable as scholarship may be, it is but a speck on the horizon of education.

*From a Photograph by Mrs. Riordon.*

THE GERMAN WOMEN STILL WORK IN THE FIELD: THE INCENTIVE IS NOT PERSONAL GAIN BUT FAMILY WELL-BEING.

*From a Photograph by Mrs. Riordon.*

IN GERMANY THE WORKING PEOPLE ARE MAINLY HAPPY BECAUSE THEY ARE CONSTANTLY OCCUPIED WITHOUT BEING SLAVE-DRIVEN EITHER BY AN OVERREACHING AMBITION OR BY A DESIRE FOR SENSATION AND DISPLAY.

*From a Photograph by Mrs. Riordon.*

CONTRAST THIS WOMAN WITH AMERICAN GIRLS, GIANT STRENGTH, YET WOMANLY POISE; RUGGED ACTION, YET SERENITY: A LIFE OF LABOR WHICH GIVES A MOTHER STRONG, HALE CHILDREN.

*From a Photograph by Mrs. Riordon.*

SO OFTEN IN GERMANY THE HUSBAND, SONS AND BROTHERS ARE COMMANDEERED FOR THE ARMY THAT WOMEN HAVE LEARNED TO FACE THE BATTLE OF LIFE OUTDOORS AS WELL AS IN: OUT OF IT THEY HAVE GAINED STRENGTH, POISE AND COURAGE.

Now, the child in its growth repeats in *epitome* the history of the race. By creating an approximate environment, can we not implant in any child the virtues of any race? With this possibility in view, we should model after the most successful nation—the Germans. As we have seen, the deciding factors in their moral evolution have been a physical situation requiring constant, unremitting toil; and political circumstances demanding concerted, unselfish civic endeavor.

# THE FAR COUNTRY

THERE was no shining street of gold,
But just a trail of green
Where grasses ran across the mold
Beside a brook serene.

There were no amaranths of light,
Nor fadeless asphodels,
But just wee daisies shy and white
And violets in the fells.

There was no choiring cherubim,
But just a raptured lark
Made music on a nearby limb
From morning until dark.

There were no pearly gates ajar
Nor throne from glory spun
But just the quiet evening star,
And just the morning sun!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

# THE FAIRY FAITH AND PICTURED MUSIC OF PAMELA COLMAN SMITH: BY M. IRWIN MACDONALD

O sane, well-balanced and cultured people believe in fairies? Hardly anyone would admit it in so many words, but does not a large part of our modern literature, painting and music prove that, whether it is acknowledged or not, the majority of mankind has a keen and imperishable interest in the invisible world that lies beyond the ken of objective consciousness? In the days when life was less involved in the network of material things, men accepted the reality of the subjective world as simply as they did that of the things apprehended by the senses, because their perception was unclouded by inherited skepticism. Wise men and seers who had mastered the secrets of Nature by penetrating into her hidden places knew that the realm which alone is evident to our bodily senses lies like a landlocked bay at the edge of a boundless ocean teeming with conscious and intelligent life. Unlettered peasants who lived in the fields and woods and were much alone knew there were fairies, sprites and goblins because they felt them all around and now and again they saw them. Poets knew it as children do, because they lived

PEN AND INK SKETCH OF HENRY IRVING BY PAMELA COLMAN SMITH.

A PEN AND INK SKETCH OF ELLEN TERRY BY PAMELA COLMAN SMITH.

so close to the heart of things that the veil was very thin. We all know the faith of the past. We know, also, how the clouds gathered and the gulf widened when mankind grew so busy with its own affairs and so wise in its own conceit of them that everything pertaining to the unseen kingdoms of Nature was dismissed contemptuously as folk-lore or superstition.

The question now is: are we once more bridging the gulf? We seem to be doing so, and in many ways. We are forever hovering about the borderland, only we call it psychical research, occultism, experimental psychology, and such high-sounding names. When we venture over the edge, we adopt Kipling's device in the matter of the sea-serpent and call it fiction. But the fact remains the same. We are becoming less academic in our attitude toward folk-lore, and are beginning to realize that a belief which is rooted in the life of every nation belongs to the collective experience of humanity and cannot die out.

Thinkers like Schelling, Villanis, Edward Carpenter and William James have prepared the way and shown the possibility of reconciling the visions of seers and transcendentalists, and the beliefs of the folk in all ages, with the materialistic knowledge of average mankind. And now William Butler Yeats and his colleagues in the Celtic Revival

are translating mysticism into plain language by openly avowing their belief in fairies and their knowledge that such beings exist. This avowal is something quite different from the literature of fantasy or the speculations of philosophers, because it states what purports to be a simple fact that may be proven by anyone who cares to go about it in the right way. Another step has been taken by Mr. W. Y. Evans Wentz, who has just published in England a book which deals exhaustively with the fairy faith as a living thing today, and this book is vouched for by authorities in the Universities of Oxford and Rennes. But the most direct evidence of a belief in the actuality and occasional visibility of subjective beings is given by Pamela Colman Smith, who not only asserts that she sees such beings and the countries in which they dwell, but makes pictures of what she sees.

THESE pictures are strangely convincing. Perhaps that is why such crowds of people went to see a collection of them that was exhibited in a New York gallery last spring. Although well done, they were not specially remarkable for technique. There were hundreds of as good or better pictures shown in other galleries at the same time. But there was something about them that appealed irresistibly to the mysticism that, consciously or unconsciously, occupies so large a place in human nature. The note of simplicity and sincerity was unmistakable. A few were paintings, boldly decorative in design and blazing with color, but by far the greater part were drawings in pencil or India ink. Of these, some were mere hasty sketches, evidently dashed upon paper within the space of a few minutes and left to stand as the record of strong but fleeting impressions; others showed a more careful working out of similar impressions. But without exception the subjects were fantastic and unearthly, baffling the understanding while quickening the imagination into flame. They were glimpses into an unknown world,—that land of fantasy where color takes the place of our clumsier modes of expression, and forms are as elusive as mist and as fanciful as a dream; in other words, fairyland.

The key that unlocks this world to Pamela Colman Smith is music. She is not a musician herself, nor does she care greatly for music for its own sake. But the rhythm of it, and the changing harmonies, stir certain subconscious depths in her and so enable her to enter the realm which lies beyond ordinary consciousness and to bring to the light visions and sensations which might otherwise struggle in vain for utterance. She sees music, rather than hears it, and she expresses,—as perfectly as she can and with the literal directness of a child,—exactly what she sees.

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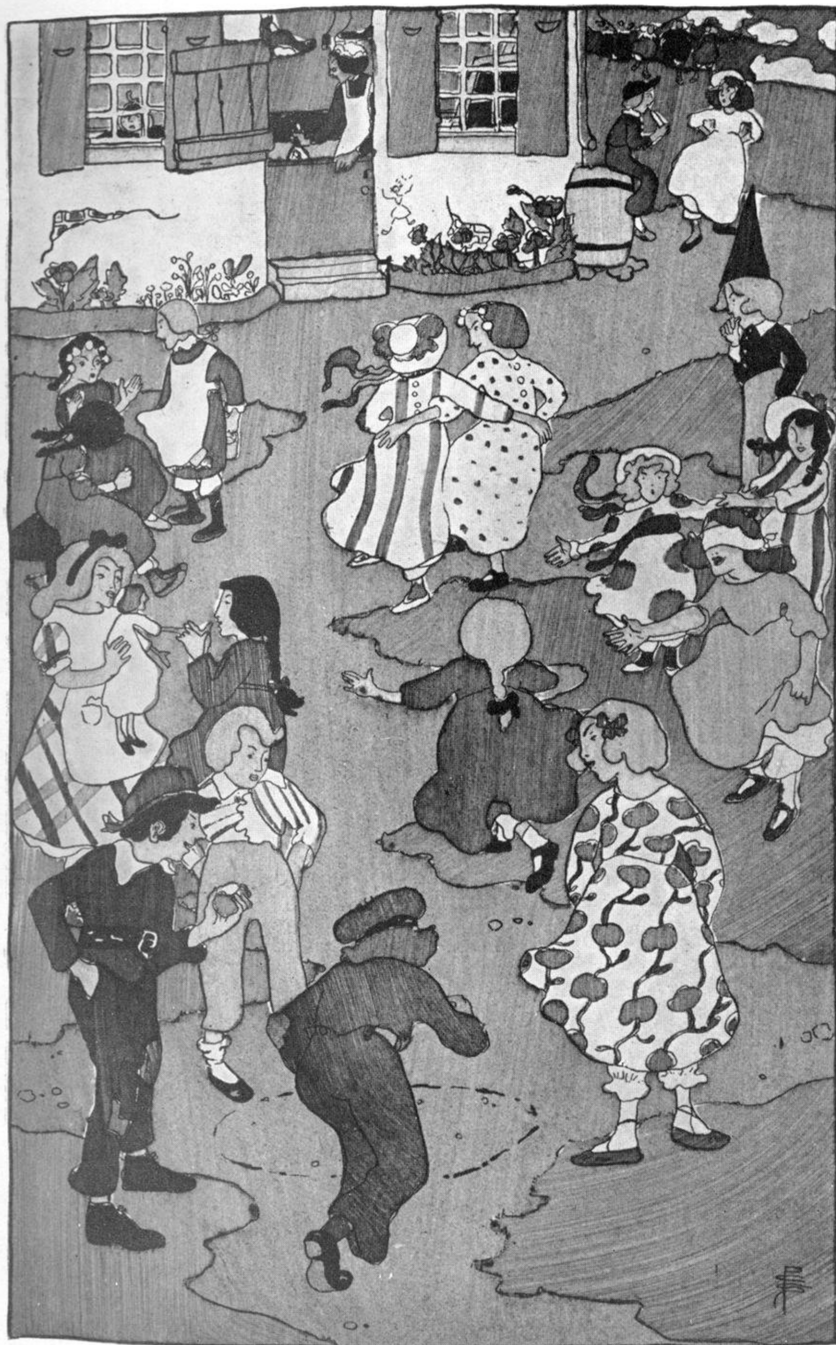
"PETER PAN": FROM A DRAWING BY PAMELA COLMAN SMITH.

*Reproduced from the Collection of Frederick Allen King.*

FROM A DRAWING BY PAMELA COLMAN SMITH, INSPIRED BY BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY NUMBER FIVE IN C.



*Reproduced from the Collection of Frederick Allen King.*

"RECESS": FROM A DRAWING BY PAMELA COLMAN SMITH.

MISS PAMELA COLMAN SMITH, FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

There is nothing supernatural about this effect of rhythmic, harmonious sound. Many of us have actually experienced it, for all people whose senses are profoundly stirred by music see vague visions and feel the color of the tones. But we are so used to ignoring our subconscious impressions that for the most part they remain vague and formless as clouds and are forgotten as soon as the stimulus has passed. Our minds are not ordinarily attuned to the reception and comprehension of such impressions, far less to giving them forth again in objective form. Herein lies all the difference. We all share the hidden life, but only the few have the power to express it or make it visible. Great poets, artists and musicians have it, and children are so close to it that they try sometimes to make the grown folk see and understand what is so real to them. But they have not the power. Their visions are laughed at as fancies or punished as falsehoods, and so imagination—the priceless image-making power of the mind—takes flight and the land of fantasy fades into nothingness.

But, given the open mind and vivid perception of the child, and the power of expression that comes from long training in the coördination and control of both conscious and subconscious faculties, as well as in the technique of art, and pictures like these cease to be inexplicable. It is simply another application of the powers held in the old time by the master weavers of Kashmir. The story goes that an English traveler in India once went to see the weaving of the royal shawls. As the weavers worked, they sang,—one of the endless crooning chants that swing like a pendulum to the strange syncopated rhythm of the East. Going close to the looms, he saw that the brilliant, intricate web was being woven without chart or pattern of any kind. He asked the master weaver how such a thing could be. The old man answered: "Sahib, we see the colors and patterns as we sing, and so we weave the shawl." Pamela Colman Smith sees the thronging images as she listens, and so she makes her pictures.

THESE visions are not in any sense the obvious pictures of operatic or programme music. When the composer explains his own emotions or spells out his ideas, her mental canvas remains a blank. Abstract music alone comes to her in pictures, and the more remote and elusive is the expression of the thought or feeling of the composer, the more clearly defined is its symbolic presentation to her inner vision. Grieg, for example, brings to her nothing but the everyday pleasure of listening to pleasant, obvious melodies in which his message is clearly spoken and the colors are brightly and thickly laid on. Wagner, with his colossal images of gods and heroes, and the profoundly sensuous appeal of his stupendous orchestration, brings a

strong response from her, it is true,—but it is passionate revolt from all that the music means. There are no pictures in it to her, only a confused blur of violent antagonism.

But when the music is in harmony with her own innermost being, the gates to the Otherworld are thrown wide, and for the time she is one with the beings that in Celtic lands are called "The Silent Ones" or "The People of Peace." Not always the same people or the same land; the regions that are revealed to her differ as widely as did those seen by Swedenborg in his subconscious journeyings, and vary according to the inspiration of the composer, but always she sees what the music endeavors to express. It was said of Schumann that he saw thoughts and emotions symbolized in pictures, and then told in tones what the eyes beheld. For this woman the tones are resolved again into pictures, and every line reveals the emotional content of the music.

The pictures are wholly symbolic, not in the conventional sense, but as the natural expression of one who puts thought and feeling into symbolic forms rather than into tones or words. One feels that there is no effort to interpret what the music may mean, but rather the spontaneous portrayal of the same vision or emotion that inspired the composer. That both spring from the same source is revealed by the pictures themselves, for each one shows the peculiar individual quality of the music of which it is the visible form. Not only do the subjects differ widely in character as the inspiration changes, but the very method of handling differs. Even the quality of line in the original sketches, which is broad, powerful and sweeping when it represents Beethoven's titanic emotions, becomes dainty and precise under the influence of Mozart, sensual and freakish in the portrayal of certain moods of Richard Strauss, and vague, delicate and at times austere when it endeavors to define and fix the well-nigh formless musical fancies of Debussy.

God save you merry gentlemen
May nothing you dismay.

Yet, by a strange contradiction, it is the music of Debussy that reveals the most glowing, vivid pictures in the collection. The pencil drawings made at the time may outline the merest suggestion of wan, unearthly forms, but when the imagination of the artist is aroused and begins to build consciously upon the memory of the vision, the result is a painting that

glows with jeweled color. Debussy himself says that both drawings and paintings are his dreams made visible, and always keeps a portfolio of them at hand.

"YOUTH": A SKETCH BY PAMELA COLMAN SMITH.

They come in strange forms, the fancies of this dreamer who strives always to express in his music the inexpressible,—to make his hearers feel as he does the glamour of color, perfume, lights in a murky sky, the rush of the wind, the bodiless might of the sea,—this tone-poet whose never-ending search is for some way to bring back to humanity its lost sense of the invisible. That is why the pictures of his music belong wholly to the land of faerie. The like of "L'Isle Joyeuse" never was seen on earth, but those who look long at the picture know that in the Country of the Young,—the Land of the Living Heart, as it used to be called,—there must be just such a happy isle, bathed in burning sapphire light and towering high out of a peacock hued sea. *Maeldūn* saw the fair, strange isle as he voyaged in the Western Sea, and they told him it was the Island of Joy. The Greeks, too, dreamed of islands like this, far out in the unknown ocean that rimmed their world, and called them the Islands of the Blest.

AND in this fairy world the elements are dimly personified, just as men who were simple and closely akin to Nature personified them ages ago. Not in allegorical figures, solid and fleshly, such as we see in so-called imaginative and symbolical paintings, but in mist-wreaths and falling rain, sunbeams, clouds and snow that contain hardly more than the suggestion of a hidden personality. This is what Debussy is always hinting at, and this is what is mirrored forth in the pictures of his fugitive fancies. One is of a garden in the rain, where the drenched brilliance of the flowers gleams dimly through the gray shadows of the rain. It is a passing shower, such as might fall from any summer cloud, and yet it gathers into tall shadowy forms that trail draperies of mist over the blossoms which they seem to bless with outstretched arms. These rain-forms appear in many pictures, moving singly or in groups through lush green meadows, and they are

always the same. Clouds, too, come as dancing figures, fleecy and dazzling-white against the blue sky, and the airy forms are what every child sees, for they are only clouds. The snowflakes whirl into huge diaphanous forms that dance madly against the black night sky, and the west wind sweeps through the heavens with the rush of a hurricane, a colossal goddess veiled in the flaming purple and gold of a tropic sunset.

Sometimes the visions are wholly of the borderland, where it shines momentarily through the cloud of the material world. A shepherd boy, pixy-led over the heather-covered hills in the luminous twilight, plays his pipe for the circle of pixies that frolic at his knee. Or the "seven towers of faerie" appear for a moment amid tossing sunset clouds, that part far enough to allow just a glimpse of the Land of Heart's Desire. Again, a ship comes sailing out of the darkness over the curling purple-blue waves of a fairy sea,—a ship that embodies all the dreams of child-humanity as to what the golden treasure-ship of pure romance might be. It is a gorgeous myth of sea-adventure, a towering galleon with flame-colored sails swelling in the strong wind that impels it onward, and sides overlaid with plates of beaten gold.

But when the curtain rolls up on the world of Beethoven there is an end of fairy fancies. This is a titanic world that saw the beginning of time,—a world of tossing seas, trackless deserts and mountains that pierce the skies. It is peopled with kingly forms that move with slow stateliness or remain motionless, lost in brooding thought. They never dance. There is always the suggestion of storm; of the possible war of elemental forces, yet as a whole the visions are sternly reposeful. The feeling is that of overwhelming strength, either held in leash by some unseen force, or quiescent after a storm of emotion. The action is expressed in great swinging curves that image forth the rhythmic surge of the music. The lighter moods of Beethoven, the occasional buffoonery, seldom appear. It is the grave splendor of his spirit that dominates the forms in which the varying melodies are made manifest. Perhaps the most purely symbolic of all these springs from a movement in the Sonata Appassionata. In this, a stormy sea beats heavily against the shore, threatening to engulf the towers and spires of a distant city. But for the moment their force is gathered together in one gigantic billow that rears itself like a serpent, and the crest of this billow curls over into the semblance of a woman's face,—dreaming, wistful, with great eyes set wide apart and the delicate pointed chin of utter femininity.

Deeply symbolic also is the presentation of Cesar Franck's emotional, passionately religious preludes, fugues and chorales, with their rich, somber coloring and their sense of spiritual unrest. The

most significant of these is the "Call to Earth," which images the imperious urge toward objective existence. Three godlike figures have heard the call and yielded to their destiny. One, clad in gleaming robes and with crowned head still touching the clouds, stands on the earth erect and stately, but in the drooping, dreaming face is seen the numbing influence that slowly lulls the spirit into the stupor of physical existence. Another towering form in the far background is stumbling forward, drawn down as with invisible cords to the waiting earth, but with arms flung up to heaven as if imploring succor. The third has fallen prone and already is blending with the earth so that it is hardly distinguishable from the swale in which it lies. Only the jewels of its robes and the white unconscious face catch the gleams of celestial light from its former home.

AN INFORMAL SKETCH OF ELLEN TERRY: BY MISS SMITH.

Exactly the opposite chord is struck by Richard Strauss, and the pictures here are merry, elvish, richly sensuous. But they are imaginative rather than visionary,—*Don Quixote* tilting at maliciously frolicking windmills, or *Till Eulenspiegel* dancing recklessly in the wake of a bounding nymph, both mad with the intoxication of the music, which seems to roll around them in the form of billowing, jocund clouds. It is all of the earth, well spiced with genial deviltry. Russian and Slav music also appears in pictures that are sensuous and imaginative. They are either freakishly fantastic or luxuriously melancholy. The very lines of the pictures which delineate Tchaikovsky's chronic despair droop even as his themes droop, in the entrancement of soul-satisfying woe. Dvorák, though, hearty-humored and close to Nature, gives to the world music that appears as dancing, blossomed-crowned creatures that are not so much dryads as trees endowed with conscious life and the power of movement.

Some of Schumann's music takes forms that are wholly human. A movement of the Second Symphony, for instance, brings to light a

vigorous youth, tall and strong, pulsating with the sheer joy of life as he springs upward to the effort of casting into the air the falcon that perches on his outstretched arm. But for the most part the element of fantasy is dominant. A phrase from the First Symphony takes the shape of a gaunt old tree, with bare branches blown by the wind; yet the tree is a woman, helpless in the grip of mortal anguish, rooted fast to an abhorred spot and bending before the strong wind of destiny. A Nachtstück (No. 4) shadows forth a towering peak against the primrose sky of dawn. Up the mountainside toil weary, shadowy forms,—the dreams of humanity returning home.

Pamela Colman Smith is so naturally a mystic that she has but little intellectual interest in mysticism. From childhood she has had the gift of the "second sight" which is common among the Celtic peasants of Ireland, Scotland and Brittany, and she believes in what she sees as simply and implicitly as they do. She never thinks of this power as clairvoyance, or exploits it as such, but uses it precisely as she does the senses and faculties which are common to all. In temperament and personality she is as much of an anachronism as was William Morris, for like him she belongs to an earlier age, but the only outward evidence of this is a childlike and utterly unconventional sincerity which finds expression with fearless freedom. She does not dabble in psychology, as is the fashion now, and she knows next to nothing of philosophical theories, transcendental or otherwise. Her understanding and knowledge are wholly intuitional. Perhaps this is why she sees so much that is hidden from the ordinary sight.

ENVIRONMENT and early training had much to do with the development of her strange and vivid individuality. Her interest in folk-lore, which has so vitally affected her achievements in the realm of the subconscious, began in Jamaica, where she passed her girlhood. Even then, music came to her in pictures, and she drew little dancing figures and elfin landscapes as she heard the melodies, but she visualized nothing in that place of romantic and horrible memories, although she felt intensely the oppression and excitement of its psychic atmosphere. She listened to many tales and legends of the unseen world, told by witchlike old women in the firelight,—because in Jamaica no one dares to speak of such things in the broad light of day,—and she made a collection of them which she published as a book of Jamaican folk-lore, but she saw nothing of it at that time.

After the years in Jamaica, the family went to England. There her fancy, as expressed in pictures, turned mainly to the quaint and whimsical. The preternaturally good little children of the early Victorian period appealed so keenly to her sense of humor that we

have hundreds of tiny pen sketches of these small, smug beings in hoopskirts and sandals,—or in roundabouts and skeleton trousers as the case may be,—romping most decorously or listening with extreme propriety to the moral and improving tales recounted by a mother, aunt or governess, who beamed with virtue and delicate sensibility. Or, we have a bold, bad pirate struggling in the too-loving grasp of a group of roguish, sea-green mermaids, while a tubby, broad-beamed galleon scuttles away like an indignant hen, looking back with an expression of horror and righteous wrath in every porthole.

It was at this period that the young artist followed Walter Crane, founded herself upon him and luxuriated in decorative conceptions and gorgeous color. The influence of the famous illustrator is still glimpsed in her work, but it is now so overlaid by her own individuality that one finds little more than an occasional reminder of the way Walter Crane used to see things. He never saw them half so humorously, though, as did his young disciple. It was not intentional or obvious humor. She seldom caricatured things for sake of caricaturing; apparently made no effort to draw funny pictures; but she looked at life with such a mirthful quirk in her own vision that every line of these quaint daring sketches fairly rippled with laughter.

It was when she went to Ireland that the power of her early childhood returned to her. Again environment played its part, for she was the friend and close associate of the group of poets and playwrights who are restoring Celtic literature and tradition to the world. On the Continent, her friends were Maeterlinck, Debussy and others who were endeavoring, each in his own way, to pierce the veil that hid the subjective world. Pamela Colman Smith had not the great creative power of these men, but it soon became evident that she had something quite as rare,—the power to see clearly the invisible realm of which they all dreamed. She entered it or shut it out at will, but when music opened the gates everything became clear to her inner vision. She learned to distinguish the elementals of the earth, air, fire and water,—the gnomes, goblins, wraiths, leprechauns, pixies, salamanders and people of the sea. But most often in Ireland she saw the *Sidhe*, the invisible children of Dana who were conquered, but not driven out, by the sons of Miled. It is this towering and godlike race which, in Ireland, is closest to the objective world and has most to do with the affairs of men. The peasants,—and the poets,—call them the People of Peace, the Gentry or the Silent Ones, and without them there would not be much left of Celtic legendary lore. Most of the invisible races seem to be as unconscious of their human neighbors

as men are of them, but the *Sidhe* play a part more like that of the ancient gods of Greece. They figure prominently in the pictures of Pamela Colman Smith. If one asks her why she paints them all radiant and glowing, and apparently twenty or thirty feet high, she answers simply that it is the way they look. And if her impression is a hallucination produced by the effect of traditional belief and repeated description sinking into the subconscious mind, the hallucination is fairly widespread. Mr. Wentz gives in his book, "The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries," incident after incident of actual encounters with the *Sidhe*, vouched for by such sober and substantial men as college professors, lawyers, physicians, clergymen and civil engineers, to say nothing of farmers and country people.

If the pictures of Pamela Colman Smith are mere figments of an unusually lively imagination, she is a genius, for they are handled with a simplicity and conviction that neither Watts nor Rossetti, Böcklin nor Arthur Davies, have attained in all their sumptuous imaginings or abstruse symbolism. If they are the result of actual visions that come to her because of her gift of the "second sight," they are still more interesting as an evidence that the folk traditions which have lived stubbornly through centuries of scornful disbelief may, after all, be founded on truths which we are on the verge of discovering anew. As to the fairy faith itself, most of us are willing to echo the wish of Andrew Lang, that:

"Folk to come, ayont the sea,
May hear the yowl of the Banshie,
And frae the water-kelpie flee,
  Ere a' things cease,
And island bairns may stolen be
  By the Folk o' Peace.

Faith, they might steal *me*, wi' ma will,
And, ken'd I ony Fairy hill,
I'd lay me down there, snod and still,
  Their land to win,
For, man, I've maistly had my fill
  O' this world's din."

# THE FOUNTAIN OF JOY: A STORY: BY LUCILLE BALDWIN VAN SLYKE

NOW the year of love had come to Shakeeb Tabet though he knew it not. For he had been brought away from his native country when he was a child and did not know many of its customs. But his alert old mother, whose real name had been forgotten on the long-ago day when they had nicknamed her Sarsur, which means cricket, knew that his year of love had come and was troubled. Were she still in far-off Syria she could have helped her son. For there the marriage customs were good, the father and mother of a youth could arrange his year of love properly, dickering with the parents of a girl suitable to his rank and inclinations.

But in this strange new land Sarsur was helpless. Indeed, now that Shakeeb was a man she felt unimportant. She could only keep their bit of a home crudely comfortable for the boy with whom she had fled in the years when political persecution had robbed her of her husband and her home. Sometimes it seemed to her that her present comparative idleness was more difficult to endure than the dreary years she had almost embroidered herself blind making a living for her boy in the ugly little Washington Street tenement. It was hard to realize that this grown man, so good to look upon, was really her son. She was a bit dazed with the ease with which he earned their bread. For he was a man of position in the colony, he was assistant editor of *The Tongue of the Times* and very proud that his mother need toil no longer.

It was summer. Every night Shakeeb came home from the inky office and donned his smartest raiment and went forth to chat in the cafés over the *nargîleh* or to swagger about in Battery Park. And Sarsur, her poor old heart troubled, used to wander after him in the shadows.

In the land of his fathers Shakeeb had a Turkish grandfather whom law and religion allowed four wives. Sarsur sometimes felt rather anxiously that though Shakeeb's father had become a Christian for his Syrian wife's sake and had kept his vow to have no wife save herself, that Shakeeb had his grandfather's feeling toward her sex. Did he not walk with many maidens in Battery Park? Maidens whom he fondly believed "styleesch Ameer-cans?"

He wandered about many a night with Nora Brady, who was red-haired, blue-eyed and saucy. She teased her "dago crush" into mad extravagances of soda water and ice cream and kept him in ripples of infectious little Oriental giggles with her sprightly slang and bantering. Sarsur hated her bitterly.

Nor did the gray-haired mother feel more kindly toward Gretchen

Kirschner, whose Teuton neatness looked dowdy indeed beside Nora's frowzy smartness. Gretchen kept books in her father's butcher shop; much poring over greasy ledgers in a darkened corner had given a queer squint to her near-sighted blue eyes that was most unattractive to Shakeeb's mother. But sometimes Gretchen moved beside her foreign suitor with a proprietary air that Shakeeb seemed to think very delightful.

Last of all was Teresa, toward whom Sarsur's heart almost relented at times. Dusky-eyed and olive-skinned, this drawling-voiced little Italian was so much like the women of Syria that Sarsur feared her most of all.

Summer waxed hotter and hotter. Every night the amorous Shakeeb walked gaily in the park with one of his admired ones while his mother followed sadly in the shadows, hating the pretty finery with which these silly women enticed her son.

One night while she rested unhappily she observed a young woman sitting at the other end of the bench. Her little head drooped despairingly, her shoulders bent wearily and her tired hands lay with languid upturned fingers. Had not Sarsur been so intent on her own troubles her heart would have beat with pity for this afflicted woman. Past them trooped laughing women in thin clothing, but they two sat apart in their unlovely dark garments and would not even speak.

In some mysterious way the secluded bench became their nightly rendezvous. On the hot, breathless nights they met; always silent, each respecting the other's trouble and each vaguely comforted by the presence of the other, until one night when something unwonted happened. Beyond them in a circle of light where many people laughed and chattered was a dusty fountain. All through the summer drought the children had played noisily about its rusty iron base and ugly empty spout. But this night, while the two women sat listless in the shadows, a khaki-clad park attendant let the waiting water leap once more into spray. The children screamed with glee, prancing near the welcome coolness; the older people laughed at their antics and sighed gratefully. But the drooping little figure beside Sarsur, who had never spoken in their many nights together, stretched out her thin hands and whispered in Arabic,

"Oh, fountain of joy!"

"Who art thou? Who art thou?" cried Sarsur swiftly. "Who art thou, who hast heard of the fountain of joy?"

"I am called Tamâmeh," answered the other bitterly. Sarsur sighed compassionately. For she knew that Tamâmeh means "enough" and that this girl was the last of a family of many unwished-for daughters.

"Even in this land I am undesired," murmured the girl sadly. "My sisters, they are all pretty and make marriages that please my father but I—I hate the stupid men they are always bringing for me to marry, and I will not powder and color my face and laugh like the others—I hate this awful land!"

Sarsur move slowly across the bench and lifted the girl's face toward hers. In the dim light under the trees the white eyelids drooped heavily and the thick lips sagged despondently, but the lovely oval of the cheeks that curved beneath the dusky hair were as dear as Sarsur's own long ago youth.

"Do not weep," comforted Sarsur.

"Weep!" The other lifted her sloe-black eyes and stared. "How can I weep? I have cried out all my tears since I left my own country! Mine eyes are as dry"—she waved her slender hand toward the fountain—"as that once barren place."

"Which is not as were our fountains," replied Sarsur sadly.

"No," answered the girl in her sweetly guttural Arabic; "it is not as our fountains, because it is not really a thing needed. It means nothing to these strange people; they scarcely stop to look. Nor should I," she added quickly, "it only makes me wearier for our land." She rose abruptly, but in the paved pathway she turned. "Good night, woman of my country," she said shyly, as though ashamed of her outburst. "May thine ears forgive my too quick tongue."

And while Sarsur watched she saw to her amazement that the girl had stopped farther along in the pathway to bid a hurried good evening in broken English to Shakeeb, who was passing with the giggling Nora.

"Who's your cheap friend?" demanded Nora's sharp voice as the two sauntered past Sarsur in the shadows.

"Leetle geurl of my people," drawled Shakeeb easily. "She haf five seesters—just as styleesch like Ameer-cans but she ees a cross leetle theeng, haf whad you call a grouch—eh?"

It was late when he left the fair Nora at her own doorway but his mother was waiting, sitting sadly at an open window. He touched her shoulder lightly.

"Canst thou not sleep, little mother of my heart?" he asked in tender Arabic.

"I do not wish to sleep," she answered slowly. "I do not wish to sleep because tonight I walked abroad and saw a wonder thing."

Shakeeb kicked his boots into the corner and sat boyishly cross-legged at her feet.

"What," he yawned, "didst thou see so wonderful?"

"In a park," she answered more slowly, "I saw a fountain."

Shakeeb laughed.

"Thad ees not anytheeng," he responded in easy "Ameer-can En'leesch," "Een Battery Par' ees bigger theengs than a fountain."

"A fountain is a big thing," retorted Sarsur, refusing to talk in her faltering English. "In this country, my son, you forget how big a thing a fountain is. But if you still lived in Syria you would know how big it is. If you lived in the desert ever you would know what it meant. The people bring their pitchers in the thirsty noonday and the cool evening—it is there they listen to the music of the waters."

He patted her knee.

"Little mother," he said tenderly, "I will not laugh at fountains if you love them."

"Any woman loves them," she flung back quickly, flashing her deep-set eyes upon him. "Only a woman who loves the sound of her own silly voice more than the voice of life-giving water does not rejoice when she sees a fountain."

Shakeeb laughed again, sleepily and whimsically.

"When I am rich," he promised with the reckless buoyancy of youth, "I will build for you a fountain; it will talk to you all day until you grow tired of its chatter!"

But the next evening when he swaggered again in the park with Nora at his side, he lingered a moment as they passed the fountain.

"Let us sit here," he begged suddenly, "on thad seat, Mees Brady, an' watch thees pretty leetle water."

"Nothin' doin'," Nora retorted promptly. "Nothin' doin' on that water stuff. Gee, Mister Tabet, what do yuh think my willow plumes would look like if I sat around a phony rain storm all the avining? They'd not be an inch av curl lift."

"But een your hair," pleaded Shakeeb daringly, "eet would put pretty curl een the hair."

"Marcelin' is gone out," said Nora sulkily. "Come on, are we a-walking or standing 'round?"

The arc light made little violet and silver spirits dance in the falling spray. Shakeeb watched them thoughtfully for a moment.

"In my country," he said deliberately, "a fountain, eet ees much loved, eet ees a beeg theeng. Eet satisfies mor' than just thirst—"

"Well, I'm living in the U-nited States," fretted Nora, "and it takes ice cream soda to satisfy my t'irst. Gee, what's after you, sport? Come along wid you; you give me a pain standin' there."

Shakeeb obeyed but the sound of Nora's chatter grew suddenly wearisome in his ears and he left her earlier than usual at her doorway. He did not talk with his mother that night but sat smoking the *nargîleh* moodily. Sarsur watched him thoughtfully. On the window-sill

she had placed a great earthen jar of water with a dampened cloth about it. She poured him a drink, deliciously cool.

"Thus I kept it chilled in Beirut," she murmured dreamily as she handed him the cup. "Cool from the fountain I fetched it, from the big fountain in our courtyard. You were too little to remember it, but you used to play by its brim."

His thoughts groped idly for recollections of his babyhood. Suddenly he laughed.

"There were little yellow fishes in the basin," he announced.

Sarsur turned away her head to hide her tears. But her voice drawled evenly when she answered.

"What a silly thing to recall," she murmured.

Again there came an evening when Sarsur met her countrywoman once more on their bench in the shadows. The girl was sitting straight up, gazing across the pathway at the fountain.

"'Ello," she greeted Sarsur, "thees nice night, eh?"

"It is too hot," grumbled Sarsur. "All day it is too hot."

"It was hot," agreed the girl, slipping contentedly into their beloved Arabic, "it was hot in the place where I work all day making slipper pompoms, but out in the hallway one could hear dripping water. It made me think of this water—" They were silent together for a long time. And again the girl stretched out her hands to the dancing stream. But this time she did not speak, she only looked at the older woman and smiled.

Presently Sarsur leaned forward eagerly. Shakeeb was drawing near and he had with him the hated little German girl. His steps grew slower as they neared the curbing about the fountain. The night wind blew the spray so it made a wet place in the pathway.

"Let us sit on a bench here," he begged softly.

"*Ach*, no!" objected the usually placid Gretchen, "it is muddy there; for why don't they make the park man wipe up—it makes sloppy letting water run so."

"Do you not like to see eet, laughing een the light?" pleaded Shakeeb, his dark eyes fixed on Gretchen's little scowling forehead. "Thad ees pretty water, eet makes a nice leetle talking."

"Water rates is fierce," scolded Gretchen, "only today *mein* papa pays us the city for water bills, six dollars and sixty cents! It makes him madt when he sees this water running loose. That is why we must so much pay, the city wasting all this *bei* parks."

They were passing the women in the shadows.

"Thad ees a nic' man of our people," said the girl shyly, "once he comes to see my seester, she haf a cr-rush weeth heem, but he don' like Syreean geurls." She paused before she added wistfully, "Those

nic' Syreean man, they geet tire of Syreean theengs een Ameer-ca."

Sarsur nodded sadly.

"They ees come here too leetle," she murmured apologetically, "they seem just like they grow here, they haf forgeet Syreea."

The girl stirred uneasily.

"My seesters, they ees like thad," she said vaguely, "but I, 'oo ees the mos' small one, I cannod forgeet. I nevaire forgeet," she added vehemently. Then, as usual after her passionate outbursts, she lapsed into shy silence and Sarsur, who had learned her mood, eyed her pityingly.

"I was once like thou," she murmured in comforting Arabic, "when I first came, but I learned this is a good land. It has sheltered us, little maiden."

Summer dragged itself wearily toward September. Some nights Sarsur exulted; her son forsook the joys of femininity and sat in the coffee houses talking politics, but after a brief respite he walked again in the park and with him wandered Teresa, dark-eyed and smiling, lifting her languorous eyes to his ardent glances. Sarsur, sitting under the trees trembled. Perhaps, after all, she was wrong to hate this smiling little creature. For it was her son's year of love; he was right to seek for a woman; she could not expect that he would always be contented with the old woman who was his mother.

So night after night, while he wooed Teresa, she sat with Tamâmeh, watching the dancing fountain. Nor did they often speak together, each was too intent on her own thoughts. Past them thronged the straggling groups of pleasure-seekers, strolling couples, arm in arm, tired mothers pushing heavy perambulators, Tamâmeh staring after them gravely. But one night when the heavy air hung oppressive, the girl gave way completely and wept aloud. Her shoulders heaved passionately, her tears dripped through her curling lashes and fell on her little hands, all stained with the gay dyes.

"Woman of my people!" she sobbed. "This fountain is breaking my heart! I could forget our land were it not for the murmur of its waters!"

Sarsur sighed pityingly as she leaned closer to her little friend.

"Tamâmeh," she said slowly, "how foolish art thou to fret because thou canst not forget our land. I, who am wise and old, have learned that it is better to remember it. This little fountain does not make me sad, even though you, the first night it danced for us, recalled to me the fountain of joy. Do you know, Tamâmeh," she continued dreamily, "that I had not heard anyone speak of the fountain of joy since I was young like thee? Not since I sat with my lover under the oleanders and he taught those wonder verses of Antar—" her guttural voice

slid falteringly into the Old World poem,

"Oh! blue-mirrored fountain of joy," she chanted,
"Who sits on thy green borders?
Llyla, dreaming of me in the shade.
Her image is thrown on thy waves
Like a star of night upon a gulf immovable.
I stand with mine hands uplifted to thee!
Oh, marvelous fountain!
In fear lest the wind efface those shadows
She has left on thy surface.
My lips are jealous of thy banks,
I would drink the happy waves where her image has passed.
Oh Llyla! What thine image gives to those waves,
Your beauty brings to my soul!
But when your eyes—"

"Don't finish." Tamâmeh's voice broke in harshly upon the measured cadences. "It is a hateful thing! What have we in this strange land to do with a fountain of joy! We only toil and toil! There are not even lovers for us, only stupid men our fathers bid us marry and if we do not our sisters laugh. It is hateful to talk about—" she rose distractedly. "I will not stay here," she ended suddenly and fled into the darkness without a word of farewell.

For a long time after the girl had gone Sarsur sat thinking, remembering a time when she too had been thus poignantly unhappy and did not realize her own heart's desires. In her reverie she almost forgot her present anxieties until she saw her son passing with Teresa. The girl was lagging behind him pulling him back.

"Pleasa," teased her soft voice. "I do not want to stay in this stupid place! In Spring Street the lanterns are lighted; they are dancing! I coulda take Giovanni, but I ask you! It is a *festa*, a *festa* of Sain' da Rocco!"

"And 'oo ees Sana Rocco to me?" demanded Shakeeb. "I nevaire hear of heem! Let us stay by thees water an' talk—"

Teresa stopped short.

"Not I," she announced poutingly, "I do not like this wet place. When there is *festa*, a *festa* for Sain' da Rocco—he is a biga man, like Georga da Wash'—bah, I hate this puddle!"

"Then go alone," cried Shakeeb angrily, "for here stay I!" And he never looked around when she ran away laughing. First he paced moodily around the railing, then he wheeled abruptly and would have started after Teresa had not his mother called him softly. He sat down wearily on the bench, but as far as he could sit from her.

"Mother of my heart," he growled pettishly, "Ameer-can geurls make me tire!"

She did not answer him, she only sat watching while he stared at the fountain as he smoked incessantly. But whenever he lighted a fresh cigarette she leaned forward eagerly to watch his somber face glow in the flare of the match. The minutes slipped away, Sarsur sighing sadly, her son at her side morose and silent. Then suddenly out of the darkness crept a little dark-clad figure who came and knelt at Sarsur's feet.

"Forgive me, woman," she whispered in throaty Arabic, her deep voice tremulous with the tears she had shed in the darkness, "I am ashamed that I talked so rudely."

Sarsur leaned forward. She took the girl's face in her wrinkled old hands and turned it gently upward. The dark eyes lifted, their bronze depths all glinty with gold; the olive-tinted skin glowed like the amber tone on a sun-kissed apricot, and the lips parted softly.

"Now thou hast come," she added contritely, "and we have found the fountain, I should not be sad."

And Shakeeb, who had not noticed them at all as he sulked, lighted another match. The sudden flare threw dark shadows around them. Tamâmeh closed her eyes with a little cry and would have struggled to her feet had not Sarsur kept her hands firm under the trembling chin as she watched her son's eyes widen when they beheld the lovely face of the kneeling girl. The match flickered out, Tamâmeh was on her feet stammering out her confusion,

"Woman, there's a man here!" she began excitedly.

"Only my son," answered Sarsur consolingly, "just sit down here again; we were not talking." And though Tamâmeh would have fled the woman kept her hands firmly until the girl had perched nervously on the edge of the bench between the mother and son.

"Is it not odd," bantered Sarsur lightly, though her heart was beating wildly, "that I should be sitting here and my son should come along and fret beside me?" She reached across the girl and touched her son's knee. "You need not mind if I tell Tamâmeh," she added, "we sit here together, she and I, many a night, discontented until the falling water rests us. That is I do," she ended adroitly, "Tamâmeh does not care for the fountain."

"You know I love the fountain!" exclaimed Tamâmeh startled out of her shyness.

"Ameer-can geurls do nod," commented Shakeeb, settling himself rather comfortably, "Me, I guess they ees mor' ad our people. When thad I ees leetle," he added dreamily, "I used to play weeth one."

"An' geet ver' wet," teased his mother, bravely in English.

"Because I must geet fishes," he answered joyously.

"Fishes were also een our old courtyard fountain," faltered Tamâ-

meh shyly, "the water there came of a leetle spout and its dripping made a leetle pool for fishes."

Shakeeb lighted another match, glancing boldly sideways at the maiden beside him, watching the lovely amber tint in her delicate cheek for so long that the sting of the burning match made him drop it quickly. Whereat they all three laughed companionably. The noisy crowds trooped by them; the night grew a bit more quiet; it was almost time for the watchman to send the people out of the park. Sarsur no longer had to hold Tamâmeh's hand to keep her by her side. The girl's shy laughter, tremulous with sweetness, answered Shakeeb's boyish jests.

"Thad fountain," said Shakeeb suddenly, his bold eyes compelling Tamâmeh's, "eet do haf fishes, I believe!" He touched her hand. "Let us go see!"

"Onlee leetle fishes made by light," teased Tamâmeh, strangely blithe, "you cannod catch those." But she moved obediently at his side and they sat together at the edge of the fountain, the girl trailing her little dye-stained fingers in the glittering coolness of the pool. They did not talk very much now, they looked into each other's dusky eyes and sighed strangely. For it was Shakeeb's year of love and though he was dwelling in a land of customs new to his mother, she was Sarsur, the cricket, and she had found a way.

The throaty murmur of their laughing voices mingled with the music of the dripping waters, the arc light made violet and golden spirits dance in the spray.

And in the shadows a woman whose eyes had grown dim because she had embroidered them away for her son's sake, sat smiling. She did not see the rusty concrete curbing at which she stared. She seemed to see a marble basin, so yellow with age that it gleamed like topaz. And in its borders she remembered carvings, graceful lacelike arabesques through which golden water seemed to slip to golden depths. A long-ago voice was murmuring,

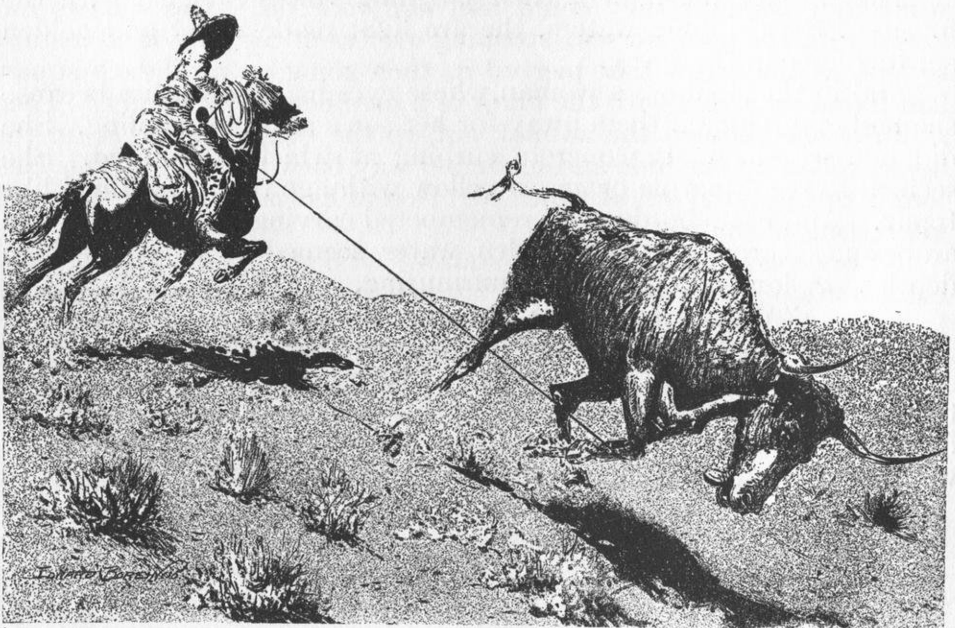
"What your image gives to the waves
Your beauty gives to the soul within me—"

She closed her eyes contentedly. Life had taken much from her, to be sure, but it could never take from her, as it could never take from the children sitting beyond her, the glorious music of dancing water, the wonderful song of the eternal fountain of joy.

# STORIES OF THE OLD WEST AS TOLD AND PAINTED BY THE COW PUNCHER AND ARTIST, ED. BOREIN: BY A. B. STEWART

THE dream of every tenderfoot who has read of cowboys and Indians, is to sit by a camp-fire and listen to tales of the early West. In the work of Ed. Borein, the life of the cow puncher, the traditions of the Indian, and the stirring fights in the winning of the West find a fresh and permanent expression. These things are part of his life. He has lived among the Indians, and he has herded cattle, not for the sake of telling a story or painting a picture, but as a business. Moreover, in his studio the old camp-fire seems perpetually alight. There all the sons of the West find their way,—Charlie Russell, the painter from Great Falls, Montana, Seth Hathaway, the Indian fighter, Billie McGinty, cow puncher and Rough Rider, Charging Hawk, ex-Sioux scout and U. S. regular—one and all they get the trail as easily as across the plains, the mountains and the desert, and here the old stories are told and retold.

Many a good narrative survives from the buffalo days when the Indian lived off the herds which furnished him meat, clothing, war trappings, hides for his tepee and the material for his religious ceremonial. The Indian buffalo hunt was a model of efficiency and justice. When they needed meat the bucks rode into the herd, killed



"ANY NATIVE WITH HIS LASSO COULD ALWAYS GET BEEF": FROM A DRAWING BY ED. BOREIN.

WAR PARTY, TONTO APACHES, ARIZONA: FROM A DRAWING BY ED. BOREIN.

what they thought they could use, and rode on. The squaws followed with the pack horses; stooping over each carcass for an instant to look at the arrow that pierced it, then going on until each squaw had found an arrow with the mark of a member of her family. Then skilfully she skinned the animal, cut up the meat, packed it on the horse, rolled up the hide and made her way back to camp. This custom is the material out of which Mr. Borein has made one of the most interesting of his pictures.

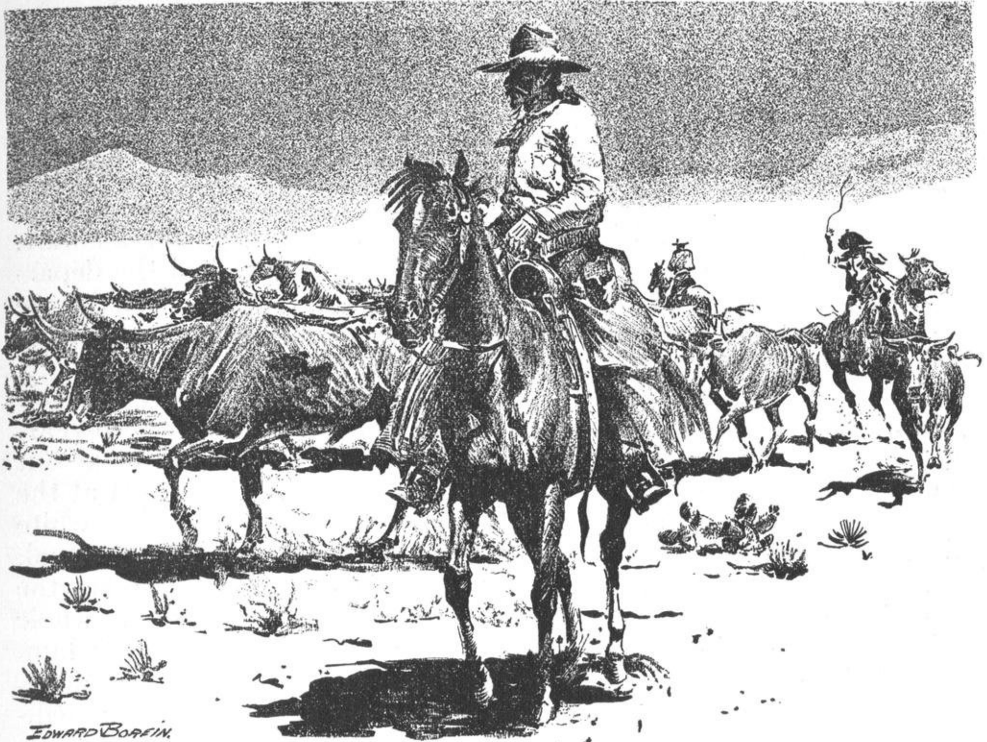
"I once asked an old Indian squaw," said the artist, after describing a buffalo hunt, "what would happen if two different arrows were found in the same carcass. She told me that in that case it belonged to the brave whose arrow had hit a vital spot. If both shots were vital, the meat and skin were given to some old people who could no longer hunt."

It is this form of communism, of primitive justice and kindness, that marked the Indian before his contact with civilization. Borein grows eloquent over the manhood and heroism of the early red man. The old saying, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian," but proves, to him, an ignorance of the history and nature of this primitive race. There were no poor among the tribes. When disaster overtook a family and their horses were killed or their tepees burned and their

NAVAJOS, NEW MEXICO: FROM A DRAWING BY ED. BOREIN.

possessions destroyed in a fight or through misfortune, others who had plenty would start them up again. One would give a horse, another a tepee, another a blanket, and so on until all that was lost had been made up. Once equipped, the unfortunates were thus no longer dependent. Nor did this spirit apply only to those who had more than they needed. If there was but one piece of jerked meat in the camp, the owner would divide it amongst all, for he was trained in kindness, in justice and in honor.

EVERY act of an Indian from his birth to his death was in accordance with his religious belief. No people ever lived up to their religion more thoroughly. Even today the Indians on the reservations, civilized though they may seem to be, cling secretly to their superstitions and traditions. They have their war shirts and leggings hidden away waiting for the "Return of the Buffalo," that Indian millenium which will mark the downfall of the white race and the rise to glory of the red. Indian religion touched all the common things of life with a mysterious wonder. They felt that the Great Spirit had put everything into the world for them and their purposes




"ROUND-UP BOSS": FROM A DRAWING BY ED. BOREIN.

and that everything created had a soul, personified by its shadow cast by the symbol of the Great Spirit, the sun. The spirit of the grass was no less real to the Indian than his own soul, which he called his "shadow self." Dwelling in his religion as he did, he saw a higher power in every manifestation of Nature, to which he looked with reverent eyes.

The white buffalo was sacred to him. Many a zoologist calls it a myth but the Indian *knows*, and around the rare beast he has gathered hundreds of traditions and religious rites. Here is the story of the last white buffalo known, as told to Ed. Borein by a Sioux half-breed, an old, old man.

Once upon a time, when he was young, he and another half-breed boy lived among their people. One day he was standing looking idly into the distance when he chanced to notice an old woman (who was a relative and lived in his family's tepee) coming down the hillside with a load of wood upon her back. That was commonplace enough. A moment later he saw her straighten up, drop her burden, look again across the country and then break into a run toward the camp.

"Hostiles advancing to attack," was his first thought. But the old woman, reaching the tepee, whispered in his ear, "The buffalo are a mile to the north and a white one is in the herd."

Without a word to anyone, the half-breed signaled his young companion and they caught their war horses, for ordinary buffalo horses were not fast enough for young enthusiasm. The old woman went silently into the tepee. Scouts reported the presence of the buffalo and the squaws went out to catch the horses. The boys did not wait. Stolidly and without curiosity the other Indians watched the departure. Assuredly it could be nothing serious or they, too, would have been told. Only the medicine man, wise in years, experience and tradition, knew better.

The two riders went into the herd but nowhere could they see their prize. They rode far, searching it. At last they saw it, a two-year-old cow, yellow with dust. Even at a distance, they could make out the black horns, the blue eyes and the gray hoofs. They shot at the same moment. The cow fell with two deadly bullets in her white hide. The hunters were young and knew little of the Indian ritual. Before they could dismount to lay hands on the sacred thing, the medicine man waved them back. He had come up with the whole fighting force of the tribe in line behind him. At a word from him, one of the bucks rode back to the camp to fetch forth a maiden. Meanwhile, the rest sat motionless upon their horses while the medicine man uttered his incantations and "made medicine" over the sacred carcass. The messenger speeded back from the camp and the maiden was brought forward, modest and hesitating, wondering that so great an honor should have been bestowed upon her. No one else touched the sacred buffalo as the maiden skinned it and prepared the hide according to the strictest of Sioux ceremonial. She tanned it, embroidered the inside with dyed porcupine quills and then turned it over to be used in the medicine lodge.

The news of the sacred possession spread outside the tribe, in time reaching the Cheyennes. Always eager for war against the Sioux, envy now prodded them on. The Cheyennes came and fought hard; the Sioux defended no less desperately, yet the invader won. With solemn rites the skin was carried to the conquerors' camp. It became a religious duty to fight for the ownership of the white hide. The Blackfeet captured it from the Cheyennes. It passed from one tribe to another, leaving death behind it. For all that it was a thing to covet, to risk life winning and to die losing, it brought no fortune with it. Horses sickened and died, game failed, every trouble overtook the owners, yet the next tribe charged to battle just as eagerly.

Won by bloodshed, lost by death, the white buffalo hide made its

journey, the Sioux who shot it ever on its trail. It had passed out of his tribe, but the young half-breed who had heard the first whisper of it at the start, managed to get wind of its changing whereabouts. Possession might never again be his, but he would know its travels, its history and its holy wars. The man grew old. One by one, he had seen violent death overtake the medicine men who had the skin in keeping, until the Piegans in Canada came into possession of it. After that he lost the trace. It was long ago that he told the tale and he, too, has joined those who fought and died. With him passed away the white buffalo as a reality, to enter the region of tradition and story.

ALL Indian legends, of whatever tribe, are woven through the spiritual fabric of their religion. They are not all concerned with war and death, many are full of sweetness and poetry born of high native imagination. Such is the legend of the butterfly which Ed. Borein learned when he lived among the Navajos, and which he has embodied in one of the most characteristic of his pictures.

The Navajos think that the butterflies are children of the rainbow. When trouble overtakes them, they go out into the sunshine and catch a butterfly. This they put into a little brass or wicker cage and to it they come to tell their misfortunes. They need rain; the grass for their horses is gone; the water holes are dried up; the sheep are dying of the drought. If the butterfly dies, their prayers have not been heard by the Great Spirit. They must catch another. Then the band goes forth carrying the caged butterfly at its head until they find signs of a storm in the distance, for in that country rain may be seen miles and miles away, falling like a black shadow on a tiny spot in the wide sunny plain. As soon as they have seen the rain afar off, the Navajos look for the rainbow in the sunny sky above the rest of the plain. Then they set free the butterfly to soar up to its mother, the rainbow, that she may know the troubles of the poor Navajos, spread the rain cloud over them and keep the drought away in the future.

Among the visitors at the Borein studio Indian legends find a rival in interest in tales of frontier life and warfare. It was Charging Hawk, a former Sioux scout, who first told of an unexplained incident of the Custer fight. His father had been in the fight, and from him as well as from many others, Charging Hawk had heard the praises of the bravest man they ever saw. He was a long-haired man who fought so well that he won both the admiration and fear of his Indian opponents. The father of Charging Hawk came up with the second band to attack. The chief of the tribe, riding out of the melee to get a fresh horse, shouted to the oncoming warriors, "Five horses to the man who kills

Long Hair." Wounded again and again, the white man kept on fighting until he fell, and the Indians missed not a single one of his brave acts. It was never known who killed him. No record has been found of him among the whites, and no one knows his name, but the fame of his exploits had been handed down, as a heritage from father to son, among his foes.

Another Indian echo of that battle is of a big black dog which escaped after the fight, just as the last white man went down. The Indians first saw the animal running around among the horses with a bundle of papers tied to its collar. Finally it took off north. They gave chase, but could neither catch nor kill it. For twenty miles they chased it and then lost track. What was on those papers? Were they Government documents or the last letters of a soldier to the folk back home? It remains one of the unsolved mysteries of the West.

One of the shortest, hardest fights of the frontier was that known as the Dobe Walls Fight between the Indians and the buffalo hunters north of the Panhandle. No one knows when the Dobe Walls were built, but an enterprising trader reaching the heart of the buffalo land, fixed them up as a trading post and here the hide hunters bought their supplies.

The story of the fight has been retold and rewritten many times. Medicine Men of the Cheyennes and the Kiowas had made war shirts which they said the white man's bullets could not pierce. Secure in this belief, two or three hundred Indians went over to take the post. Singing, they came at an easy lope at daybreak, in two straight lines across the valley. It was a sight not easy to forget. When they were within a hundred yards of the place, they threw off their robes and blankets and charged down upon the camp. Ordinarily, the trading post boasted but two or at the most three men. By some chance nineteen had gathered there the night before to lay in their supplies. Billie Dixon, who was standing in the doorway when he saw the foes approach, emptied his Winchester into their ranks. Two of the hunters, with wagons loaded ready to return to their own camps, had slept outside. They ran for the house but could not make it. Dixon pulled one man through the doorway, but he died just across the threshold. The men inside loaded and shot and reloaded. Thrills were plentiful. An Indian boy, shot through the breast, rode twice around the house, hammering the walls with his six-shooter, before he fell from his horse. Three times the Indians charged. They fought all day, while the Indian women and children on a bluff across the valley, watched and sang. At sundown they retreated, leaving the ground strewn with lances, robes and buffalo hide shields, mute evidence of the medicine men's mistake. So Seth Hathaway, Indian

and buffalo hunter, told the story when he found his way into Borein's studio.

"It's a funny thing," he added, "but of the hundred or more horses left dead on the field, more than half were white. Now, an Indian admires a white horse above all others, and as it was found out later, the Government had just issued a lot of snow-white ones to the Cheyennes and the Kiowas as a reward for their being good Indians."

"When did you first hear of the fight?" asked the host, an insatiable hunter after Western lore.

"Oh," Hathaway said simply, "I was in it."

EVERYONE knows of the conquest of the West, but it takes Ed. Borein to tell what made the conquest possible. He is preëminently a painter of horses, and as such it incenses him to hear the exploits of Western heroes wherein no mention is made of the cayuse. The horse was brought into Mexico by Cortez and his followers. Those that escaped the Spaniards formed the nucleus of the herds of wild horses which later roamed the West. The Northern Indian has had the horse only upward of a hundred years. The Comanches were the first tribe to use them, walking hundreds of miles down into old or New Mexico to steal them. The Indian has not even a name for the horse in his language, calling it "big dog;" for the red man, like the Esquimo, formerly used dogs. It was the coming of the horse which made of him a traveler.

If the horse proved useful to the Indian, it was an utter necessity to the white man. Without its help the early Spanish explorers could never have come into the country from the South, nor could the later explorers and frontiersmen have reached the Far West, much less have held it. Many a hunter and cow puncher owes his life to his horse. Out on the open plains where there is no cover, a thrown horse makes the only possible rampart. To shoot a horse and crouch behind it has been the means of saving hundreds of lives in frontier warfare. If hard pressed and held up for a long time, men have been known to eat the meat of their own horses without leaving cover, a grim enough procedure. "Eating the fort," it has been termed in racy Western parlance. Mr. Borein would have considered his work incomplete without a drawing of the cayuse which "served as a rampart when dead."

The heroes of the West were not merely "scrappers," they were also business men. There were the trader, the trapper and the hunter, who brought civilization to the wilderness, and sent the spoils of the wilderness back to civilization. There was the prospector, who started all the mining camps from Arizona to Washington, with the

"SIOUX BUFFALO RUNNERS": FROM A DRAWING BY ED. BOREIN.

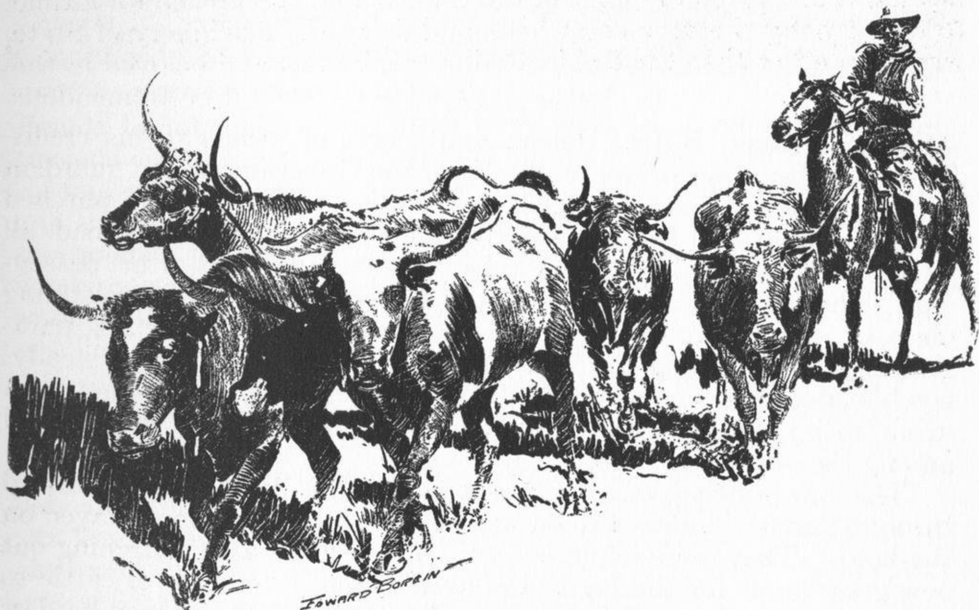
cities of Denver, Butte, Helena and scores of others to his credit. There was the stage driver, emissary of the Government and guardian of the mail, a famous story-teller and many-sided genius who watched out for robbers and Indians and the dangers of a precipitous road, all while managing his horses and answering the questions of his passengers. There was the cow puncher himself, not the drinking, roistering chap, or the college boy who had never seen a *reata* in the first paragraph, yet is teaching the ranch foreman in the sixth, but a steady, level-headed man who worked hard for a small salary and did not get a drink once in six months. These are some of the types to be found among the old-timers.

The cow puncher was the real settler of the West. Others drifted through and left, unless a town was started, but the cowboy stayed on the land. They were explorers, too, often riding afar, searching out new grass lands for the herds and even taking thousands of cattle to Montana from Texas when the grass failed there. The sheep herders came and "lawed them out" of the ranges, but the cow puncher has remained, next to the Indians, the most picturesque figure of the West. His era was a short one, two generations at most, whereas the Mexican *vaquero*, the first cowboy, has a record of two or three hundred years behind him. Yet, however brief, the day of the sagebrush pioneer was one of romance and breathless interest. Things are changed now. The old-timers, like the long-horned steers and the Spanish mustangs, have made way for a new order.

In this very difference lies the historic value of Ed. Borein's work. He is reproducing not only what he knows, from having seen, lived with and been a part of, but what no later artist will be able to find.

"You might as well look for Cortez in Mexico or Custer on the plains," he will tell you. "The real cow puncher, like the trapper and the Indian, has gone. He's a lot more extinct than the buffalo. Nowadays, a ranch is a place where you'll find beer and a phonograph. There's nothing left of the old West but the landscape, and the dry-farmers and irrigation ditches are changing that as fast as they can."

But some of us are inclined to believe that in a New York studio at Times Square, the spirit of the vanished West, what the Indians called its "shadow self," may yet be found.




"THE STRAY BUNCH": FROM A DRAWING BY ED. BOREIN.

# THE ROBIN AND ITS TREATMENT IN THE SOUTH: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON

FEW months ago the Virginia Legislature was in session. Like a ponderous smooth-running engine, it was proceeding on its way of enacting new laws and giving relief from old oppressive measures. Then one morning something happened and for many days which followed, this something was the chief subject of conversation on the historic hill in Richmond. Men talked of it on the street, ministers referred to it in their sermons and the newspaper correspondents served it in varying forms to the reading public throughout the State. The cause for this unusual excitement was a bill of astonishing and heretofore unknown character which had been introduced for passage. It proposed to prohibit absolutely for all time to come the killing of one of the most popular game birds recognized by the laws of Virginia. The bird which had thus flown into the assembly halls of the Capitol and threatened for a time to dive among the very cog-wheels and delay the machinery of State was none other than Sir Robin Redbreast, known and beloved in the North almost as a household pet. That there should be tremendous opposition to such a measure goes without question, for of course, every well-informed person knows that the robin is one of the choicest morsels which could be set before a Virginia gentleman. He and his fathers before him have shot robins, and to have the traditions and gastronomic pleasures which had been cultivated for generations destroyed and absolutely wiped out was not a matter to be considered lightly by those who made the laws or by those who stayed at home and criticized the lawmakers. Yet from the very day the bill was introduced it grew in favor. Hundreds of letters began to pour into Richmond, and the members of the Legislature were surprised at the very pronounced sentiment which seemed to have developed on the subject. Probably few of them were aware that for two years a systematic campaign of education on this very matter of robin protection had been carried forward by the Audubon Society workers of the State, and that the messages of exhortation which reached them from home were a direct result of the carefully laid plans of the bird lovers. The climax came one morning when the superintendent of the city schools of Richmond headed an army of schoolchildren which marched into the Senate Chamber, filling the aisles, lobby and gallery to their utmost capacity. They bore with them a mammoth document,—but let us read the account of what occurred as reported the next morning by the *Richmond News Leader*.

"The first petition ever prepared for the Legislature of Virginia by the schoolchildren of this State, was presented in the House today by

Colonel A. M. Bowman, patron of the bill, to protect robins from sportsmen.

"The petition, which asks for the removal of the robin from the list of game birds, was brought to Richmond by Miss Katharine H. Stuart, field agent of the National Association of Audubon Societies. It bears the name of practically every principal and student in the Virginia schools. The petition, which was presented in bundles tied with robin's-egg blue ribbon, was the result of activity in the ranks of the Junior Audubon Clubs of the State. The children have been taught to care for the birds as most important insect-destroyers and useful to the farmer in saving the trees and crops. The æsthetic side emphasized to the children is that birds, particularly robins, are beautiful and give joy through their color and songs, and have been the theme of poets and writers since the days of Aristotle, and that every good citizen should protect the birds.

"The wording of the petition follows:

"'Whereas, The robin is a beautiful song bird, and is useful to farmers because of the injurious insects it destroys, and

"'Whereas, Virginia permits this bird to be shot from February fifteenth to April first, when it is returning to its home to make happy thousands of children in our State and nation, who always welcome the redbreast as a joyous harbinger of spring,

"'Therefore, We, the children of Virginia, whose names are hereunto subscribed, respectfully and earnestly petition your honorable body so to amend the laws of the State that in future it shall be illegal to kill these beautiful birds, which we so much love to have about our homes.'

"The petition is endorsed by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction; the Virginia Educational Journal; the superintendents, principals and teachers of the schools; the following representatives in Congress: C. C. Carlin, C. Bascom Slemp, James Hay, Carter Glass, John Lamb, Robert Turnbull, E. W. Saunders and the following colleges and institutes: State Deaf and Dumb Institution, Stuart Hall, Roanoke College, Virginia College, Chatham Episcopal Institute, Fredericksburg College, Model Training School, William and Mary College, Harrisonburg Normal College, Bridgewater Agricultural School, Agricultural and Industrial School, Evington Manassas Training School, Virginia Federation of Women's Clubs, Virginia Audubon Society, Richmond Game Protective Association and the Eastern Shore Game Protective Association."

This was the turning point in the fight for the passage of the Robin Bill in Virginia. Senators listened to the reading of the petition, giving special attention to the formidable list of signatures which fol-

lowed it, reflected thoughtfully on the letters which they had received from the voters at home and proceeded without further ado to pass the bill. When a short time after this, Governor William Hodges Mann placed his signature to the bill, which made it a law, he presented the pen to the Audubon workers of the State, who promptly had it mounted and photographed. In many bird lovers' homes in Virginia today, you may find this cherished picture, for is it not a memento of one of the greatest battles ever fought and won for a single bird?

WELL would it be for the fortunes of the robin, if there might be found elsewhere in the South loyal friends to do battle for him, as did the sons and daughters of the Old Dominion State. Just over the border, in the pine lands of North Carolina, the robin may be killed from the first of November to the beginning of March. All attempts to induce the Legislature to protect these birds have thus far been unavailing. Here and there in a restricted area, bounded by the corporate limits of a town, it is not generally regarded good form to kill robins, chiefly, however, because of the ordinance which discourages the use of firearms in the streets. As a matter of fact, this restriction weighs but lightly on many North Carolinians when, as often occurs during the winter months, robins flock to town. Why should an ordinance, a mere law, stand in the way of a delicious potpie? The people of Pittsboro, the county seat of Chatham County, North Carolina, in January, nineteen hundred and twelve, decided that such a question was absurd. Migrating robins from the North had come in great numbers to spend the winter in that region. A heavy fall of snow had rendered food hard to find, so the birds trooped to town, where the berries of a few cedar trees afforded a meager supply. Under these conditions, the people in many communities in the United States would have extended their visiting bird friends every courtesy. Food on a hundred trays would have been provided in as many lawns and backyards, and the local press would have boasted loudly of the opportunity the town enjoyed of entertaining these little strangers for a few days. How did the citizens of Pittsboro welcome the hungry robins that came trustingly to their door? I wrote to the Mayor, the Honorable Bennett Nooe, and asked him to tell me about it. Here is his answer:

"I was out of town for a few days during the recent heavy snow, and when the robins were driven into town for food, about all the male population promptly got guns and went for them, despite the ordinance to prohibit shooting in town. Hearing of this on my return, I went to the aldermen, all of whom were guilty, and told them that they and all others who had been shooting would have to be fined.

Three of the five submitted and paid their fines. However, they insisted on changing the ordinance so that everybody could shoot robins in town until the first of March. When they succeeded in this, I resigned. It is estimated that about four thousand robins were killed during the few days they were here."

Read this, you lover of birds! Have you wondered why your red-breast and his mate did not return to the lawn this spring and partake of the food you spread for them and bathe in the fountain as in other days?

In some sections of the South, it has long been the custom to kill robins in winter about their roosts, after the manner employed a century ago in slaughtering pigeons.

HERE is an authentic account of the raiding of one such roost which was given to the writer by Dr. P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, whose address is Washington, D. C. He will vouch for the truth of the facts here set forth. He writes:

"The roost to which I refer was situated in what is locally known as a Cedar Glade near Fosterville, Bedford County, Tennessee. This is a great cedar country, and robins used to come in immense numbers during the winter months, to feed on the berries. By the middle of a winter's afternoon, the birds would begin coming by our house in enormous flocks, which would follow one another like great waves moving on in the direction of the roost. They would continue to pass until night. We lived fifteen miles from the roost, and it was a matter of common observation that the birds came in this manner from all quarters.

"The spot which the roost occupied was not unlike numerous others that might have been selected. The trees grew to a height of from five to thirty feet, and for a mile square were literally loaded at night with robins. Hunting them while they roosted was a favorite sport. A man would climb a cedar tree with a torch, while his companions, with poles and clubs would disturb the sleeping hundreds on the adjacent trees. Blinded by the light, the suddenly awakened birds flew to the torch bearer, who, as he seized each bird, would quickly pull off its head, and drop it into a sack suspended from his shoulder.

The capture of three or four hundred was an ordinary night's work. Men and boys would come in wagons from all the adjoining counties and camp near the roost for the purpose of killing robins. Many times one hundred or more hunters with torches and clubs would be at work in a single night. For three years this tremendous slaughter

continued in winter, and then the survivors deserted the roost."

Tennessee, for some reason which the people doubtless consider sufficient, legalizes the killing of robins during a longer period of the year than it allows for shooting its other game birds. Thus the season for hunting quail is from November fifteenth to March first, while robins may be taken from October first to April fifteenth. We seem to be just growing up to the value of the robin.

The universal explanation given by game protectors for the necessity of a close season for killing game is that birds should not be hunted during those periods of their lives when they are engaged in mating and caring for their young. Yet any schoolboy will tell you robins are mated in that State long before April fifteenth, and that in thousands of village shade trees their mud-cup nests are then nearing completion. It may be observed that there is work for the bird lover in Tennessee.

Every fall, long before the winter tourists turn their steps toward the land where the red hibiscus flames in the sunshine and the palm leaves rustle in the yellow moonlight, the robins from the lawns of New England have felt the call. It is good to watch them when a touch of autumn is in the air and the *wanderlust* is strong upon them. On rapidly beating wings they drive swiftly across the fields, or pause on the topmost spray of a roadside tree and look eagerly away to the southward. Their calls are sharp and inquisitive, clearly the ill-suppressed excitement of starting on a long journey pervades their nature. In a little while they will be gone. Soon we may find them feeding on the fruit of the cabbage palmettos which line the streets of Tampa, Palm Beach and Miami. What the birds find of attraction in the desolate pine barrens of the interior, I know not, but here they congregate by thousands, running on the ground or dashing in scattered bands through the fire-blackened timber. At times they swarm about the negro cabins or the plantation houses and feast on the berries of the popular China-trees. This habit, however, does not enhance their reputation. The juice of these half-dried berries at times produces intoxication and many a boy of the Southland finds amusement in capturing Sir Robin when he has lingered too long at his cups. Despite this occasional straying from the path of rectitude, the robin here still makes the same strong appeal to a man who loves wild forms of life in all their naturalness, and we shudder at the common sight of long strings of these charming birds killed by the native gunners. "Of all Gaul, the Helvetians were the most savage." Of all the Southern States, Florida alone makes no pretensions of protecting the robin, for they may be legally shot on sight whenever they are found in the State.

## A DEFENSE OF THE ROBIN

NOW and then we see a man, who with a keen commercial eye, views with disfavor the bold actions of the robin which visit his cherry tree. He garrulously enquires "after all, why should the robin be protected, when he does so much harm?" The United States Bureau of Biological Survey, which has long displayed a striking tendency to ascertain the truth regarding the feeding habits of birds, began a few years ago to study the robin's diet. During the course of investigations that followed, Mr. W. L. McAtee journeyed to Louisiana to kill a few of these birds and make a scientific study of the contents of their stomachs. The following is a sample of his many reports. Under date of February twentieth, nineteen hundred and ten, he says: "I collected twelve robins yesterday and examined their gizzards—eight had eaten nothing but insects and three of the others had taken, respectively, ninety-five, eighty and sixty per cent. of insects and invertebrates." The list which followed showed that the majority of the insects destroyed by the robins were highly injurious to grain crops and other plants. He concludes one of his reports with this significant statement, "robins are killed here from morning to night. Shots are heard in every direction. Each hunter kills from twenty-five to fifty per day." These gunners were strictly within the law, for a glance at the public statutes of Louisiana shows that the legislators have written therein the statement that robins may be legally killed from November fifteenth to March fifteenth, which we may add is just sixty days shorter time than the legalized period for shooting them in Mississippi."

Dark as may seem the prospect of protecting the robin in its winter home from the *ornithopage*, there are many signs which point to a rapidly changing sentiment on the part of the Southern people. It is undoubtedly true that no bird holds so prominent a place in the mind of the American people as the robin. It is distinctively a companion of man, and wherever his hand has cleared the wilderness the robin has followed. From Mexico to the Yukon the traveler meets it, and the residents will tell him of its coming and going. It has passed into the literature of the country, and one reads of it in the books of science and of romance. Poets weave its image into their witchery of rhyme, lovers fondly spy upon its wooing, and by the fireside of many households children lisp its name when stories are told in the twilight.

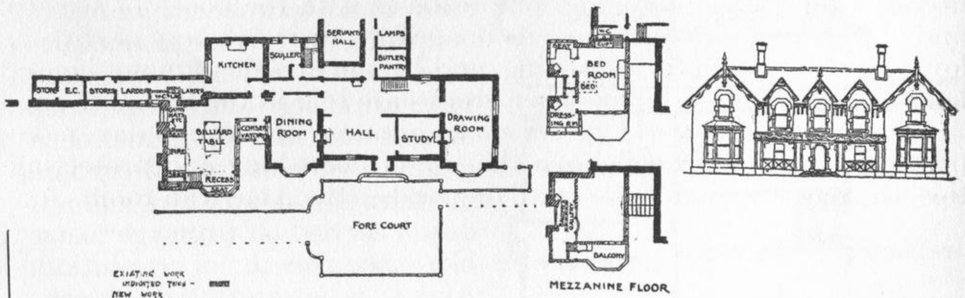
Every day the world grows more humane and every day more people are born who will learn the joy of cherishing and protecting this, the most characteristic of all our birds—the American robin.

# MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT

AMONG the many problems that confront both architects and home-makers is that of rebuilding and adapting old houses to new needs. Sometimes, when a worthless old house in an old and well-established garden has been acquired, the only practicable plan is to pull down the house and build an entirely new structure upon the old site. In this way the beauty of the old garden can be preserved, with perhaps only a few slight changes that may be necessary to link the new home with its environment. This method appeals to people who do not wish the respon-

PROPOSED ADDITIONS AND ALTERATION AT CARRIGBYRNE, IRELAND.

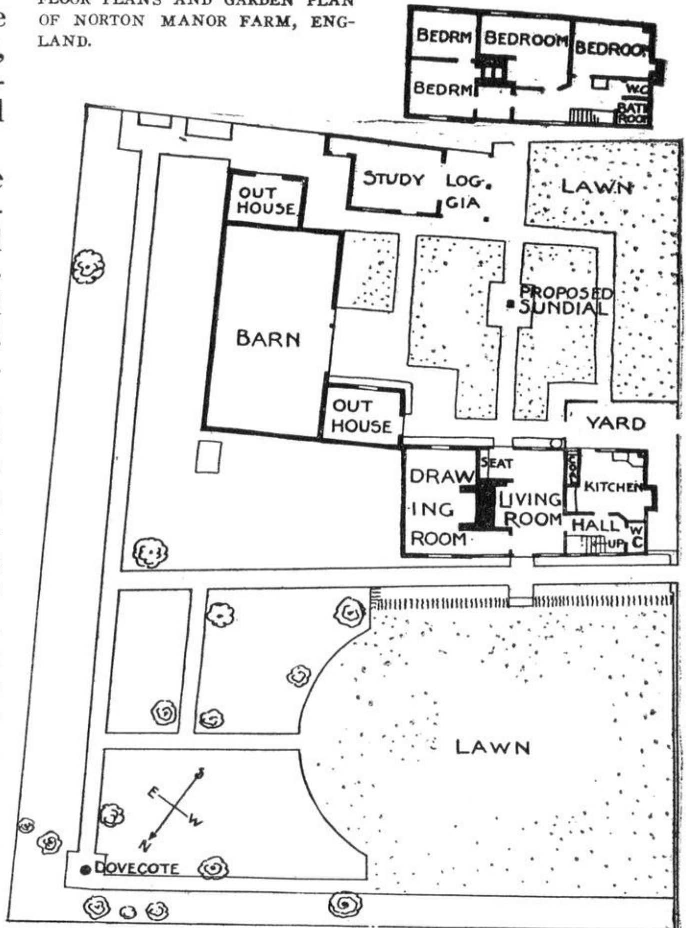
sibility of laying out a new garden and would rather be content with surroundings already established than wait for the slow maturing of a garden of their own creation. And as a matter of fact, charming results may be attained in this way, provided that the old garden had been planned in happy relation to the old house. The new house may then be contrived to fit into the scheme of the grounds and to look at



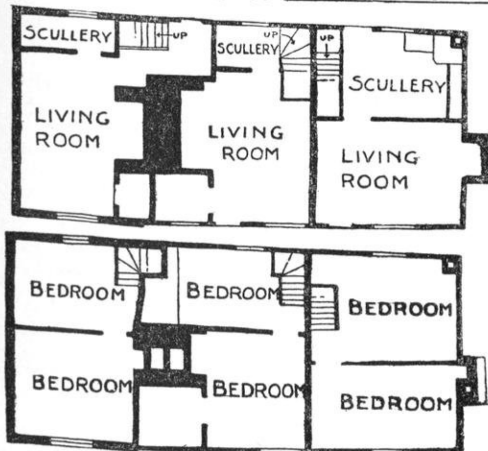

HOUSE AT CARRIGBYRNE, IRELAND, AS EXISTING.

home among the trees, shrubbery, lawn and flower-beds of the original environment.

It happens more frequently, however, that the old house is too valuable to be pulled down, although it may be ugly or inconvenient, or both, the accommodation provided to meet past requirements being most inadequate for the needs of tenants of a later generation. Such a house provides opportunity for the exercise of whatever ingenuity the architect may possess, and may be a source of very fruitful experiment to whoever undertakes to alter and adapt the building, to give it a more beautiful form and render the interior more convenient for modern living.

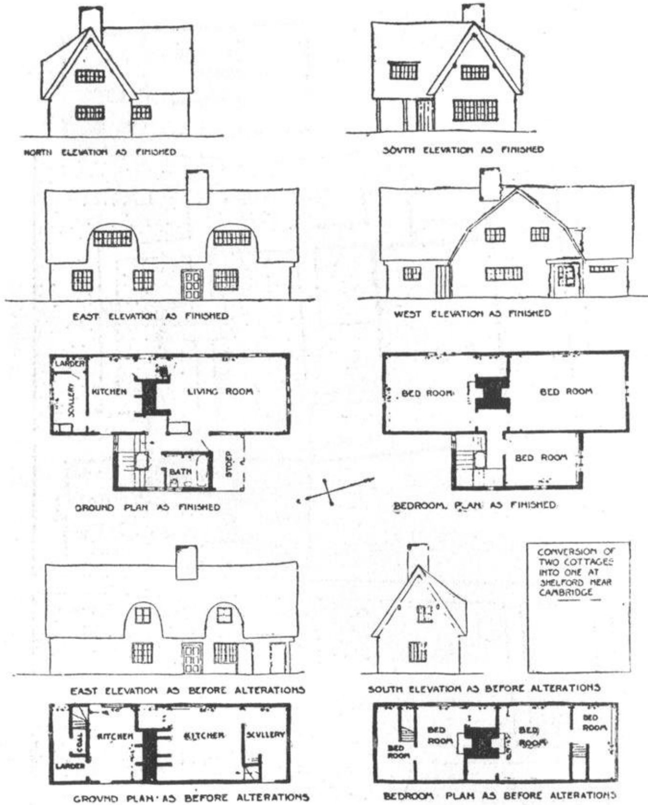



FLOOR PLANS AND GARDEN PLAN OF NORTON MANOR FARM, ENGLAND.




FLOOR PLANS OF THE OLD COTTAGES AT NORTON.

Much of the charm and picturesqueness of old towns and villages which afford us such delight are the outcome of a gradual process of alteration, modification, adaptation and addition carried on from age to age like the growth of evolution. And it is interesting to observe that the result of this process is




CONVERTING TWO COTTAGES INTO ONE AT SHELFORD, ENGLAND. NOTHING DEVELOPS THE ARCHITECT MORE THAN CONSCIENTIOUS REMODELING.

delightful wherever it has been carried on in the conviction that the new is better than the old. On the other hand, the effect is unsatisfactory only when it indicates scorn or contempt for earlier work, and when it shows evidences of an attempt to simulate rather than to emulate and advance the work of preceding generations.

For these reasons it will be readily appreciated that the adaptation of an old building to meet new requirements involves many-sided problems that demand most painstaking care and consideration from various points of view. An arrangement must be contrived that will suit as admirably as circumstances permit the needs of the new inmates, and while the fatal mistake of creating "imitation old" must be avoided, no charm which the original building may possess should be lost. Perhaps, for instance, the structure to be worked upon has distinction of proportion and emphasis, simple dignity and breadth of effect. These qualities are so easily destroyed that it is only by the most watchful care that they may be preserved.

Some old cottages that presented most of the essentials of beautiful building were those at Norton which afterward became "The Manor Farm," and those at Shelford, near Cambridge. At Norton three cottages were restored and converted into one building, and at Shelford two cottages were made into one structure.

At Shelford some modern windows of poor proportion and design were removed. At Norton little work of this nature had to be done, but three modern cottage staircases had to be cleared away, as well as

*Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.*

COTTAGE AT SHELFORD, NEAR CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND, REMODELED FROM TWO OLD HOUSES.

LIVING ROOM IN THE SHELFORD COTTAGE, SHOWING FIREPLACE AND GLIMPSE OF STAIRWAY.

*Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.*

THE MANOR FARM, HERTFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND, REMODELED FROM THREE OLD COTTAGES.

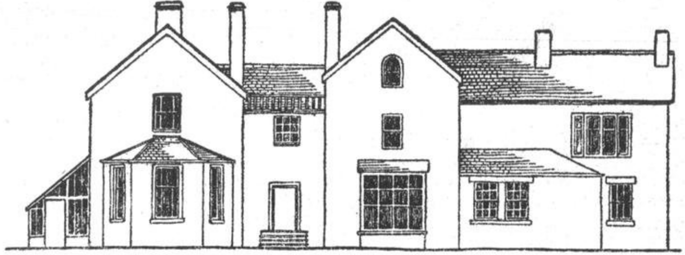
SLEEPING BALCONY ON THE MANOR FARM, LOOKING OUT INTO THE COURT.

THE COURTYARD AT MANOR FARM, SHOWING CONSTRUCTION AND ROOF LINES.

A CLOSER VIEW OF THE COURT.

*Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects.*

THE OLD VICARAGE AT THORNTHWAITE, CUMBERLAND, ENGLAND: SHOWING COMPLETED BUILDING AFTER ALTERATIONS.



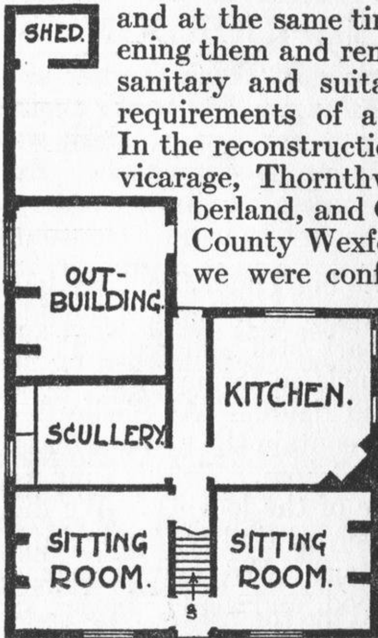
FRONT ELEVATION OF HOUSE AT THORNTHWAITE, ENGLAND, WHICH WAS MOST DIFFICULT TO ALTER: IT WAS ORIGINALLY BUILT WITHOUT A FEELING FOR BEAUTY.

all the brickwork and ranges with which the big Tudor fireplaces had been filled. Most of the walls of the cottages were built of roughly squared timbers, to some of which the bark still adhered. These timbers were framed together and the panels so formed were filled with basket lathing and clay—"wattle and daub." At Shelford a new wing had to be built out at the back to contain the new staircase, bathroom, garden room and an additional bedroom. To this wing we gave a form of roof specially characteristic of the locality. We did not build the walls of this addition, however, of timber framing and "wattle and daub" like the rest of the cottage. We revived instead an old building tradition of the neighborhood, and made "batts" of tempered clay mixed with straw and dried in the sun—similar, no doubt, to the brick which the Egyptians forced the Israelites to make "without straw." This construction produced a warm, dry wall at a lower cost than the ordinary brick wall. The new work, like the old, was plastered inside and out with clay, and then whitewashed, producing a texture and surface which cannot be obtained with lime or any other plaster.

In one of the large open Tudor fireplaces, behind the brickwork and rubbish with which it had been filled, we found the little niche with the molded brick head shown in one of the photographs reproduced here. The hood for this fireplace was made of lead, and we decorated it slightly by covering it with grease, scratching the ornament on the grease and then tinning it over. The tin, of course, adhered only where the grease had been scratched off, so that when the remaining grease was removed the ornament showed in the slight difference in color and texture between tin and lead.

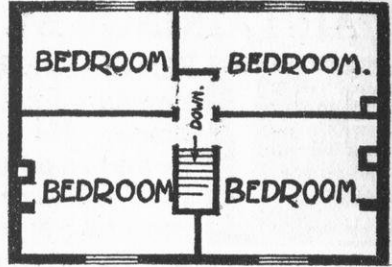
In speaking about "The Manor Farm" and the cottage at Shelford I must acknowledge my great indebtedness to Mr. Satchell of Letchworth and Mr. Clement J. Jude of Harston, who carried out the plans for these houses, respectively, entering wholeheartedly into the spirit of the undertaking and sparing themselves no trouble in order to achieve the results desired.

In the remodeling of these two places all our efforts were directed toward regaining the charm which the old buildings had possessed,

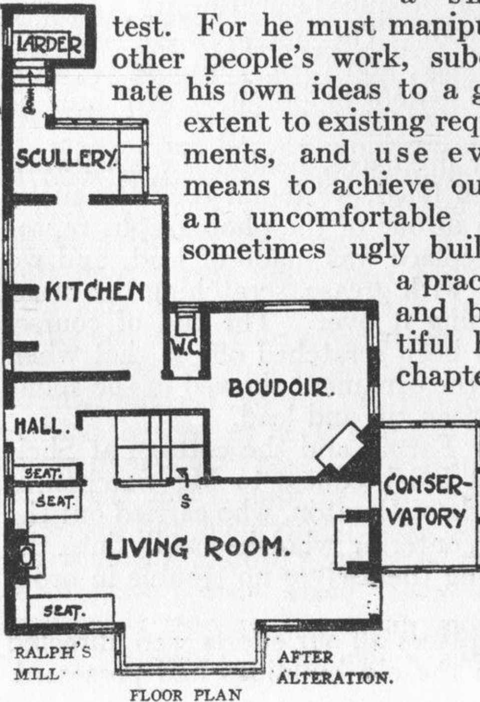



RALPH'S MILL, GROUND FLOOR PLAN BEFORE ALTERATION.

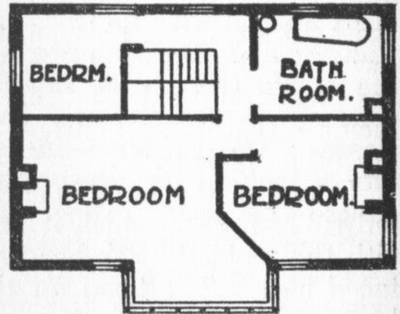
and at the same time strengthening them and rendering them sanitary and suitable for the requirements of a newer age. In the reconstruction of the old vicarage, Thornthwaite, Cumberland, and Carrigbyrne, County Wexford, Ireland, we were confronted with a different and more difficult problem, for in these instances the buildings had been erected without the slightest feeling for beauty, and our task was to invest them with both character and comeliness. In remodeling Ralph's Mill, in Suffolk, similar efforts were necessary, chiefly in the interior of the building. It is such work as this which puts the architect's skill and ingenuity to a sharp test. For he must manipulate other people's work, subordinate his own ideas to a great extent to existing requirements, and use every means to achieve out of an uncomfortable and sometimes ugly building a practical and beautiful home. The foregoing is the last chapter of "Modern Country Homes in England." Readers of THE CRAFTSMAN who have followed this series with interest and enjoyment will be glad to hear that this work of Mr. Parker's will be published shortly by us in book form. A more detailed notice of the volume will be found on page one hundred and twenty-five of this issue.




RALPH'S MILL SECOND FLOOR PLAN BEFORE ALTERATION.




RALPH'S MILL FLOOR PLAN AFTER ALTERATION.




BEDROOM FLOOR PLAN AFTER ALTERATION.

# HOW A NEIGHBORHOOD BUILT ITS OWN PUBLIC SCHOOL AND IS MAKING IT SELF-MAINTAINING: BY RAYMOND RIORDON

REMEMBER Driver Nicholson of Truck D when as a newsboy I delivered the *Washington Post* to the engine house. He used to frighten me at first, so stern was he and so pointed and bristly his black mustache. But later I learned that his sternness was seriousness—a centering of his energy on the task in hand. He would say to me about once a week, "You're a prompt, industrious boy. You'd make a good fireman. I know your mother." And now I know that unconsciously the driver was seeing why, and telling me why I was industrious—my mother. This dawned on me suddenly one morning and since that time it has been easier to be patient with others.

Driver Nicholson is now Foreman Nicholson of Truck D and feels his position. Some people feel their position so keenly that they are all sensitiveness and pose and no work. Not so Nicholson. If engine houses are supposed to be immaculate, Truck D's was more than that. If a fire gained headway in that district the Foreman blamed himself and put out new lines of prevention for the future. I wonder if you know "that" neighborhood? On the south was the Government arsenal with its transient troops; on the west the river with its wharves and excursion boats; on the east a colony of negroes and on the north a string of small stores selling everything from bottled whiskey to suspenders. In all such communities you have four classes. Old settlers—fine stock, the pioneers whose industry led others looking for prosperity, but unwilling to toil for success, to choose this spot. The semi-transient working population who as motormen, street-car conductors, freight handlers, boatmen find it necessary to live near their work. If they are able to thrive on the existence offered by the corporations employing them, then they settle in little homes without much chance for joy and with little outlook for tomorrow. Or if their spirits are strong, with the gift of dare and the energy of success, they soon move out and away. The tradesmen—whether in groceries, liquor or clothing, become rich, for their little capital—like all capital—enables them to be legal hold-up men. Then there are the prostitutes who stamp the neighborhood with the vicious flashes of their poor craven souls. But they, too, had mothers. And Nicholson knew his neighborhood and protected it from death and destruction, when he couldn't protect it from worse.

I hadn't seen the Foreman for many years when I went to his neighborhood one night. I had gone down to look over the ground that had been familiar to me when a teacher at Greenleaf Public

School—the common school of this locality—only to find it recently destroyed by fire, and I naturally looked up the engine house, and there he was. He was staid and stern as ever, but what do you suppose I found him doing? Going to school in the truck house. Upstairs in the dormitory the Foreman sat with his men, each as neatly dressed as for inspection. They sat around a big table and standing near was a typical schoolmaster. The teacher was earnestly explaining how to figure the grain capacity of barn bins and the class was intent upon the lesson. Just as I caught a glimpse of this unique class, the gong sounded and school dismissed itself with little dignity but with expert definiteness of direction. Down the pole they slid and in thirteen seconds Truck D was clanging down the cobbles of Four-and-a-Half street. Turning sharply into Van street, the apparatus pulled up, and following in the Chief's carriage I arrived at the scene in time to see Nicholson carry a negro boy from the burning shanty.

On the return trip I rode back with the Truck and reviewed old times. I wondered why this gallant fireman had not been able to save the public school, yet had been able to cope with the alley fire. The public school was an inanimate thing to him—just material; it belonged to the Government, no lives were involved, nothing sentimental carried him back to his school days in the disreputable old engine-house school near the Navy Yard. Pride in his profession—yes, but why risk good men to save bricks and mortar? I was disappointed in Nicholson, yet saw the reason. He had never been educated to a conscious citizenship. When we reached the quarters I looked up the teacher waiting for the return of his truant class, and asked what he was teaching these men. He was instructing them to use the typewriter as a means to many things, which was good; he was applying mathematics to their everyday tasks, which was excellent; he was showing them the simplicity of writing a good business letter, and this was most useful. In other words, he was teaching them reading, writing and arithmetic. "And why are they trying to get this information so late in life?" "So they can earn a better living; get better jobs." The words of the pedagogue tell the story—to get better jobs, not to be better firemen; not to be better citizens—merely to get better jobs. Education means, then, get all the learning you can so as to improve your material position. Education *should* mean, acquire knowledge, so that you may better appreciate those around you who have had less chance to know, and thus become able to help them—to help the State. And it often happens that in helping others a wider knowledge is gained for yourself.

## A SCHOOLHOUSE BUILT BY THE COMMUNITY

THE next morning I went down to the site of the old Greenleaf School and was extremely interested in the unusual activity manifested. The school had burned down in June and the principal appointed for the following year had asked the city not to rebuild it, but to allow him and the parents and pupils who would use it to build it. At first the board was amused, then interested, for this young man's argument that all should earn what was theirs had been convincing; he said that children did not appreciate the education now doled out to them; that while the State owed an education to its wards, the children in return owed the State a conscious citizenship. In the end the new principal—aged twenty-five—had won his point and the new Greenleaf School was to be built by its users, the community.

This was the first day on the job. Gangs of boys of all ages were busy with wheelbarrows and wagons cleaning up the debris. Three junkmen at the curb were buying whatever was offered for sale. Boys were driving teams which, I was told, were loaned by men who did contracting work and lived in the neighborhood. There was no talking; there was no confusion, only the unavoidable noise and jangle of scraping shovels and grinding wheels. By the end of the day the place was clear and ready for excavation. It was curious to see the idlers of the neighborhood—white and black—stand around a minute, then suddenly pitch in and get busy.

When night came on I asked the principal how it was possible to have such organization when he hadn't been in the neighborhood a week. He described how he had gathered the people together at the various churches and told of his plan, explained what it would mean really to own the schoolhouse, not merely to be users of it. He pointed out to the people how the ability to grow, the right of independence must be won through industry, through unselfish devotion to the good of the community; how competition destroyed all that was best in us and brought power to a few who were more shrewd than deserving, whereas by mutual aid, everyone would gain as much as his ability earned for him.

When they were ready to begin work he outlined the first day's task to the boys and girls of the school. He explained that there would be no foreman the first day when the clearing away was to be done. He wished each worker to keep in mind the one thought—clear away intelligently. After the first day leaders might be selected. Then he asked if needed tools could be brought from home; if it were possible to get a few teams on the job. In other words, the building of the schoolhouse became common work, and the means to the end must be common knowledge.

AND the girls and mothers? At noon the boys disappeared in various houses near the school site and I followed one group. Seated at the table were boys and girls. The table was neatly set and the meal was one of quiet content, of most definite conversational interest—for was not the new school being built? The gathering was communal in every aspect. The principal told me the girls were to provide the meals during the building period and the time not occupied in this—which would really be delegated to different groups each week—was to be spent in housework at home. The girls knew that upon them was to devolve the care of the new school home and they bent their energies to show the principal they were capable of the job.

That night I attended a meeting of men in the neighborhood and learned that the craftsmen of the community—the bricklayers, carpenters, painters, had each agreed to give a day a week to the enterprise and on Saturday afternoon the full force would go to work. The principal was a skilled draughtsman, had a working knowledge of practically every trade, knew how to do things from having done them, and was fully capable—so I discovered—of superintending the job. I wondered just a bit how it was all brought about—this understanding of laboring men, union men who ordinarily strive to get more wages for less work. The solution was not hard to find, however, for the principal himself was working without wage during these summer months, and the object of the work was to gain something for the children. These parents felt their own power when they saw their children accomplish big things. Kavanaugh couldn't stand having Murphy show the kids how to lay brick, when he could show them how to plaster better. For Kavanaugh was Irish, and though head of the Plasterers' Local, that had nothing to do with the way he should raise his kids.

The next day the excavating was begun and the principal soon had the layout staked, and plows, shovels, picks, teams, barrows were busy. It was interesting to note the care that was taken in distributing the dirt so that it would not have to be handled more than once. Again there were no leaders, no noise of tongues, no singing, but there was much humming and quiet whistling. Day by day I saw the building grow, watched the boys get the brick and lime and cement from the car, and pull it around with a big oil-burning tractor. It was amusing to see the policeman, over by the tracks, anxiously waiting for the end of his shift so he could shed his uniform and help unload the car. And the way that inanimate stuff was handled. Do you suppose bricks were smashed and cement spilled—not a bit of it. You would have thought it vital that not a corner

should be chipped, or even a paper bag torn. And when this habit of protection is instilled into the youth of the land, one of the many fibers of the roots of conscious citizenship has started to grow.

Naturally I asked to see the plans, and in no way did they suggest that the building being erected was to be a public school. Each room was light, airy, cozy. There were blackboards, but they were inoffensive in coloring and proportion. There were no desks or seats fastened to the floor. Most of the rooms had students' chairs of unusually neat design; others had tables agreeably placed and not lined up for inspection. The drawings showed the wall colorings, the pictures, the pottery, the flowers. Everything would have been suitable for a home. There was good ventilation and the great outdoors; no fads of open-air schoolrooms—just the things that must be normally met in living anywhere.

The shower baths interested me; the excellent hygienic toilet facilities—these rooms were light, easily accessible to those in authority and they were to be cared for by the children.

The feature that pleased me most was the arrangement in one wing of the building of several rooms fitted up as bedrooms, with adjoining baths. These were to be used in case of accidents in the neighborhood, so that residents could be brought to the schoolhouse and given attention there instead of at the hospital. From all aspects the building seemed complete for its purpose—a central opportunity for beauty, use and service.

THE principal made the following explanation of the financial end of the proposition. Congress had appropriated a certain sum to rebuild the school. He was authorized to draw against this account in any way he saw fit. The materials cost the most, as the labor was free, and this left a good sum over the expenditures, especially as this sensible young man had started making the school's interior equipment in a cabinet shop nearby. He had rented this shop fitted for work, and a cabinetmaker of the neighborhood volunteered the necessary direction. The principal invested the surplus money in a farm about an hour's ride from the school. While I was there this land was being put into shape by a group of boys. A mile of land had been secured and cows, cattle, sheep, hogs are to be raised and much trucking done. The products are to be handled at a common coöperative market in the neighborhood. The milk is intended for the babies of the community. Thus the maintenance, at least, of this unusual public school is already assured. The farm is to become a vital teaching factor and the plan is to have the boys there periodically for farm instruction. On Saturdays the entire

school—those who can be spared from household duties—are to visit the farm in order to get a grasp of what is going on.

Deeper and deeper did I see into this man's plan. He felt sure in a few years he could bring the merchants of the neighborhood to band together on a coöperative basis and thus supply the community with clothing, furniture, household goods, etc., in good taste and in keeping with their means. The food supply, however, he has planned always to keep in the hands of the school; it is to be raised on the farm, and distributed through its domestic-economy director.

And this boy had a tacit understanding with the men that all repairs in the neighborhood were to be made by the boys, or the neighborhood mechanics. This would not injure the livelihood of the community, for only in localities such as this, where working men with small wage live, would such a plan hold good. Likewise, exception would be made where financial conditions were such that payment could be made easily. As a matter of fact, it would be but a short time before the boys would look to the upkeep of their homes in the easiest way—by seeing to their care, by respecting property, and they would also be able to do any necessary repairing.

I knew that practically everything the new principal was trying to do had been put into operation in many places. But each time it had been an isolated thing—a private venture to do good. Nowhere had the idea of self-support and self-respect entered. Extremes are necessary to emphasize the point, therefore, though it seems unnecessary and contrary to principle to make a public school self-maintaining. At least, if the present experiment is successful, it will prove that charities and various other organizations that take upon themselves the guiding of the lives of others will lose much of their usefulness, and poor people can be urged toward greater independence of thought and action.

# A NEW AND GREAT CRAFTSMAN IN FRANCE

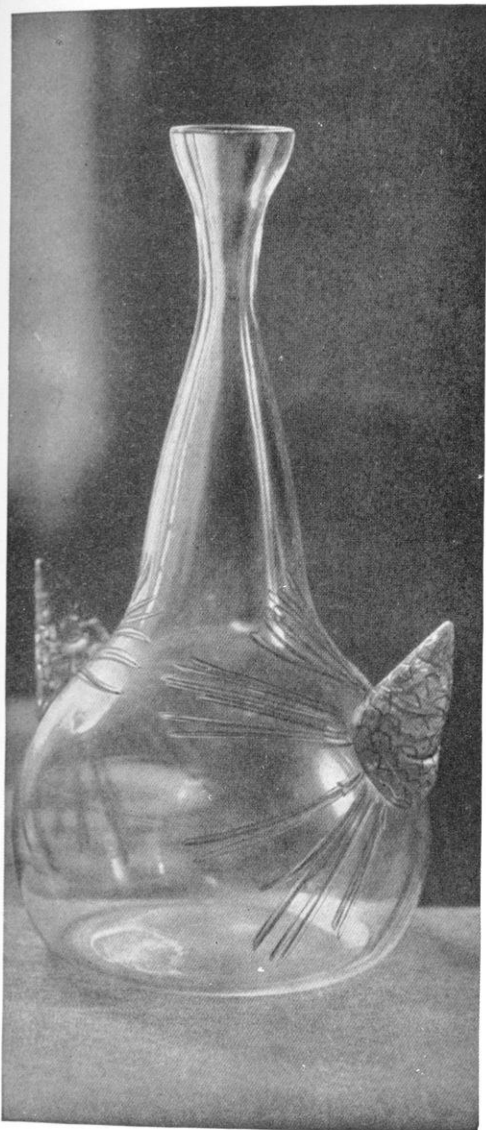
HE name René Lalique is quite widely and emphatically associated the world over with the Art Nouveau movement in France. If we take the translation of *art nouveau,* it is fair to credit Lalique with having done much to create a New Art in France. But to relate him intimately with the Secession Art which has spread over Europe, which really had its origin in Munich and Berlin, is to do the rare and beautiful spirit of this man's art a definite injustice. Lalique is truly a man of original art feeling. His work is new in so much as it does not imitate the older impulse of art in France. Lalique was one of the very first men to come out from under the crushing weight of the glorious Periods of French art. It seemed for a time as though this country of brilliant achievement in all art directions would rest forever under the shadow in a way of the achievements of the great artists of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The tremendous vigor that went into France's cathedrals, houses, pictures, furniture, jewelry, dresses through the dazzling periods of her great monarchs bade fair almost to drown the creative spirit in France, if not in the whole world. We in America are only just recovering from the point of view that rendered everything inferior that did not bear the "Period" stamp. England was touched deeply with Period art, and Germany, at least Munich and Berlin, responded to the craze for imitating French beauty. Austria has quite recovered, but Munich and Berlin are even worse off in their own presentation of Secession atrocities. England has again opened her eyes to the beauty of home life and a certain charm of original simplicity. Here in America we are discovering indigenous impulse for our architecture, paintings, sculpture and decoration.

Lalique, of all the modern Frenchmen, has done most to freshen and rejuvenate the art spirit of France. In spite of a certain rare delicacy of feeling, a certain almost spiritual ecstasy in his work, Lalique has turned the eyes of France toward simplicity. So great an artist is he that he finds for each material the exact method of handling which will express to the fullest all its inherent beauty. Whether Lalique is adorning a house, his own or others', whether he is expressing his love of beauty in jewelry, in brilliant marvelous colors and rare designs, or whether as in his new work in glass, he is bringing about a full realization of all that can be expressed through the purity of glass handled as glass should be, without elaboration, without overloading in color, always seeking crystalline freshness and purity, Lalique brings to his work an abounding creative spirit, a knowledge of beauty, a rare power to treat each material for its own inherent quality, never losing the individual significance of the thing he is han-

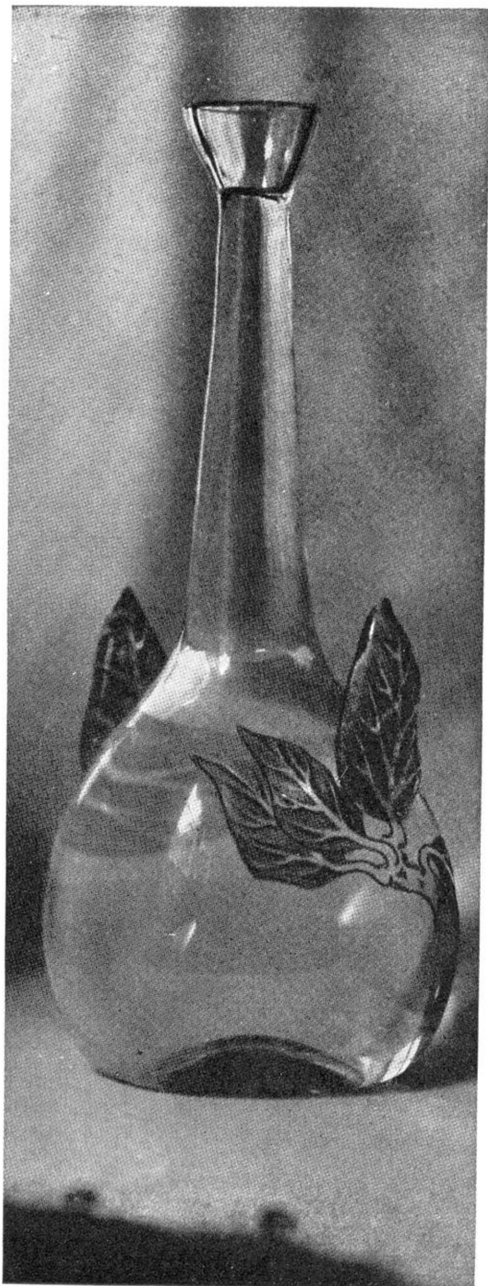
dling, whether it is iron or glass, a rare jewel, leather or wood.

In the foolish Secession Art which has flooded the country there has been so little thought, so little creative spirit, so little intrinsic vision of beauty that materials have been confused. Glass has been handled as though it were wrought iron, iron has been treated in the manner of wood, jewelry has been a mere decorative expression no more important than the trimming of a gown, and the great interest that underlies every material itself, that should appear in the handling of the material, has been quite lost sight of. Lalique is so fine an artist that perhaps without consciousness he has established barriers between his various mediums expressing beauty. In his jewelry, which has really been the source of a fresh impulse in jewelry-making the world over, Lalique has brought abounding life; he has been fearless, audacious in his design, in his color, and yet never without purpose, never without a certain underlying sense of simplicity. He has never ornamented purely for the sake of decoration, but always for the sake of beauty, or perhaps to be more concise one should say because decoration seemed the result of right proportion, or because the proportion demanded an additional accent for beauty.

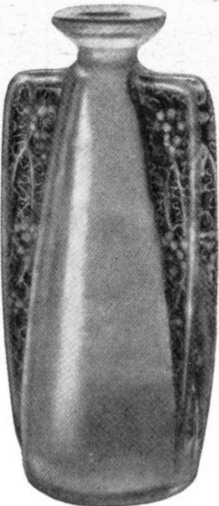
Lalique has been accused of imitating the Greeks, of finding his inspiration in Greek art. It is not true. Lalique seems Greek only because he is fresh and true and because his inspiration is straight from Nature, as the inspiration of the Greeks invariably was. In modern life wherever we have found great ornamental beauty combined with directness and freshness and inspiration, we say "Greek art." We have insisted that Isadora Duncan found all her inspiration in the Greek ornamentations on Greek vases and architecture, merely because she turned to this source of all beauty for her inspiration. Lalique, because his work is abounding in the freshness and freedom and beauty of life, is said to be Hellenic in spirit. As a matter of fact, Lalique is very French in spirit, but his inspiration is definitely that of the great artist, the great poet, the great writer, Nature. And so his vision includes all the beauty that is inherent in Nature, the shepherds, the nymphs, the fauns, the color of Nature in her most radiant moods, the sense of all the joy of her flowers, her leaves, her perfumes, whatever belonged to life when only beauty was expressed by the gods and the simple folk,—these things find expression through Lalique's marvelous and beautiful channels of joy. He is no more Greek than any great artist who sees straight to the heart of things. And he is just as Greek as all the Greeks who saw life in this courageous and simple fashion. For it takes courage to see the great truths of life, and it is in these truths that Nature has hidden her most exquisite phases of beauty.



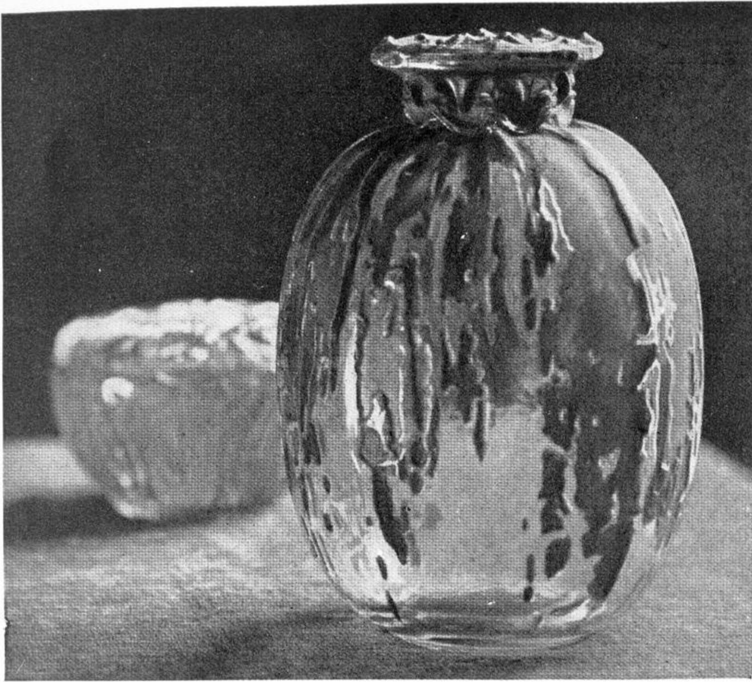
TWO CARAFES DESIGNED BY RENÉ LALIQUE: ONE APPECIATES AT ONCE THE PURE CRYSTALLINE QUALITY WHICH LALIQUE IS CAPABLE OF IMPARTING TO THIS WORK: THE PROPORTIONS ARE MOST CAREFULLY THOUGHT OUT AND THE DECORATIONS MOST INTIMATELY AND EXQUISITELY RELATED TO THE SHAPE: STUDIES FROM NATURE, AS USUAL IN LALIQUE'S WORK, PREVAIL IN THESE DESIGNS.



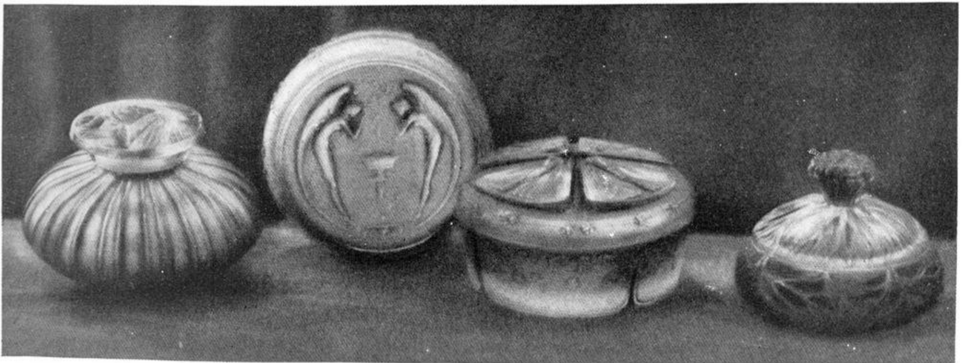
A MIRROR WITH A CRYSTAL HANDLE: THE DESIGN IN THE BORDER AND HANDLE OF THE MIRROR IS MOST DELICATE AND WEBLIKE: EVEN THE LITTLE FIGURE AT THE BASE OF THE HANDLE HAS A FAIRYLIKE GRACE.



THESE TWO SMALL PERFUME BOTTLES ARE EXPRESSIONS OF LALIQUE'S MINIATURE WORK IN GLASS: BOTH SHAPE AND ORNAMENTATION SOMEHOW SEEM TO SUGGEST THAT THEY WERE DESIGNED TO HOLD RICH UNGUENTS.



A TOILET BOTTLE SPECIALLY RICH IN ORNAMENTATION: THE VERY VAGUENESS OF THE OUTLINE AND THE OPEN SPACES WITH THE GLASS SHOWING THROUGH SEEM TO BE PARTICULARLY SUITED TO THE DELICATE TRANSPARENT SUBSTANCE: LALIQUE USES BUT LITTLE COLOR IN THESE ORNAMENTATIONS, SEEMING TO FORGET FOR THE MOMENT THE SPLENDID TONE HARMONIES WHICH HE HAS INTRODUCED INTO HIS JEWELRY.



A LITTLE GROUP OF GLASS BOTTLES FOR THE TOILET TABLE, ORNAMENTED WITH DELICATE DESIGNS, LEAVES, BUTTERFLIES AND DANCING WINGED FIGURES: THE USE OF THIS FRAGILE AND EXQUISITE WARE FOR TOILET ARTICLES IS ONE OF THE MANY FADS WHICH LALIQUE HAS ORIGINATED IN PARIS.

A GLASS BOTTLE BY LALIQUE, INTERESTINGLY ORNAMENTED WITH FOUR LOCUSTS: THESE GRAVE INSECTS SEEM TO BE GLANCING DOWN AT THEIR TRAILING LEGS WITH A SENSE OF DELIGHTED AMUSEMENT.

A GROUP OF GLASS BOTTLES BY RENÉ LALIQUE: THE ONE AT THE LEFT SHOWS A DELIGHTFUL ORNAMENTATION OF DANCING FIGURES WITH WINGS WHIRLING UP INTO A BACKGROUND: AT THE RIGHT IS ANOTHER LOCUST-ORNAMENTED BOTTLE, AND THE CENTER SLENDER ONE SEEMS TO IMPRESS ONLY BY GRACE OF PROPORTION AND DELICATE TRANSPARENCY.

# FRANCE'S GREAT CRAFTSMAN

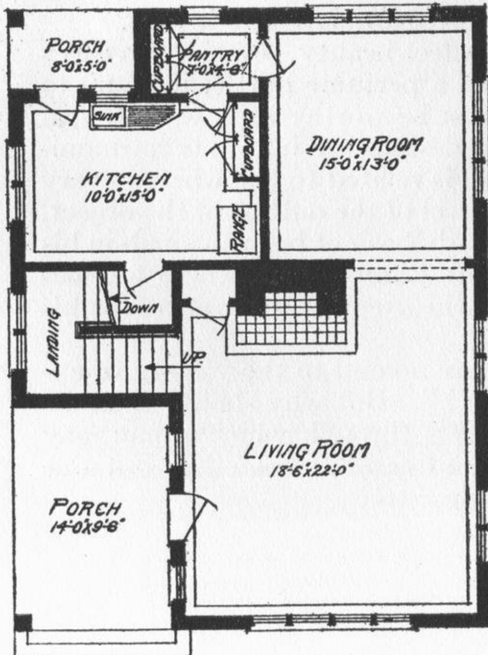
IN Lalique's glassware, to which at present he is giving even more attention than to architecture or jewelry, we find that he has discovered a direct channel to the ultimate beauty that glass is capable of expressing. The color that he presented in his enamels, in his collections of gorgeous gems, in his rare and novel use of metal work, does not appear for a moment in his glassware. He is never violent and audacious, as Gallé, he is never seeking to gain effects which belong to other materials, as Henri Cros does in his glassware which rivals the work of sculptors. Lalique uses but little color; his designs are of the simplest. His whole purpose seems to be to bring out the pure crystalline quality which glass alone is capable of presenting in final exquisite perfection. When Lalique is designing a carafe, a perfume bottle, a mirror, the shape first of all appeals to him. It must be perfect for the use to which the design is to be put. Then the design itself must be in perfect relation to the proportion of the object, must accent the line, must be in beautiful contrast to the vital purpose of *revealing crystal*, not imitating metal or stone or iron. Every decoration is apparently laid lightly on the surface. Never is the crystal overloaded. If figures are used, they are not only handled lightly, but they are designed lightly,—in the dance, reclining airily, never suggesting weight or burden; in fact, in studying the perfection of the making of glass, Lalique forgets that he is an architect, that he is a maker of rare jewelry, that he understands all the marvels and intricacy of the handling of wrought iron. For the moment solely the clearness, the delicacy, the quality which can only be expressed by the French word *raffiné*, is his supreme interest in relation to his art.

If a mirror is to be designed to reflect beauty, it must also carry the joy of its own beauty. In designing a perfume bottle, it seems to Lalique apparently that the bottle must be worthy the exquisite fragrance which it is to hold. All of his designs are infinitely harmonious; they are complete. Every detail is related to the whole; every outline of ornament seems part and parcel of the outline of the object, and always we realize that Lalique's study has not been so much in his studio in Paris, as out in the woods at Rambouillet, where he does most of his work, and where he finds the greatest inspiration for his varied and consummate art.

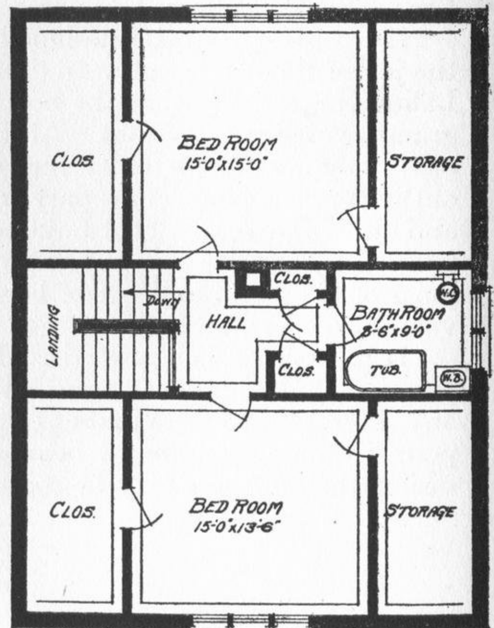
It has been asked in Paris, "Is there no end to the variety of expression that Lalique's genius will find?" But why should there be any limitation to the number of channels through which a man may pour his understanding of beauty, for after all, a man has but one vision, though there may be roads leading to it.

## TWO SIMPLE, HOMELIKE CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR CITY, SUBURBAN OR COUNTRY LIFE

IT is not often that we are able to design houses suited alike to city, suburbs or country life; but the houses which we are showing in this issue proved to be so practical in design that we felt sure it would lessen their usefulness to limit them in locality, and so, while keeping certain city limitations in mind, we have also thought them out in relation to small suburban gardens and wide country spaces. Their adaptability will not be fully felt until the person deciding to build makes a thorough study of their proportion, interior arrangement and floor plans. We feel that there is a tendency in city architecture to do away with the circumscribed, metropolitan idea of home building—the narrow high elevation is growing less and less in favor. The city man is beginning to demand some individuality in his home and when one stops to think of it, it is really absurd that for years past the people living in large cities should have imagined that all their homes must look exactly alike so far as different materials would permit. Of course, the same variation is not possible in the city that can be gained in the country, for in the country one builds for certain vistas to the gardens, over the hills and down country lanes. Nevertheless, much can be accomplished for narrow city lots by the ar-



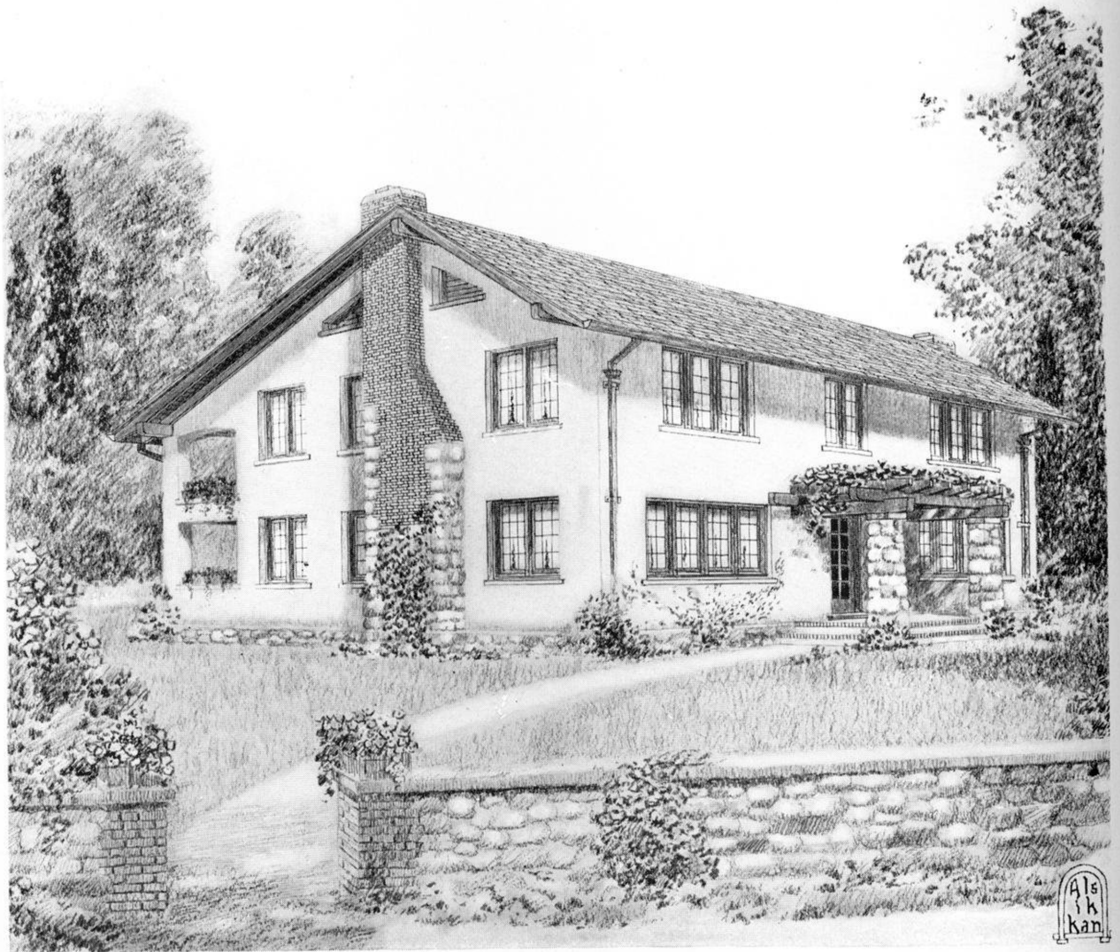

HOUSE NO. 145: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.




HOUSE NO. 145: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

*Gustav Stickley, Architect.*

CRAFTSMAN BRICK AND SHINGLE HOUSE NO. 145: THE PROPORTIONS OF THE HOUSE AND THE ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOWS GIVE IT A DISTINCTLY FRIENDLY, INTERESTING AIR.

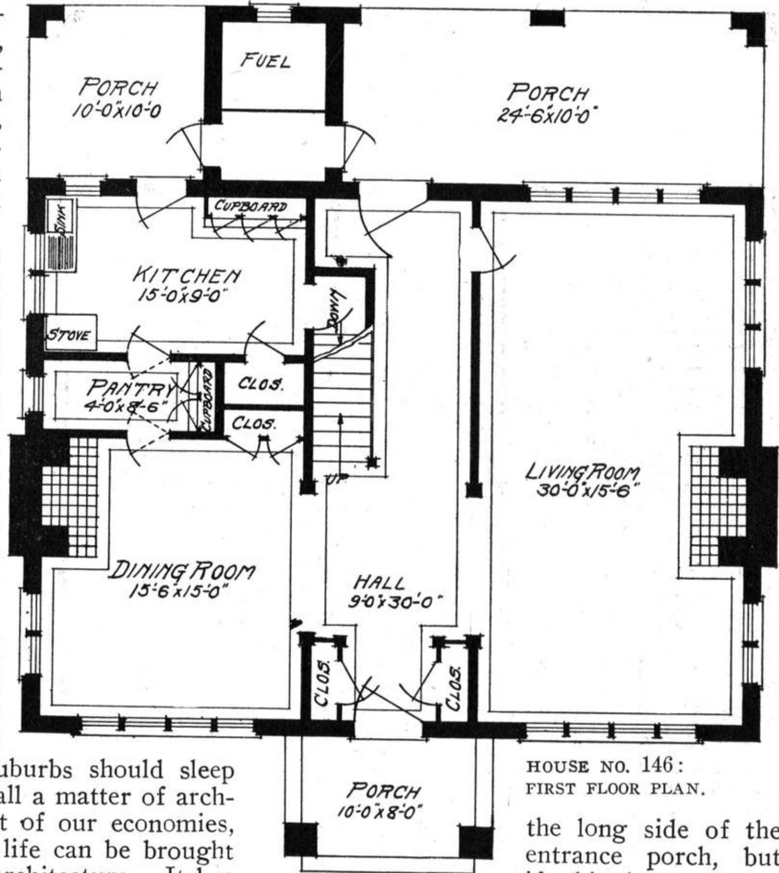



*Gustav Stickley, Architect.*

CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE NO. 146, WITH BRICK AND STONE CHIMNEY AND STONE PILLARS AND FOUNDATION: THERE ARE EIGHT ROOMS, A SLEEPING PORCH AND THREE LIVING PORCHES.

rangement of windows, use of materials, the interesting entrance, and a certain significant use of color, which is being introduced now through tiles, bricks and floral arrangements.

Both of the houses which we show this month are moderate sized, and of course would not be suitable for the very large city, where real estate is so valuable that buildings must shoot up into the air in order to pay taxes. We have made a specialty in these houses of the opportunity for outdoor living in our verandas and sleeping porches. We have always felt that there is no reason why city people and people living in the suburbs should sleep and live indoors. It is all a matter of architecture. In fact, most of our economies, comforts, happiness in life can be brought about or destroyed by architecture. It has been the purpose of our Craftsman buildings from the very start to seek to make life more comfortable, more convenient, more interesting.




HOUSE NO. 146: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

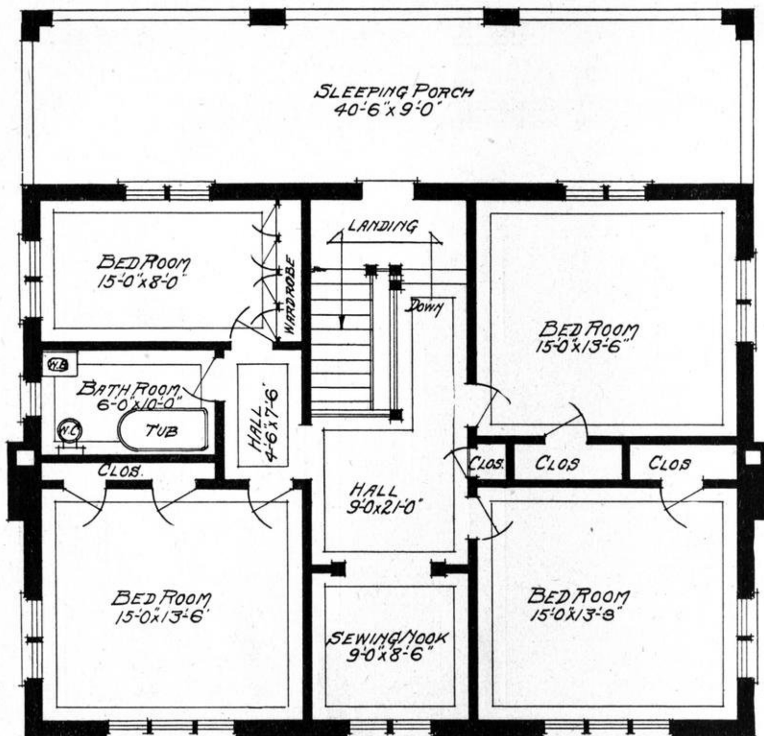
Craftsman house No. 145 is small, compact and moderate in cost; yet, while minimizing the expense, we have tried to retain dignity of form and harmony of proportion which small cheap dwellings so often lack.

The building is planned for a 40-foot lot and the materials used are brick on a stone foundation with shingled gables and roof. The design is equally adapted, however, to an all-shingle construction. In the present instance we have used the brick in a simple but somewhat decorative way, so that it frames and emphasizes the window groups and openings of the porch and the line across the gables. The soldier courses of brick that form the lintels of the windows can be carried on T-irons, as can also those across the porch. With brick construction another post would be needed to support the weight of the upper wall on the long side of the entrance porch, but if shingles are used a single wooden post at the corner would be sufficient.

The small-paned windows are all casement, and if shingle construction is used throughout, the windows should be protected by springing out the shingles above to form a hood. The porch floor as well as the terracelike steps that lead up to it are of cement, and the use of field stone for the risers of the steps and around the edge of the lawn repeats the note of the foundation and helps to bring the building in harmony with its surroundings.

It will be noticed that while this exterior is most unpretentious, it has nevertheless a pleasant homelike air, due to the careful grouping of windows and pleasing lines of the roof, both of which features are the result of practical construction.

The entrance door, which is sufficiently sheltered by the recessed porch to dispense with a vestibule, opens directly into the living room between two windows. Here one finds the genial welcome of an open fireplace, on one side of which is a con-




HOUSE NO. 146: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

venient fuel closet that may be filled from a door in the kitchen wall. If it is not desired to keep the fuel here, this closet may be used for wraps, overshoes, etc.

On the right of the fireplace a wide opening gives access to the dining room, which thus forms an extension of the living room, increasing the sense of spaciousness of the first floor. Swing doors lead through the pantry to the kitchen, which in turn opens upon a small corner porch at the rear, sheltered like the front porch by two walls of the house and the overhanging second story. The range, it will be noted, has been placed in the corner of the kitchen, where it may use the same chimney as the living-room fireplace—an item which always helps to reduce expenses. A door beside it leads to the cellar stairs.

If the owner finds that with the arrangement shown here the housewife, when in the kitchen, would have to walk too far when called to the front door, this objection can be obviated by omitting the closet beside the fireplace and inserting a door in the wall, at right angles to the cellar door, thus establishing closer communication.

The stairs go up on the left to a landing and thence up to the second floor. This landing, being provided with a full length double window, affords ample light and air for the stairway and upper hall—an arrangement which every housekeeper will appreciate. In the hall are two small closets on either side of the entrance to the bathroom.

Two good-sized bedrooms occupy the rest of the floor, each lighted by a group of three casements in the front and rear gables, and beneath the slope of the roof on either side is ample closet and storage space.

The house is planned to be heated and ventilated by a Craftsman fireplace, which, being centrally located, allows the warmed fresh air to be carried to the various rooms with a minimum of piping. The living-room will be heated by direct radiation and registers placed in the upper portion of the chimneypiece; a register in the rear of the fireplace will furnish heat from the warm-air chamber to the dining room; a bent pipe will go to a register in the floor of the rear bedroom, and a short pipe running beneath the flooring will supply heat to the bathroom and front bedroom.

THE second house, No. 146, while embodying, of course, some of the general features of Craftsman construction which characterize the little home just described, is planned for a wider (60-foot) lot, to meet the needs of a larger family. Here we have shown concrete on a field stone foundation, with shingled roof, stone pillars at the entrance porch, stone and brick combined in the chimney. Brick and stone may be repeated very effectively in the garden wall and entrance, as suggested in the drawing, and header courses of brick may be used for the risers of the cement

porch steps. If field stone is not found in the locality where the house is to be erected, the foundation can be of concrete, with concrete pillars for the front porch. The brick chimney, however, will in any case give a note of variety to the materials of the exterior.

Stepping from the vine-covered pergola-porch one enters a small vestibule, on each side of which coat closets have been placed. The open hall, from which the staircase ascends, has wide openings on each side to dining room and living room. The latter, on the right, is unusually large, airy and hospitable, extending the entire depth of the house and being lighted on three sides by wide groups of casement windows. The fireplace occupies a space near the center of the outside wall and thus affords plenty of room on both sides for the grouping of chairs or settles, while the long wall space against the hall is ample for the piano.

A door near the end of the room opens into the rear of the hall, which gives access in turn to the big sheltered porch at the back, over which the sleeping porch extends as a roof.

The dining room is almost square and in one corner of it is a second fireplace directly opposite the one in the living room. Nearby is the pantry, which communicates with the kitchen, and china closets occupy the space between the pantry partition and the staircase. The flue from the kitchen range can be easily carried through the pantry to the dining-room chimney, which is in the right hand side of the fireplace.

On the right of the kitchen is a door to the cellar stairs, and at the rear is a door into the square recessed porch which connects with the fuel closet separating the two porches.

Near the top of the stairs is a landing from which a glass door opens upon the sleeping porch, which extends across the rear of the house and is covered by the sloping roof, supported at intervals by concrete pillars. This arrangement, as the perspective view and floor plans show, allows the floor of the sleeping porch to be on a lower level than the rest of the second story, thus permitting the roof to be continued down and yet leave sufficient headroom for the sleeping porch.

Three bedrooms of equal size occupy three corners of the second floor and are provided with windows on two sides, while the remaining corner is filled by a smaller bedroom, the bathroom and hall. Between the two front bedrooms is a small sewing nook with a double window overlooking the pergola roof of the entrance porch.

Two Craftsman fireplaces installed as shown in these plans will furnish sufficient heat for all the rooms. The one on the right will heat the living room, and short pipes and registers will serve for the bedrooms above. The one on the left will heat the dining room; registers will be placed above the warm-air chamber in the floors of the bedroom and bathroom overhead, and a pipe beneath the flooring will carry the warm air to the smaller room in the rear. As for the sewing nook, this could not be practicably reached by a pipe without cutting into the floor beams and weakening the construction. We have therefore left a wide opening from the hall instead of a door, and as the lower and upper halls will be thoroughly warmed by the two fireplaces downstairs, owing to the open arrangement of the first floor rooms, sufficient heat will enter the sewing nook to keep it always at a comfortable temperature.

In the two houses shown here, as in many of our recent designs, we have intentionally omitted the built-in fittings, post and panel construction and other forms of decorative woodwork which have grown to be one of the chief characteristics of a Craftsman interior. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, we have been trying to keep down the cost of the houses—and our style of woodwork is apt to add considerably to the expense. Then, it is not always possible for those who are building from our designs to get workmen who are sufficiently skilled to carry out such work as carefully as it should be done, and the average mill where the wood is obtained has not always the necessary facilities for drying it properly so that it will stand the temperature of our modern overheated rooms.

Thus we are departing from our former custom as a matter of expediency rather than choice, for we wish to adapt our houses to the people who may live in them rather than to lay down restrictions which, however artistic, they cannot usually conform to. We would therefore like those of our readers who are sufficiently interested to give us an expression of their own personal needs and preferences in this and other architectural matters.

ONE OF THE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS TO BE CONSIDERED IN THE NEW DESIGN IS THAT OF DRIVEWAYS.

## PLANNING THE HOME GROUNDS FOR BEAUTY AND COMFORT: BY RALPH RODNEY ROOT, B.S.A.

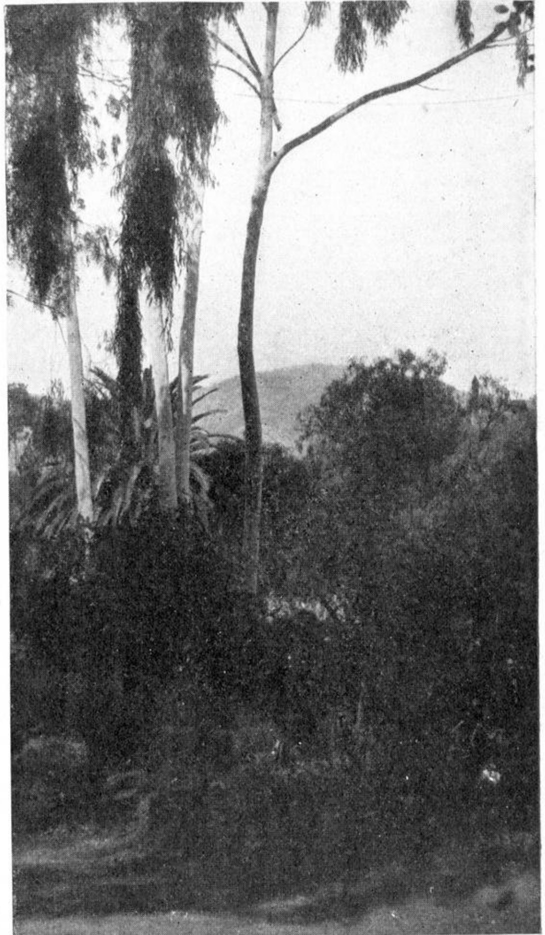
THE work of a landscape architect of today does not consist merely, as many people suppose, in designing flower-beds of intricate pattern; neither does it imply the haphazard planting of specimen plants about the lawn. While it is true that the use of trees, shrubs, vines and flowers is an important factor, the solution of the problem does not depend upon planting alone. This fact is well illustrated in Italian gardens, whose charm depends almost wholly upon the architectural features. Often, too, it is necessary to take out plants instead of planting new ones, or in the case of remodeling an estate, plants already established must be reset in order to relate them to the new design.

In properly designing the garden features for a new home the landscape architect will carefully study the general character of the proposed developments. Then with a survey plan drawn to scale, showing the size, shape and general lay of the land as regards grades, the location of any buildings already standing, the existing natural growth, he has the necessary data to begin his problem. During his first visit he notes the direction of the best views and indicates on his plan the points from which these views can be seen to the best advantage, and also takes note of any important natural features, such as trees and rocks. He then roughly sketches the proposed house plan with due reference to all of these matters, the shape of the plan being determined by the most important views or the contour of the land. By working out the plan of the house in this way the service wing of the house can be located so that it will correspond to the service portion of the grounds and the living rooms of the house will be in direct relation to the private lawns and gardens.

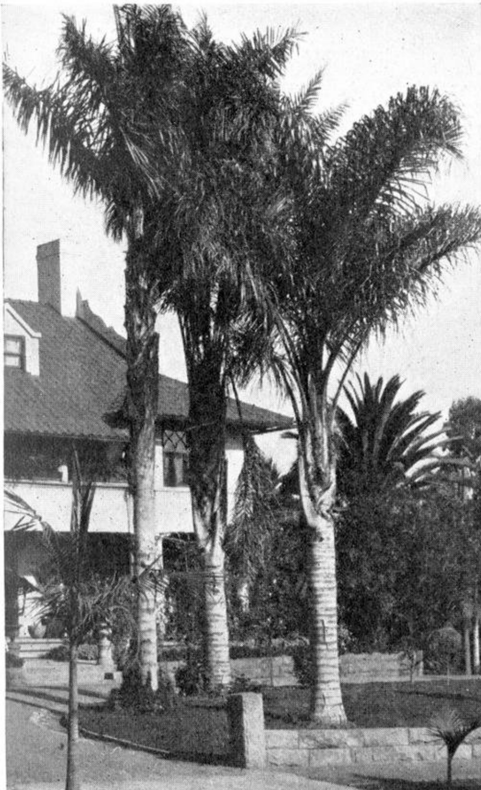
Having decided definitely upon the size, shape and orientation of the house the plan is drawn to the same scale as that of the survey plan, and then with his problem fairly before him the landscape architect is ready to begin the real design for the home grounds. This problem is worked out from the standpoint of composition, making the several divisions—lawns, gardens, carriage court, service yard, laundry yard, the various paths and the location of buildings, such as a garage or stable, all fit together in one scheme. The location of the paths, drives and general planting masses all come out gradually, the design

being worked out as a rough sketch, and from this the first plan or sketch is made. The client, the landscape architect and the architect can now go over this plan together and come to an agreement about the outline plan of the proposed house and upon this the architect can base his plans for the house. The landscape architect then draws up the preliminary plan, making such changes as were decided upon during his interview with the client and the architect. After further consultation with the client in regard to any other changes, he prepares the final or general plan, and much depends upon this plan, for upon it are based the engineering or grading plans and the planting plans. Thus the plant design in regard to the location and general outlines of the planting masses is not a separate part, but is very intimately related to the entire subject of landscape architecture.

In working out the composition of the sketch plan the plant masses have been used as the darks and the open spaces as the lights in the design. The location of many of these dark masses has, of course, been determined by the fact that it may be necessary to screen certain portions from others, or from the street or public portions of the grounds; but the relation of their size has, however, been determined by the proportion of one to another.

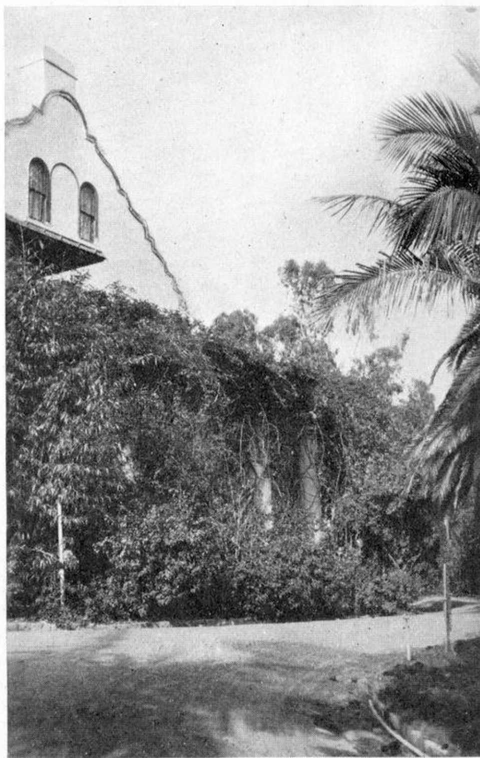


THE BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN VIEW THAT HAD BEEN COMPLETELY SHUT OUT BEFORE THE ALTERATIONS.

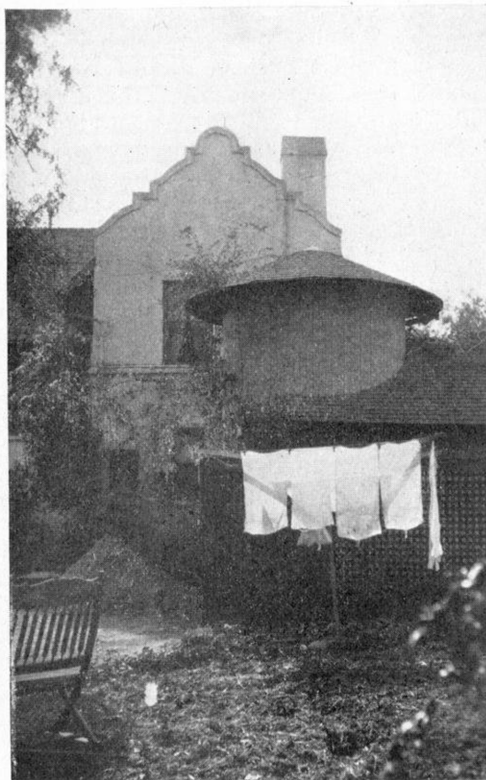


THE FINE GROUPING OF COCOS PLUMOSA PALMS NEAR THE SOUTHWEST CORNER OF THE LOT EXISTED WHEN THE HOUSE WAS BUILT.

It is only after the architect has finished the elevation sketches of the house that the plant design can be begun. As the structure of this has already been determined in the preliminary and general plans, it can now be taken directly from them. The dominance of the more important masses will be brought out by using specially selected plants. To achieve this result the plants must be selected not only from the standpoint of proper mass effects, but with due consideration to correct height, color



A SCREEN WAS PLANTED ALONG THE EAST SIDE OF THE HOUSE, AND COVERED WITH RICH FOLIAGE.



VIEW SHOWING LAUNDRY YARD AS SEEN FROM THE FORMER FLOWER GARDEN.

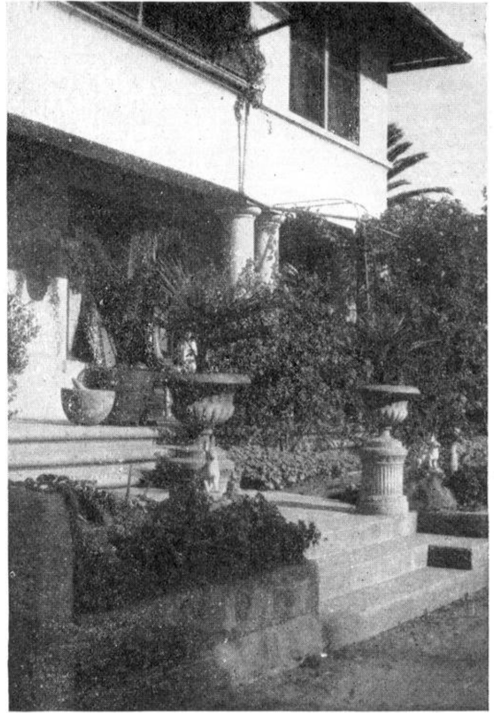
of flower, size and texture of leaf. All the plants are, of course, selected with reference to environmental conditions—soil, climate and rainfall.

When, however, the house has been built before the landscape architect was consulted, the problem to a certain extent becomes one of plant design alone. In this case the landscape architect will visit the place with the owner and make observations much as in the first instance, except that although he cannot change the location of the house he will always determine where it ought to be in relation to views and other factors that would govern its correct location. In working out the landscape plan this information is used in locating gardens, terraces or summer houses that are to furnish vistas or viewpoints or, better yet, to serve to bring the house into a more friendly relation with its surroundings by moving shrub masses or cutting down trees.

With a plan showing the location of the house and garden features the landscape architect begins the redesigning of the property. The first sketch plan is worked out much as the one in the first instance and the preliminary sketch is drawn up. In working out this design from the standpoint of composition, the problem becomes a very difficult one, and in order to bring the several unrelated parts of the plan into harmony the landscape architect often has to solve it by the use of adaptive composition. In this case the different parts of the design are changed in size and location, and then by the use of shrub masses or screens covered with vines, they are all given the proper emphasis. The plants are used to fill out bad angles, and sometimes plant masses are unavoidably thin because of lack of space due to awkward placing of drives and walks. Instead of the architect's sketches of the house elevations, photographs of the existing buildings are used, and sometimes another problem is how to screen or hide bad points in the house design. Then the general plan is prepared, and afterward the engineering and planting plans are made.

It is not, however, correctly designed and planted grounds that receive the most

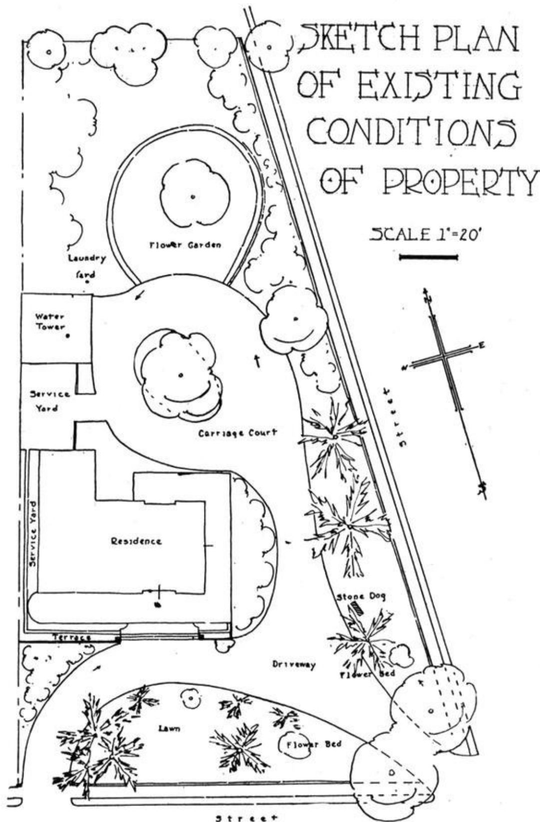
critical attention, as often the entire effect and will be caught at a glance, enjoyed as a single picture or composition, and no attempt will be made to analyze even the placing of a single tree or shrub. When, however, the grounds have been planted in a haphazard fashion, attention will at once be attracted to the unrestful appearance of the bad points in design and planting, and the good points will not be appreciated simply because the place is not seen as a single picture, but as a number of unrelated things—a tree here, a vase there, and perhaps, because of the bad selection of trees and shrubs, the house will be seen from its most unattractive aspect only. This is the reason that many of our best architects are so willing to coöperate with landscape architects, for many a future commission depends upon the appearance of the houses they have already designed. All this will be more intelligible if some concrete example is shown, and I shall take up what can be called, perhaps, the average condition of the "undesigned" home grounds and give some illustrations to show how the problem would be worked out by a landscape architect.



FRONT STEPS AND TERRACE.

The place in question is a corner lot, and while there is little change in elevation on the property the grade of the street at the east side has been lowered until there is a difference of four feet between the level of the street and the rear corner of the lot. Because of this a retaining wall was built along the east boundary of the property. The first plan shows the conditions existing before the landscape architect was called in to "improve" the grounds. No attention whatever has been given to the arrangement of the several portions of the grounds with regard to design. The plans for the house had been made without regard to topography or views. After the house was built, it was found that a driveway to the service portion of the grounds was needed and one was immediately constructed. Now as the guests ought not to enter through the kitchen, a second driveway was necessary, and thus more than one-half of the ground area was taken up by the drives. Besides the service drive entrance to the kitchen there was also a service path along the west side of the house. To use this path it was necessary to go up the front steps and along the terrace walk, as shown on the plan. The gardener was given charge of the "improvements," and palm trees and flower-beds were added, as he said, "to embellish the grounds." The fine groups of cocos plumosa near the southwest corner of the lot and the eucalyptus trees at the rear were there when the house was built. As the gardener's work went on, the family began to adapt itself to the new house and grounds. The warm climate of California renders the porch one of the most comfortable parts of the house, and as there was great need of protection from the sun and of a greater seclusion from the street, a screen was planted along the east side of the house. Little by little additions to the planting were made, with the results shown in the first plan and the photographs of existing conditions. Here are a good collection of palms, shrubs, vines and other plants with a house in the center, each thing in itself having no relationship with any of the others. Each stands alone without any hope of ever becoming a part of a single scheme in which all the separate plants might help to bring out a dominant idea or thought.

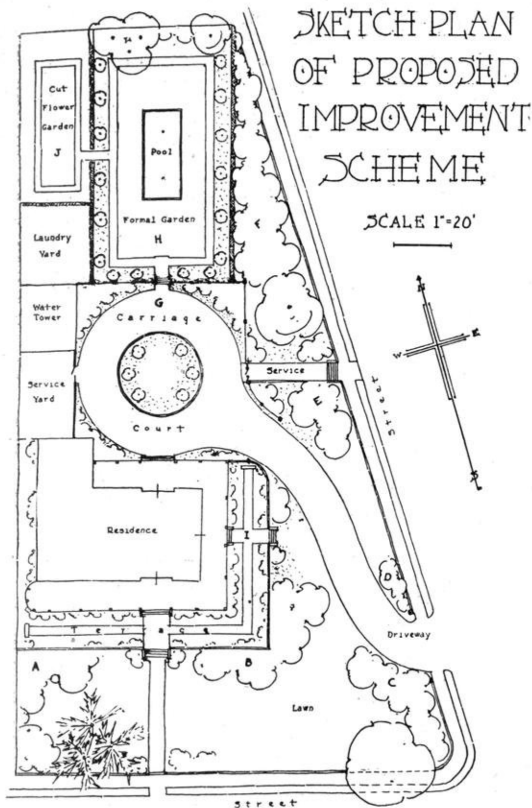
At this point the landscape architect was consulted about a few "improvements" in the grounds, with perhaps a new plan for the flower garden. After a careful study




of the problem, a survey was made and the survey plan drawn, as shown in the illustration. From the data on this plan and the notes taken of the requirements of the problem, a sketch was drawn showing the proposed rearrangement. While the new design is not ideal as regards the several divisions of the estate, it is at least an improvement on the old. One of the questions receiving first consideration in the new design had been given the least attention in the first layout of the grounds, that of driveways. Is a driveway necessary, and if so could it not be arranged to answer the requirements of service and family or guests? Should it be in front or at the back of the house? As the original driveway was also a service one, by using the front steps and terrace this could also be used in the same way for the new plan. But this is both inconvenient for tradesmen and unpleasant for the people living in the house. A single drive to the service portion of the house, with the existing entrance conditions to the house, would be as inconvenient for the owner and his guests as the former would be for the service. By a slight change in the stairway an entrance to the rear of the house can be made through the hall by means of a new door, as shown on the second plan. This would also acquire for the living portion of the house the beautiful mountain view that has been completely shut out from these rooms.

The location of driveways having been decided the design was worked out much as in the former case, except where influenced by existing conditions that could not be changed. The grade made it necessary to design the entrance from the street, as shown in the plan. The first sketch plan was prepared and from this the general plan drawn, as shown in the illustration. A garden with its main axis in the direction of and centering on the mountain is a feature of the new plan. At the side of this a cut-flower garden and a laundry yard have been planned. The carriage court is included in the new design, and while it is really a part of the garden as seen from the house it is also quite separate from it. For upon entering the garden the view of the driveway is completely obscured, and the garden becomes a secluded place in which to enjoy the beautiful mountain view and the quiet of the enclosure. The seclusion is gained in great part by the arrangement of grades, as the carriage court is eighteen inches lower than the garden itself, thus bringing it a little below the floor level of the house. A strong line is needed at the sides of the garden and a hedge gives this emphasis. The carriage court is sheltered by a simple vine-covered lattice; lack of space rendered heavier planting impossible, and the lattice also serves to bring the water-tower, service yard and the laundry yard into a closer relationship. A terrace has been constructed around the house in order to conceal the incorrect placing of the house as regards the first floor grade. This terrace is to be given a simple wall treatment that will make it an attractive part of the home grounds. In front of the house a straight walk has been provided in place of the curved drive. This not only adds dignity to the design, but is of greater convenience. The grading plan was next worked out, and after the ground surface about the house has been changed to correspond with that suggested by the landscape architect, the planting plan will be begun.

A tracing will be made of the general plan showing the various features of the




design and the outlines of the shrubbery beds, and then the shrubs will be selected. As many of the existing plants as practicable will be used in the new planting scheme, but if it is found that any of the palms and other trees or shrubs are out of harmony they will be discarded. While, like a dictionary, a collection of plants is of value in its place, a too comprehensive assortment of plants would be inappropriate for a place of this size. The selection and correct arrangement of growing things are important in the small place, not the number of kinds that may be planted. In selecting plants in regard to their general character, the cocos plumosa in the front and the eucalyptus trees in the rear were used as the "touchstones" of the planting scheme. This means that the plants chosen for the front of the property are more quiet in outline and color and those in the rear of the house are more irregular in outline and the colors more striking. As the work progresses rough sketches will be prepared from time to time to show the general outline, texture and color value of the important plant groups and their relation to the house and views. Having decided these points, the planting of the several portions of the grounds beginning at the front of the house will be taken up.

In what is called the public portions of the estate the plants must not be too conspicuous or of species that require close inspection, for they are to be seen and enjoyed only from a distance. In selecting the plants, first those which give the mass to the bed or group must be chosen, and then those that furnish accent or color. For the mass shrubs, then, the following are selected for the group marked (A) on the plan, and the other groups as shown in the same way.

Group A, mass shrubs: Euonymus Japonicus, evergreen euonymus; berberis Darwini, Darwin's barberry; choisya ternata, Mexican orange; raphiolepis indica, wax flower.

Accent shrubs: Gardenia jasminoides, cape jasmine; pittosporum tobira, Japanese pittosporum; laurustinus, viburnum tinus.

Group B, mass shrubs: Euonymus Japonicus; berberis Darwini; mahonia aquifolium, Oregon grape; ligustrum Sinense, Chinese privet; olea fragrans, fragrant olive.

Accent shrubs: Cratægus pyracantha, pyracanth thorn; gardenia jasminoides; arbutus unedo, strawberry tree.

Group C, mass shrubs: Ligustrum Sinense; berberis Darwini; raphiolepis indica; rosa rugosa, Japanese rose; abelia grandiflora, hybrid abelia.

Accent shrubs: Pittosporum tobira; Philadelphus falconeri, falconer's mock orange.

Group D, mass shrubs: Berberis Darwini; ligustrum Sinense.

Accent shrub: Pittosporum tobira.

Group E, mass shrubs: Berberis Darwini; escallonia rosea, South American lilac; elæagnus reflexa pungens, bronze oleaster; ligustrum Japonicum, Japanese privet.

Accent shrub: Acacia Baileyana, Bailey's acacia.

Group F, mass shrubs: Atriplex breweri, salt bush; olea Europea, olive tree; orange tree; ligustrum Sinense; ligustrum coriaceum, dwarf barberry.

Accent shrub: Acacia Baileyana.

Group G, mass shrubs: Mesembryanthemum australis, gray creeper; lippia repens, ground vine; atriplex breweri; phyllostachys aurea, golden bamboo.

Accent shrubs: Standard roses; cypress

sempervirens fastigiata, Italian cypress; eucalyptus citriodora, white gum.

Group H, mass shrubs: Hedera helix (used on lattice); roses (selected varieties).

Accent shrub: Camellia Japonica, evergreen rose.

The plants in the cut-flower garden (J) and those used on the terrace (I) were selected by the client, and here at any time of the year can be found flowers of almost any color or shade for cutting. The flowers used on the terrace are transplanted from time to time from the cut-flower garden, which is a sort of reserve garden.

The carriage court should be treated like a garden, for as seen from the house it is part of the garden itself. Hedera helix or English ivy is used as the background of the plant composition and roses give color and interest. In the center of the court there is a ground cover of the ivy with accents of camelia. While the plants here are intended for a sequestered garden, the method of using them to produce a special effect makes them appropriate even for the semi-public portion of the grounds.

The formal garden furnishes pleasure exclusively to the family and its guests. Here the interest centers in the mountain view with the garden as a foreground when seen from the house, and in the rare beauty of the garden. Within the garden itself the interest centers on the pool and the walks at the sides. The ground cover about the pool is soft gray lippia repens. The hedges are of the salt bush with Italian cypress at the sides, framing in the mountain view from the house and furnishing accent in the garden. Standard roses also give interest to the garden along the side paths. These plants give broad masses of color and at the same time are of such a character as to be interesting in themselves. Between the path and the hedge there is a ground cover of mesembryanthemum, and at the sides of the paths is planted a low hedge of lavender cotton. In the pool a few lotus are planted. Everything about the garden and in it has been tuned to the gray tones of the salt-bush hedge and the dark green Italian cypress gives the strong color notes.

After the plants have been selected and listed on the plan, either by numerals or names, the number of each kind and their position as to heights is shown. This plan is carefully gone over by the client and the landscape architect and all necessary changes or additions made. The plants can then be ordered from the nursery and the planting done under the personal supervision of the landscape architect.

Then the gardener can be given charge of the place, as he will know the best treatment required by each plant, and the place will begin to look like the ideal the landscape architect visualized upon his first visit to the grounds.

Instead of a promiscuous scattering of plants about the grounds the result is a single picture with the house as the central feature when seen from the street or the home grounds, and the planting well related as seen from the house. The owner can enjoy the grounds in seclusion and quiet.

## EXPERIMENTAL TESTS IN ALFALFA PLANTING

EXPERIMENTS in alfalfa planting in Long Island, show that as a fertilizer alfalfa sowed on ground where crimson clover has been turned under, produces results equal to that of ten tons of manure per acre. The alfalfa planted on Long Island soil without any inoculation whatever, is fully equal to that planted on soil inoculated with laboratory culture. Tests of spring and autumn planting carried on through eight seasons varying from extreme drought to excessive rainfall show that spring planting is the best, late summer planting not so good and not to be depended on, and autumn planting a waste of time and seed. The earlier the planting in spring, the better, more vigorous and more lasting the growth.

Pasturing cattle on alfalfa during the spring and even the early summer, instead of harming the crop has been proven in Long Island to be a distinct benefit to it. But pasturing in late summer or autumn destroys it, as during and after the dry summer weather the new shoots which the alfalfa continuously puts forth are not so large or plentiful as in the moist spring weather. The cattle graze close, so that when the alfalfa growth begins to retard as the season advances, they should be taken away.

Weeds are alfalfa's great enemies, and in buying seed care should be taken to get it from a seedsman who makes sure that his seed growers work to insure pure and vigorous strains.

EXTERIOR VIEW OF MR. E. B. RUST'S BUNGALOW, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

# A PRACTICAL AND COMFORTABLE BUNGALOW BUILT BY A WESTERN ARCHITECT FOR HIS OWN HOME: BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

WHEN an architect builds a home for himself it is naturally to be expected that he will create something "different"—something at least not stereotyped. In the first place, no one can interfere with his plans, and in the second place, he can avail himself of the opportunity to put into use many ideas that must have gradually accumulated in his mind. And while practically every architect will allow himself a certain degree of freedom, no matter what style of house he may design, one can expect even more in this way when a Western architect builds for himself a bungalow home.

The bungalow, as has often been stated in THE CRAFTSMAN, probably surpasses all other styles of architecture in its adaptability to individuality. It permits far greater freedom in construction, and makes possible the installation of many more built-in features. In fact, the built-in features of the bungalow have been developed in such interesting fashion and are so necessary a part of the structure that they are a distinct characteristic of this style of building. The bungalow is definitely designed for a home that is both attractive and inexpensive, and to meet these requisites it is essential that the interior be made cozy and homelike without the use of a great deal of expensive furniture. It is here that built-in features are most helpful. They do much toward making the furniture list simple, and at the same time they make possible an interior scheme of furnishing that is harmonious in both color and finish. The immovable fittings of a house are usually built on plain, straight, structural lines, and it is comparatively easy to secure furniture constructed on the same principles and of a finish to match.

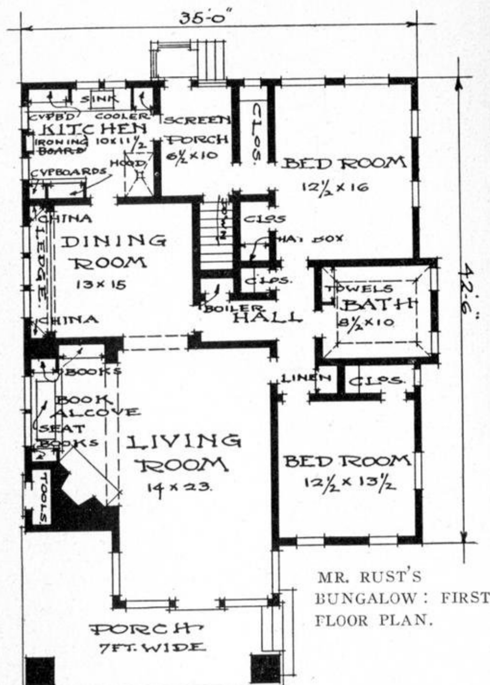
The bungalow shown in the accompanying reproductions is an excellent illustration of these facts. It is the home of Mr. E. B. Rust, an architect of Los Angeles, California. Mr. Rust has designed a large number of the bungalows of Southern California which are well known throughout that country, and naturally in his own home one might expect to find embodied some of his best ideas.

As seen from the outside the bungalow is characteristic of its type, but not particularly unusual. Even for the bungalow style it is rather plain and regular in contour, but has pleasing proportions, and, indeed, much of its charm is due to its simplicity. Incidentally, it is gratifying to realize that the age of bizarre architecture is surely passing; that we are being gradually educated into an appreciation of plain, simple and dignified houses

This bungalow has the usual low roof and broadly projecting eaves. The siding

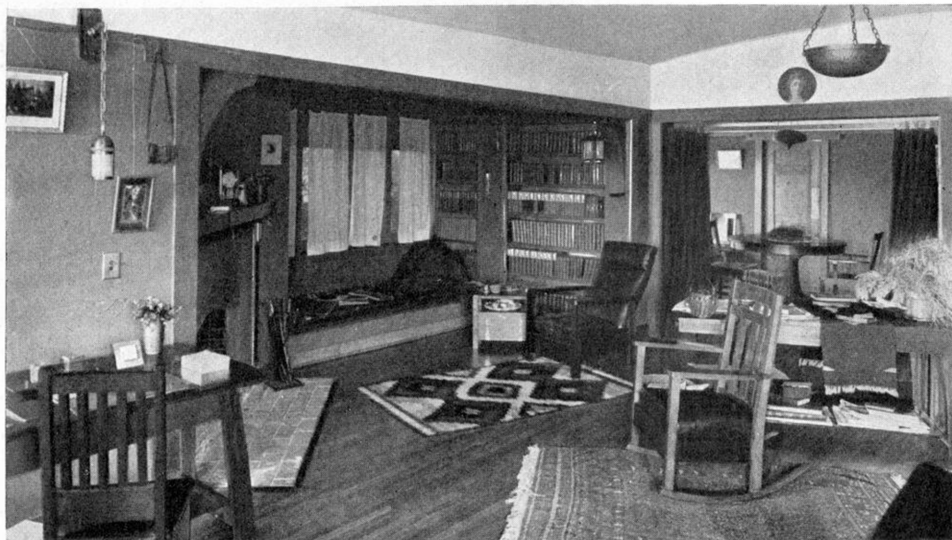
is of redwood shingles, as is also the roof. and the masonry is of brick. There is a small front porch of well-proportioned lines, and in the rear is the customary screened porch, 6½ x 10 feet in size. The windows are almost all casement, a style that always seems especially suitable for a low-roofed house. The exterior color scheme is two shades of olive brown—a light olive stain for the siding and a darker shade of olive for the trim,—which, with the dull red of the brick, makes a most effective combination.

While the exterior is attractive, the interior shows the skill of the architect to a greater extent. He has given it special consideration. In studying the accompanying floor plan drawing, noting the numerous closets and built-in features and their arrangement, it becomes evident that Mrs. Rust also had considerable to do with their planning. There seems to be "a place for everything," and the location of the various features is so convenient that there could be little excuse for not having everything always in its proper place. And even with so much built-in furniture, a general feeling of simplicity is maintained—a fact which deserves particular mention.




MR. RUST'S BUNGALOW: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

The house contains five rooms, besides a sort of book alcove and the bathroom. The alcove is really a part of the living room, but is sufficiently secluded from the front entrance to give opportunity for the utmost privacy. This nook contains the fireplace, which occupies one corner, three built-in bookcases of excellent workmanship, and a long comfortable window-seat. The top of the seat is hinged so that it may be lifted as a lid and the box underneath serves as a receptacle for fuel. The fireplace is of brick covered with cement plaster, and the mantelshelf is of wood in plain design. The corner occupied by the fireplace has given an opportunity for a novel feature—a garden-tool closet, which is ac-



LIVING ROOM OF MR. RUST'S BUNGALOW, SHOWING END OF ALCOVE WITH BOOKSHELVES.

LIVING ROOM, SHOWING THE OTHER END OF ALCOVE, FIREPLACE AND WINDOW SEAT.

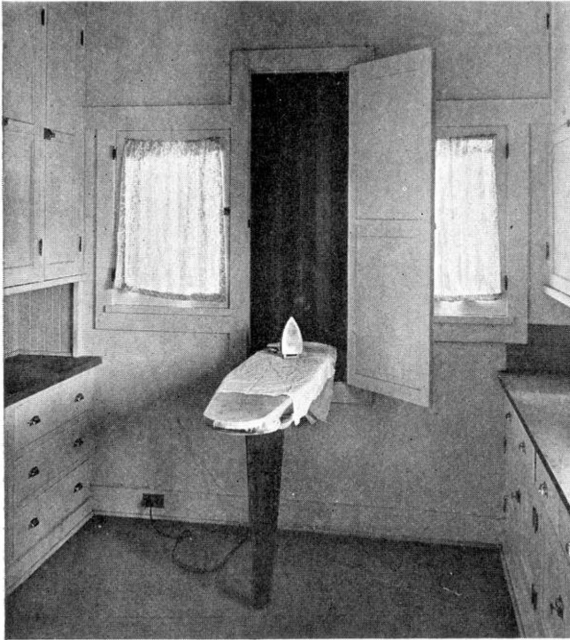
cessible from the outside of the house.

A broad arch, hung with portières, connects the living room and dining room. A rather unusual buffet has been built into the latter. Beneath a series of three large casement windows there is a broad, low ledge, into which have been fitted three capacious drawers. At each end ot this ledge, which also means at either side of the three windows, there is a corner china closet, the doors of which contain ten panes of plate glass and correspond in design with the windows.

The woodwork of the living room and dining room, including, of course, the alcove, is of California redwood, which has been waxed, and left in nearly its natural color. This is a very effective wood, and it is impossible to improve upon its color tones. The walls of both rooms are tinted a roseleaf green, and the ceilings which, except in the alcove, are plastered like the walls, are colored a light buff. The ceilings are vaulted, or slightly arched, for the purpose of aiding the indirect lighting scheme. The lighting fixtures are particularly interesting and in simplicity of design are quite in keeping with the interior finish and the other features. In the living room the principal fixtures are two large inverted domes of hammered brass suspended on chains, and in the dining room there is a single dome, similarly arranged, made of glass, covered with lacquered bamboo splints. These inverted domes, which hold the electric bulbs, reflect the light against the vaulted ceiling, where it is diffused to all parts of the room in equal strength. In the living room and alcove there are also, at convenient intervals, smaller lighting fixtures of the ordinary kind.

To many a housewife a study of the kitchen of this house will prove interesting. This room is finished in white enamel, and is most convenient in arrangement of built-in features. There are numerous cabinets

ONE END OF THE DINING ROOM, SHOWING BUILT-IN CHINA CLOSETS.



A CORNER OF THE KITCHEN, SHOWING BUILT-IN IRONING BOARD AND CONVENIENT CUPBOARDS.

and drawers, the usual sink, a hood for the range, a draught cooler, a built-in flour bin, a disappearing bread board, and an ironing board that folds up into its own special cabinet.

There is a roomy closet in each of the two bedrooms, and in the closet of the rear bedroom there is a built-in hat box. On the rear screened porch there is a large storage closet, and in the T-shaped hall that gives access to the bathroom from practically all parts of the house there are two more closets, as well as the boiler cabinet. The bathroom is finished in ivory enamel, and has mahogany towel and medicine cabinets. The woodwork of the hall and the two bedrooms is also enameled, the former in ivory and the latter white, and the walls and ceilings are plastered and tinted in delicate colors.

The house has a small basement, the stairway to which leads from the rear screened porch, and a basement furnace supplies additional heat when that afforded by the alcove fireplace is insufficient. Unlike California's first experiments in bungalow building, the house is strongly and warmly constructed and would be suitable for almost any locality, no matter how severe the winters might be.

Careful attention has been given not only to the more important structural features, but the minor details as well. The interior is satisfying and harmonious in both color and finish, even to the curtain and portière poles, which are made of the same material and with the same straight lines as the rest of the woodwork.

The house has ample ground space, and a few massive old trees that at one time practically monopolized the plot have been given a little pruning, and left to form the basis for a most delightful environment. Home-builders are gradually realizing that such monarchs as these do not grow quickly, and that as a rule it is advisable to plan the house in relation to the natural surroundings. Too often valuable trees are cut down in the mistaken idea that it is necessary to plan the grounds after the house is constructed instead of planning them first. When the house is completed before the grounds are planned and laid out, the builder often learns when it is too late that by the time the garden is mature the house is old and sometimes dilapidated.

## AN AUTUMN ONION BED

JOHN T. TIMMONS, the Garden and Floral Editor of *Successful Farming,* writing of autumn gardening, gives the following suggestion for onion growing. "I find it pays," he says, "to select a nice lot of onion sets and then prepare a bed for them by spading and removing every particle of weeds or grass roots, pulverizing it fine and marking out in rows eight or ten inches apart and planting the onion sets as I would in the spring, only setting the bulbs a little deeper.

"In a few weeks I cover this bed with a liberal coating of well-rotted manure, and this protects the tender onions from freezing and assists in supplying the soil with the required plant food. I find onions thus grown are sweet and tender and much earlier than spring-planted ones.

"I prefer the white or yellow varieties for autumn planting. Red ones will do well, but I think the white or yellow sorts have a more delicate flavor and grow a little more quickly when the early spring sunshine comes."

Spading soil for garden beds to be planted in the first days of spring is another fall task that pays, says this gardener.

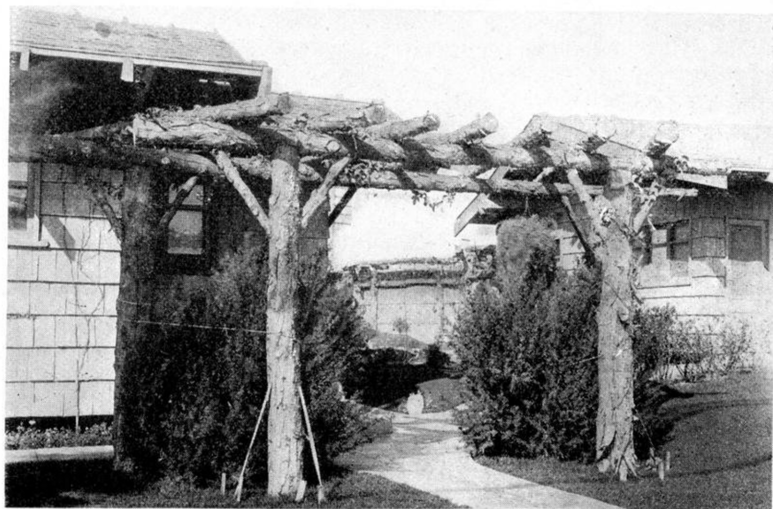
A PERGOLA-COVERED FOUNTAIN.

## PICTURESQUE GARDEN FEATURES SUITABLE FOR MODERN HOMES: BY ELIZABETH C. GRAHAM

HOME-MAKERS all over the country are beginning to realize that the garden features that make for beauty are not only available for the large country estate, but for the tiny cottage in village or suburb as well. Formerly it seemed essential, in order to have picturesque gates and fountains, pergolas and garden seats, to employ a high-priced architect to draw up elaborate plans and to watch the development of them. Here and there, it is true, in an old-fashioned farmhouse garden rustic seats and grape arbors were to be found, but usually the latter were erected merely to support a grape-vine. No thought of beauty went into their construction, and as a rule they were not available for even a moment's rest or joy. They were too low for a tall person to stand erect in, and rarely did they shelter a seat or a bench.

Nowadays home-makers as well as architects are giving careful attention to the subject of garden architecture. It is not always necessary to engage professional skill in order to make individual and beautiful the environment of a home. The personality and taste of the owner are more apt to be expressed most faithfully when he does the planning and actual work himself. Neither is it necessary for the grounds to be extensive in order to make them charming. A little time and ingenuity will often work wonders, and wherever there is a bit of open ground around a house there is opportunity for some garden feature that will add to the outdoor beauty of a home.

An interesting design is shown in the picture of a gate at the side of a driveway.



A PERGOLA OF CEDAR LOGS LEADING INTO A JAPANESE GARDEN.

A PERGOLA-COVERED LIVING PORCH.

The heavy pillars at either side of the walk are built of field stone and brick, and the tile roof is most picturesque and craftsmanlike. The heavy chimneylike column at the left is covered with a tracery of clinging vines that push little tendrils of green into the crevices between the stones, and a wrought-iron bracket on which to hang a lantern to light the driveway swings out from the top of the column.

Another picture of a gateway shows a rather unusual garden feature. It is a covered seat by the side of a driveway, and is built like a hooded gate, with a seat where the gate would ordinarily be. The columns and base are of field stone roughly shaped; the beams that support the tile roof on one side are embedded in a block of concrete, and on the other they rest on a high pillar of the cut stone. A row of heavy square pickets extends across the center of the long plank that forms the seat and serves as a back for both sides of it. This is an ideal spot for resting or reading on a warm day, and the vines that are beginning to creep over the corner of the roof will in time add further grace and shelter to the structure.

Another picture shown is of a cool and shady veranda that surely must afford rare opportunity for outdoor living. The type of construction is suggestive of Colonial architecture, an effect which is heightened by the two old hickory chairs and the high-backed white wooden seat. The wide brick floor is raised above the level of the garden and the brick walk at the side by a layer of field stone, and suggests the softness and coolness of moss. The actual construction is most simple, just a pergola roof supported on four white turned columns and covered by a mass of clustering, twining vines that admit refreshing breezes but shut out the scorching rays of the sun.

An unusual setting for an outdoor fountain built of rough field stone, brick and redwood beams is shown in another picture. This particular fountain is in the center of a patio, but it would be quite as interesting and effective if placed in a garden. The construction suggests a massive pergola with four heavy columns of field stone supporting the open roof. Two low steps of brick lead to a wooden seat, above which on a raised floor of brick is the fountain bowl. On either side of the steps are planted masses of flowers and vines that cling to the base of the stone columns and lend color and fragrance to the whole patio.

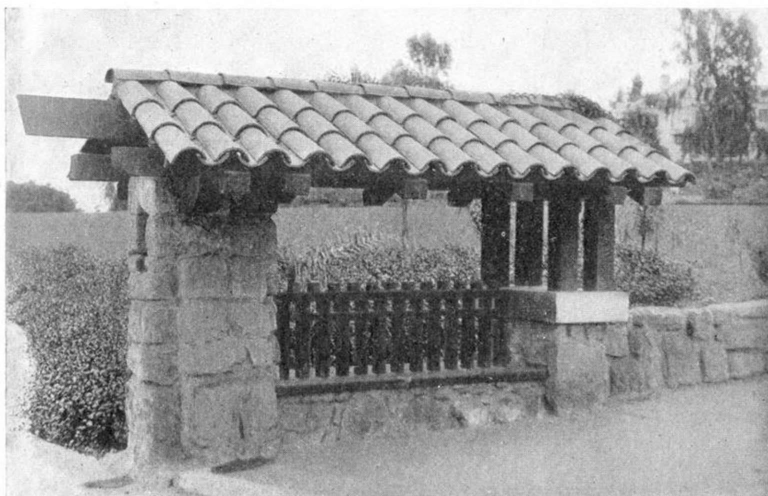
The little pergola built of cedar boles with the bark left on is an interesting design for the man who wishes to construct his own garden features. The man who made this

one cut down the trees himself and left the logs as nearly as possible in their natural state. This style of pergola is especially suited to the simple shingled bungalow adjoining, and is quite in keeping with the Japanese garden to which it marks the entrance.

STONE GATEWAY WITH TILE ROOF.

The planning of garden features is a source of never-failing pleasure, and in the building of them lies even a deeper joy. Many a man has found healthful exercise in the laying of stone walls, the hewing down of trees to make a grape arbor or a pergola, and the building of stone steps and garden gates has often been the means of cementing pride and interest in the appearance of the home. Children also can take an active interest in beautifying the surroundings of the home. The long evenings in wintertime can be devoted to the planning of some special garden beauty, and the joyous vacation days that follow in the summer can be profitably spent in working out the plans. Children love to be useful, if the usefulness is not confined to unlovely tasks that usually fall to them to do. The drudgery of washing dishes and carrying wood and water offers no interest for children, for these tasks have achieved nothing definite when they are finished, and often they create in childish minds a distaste for work in any form. Children are naturally constructive; they instinctively love to build,—witness the building blocks that hold so many little ones enthralled even before they are able to walk. And surely no little boy ever spent a summer near a brook without wanting to build a dam in it.

Of course, much of the actual work of constructing garden features is too heavy for little hands to do, but there are many steps that little feet are willing to take. The children can run through the fields and locate stones that are suitable for use; they can lift the smaller ones on a wheelbarrow or cart and push or pull them to a convenient place, and they can even sort the stones that are not too unwieldy and get them ready for laying.


SEAT BESIDE A DRIVEWAY, WITH STONE PILLAR AND BASE AND A TILE ROOF.

Work of this sort keeps children in the open air, keeps them interested and busy, and often lays the foundation for a lasting appreciation of labor as a vital developing force, not merely something to be slighted or shunned.

## COMMON PLANTS THAT ARE POISONOUS

IT is a good rule not to touch plants or bushes or trees that we do not know, especially when we meet them in the wood, and indeed it is the only really safe rule for folk who neither know much about them nor care to learn. But such a course would deprive a great number of us of so many innocent posies and branches along with the harmful ones that it is more reasonable for even the busiest people to learn at least the commonest dangerous plants that are most frequently found in our everyday walks. Most of us think "poison ivy" or "toadstool" as soon as we hear a poisonous plant mentioned, but as a matter of fact there are commoner ones that have greater danger in that they have the lure of blossoms to attract the unwary.

The poison ivy runs rife on old fences, climbs trees, lurks in stone walls, crowns old stumps and does its best to confuse us by a general likeness to Virginia creeper, even to showing the same brilliantly colored foliage in Autumn. But a simple rule will help us to distinguish between them at a glance. The poison ivy leaves grow in clusters of three, the Virginia creeper in clusters of five.

The toadstool that is almost always the cause of death from "poisonous mushrooms" is so well known and totally unlike the wholesome mushroom that it seems extraordinary that even a careless observer should confuse the two. The deadly amanita has a cap of smooth satin with white gills and spores, and rises from a little cup at its base which no true mushroom ever has. The fly amanita has a wart-covered cap that shades from white or cream to yellow or bright red. These are the two commonest toadstools and both are deadly poisonous. Avoid all fungi growing in the woods, for although this will deprive you of some edible mushrooms, it will save you from the amanita. The wholesome common mushroom grows wild in open fields and on hills and pastures.

Water hemlock is possibly the most poisonous of all our native plants. It is a cousin of the good parsley, but has a dozen aliases,—as spotted parsley, snakeweed, beaver poison, musquash root, muskrat weed, spotted cowbane, children's bane, and death-of-man. It has a stiff, hollow stem from three to eight feet high, finely cut leaves like parsley, and an umbel of delicate white flowers like the wild carrot or Queen Anne's lace. Its roots are spindle shaped, two or three inches long, and in them lies its chief poison. These fleshy tubers are often mistaken for parsnips, horseradish or artichokes when plowed up and exposed to view; the leaves, stems and seeds are equally often mistaken for the anise-flavored cicely, and the eating of any part of the plant is fatal to human beings and lesser animals alike. Poison from this plant is accompanied by violent convulsions. It is not poison to the touch.

Poison hemlock, another relative of parsley, is not a native plant, but an alien transplanted from Europe and Asia, and called spotted parsley, poison snakeweed, cashes and wode-thistle. It grows from two to seven feet high, smooth, purple spotted and hollow stemmed, with parsley-like leaves and flowers. But its distinguishing characteristic is its odor. The leaves have a nauseating flavor, and when bruised a disgusting odor. So it should not be difficult to learn to know and avoid it. Poisoning may occur from eating the seeds, leaves, roots or stems, and its symptoms are a gradual weakening of all muscles, ending with paralysis of the lungs.

The black cherry tree should be avoided also. The fruit is not poisonous, but the seed-kernel is. Animals may nibble the fresh shoots of the tree without harm, but eating branches that are partly withered causes them to have labored breathing, numbness, fright and convulsions. The poison is very volatile and quickly passes off, but for a short period is deadly.

Avoid the false hellebore, the familiar Indian poke whose other names are wolfsbane, devil's bite and bear corn.

Poison sumac is a handsome shrub or small tree, six to eighteen feet high, which grows in swamps in the United States and Canada. It has wingless red petioles from six to ten inches long, bearing from seven to thirteen oval, smooth, entire leaflets, and loose auxiliary panicles of smooth greenish-yellow drupes. The whole plant is poisonous to taste or touch and even taints the air around it. The sumacs that have the fruit in terminal thyrsoid panicles and clothed with crimson hairs are harmless.

Learn to know these common poisonous plants and any others that may infest your particular locality, and avoid gathering or cooking all plants that you do not know.

## A PRACTICAL SCHOOL FOR FORESTRY

IN connection with the recent widespread interest in the conservation of our national forests, it is interesting to note that the teaching of forestry in American universities had its beginning at Cornell, where the first College of Forestry in this country was established by the Legislature of the State of New York in 1898. To quote the college "Announcer": "During the past year the Department of Forestry has been much developed, and at the present time there are two professors and an assistant professor in the department.

"The New York State Legislature at its last session appropriated $100,000 for the erection of a building for forestry at Cornell University. Plans for the building are now nearing completion, and it is expected that it will be ready for occupancy by the fall of 1913. It is to be located just east of the university filtration plant, on the high ground overlooking the valley of Forest Home and close to the beautiful woodland along Fall Creek ravine.

"The various woodlands on the university farms, and a tract of 38 acres, much of which is open land ('forestry experiment land'), have been assigned to the Department of Forestry. They are to be used to show methods of caring for woodlots and methods of forest planting. They will be used also for experiments in the treatment of woodlands. Extensive plantings, aggregating 35,000 trees, have been made during the past year, mostly by the one hundred and thirty-five students then registered in courses of forestry.

"The Department of Forestry has three principal aims: to give instruction at the college; to conduct investigations and field studies designed to help solve the woodlot and forest problems of New York State; and to give direct help to owners of forest lands in the State.

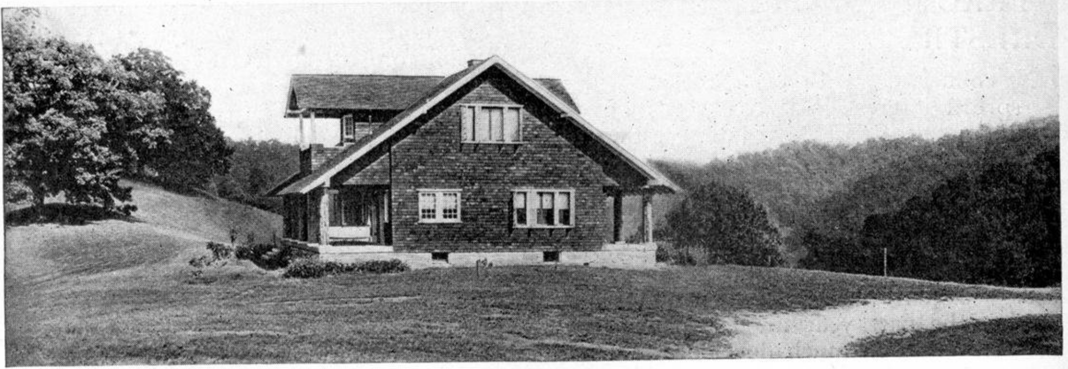
"The instruction at the College is intended to meet the needs of several classes of students: (1) Students of general agriculture who wish elementary instruction in the care of woodlands and in forest planting and forest nursery work. (2) Prospective teachers, business men, lawyers, and others who desire an understanding of the place of forestry in the life of a nation. (3) Technical students in other lines who wish one or more technical forestry courses, as, for example, wood technology. (4) Professional forestry students.

"The following courses are intended for students in general agriculture and for others who desire an elementary knowledge of forestry but do not expect to make forestry their principal work. First comes the course in Farm Forestry, which treats of the management of the farm woodlot and the starting of new woodlots by planting or sowing.

"For students who wish a more detailed knowledge of timberland management than is given in Farm Forestry, but who do not wish the professional courses, a one-year course in The Elements of Forestry is offered. The first term is devoted to estimation and measurement of the amount of standing timber and its value; measurements of logs and of other forest products; rate of growth of timber in diameter, height, volume, and value; the best uses to which various forest products can be put; methods of logging, milling, and sale of timber; identification of common woods; age at which timber should be harvested; methods of regulating the amount of timber cut so as to insure a permanent income. The second term's work includes the life history of the forest; the influence of soil and climate on forests; the influence of forests on stream flow, climate and soil; forest planting, sowing, and nursery work; reproducing the forest without planting or sowing; care of the crop during its growth, including thinning; protection from fire and other enemies; identification of a few of the principal timber trees of this region.

"There is also a course called The Field of Forestry, designed for students wishing a general lecture course without laboratory and field work. This course discusses the place of forestry in the life of a nation; its aims and importance; national, State, communal and private forestry enterprises; the day's work of a forester.

"The direct help given to owners of forest lands in New York State is an important feature of the work of the department. This is accomplished by correspondence, by publication, by lectures, and by personal inspection of woodlands and of lands to be planted. The only expense to the owner for a personal inspection of his land is for the necessary travel and subsistence of the representative of the department, there being no fee."



HOUSE OF MR. J. GORDON SMYTH, BUILT ON A HILLSIDE AT VAN LEAR, KENTUCKY.

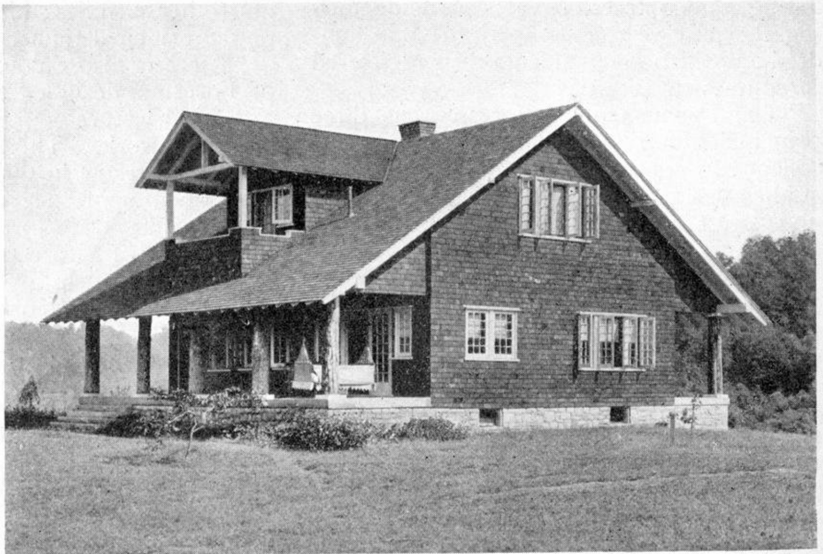
# A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE BUILT ON A KENTUCKY HILLSIDE

THE successful working out of one of our house plans is always a source of much pleasure to us, for it is evidence of the crystallization of one of our ideas,—one of our dreams come true. So far as possible each of our house plans is intended to offer suggestions for a comfortable place to live in as well as a beautiful setting for the flowering of the home spirit, and it is always gratifying to know that a home-maker has caught the gleam of our ideal and held it in concrete form.

In March, 1909, we published in THE CRAFTSMAN a plan for what seemed to us a substantial, attractive farmhouse. One of our subscribers, Mr. J. Gordon Smyth, has built from our design, with some slight modifications that usually are necessary in each individual working out of a plan, a house that seems to us to embody all the comfort and beauty and charm that we had hoped for in planning it. The house was built at Van Lear, Kentucky, in a beautiful natural environment, and so far as possible native material has been used in its construction. The field stone in the foundation and fireplace links the house to the fields about it, and the beams and shingles and posts of the rest of the construction are all of the kinds of woods that grow in the vicinity.

The exterior of the house is of shingles, stained brown, with a red shingled roof and white trim. The windows are all casement, with small panes, opening outward, and the frames are also painted white to match the rest of the trim. The porch posts are of peeled red oak and the porch floors are of red cement marked in squares.

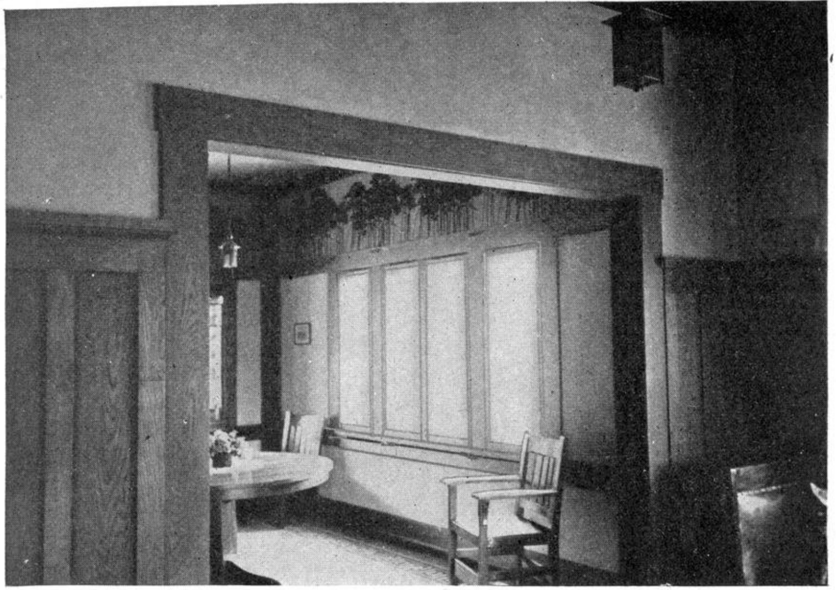
The interior woodwork of the first floor, except the kitchen and the pantry, is of white oak, fumed. The woodwork in the kitchen and pantry is white pine, stained the same color as the oak. On the second floor the wood used is white poplar, finished in ivory enamel, which is always fresh and wholesome for bedrooms. All



DETAIL VIEW OF THE FRONT AND ONE SIDE OF MR. SMYTH'S HOUSE.

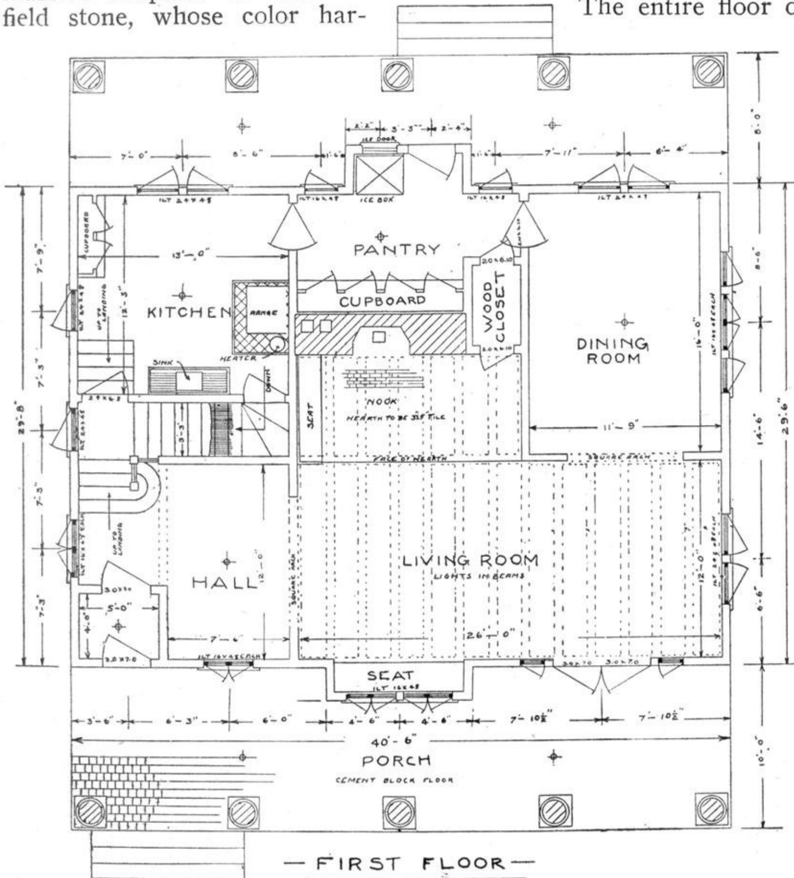
the floors in the house are of oak.

The hall and living room are finished with a wainscoting six feet high, and the lanterns that furnish light in the living room are suspended from the exposed cross-beams. The fireplace has been built in an alcove in the living room, and the nook that is thus formed is made comfortable by a wide seat placed so that one may watch the flames and still not be too close to them. The massive fireplace is built of field stone, whose color harmonizes with the finish of the woodwork. The entire floor or wide hearth of the nook is of dark red tile, which not only affords interesting variation from the wood floor of the adjoining living room, but obviates danger of fire from stray sparks. At one side of the fireplace is a roomy wood closet, equipped with two doors, one opening on the hearth and the other into the pantry. Besides this fireplace nook in the living room there are built-in bookshelves and a window seat that juts onto the porch.



LOOKING FROM LIVING ROOM INTO DINING ROOM.

In the dining room there are convenient built-in china closets and a sideboard. The walls in this room are plaster, paneled with bands of oak, and two of these broad bands form a




MR. SMYTH'S HOUSE AT VAN LEAR, KENTUCKY.

CORNER IN DINING ROOM, SHOWING EFFECTIVE ARRANGEMENT OF WOODWORK AND BUILT-IN FITTINGS.

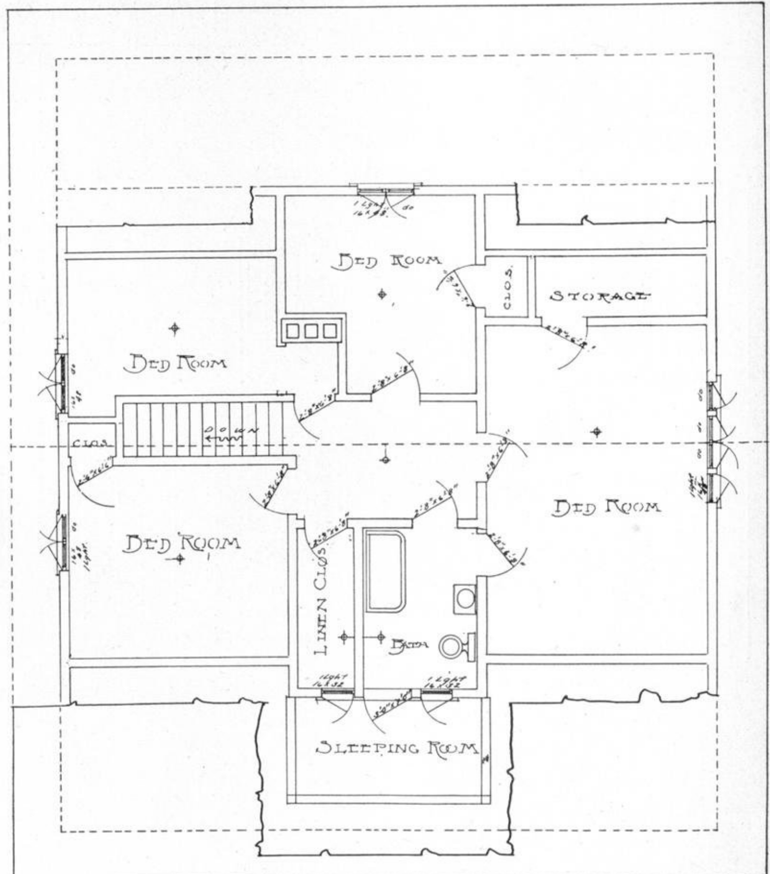
frame for a forest-scene frieze. The wall treatment in both living room and dining room is most effective with Craftsman furniture, which also harmonizes well with the built-in fittings.

The hardware throughout the house is of dull brass, and includes hinges, pulls, door latches, knocker and electric-light fixtures. They were all made in the Craftsman Workshops and are in excellent keeping with the rest of the furnishings and the color scheme as a whole.

The kitchen is fitted with convenient cupboards and the pantry with closets, all planned with the view of minimizing the housework. There is also a roomy laundry with built-in tubs, and the heat is supplied by a hot-air furnace.

The planning and construction of the house were under the personal supervision of Mrs. Smyth, who writes us: "The general arrangement of the rooms, the ventilation and the storage room, aside from convenience and beauty, make it one of your most attractive designs. By adding a couple of feet each way in size and revising the second floor a little, we consider it ideal for an all-around comfortable home. You can see from the pictures how nicely it fits into the natural surroundings."

The house has grace and dignity of line, and besides the comfort of the interior, the utmost opportunity for outdoor living is offered by the porch and sleeping balcony.




SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF MR. SMYTH'S HOUSE.

IN SUCH QUAINT OLD-FASHIONED PLACES THERE ARE USUALLY PLANTED IN THE DOORYARD OLD TREES, BUSHES, SHRUBS, TRAILING VINES AND FLOWERS.

## COUNTRY LIFE AND THE OLD-FASHIONED FARM

YEARS ago a little city girl and her brother spent a happy summer in a farmhouse that lay a quarter of a mile from a main-traveled road in New York State. The fields and woods near the house, the pond above it and the brook that curved below it soon became familiar playgrounds. But the main road, although the children had come that way from the railroad station, seemed forever shrouded in mystery. The free delivery system for letters in the country had not been installed at that time, and a hoary old farmer drove to the nearest town on Tuesdays and Fridays and acted as mail carrier for the outlying farms. When no one came to meet him at the junction of the farmhouse lane and the main road, he would leave the letters in a box under a flat stone, but usually on mail days the little girl and her brother would rush down the hill and up the lane and watch for the mailman's cart on the shining highway. The road lay like a dusty ribbon, commonplace as far as they could see up or down, but beyond all seemed mystery and romance. The children used to sit on the stone wall that separated the road from the adjoining fields, shivering with fear of unknown things and picturing wonderful adventures that might befall anyone who dared to stray beyond the magic line drawn by the horizon.

These children felt the lure of the road—and who has not felt it? There is magic in the very words. Each bend and curve of the highway seems to promise some wonderful adventure, and every pathway that strays into shadowy woods beckons and whispers of beautiful secrets.

The right to discover the path of adventure should be the heritage of every child. It is the path that leads to where there are ladies in distress for valiant knights to rescue; it is entrenched with natural forts where the enemy may be fought, crosses brooks where tiny fish lurk in the shadows and threaten to nibble at little intruding feet, and passes an orchard where some day a fairy may be caught unawares.

We are beginning to realize that the imagination of a child is a very precious thing, something to be guarded and trained and developed. Naturally the best place for it to grow is in the country, for there is little chance for romantic adventure on

JUST WHERE THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER BREAKS THROUGH THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS AND MAKES RUGGEDLY BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.

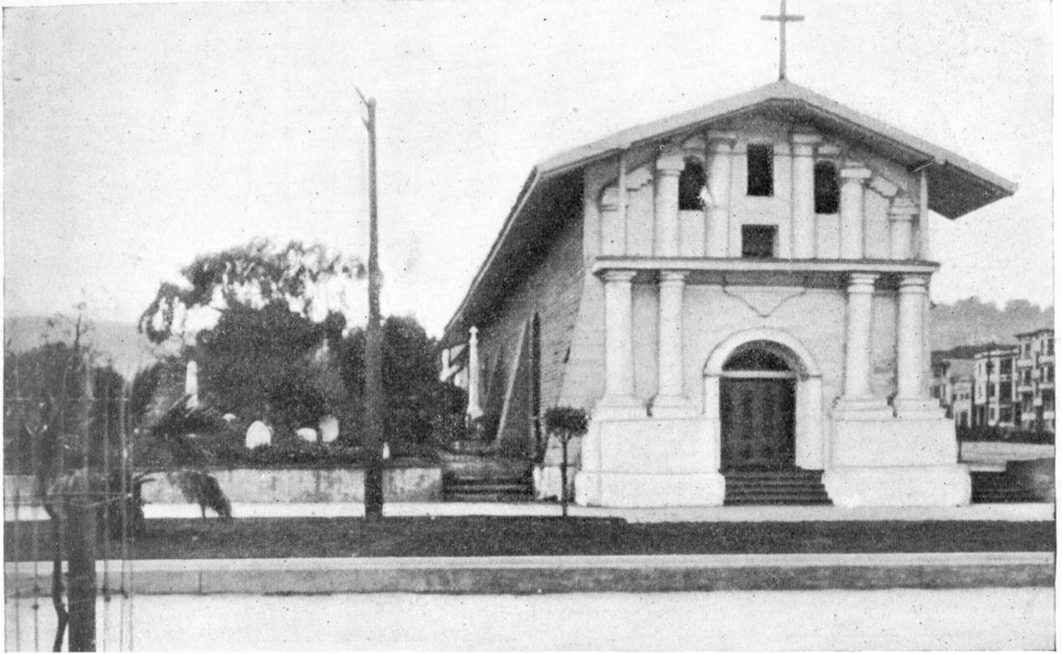
asphalted streets or in a concrete backyard. Yet, to most families, owning a country place seems quite beyond the range of possibility. It is not, however, if one is content to search in out of the way corners for a bit of a house that can be made over and adjusted to simple needs at little expense. There are many such places, tucked away in the hills of the older portion of our country, that can be purchased for really very little money. The first summer, the cost will perhaps seem heavy for a few months or weeks in the fresh air and sunshine, but the other summers to follow and the priceless opportunity they bring for golden adventure will make up for that.

The little old-fashioned farmhouse shown here was discovered, on a leisurely motoring trip in northeastern Pennsylvania, nestling between the villages of Great Bend and Susquehanna, just where the Susquehanna River breaks through the Allegheny Mountains and makes ruggedly beautiful scenery. Much of the charm of the house is due to the fact that it started as a tiny little cottage and kept pace with the needs of the family who occupied it. The central part first sheltered a bride and groom; the side wings were added one at a time and then extended to the front, as the family grew.

The construction of the house is simple to a degree, just rough double-boarding with battens over the cracks. The windows are small-paned and painted white, but the rest of the house has been left to weather and is toned a deep seal brown. The extension of the side wings toward the front has formed a recessed porch where little ones might play in the fresh air and still be under watchful eyes. There is a look of brooding contentment about the little house; it seems to crouch down close to Mother Earth and spread sheltering arms for tired children to creep into and find rest.

It is difficult sometimes to unveil the beauty that lies dormant in these tumble-down old houses, but it can be done, and at a much smaller outlay of money than it would take to build an entirely new structure in new surroundings. In such quaint old-fashioned places there are usually planted in the dooryard old trees, bushes, shrubs and flowers; there are probably vine-covered walls and slopes made by children's feet, stone steps held in place by turf and roots. All these are worth buying and preserving, for they can only be acquired by use and time. What if the flowers and shrubs are almost dead from neglect? Only a little care and attention will start them blooming again.

Usually most of the material for making fences and walks is on the place; the vines and ferns and some of the flowers can be brought from the woods. And the labor of transplanting them affords healthful exercise.



OLD MISSION DOLORES, SAN FRANCISCO: FROM A PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPH.

# PICTURES THROUGH A PINHOLE: BY GUY R. AND HELEN QUEEN STEWART

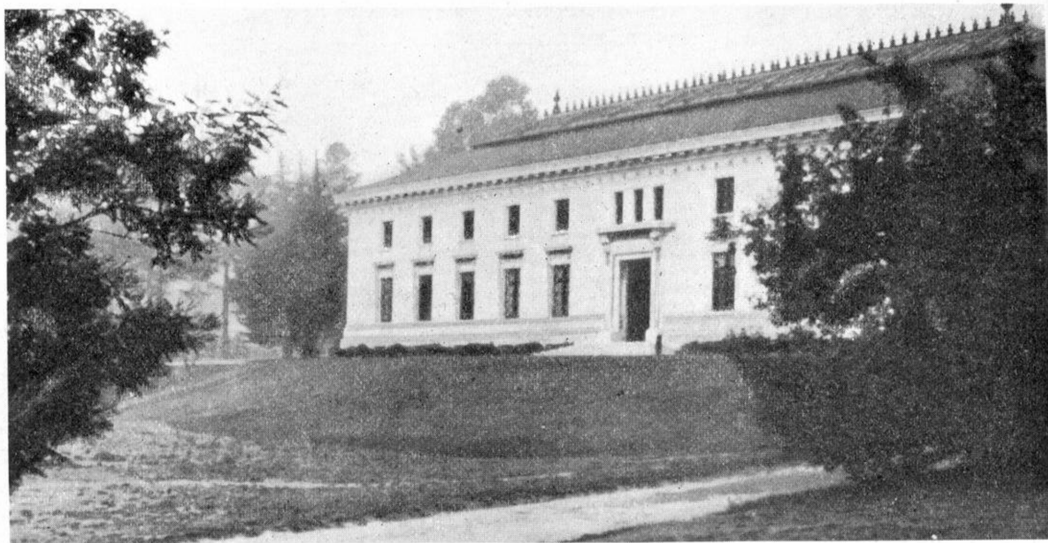
FOR a year now we have been experimenting with pinhole photography, and our enthusiasm increases with every long exposure that we make. But when we mention the subject to most photographically inclined folk, they say "Pinholes?" in a disparaging tone which means they are vaguely recalling some directions or other on the subject, usually labeled "the easiest form of photography," or something equally misleading.

These directions go on to tell you to punch a hole in tin-foil or blackened cardboard, and are invariably illustrated with an exceedingly fuzzy photograph of a tree, a country road and sometimes a rail-fence between them. The fence, road and tree have no distinct limits, and their "wooliness" completely eclipses the beautiful tone gradations that almost any sort of pinhole picture possesses.

But we are prepared to assert, from the height of our year's experience, that with a properly made pinhole there is no excuse for getting a fuzzy negative. The outlines of objects will always be perfectly distinct. They will not be sharp,—a loss that is compensated many times over by the even mellowness of the entire picture. Unlike a lens picture, a pinhole photograph does not have one portion of the negative in perfect focus, and all the rest of it more or less out. A pinhole focuses each object within its range in exactly the right relation to every other object. This gives the picture an especially good perspective; objects at different distances from the camera preserving a much truer relation to each other than in a lens photograph. But the fact that has delighted us most in connection with pinhole pictures is they are never flat. The trunks and limbs of trees, pillars, curved objects of any sort, are brought out with a beautiful roundness and show perfect "modeling." It is as if a portrait lens could be used for landscape photography.

But these results are attained only with the right sort of pinhole. It is, however, not difficult to make. This is how we do it. To begin with, we did *not* thrust any needle carelessly through tin-foil or cardboard. Instead we set to work with a square of thin sheet brass (the sort from which stencils are made) and a package of No. 10 sewing needles.

For the sake of greater exactness in using the needle, we made a handle for it by thrusting it through a cork long enough to leave only half of the needle exposed. The

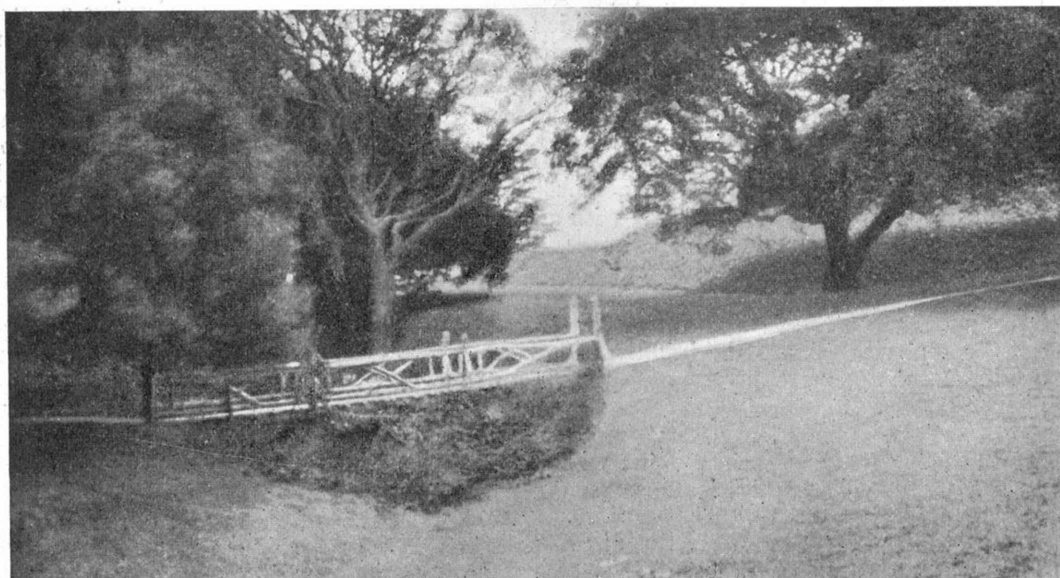


CALIFORNIA HALL, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA: FROM A PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPH.

square of brass was laid on another cork—a broad, flat one—and its middle marked. The needle was placed with its point upon this mark, and tapped very lightly with a hammer.

As soon as the metal was pierced, the brass was turned over, and the burr formed around the hole was rubbed off with sand-paper, followed by emery paper. Then the needle was inserted from this side, and tapped a little further into the cork. Again the brass was turned, and the burr rubbed from the other side. For the third time the needle was inserted, and this time thrust well through. Then followed a final rubbing down with the sand- and emery papers, after which came an examination with a magnifying glass to make sure that all roughness had been removed, and that the tiny opening was perfectly sharp and round.

We have a 5 by 7 camera, with a removable lens board, and we found that the most convenient way to handle the pinhole was to mount it on a piece of board which could be substituted for the regular lens board. A piece of oak was worked to the proper size,

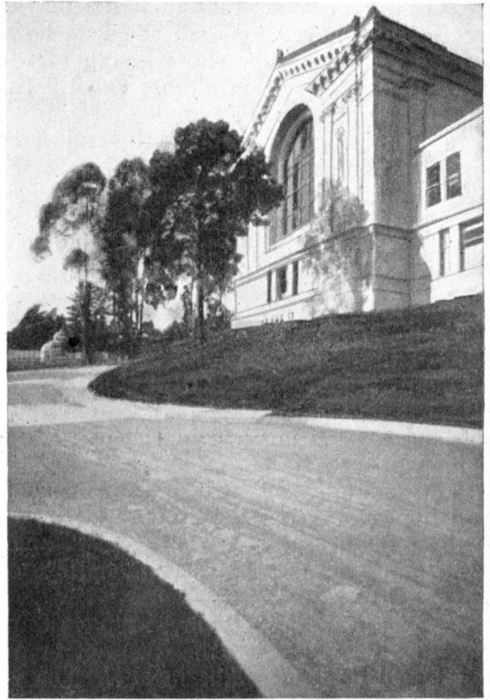


AN EARLY PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPH EXPOSED JUST FIFTEEN MINUTES WHEN FIVE WOULD HAVE BEEN SUFFICIENT.

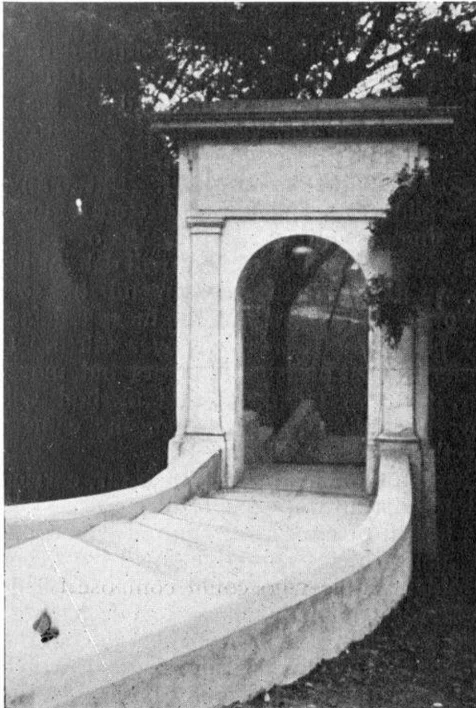
a hole bored in its center with an inch and a quarter bit; over this hole was placed the square of brass, tiny mitered cleats were laid along its edges, and in each of them two screws, running not only through the cleat, but also through the brass itself, held it firm and light-tight to the new lens board. We blackened the brass by holding it over burning sulphur; the board was given a coat of asphaltum paint.

Having the pinhole, the next thing was to use it. The university grounds are the favorite field for all Berkeley cameras, so we sallied forth to the campus, one gray morning, with very hazy ideas as to distance of the pinhole from the plate, timing or how to compose a picture which the books assured us would not be visible on the ground glass.

Once the camera was set up to command a rustic bridge, the last named difficulty vanished, for the image appeared upon the glass; not nearly so distinctly as with a lens, it is true, but by gathering the rubberized black cloth closely about the head, and cutting out the light completely, exactly what would appear on the plate could be seen. This we found to be true even when using a much smaller pinhole, except when making an exposure in the bottom of a very dark canyon.



PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT A DISTANCE OF FIFTY FEET FROM THE BUILDING.



ARCH AND STAIRWAY THAT BRIDGE CAMPUS CREEK, BERKELEY, CAL., FROM A PINHOLE PHOTOGRAPH.

The first plate we exposed fifteen minutes, when five would have been ample. Luckily, overexposure does not affect the quality of a pinhole picture as it does that of a lens photograph. We used an ordinary ferricyanide reducer on that plate, and the print which accompanies this account shows that it still retains a delicate gradation of tones.

Since that first morning we have taken a good many pinhole negatives,—some of them are reproduced here,—and we have learned a good deal about the theoretical side of this branch of photography. We have two pinhole boards now, the one made with the No. 10 needle, which gives an aperture approximately 1/60 of an inch in diameter, and another made with a No. 12 needle, giving a diameter of 1/80 inch.

Perhaps the best rule to follow in finding the focus is that named for its discoverer, Abney, which gives the formula for finding the sharpest focus for any sized aperture; it is $(120\text{x}\text{diameter})^2=\text{focus}$. For example, if we use our 1/60 inch aperture we shall find $(120\text{x}1/60)^2=4$ inches=sharpest focus.

We have found that a pinhole has such

great depth of focus that this rule may be practically ignored. When the lens board is used at this rather short distance from the plate, the result is almost exactly that obtained by using a wide-angle lens. In the accompanying photograph of the end of the library, for instance, the 1/80 aperture was used at a distance of 2 and 7/8 inches. The camera stood perhaps fifty feet from the building, the apex of the roof must have been at least seventy-five feet above the machine. An ordinary lens, working at the same distance, would have included very little of the building in the negative.

One of the advantages of a pinhole, then, is that it may be used for taking high buildings, or for getting a comprehensive view of interiors; in short, for any of the needs of a wide-angle lens, except for snapshots. And the perspective resulting from the use of the pinhole lens board close to the plate is no more unpleasant than the effect obtained with a wide-angle lens.

For pictorial photography, we have found that the ideal distance between plate and lens board is about eight inches. The image is then very nearly the same size as if the lens were used, and possesses a great deal of "quality." By increasing the distance the image is enlarged, a very convenient feature when exposing for distant objects.

The f/ number of the pinhole varies according to its distance from the plate. It is found by dividing the number of inches between plate and pinhole by the diameter of the aperture. Thus, if the distance is 4 inches, and the diameter 1/60, the exposure should be timed for f/240.

The simplest method of finding the length of exposure is to remember that "the exposure is as the square of the apertures." Then all you need to do is to determine the exposure for, say, f/8 (we do this by means of a Wynne exposure meter), and work out your little problem in proportion.

For instance, if the time required for f/8 is found to be 1/4 second, and you wish to find the exposure for the 1/60 aperture at a distance of 4 inches, whose f/ number we have just found to be 240, your example in arithmetic will stand:

(8x8) : 1/4 : (240x240) : ?

Solving this you will find the missing term is 225 seconds, or 3 minutes and 45 seconds required for the exposure. We have discovered that the time is usually sufficiently extended to permit doing our calculation *after* the slide has been drawn from the plate-holder.

Obviously, pinhole photography is much less practicable for a kodak than for focusing cameras. To begin with, when there is no removable lens board, there is to be solved the problem of getting the pinhole on the kodak. Perhaps the simplest method would be to have the hole mounted in the bottom of an open box, the sides of which would fit snugly over the lens mount, after the lens had been unscrewed.

Unless the films can be rerolled, which is possible in but few kodaks, the pinhole would have to be adjusted before the first film was exposed and used for all the negatives on that roll, unless there were a darkroom near in which to replace the lens.

This problem is obviated when a film-pack or the old-fashioned plates are used. After the exposure is made, the slide is run in, the pinhole board is snapped out and the regular lens board is slipped back into place, and the camera is ready for snapshots.

It used to puzzle us when we saw photographs of the Strand, say, completely empty of people and traffic. But since we have taken pinhole pictures that mystery is solved. There can be any amount of "passing" during a pinhole exposure and the negative will show none of it, so long as nothing comes to a definite and continued stop.

There are disadvantages about pinhole photography. It cannot be used for snapshots, or even for very short exposures. And a successful picture demands a steady tripod or support of some sort. But to anyone willing to spend ten or fifteen minutes on a single negative, for the sake of a picture whose pleasing softness will delight his eye, we most heartily recommend this sort of work. It has given us the most satisfactory photographs we have ever taken. It results in most pleasing interiors and, moreover, pictures taken by this method will show no halation, even when the camera directly faces a window.

Our experiments have not, so far, carried us into portraiture, except on one occasion. The length of exposure required would debar such subjects as active small boys, but for older people who could compose themselves for ten minutes, we feel it has decided possibilities, one of them being the "roundness" of the resulting image of which we have already spoken. Another is the "average" of expression which a long exposure gives.

Why don't you stop at the hardware store on your way home tomorrow night, and get a few inches of sheet brass, raid the work-basket for a package of fine needles (anything below No. 10 is too coarse for good results) and make a pinhole of your own? Then you can see if our enthusiasm is not well founded.

## THE PRESERVATION OF FOOD IN THE HOME

HOUSEWIVES and all who have to cope with the problems of food preservation will be glad to know that the Department of Home Economics, College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y., has issued a series of lessons on this important subject which may be obtained by simply writing the Department and enclosing one cent postage for each lesson. The "Announcer"—the official organ of the College—summarizes the lessons thus:

"Part I.—Food is spoiled either by being fed upon by small living organisms, or by life processes inherent in the food which cause growth ripening and decay. Food preservation creates conditions unfavorable to the growth of micro-organisms; such conditions are produced by the use of very low temperatures or very high temperatures, by removal of moisture, or by one of three classes of preservatives—the harmless, the doubtful, or the harmful. Successful preservation by canning depends on the condition of the food, on impervious jars, on absolute cleanliness, and on the destruction and exclusion of micro-organisms.

"Four methods of canning are described in the bulletin, and rules are given for testing canned fruit and for proper storage conditions. Directions follow for the use of harmless preservatives such as sugar, salt, vinegar, and spices. The laws regulating the use of commercial preservatives are discussed.

"Part II.—Low temperatures check life processes. Hence the ice supply is of great importance in keeping the daily store of perishable food. Directions are given for making a refrigerator and an ice-box.

"By means of cold storage, foods may be held for seasons of non-production. Prolonged cold storage affects the wholesomeness of foods, therefore laws regulate the time that food may be thus stored. These laws are quoted.

"The success of drying as a means of food preservation is proved by the number of fruit evaporators operated in the State.

"Recipes are given for fruit juices, sun preserves, and cider vinegar.

"Part III.—Lack of succulent foods in the winter affects health and efficiency. Storage may easily be provided for eggs, fresh fruit, and vegetables. Eggs may be preserved in limewater and salt brine, or in water-glass solution. Fruit packed in barrels, boxes, or open trays, may be kept in a well-ventilated cellar having a uniform temperature of about 33° F. and a high percentage of humidity. Special cellars or pits for vegetable storage are satisfactorily and inexpensively constructed. Burying is one of the easiest and most successful storage methods, but some of our best storage crops need special treatment and precautions.

"Meat may be kept fresh by cold storage or by partial cooking and packing in stone jars; or, in cold localities, by freezing or packing in snow. It may also be cured dry or in brine, and smoked. The greater nutritive value of fresh meat makes it desirable to use as much as possible of it uncured.

"The value of milk as a food should be retained in its fullest degree by care in the following essentials: procuring clean milk, protecting it from foreign odors, and holding it at the temperature of a good ice chest or refrigerator."

As the author of the pamphlet puts it, "It is a natural impulse in the time of plenty to linger on the memory or on the prospect of a time of need, and from the discomfort of such reflection has sprung, phœnixlike, thrifty thought of the future. In no way is man's effort to be provident better exemplified than by his adaptation of scientific knowledge to the improvement of food conditions. Winter's dietary is no longer distinguished by scarcity of eggs and lack of vegetables and fruits. Not only has Nature been persuaded to prolong her period of production, but also ways have been perfected of protecting and preserving perishable crops of summer. . . . Many of the important practical factors in food preservation were known even to primitive man: that dried foods keep for a long time; that salt water and smoke have specific properties which aid in food preservation; that foods last better if they are kept cold. It has been left to civilization and to the advance of science to give reasons and to perfect methods."

# CYPRESS: ITS PICTURESQUE QUALITIES, AND HOW TO FINISH IT

IN finishing wood two chief aims must be kept in mind: protection of its surface from damp and soil, and attainment of such color and texture as will bring the wood into harmony with its surroundings. Naturally, the method of obtaining these results varies according to the wood and the effect desired.

Until a few years ago the finishing of wood was confined almost entirely to the staining of the cheaper woods to imitate the more expensive ones. For instance, when walnut was in vogue, the less costly woods were stained to look like walnut; when mahogany was deemed the most fashionable, they were colored to imitate mahogany. And it is only within a comparatively recent period that we have begun to realize that the most beautiful results are those attained by bringing out the inherent characteristics of each kind of wood, letting the peculiarities and qualities of the wood itself suggest the most appropriate treatment.

In the first place, the original color of most woods must be deepened, for the natural tones of our native woods, with few exceptions—notably black walnut—are not strong enough to harmonize with the furnishings of the average interior. Besides, even when the wood has some color of its own, it will often fade unless deepened artificially, as in the case of birch, which has a rich reddish tone but fades when exposed to light. Moreover, the raw wood lacks that mellowness which Nature always gives by her healing and weathering processes to any exposed surface, and needs some treatment which will remedy this defect.

Working along these lines it naturally seems best, in coloring wood, to give to it by art such colors, on the whole, as might have been given it by Nature. There are many rich browns, for instance, that resemble the colors in the bark of a tree; mellow greenish stains suggest the moss-grown trunk and colors of the foliage, while soft shades of brownish gray recall the hues produced by weathering. Thus the choice is somewhat limited, brown, green and gray, with their different shades and variations, being the only colors that can be appropriately used.

The particular purpose for which each wood is fitted is best determined by its own peculiar qualities. Certain woods, like oak, ash, elm, chestnut and cypress, that have a somewhat rough texture, pronounced grain, and a certain frank, rugged look, are most suitable for public halls, galleries, theaters, libraries, living rooms and other places intended for common or general use. On the other hand, woods of a smoother texture and less defined grain—such as poplar, maple, birch and our native gum woods—are more appropria : for private rooms, bedrooms, boudoirs, parlors, where lighter and daintier furnishings are used.

Among the woods which lend themselves especially to decorative use is the cypress. There are several species of this tree, both in this country and abroad. The common or Oriental cypress of Southern Europe and Western Asia is remarkable for the great age it attains and the durability of its timber, which is said to be almost imperishable. Horace Smith, in his "Gayeties and Gravities," remarks:

"The gates of St. Peter's Church at Rome, made of this wood, had lasted from the time of Constantine, eleven hundred years as fresh as new, when Pope Eugenius IV ordered gates of brass in their stead. Some will have it that the wood gophir, of which Noah's ark was made, was cypress."

Another Oriental variety is the funeral cypress of China, which grows with pendulous branches like the weeping willow.

In this country we have the Monterey cypress of California, which attains a height of 150 feet with a trunk only 9 feet in circumference. This tree is one of the most rapid-growing of the conifers. Then there is Alaska cypress or yellow cedar; Lawson's cypress of northern California; the evergreen cypress, or as it is sometimes called, white cedar, which is found in the eastern part of the United States; the Virginian cypress, called also swamp, deciduous or bald cypress, of our Southern States, and many others.

Our native cypress is plentiful, easily obtained and not expensive, lending itself readily to color in any of the varying tones of brown, gray or green. It is especially suited to interiors where a bold, decorative effect is wanted in the woodwork, for its somewhat coarse texture and definite markings give it a certain distinction and artistic quality that is very striking. It is a wood of much individuality, the irregularities of

its grain being full of suggestive charm. For this reason it will be found particularly pleasing in bungalows, country clubs or other public rooms where the woodwork is an important factor in the decorative scheme.

There are several different ways in which cypress may be treated, the most distinctly ornamental and even brilliant result being that obtained by the sugi process—an American adaptation of a Japanese method which has been introduced and developed in this country by John S. Bradstreet of Minneapolis. Mr. Bradstreet, who is a landscape architect, builder, decorator and curio seeker, has traveled and lived much in Japan, and has contributed a great deal to the awakening of American interest in the wisdom and beauty of Japanese methods of house and garden planning and the picturesque use of local materials.

Readers of THE CRAFTSMAN will recall the account and illustrations of this sugi finish which appeared in the issue of May, 1912. By this process the wood is first charred with the flame from a gasoline torch and then brushed out with a wire brush, leaving the grain raised and the surface darkened to rich brown tones.

In some cases, however, an effect is desired in cypress which, while brilliant to a certain extent, will not be quite so pronounced as the sugi finish; and it was in trying to get such a result that we hit upon the expedient of using sulphuric acid.

In this method, the acid is diluted and applied directly to the surface of the wood. Commercial sulphuric acid should be used rather than the chemically pure, as the first is much cheaper and is quite as good for this purpose. The amount of dilution depends largely upon the temperature in which the work is done, conditions being best when the thermometer registers seventy degrees or more. With this temperature, ten parts of water should be used to one part of acid, and if the temperature is eighty degrees more than ten parts of water will be required. The higher the temperature, the more water is needed, up to a certain point.

In any case, the person using this method will have to experiment a little first on small pieces of wood, to discover the proportions that will produce the best results. The pieces should be allowed to dry twenty-four hours, so that the final color may be rightly judged. Of course, in the case of interior woodwork, it is possible to keep the room at exactly the right temperature by means of artificial heat, but when exterior woodwork or shingles are given the sulphuric acid treatment it is most important to take into consideration the temperature and state of the weather. Exposure to the direct rays of the sun darkens the wood so swiftly that a very weak solution is required.

While experience is not necessary in using this process, it should be done only by a careful capable person, as the acid is poisonous and great care must be taken in handling it. It should be carried only in stone or glassware, care being taken not to breathe the fumes or get the acid on face, hands or clothing.

When the acid and water are mixed the former will cause the water to heat and bubble. The mixture should not be applied until it cools, for if some of it is applied warm and some cool it will color the woodwork differently. The darkening process should be watched, and if some parts of the woodwork seem to be getting too dark, a little Craftsman Lustre or oil should be applied, either with a cloth or a brush, as the oil will stop the action of the acid. A white hog's bristle brush should be used for applying the acid, as there is more or less fat in these bristles; any other kind of brush would be eaten up within a short time. After using, the brush should be thoroughly washed in clear water, otherwise the acid would gradually destroy it. If, when the cypress is dry, it is found to have a slightly reddish cast which would be undesirable, the wood can be given a coat of Lustre in which a little ultramarine blue has been mixed. This will change the reddish tone to gray. If a brown shade is preferred, asphaltum varnish may be added.

This coat should be allowed to dry forty-eight hours or more, and the wood sanded lightly with No. 00 sandpaper. A coat of clear Lustre can then be applied with a cloth, rubbing the Lustre well into the wood.

If neither the sugi nor the sulphuric acid finish is desired, the cypress may be stained with a coat of carbolineum. This should be brushed on evenly and will give the wood a soft mellow brown color, bringing out a slight greenish tone that is particularly pleasing. After this coat has dried a couple of days, a coat of Craftsman Lustre can be applied, using the clear Lustre if the carbolineum stain was dark enough, and brown or green Lustre if a deeper or more greenish brown is desired.

## WHAT THE AMERICAN FARMER CAN GAIN BY STUDYING EUROPEAN METHODS

THE superiority of European methods of farming, dairying and stock-raising over those employed in America has long been recognized. And among recent articles along this line perhaps few have given a more specific comparison than that recently published in *Successful Farming* under the title "Wherein Foreign Farmers Excel." Its author, Edward K. Parkinson, has evidently studied his subject at first hand, and the facts and statistics which he sets forth present clearly some of the main agricultural differences in the countries which he selects as examples, showing how our own farmers could gain by following their trans-Atlantic cousins. We cannot do better than quote most of his article here for the benefit of farmers and other students of this vital question.

In the first place, Mr. Parkinson points out that such a comparison between European and American farmers is difficult, for their outlook on life is essentially different, their surroundings totally unlike, and their standard of living a much simpler one than with us. Another fact not to be forgotten is that the European farmers belong, as a rule, to the peasant class and in countries where class unfortunately counts for so much, to belong to the peasant class rather limits a man's opportunities of rubbing elbows with men in other professions.

"The comparison," he continues, "will be between farmers who have been successful, making for example between $1,200 and $5,000 or more per year, and the writer will try to show the characteristics and methods which have made for this prosperity. For the sake of economy of space let the comparison be between English, Belgian and French farmers.

"The Englishman's farm will average from 150 to 200 acres (although many of the grain farms are much larger) and in the majority of cases he will be a renter, which for the most part he considers an advantage, as he is thus enabled to escape many burdens which in England a landowner has to bear. A first-class farm with a comfortable stone or brick house containing eight or ten rooms and the necessary farm buildings (also of brick or stone) in good repair, may be leased for about $5 an acre. The land will be largely pasture and arable, with but little woodland, and great care will be taken to keep all pasture free from weeds and top-dressed. In fact, he will keep sufficient stock (either Shorthorns, Devons, Herefords or Ayrshires) to utilize every inch of pasture, the average being about 10 milch cows, 10 or 12 store cows or steers for fattening, 5 or 6 young cattle, from 6 to 8 brood sows (raising some 50 or 60 pigs), in addition to 8 or 9 store pigs for fattening; about 80 ewes, raising 100 lambs, besides fowls. To run this farm he hires four or five laborers, who usually board in the neighboring village and receive from $18 to $20 per month. The English farmer does not work the way his American cousin does, but devotes his entire time to looking after his men, planning work ahead, marketing his produce and keeping things moving. He takes great pride in having his land clean (that is, free of weeds and trash), raising large crops and in sending to market well fattened beasts and delicious butter and milk. The real secret of his success is careful and thorough tillage and the farm well and profitably stocked. Fortunately he finds a ready sale for his fat stock in the nearest market town, which is seldom over 15 or 20 miles away. Moreover, the market towns provide excellent open markets with pens for sheep and swine and stout iron rails to which the cattle are tied. A small charge is made for the use of the market, which is expended in keeping the place clean and in repair. Above all, the English farmer understands the art of living and he gets more out of life than his American cousin. Flowers, shrubs and smooth lawns surround his ivy-covered house, and the prosperous farmers always keep one or two house-maids. They are proud of their calling and find enjoyment and satisfaction in their work, which, in and of itself, usually leads to success. The writer believes that the English farmer's chief advantages lie in the short distances to market, the invariable demand for his produce and the large amount of stock kept.

"The Belgian farmer belongs to the peasant class and lives, thinks and works like a peasant. His aim in life is to have a large bank account, to keep fine stock and to raise all he feeds on his own farm. His education consists of six or seven years in the village school. Like his English neighbor he belongs to a race of farmers and in all probability his farm will have been in his

family for many generations (in Belgium the small farms are usually owned by the peasants, while the large ones are leased). Hence his land is his kingdom and he loves every inch of it. The writer visited a large farm of some 600 acres, run by a peasant and his two sons. Of this amount over 475 acres were always under cultivation, while 116 cows and 85 registered Belgian brood mares were kept. This man bought no fertilizer or any feed except bran. His average crops per acre were oats 72 bushels, rye 48 bushels, wheat 45 bushels and hay 2.5 tons. The crops sold were wheat (about 4,000 bushels), rye (3,000 bushels) and a part of the oats, as well as butter, eggs, quantities of veal, a small amount of milk in the immediate neighborhood, and horses besides. The wife of this prosperous and shrewd farmer was a capable woman, who, in addition to taking entire charge of the dairy (with three dairymaids to help milk and churn some 130 pounds of butter a week), looked after a flock of 600 hens and was housekeeper and provider not only to her husband, but for his father and brother as well. The success of this man, and I can assure my readers that he was most successful, was at least in part due to his entire devotion to his work, quite as much as to the thoroughness with which every acre was cultivated and kept in a high state of tilth. He was also a shrewd and far-sighted salesman and his horses had won an enviable reputation all over Belgium and Prussia and had taken many prizes. The Belgian farmer is most economical and waste of any kind is unknown on the best farms. To be sure, the farm implements are not what we in America would call up to date, but then labor is cheap and consequently the necessity for modern labor-saving machines is not felt. The houses of the farmers in Belgium are bare and without any adornments, no flowers, shrubs or grass about them. As a whole, the Belgian farmers work much harder than the Englishmen, and spend but little on pleasures, preferring the comfortable satisfaction of having their pockets well filled with gold.

"The French farmer is also of the peasant class, which, however, doesn't prevent him from being a very wide-awake man who lays by a tidy sum in the bank every year and helps to make France the richest country *per capita* in Europe. In fact, it is well known that the bulk of the French Government bonds are held by the peasants. The home of the average French farmer contains but little besides the necessities of life. Master and men eat at the same table and sit for the most part in the large cheerful kitchen, which is always as clean as wax. In districts where sugar beets are grown, oxen are used for work, the farmers having a twofold object in view: economy in feeding and a market value in the winter. For instance, a farmer will raise a pair of steers and begin working them when about a year old; the second year, after the beet harvesting is done and the sugar made, the oxen are fattened on the beet pulp and sold to the butcher.

"These large French farms are extremely interesting and picturesque, acres and acres of most carefully tilled fields without a fence to be seen. Sugar beets, wheat, sheep, oats, clover and barley are the usual crops raised on these 2,000-acre farms, and as the crop averages are high in France the profits are excellent. On these very large farms the owners (in France the farmers own their land for the most part) are most intelligent and live very well, keeping at least two house servants and owning an automobile besides driving horses. As far as education is concerned the French country boy has no better chance than his prototype in America. There are advantages, however, which favor him. Custom has decreed that one or two children shall suffice in a family, and one rarely finds more than that number in any intelligent, successful family, no matter what walk of life they may be in; then the farms are handed down from father to son, or in cases where there are only daughters, the son-in-law lives with the bride's parents and carries on the farm work. The life of the French farmer and his family is spent for the most part out of doors, as the climate is mild enough to permit of doors and windows being open throughout the year.

"In summing up, it should be said that the Englishman spends more than his neighbors across the channel, and has, as a rule, a larger family to support. If he doesn't ride he is sure to have a good cob and trap, his clothes are better, and on market days he makes a most presentable appearance in his two-wheeled cart. His daughters often teach in the village schools, while some of the boys, like their American cousins, drift away from the farm into the army or into some business.

"The Belgian spends the least and demands the least of life. He is cheerful, con-

tented and prosperous, frequently making from $1,200 to $5,000, and even more, a year clear on his crops.

"The Frenchman's standard of living is higher than that of his neighbor the Belgian, but not up to the Englishman's, because deeply ingrained in his make-up is a streak of penuriousness, which will not permit of his spending money liberally. To him the deep satisfaction of having a large bank account is worth more than the pleasure of spending.

"The success of these three types of farmers is due to the wonderful fertility of their farms, brought about by the liberal use of manure; the keeping of plenty of livestock; to the thorough preparation of the soil before planting and careful cleaning of the land after the harvest; to the use of good seed and variety of marketable produce raised. When a man raises sheep, poultry, wheat, oats, hay, cows and a few horses he always has something to sell.

"The only advantages the European farmers have over us in America are the short distances to market, low transportation rates on the canals (which cover Belgium, France and Germany like a net-work) and the cheapness of the labor. This latter advantage we can offset, to large extent, by our modern labor-saving machinery. There is no denying the fact that we do not keep enough livestock on our farms, nor do we work our land sufficiently. Where is the American farmer who would think of going over his oat or rye field after harvest with harrows to loosen all the weeds and then gather them into piles and burn them, scattering the ashes over the land; finally leaving the whole field ridged, to be plowed again in the spring or planted late in the autumn? This is invariably done in England. Again, we have too many fences. Outside of Great Britain one seldom sees a fence. In Italy the boundaries are marked with rows of poplars or willows, the tops of which are cut off each year for baskets.

"The science of agriculture is yet in its infancy in America and our methods, for the most part, have been crude, with but little forethought shown for the future. That farming is beginning to be recognized as a business requiring more than the average amount of brains is evidenced on every hand and each year sees hundreds of capable young men choosing this most interesting profession in preference to the more crowded ones."

## "MOONLIGHT SCHOOLS" IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

A UNIQUE experiment in rural education which combines most efficiently the practical and the picturesque has been recently started in Rowan County, Kentucky, in the form of "moonlight schools." "These schools," we are told, "hold sessions on moonlight nights in order that the beauty and brightness of the night may entice the adult pupil from his cabin to the schoolhouse."

The plan was suggested to the teachers of the day-schools by Mrs. Cora Stewart, president of the Educational Association of Kentucky, and the fact that the teachers volunteered their services and personally campaigned the mountains to explain the movement and enlist pupils shows with what sincerity and enthusiasm the project was met.

The work is described in *The Christian Herald* of New York as follows: "Classes in the elementary studies, reading, writing, geography, and history, were instituted, and the story of the success of it all reads like fiction. Classes of two or three in each of the first ten schools to be opened would have been gratifying and fully worth the effort. But instead of twos and threes, they came in crowds, and in forty-five schools that were subsequently opened within two weeks, there was no class smaller than ten and some were as large as fifty-eight. The exercises are as interesting to hear as the classes are impressive to see. A grandmother of eighty-six side by side with a rosy-cheeked lass of twenty; a grandfather in the same class with his grandson, each trying to surpass the other; lumbermen and farmers, brides and grooms, mothers and sons, all join in a whole-hearted, good-natured rivalry in their effort to learn.

"To save the embarrassment of using primers, current events and news items were correlated with reading, the reading text being a little newspaper prepared especially for beginners. Bible study is popular with the pupils, many of whom learned to read in two weeks' time.

"The effect of the Rowan night-schools on the social life of the county is admirable. The uncommon school associations seem to develop a spirit of good fellowship, welding whole communities in sympathy and neighborliness."

# ALS IK KAN

## A SCHOOL FOR CITIZENSHIP

BORN and reared in what was then the wilds of Wisconsin, where it was necessary for everyone to take part in the pioneer work of home-making, it was natural that I should be influenced all through my life by the environment, training and ideals of those early days. In the small community in which we lived, we were close at all times to the great primitive forces of Nature—to the sternness of her unflinching laws, to the wonder of her changing seasons, to the mingled joy and struggle that made up the daily round of our outdoor life.

Unhindered and unhelped by the complex details of a more civilized society, we worked out our own plans and problems, provided for our material household requirements as well as our social needs, embodying in our pioneer group the characteristics of a miniature community. We made our clearings, built our cabins, raised our own vegetables and made our own clothes. We depended very little on outside supplies. We were coöperative and yet individualistic, for each new emergency threw us on our own resources, developed ingenuity, skill, patience. Whether I was working or playing, felling trees or making whistles from their bark, hauling logs for the fire or making untaught some simple piece of furniture for the log home—whatever it was, I was learning unconsciously the lesson of the pioneer. I was developing my power of seeing clearly, deciding promptly and acting practically, doing my own reasoning instead of following precedent, learning, in short, to think and act for myself.

Those days wakened a sense of kinship with the nature world and brought me visions and ideals of life and work that colored all the after years. The settlement of which I felt myself so vigorous a part was like a little world in itself. Along with a hard knowledge of realities was developed a sense of the picturesqueness of it all, so that I had what one might call a "play" feeling toward every task. It was work—and often very hard work—yet at the same time it had a certain spontaneous, irresistible quality that made it seem like fun. For was it not part of the greatest of all adventures—Life!

It was very natural, therefore, that later on, through many years of varied activity in the East, the memory of those early Wisconsin days should still linger in my mind. And when I selected the tract of land in New Jersey which has become known as Craftsman Farms my thoughts reverted instinctively to the pioneer country where my hard-working but happy boyhood was spent. These sloping Eastern acres with their fern-grown woods and meadows, where the new green of cowslips and clusters of wild violets herald the springtime, these alder-fringed creeks and clear springs where the water-cress abounds, were like an echo of the old pioneer surroundings. Here seemed to me the ideal spot for a farm home.

Some of the land had been abandoned fifty years ago, and it was my ambition to bring it back to fertility, to clear and plow, to make roads and build houses, to develop if possible an ideal home. We would build a log house in some quiet wooded spot, and grow our own fruit and vegetables as we had in the old Wisconsin times. I would relive, as it were, the Western boyhood which had been so full of meaning and beauty.

But as I came to plan and build and lay out the land, I realized that I could not get real enjoyment by doing it merely for my own ends. The grown man cannot resurrect the spirit of his boyhood alone; he needs the companionship of boys, the contact of their eager interests and quick imaginations. And so I felt that I must have growing boys to work and play with, to help me clear the forestland, plow the ground, dig and plant, plan and build, until at last we should evolve out of the raw material of Nature a little farmstead community of friendly workers.

The boys should go to work like youthful pioneers, getting out of the adventure and struggle of it all the joy and strength and wholesomeness, the freedom and self-reliance that such life had held for me. They should have the same primitive realities to contend with which had developed my own muscle and brain; they should feel the same thrill of satisfied achievement as they felled their first tree and built their own shelter; they should have the pleasure of cooking their own meals at a camp-fire and taste the comfort of a night's rest well earned. I would help them with the fruit of my experience, teach them woodcraft and farming, home-building and cab-

inetmaking, show them how to become a capable, self-dependent group.

And so, with that impulsiveness and enthusiasm which my early life had bequeathed me, I announced to my friends and the readers of our magazine that it was my intention to start at Craftsman Farms a school where boys could learn these outdoor crafts, study agriculture and dairying, learn to make furniture and fittings in their own shops. And the interest with which the announcement was received showed how much the plan appealed to people whose ideas were moving, consciously or unconsciously, along similar lines.

But when I came to consider all the practical details, to make definite plans and arrangements for such a school, I realized that after all the average Eastern lad differs considerably in character, training, environment and tradition from the Western youth that I had typified. The influences of our complex civilization have unfitted him in a great degree to cope with the roughness of actual pioneer conditions. To such boys as might come out to my farm the initial steps, the pioneer stage of development would prove a hardship rather than a joy. If they were to throw themselves into the work heart and soul as I wished, I must temper somewhat the harshness of natural conditions to their more sensitive bodies and minds. I must pave some of the way that was to lead to the goal, do the first clearing, farming and building to show them what could be accomplished. I must get a nucleus around which their young interests would center and from which they could branch out for themselves along individual yet coöperative lines.

So I set to work and for three years devoted whatever time, energy and money I could spare to the development of Craftsman Farms. The result is already known to our readers. Around the home center of our big, friendly Log House are grouped the smaller cottages, the garage, the cow and horse stables, chicken houses, flower and vegetable garden, orchard, fruit patches and corn fields. But the 150 acres at present under cultivation comprise only a small fraction of the whole estate. All around the farm stretch the woods and hills and sloping meadows where other cottages and workshops may still be built and other fields cleared for the planting of more fruit trees and corn and the laying out of new roads and pleasant gardens.

With so much already accomplished and so much more still waiting to be done, I feel that a fitting time has come for the inauguration of my long-cherished plan—the founding of a boys' school at Craftsman Farms. But what has helped me most of all to realize that the time was ripe for such an undertaking, was a visit a short time ago from Mr. Raymond Riordon, the Superintendent of the Interlaken School in Rolling Prairie, Indiana.

Our readers will remember that in THE CRAFTSMAN for May, 1912, we published an article written by Mr. Riordon about his boys' school in Interlaken. This article came to us unsolicited; in fact, until the manuscript reached us, we regret to say that we did not know of this institution for the training of boys to a fine citizenship which Mr. Riordon has organized in the Middle West. But from the first reading of the article and the study of the pictures which he sent to illustrate it, we felt that here was an organization if not exactly along the lines that we had in mind for Craftsman Farms, at least born of the same spirit and the same desire to see that boys were once more trained to be men first of all and scholars incidentally. Not but what a thorough education is given at Interlaken and will be given at the Craftsman Farms School, but the boys' mental training will be gained just as much from experience in right living, in working, in meeting emergencies, in helping, as from reading and studying and memorizing books.

We believe at Craftsman Farms, as Mr. Riordon does out in Rolling Prairie, that no boy is educated who does not know the rudiments of living, who has not been trained to shift for himself, who could not, if he were lost suddenly in the woods or on the prairies, save his own life and care for himself as men could in the pioneer days, in all early vigorous days of civilization. Those of our readers who have read Mr. Riordon's article about his own school will remember that his boys not only learn how to cook and to wash and to do their own housework, but build their own houses and schools and are trained in physical care for themselves and for each other, as pioneer life trained the men who were courageous enough to meet it.

We were so much interested in Mr.

Riordon's article about his school that a personal correspondence ensued and we soon found a real comrade in this young man who understands life and boys so well. The result was that Mr. Riordon's interest in what we were doing became as great as our interest in his work, leading to the recent visit to Craftsman Farms, where the project for a school was begun and a friendship born of mutual ideals cemented.

Our present plan, a definite one, is that the Craftsman Farms School for Citizenship will be opened on the 15th of June, 1913. In the meantime the scheme of organization will be thoroughly worked out, Mr. Riordon helping in all practical ways —most notable of which will be the manning of some of the departments of work at Craftsman Farms with young men trained at the Interlaken School, who will not only take charge of their own work, but immediately begin planning to make it of value to the fifty boys with whom the school will start.

It is our purpose to make of use to these boys everything which has been done at the Farms—the large stables and stock, the well-filled poultry houses, the vineyard, the orchards of peach, apple, plum and cherry trees, the large log dwelling in which the family are housed, the smaller bungalows for the use of friends, and other buildings completed and in process of construction. The boys will be taught to build, to care for the animals and the garden, to understand and help in the installation and running of our electric plant, as well as to learn road-making and landscape gardening in their various branches. Whatever is new and scientific in agricultural development in this country will be gathered for the benefit of the boys, and any information that is of real importance in stock-raising will be at their disposal. The newest systems of intensive farming will be taught in the most practical way. And in connection with this training in the *Work of Living* the boys will receive thorough instruction in the "Three Rs." No boy will, however, be held back from the more formal mental training. Those who display a tendency toward the higher forms of education will have the opportunity of gaining a requisite basis for this, although there will be no time for separate preparation of boys for college. Those who feel that the college education is a part of what seems essential to them in facing life will be so thoroughly equipped in ways of earning their living and in the necessary first steps in practical education that there will be no difficulty whatever in their getting into and through college if they so desire, and they will be all the better for winning it for themselves.

The boys that we have in mind for this school in citizenship are the less fortunate youths of the land, those who have not had the right help from parents or friends and who have been left to face the difficult problems of boyhood at times when they had not the strength to come out whole. We feel that these boys are the ones that greatly need, and should have help, and a school like ours may prove an opportunity for such lads to rehabilitate themselves and to get the hold on life that may make them the kind of citizens we are hoping to graduate from Craftsman Farms.

We prefer the boys to be between nine and fourteen, as this seems to be the impressionable age of boyhood. Beyond fourteen, while boys might be amenable to a new way of living, even interested in a better way of living, the chances are that once returning to bad association the old temptations would be overwhelming for them; whereas the boy between nine and fourteen is fairly open-minded and the impressions which he receives at that period of his life are probably the most indelible that can ever touch his character.

Mr. Riordon's present plan is to begin to send on his trained young men from the first of October, 1912, so that from month to month during the winter our plans for the school will crystallize. Then early in the summer he himself will come, bringing with him his wide experience of the mental, moral and physical training of boys. He will stay long enough to help get the work thoroughly under way, and will keep in close touch with us afterward through correspondence and occasional visits. We feel that this association with a man who has tested his capacity and right to govern youth is one that will prove invaluable to such a school as we are hoping to develop at Craftsman Farms. A more complete presentation of the School plans will be published in the November issue of THE CRAFTSMAN in an article by Mr. Riordon, which will be illustrated with photographs of the Farms showing what has already been accomplished there.

## "THE CALL OF THE CARPENTER"

GLANCING over a little "Social Service Catechism" issued by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America we find the following statement: "The kingdom of God, in the Christian conception of things, may mean much more than a human society on earth, but it can never mean anything less." This dispassionate statement of the fundamental idea of social service is an appropriate prelude to a discussion of Mr. Bouck White's "Call of the Carpenter," a book which is by no means dispassionate, but burns on every page with the white fire of humanitarian enthusiasm. Mr. White portrays Jesus as the greatest of industrial leaders, "democracy's chief asset," "the greatest arouser of the masses which human annals have recorded," and at the same time "the incarnation of labor's world-tragedy in its long climb up the ages." And when he is quoted as predicting that his book "will turn Christianity upside down and inside out" he evidently means that it will have this upsetting effect upon the prevailing conventionalized conception of Christianity. For in his opening chapter he points out that in retelling the story of Jesus and reinterpreting his message in terms of economics he is not painting a new picture of his subject, but is restoring an old one. If this portrait of the Carpenter seems startlingly strange to some of us, may it not be, he suggests, because the accretions of time that have hitherto defaced the picture have now been removed "by grace of the critical scholarship of our day," revealing the living tints of the portrait?

While the uncompromising and ruthless manner in which Mr. White deals with what he considers time's distorting accretions seems shocking and even blasphemous to some of his critics, on the other hand his flaming devotion to the original which he seeks to reveal wins him enthusiastic champions even in the ranks of conventional orthodoxy and traditional religion. This seeming incongruity is touched upon in characteristic fashion by Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House" and "The Terrible Meek," who writes of the "Call of the Carpenter": "It is a book of a man, written for men, and the critics ought to find it blasphemous and intolerable. God will be glad, though—which makes amends."

In the main Mr. White's book is constructive rather than destructive. He is more intent upon making us see and thrill to his picture of Jesus than upon proving to us that other pictures are spurious. But against two time-honored ideas he tilts with all his strength. One of these is the idea that the message of Jesus is one of submission to the established economic order,—in Mr. White's opinion, the Sermon on the Mount "ranks high among the inflammatory manifestos of the world." The other is the idea of God the Father as a sort of benevolent despot in the heavens. The first he traces back to the subtle mind of Rome's ruling class, aided and abetted by Paul's theology and that of the Greek philosophers in the early Church. The second he indicts as "unbiblical," because "it was craftily interpolated into the Christian system by Greek metaphysicians at the behest of their Roman overlords"; as "untrue," because "the forces of nature do not operate on any basis of personal intelligence and kindliness"; and as "immoral" because "it presents to fundamental democracy the opposition of fundamental absolution."

THE CRAFTSMAN is interested in this book because it finds in it a vital and human message, uttered with passionate sincerity. So stimulating is this message that in listening to it we can afford to pass lightly over certain controversial points at which theologians would be likely to linger. For while Mr. White pictures for us the Carpenter of Nazareth as the world's most towering genius, mankind's supreme leader, he seems content to work for the fulfilment of the Nazarene's mission here and now, rather than in some problematical other world. In other words, so aflame is he with the vision of the kingdom of God on earth that he apparently forgets the remote heaven of the churches. And after all, is not the gain greater than the loss? If each man of all our human brotherhood but brought the courage and strength of right-doing to the merely material things of life, we could well afford not to vex with importunate guesses the great mystery beyond the veil. "The kingdom of God may mean more than a human society on earth, but it can never mean anything less." Let us build its walls here, where we can touch and test our handiwork, and when our time comes our toil will not have made us the less fit for whatever adventure may lie beyond.

"With Christianity once democratized, it would not be long before the democracy would be Christianized," declares Mr. White, who thinks that "the task of the twentieth century is going to be to convert the Church to the Carpenter." For as things stand, he says, the Church is an ally of the dominant class, a buttress of the established order of things, and as much out of touch with the real aspirations of the workingman as the workingman is out of touch with the formulas and creeds of the Church. The Church has been inclined to forget that "Christianity took its rise in an economic upheaval," and that "even its highest and most spiritual reaches had a rootage in the industrial condition of the masses." The two outstanding facts of our day, as Mr. White sees the situation, are the rise of democracy and the decline of ecclesiasticism. The former he does not attempt to explain, but recognizes and welcomes as an irresistible movement whose urge is felt in every corner of the globe. But the second fact he seems to find no difficulty in accounting for. Ecclesiasticism, he says, has allied itself with property and capital, has dined with the rich and preached at the poor, until it has largely lost the confidence of the world's workers —who form 83 per cent. of the population. "Loving his Church with a bitter love, the Carpenter on the cross sees only this, after the passion of two thousand years."

Mary's "Magnificat" is here characterized as "the battle hymn of democracy," "the Marseillaise of the ancient world." "And this hymn of revolution, pulsing with hatred of oppressors and with fellow-feeling for all the oppressed ones of earth, was composed and sung by Mary while she was carrying Jesus underneath her heart." The baby Jesus was born at a time when Rome was taxing all the world—to be exact, says Mr. White, he was born "during a journey on the part of his parents to pay this tax." This tax upon all nations decreed by Cæsar Augustus was "the first instance in history of brigandage on a world scale," and it therefore seems to Mr. White "more than an accident that its incidence coincided with the gestation period of a child who as a man was to vision a world-wide union of the toiling masses against the legalized brigandage which had its headquarters on the Tiber." In the ancient world, even before the formation of the Roman Empire, slavery was the basis of society, each nation having its capitalistic class and its slave class. "Rome's empire," as Mr. White sees it, "was 'the System' at work in the ancient world—she annexed the nations by means of a coalition with the local capitalistic group in each." Thus was built up the Roman Empire, "that apotheosis of property rights."

As a boy Jesus witnessed the insurrection under Judas of Galilee against Roman absolutism, with the crucifixion of two thousand Galileans as a sequel. Taking up the trade of a carpenter under his father Joseph, "for eighteen years Jesus worked thus as a day laborer," and "we find him ever after identifying himself with the working class." While the traditional biographies of Jesus dwell upon the last three years of his life, when he had laid aside the mechanic's apron for the teacher's cloak, Mr. White reminds us that in reality "the two careers were one." "It was because his work as an artisan was being brought to naught by the industrial despotism that like a creeping paralysis was advancing upon the country, that he set out to arouse the people against that despotism." He announced his mission, "to preach deliverance to the slaves." His biography, says Mr. White, may be summed up in five words: "He stirreth up the people." He saw that the famous Pax Romana was the false peace of a world in economic bondage, and he deliberately set himself the task of overthrowing it. His plan was "a federation of the world against the federated oppressors of the world."

The modern reader, says Mr. White, can get closest to the meaning of the phrase "kingdom of heaven," as Jesus used it, by substituting for it the term "kingdom of self-respect." In this phrase "lay the dynamite of the Carpenter's teaching," for "given a world in which half of the people —of the same color as their masters—were kept in slavery by intimidation; let loose among them this idea, 'self-respect,' and social earthquakes will set in forthwith." It was this idea that "made on his lips the most innocent metaphor into forked lightning."

The tenth chapter of Mr. White's book—the earlier ones deal with the drift of social and economic forces in Christ's day, the influence and personality of his mother, his plan and methods, etc.—brings us to the inevitable moment when, recognizing in him an enemy of the existing order of society,

the ruling oligarchy brought about his crucifixion. "The assassination of the Carpenter was perpetrated by Rome and by a handful of Romanized renegades among the Jewish privileged class." But the idea Jesus had died for would not down, even when the followers of the Carpenter were covered with pitch and lighted as living torches, or thrown by the thousand to the wild beasts of the arena.

When the ruling classes found that they could not overtake and stamp out the words of the Carpenter by these drastic methods, they resorted to the subtler and more effective device of "annexing" Christianity. In this design they were assisted, though unconsciously—so runs Mr. White's somewhat startling theory—by Paul the Apostle. Of the qualities of temperament and training that made Paul a factor in this result we read:

"The annexing process was started by a Roman citizen named Saul. Formerly a Jew, he deserted his nationality and with it his former name, and called himself thereafter Paul. Paul was undeniably sincere. He believed that in reinterpreting the Christian faith so as to make it acceptable to the Romans he was doing that faith a service. His make-up was imperial rather than democratic. Both by birth and training he was unfitted to enter into the working-class consciousness of Galileans. He was in culture a Hellenist, in religion a Pharisee, in citizenship a Roman. * * * The Jesus to whom Paul went over was not the carpenter of Galilee, but rather an imperial magnate, lord of a renewed and glorified Roman Empire. Christianity did not change Paul so much as Paul changed Christianity."

Had Paul known the Carpenter personally, says Mr. White, or had he been humble enough "to sit for a while at the feet of Mary and her fellow Galileans," he "would never have made the mistake of attributing imperialistic designs to a leader who enjoined 'call no man master.'"

The process of Romanizing the Man of Nazareth, begun by Paul, was taken up after him by the Greek philosophers—thus Mr. White continues the story. Then, Christianity being at last in a form which the ruling powers could use, Rome adopted it and became the Holy Roman Empire. "Rome had not changed; Christianity was changed." "Accordingly we find the Church suppressing every tendency to independence of thought. For this 'Holy' Roman Empire, let it be emphasized, was naught but Rome's old empire of property, with religious sanctions added to it as a sort of ghostly police."

The Jesus to whom the democracy must turn, Mr. White urges, is not "a representative of the Cæsarized sovereignty in the heavens," but the poet and artisan of Nazareth, the God-man who awakened the people to a sense of the Godhood in their own hearts. To quote again:

"From the summit of twenty centuries Jesus overleans the democracy today, and is ambitious to reënforce it with ancestral wisdom and the might of martyrs. It is no small advantage to the social movement that it can claim as its lord him who redated the calendar. * * *

"That carpenter shop in Nazareth is a fulcrum from which democracy can move the world. There is regeneracy enough in the words of Jesus to right every wrong and to straighten out every crookedness. He had no economic programme. The attempt to monopolize him for some particular plan of social architecture has done harm. For his oceanic nature refuses to be circumscribed within the limits of a fish-pond. * * *

"Jesus was too expert a social physician to advertise some economic programme as the cure-all of the sickness that has overtaken society. Rather, he set a religion loose in the world which should, through the upward centuries, work the cure. That religion, as we have seen, was wrested from its purpose of earth-redemption by the special interests, those who profited by a sick condition of society. But the cure remains, nevertheless, and needs but to be redirected toward humanity's sore to reattest itself the sovereignest thing in all the world for social dementedness. Democracy is a passion and not a programme. If its warp is materiality, its woof is spirituality. It is shot with religion through and through. It is a wager of faith. * * *

"If by some gift of tongues it could be proclaimed everywhere that Jesus, the solace of the world's sorrow—he who, by bringing life and immortality to light, has blunted the sharpness of death—is on the side of the people against their devourers, a religious awakening would billow across the continent, put an end to an age of unfaith, and reconstruct society."

Throughout we have let Mr. White speak

for himself, his actual words seeming necessary to a clear understanding of the blend of radicalism and spiritual enthusiasm which his remarkable book embodies. We will close with one more quotation, a paragraph which is practically a resumé of the book's argument:

"Christianity took its rise in an economic convulsion. It was the flowering forth of Israel's age-old stalk of liberty—an attempt at a world-wide democratism which should countervail Rome's world-wide absolutism. Its Leader was slaughtered by Rome and her Caiaphas allies as an agitator, a disturber of the peace: and his followers were hunted with fire and crosses through more than a hundred years. Unable to compass its destruction by violence, Rome thereupon resorted to craftiness. She annexed Christianity. Sicklied o'er with philosophy, religion ceased to be the spontaneous upreach of man to his Maker, and became an engine of social control. But the 'leaven hid in the meal' refused to be annexed; so that today the world is yeasty with insurgency and upheaval."

## MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: IN BOOK FORM

THE articles by Barry Parker, which we have been publishing serially in the magazine for the last two years and a half, will be issued, before long, in book form. We need not remind our readers of the practical value and pictorial charm of this work of Mr. Parker's, or of the interesting revelations it has given to an American audience regarding the present status and ideals of English architecture—to which the author has made such significant contributions.

It will be remembered that England's first Garden City, at Letchworth, Hertfordshire, was planned by Barry Parker and his coworker, Raymond Unwin, and the subsequent achievements of these architects along similar lines has done much toward establishing the present standards of democratic and coöperative home-building and town-planning. Much of the forthcoming book deals with this subject in its many branches and will thus be of definite value in furthering the development of garden cities in this country.

The general reader and student, especially those who are planning the furnishing or reorganizing of an old home or the building of a new one, will find the work full of suggestion and inspiration; for those English interiors, both the historic and the modern, hold qualities of sturdy comfort and homelike grace which we of the New World have thus far seldom attained.

The book will be as artistic and convenient as the combined efforts of author, editor and printer can make it. It will comprise about 208 pages, part of which will be the rough antique paper used in THE CRAFTSMAN and will carry the ten-point text and line drawings, floors plans and sketches. The remaining pages will be of heavy coated paper carrying the rich halftone reproduction that will form the most distinctive and beautiful feature of the book.

# BOOK REVIEWS

## THE STORY OF GÖSTA BERLING: TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH OF SELMA LAGERLÖF BY PAULINE BANCROFT FLACH

A STRANGE and masterful book is this—one that well merited the Nobel Prize three years ago. And though its date of publication is 1911, so strongly has the human and literary value of the work impressed us that we are impelled to publish here a somewhat belated review. For in this half-symbolic, half-realistic romance are such strength and subtlety, such flashes of clear truth as make it stand out boldly against the background of average modern fiction.

The scene of the story—or rather of the collection of loosely interwoven tales—is laid in Värmland, a lonely tract in southern Sweden. One feels from the first the dominating influence upon that peasant people of the encompassing mountains — those "mighty granite walls"—the wide stretches of dark silent forest with here and there a swamp, a shadowed pool, a charcoal kiln or a burnt clearing, and below them plain, winding river and open lake. One feels how deeply rooted are the lives of the people in this stern northern landscape, how vividly their imaginations, hopes and fears are colored by the old myths and superstitions which, even while disbelieving, they can never wholly shake off. In a land where winter is a long and often cruel reality, summer a brief evanescent joy, where Nature is feared more than she is loved by those who are so dependent on her for life's

necessaries—food, shelter, clothing—and where one must pay for every hard-won privilege with submission before the indifference of her droughts and the anger of her storms—is it any wonder that the simple folk, not content with real wolves and bears for neighbors, people their forests with dryads, their mountains with demons and witches, their streams with water nymphs? For did not these fantastic semi-deities symbolize, in their whimsical mischief and terror-dealing wrath—the fickle moods of the great Mother herself?

From this curious medley of fact and legend Selma Lagerlöf has wrought her story. They are all flesh and blood, these people whom she describes, despite the atmosphere of folk-lore in which they move. There is the major's wife, mistress of the seven iron-works and of Ekeby where dwelt *Gösta Berling* and other pleasure-loving spirits in the pensioner's wing; the pensioners themselves, those adventurous men who strove to drown in pranks and laughter, in cards and brandy, dance and chase, the sorrows of the outside world and their own life-tragedies from which they had fled; the wicked *Sintram* who was said to be in league with the evil one and took delight in oppressing the poor who depended on him for work and food; and those fair Värmland women across whose paths with such passion and sorrow strode *Gösta Berling,* the mad poet-priest.

For it is *Gösta*—the wild young genius, alternately despicable and lovable—who overtops all the rest. Burning with a fierce love of life and happiness he tries to forget in the people's solace—brandy—the desolation that haunts his parsonage home. He is disgraced, wanders, begs, and is given the freedom of the bachelor's wing at Ekeby. But such freedom brings more disaster than joy. With no anchorage save his vow to live as a gay and gallant knight, he brings tumult and pain into the lives he touches, though with it all the people forgive him, won always by his irresistible boyishness and quixotic acts of generosity.

At last comes the girlish *Countess Elizabeth* with her inherent purity of soul, her willingness to sacrifice herself for others, her eagerness to do penance for what she considers her sin. She is attracted by *Gösta's* strength and magnetism, repelled by his miserable past, and finally calls on him for aid—not for her outcast self but for the child whom her husband stupidly and brutally refuses to father. *Elizabeth's* courage and patience, her heroism without heroics, her pity for the people and her faith in the sanctity and purifying joy of work rouse *Gösta* to a new sense of responsibility. His distorted vision slowly adjusts itself; he sees life in its true perspective.

The book closes to the stirring sound of the sledge-hammer at the forge. The iron works are busy again! For Industry has proved her right to triumph and she will save the people from starvation and from their own discontent.

Not until one nears the last page does one realize the purpose of the book and grasp the bigness of its message. Then, as *Elizabeth* speaks, a sudden flash like that of a search-light is thrown back over the preceding chapters. The characters and incidents are no longer merely picturesque fragments. They have become vivid parts of one compelling whole, magic syllables which, joined, reveal the author's secret. And that secret is *work and love*—love and work. It matters little which way you put it so long as the two go together, for work without love is a hard and joyless thing, and love without work is ineffectual and unlasting. But the two combined give courage and inspiration to labor and bring peace and understanding to the heart.

While intensely local in color, the tale has a significance not bounded by geographical limits. The legends are more than fanciful—they are symbolic; the characters are not merely Scandinavian—they are human; the incidents are more than accidental—they are fraught with the deepest inevitability. It is a book to make indifference pause and think, and to bring to weariness and despair the courage to go on and conquer. For it has struck the keynote of individual and social salvation—joyful work. (Published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 473 pages. Price $1.20.)

### THE GOLDEN SPEARS: BY EDMUND LEAMY

ALL the ingredients of orthodox fairy-tales are found in this children's storybook. Giants and dwarfs and mermaids appear and disappear through its pages just as they have always done in the imagination of childhood in every land. The maidens, usually princesses, apparent or disguised, are always beautiful, the princes and knights are always brave, and virtue is always rewarded and crime pun-

ished in the usual and approved fashion.

But added to these obvious features, there is a certain winsome quality about the little tales which sets them somewhat apart from others of their kind. The closeness of the writing to the ways of outdoor things—the winds and flowers and creatures,—the poetic feeling that lurks in many of the simple descriptions, the fragments of Irish legend and folk-lore woven into the events, and through it all that rhythmic lilt which clings with a certain tenderness to Irish speech,—these things seem to stamp the book with a unique friendliness that should win its way into the heart of a child. (Published by Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc., New York. 180 pages. Illustrated, Price $1.00 net.)

### REPLANNING SMALL CITIES: BY JOHN NOLEN

NOW that America, emulating her trans-Atlantic cousins, is awakening to the widespread need of more efficient housing and town planning, any authoritative contribution to this vital subject should be received with interest. This work of Mr. Nolen's deals with the replanning of six cities: Roanoke, Virginia; San Diego, California; Montclair, New Jersey; Glen Ridge, New Jersey; Reading, Pennsylvania, and Madison, Wisconsin. Each of these studies is systematically treated and illustrated with photographs and maps which add to the practical value of the text. The general town plan, the business and residential centers, streets, recreation grounds and other important features are all considered. The book should be appreciated not only by citizens of the places it describes, but even more by architects and laymen of our many other towns which stand in such need of readjustment to make them fitting homes for the development of a wholesome American democracy. (Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. 218 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price $2.50 net.)

### MODERN COTTAGE ARCHITECTURE: ILLUSTRATED FROM WORKS OF WELL-KNOWN ARCHITECTS, SELECTED AND DESCRIBED BY MAURICE B. ADAMS, F.R.I.B.A.

THIS practical and beautiful volume, which is a second edition, enlarged and brought up to date, is one which every architect, student and home-maker will welcome, for it contains unusually interesting and representative examples from one of the most important phases of modern English architecture — the cottage. One realizes that the popularity this type of building is gaining, not only throughout the British Isles but on the continent and in our own country, is one of the surest indications of a genuine world-wide movement toward democracy.

While naturally a great many of the illustrations in the book show the national tendency to echo in the buildings of today some of the most characteristic and appealing forms that history has bequeathed, this reminiscent note is one of suggestion rather than imitation. The quaint thatch-roof dwellings, the snug dormers, the pointed gables with their half-timber construction, the sheltered doorways and friendly gardens —all speak of the solid comfort and sanitation of today, while recalling, faintly or vividly as the case may be, the architectural background from which much of their inspiration was drawn. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 81 pages of text and floor plans, and 83 additional plates. Price $3.00 net, postage 30 cents.)

### COUNTRY COTTAGES AND WEEK-END HOMES: BY J. H. ELDER-DUNCAN

A NEW edition of this volume of English cottage homes has just been published, with several colored plates among the numerous half-tone illustrations and floor plans. The purpose of the work is "to tell the layman of moderate means some facts about country cottages," with practical information as to construction and cost. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 224 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price $2.50 net, postage 25 cents.)

### BOOKS RECEIVED

"Carola Woerishoffer: Her Life and Work:" A collection of addresses, editorials, etc., with an introduction by Ida M. Tarbell. 137 pages. Illustrated. Published by Class of 1907, Bryn Mawr College.

"Captain Martha Mary:" By Avery Abbott. 211 pages. Frontispiece. Price $1.00 net. Published by The Century Co., New York.

"Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year Ended June 30, 1911: Volume II:" Pages 677 to 1407. Published by the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

## THE HOMES OF THE CRAFTSMAN

FOR the purpose of getting in closer touch with the new subscribers, whose names are constantly being added to our list, as well as to give to old subscribers a more definite idea of where we live, we publish here two pictures of places closely allied with Craftsman activities. The first is a glimpse of our show rooms at 29 West 34th Street, New York City. Mail orders for fabrics, metal work, furniture, and in fact all Craftsman products are filled here, and a corps of assistants is maintained to make suggestions for decorative combinations, color schemes and interesting furnishings. As will be seen from the picture, these rooms make a comfortable resting place for our New York callers, and CRAFTSMAN subscribers are most welcome visitors.

CRAFTSMAN SHOW ROOM, AT 29 WEST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK: A REST ROOM FOR NEW YORK VISITORS.

The second is of the building where the Editorial Rooms, Advertising Department, Service Department, Architectural Department and Home-building Department of THE CRAFTSMAN are located. We have here, for the convenience of the public, portfolios of all Craftsman houses, samples of many of the goods advertised in THE CRAFTSMAN, together with catalogues and prices from most of our advertisers. People who are interested in home-building are requested to examine the Craftsman Fireplace, to advise with us concerning matters of building, and especially to obtain information concerning the high class of home-builders' supplies which are advertised in our columns. We are rapidly making this a clearing house of building information for the benefit of our subscribers and our advertisers.

The lower portion of the building is occupied by the New Netherland Bank, the remaining three floors are utilized as offices by THE CRAFTSMAN and its various departments. The second floor is occupied by our Architectural Department and offices. The third floor is taken up by our Advertising Department and Circulation staff. The fourth floor is practically devoted to Editorial purposes.

We are rapidly arranging new facilities for meeting people interested in the Craftsman movement. This number of THE CRAFTSMAN, on page 44a, carries the announcement of the opening of our new store and display rooms in Washington, D. C., which, on and after October 1st, will be a rallying place for our friends when they make a pilgrimage to the national capital. In Boston on the same date our spacious new quarters at 468 Boylston street will be open for the accommodation of the public.

THE BUILDING OCCUPIED BY THE CRAFTSMAN MAGAZINE, AT 41 WEST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK.