The craftsman. Vol. XIII, Number 3 December 1907

New York, N.Y.: Gustav Stickley, December 1907

Cover page
is not
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"THE WHITE WOMAN."

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XIII **DECEMBER, 1907** NUMBER 3

Contents

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

25 Cents a Copy : By the Year, $3.00

Entered June 6, 1906, at New York City, as second-class matter

THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XIII DECEMBER, 1907 NUMBER 3

THE WHITE WOMAN: BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

CHARACTERS: *Sigurd, a stone carver. Eric, his child. Ilma, his wife. Theobald, a friend. The White Woman.*

SCENE—*The interior of Sigurd's cottage half-way up the mountain at dusk. Outside the snow is falling. The night looks blue seen from the lighted room. A fire of faggots burns upon the hearth. On each side of the chimney are high-backed seats of wood curiously carved. A tall clock of dark wood, also carved, points to six o'clock. A double row of shelves along the wall contains pewter ewers, mugs and spoons. One end of the room, partially shut off with a wooden partition like a high fence, is filled with stone and marble figures in various stages of completion. The child is kneeling upon the window seat watching the snow. Ilma, his mother, is busy over the fire. From time to time she lifts the lid of a pot hanging over the fire from which steam is arising.*

ERIC (softly, to himself):—The little white birds, the little white birds . . . their feathers are falling. (*Chanting.*) One by one their feathers are falling——

Ilma (turning around, sharply):—What are you talking about to yourself, there? I never knew such a child! You are like your father. There's something not quite right in your head!

Eric:—When is father coming back?

Ilma:—A question I've long since given up asking. I suppose he is out cutting stone up the mountain, his supper and home forgotten. Some fine day he will get lost out in the wood all night and freeze to death in the snow. And then a pretty fix we'll be in!

Eric (tears starting to his eyes):—I don't want father to get lost in the snow.

Ilma (lifting the steaming pot from the fire and setting it down upon the hearth):—Forever thinking of his carven images! He cares more for them than for his own flesh and blood. Heathen, I call it.

Eric:—Father carved me out a little wooden lamb. He made the wood like wool. I like the lamb better than the white images. The stone is cold—like ice.

Ilma (to herself):—There's something strange about it. He'll stand there cutting, cutting all the day and not hear me when I speak. And sometimes he talks softly to himself as if he were speaking to the stone. . . . Ah, an evil day it was for me when I wed Sigurd! (*Crosses the room to a tall cupboard, opens it, peers into several crockery jars, then closes the door and comes back to the hearth, grumbling*). No milk nor meal for the morrow, as I feared, and like as not a three-days' storm upon us! He'll not remember it and God knows when he may return. I'd best go myself and borrow of our neighbor. Then if the deep snow walls us in, at least we need not starve.

Eric (whose gaze has returned to the window):—Oh, the little white birds, the little white birds . . . their feathers are falling —oh, mother—what was that!

Ilma (sharply):—Well, what now! What was what?

Eric (staring into the darkness): A white wolf . . . that slipped past in the snow. I saw it quite plainly . . . its eyes were red like balls of fire. Oh, mother, I am afraid!

Ilma:—You foolish child! If you don't stop seeing your white wolves and your little white birds I shall whip you. Come away from the window and sit down there by the fire till I come back.

Eric:—A great white wolf . . . I know it was a wolf. A white wolf with a long body, red eyes and a pink tongue——

Ilma:—Be silent, not another word! There's not a wolf for twenty miles around, and those there are black, not white. Come away from the window.

Eric (turning from the window and running to his mother):—Mother . . . don't leave me—let me go, too. I am afraid.

Ilma:—Of course not, naughty child—that long walk in the snow and cold! Ah, it's many the long walk I've had to take since the day I wedded Sigurd! (*Takes a long fur cloak from a peg on the wall and wraps herself in it. Pauses with her hand on the latch*). Mind now, keep away from that window, and you won't see any more wolves.

(*Eric goes over to the hearth, sits down and stares into the fire. The head of a white wolf appears at the window blurred by the falling snow. The child, turning at that moment, catches sight of it and screams. The wolf's head disappears. The child hides his face in his arms and begins to cry. The noise of tramping feet is heard*

outside, followed by the sound of some one knocking the snow from heavy boots).

Eric (*crying softly, afraid to lift his head*):—Father!

(*The door opens and Sigurd appears on the threshold, accompanied by his friend, Theobald. They are dragging a heavy block of marble which they carry over to the end of the room containing the stone images*).

Sigurd:—There! That was a heavy pull, with the snow piling up so fast! But what a block it is, white as the frozen torrent up the mountain. In it, already, I can see my dream.

Theobald:—You mean the Holy Mother.

Sigurd (*shaking his head*):—No, not this time. . . . I will tell you. . . .

Eric (*starting up and running toward him*):—Father!

(*Sigurd catches up the child in his arms. Eric hides his head on his father's shoulder*).

Sigurd:—Tears, Eric? What does this mean?

Eric:—Oh, father, the wolf, the long white wolf!

Sigurd:—The wolf! What wolf? Has the mother been telling tales to frighten thee? I will not have it. (*Strokes the child's head, tenderly*).

Eric:—The wicked white wolf out in the snow, with red eyes and a long pink tongue . . . didn't you see him?

Sigurd:—A white wolf—(*Pauses, then laughs*). Thou foolish child! There is no wolf within twenty miles of here.

Eric:—That is what mother said, but I saw it there . . . twice, quite plainly.

Sigurd (*kissing the child, then putting him down*):—If there had been a wolf outside, would I not have met him? In any case, father is home now and no wolf can harm thee. I have a strong knife here in my belt, and if he comes near us, I will bury it in his throat. There, run over by the fire and play with the little wooden lamb I made thee.

Eric:—Mother left some porridge on the hearth.

Sigurd (*absently*):—Not now.

(*The two men remove their heavy wraps and hang them upon wooden pegs on the wall*).

Sigurd:—Now I will show you my white woman, my wonderful white woman. (*Pauses*). But perhaps, neighbor, you would like a taste of the hot porridge first?

Theobald:—Thank you, friend, it is true the night is cold. I

will drink some porridge while you show me your marvelous stone woman.

(*Sigurd pours out a bowl of porridge from the pot and hands it to Theobald, then leads the way to the end of the room where the stone figures are standing*).

Theobald:—Yonder crucifix is for the monastery down the mountain, is it not?

Sigurd (*absently*):—Yes. . . . It is not quite finished. And that madonna, too, is for the monastery, for the tomb of Brother Anthony who died last month, peace to his soul. What think you of it?

Theobald (*scanning it*):—It is beautiful, most beautiful. And yet—— (*He sets down his bowl of porridge and stands staring at the figure*).

Sigurd:—Well, and yet—speak out!

Theobald:—I hesitate to say it, friend. It is beautiful and yet—the face to me looks not quite like the Holy Mother.

Sigurd (*pettishly*):—And pray, who knows how the Holy Mother looked!

Theobald (*horrified*):—Neighbor, your words are blasphemy! (*Crosses himself*). I believe you are half heathen like the simple folk over the mountain. I meant the face of Holy Mary here seemed not quite holy, although beautiful.

Sigurd (*absently*):—Beyond the mountain. It was there I saw her.

Theobald (*staring*): Her? Who?

Sigurd (*in a lower voice*):—My white woman, my strange, wonderful white woman.

Theobald (*drawing back in alarm*):—Sigurd, are you crazed?

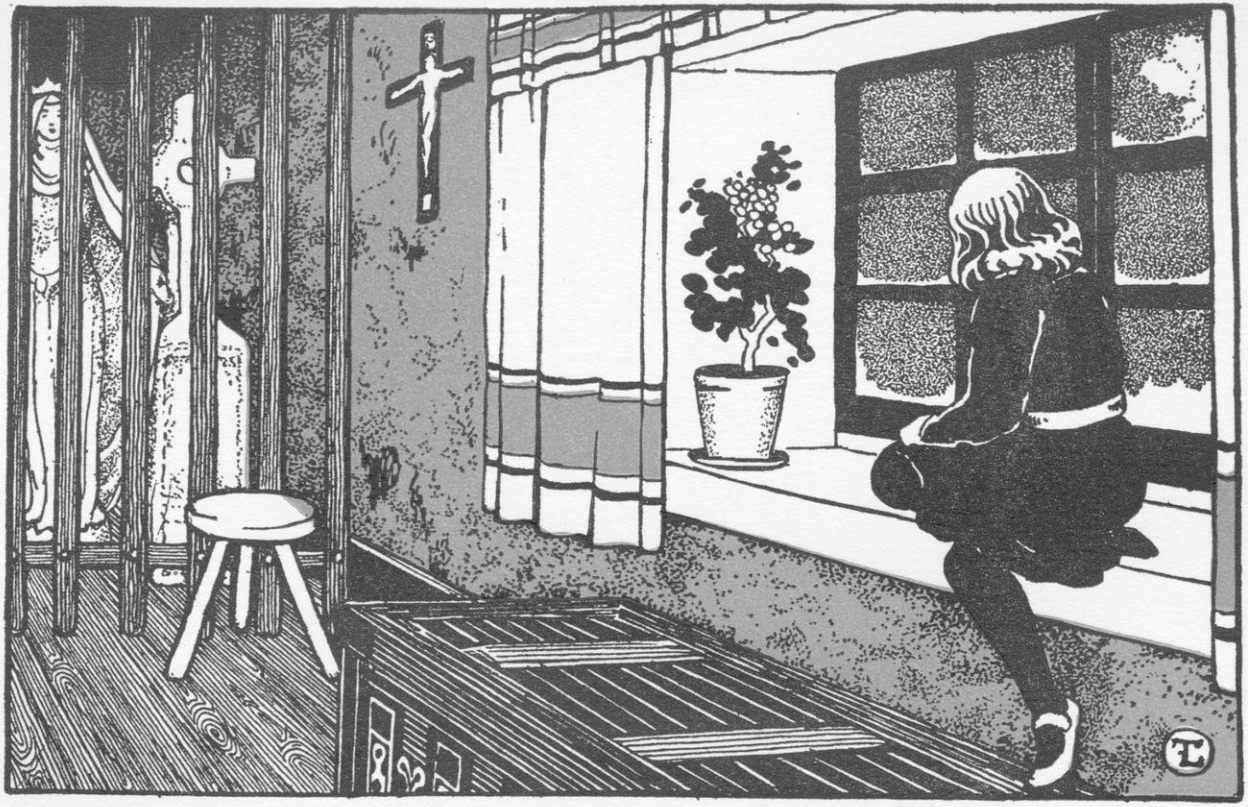
Sigurd (*laughing*):—Now you talk like Ilma—poor Ilma.

Theobald (*repeats, puzzled and suspicious*):—Poor Ilma!

Sigurd:—Yes, poor Ilma, for she thinks, I fear, that she has done illy by herself in wedding me.

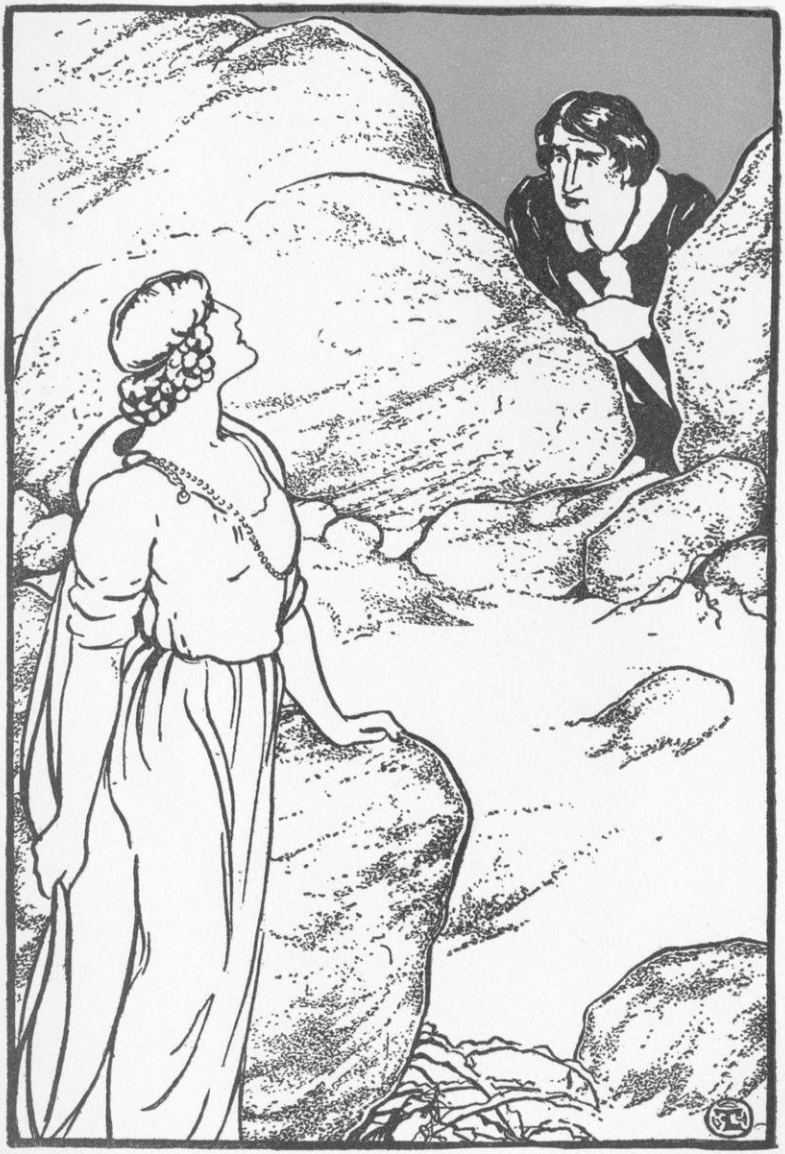
Theobald (*resuming his porridge*):—Well, what of this white woman?

Sigurd (*seating himself upon the block of marble*):—It was long ago that I first saw her. I was a lad, just grown, with little thought for women. That afternoon, I was chopping wood in the forest, for in those days I carved in wood, you may remember. I had my brother, little Cedric, with me. The night was coming on, yet it was gray, not dark. Of a sudden, as I chopped, something rushed



Drawn by Frances Lea.

OUTSIDE THE SNOW IS FALLING * * *
THE CHILD IS KNEELING UPON THE
WINDOW SEAT WATCHING THE STORM.



Drawn by Frances Lea.

"NO SIGN OF WOLF COULD I SEE, BUT INSTEAD, A TALL WOMAN CLAD IN WHITE: WHEN I LOOKED AT HER, SHE SMILED."

past me. Then the child cried out. And turning I saw a white wolf, crouching on the ground, a long white wolf, about to spring.

Theobald:—A white wolf! There are none upon the mountain. It's not a moment since you said so to the child!

Sigurd:—There was one then, at least, for I saw it.

Theobald (fearfully):—The child has seen one, too. It bodes some ill.

Sigurd:—No, no ill it boded, but something beautiful. I raised my ax to strike the wolf, but it was quicker far than I and sprang behind a great rock standing there. I followed it at once, and yet, when I got behind the rock, no sign of a wolf could I see, but instead, a tall woman, clad in white . . . all in white, and when I looked at her, she smiled. I stood there dumb, for I had never seen or dreamed of anything so white, so strange, so wonderful. . . . Then she spoke "Kill not the wolf," she said. I found words at last. "But why?" I asked, "it would have killed my brother." Then she smiled, "The wolf was hungry. One does not kill a man because he seeks food when he starves," she said. And as she spoke she seemed to glow like the snow in the light, and like a mighty rush of wind it swept over me that I could not let her go. I asked her where she lived and whither she was going, but instead of answering me, she smiled again, and shook her head. "Come with me," I said, and I started to go near to her and then—you will scarce believe me, friend—but, as I walked toward her, she—*vanished.*

Theobald:—Vanished! (Crosses himself). She was an evil spirit!

Sigurd (shaking his head):—No evil thing could be so beautiful. Yet, afterward, I feared that she had been a spirit. . . . Still, it was growing dark, and—somehow she might have slipped away without my seeing. (*Falls into a reverie*).

Theobald:—And is that all?

Sigurd:—No, not all; that was the first time.

Theobald:—You saw her, then, again?

Sigurd (nodding):—But long afterward . . . too late.

Theobald:—Too late! How do you mean?

Sigurd (absently):—For long after I had seen her I could not bear to look on any woman. They were like rude vegetables after one has seen a flower.

Theobald (wagging his head):—I remember you were slow to look upon the maids. I had begun to think that you were like to die unwed.

Sigurd:—The months passed, and the years, and I did not see her.

And Ilma—well, she had red cheeks and bold black eyes. She seemed to favor me—and so it came about. (*He pauses, becoming lost in thought*).

Theobald:—But you saw this strange creature once again, you say?

Sigurd (*rousing himself*):—Ay, ay, again . . . too late; after I had plighted troth to Ilma, when the day was even set. Again, I was at work within the forest, hewing out a block of stone—for after I had looked upon the white flame of her flesh, I could no longer carve my women out of wood and so began to cut in this white stone. Well, to go on, that day—I was far up the mountain, hewing this white stone, when I heard, a little distance off, a sound like a woman's cries, faint, piteous cries. So throwing down my heavy pick, I walked in the direction of the sound, and suddenly I came upon the woman. She was bound to a tree, hand and foot and all her fair white body. The thongs that bound her were of tough green bark that cut into her flesh, and her garments had been stripped from her. All naked she was bound there, white and wonderful, like a winter star. . . . I cut her free and questioned her—"what fiend has done this thing?" Again she did not answer, but bent and kissed my hand, and that kiss. . . . I swear, it burned like fire —or ice. One thought only I had then, that I must not let her go. I caught her hand. Then . . . the thought of Ilma came back to me and struck through me like a knife. I dropped her hand and hid my face so that I could not see her. And when I looked again—she was so fair I had to look—she had vanished.

Theobald:—Vanished again! how strange. She surely was some spirit. And yet she spoke, you say.

Sigurd:—She was no spirit, but a mortal woman. I have touched her hand and felt her kiss.

Theobald:—And you have never seen her since?

Sigurd:—Never. But I shall. Something tells me I shall see her just once more.

Theobald:—She was unholy. It is better that you do not meet again. And now you have a wife.

Sigurd:—She was no more unholy than the snow or sky or the fragile frost flowers on the window pane. See, I will show her to you.

(*Rises and going up to a figure veiled with a white cloth, uncovers it.*) Here—as I saw her last, bound to the tree.

Theobald (*looking half fearfully*):—Of a truth she is most beautiful,

and she looks not like an evil spirit . . . and yet—she is not holy. (*Studies the face of the white woman, then looks from it to the statue of the Virgin and starts*). Sigurd!

Sigurd:—Well, what now?

Theobald:—The face—the Holy Mother's face!

Sigurd:—What do you mean?

Theobald:—Look—the same face upon the Holy Mother! This white woman I believe to be a witch—and you have made the Holy Virgin with her face!

Sigurd:—Ay, no doubt, for I have seen no other woman's face since first I saw her. And I shall see her *once* again . . . and carve her as I see her, out of this white block of stone. With my chisel I will uncover her. She is hidden there. (*Stares down at the block of marble, forgetting Theobald*).

Theobald:—There is something about all this that seems not right. I fear for that next meeting. But now I must go home. The snow is falling thick and the night grows cold. (*They leave the stone figures and walk toward the door. Theobald puts on his heavy cloak and opens the door*).

Theobald:—Well, good night, my friend, and may the Holy Mother protect you from your own madonna there with the witch's face.

Sigurd:—Fear not for me, my friend. Good night.

(*Theobald goes out. Sigurd crosses over to the hearth where the child lies asleep, and stares into the fire; then, rousing himself, stirs it, pours out a bowl of porridge from the kettle and sits down to drink it. A faint knock comes on the door. He sets down the bowl and listens. The child rouses with a cry*): "The white wolf! The white wolf! Father, save me!"

Sigurd:—Thou foolish, frightened child! Art thou not safe with father here? I thought I heard a knock upon the door. It could not have been the mother. But surely 'tis an ill night for a guest. (*The knock is heard again*). Yes, it was a knock. (*Crosses to the door and opens it. A cloud of snow blows in, temporarily blinding him*).

Eric:—Father . . . the icy wind——

(*Sigurd brushing the snow from his eyes sees before him a tall woman in a white fur cloak. A pointed white fur cap almost entirely conceals her face. The child gives a cry and covers his eyes*).

Eric:—Father, the wolf, the long white wolf!

Sigurd:—Child, thou art possessed! Canst thou not see that it is a woman clad in fur? (*Turning to the woman*). What can we

do for you, my friend? 'Tis a wild night for women to be out. Shelter, you wish, perhaps, and food?

The White Woman:—Shelter for a space . . . and food . . . if you fear not to entertain a stranger as your guest.

Sigurd:—And why, pray, should one fear to give shelter to a stranger? On such a night as this the veriest churl could do no less. Have you come far?

The White Woman:—Not so far . . . from over yonder mountain.

Sigurd:—It must be an urgent errand takes you out a night like this.

The White Woman:—Ay, ay, an urgent errand. (*Laughs strangely*).

Sigurd:—What is your errand? Can I help you?

The White Woman (*in a low voice*):—Hunger it was that took me out—hunger, fierce and terrible.

Sigurd (*shocked*):—Hunger! That at least can soon be remedied. Cast off your hood and cloak and draw nearer to the fire. There is porridge here on the hearth and bread in the cupboard.

(*She throws open her cloak and her hood slips back. Sigurd, watching her, starts forward with a cry as he sees her face. The child draws near and looks up at her*).

Eric:—What a white lady! What a wonderful white lady! Where did she come from, father?

(*The White Woman looks down at the child and smiles, holding out her hands*).

Will you come to me, little one? (*Eric approaches her slowly as if fascinated, then suddenly starts back against his father with a cry*).

Eric:—Oh, her red eyes!

Sigurd:—What sayest thou—red eyes? Child, thou hast surely had an evil dream! Her eyes are blue as ice at twilight.

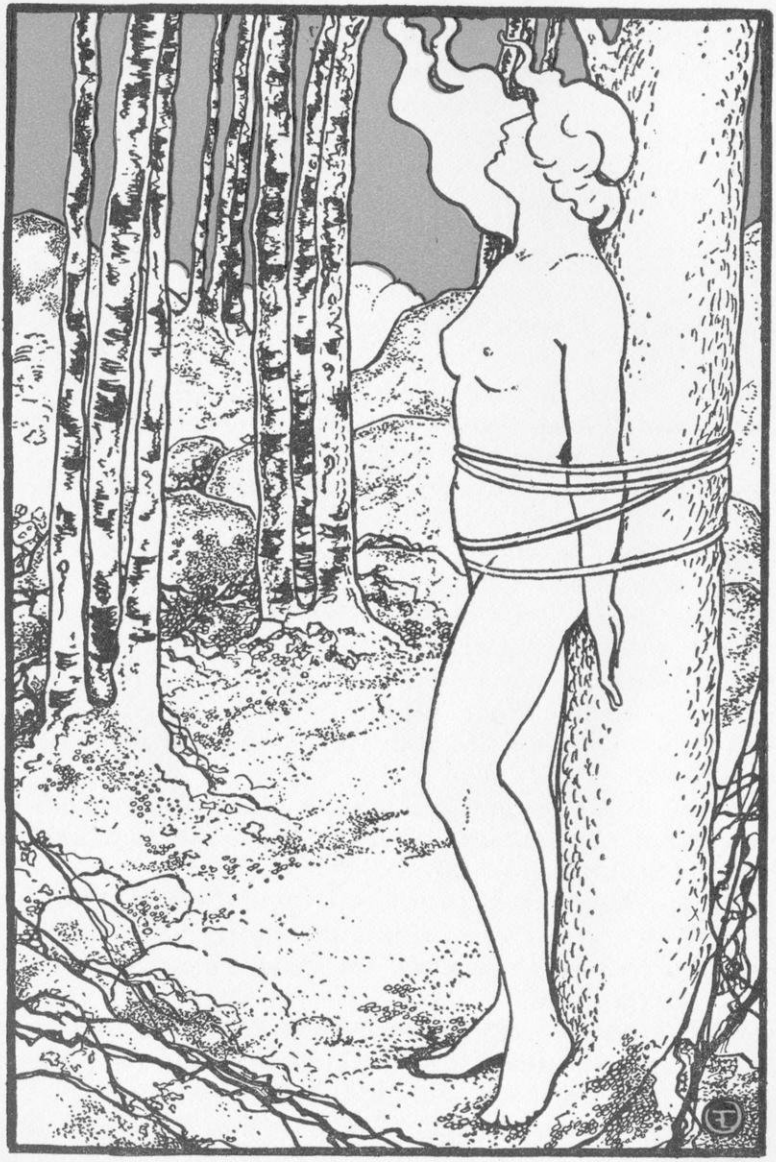
Eric (*his face hidden against his father's knee*):—She has red eyes . . . like the wolf.

Sigurd (*to the White Woman*):—The child has been sorely frightened. He is not himself tonight. Look, little one, into her eyes. See how they shine—not red, but blue.

(*The child turns slowly and looks*):—Yes, now I see they are not red, but blue, and she is beautiful, not ugly like the wolf.

Sigurd (*putting down the child and speaking to the woman*):—Come over by the fire and have some broth.

(*The woman crosses over to the hearth, seats herself on one of the*



Drawn by Frances Lea.

"ALL NAKED SHE WAS BOUND THERE, WHITE AND WONDERFUL LIKE A WINTER STAR * * * I CUT HER FREE AND QUESTIONED HER."

Drawn by Frances Lea.

"AS ILMA LOWERED THE CANDLE, THE LIGHT FALLS UPON THE FORM OF SIGURD, LYING AT THE FOOT OF THE CRUCIFIX."

benches and accepts the broth which Sigurd pours out for her. Sigurd sits on the opposite bench, the child between his knees, leaning against his shoulder).

Sigurd (*his eyes upon the woman*):—I have seen you twice before this night. Do you remember? And I knew—I knew that you would come again.

Eric:—Where does the beautiful white lady come from, father?

Sigurd:—From beyond the mountain. . . . Dost remember, oh, white wonder of a woman, how and where we met? (*The White Woman smiles and shakes her head*). Then I will show you here, imprisoned in the stone, perhaps then you will remember. (*He puts aside the child and lifting an ember from the hearth with the tongs lights a candle standing on the shelf. The woman leans forward toward the child*). Will you not come to me? I will tell you a story. . . of the little white elves that live in snow caves under the mountain, and of the wee silver fish that swim in the frozen brooks under the ice . . . and of the gray gnomes that never speak, but steal softly out, when night comes with the snow.

(*Eric goes slowly toward her. She takes him in her arms. The candle goes out. Sigurd takes another brand from the fire and holds it over the candle wick. When it has lighted he carries the candle over to the end of the room by the marble images and sets it down. The woman bends her face down over the child*).

Eric (*crying out*):—Father. . . She is hurting me. (*Sigurd comes back to the hearth*).

The White Woman:—I did but take him in my arms to hold. I would not hurt him. I had begun to tell him a little story.

Sigurd:—The child is quite too foolish. He should be in bed, but his mother is not home. I shall take him now myself.

The White Woman (*softly*):—Do not take him yet.

Sigurd:—Well, then, since you wish it he may stay. . . . But, oh, look at me, white wonder of a woman, not at the child. He is but a child and cannot see the marvel of your beauty, while I—I have lived with your face in my dreams these many years.

The White Woman:—Are you not that maker of images of whom I hear them speak all over the mountain? He, who makes women out of stone and wood and worships them? Why were it not easier to mould them out of snow, or carve them out of ice?

Sigurd:—If I did make them out of snow or ice, strange woman, they would melt away and I would lose them.

The White Woman:—Why should you wish to keep them? All

things melt away . . . and why do you worship them, these hard white women? (*Laughs*).

Sigurd:—Ah, thy laughter is like ice bells, and yet—it seems to mock me. But I am no worshiper of images, white wonder. One woman only have I worshiped in the stone—one that I might not look on in the flesh and so I carved her out of stone. Oh . . . do you not remember? Let me come near and touch you.

The White Woman (*raising her hand*):—No, no—you do not understand why I have come.

Sigurd:—Hunger it was that drove you out. But now you have had food and the cupboard holds yet more.

(*He rises and crosses to the cupboard. The woman leans forward and speaks to Eric*). Will you not come to me? (*Eric moves toward her again slowly. She holds out her arms*). And I will tell you a story of the little white birds far over the mountain.

Eric (*clapping his hands*):—The little white birds that drop their feathers out of the sky? (*She nods, smiling strangely. He approaches her and leans against her knee. She puts her arm about him. He looks up into her eyes*).

Eric:—How could I have thought your eyes were red like the wolf, the wicked wolf! They are blue as the sky in the night, and your hair is like moonlight on the frost. Oh, you are very beautiful. (*Gazes at her curiously*).

The White Woman (*lifting him up in her arms*):—Up, up, in the clouds are flocks of little white birds, little white birds that love the cold, the bitter cold that bites your little fingers and your toes like this——(*Bends down over the child's hand*).

Eric (*screaming*):—Oh, you hurt! Father, she is hurting me!

Sigurd (*turning from the cupboard*):—The foolish child, he must go to bed at once! There is no more food in the cupboard, white woman. I fear it was for that reason the child's mother has gone out; but she will be soon back. (*Catches sight of her bowl of porridge*). But you have scarcely touched your broth! Does it not please you?

The White Woman (*taking it up*):—Yes, yes, it is most excellent.

(*Sigurd picks up the child and carrying him over to a cot in the corner, lays him gently upon it, then returns to the woman*).

Sigurd:—Oh, wonderful white woman, there is a more terrible hunger than that of the body for food—the hunger of the spirit for the vision it has seen and lost; hunger of the eyes for that lost vision, hunger of the lips and of the hands. Ah, strange, white woman of my dream . . . let me but touch thy hair—thy silvery hair.

The White Woman (*drawing back*):—The touch would chill you.

Sigurd:—Draw nearer to the fire.

The White Woman:—I am not cold. . . .

Sigurd:—Let me touch your hand. (*He puts out his hand, touches hers, then draws back*). It burns like ice or fire. . . . I know not which. Yet I would burn myself again——

The White Woman:—Nay . do not touch me. It is not well.

Sigurd:—Thou who hast known the hunger of the body might compassion this great and racking hunger of the soul.

(*She looks at him without answering*). You make me see and hear strange things. The wide white windswept fields of northern ice under the moon, and the long still sheets of snow under the midnight sun, the flame of fierce stars that prick my soul; and sounds—like wild ice music in the wind. Ah, I am mad, mad of thy white frozen beauty! It is like the touch of frost that fills the blood with fire. (*He sinks upon his knees at her feet and takes a fold of her white gown in his hands*). Let me but touch thy white strange draperies. They are like molten marble. Ah, let me touch thy hair, thy wondrous hair. . . . Why dost thou look at me so strangely? Oh, I fear thine eyes. (*Sinks back covering his face with his hands. She rises softly and crosses to the couch where the child lies sleeping, gathers it up in her arms and moves swiftly and noiselessly toward the door. As she reaches for the latch the child wakens and cries. Sigurd lifting his head, discovers her and rushes to the door*). Where are you going? What would you do with the child? Give him back to me—(*Flings himself before the door so that he faces her. As he meets her eyes he gives a cry and again covers his face with his hands*). Ah, they are red . . . like fire. Thine eyes are red. Give me the child. (*He tries to take Eric from her*). God, how strong you are—like a wild beast—not like a woman. Your muscles are like iron, and your hands like claws. . . What are you? Give me my child. (*They struggle for possession of Eric. At last with a fearful wrench he draws the child from her and sets him down*). Run, Eric, to thy cot. (*He puts out his hand to catch the woman but she eludes him and runs from him in the direction of the stone figures. He pursues her*). I will know now what thou art, woman or witch, here where I have had my dreams of thee. (*As she turns at bay, facing him, she stands directly before the crucifix, illumined by the lighted candle. With a terrible cry she turns to run and overturns the candle, leaving them in darkness*). Ah, now thou

art near me. . . Ah! (*cries out*). Back! what art thou? God, thy teeth! thy hair! (*Silence*).

(*The voice of Eric in the darkness.*) Father!

(*Approaching steps are heard outside, then the sound of a hand feeling for the latch. The door opens*). (*The voice of Ilma*). What's this, all darkness! The fire half out! A pretty state of things!

Eric:—Mother, mother——

Ilma:—Yes, it is mother. A lucky thing you have a mother! Your precious father would leave you here to starve and freeze.

Eric:—Oh, mother, I am frightened. Light the light.

Ilma (*reaching along the shelf for a candle*):—Yes, yes, have a little patience. (*Picks up an ember with the tongs and lights the candle.*) Is your father not at home yet?

Eric:—Yes, he is home . . . . in there——(*Points in the direction of the stone figures*).

Ilma:—In there—and does not even come to greet me!

Eric (*running up to her*):—Mother, do not leave me. I'm afraid!

Ilma:—Afraid. Afraid of what?

Eric:—The strange white lady.

Ilma:—What is the child talking about! First it is a flock of little white birds, and then it is a wolf; and now it is a white lady! Of a truth you are your father's child. (*She unclasps the child's hands and walks over to the stone images, leaving him standing in the middle of the room. She raises the candle and looks about*). There is no lady here. (*She lowers the candle and the light falls upon the form of Sigurd lying at the foot of the crucifix. She screams*). Sigurd . . . and a wolf. It is dead—pierced with his knife . . . the floor is red with blood! (*She bends lower*). Sigurd! (*Screams again*). Ah, the white wolf—its teeth are in his throat. . . Sigurd . . . he does not speak! Sigurd. . . Its teeth are in his throat! . . .

Eric (*standing alone not daring to move*):—Father! (*Listens a moment, then repeats in a louder tone*): Father!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, AN IMPRESSION: BY CHARLOTTE EATON

IT HAD long been my desire to come face to face with the author of "Treasure Island." Imagine my delight, then, when Stevenson himself, hearing we were in the neighborhood, sent word that he would come to see us. And he came accordingly, that same afternoon, bringing his wife (Fanny), his mother and his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, with him. This was at Point Pleasant, New Jersey, a place now much sought after by artists because of the beauty of its grass-topped dunes, its magnificent sweep of beaches, its broad meadows bright with sabatia, and its pine wood, fragrant and vivifying. Stevenson was visiting Will H. Low, the artist, and his wife, who had rented a cottage at Point Pleasant for the season, and it was a merry group of old friends that had gathered in the quaint little Sanborn house, hard by the Manasquan River, where we were stopping.

My husband, Wyatt Eaton, and Stevenson had met years before, and it was in honor of those student days abroad that I was thus unexpectedly to come into the realization of my youthful dreams. Of course, I looked forward to meeting in Stevenson a person who would in every way fulfil my ideal of a romantic character—and I was not disappointed. Shall I ever forget the sensation of delight that thrilled me as he entered the room, tall, emaciated, yet gracious; his garments loose upon him; the thin straight hair, still glossy with youth and so long that it lay upon the collar of his coat, throwing into bold relief his long neck and keenly sensitive face; his exquisite hands, the fingers slightly stained by cigarette rolling; but chiefest of all, his voice, clear, gentle and kind, the *timbre* and intonation of which became registered in my memory as part of the living attributes of the man.

This was the summer of eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, when the great dramatic success of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was at its height. We joked him a good deal on the quality of his conception, and on the untoward piling up of the "ducats," to which he replied very quickly: "That is the worst thing I ever wrote." I liked the modesty of that remark immensely, it accorded so well with my preconceived idea of him, who, in apologizing for his picture in "Portraits and Memories," said, "to me, who find it so difficult to tell the little I know."

Strange as it seemed to us, Stevenson knew every nook and cranny of the estate, and told us of his many exploits in search of fresh eggs

for his breakfast—before the arrival of the Sanborns—having observed, he added, that the hens had formed nomadic habits, laying in the woodpile and in odd corners all over the grounds.

After that I got *en rapport* with the real Stevenson, the sprightly, idyllic, venturesome Stevenson of my early fancy—a man whom to meet was to adore, and in whom one need fear no disillusion. The strong mental exhilaration of great success had passed over him, leaving him calm and magnetic, unspoiled by a suddenly acquired popularity that deteriorates the living fiber of so many men.

Here, indeed, was the Stevenson of "Treasure Island" days, of the Essays, of "Will-o'-the-Mill," resting serenely in the consciousness of good work accomplished. Yet even in his playful moods his least remarks seemed scholarly to me; there seemed to emanate from him an atmosphere of erudition, a mantle of eclecticism that became him well, and while differentiating him somewhat from ordinary beings, yet detracted nothing from his manliness or good fellowship of feeling. In the midst of banter and merriment here was the Stevenson whose life was more vital in its love motive than any of his own romances; who, in spite of ill health and uncertainty of means, yet paid the price for his heart's desire.

Stevenson smiling over the vulgar success of his "worst book" revealed to me the quality in his nature that was finer than anything he wrote—the soul whose gallantry and spontaneity could bear the brunt of adverse circumstances and even censure and hold its own integrity, a law unto itself. Here was the man who had passed himself off as one of a group of steerage passengers on that memorable trip across the ocean on his way to Monterey, in quest of the woman who became his wife. It takes a fine quality of nature to do that, to associate with what is called the rough element on equal terms, and get good results. "And, just think," said he triumphantly, "it was not until the end of the voyage that they found me out."

I HAD no opportunity for personal conversation with Mrs. Stevenson that day, but we had already met in New York at a friend's house and exchanged some sentiments. Although I never grew to feel that I really knew her well I have an innate regard for all women who can command the souls of such men, and to Stevenson she was the essential part of the day's inspiration.

Stevenson's mother was an apple-cheeked, gracious little body, youthful in appearance and most graceful; with her and "Fanny" he was more like a chum or protégé than son and husband. The

family ethics existing on all sides were perfect. I found that the family pronounced his name Lewis, not Louis, and they said it so caressingly that I have since loved that name for its sweetness. In the midst of our most intellectual talk, somebody suddenly said "egg-nog!" a beverage of which Stevenson was very fond, and all entered with delight into the preparations for the decoction; one brought eggs, another the sugar bowl, while our host, Mr. Sanborn, went down to the cellar for the wherewithal to add the final touches. Unhappily, at this point, I coughed. It was the year of the influenza plague and the epidemic had possession of me.

"What! a cold?" asked Stevenson. "Influenza—yes," I answered.

"You will not mind then," said he, kindly, "if I ask you to keep a respectful distance. I always take a cold if anyone in the same room has one."

"How near, within safety, can I sit?" I asked, feeling myself martyrized on the spot.

"Just as far away as possible," said he. "I am only now recovered from a bad cold caught from a waiter who served me at a hotel—I am peculiarly susceptible, you know," he urged.

I hovered upon the threshold reluctantly, yet rather than imperil that frail and joyous life by even the shadow of a breath, I resolved that I would do better.

"I will go out on the lawn," said I, "if you will make amends."

"I'll send the egg-nog out to you when it's ready."

"Oh, not that," and I repeated my request with emphasis. "If you will make amends——"

"Speak, and it shall be granted you," said he, laughing.

"An autograph," and I flew to my room for my birthday book.

I then went out and sat under an old apple tree on the lawn, where the voices and sounds of merrymaking floated out to me, together with the perfume of the roses that twined about the windows. The afternoon sun began to wane, casting long shadows across the unkept lawn with its spurious growth of wild mustard and sweet clover running riot everywhere. The Sanborns were very little on the estate, and the whole place had a wofully forlorn and neglected aspect. No wonder Stevenson had taken liberties, thinking it an abandoned or haunted abode.

They brought me a glass of egg-nog out under the gloom of the apple tree. I hated the stuff—but his hands had made it, so I held it to my lips and drank a silent toast.

A DAY WITH STEVENSON

THE Manasquan River seen through the stems of the cedars along its banks, a spot now known as the Stevenson Walk, gleamed as blue as the Adriatic off Spezzia. I was disconsolate at my enforced isolation from the gay company within. Once or twice, the temptation being great, I went and peeped in, but Stevenson always detected me, and while forgiving me at once for my impulsive breach of faith, yet held me to the letter of the compact.

I was the youthful bride of one summer, separated from the common interests of that group of old friends by my own inexperience of life as effectually as by the epidemic; yet all the same I felt that I had grasped something of the intrinsic nature of the man, and this knowledge compensated me for my solitude under the apple tree, knowing that the memory would go with me through the years, a valued and imperishable treasure.

I recalled as I sat there my husband's description of his first meeting with Stevenson—this had been at a peasant's dance at Barbizon. "He combined the face of a boy with the distinguished bearing of a man of the world," Mr. Eaton told me, and I thought as I saw him then, merrily recalling the scenes and revelries of other days, how well the distinguished man of the world had succeeded in keeping the heart of a boy. He spoke of his nearing departure for the South Sea Islands with cheerfulness. He seemed to be full of the idea. He told us that one lung was already far gone, but "a man can live on one lung for any length of time under proper conditions," he said cheerily. He spoke of this merely as a matter touched upon in passing, and never have I heard a voice or seen a face so exempt from bitterness. Indeed, the unuttered reveries in his deep, magnetic eyes were so exalted at times, so far removed from the life of this earth, that he seemed already beyond our mortal ken, and this separateness, coupled with that noble quality of manhood, that even many wreckful days of physical pain could not impair, made one feel that here indeed was a man of whose life and work it might be said with equal truth: "He is glorious!"

The ladies went home on foot, but Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne preferred crossing the river in a rowboat. Mr. Eaton and I went down to see them off and to wave our last adieux. For a time they drifted and Stevenson and my husband watched each other silently —those two friends, destined to meet no more, and both to die at the zenith day of their life and powers.

Then the oars were taken up and the little boat was soon lost in the twilight upon the ebb tide.

LEON DABO, POET IN COLOR: BY JOHN SPARGO

LEON DABO'S work has been persistently spurned by the academicians of this country. For seventeen years his best pictures have been rejected by the juries of all our American exhibitions as regularly as they have been sent. And yet, despite this fact, there are artists not a few, themselves signally successful, who boldly proclaim him to be a great and true artist who in the end may be ranked with Whistler and Puvis de Chavannes. The story is told of one eminent academician who visited an exhibition of Dabo's paintings and expressed himself in terms of warm enthusiasm concerning them: "Surely, these glorious things have never been rejected by any intelligent jury?" he exclaimed. It was the artist's gentle revenge to remind his distinguished guest and admirer that every picture there, with one or two exceptions, had been rejected by juries of which he was an honored member! And the academician could suggest no other explanation than that "the pictures must have been submitted in poor frames!" When M. Bénédite, Director of the Luxembourg Museum, was in this country last summer, he bore back to Paris in glad triumph for the Luxembourg, a picture by Dabo which had been uniformly rejected by all our exhibitions—and the purchase found interest among some of the most eminent critics in France.

Artists like Edmond Aman-Jean and Auguste Rodin; critics like Paul Vallorbe and Camille Mauclair; poets like Maurice Maeterlinck and Anatole le Braz; and such responsible authorities as M. Leonre Bénédite, of the Luxembourg, and Alexander D. Goltz, president of the Modern Society of Painters, Vienna, have joined in appreciative praise of the painter, to whom Bliss Carman has felicitously given the title, "Poet in Color." When an artist succeeds in winning the admiration of such a discriminating constituency, it is useless to attempt to ignore his work, idle to question its claims to serious recognition. Discount as much as you please the verdict of these enthusiastic admirers—and critical judgment will not fail to make the discount—there remains the fact that only an artist of real originality and rare power could so strongly appeal to intellectual and artistic Europe as Leon Dabo has done.

Of the many titles which have been bestowed upon Dabo, Bliss Carman's seems the most appropriate. Leon Dabo is essentially a poet. He paints Nature, not realistically as the ordinary observer sees it, but as *he* sees it, idealistically, with a poet's vision of subtle

and hidden things. And if any unimaginative critic should say of his river painted like a stretch of mother-o'-pearl: "I never see the river like that," it is enough to remember the lady's plaint that she had never seen the sky look as Turner painted it, and his reply: "But don't you wish you could, madam?" Dabo is a spiritual impressionist. He paints the landscape as one for whom it has been transfigured by some vision. All the petty things are wiped out of his memory, with all that is harsh, brutal and unlovely, and there remain only the immensity of air and sky and the beauties of light and color—subtle miracles of grace and splendor which only the poet's vision can discern. He paints his impressions of the infinitude of life, the boundless, uncharted universe, vibrant with life and motion. He cares little for the features of Nature, but everything for her character. He is a seer gazing at the secrets of the great universal life and striving to reveal them through color and line. This is art as he sees it, and to which he is devoting himself with sincerity and courage.

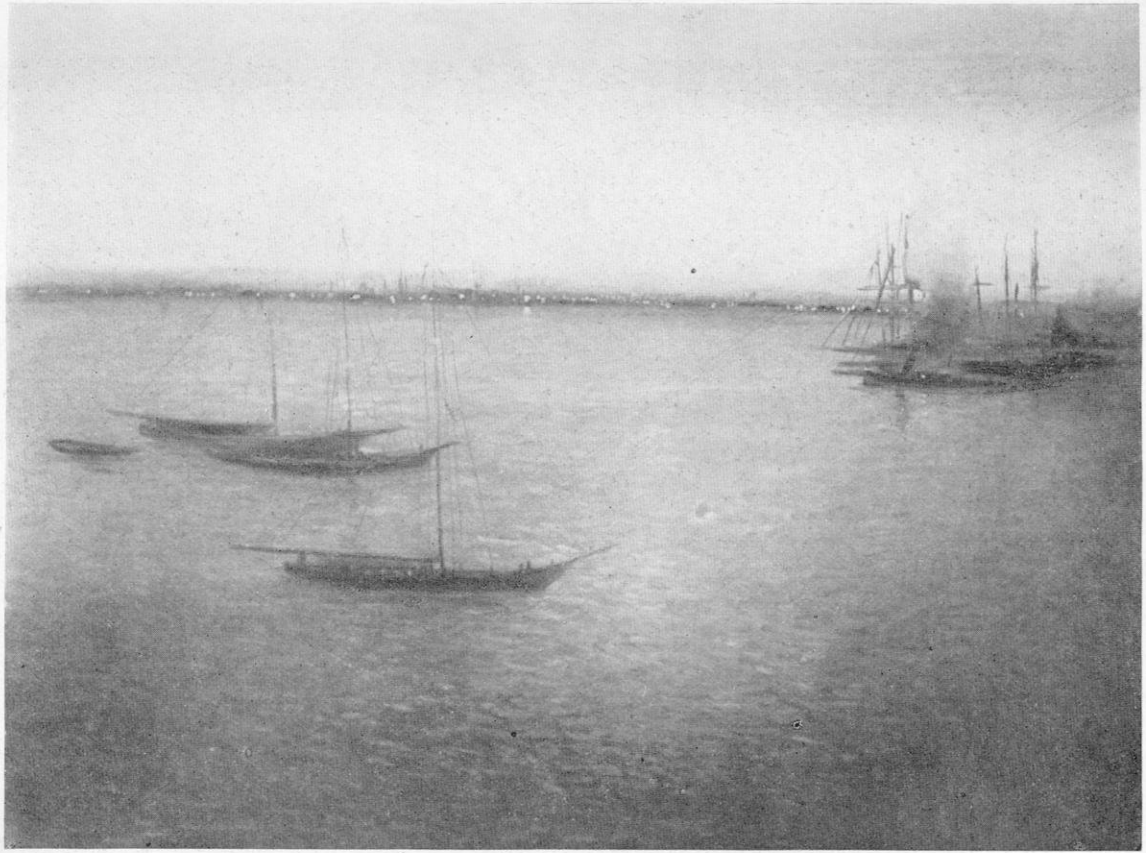
Before such pictures one stands awed into reverence. One feels the solemn grandeur of illimitable space, the mystery of light, just as one may in the presence of Nature amid her deepest silences. To stand alone upon some mist-mantled hill in solemn stillness, and to feel that all is pulsating with life, from deep to deep, from vaulted sky to undulating sea, is to experience something of the wonder, the soul-intoxication which Dabo must have felt in his work. Surely he lived in close communion with Nature and shared her secrets, painting under the spell of her enchantment; in this he resembles Van Dearing Perrine; but he is just as profoundly moved by the mystery and beauty of the ambient clouds of a summer morning as by the clouds that break in angry tumults of passion and devastating storm; to him the calm of the evening or of the first glimmering dawn appeals just as strongly as the storm. He loves Nature in all her moods, but he loves best of all her serenity, so most of his pictures are delicate, ethereal visions of Nature's vast, universal simplicity, beauty and peace.

SOME critics have compared Dabo's work with that of Whistler and Puvis de Chavannes—a comparison probably suggested by his color effects, so luminous and transparent, and the note of mystery pervading his paintings. But much more inevitably one feels the influence of the great Japanese masters, particularly of Hiroshige and Hok'-sai—the same influences one observes in so much of Whistler's work. If we are to speak of Dabo with Whistler,

From a Photograph by Alvin L. Coburn.

LEON DABO: "A POET IN COLOR."

"THE HUDSON, FORT LEE": BY LEON DABO.



"THE HUDSON, WEEHAWKEN":
BY LEON DABO.

"THE HUDSON, NEAR KINGSTON":
BY LEON DABO.

it must be on account of their common relation to the great emotional impressionists of Japan. Neither copied the Japanese—there is no trace of imitation in their work—but both seem to have been mastered by an irresistible spiritual affinity with these Oriental artists. And when one looks for the first time upon one of Dabo's atmospheric paintings, his dusky effects shot through with the red and gold of sunset and reaching out to a boundless, mysterious deep, the genius of Hiroshige comes to mind. It is not that any particular work of his suggests itself, but rather that one feels again the thrill which accompanied the first introduction to the work of this Japanese artist.

And so with the clouds and mists which Dabo paints. What charm and spiritual exaltation he has expressed in the great vaporous, radiant clouds piled into fantastic shapes in a framework of dark, lowering sky! And what shimmering veils of mist hung between earth and sky, translucent, living, woven of gold and amethyst and pearl, spectral and suggesting the Divine Immanence! The feeling produced by these pictures is impressively devotional. As a friend I had taken to the artist's studio said to me afterward: "Dabo takes you out into the presence of God."

NEXT to this spiritual power, the most worth while thing about Dabo's painting is the technique. Of his color effects I have already spoken, but no description can adequately set forth its charm. There are no violent contrasts. Each picture is made up of a succession of harmonious tones which blend together in pleasing, symphonic effects. Unlike so many of our younger impressionists, Dabo is a careful and conscientious craftsman. There are no daubs or heavy blotches upon his canvases. Indeed they are so finely painted that there is hardly a brush mark anywhere, and one is scarcely conscious of the use of paint. This perfection of finish, which so many critics have regarded as distinguishing Dabo from the impressionists, bears witness to long years of painstaking study and effort to master the science and craftsmanship of the painter's art.

Leon Dabo's training was well calculated to develop his gift along right lines. He was born in Detroit, Michigan, in eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, of French parents. He received his first art instruction from his father, who had been a Professor of Esthetics in France and owned a considerable collection of paintings, drawings and sketches by such masters as Delacroix, Gustave Courbet, Ingres, Hippolyte Flandrin, Jacques, Leon Cogniet and James McNeil Whistler, all of whom he had personally known. Thus the boy was

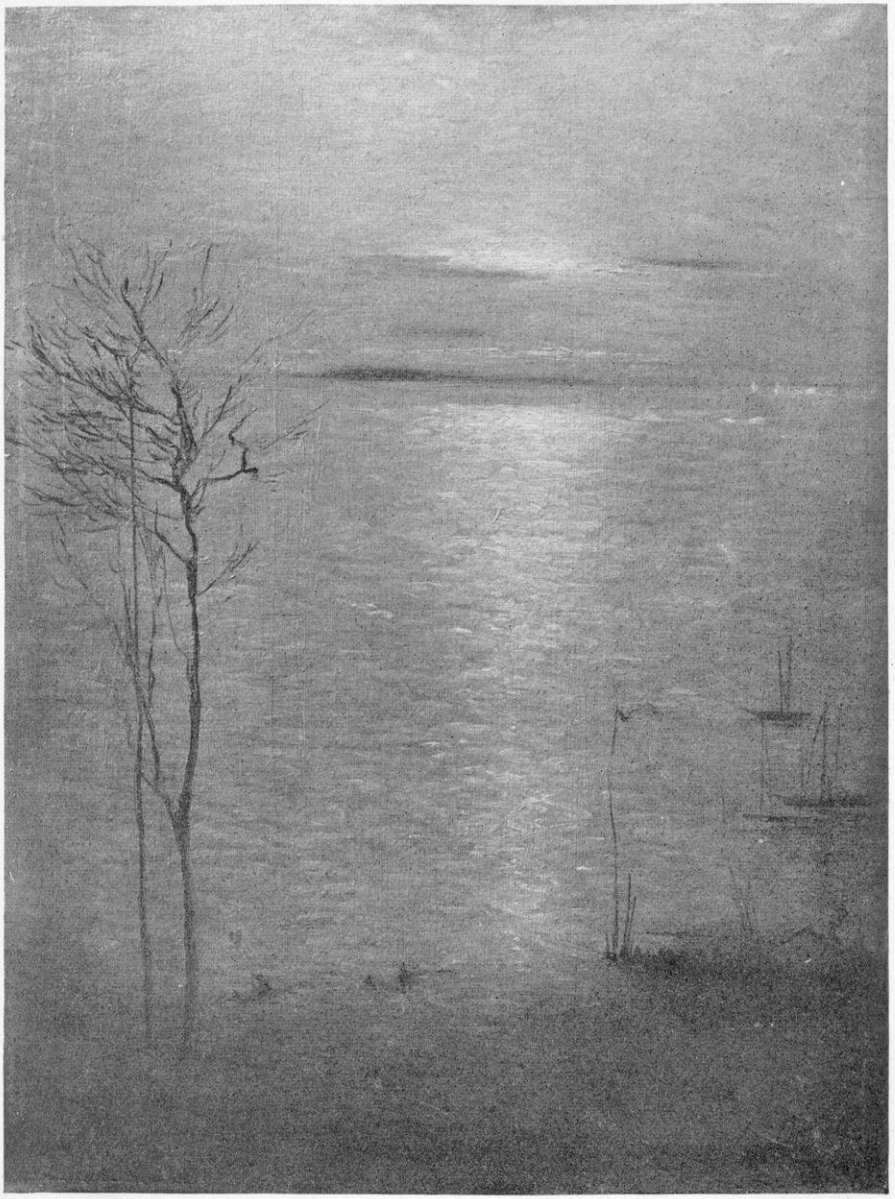
born into an exceptionally favorable environment. At the age of sixteen he went to Europe and studied architecture and decoration at the École des Arts Decoratifs, giving the mornings to school work and the afternoons to the study of landscape upon his own account. After three years of this study he went to Italy, working and studying in Venice, Rome and Florence. For a time he lived in Sicily, Sardinia and Corsica, returning to the United States in eighteen hundred and ninety-two.

At once the young artist began to bombard the art fortresses of his native land. Failing to impress the juries, and finding few purchasers for his canvases, he turned to decoration, for which his training as an architectural decorator admirably equipped him. But he continued to paint landscapes and natural phenomena, knocking vainly year after year at the closed portals of our art societies; gradually winning the appreciation of a discriminating public, but finding his chief encouragement and most enthusiastic admirers in Europe. Yet, it is but fair to say, that appreciation has not been lacking in this country, for among our younger men there are few whose work has been more generously considered.

Most of Dabo's work has been done around New York Bay and along the banks of the Hudson River, within fifty or sixty miles of New York City. Others before him have painted the noble scenery of the Hudson, but no other has painted its poetry and mystery more convincingly than Dabo has done. Though he is still "a prophet without honor in his own country," except for that unofficial recognition and love which an expanding public has given him, it has been the good fortune of few artists to win such praise and recognition in their lives as he has won abroad. And unquestionably as America grows in appreciation of her own art the name of Leon Dabo will take its place among the men whose work has a vital, national significance.

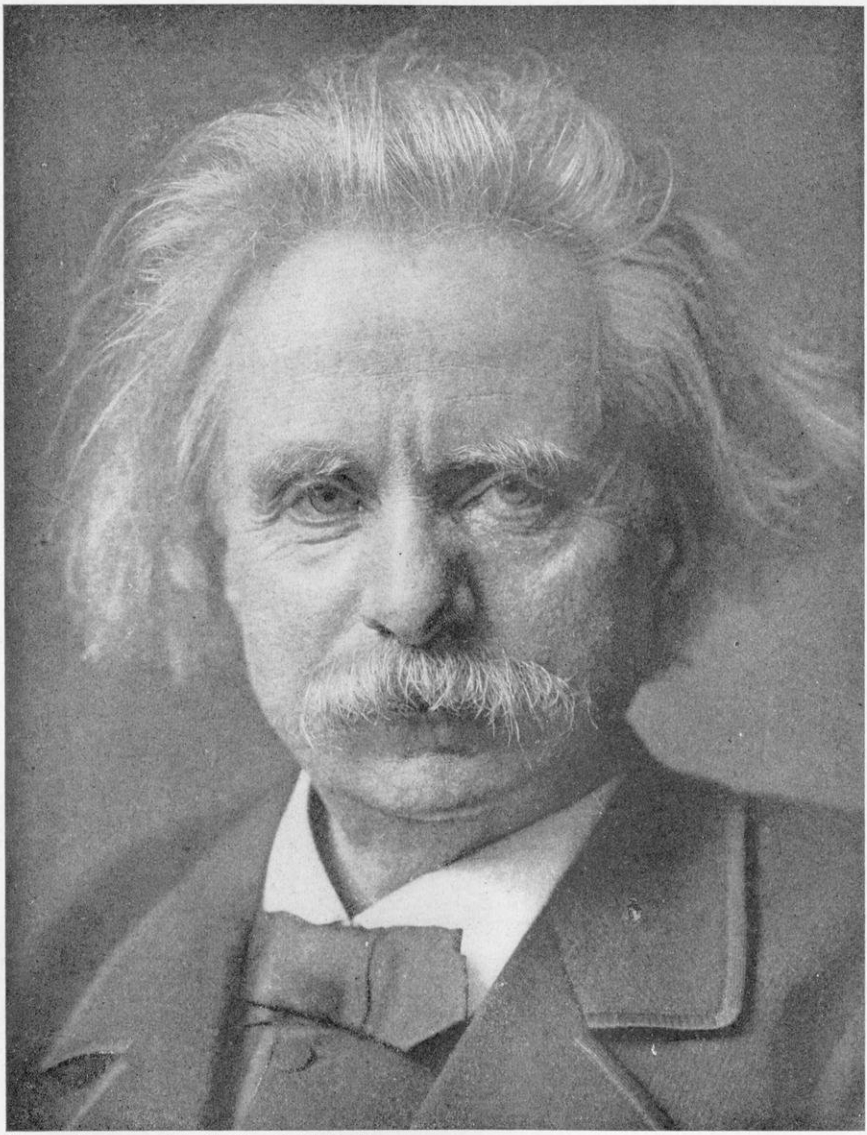
WHO, in his chosen realm of art,
Sings a new song, or plants a tree,
Becomes, himself, a living part
Of Earth's creative majesty.

CORA A. MATSON DOLSON.



Owned by Anotole le Braz.

"EARLY MORN, HUDSON RIVER":
BY LEON DABO.



From a Photograph by N. Perscheid, Berlin.

EDVARD GRIEG: (DIED SEPTEMBER FOURTH.)

EDVARD GRIEG: NORWAY'S NATIONAL TONE POET: BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

HEN Ole Bull as a little child was playing alone in the fields, he saw a bluebell shake in the wind and imagined he heard it ringing. As Sara Bull expresses it, "He fancied he heard Nature sing, and thus music came to his consciousness as something that might be reproduced."

If the famous Norwegian violinist reproduced impressions of nature in those wild improvisations of his, of which we have heard, certainly the very essence of that wild Norwegian nature has been imprisoned in the music of Edvard Grieg. One can imagine that, like Siegfried, Grieg had tasted the dragon's blood so that all the high clear voices of the northern woods became audible to him. Grieg has characterized his music as primarily Norwegian. It is customary to hear his compositions referred to as Scandinavian, but the composer himself wrote, "I am not an exponent of Scandinavian music, but only of Norwegian. The national characteristics of the three peoples—the Danes, the Swedes, the Norwegians—are wholly different, and their music differs as much."

Grieg's death on September fourth deprived the world not only of one of the greatest of modern composers, but of a genius who has influenced profoundly the music of this generation, and indelibly set the impress of his individuality upon his fluid art. To express baldly his most conspicuous contribution to modern music—Grieg's compositions were the first expression of nationalism in music.

This is not to say that he was the first to utilize national musical idioms, for folk song themes and characteristic national dance rhythms had been used by Chopin, Liszt, Tchaikovsky, Dvorák, and even Beethoven and Haydn. But Grieg was the first to create a characteristic music founded upon the musical idioms of a nation. Now a host of smaller men, following his lead, have started up writing Russian, French, Bohemian and Hungarian music fairly blazing with "local color." But to Grieg came the vision. Diverging from the precedent of his countrymen who had founded their art largely upon the model of that most conventional and sugary of German composers, Mendelssohn, Grieg, in his mature expression, actually put Norway into music—that land of weird mythologic fancies and pagan beliefs, of falling waters and flickering northern lights, of endless white days and long mysterious darkness.

The eerie sense of it all is in those curious intervals and harmonic combinations of his which have the cold translucent colors of northern

snows and the somber shadows of the black fjords, and yet at times the warmth of the brief, hot summer, and again the profoundest expression of human tenderness.

Grieg was not a genius who sprang from the people. His great-grandfather was a Scotchman of respected position who emigrated to Norway. The name was originally Greig, but was altered—as was the case with many American Colonial names—to correspond with the pronunciation of the adopted country. Grieg's grandfather and father had both held the position of British consul at Bergen, the composer's birthplace. The boy received his early education from his mother, who was a singer and an excellent pianist, having studied at Hamburg and in London, and quite frequently appeared as a soloist at concerts in Bergen. This mother, who contrived to retain her hold upon her music in spite of her duties as a wife and the mother of five children, unquestionably had a strong influence upon her son's musical development. Grieg recalls as a child hearing her play a Beethoven Fantasia with orchestra and chorus. So the boy grew up familiar from his earliest childhood with the music of the great composers.

HIS mother wished him to be a musician, yet a professional career had not been thought of for him. As a boy Grieg had a passion for declaiming and wanted to be a minister. School he detested. His first attempts at composition were made when he was twelve or thirteen years old. In his fifteenth year Ole Bull made a visit to the Grieg home and after hearing the child play one of his own compositions advised the parents to send him to Leipsic to study. With no slightest thought of opposition they followed this advice at once. In Leipsic, Grieg studied, from eighteen hundred and fifty-eight to eighteen hundred and sixty-two, harmony and counterpoint under Hauptmann and Richter, composition under Rietz and Carl Reinecke, piano with Wenzel and Moscheles. He is said to have displeased his instructors with his first composition by its departure from academic regularity. The first few months of his stay at Leipsic the boy seems to have been more of a dreamer than a worker; then, suddenly, as he came to realize the amount of study that lay ahead of him before he could achieve the ability to express himself, he began to work in earnest. But, unfortunately—for his constitution was naturally delicate—overdid it to such an extent that he was obliged to return home. From that time Grieg was never strong. Like Stevenson, throughout his life his intense

spiritual activity struggled with the weakness of the flesh. Later, however, he returned to Leipsic and graduated with honors. The famous conservatory was at that time strongly under the influence of Mendelssohn and Schumann. Grieg seems to have profited by this association without losing his own individuality. After that, he went for a time to Copenhagen, where he met Neils Gade, then the most important composer of Norway, and received his criticism. Under this influence Grieg wrote his first Symphony, which was never published in its entirety.

Gade, although academic, was not entirely Mendelssohnian. Schumann found in his compositions "a specific northern character." Ole Bull was also a student of the folk melodies and used to weave them into his improvisations. As Grieg in his youth came under the influence of both of these men. some suggestion or idea may have come to him through them. But genius working out its own perfect expression finds inspiration and suggestion in things that the commonplace mind cannot utilize, and Grieg's expression was from the first individual. The distance between Gade's Norwegianism and Grieg's may be measured by Gade's comment on Grieg's Second Sonata for piano—one of his earliest compositions—"The next one you must make less Norwegian." To which Grieg replied, "On the contrary, the next will be more so."

It was Richard Nordraak, a young Norwegian composer of genius who died early, who is credited with having had the strongest influence upon Grieg's musical development. Of that intercourse Grieg is quoted as saying, "The scales fell from my eyes. It was from him that I first learned to appreciate the popular melodies of the north and to be conscious of my own nature." The year after Nordraak's death Grieg founded a musical union composed of the founders of the new school, which lasted thirteen years.

Although Grieg's compositions were too much of a departure from accepted manners to receive immediate professional recognition, his genius was soon realized. He never suffered from the persecution and misunderstanding which was for so long Wagner's unhappy fate, nor from the stupid non-recognition which put out so tragically and prematurely the great light of Schubert's genius. Neither did he arouse a frenzied uproar like that which has greeted Richard Strauss, alternately as the high priest of his art and as the vandal demolisher of its foundations. He did not call out such hysterical hyperbole as the Italians lavish upon their talented Puccini, or the French upon their score or so of little composers whose voices are

not heard outside of their native land and seem quite as satisfactory to Paris as Saint-Saëns. But this last is largely a matter of national differences. For, in spite of the existence of many excellent musicians in both of these Latin lands mentioned, it is undeniable that their people as a class substitute an illogical patriotism for musical discrimination. But the Scandinavian countries are different. With a sane civilization and a thoughtful, progressive spirit far in advance of other European countries more in the public eye, they have given opportunity to their men of genius. As they assisted Ibsen, Gade and Svendsen, so did they help Grieg at the psychological moment. Upon the young composer's receipt of an admiring letter from Liszt, then living in Rome, the government paid Grieg's expenses for a long visit to that city, so that he might have the advantage of association with that great and kind man who never failed to assist and encourage genuine musical talent. This association was of the greatest assistance to Grieg, who gives delightful pictures of it in his letters. Describing Liszt's performance of one of his own compositions, he says, "He discharged one volley after another of heat and flame and vivid thoughts." Again he tells how Liszt played his (Grieg's) difficult sonata for piano and violin at sight from the score. "He played the whole thing root and branch—nay, more, for he played fuller, more broadly. He was literally over the whole piano at once without missing a note!"

BESIDES Gade and Ole Bull, Svendsen and Kjerulf have written compositions of a certain Norwegian character, but Grieg has done something far more comprehensive than the utilization of folk themes and Norwegian color. As Ernest Closson, the French critic, has said, "Grieg has so thoroughly identified himself with the musical spirit of his country that the rôles have become as it were *reversed.* His personality—a personality which in itself has nothing in common with the people—seems to have become the prototype of this same music of the people, and the composers, his compatriots, imitate and copy him innocently in the belief that they are simply making use of local color." Also Mr. Henry Finck in his chapter on Grieg in "Songs and Song-Writers" remarks: "'How delightfully Norwegian!' amateurs and professionals are apt to exclaim when they ought to say 'how delightfully Griegian!'" He goes on to state that "Among Grieg's seventy works there are, besides two volumes of piano arrangements of popular tunes, only three in which he has incorporated Norwegian melodies."

The layman is not likely to realize that such transmutation of material as Grieg accomplished is possible only to genius. The folk song in its primitive state has no harmony. It consists of a single air, whereas Grieg's harmonies are of the most subtle, unique and complex character. To quote Mr. Finck again, Grieg wrote "as the peasant originators of these melodies would have, had they got as far as the harmonic stage—and had they been men of genius."

Folk songs and dances of very antique origin exist in Norway as a result, probably, of its isolated position. In one town the ancient custom of dancing to sung music still exists; also some very old and primitive instruments are in use, especially of the bagpipe variety. A primitive instrument of this kind known as the *biniou* is also the national instrument in Brittany, another land where ancient customs have curiously survived. These wind instruments all have a peculiar droning undertone known as a drone-bass. This effect Grieg has created; and in another composition—"Bell Ringing"—the overtones and dissonances of the bells are extraordinarily reproduced.

Although Grieg lived the greater part of his life in his native place, Bergen—going from time to time to Christiania to conduct the Philharmonic—he went often to Germany, where he was greatly appreciated. He performed his great piano concerto at one of the famous *Gewandhaus* concerts in Leipsic. London he visited three times. His wife, who used to sing his songs to his accompaniment, went with him upon his first visit in eighteen hundred and eighty-eight. Upon that occasion he also conducted one of his orchestral compositions and played one of his concertos at a Philharmonic concert. The second time he led the now famous "Peer Gynt" Suite. Upon his third trip Cambridge conferred upon him the degree of doctor of music.

Grieg also played and conducted with great success in France, where at the invitation of the conductor he played his piano concerto at a Colonne concert. Upon this visit an episode peculiarly French occurred. Grieg had sympathized so strongly with the side of right and justice in the celebrated Dreyfus case that he had refused to play in Paris at the time. As he permitted his letter of refusal to be printed in a German paper, it came to the ears of the Parisians, and when, four years later, he decided to accept the invitation of M. Colonne what might have been expected happened. The public that drowned out Tannhäuser with penny whistles and tom-toms because the composer had written the ballet in the first act (a criticism of their taste which was not to be tolerated), had a

similar revenge upon Grieg. An American resident of Paris who was present has given me an interesting account of it. The extraordinary thing is that the hoodlum manifestation did not proceed from a mob, but from an army of people that seemed to represent the most respected citizens of Paris. Cries of "*Les excuses*" echoed above the concerted din which had been planned to proceed from various parts of the house. Grieg, it was related, took the matter calmly, and after a moment raised his baton. The racket, however, instead of continuing so that the performance was abandoned, as in the case of Tannhäuser, died down after a few bars, but was renewed with even greater vigor at the end. When Frau Gulbranson arose to sing, cries of "Coward!" "He hides behind a woman!" etc., were heard all over the house. But in the end the concert was concluded. Grieg, in referring to the matter afterward, seems to have been—very charitably—amused by it.

It is our great deprivation that Grieg was never permitted to visit America. For the last seven years his health was so broken that he dared not venture upon the long sea voyage. One of his lungs had been useless for many years, and he suffered terribly from asthma. Indeed, his condition was such that his death was not an unforeseen calamity.

HIS concerts with his wife must have had a most unique and extraordinary charm. Neither of them possessed the highest degree of technical proficiency—Grieg having had one of his hands run over by a heavy cart, so that the use of it was much impaired, yet the spirit of his performances seems to have been indescribably moving and thrilling. The same quality seems to have been possessed by his wife. Mr. Finck quotes Joakim Reinhard as saying, "Nothing were easier to criticise than Mrs. Grieg's singing, yet no singing ever made such an impression on me as hers." And again he recalls, "being reminded afterward by some cold-blooded individual that in the first three or four bars of such and such a song Mrs. Grieg made such and such mistakes." And adds, "it is a strange fact but it is an incontrovertible one that no one ever observed errors in the *latter* part of Mrs. Grieg's songs." Apparently her effect upon all the musicians who heard her has been the same. Tchaikovsky relates that when he heard her sing Grieg's "Springtide" tears came to his eyes. Her singing seems to have been in a sense a thing of the spirit that transcended technical limitations, like the playing of a great master upon an inadequate instrument.

The relation between Grieg and his wife was one of those perfect, exquisitely-attuned understandings that sometimes come into the lives of men of genius. As in the case of Wagner and Robert Schumann, it unquestionably made a difference in Grieg's art, and like Robert Schumann, not only were his most beautiful love songs inspired by his wife, but some of the finest were composed during their married life.

Tchaikovsky describes Grieg and his wife as resembling each other—they were cousins—both being small, fragile, sympathetic. "And," he adds, "I was soon convinced that Madame Grieg was as amiable, as gentle, as childishly simple and without guile as her celebrated husband."

Grieg's wife survives him. The one shadow of their domestic life was the loss of their only child at thirteen months. Pathetic accounts are given by Grieg's friends of his love for this little baby and his recollections of each small incident in its short life.

The majority of Grieg's compositions were for the piano and the voice. He has written over one hundred and twenty songs and a large number of lyric compositions and tone pictures for the piano. Of these his wonderful Ballade in G minor is said to be his own favorite composition. His beautiful C minor concerto is well known to New York concert-goers. He has written an exquisite string quartette which has been played by the Kneisel quartette, three violin sonatas, a piano sonata, a number of compositions for piano and violin, and a sonata for piano and 'cello, some melodies for string orchestra and piano compositions for four hands. He has also written a number of compositions for solo voice, chorus and orchestra: "At the Cloister Gate," written, immediately after his visit to Liszt, to the verses of the Norwegian poet Björnson and dedicated to Liszt; "Recognition of Land," another setting of a Björnson poem; "Olaf Trygvason," the first act of an opera for which the same poet desired to write the words,—a project that Björnson subsequently abandoned. Grieg's orchestral compositions, nine in number, were first introduced to Americans by Theodore Thomas and Anton Seidl. They include "In Autumn," "Berliot," "Sigurd Jorsalfar" (which was written in eight days), the "Holberg" Suite—and the exquisite "Peer Gynt" Suite written at Ibsen's request to accompany the play—decorative music it has been called—a conception far removed from the crude American theatrical manager's idea of "incidental music." Grieg has said that the music requires the explanation of the theatric representation.

NORWAY'S NATIONAL TONE POET

WHILE the music of "Peer Gynt" has long been familiar to Americans, the first opportunity to see and hear both play and music was given last season when the play with the music was produced by the late Richard Mansfield. Necessarily, for a one-night performance, the play was cut. Unfortunately, Mr. Mansfield was obliged to carry the burden of the whole performance, as his support was painfully inadequate. *Solvejg* can be realized only in a singer of the best musicianship. In this production the failure was pitiable, but at least we are indebted to that actor who strove always to force upon an unthinking public plays that are literature, for a glimpse of the possible beauties of this intensely national masterpiece of the two Norwegian men of genius.

It is in his songs that Grieg's genius burns most concentratedly. Their delicate flame-like beauty eludes description. Often they have a simplicity of effect most misleading to the amateur, for their simplicity is the very essence of subtlety, and many a Wagner singer of distinguished reputation who thrills her audience with her impassioned declamation of *Isolde* cannot illumine the still, white places of the soul with a Grieg melody. That mysterious alchemy of spirit possessed by Nina Grieg is a rare quality. And in her case one feels that it may have been a part of the fine communion that existed between the composer and his wife. Ordinarily, perfect interpretation of the Grieg *lieder* is possible only to those of flawless vocal art—such singers as Lilli Lehmann, who was the first great singer to familiarize the public with Grieg's songs, Marcella Sembrich and Johanna Gadski.

Among the most beautiful and familiar of Grieg's songs are the magnificently dramatic, "The Swan," the subtle, delicate "Springtide," that most tender of love songs, "I Love Thee," the intensely Norse "Solvejg's Song," and the exquisite cradle songs.

It is quite impossible not to regret that Grieg never wrote an opera—something as essentially of his country as Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" is of Germany. His delicate health which so limited his activity throughout his life—and especially during his later years—is supposed to have been the reason that he never attempted it. Yet it is unintelligent to give way to that curious tendency of the human mind to complain of an artist for not being something else. We hear Grieg criticised—reproached—for not having composed "in the larger forms." But why wish that Grieg had been a Wagner, a Richard Strauss? It is enough that he was Grieg, a lyric composer of supreme greatness, whose songs are destined to live.

While it is difficult to find traces of any other composer in Grieg's mature work, Mr. Finck, his only adequate American biographer, seems to feel that Grieg was in a measure influenced by Chopin; and Grieg himself states that in the songs of his later period he endeavored to learn from Wagner how to perfect his declamation. Mr. Finck quotes Van der Stucken as saying that at the time he knew Grieg, his favorite composers were Chopin, Schumann and Wagner. He also admired intensely Bach, Liszt, Mozart and Verdi. Grieg in the sphere of his own influence has not only set in motion the idea of national music, but has influenced to imitation composers of his own country, and to inspiration our own Edward MacDowell. Yet MacDowell is MacDowell, and Grieg is Grieg. One composer, filled with the clear, wild music of the New England woods, the other with his ear attuned to the strange echoes and overtones of that mysterious, shimmering, elf-haunted land of the far north. It is something to be thankful for that even if both have had their tragic share of earthly handicap, at least each has been recognized and loved in his native land.

MISTS BELOW THE MOUNTAINS

There is a garden,
A garden high above a lake.
A brown bird sings in the falling rain,
Beyond the gray lake rise the hills,
Beyond the hills are the snow mountains.
A white mist trails low,
It wavers above the lake,
It hides the hills,
Only the mountains are silver shining;
Above the sky is gray,
Below is a gray water.
The mist is caught in the trees,
The black cedars are hidden by mist.
In the garden a brown bird sings,
And is gone.

RUTH HOLMES.

A HOME IN A PASTURE LOT: ARTISTS WHO LIVE THERE: HOW IT WAS BUILT AND THE LIFE WITHIN: BY GILES EDGERTON

O TRIED to dissuade us as follows: "They ain't nobody home to the Lambs', lessen you go up to the old homestead at Alpine."

Bo's full name was Sambo. He was very fat and black and sociable and seemed puzzled that we should go calling with nobody home.

"Yessah, I does sho' know where they all lives in dem old meadow lots, but they all's gone away and both houses is locked."

When we replied in a cheerful tone, "All right," Bo shook his head gloomily and Jim, the horse, who was a kindred fat, black spirit, jogged reluctantly away from home toward the woods at the edge of the Palisades, which sloped down into the old neglected meadow land, where the two brothers, Charles and Frederick Lamb, had built their homes, far off the main traveled road, on the fringe of the forest.

Our afternoon was late October, mellow and fragrant, with belated bird calls and goldenrod gone brown and bittersweet unfolding tiny yellow jackets and making much of showy cardinal vests. We wound up the hillside road slowly, Bo and Jim sunk in the melancholy of the unusual. An abrupt turn took us out on a narrow road, rough, with trees nearly meeting overhead and a line of tall black cedars marking its limitations as a thoroughfare. Yellow branches trailed kindly along our wagon canopy, and shrubs of flaming red glowed in the landscape as though celestial fires were burning in root and branch. The sun slanted across, red and yellow, making pathways of rose and gold that lured the fancy with dreams of fairy woods, of the great god Pan hidden there to blow sweet melodies for the weary at heart.

The stately line of cedars narrowed, the road grew stonier, and the driver and the driven showed a growing resentment toward passengers who would not keep to plain God-fearing macadam or asphalt on a trip that was bound to keep dinner waiting in any case.

At this point, when Bo felt that matters were at their worst, we pointed out a narrow wagon print running into the deep woods, no more than an overgrown trail. It seemed to zigzag away into the shadows, fitted best to the footsteps of hunter or shepherd. Bo turned heavily around in the seat, "Now, you sho' is never gwine

back into dis yer no 'count woods, sah? Nobody ain't living yer sence summer. What for you all's wants to go projectin' around to dese dumb, empty houses, sah?" And Jim, the horse, looked up the shadowy path with Bo's feelings exactly duplicated on his long, curious black face. And as he settled back in the harness, "What for?" was in every toss of his head.

"Here, you Jim; you get right down into dese woods," was Bo's reluctant command, full of sympathy and reserve.

A few steps, and we were in the arms of the woods. Yellow maple drooped and hovered over us, dogwood with red berries and misty rose-hued leaves stood sentinel as we moved along; oak, tall and scrub, russet and brown, sent us sweet-scented messages, and white birch gleamed out of the gorgeous mass, here and there, straight and slender and reticent. Branches, exquisitely fragrant, came up close about us, touching the flanks of the petulant horse, caressing our faces, breathing in our ears, folding us in the mysterious, sacred perfume of the remote forest.

We dreamed our way down the trail, our hearts heavy with the full beauty of the ripe autumn day.

As the road divided into a sharp fork, Jim stopped, resentful of further complications, and Bo smiled, for we were at the edge of the pasture land where the houses of the two brothers had been built, and Bo knew that his adventurous hours were over.

RESTING upon a slope at the topmost edge of the old pasture lots, the houses were partly revealed to us, as they stood back from the roadway with a fine reserve. The road branching away on either side left them back from any suggestion of suburban life, all the wild woods for their park, and the slope of the land carrying the view out for miles to the crest of the misty blue Ramapo hills—a vast domain for the owners of a few pasture lots.

We knew the story of the lovely stretches of meadow land. When the two artists, Charles and Frederick Lamb, were little chaps living "up to Alpine" these lots were shorn meadows, where cows strayed when the land was fallow, and where, at the forest edge, there were fine games when school hours were over.

Years after, when the brothers decided that life to be complete must be equally divided into accomplishment and preparation, that brain as well as earth must have its fallow time, that winter months at business must be supplemented by summer months near the soil, they found no fairer spot in all the country near New York than the

old pasture slope which had been gathered back by the lapse of years into the grace and beauty of Nature's friendly heart. Mr. Frederick Lamb was the first to build, just where the road forks, and six years ago Mr. Charles Lamb, going further back on the slope, began the home which is illustrated in this article.

On the misty fall afternoon of our visit, as we crossed the green stretch which leads to Mr. Frederick Lamb's door, we looked from house to house, enjoying the varying personal charm of each, the cascades of brilliant vines, the terraces of gorgeous autumn flowers, the untouched woods for a background and the horizon as far off as the eye could carry.

Mrs. Charles Lamb later told the story of the building of "The Fold" (as her country house is called), in an affectionate untechnical way that made one see how a true home must have its real cornerstone in the heart; how it must be built up of affection and joy and the "home need," as well as of plaster and stone and wood, and that the permanent foundation cannot be made with hands.

"We had to have a garden," she first explained, "The children needed it to grow in, I needed it to work off city nerves, and as for Mr. Lamb—well, every artist should have a flower garden. And in our minds the house seemed to grow out of the garden—a house wholly for our contentment, for daily use, and we wanted it beautiful as the daily things of life should be. It was to grow up out of the earth, just as inevitably as the garden would, an intimate part of the landscape in color and form. And so the foundation leans to the slope of the meadow, the stones are from the soil where we dug for the foundation, and the sand for the plaster came from the lower meadows and the wood for the porch from across the roadway.

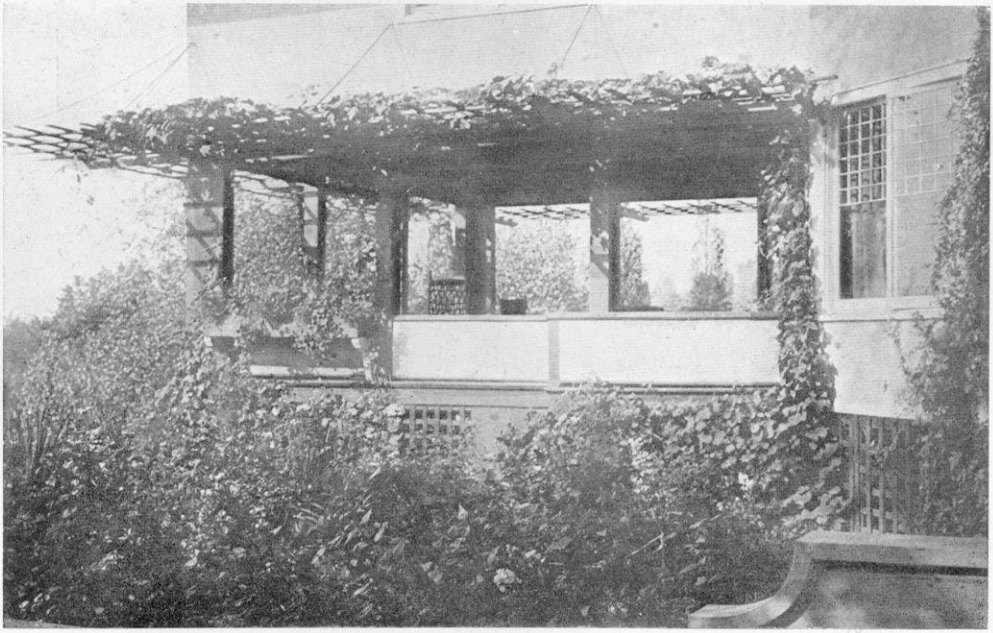
"Our house belongs there on the edge of the woods just as much as the growing trees and shrubs do, for much of it has always been there. We brought out foreign materials only when our own land could not supply our needs. You see we loved the land, and valued her assistance. People could not have been more friendly to us.

"And in return we did not encroach upon her reserve, or destroy her individuality, or try in any way to change her particular beauty by rendering it conventional or foreign. We cleared off no spaces, nor did we smooth out the pleasant wrinkled surface of the old pasture into hard flat lawns—that would have been a poor return for all the meadows were giving us.

"The country people in the region just about helped us to build. Old Joe Hen' was our carpenter. He didn't always approve of our

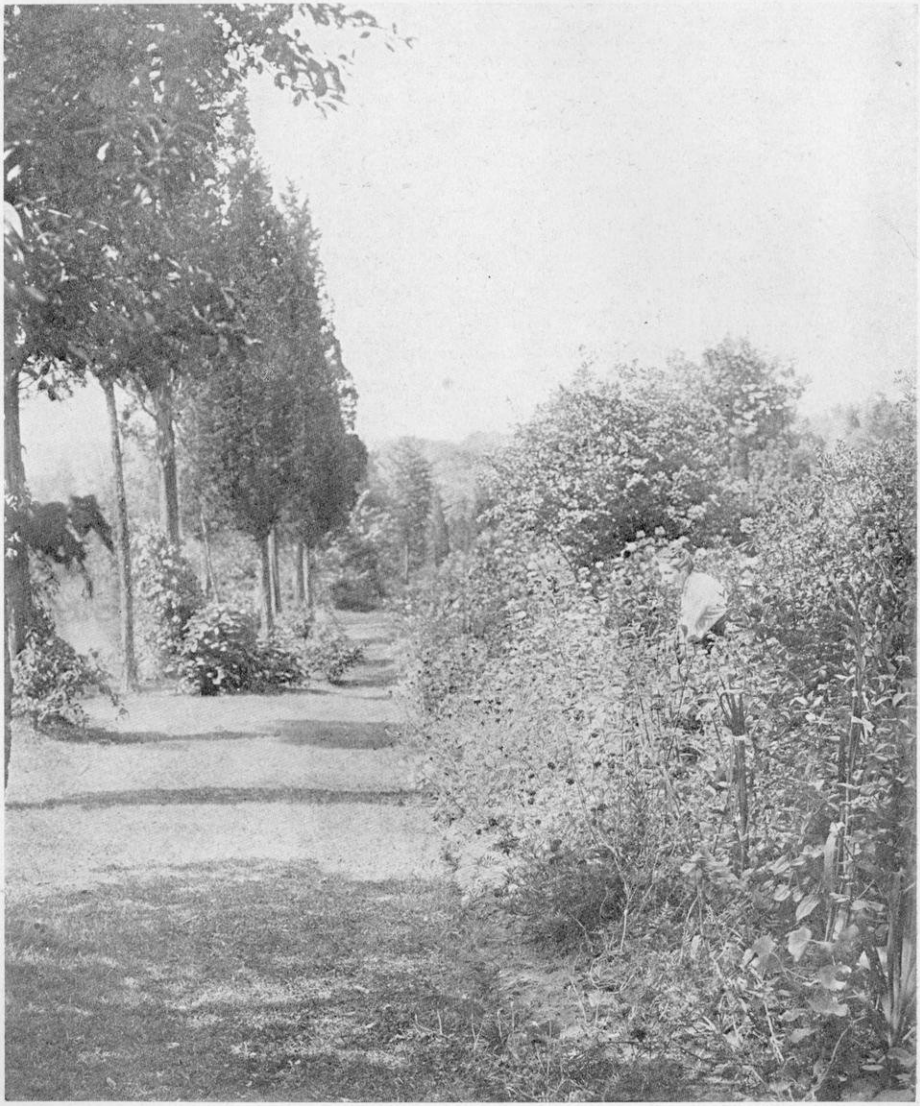
MRS. LAMB'S STUDIO, BUILT IN A SHADY SPOT NEAR ONE OF THE CEDAR LANES: JUST FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM THE LARGE HOUSE FOR QUIET WORK HOURS.

FROM A PAINTING OF MRS. CHARLES LAMB, DONE BY HERSELF.



THE COUNTRY HOME OF MR. AND MRS. CHARLES R. LAMB BUILT ON A MEADOW SLOPE BACK OF THE PALISADES.

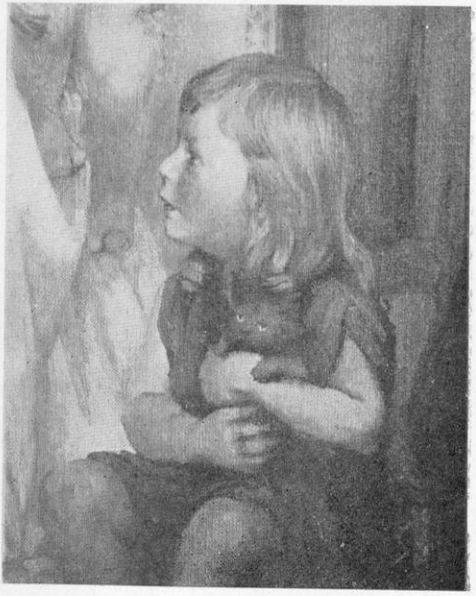
DETAIL OF THE LAMB HOUSE, SHOWING VINE-COVERED LOGGIA AND GARDEN.



"FAR AS THE MEADOW STRETCHES THE LINES OF CEDARS PASS DOWN THE VALLEY IN SINGLE FILE."

THE ARTS: SECTION OF LARGE MOSAIC IN THE SAGE CHAPEL OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY: DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ELLA CONDIE LAMB.

"THE OPEN BOOK": MURAL DECORATION IN THE NORTH LIBRARY OF THE FLOWER MEMORIAL, WATERTOWN, N. Y.: BY ELLA CONDIE LAMB.



DETAILS FROM THE MURAL DECORATION IN THE FLOWER MEMORIAL LIBRARY: MRS. LAMB'S FOUR CHILDREN POSED FOR THESE STUDIES.

simple ways of planning and executing; in his eyes we were getting out of the village architectural rut, and he felt the jolt; but he 'and his folks didn't have to live in it,' so as often as consistent with his professional dignity he let us have our way. He rejoiced when 'doing things as he orto,' and we rejoiced with him, and thus more easily secured concessions to our foolish city notions. It is joyous work to build a home to fit your life, all phases of it."

Truly, a satisfactory ideal for a home for our modern civilization of intelligent working men and women—that the inspiration should spring from the hearts of the dwellers therein and the material out of the earth upon which it rests. And, as you cross the slope to the flower garden, you feel that this house is not a recently erected bit of architecture, but a place of peace, immemorially old and beautiful.

You reach the loggia, or roofed-over porch, at one side through a walled-in flower garden, which sounds very feudal and haughty, but the walls are low, of soft-hued plaster and vine covered, and the garden is a tangle of fragrance and color, of iris, violet and cream and yellow in season, later of asters in blue and purple, and chrysanthemums great and small; on our autumn day there were many tall, slender Japanese moon-white flowers, scentless, cold and lovely. You enter the garden through a low gate and flowers brush your face as you stoop to the courtesy of formally latching it behind you. You tread the brick pathway very slowly, for perfume makes laggard feet, and then you mount the steps of field stones to the living porch, which may be called a loggia or an outdoor living room or a sheltered porch. It is all three. It extends the width of the house, facing the wide valleys and hills. The second story is its roof, and it serves as a sheltering vestibule for the main entrance. It is the summer dining room in bright weather, and for summer evenings it is the ideal resting place. There are wide wooden benches at the sides and against the house, and a great square table in the center space with chairs at one's convenience. A trellis projects out at the roof edge all around, and vines stretch up from the flower beds, which circle the stone foundation, to shade the porch and drape the trellises. On one side there are grape vines in profusion, so that dessert for an autumn luncheon is gathered almost from one's chair, and on the other side is shade from woodbine, yellow and scarlet the day of our visit.

From the porch the utmost beauty of the situation is laid bare for you. The property is bordered by two long lines of straight high cedars banded into a wall with festoons of woodbine and close-

crowded bay and sumac. Far as the meadows stretch, the lines of cedars pass down the valley in single file, with here and there in the open lot an isolated tree, upright, slender and green, of a moonlight night seeming to brush the sky, a thing of sacred beauty to those who dwell intimately with trees.

Scattered patches of kindly color over the meadow land prove to be the vegetable gardens, placed where they would attract the most sunlight and add a homely beauty to the landscape. For to these artists in life, a vegetable is not a thing to be despised or its wholesome sweet growth a process to be hidden from sight. All of Nature's ways seem pleasant to the occupants of "The Fold."

Later the beauty of the home indoors was revealed through photographs, the delightful great living room, which is dining and sitting room combined, with the large fireplace and built-in window-seat and a round table for knights of modern chivalry and casement windows for the ladies.

There are no schemes nor periods of furnishings, "Just," as Mrs. Lamb put it, "the best and most beautiful we could get to supply each need." And the effect of the whole a delightful harmony, a diverse manifestation of one point of taste; for harmony is not sameness, but variety of expressions of a definite ideal.

That a woman so essentially a home-maker of the most intensive kind, so profoundly a mother, with most genuine joy in the bringing up (literally *up*) of a group of boys and girls should also have proved herself an artist of distinction in more than one field of endeavor furnishes an interesting study to the traditionalist who contends that a woman's brain must always be wickedly fed by the sacrifices of the heart.

When asked how she had so successfully overcome traditional ideas, Mrs. Lamb said, "I have three reasons—an accurate, determined Scotch father, a beauty-loving, sensitive English mother, and—" Mrs. Lamb hesitated—"and Mr. Lamb, who has believed that I could do things in the art world and who has never permitted me to shut up the studio for the nursery and the kitchen. We have studied and worked together, and no mention of what I have accomplished is accurate without his name. He has given me so much inspiration as well as practical aid that to me the work seems more than half his."

The work through which Ella Condie Lamb will be longest remembered is unquestionably her mural decorations for public buildings and her cartoons for stained glass windows.

In the Flower Memorial, donated the town of Watertown, New

York, by Mrs. Emma Flower Taylor (a full account of which was given in THE CRAFTSMAN for January, nineteen hundred and five), Mrs. Lamb's mural painting is the principal decoration in the north library. The painting is called "The Open Book," and forms an oval panel at one end of the room. The color scheme, the technique, the harmony of design with interior fittings all have been widely discussed; a still further beauty of the work seems more profitable to dwell upon here—namely, the idea that Mrs. Lamb's art is no more separated from her life as a mother and home-maker, than her domestic life is remote from her art. It would inevitably remain for a woman in whom the mother feeling was so richly developed to present "Knowledge is Power," as a woman in exquisite maturity holding an open book for children to study. The four larger models, beautiful in form and expression, were drawn from the artist's own children. "The littlest one" was painted from Mrs. Taylor's youngest child. There was no "withdrawing from life to higher planes" to paint this picture, no shutting away home surroundings to "express oneself." Of course, there were many difficulties encountered, and much hard work, for Mrs. Lamb has a Scotch conscience as a foundation for her art work and she accomplishes slowly; first drawing each figure from a nude model, then drawing special detail studies of the hands and feet she wishes to make most expressive, later the figures are draped, and there are studies of draperies, and often the head of the figures done entirely in detail to establish the idea of color. There is no "running up to the studio and dashing off a great work of art," but weeks of work, all done in connection with planning dinners, managing servants and loving children.

The children's reading room in the Flower Memorial is also decorated by Mrs. Lamb. This room is a memorial to Mrs. Taylor's eldest son, and the children in panels carrying spring flowers were drawn from Mrs. Taylor's little boy and girl.

Other important work of Mrs. Lamb's appears in the Sage Chapel at Cornell University. In the beautiful frieze in the apse the groups, "The Sciences," "The Arts" and "Philosophy" are all designed and executed by Mrs. Lamb; the designer of the chapel as a whole being Mr. Charles Lamb. So perfect is the entire color scheme of the chapel and so harmonious the beauty of the frieze that it is difficult to pass this achievement with so few words. But there is yet the decoration for the house of Spencer Trask at Tuxedo to be spoken of—an oval-topped panel called the "North Wind," a conception

of much vividness of color and action; and there is also Mrs. Lamb's work as a portrait and landscape painter.

How often the artist seems to delight in limiting himself to what he terms his *metier*, to landscape alone, even one kind of landscape, or to portraits, or to the remote and symbolic, the greater the limitation the greater the pride. Specializing in art as in medicine.

And yet we find this very busy mother not only designing decorations for churches, universities and homes, but engrossed in doing peculiarly sympathetic portraits in oil or color crayons of "young men and maidens, old men and children."

Her landscape work is most often sketches in color of the pasture land surrounding the country home, flower studies from the walled-in garden, patches of the vegetable gardens, a vista down by the cedar borders, the children everywhere, a blue blouse in a clump of purple iris, a child at work, at play, equally happy, and so she seems to relate all of life to all of art, and there is apparently in this home no end to the joy of life or the beauty of its expression—the ideal of happiness realized through the completest opportunity for labor.

A CHRISTMAS SONG

IN EVERY babe that gains the light
Through rack of human pain,
In each new-breathing soul tonight
The Christ-child lives again.
In every drop of anguish, pressed
From pallid woman's brow,
In every virgin mother-breast
His Mother whispers now.

And wise men through the darkness hie,
Lo! In the East—a Star!
O little Christ who is to die
Was your soul's journey far?
Strange meteor wounds of death and birth
Lighting an endless sea;
A little child has come to earth
And He must die for me!

MARY MCNEIL FENOLLOSA.

THE WORDS OF HIPAROPAI: A LEAF FROM A TRAVELER'S DIARY, SHOWING THE INDIAN'S OUTLOOK UPON THE TRANSITION PERIOD: BY NATALIE CURTIS: AUTHOR OF "THE INDIANS' BOOK"

IN THE heart of the desert, on the boundary line of Arizona and Southern California, lies the town of Yuma. Opposite the town, on the California side of the Colorado River, dwell the Yuma Indians on land set apart for them by the government as an Indian reserve. Though the Yumas have given their name to a whole linguistic group, there are only about six hundred Yuma Indians proper. Their own name for themselves is *Cochan.* They are a well-built people, strong, muscular and brown. It speaks well for them that the state penitentiary on the border of the town, while numbering Mexicans, Americans and now and then an Apache among its inmates, holds never an Indian of Yuma. In spite of their proximity to the town, these Indians are comparatively free from many of the vices unconsciously acquired by a primitive people who are ignorant of new temptations.

The following paragraphs are a true record of a talk with Hiparopai, one of the oldest women of the tribe. It should be stated, however, that the recorder has made no study of the religious beliefs of the Yumas, nor of the Yuman mythology, and therefore cannot say how nearly Hiparopai's individual thought conforms to that of her people. Hiparopai's words are offered as giving the point of view of the Indian himself upon the changes that confront him in the life of today.

Hiparopai was sitting in the shade of a thatched shed. It was spring, and the plum tree beside her was just breaking into blossom. In contrast with this budding freshness drooped the aged form. Hiparopai was bent, but her strong frame still showed the vigor of the Indian. Over each shoulder hung a heavy plait of gray hair. The brown face was firm and round, the dark eyes gentle and thoughtful.

Hiparopai glanced up inquiringly as I drew near. "They told me you were looking for me," she said.

I held out my hand. "I have looked for you for many weeks," I answered. "The other Indians have told you this, I know. I love your people and I want to know them."

"You love Indians?" was the slow response, followed by a long look. Then the brown eyes softened and Hiparopai said simply, "Sit down: I will tell you what I can. What is it that you want to know?"

"Will you tell me of yourself?" I asked.

"My life has been long and full of change," was the answer. "Once when I was a child our people were fighting with the Cocopas, and I was alone with my mother in our melon patch. I was stolen by the Cocopas and traded to a Mexican for a pony. The Mexican sold me to a white man, who took me north to California. All my youth I worked among strangers till at last a great longing came over me to see my own people again, and I came home and married. My husband died and I put my little boy in the government school* and went away again to work, for we were poor. So I grew old. Then my son came to find me; he had grown to be a young man. He said, 'Mother, come back to live with us. If you are ill, then I am near. Never mind if we are poor. What good is life if we are not happy? And the best happiness is to be together.' So he brought me back to live with my people. White people think that money is everything; we Indians think that happiness is more. "Yes," she added, slowly, "you teach my people to believe that *money* is the greatest thing. We used to care to be happy in our homes."

HIPAROPAI broke off and her eyes took on a dreamy look. The Yuma of today seemed to fade from her mental vision, and the olden time rose before her—the time when the glittering desert stretched out vast and silent with never a white man's house upon it; when the Colorado River wound its rushing course between green cottonwood trees, unspanned by bridge, unnavigated by steam, as yet, all unexplored.

"Long ago," she began softly, as though unmindful of my presence, "long ago there were many of us. Before the Americans took our land we lived along the river, up and down, and on both sides. Now we only have the reservation. But when I was young my home was in the valley; it is all white people's farms now."

She gazed before her with wistful sadness. Then a sudden spasm of coughing racked her bent frame.

"Hiparopai," I cried, "why is it that so many of your people cough?"

*Schools for the Indians are maintained on the reservation by the government or by missionaries. There are also several non-reservation boarding schools.

She shook her head, then answered simply, "I cannot tell; it seems as though you white folk bring poison to us Indians. Sickness comes with you, and hundreds of us die." She paused again pathetically. "Where is our strength? Look at me; my father and mother never knew what sickness was, but I, I cough always. In the old times we were strong. We used to hunt and fish. We raised our little crop of corn and melons and ate the mesquite beans. Now all is changed. We eat the white man's food, and it makes us soft; we wear the white man's heavy clothing and it makes us weak. Each day in the old times in summer and in winter we came down to the river banks to bathe. This strengthened and toughened our firm skin. But white settlers were shocked to see the naked Indians, so now we keep away. In old days we wore the breech-cloth, and aprons made of bark and reeds. We worked all winter in the wind—bare arms, bare legs, and never felt the cold. But now, when the wind blows down from the mountains it makes us cough." The voice was low and solemn. "Yes—we know that when you come, *we die.*"

"It will not always be thus, my friend," I said. "Try to believe that a better day will come."

"Ah, well—white people do not mean to harm us—maybe. But you do not understand my people, and" she added slowly, "*you never even try.* You want now to divide for us the little land that we may still call our own. You never ask us what *we* would like, or would not like. We are ruled by your laws and you never try to make plain to us what these laws mean. White people came upon our land and built a chapel for us there. Did they ask us if we wanted it? Did they pay us for the land? Perhaps *we* would rather have had the land for our farms. They want us to have their religion. Would it not be fairer if they built their chapel on their own land and asked us then to come to it? You want our children to go to the schools that you have for us. Do you come to us old people first and tell us about the schools, and explain to us what the schools are for, so that we may understand? We Indians only know that schools will make our children like white people, and some of us——" she paused, then said quietly, "some of us do not like white people and their ways.

"Of course I know that schools are good and that white people mean them to help my people. Schools are good; it is right for everyone to learn all he can from everyone. But white people should be more gentle with the older Indians if we cannot quickly understand. Our lives are sad—and we love our children. If I came to

take your children to some strange place to learn things of which you knew nothing, would you like it? If I, an Indian woman, took your children to the desert to make them grow like Indians, would you like it? We Indians have the same love for our brown children that you have for your white ones. Explain to us all the new things that you mean for our good; take the trouble to know *us* a little if you really want to help and teach us. You do not understand our customs. You do not understand the way we think and feel. A white man laughed when he asked me why we cared when the white people sheared us like sheep.* Are we not men, too? Should not each man think and dress as suits his life? We *like* long hair. Is it not beautiful? Why have we not a right to what is ours? We never interfered with you until you interfered with us. How does our long hair harm you? Your men wear stiff clothes and hard collars. Your dress seems foolish and uncomfortable to us, as ours may to you. Yet you would not like it if we took your collars off."

"Not all white people are thus. Some of us would gladly know of your religion. You, too, believe in the Great Spirit."

HIPAROPAI gazed quietly at me for a moment, then said.

"Is there a people who does not? How would we know how to live if we did not believe in something greater than ourselves? What would teach us?"

She pointed to the plum tree beside her. "Who tells the tree when it is time to put out its little leaves? Who tells those blackbirds that warm weather has come, and that they may fly north again? Birds and trees obey something that is wiser than they. They would never know of themselves. Often I sit alone in the desert and look at the lilies and all the pretty little pink flowers,** and I say, 'Who told you that spring was here and it was time for you to come?' and I think, and I think, and always the truth comes back to me the same. It is the Something Greater that tells all things how to live. We are like the flowers. We live and die,

*Some years ago Washington issued an order that the hair of all Indians should be cut short. The hair cutting had to be done by force. This order with its enactment created such indignation and disturbance among the Indians that it was revoked. In a message to employés, the present Indian Commissioner advocated tolerance of hereditary customs of the Indians, and said that so long as the Indians were properly clad, they should be allowed to dress as best suited their taste and comfort and the climate in which they lived. However, there lingers among many government officials and missionaries a prejudice against any form of native dress.

**In spring the deserts of Arizona and California are covered with wild flowers.

and of ourselves we know nothing. But the Something Greater teaches us—teaches us how to live."

"And when we die?" I asked.

"Then it is all happiness. When we *die* we are all alike. There is no difference then."

"And when you burn your dead in those great funeral pyres, and burn the house and everything belonging to the dead man, what is your reason; will you tell me?"

"The body is nothing now. We burn it to set the spirit free. If there is old age or disease, all this is burned away from the spirit with the body. And we burn all the dead man's things so that he may have them in the other life.* If his people love him very much, they burn all their things too, so that he may have those also. And if we are rich enough we buy or make new things so that he may have as much as possible in the other life."

"And what does 'the Speaker' say when he talks so solemnly at the funeral pyre?"

"The Speaker tells of the man that is dead. He tells what a great man he was—how strong, how brave. And he tells of the trees, how they grow tall and straight and send out wide branches—then how they grow old and slowly decay, until at last they fall. This, he says, is the life of man—this is the life of man."

The voice dropped, and we sat long in silence till the cool patch of shade that had sheltered us shifted away. I glanced up; the sun had moved, and I knew that I had far to go. I took Hiparopai's hand.

"I looked for you long and now we are friends," I said.

"We are friends," Hiparopai repeated. "I live far from here—many miles out on the reservation, where I can feel the air wide around me, and look off far. I must always be where I can feel the air. But I must see people too, so I live by the wells where many come and go; I have little to offer, but if you will come you are welcome to all that I have.

"You say you want to know my people? There is but one way. Live among them. See them in their fields, planting and harvesting; see them with their children; hear them sing! In old days we were a happy people and we had many songs. You can never know the Indians by looking at them only. If you would really know us, come. You are welcome to all that I have."

*Many Indian tribes believe that material objects have spiritual life as well as material form, even as man has both spirit and body.

THE LYRIC QUALITY IN THE PHOTO-SECESSION ART OF GEORGE H. SEELEY: BY GILES EDGERTON

HERE are those of us to whom the half-tones of nature, the shadows, the delicacies, the soft edges appeal, who want the glow, not the glare, of sunlight, who prefer tenderness to drama, and who like the imagination stirred rather than the sensibilities shocked. In this more quiet rank and file of workers are the lyric poets, the writers of gray symbols, the musicians of folk lore and the Secession photographers. There are minds which must relate each individual beauty to every other and all of beauty to daily life—to them, a poem must have music and modeling, music must sound forth poetry and drama (as Wagner so well knew).

As you know a person well, the face becomes a reflection of character; so, as you care more dearly for a bit of landscape, it conveys to you even at a distance the impression of color, of sweet scents, of the quality of the soil. You *see* what the passerby cannot get, as in the ordinary portrait you recognize what the casual observer does not surmise. And so the Photo-Secessionist must divine the temperament in the sitter, as he must divine the spiritual quality of a landscape. He must be a poet and seer before he can become a good photographer.

Mr. George H. Seeley has done most of his photographic work in a small village in Massachusetts. He has not imitated any other artist or followed any school. He is at heart a poet, and has seen nature with sensitive eyes. Long before he had heard of Secession photography he had begun to take pictures with the indefinable quality that is embodied in Photo-Secession art. In his outdoor pictures the sunlight is restrained, falling in dappled splashes between shadows, his trees are patches of rich tones that suggest spring or autumn or the leanness of winter, a field of daisies is a place for fairies to hide, for maidens in love to tread. In his most poetical outdoor scenes, there are nearly always young women, slender girls with rapt expression, with flowering branches for a background, or hidden with festoons of flowers, or sitting silently in flowing draperies in vast shadows, a part of the beauty, the perfumes, or the fear of nature.

Mr. Seeley does not seem to have marked out sharply a line between his portrait and landscape work; but is forever combining the two in a way to relate both expressions, to bring people in very close harmony with wild woods and meadow lands. It has always seemed that the more saturate with nature a man became, the

From a Photograph by George H. Seeley.

"IN THE MOST POETICAL OUTDOOR SCENES THERE ARE NEARLY ALWAYS YOUNG WOMEN, A SLENDER GIRL WITH RAPT EXPRESSION."

From a Photograph by George H. Seeley.

"SITTING SILENTLY, WITH FLOWING DRAPERIES, IN VAST SHADOWS, A PART OF THE BEAUTY OR THE FEAR OF NATURE."

From a Photograph by George H. Seeley.

"HIS PICTURES ARE REPRESENTATIONS OF MOODS RATHER THAN STATEMENTS OF FACTS."

From a Photograph by George H. Seeley.

"IN OUTDOOR PICTURES THE SUNLIGHT IS RESTRAINED, FALLING IN DAPPLED SPLASHES BETWEEN SHADOWS."

more he brought people back to earth, the more he felt the tender relationship of human life with the sod and the trees. One does not learn this in an academic fashion, but the truth is borne in upon the worker as he grows in wisdom, the wisdom taught by sun and moon, by friendly shade and the fine fragrance of dew-fresh things.

MR. SEELEY first studied art at a normal art school in Boston, and then intended to paint and model animals. His first photograph work was the outcome of a small camera (the gift of an uncle), and a fifty-cent outfit. His impulse at the start was to pose familiar figures in familiar scenes out of doors.

He was doing Secession photography already when in nineteen hundred and two he was taken to the studio of Holman Day and first realized the great movement in progress along the same line. He feels that he owes much to the inspiration of Mr. Day's work and friendship.

Later, he had an opportunity of seeing exhibitions of the work of Gertrude Käsebier and Clarence White, also he came in touch with the inspiring personality of Alfred Stieglitz, from whom he learned the history and progress of the new photography. Through Stieglitz and Coburn he met men and women working along his own lines, and began to realize the enormous possibilities before him in enlarging the scope of work.

Since his first stepping into the field with other important Secessionists he has returned to the quiet remote life at Stockbridge, where he feels he can attain a single-mindedness of purpose toward his work which would be impossible in close comradeship with other personalities. He likes best to live and work out of doors, to hold to his first inspiration, and thus to develop naturally and harmoniously, even though slowly.

He seems to have no criticism for methods differing from his own, nor any envy of the success of others. To use his own words, "I am vitally interested in the work and in every sincere and unselfish effort put forth by any individuals or schools toward its advancement."

As to the technical side of his art, to quote from a careful criticism of his work: "He differentiates his values in a masterly way and uses the full gamut of values. His pictures are difficult to describe, for they are purely a painter's expression of *truth*, of such truths as can only be expressed in the graphic arts and never told in words. His pictures are rather representations of moods than statements of facts, and are hard to name as well as hard to describe."

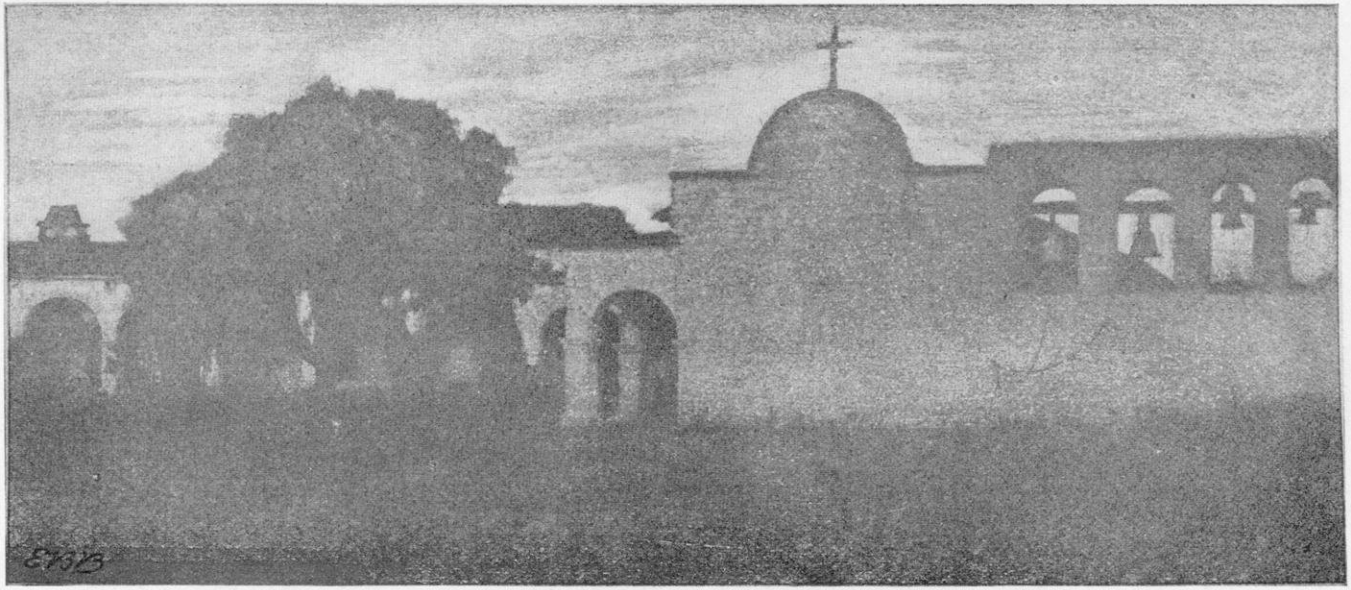
THE RUINS OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, WITH THEIR STORE OF MEMORIES OF THE PAST, AND WEALTH OF INSPIRATION FOR THE PRESENT

WO hundred and fifty years ago a little band of Franciscan friars undertook the conquest of California, to add further glory to the names of Christ and Saint Francis. They first conciliated, then taught and disciplined the Indians they found; trained them to accept their share of the curse of Adam, and, in doing so, created not only many native industries, but a style of architecture which, through all the changes of secularization and American occupation, is today the one best fitted to the climate and the landscape of Southern California.

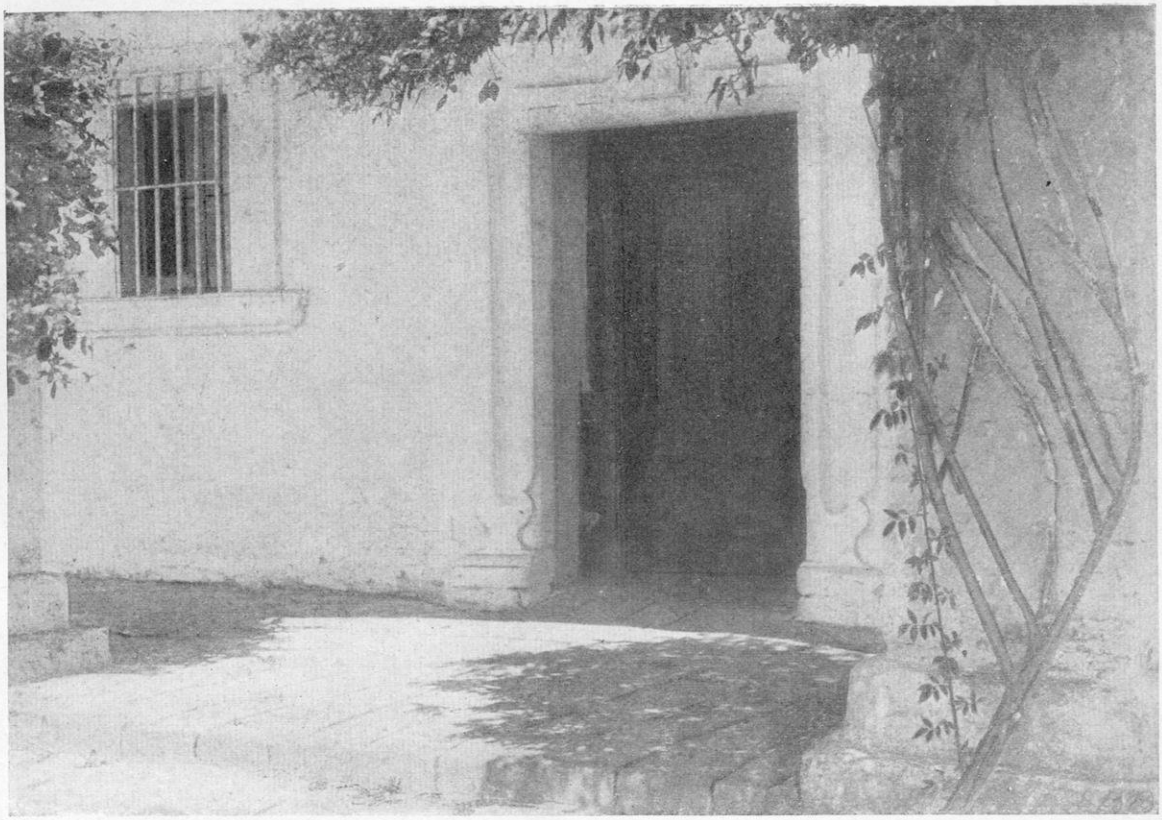
Most of these mission buildings, with their churches, cloisters, and the long corridors that surround the enclosures, are in a more or less ruined state now, or else the purity of their early style has been sacrificed to the ideas of the restorer. Nevertheless, their charm today is so great that to the traveler they form one of the chief attractions of the country, both for the sake of their own beauty and historic interest, and also because they strike the keynote of what is best in modern Californian architecture.

Of these ruins, none is more interesting than the old mission of San Juan Capistrano. Some idea of the charm of what remains of it is given by the accompanying illustrations, which show not only the ruined corridor surrounding the old quadrangle, but also the adobe chapel which has taken the place of the church destroyed by an earthquake more than two centuries ago. The moonlight picture of the mission is perhaps the most charming of all, as it is purely impressionistic—suggesting wonderfully the frost-white light and inky shadows of a moonlight night in California. Yet the view of the chapel in the mellow haze of twilight is almost equally imaginative, suggesting as it does the space and stillness that lies around the old mission now, as it did when the bells, hanging now in the quaint arched *campanario* of the restored building, were first rung by Fray Junipero Serra when the work on the mission, which had been interrupted by the Indian uprising at San Diego, was at last begun with a dedicatory mass.

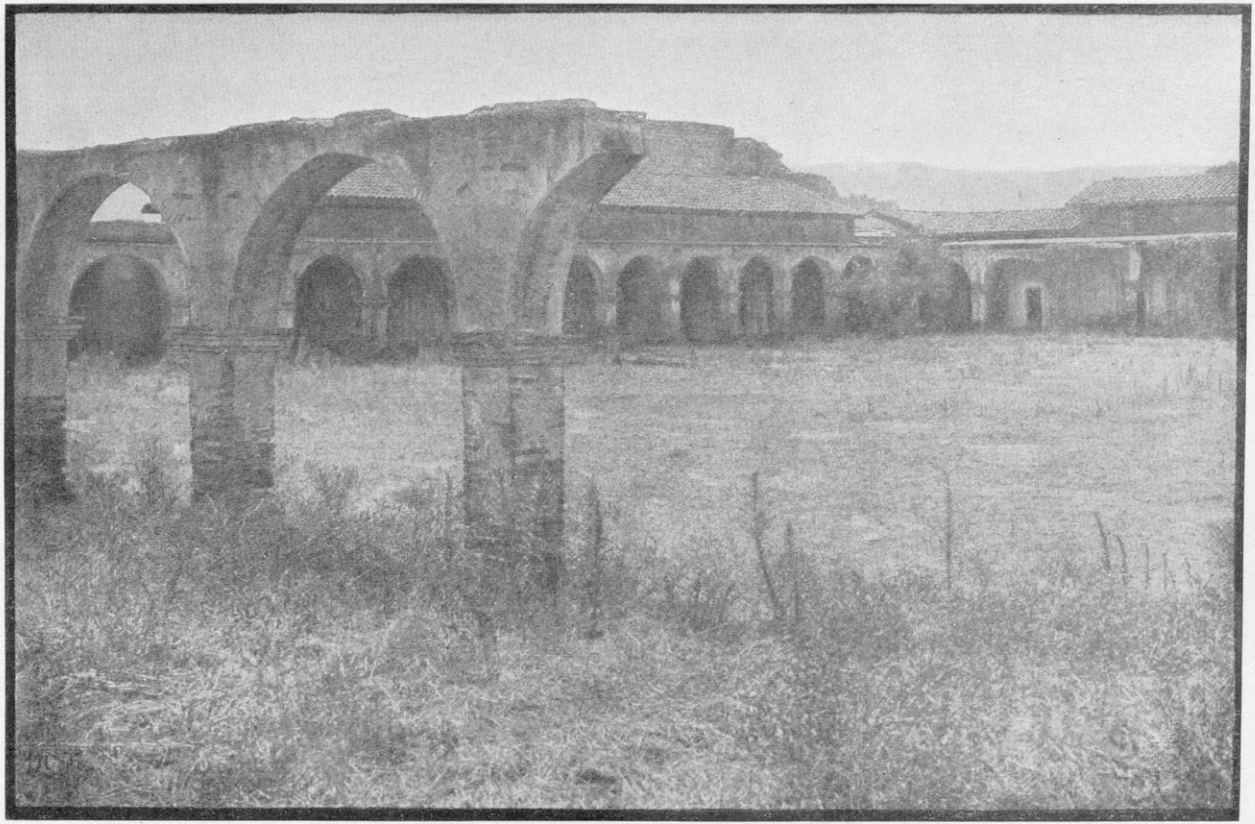
A year before, when Fray Fermin Francisco de Lasuen and Fray Gregorio Amurrio, with six soldiers, had hastily left the scarcely begun work on the new mission when the terrible news came of the



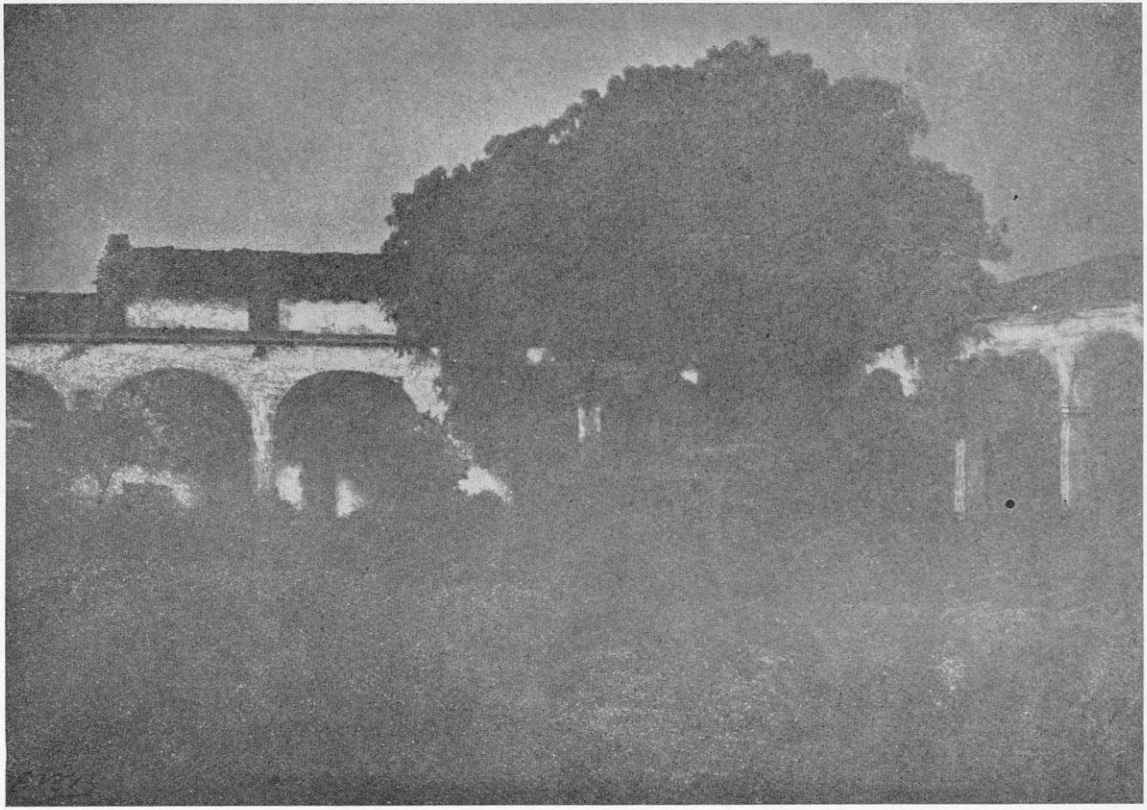
FRONT VIEW OF THE MISSION: CHAPEL BY TWILIGHT.



ENTRANCE TO THE ADOBE CHAPEL OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.



THE PATIO OF THE OLD MISSION, SHOWING THE STONE ARCHES WHICH STILL REMAIN.



THE MISSION OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO BY MOONLIGHT.

massacre at San Diego, the bells had been buried, to await more promising times. The work on San Juan Capistrano seemed then to have been abandoned for an indefinite period, but Serra, with his customary energy, returned in the fall of seventeen hundred and seventy-six, accompanied by a sufficient band of priests and soldiers, disinterred the bells, and at once founded the mission. The bells were hung and sounded, and the dedicatory mass was said on the first day of November.

This mission was the object of more thought, care, and work than any of the others. It was the only one built of quarried stone, and the big doorway, which formed the entrance to the chapel, was the most ornate of any in all California. The piers and arches were of cut stone-work, and the entire structure showed the hand of a master craftsman. Several years were consumed in the building, but finally the church was dedicated with all the simple pomp available in those hard and strenuous days of the church militant.

Its life was short, for six years after the dedication, the great earthquake that swept all Southern California and shook so many of the mission buildings into partial ruin, left little more than massive fragments of San Juan Capistrano. The church itself, which was built in the form of a cross, ninety feet wide by one hundred and eighty feet long, went down into a heap of rubbish, burying forty people under its ruins. Although the mission lasted until the dark days of the final confiscation of all mission property, the church was never rebuilt of stone—or replaced by anything more ambitious than the large adobe chapel which still stands. Many of the mission buildings remain, and are occupied even at the present day, but of the arched corridors that enclosed the big *patio* or quadrangle the west side is entirely gone, and only thirty-eight arches remain on the other three sides.

When the missions were secularized, one of the first chosen as the field of the new experiment of attempting to advance in civilization the native population by naming them pueblos, and granting the property to the Indians, was San Juan Capistrano. As a result its prosperity swiftly declined, its wide fields lay untilled, and its industries lapsed into nothingness when the influence of the good fathers was no longer felt. In a few years, under the secularized régime, the property was swept entirely into the coffers of the government. Now it is only a memory, the brave pioneer priests are long dead, the Indians are scattered and degenerate, and the ruins of the old mission itself lie deserted and a spectacle for sightseers.

THE NATIONAL SPIRIT OF SPECULATION: ARE NOT OUR FINANCIAL AND CORPORATE MORALS MERELY THE OUTGROWTH OF THE MORAL SENSE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE? BY THE EDITOR

"We are going to have in this Republic a standard of financial and corporate morals that will square with the moral sense of the American people in their private conduct; and we are going to have it at any cost."—The World's Work.

HERE is food for serious thought in the statement quoted above from an able editorial on the present industrial and financial situation in this country; for it conveys so exactly the view of the honest citizen, the man who applauds and encourages every fresh move in the unremitting investigation and prosecution of those of our great monopolies whose methods of overpowering their competitors will certainly bear looking into. Yet is it a view that goes sufficiently beneath the surface to ask the question: is it true that the bulk of the people have a higher moral sense than is expressed in the state of affairs revealed in insurance and trust companies and politics under the search-light of investigation? Is it not rather true that the whole social structure is permeated by influences that have their rise at the very foundation of our national life? As the growth of a nation is always from the bottom, so the seeds of corruption and disintegration take root at the beginning in the great mass of the people, creating a national idea of which the big events are but the result.

Through the medium of the sensational journals—and also many that are by no means sensational—we hear all about the scandals that arise out of the reckless speculations of bank directors; the dishonest methods of insurance officials; the unlawful discrimination by railroads in favor of certain large shippers; the tyranny of the trusts, and the audacity of corrupt politicians in manipulating legislation to serve their own ends.

But do we ever take into consideration that all these obvious evils are merely like the spreading branches of a tree, which derive their life from hidden roots which we never stop to take into account? The average American citizen is usually a clean, honest man of business. He reads in his paper, for instance, an exposure of scandal

in connection with a big life insurance company, which has been speculating recklessly with the funds of policy holders and diverting a goodly portion of the same to the private advantage of the directors and other officials—and piously thanks God that he is not as other men are. Yet the chances are about even that this same respectable citizen holds a tontine policy, which is at the very foundation of all reckless speculation in life insurance. The same average citizen may join in the most fervid of the outcries against Wall Street, yet what is the percentage of chances that he would not himself "take a flyer" upon receipt of a sufficiently sure "tip"?

In fact, from the workman at his bench to the biggest trust magnate in the country, the spirit of speculation—of gambling on the chance of getting something for nothing—permeates our whole social structure from bottom to top.

PEOPLE talk much of the revolution in our whole industrial life that was caused by the introduction of machinery, and often deplore the consequent decay of handicrafts and of small individual industries. Yet the material change, great as it is, is not so significant or far-reaching as its moral effect upon the people. The point is that the general introduction of labor-saving machinery capable of turning out any good product in enormous quantities has brought with it possibilities that all tend toward exploitation as well as production. A generation ago men learned trades, and learned them thoroughly. Now every manufacturer realizes his inability to get trained mechanics at any price. The general belief is that they are no longer necessary, because all that seems to be required from the workman of today is just enough ability to run his machine. Fathers, who in their boyhood learned a trade thoroughly, and worked with interest and understanding at the forge or the bench, have no desire to see their sons learn the same or any other trade. It is too hard work and the gains are not immediate or big enough. They would rather see their boys "get a chance," that is, see them launched in some business by which in time, if they are "smart" enough and the chance is good enough, they may become exploiters of the labor of other people—that is, that they may have the good luck to get rich by profiting from the value of some commodity which they have not themselves produced.

The small farmer, if he is ambitious to see his son succeed, does not encourage the boy to remain on the farm, nor does he often care to work it himself—that is, if he happens to be a man of energy and

ambition. Instead of working directly to get the best results out of the means at hand, and to put brain and energy into producing the utmost that can be gained from his farm, like the skilful farmers of some of the older countries, as a rule he either has his mind on the big profits to be gained from a bonanza farm out West, or else his dream is to go to the city, or to send his boy there, and take chances on being able to "make a fortune."

The same thing is true of the young wage-earners, especially girls, who fill our factories, department stores, and offices. Cases where their wages are required to meet a direct need at home are by no means the rule. Instead, it is usually a desire for more freedom, and for money of their own to spend, that leads them away from home and home work. The work that under more normal conditions was done at home as a matter of course, to meet directly the need that existed there, is now given over to be exploited by factories and department stores. It is a truth, now so universally recognized as hardly to need repeating here, that the most solid mental and moral development results from learning to use the hands dexterously and well in some useful productive employment. In earlier and simpler days our grandmothers spun and wove the cloth for the garments of the family, which were fashioned by their own hands with all the interest, taste and skill of which they were capable. Even our mothers made and mended their own garments, and the garments of the family. Now girls who go away from home and work in the factory, do for a corporation, under infinitely harder and more cramping conditions, the same work that their mothers used to do at home for themselves, only there is more of it and it is not so good. Instead of using brains and fingers to satisfy a direct need, they sell both to be slaves of a system in order that their labor may be exploited, first by the manufacturer and then by the department stores, that a cheap and inferior product may in time be sold back to them and to their people. And at the root of the whole thing is extravagance; the desire to have money to spend; the prospect of being able in time, if they are "lucky", to "get a raise" and so have more money to spend. It is urged by the women and girls who do this, that it is not worth while to mend clothes or darn stockings, because it is so much cheaper to buy new ones. This may be the literal fact, so far as the cheap stockings and garments are concerned, yet—what does it do to the moral fiber of the woman who, responsible for the use and control of much of her husband's income, thus learns extravagance and utter carelessness in little things?

OUR NATIONAL SPIRIT OF SPECULATION

MUCH has been said about the danger of the big department stores pushing out of existence the smaller dealers. This is not the case to the extent that is generally believed, but that it is the case in some instances, and under certain conditions, is not due to any oppression or unfair methods on the part of the owner of the department store, nearly so much as it is due to the thoughtless extravagance of the great mass of people, who allow themselves to be allured by the inviting bargains and tempting advertisements which are so large a part of the stock in trade of department stores. They are clever advertisers, and understand exactly how to appeal to the tendency of human nature to take a chance on getting something for less than its actual value, or something that gives immediate and big results for an apparently trifling outlay. Where there is ready money to pay for any desired luxury, it is not so bad, even if the purchaser may not at the time be able really to afford the luxury, but where there is a deliberate invitation to people to run into debt, the appeal to the speculative instinct is directly dangerous.

For example, one of the big New York department stores advertised a sale of pianos for brides, upon terms which apparently placed this luxury within the reach of every young, newly-married woman, who had either been used to a piano in her father's home, or who felt that it would add greatly to the furnishings of her own new home if she could have one. To pay five dollars down, and two dollars a week, seems a small matter, but the moral effect of it cannot be estimated. If a piano on the installment plan, why not other luxuries on the same easy terms?—until the time comes when the household is struggling under a burden of perpetual debt, and too often the husband is driven to questionable ways of pulling himself out of what seems a bottomless slough. With increasing debt staring him in the face, he can hardly be blamed if he falls an easy prey to the politician, to the gambler in stocks, or to any other of the numerous avenues by which something may be had for nothing more than a little latitude with regard to strict honesty.

So it is with the effect of factory methods upon the ordinary workman. A carpenter working at his bench is told by the foreman not to stop to pick up the nails that have slipped through his fingers, as his time is worth more than the nails. In other words, he is taught a slipshod carelessness toward the property of his employer, that finally extends to everything. If he were a good, conscientious, thoroughly-trained workman of the old school, he would be as careful of small things as of great, and would no more waste the property

and the time that belong to his employer, than he would steal from him. It is the machine-made method of doing things hurriedly and carelessly that takes away from a workman his sense of care for things. When the business is his own, and any loss through wastefulness will fall upon him, he always feels the little prick of necessity that teaches him to economize and to make everything give an account of itself, knowing that success or failure may depend upon the stoppage of small leaks. It is only when his work is exploited by others, and when he feels also that his union is back of him and will hold his job for him, no matter how careless or incompetent he may be, that the urge of necessity and consequently the need for care and economy of time and material slackens, and in its place comes a tendency to give just as little as possible in return for the most he can get. When people worked for each other in the intimate way that prevailed in a simpler and saner state of society, there was no element of exploitation, consequently the work was honest and painstaking, made to satisfy a real need and to last as long as possible, instead of being a makeshift to tempt extravagance by its "novelty," and so to stimulate the market for the advantage of the exploiter or the speculator.

IT SEEMS a far cry from workmen and factory girls to bank directors and trust magnates, yet the response of the first to what has become a national ideal is the root from which the spreading tree of speculation and exploitation has grown. This is the underlying reason for all the industrial and financial evils against which there has been such an outcry. The desire to speculate—to do big and daring things—to beat the other fellow and get something for nothing, permeates the whole American nation—yet the people who stand appalled when they read of the culmination of it all have never once realized the cumulative effect of their own little speculations in helping to influence all the concerns of our national life, or regarded as otherwise than justifiable their own leniency, or at best indifference, toward petty political jobbery by which there was a chance of obtaining some coveted place or privilege, or a chance to develop some profitable scheme.

For example, how do railroad companies and other great corporations get valuable franchises without paying for them? Is it not due to corrupt political methods for which the people themselves are directly responsible, and which they could stop if they chose?

Much public horror and condemnation has been expressed about

the reckless speculations in over-capitalized industries that have been carried on in Wall Street. Would these speculations have been possible if the people had stayed out of the bucket-shops? When there are no lambs for the shearing, the bulls and bears have little to do.

How does it come about that the directors of our large life insurance companies are not content with their own more than ample salaries, but find it necessary to speculate with the premiums paid into the company, mostly from hard-earned salaries or savings of those who are trying to make an honest living and to provide for their families? Has it not all arisen since the speculative element came into the life insurance business with the tontine or deferred dividend policy?

Why have trust companies become less stable than national or savings banks? Is it not because they have exceeded their original functions of administering estates, certifying mortgages, making investments for people, and doing a general trustee business, and have now widened their field so far that they not only discount notes, administer estates, deal in foreign exchange, handle margin accounts for customers—in this way acting as a money-broker—and also conduct a sort of nursery where trusts are tenderly cared for during infancy? By far the greater part of their business thus becomes speculative, and any sudden call upon them, such as a run like those we have lately seen, finds them in a position where it is impossible for them to call in the funds with which they have been speculating, and, unless other banks come to their aid, there is nothing for it but to close their doors. The latitude of the trust companies is so wide that, when the directors in a national or savings bank desire to speculate, they do so by the simple means of becoming a director in a trust company. So the question naturally arises when a man is made a director in a number of trust companies: Is it because of his great ability as a banker, or because he wishes to use the funds of the so-called banks, to control the watered stocks of his steamboat companies? Under such conditions is it not astonishing that something very like a panic among investors follows any revelation of the doings of certain high financiers, and also it is not surprising that the late flurry, for instance, was confined chiefly to the trust companies, as there is absolutely no occasion for a run on a national bank, which under the law is not permitted to speculate in any way.

Which is the greater factor in the formation of a trust, economy or speculation? Much is said of the economy with which the business of gigantic corporations is carried on, but it is seldom said—or

realized—that the trust itself is founded on extravagance for the reason that it manipulates rather than produces, and so is speculative in its nature from the beginning. The man who promotes or gets together a trust is the most daring and reckless of speculators. He is never a producer, but merely a promoter, manipulating something of value that some one else has worked for, in such a way that its value is inflated many times in the issuance of the stock. The very thought connected with the birth of a trust is speculation, not economy, and the manufacturer who has produced something upon which he made a fair profit, and who allows his plant to become one of many that are included under the management of a trust, ceases from that moment to be solely a producer, and becomes largely a speculator. Watered stock and the new financial plan of capitalizing upon the basis of the earning power instead of the assets of the concern help to create a speculative instead of an actual value, and opens the door for every form of extravagance, because the returns from the sales of stock mean "easy money" and so take away the urge of immediate necessity to produce. Yet without the possibilities of gain from speculation that tempt the manufacturer, the promoter would be out of a job; the trust companies would not have the opportunity of taking big chances in sometimes risky underwriting, and very few trusts would come into being.

After they have come into being, what is it that absorbs the greater part of the time of directors of big corporations? Is it the economical administration of the business with the view of getting the best products to offer to the people at the lowest price consistent with a reasonable profit, or is it the speculative manipulation of the shares of that combination?

What is it that attracts the most earnest efforts of our railway magnates? Is it the best possible handling of the traffic, with a view to the safety and comfort of passengers, or is it the stock ticker? In taking into account this whole situation, is it not more reasonable for us as a people to look straight at our own share in all the abuses that rouse us to wrath, and to find out whether or not it is true that we have at present in this Republic a standard of financial and corporate morals that square exactly with the moral sense of the American people in their private conduct, and that the events of the last year show that we have had it at a tolerably stiff cost to ourselves.

MILLET'S "HOLY FAMILY"

HERE is one picture of Millet's—a little-known one—which always has a great attraction for me. It contains a suggestion—conveyed also by one or two others of his, and perhaps dear to his religious-democratic mind—of the Holy Family. It is a deep night, faint stars are shining, and along the edge of a far-stretching mere two figures are hurrying—in front the husband (a peasant, of course), stick in hand, determined and unflagging; behind him the wife, patient and dutiful, straining to keep up. All is dark; the figures, as in so many of his pictures, veiled in obscure glamour, their harsher features softened, the larger, more human element emerging. There is only one spot of light in the whole scene, and that is between the man's arms. It looks like a dim lamp; *it is the face of a little baby, turned toward the stars.* A faint reflection from it falls even on the face of the man. That is all. Following this light the two figures hurry on—behind them stretches the reedy, desolate mere.

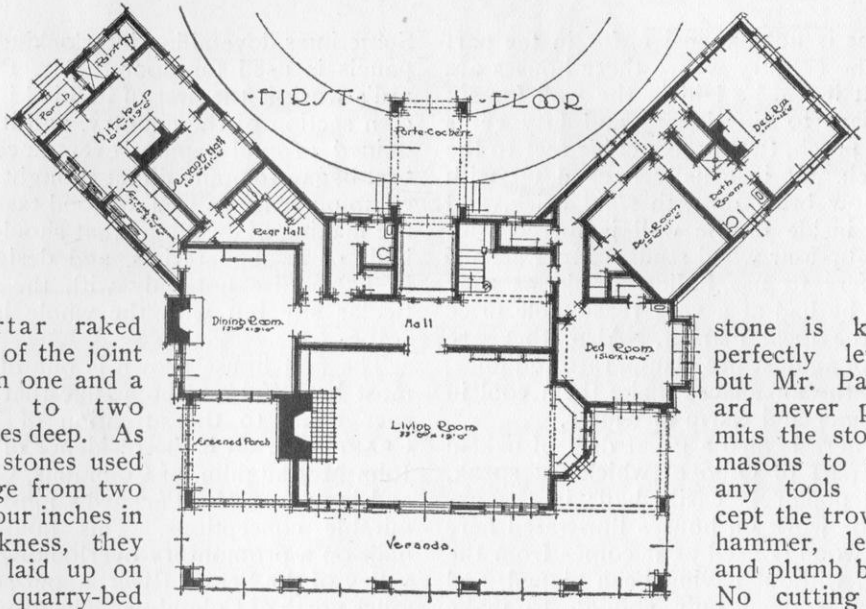
And whither are they going? Perhaps after all, thought Millet, the peasants, the overtired, sad-lived laborers, whom the Earth has seen so many centuries, *are* at last passing away, traveling with the change of social conditions into another yet far-off land. He records them for us just before the dusk of transition hides their ancient features from our gaze. When the sunrise comes again the treasured babe that they carry in their arms—surely (he dreams) it will have become the Son of Man whom we wait for.

FROM "ANGELS' WINGS":
BY EDWARD CARPENTER.

SOME HOUSES DESIGNED BY FRANK L. PACKARD, A PIONEER IN THE BUILDING OF DWELLINGS FROM LOCAL MATERIALS AND IN HARMONY WITH THE LANDSCAPE

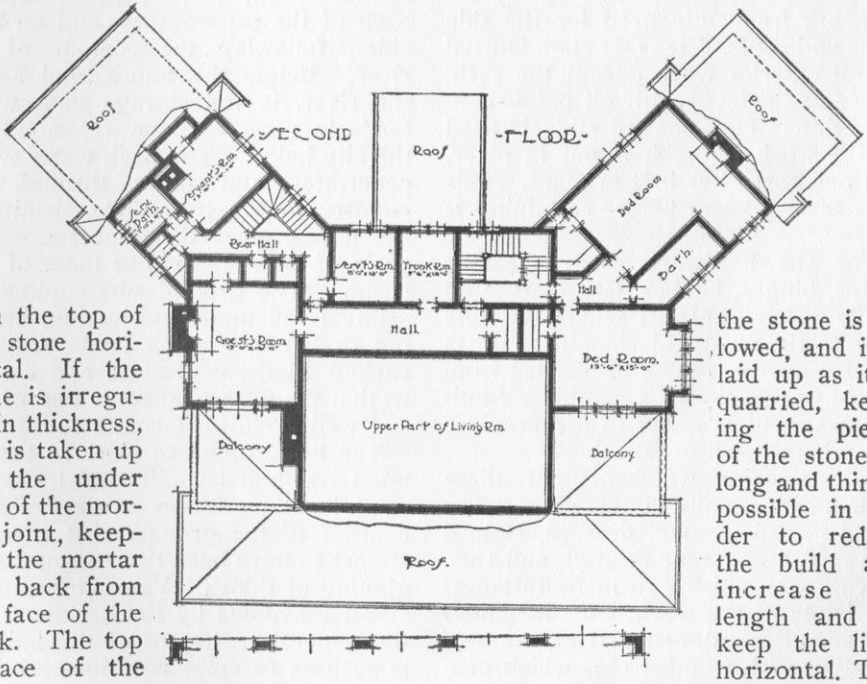
ONE reason why the group of houses published this month in THE CRAFTSMAN is especially interesting is the fact that they are the work of Mr. Frank L. Packard, of Columbus, Ohio, who was one of the first of our American architects to blaze out new trails in the building of dwellings that should be characteristic of American taste and local environment, and suited to individual needs. Mr. Packard has been a friend to THE CRAFTSMAN ever since the publication of its first issue, and we have noted with much interest the development of his art along distinctively original and creative lines.

The houses shown here form a group selected with the definite idea of giving a number of different phases of Mr. Packard's art, which shows the versatility that arises from the habit of being guided by the fundamental principle of direct response to individual need. In most cases he makes use of the material native to the locality, so that the building is essentially linked to the soil. For instance, almost at the beginning of his work the idea came to him of using for building purposes the stone found on the farms of northern and central Ohio. This is generally used for fences and walls, some of which have been standing a great many years. This stone is found in layers of from two to six inches in thickness, and by quarrying it with bars, it is possible to get out pieces about three feet long and two feet wide. When it is used for building a stone wall, the shape of the slabs makes the wall very durable and permanent, and Mr. Packard in driving about the country conceived the idea of building houses out of the same stone laid up in much the same manner as the old stone fences. The stone itself, as it ages, becomes a dappled gray, and the growth of moss upon this surface gives a delightful color effect. The use of this stone for houses was simply one way of carrying out Mr. Packard's favorite idea of adapting to the needs of the building the materials found on the building site, and so making the house seem more like a natural formation than something foreign to the land. The way the stone is laid up is very interesting, for Mr. Packard adapted the method used in dry walls, with the



HOUSE OF JOHN M'LAUGHLIN.

mortar raked out of the joint from one and a half to two inches deep. As the stones used range from two to four inches in thickness, they are laid up on the quarry-bed with the top of the stone horizontal. If the stone is irregular in thickness, this is taken up on the under side of the mortar joint, keeping the mortar well back from the face of the work. The top surface of the stone is kept perfectly level, but Mr. Packard never permits the stonemasons to use any tools except the trowel, hammer, level, and plumb bob. No cutting of the stone is allowed, and it is laid up as it is quarried, keeping the pieces of the stone as long and thin as possible in order to reduce the build and increase the length and to keep the lines horizontal. This



HOUSE OF JOHN M'LAUGHLIN.

stone is not expensive, for in the part of the country where these houses are built it can be laid in the wall for six dollars to six dollars and fifty cents per perch, twenty-five cubic feet to the perch. It is usually backed up with hollow brick or with solid brick, and the inside of the wall is furred with two-by-four wood studs. Mr. Packard prefers to use hollow brick, as they can be had at a very reasonable price at the local market. Also, they are proof against fire, damp, rats and mice, and the air spaces make them cool in summer and warm in winter.

There is also a great deal of oak in the part of Ohio of which we speak, and poplar is easily had; in the exterior work on houses illustrated here the wood is used as it comes from the saw, without having been planed, and being framed only enough to make the joints. Clapboards, or split shingles, are frequently used for the side walls and roofs. Creosote stain is used for all exterior work except the sash. These are painted with oil paint, usually white. One coat of stain is used on the work before it is put in place, and one coat after it is in place. This lasts several years before restaining is necessary.

For the hardware, such as door straps, hinges, latches, lath plates and window bars, Mr. Packard usually goes to the village blacksmith and has him hammer out the stuff needed from an old wagon tire or scrap iron. Similar treatment is given to the fireplace trimmings and frames.

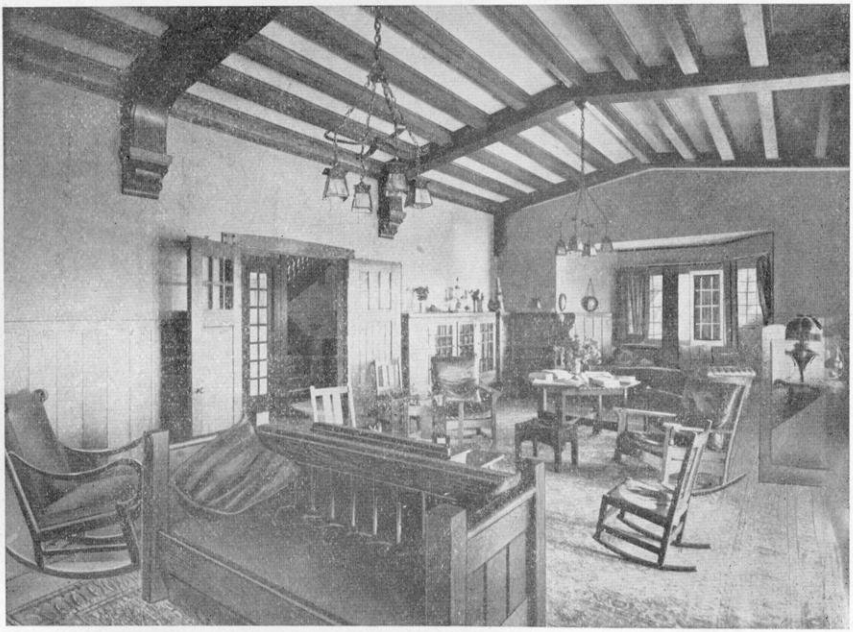
The interior woodwork of these houses is equally interesting. The wood is usually oak, dressed, stained in any color or tone desired, and then given a wax finish. In many instances the joints of the work, such as panels and sometimes door mortises, are held together with wooden pins which project some distance beyond the surface. Sometimes dovetailing interlocking the panels is used for doors. Mr. Packard's work is the first of its kind in his own section of the country, and it has gained ground rapidly ever since he first began to apply direct thought and common sense as well as good taste to the making of dwellings that should be built of local materials, and designed to harmonize not only with the particular site but with the whole landscape.

The first house shown is one of the most beautiful and home-like that has ever come to the attention of THE CRAFTSMAN. It is the residence of Mr. John McLaughlin, of Columbus, Ohio, and is one of Mr. Packard's most admirable conceptions. This house is built on a promontory overlooking the valley of the Scioto River, about seven miles north of Columbus. The grounds include about forty acres extending back of the promontory, and on both sides, following the contour of the river. Below the house, and across the river, is the storage dam which holds in reserve the water supply of the city below. The back water which penetrates and flows through the country in the immediate vicinity of the house gives the appearance of a chain of lakes, not unlike those of Killarney. The ground surrounding the estate is all under cultivation, including orchards, grazing lands, fruits of various kinds, vegetables and cereals, so that the general effect is that of rich and well-cared-for farming country.

The house hugs so close to the hill upon which it is built, and its broad, sweeping lines follow so perfectly the contour of the ground, that it seems almost to have been there from the beginning of things. Vertical lines were cleverly avoided by the architect, and the general treatment of the building is such as to emphasize its horizontal lines to a degree that conveys the im-

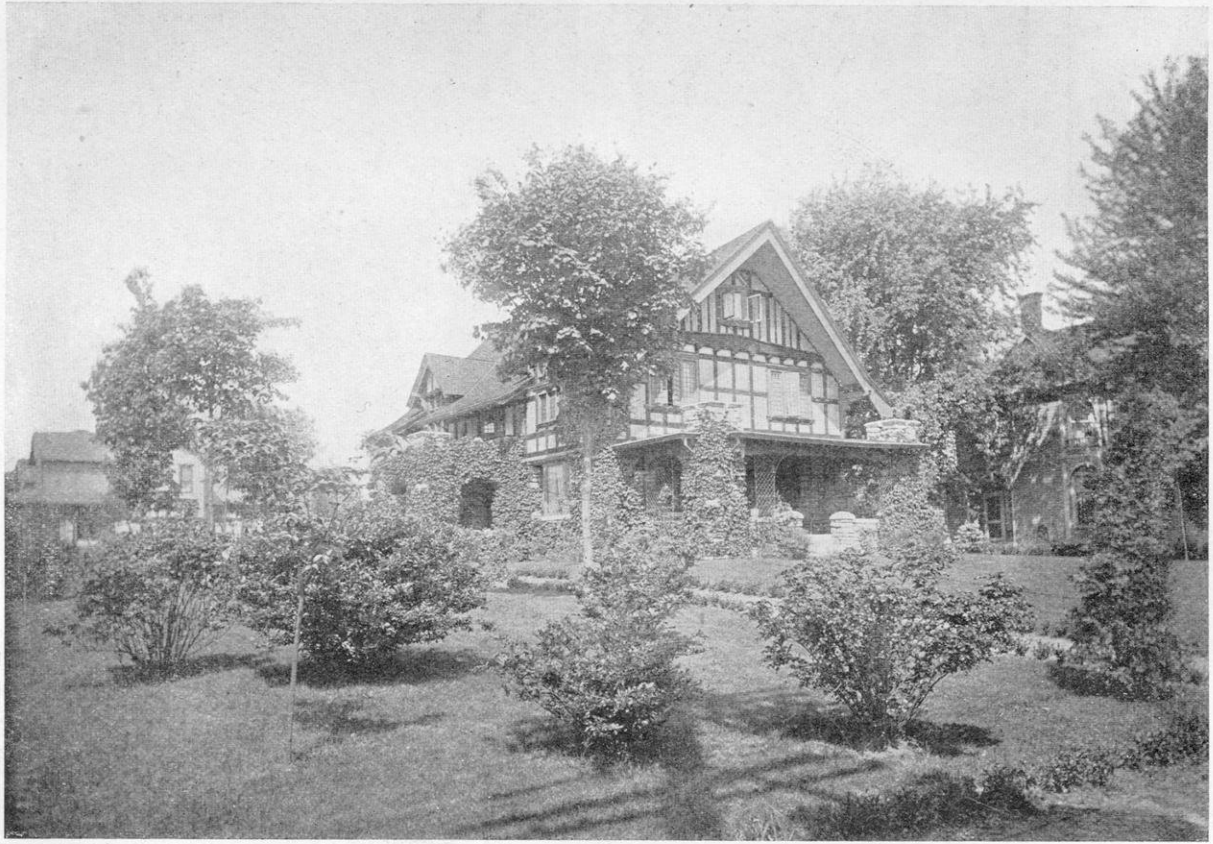
F. L. Packard, Architect.

HOUSE OF MR. JOHN M'LAUGHLIN, COLUMBUS, OHIO: AN EXAMPLE OF FITTING A BUILDING TO THE LAY OF THE LAND.



F. L. Packard, Architect.

TWO VIEWS OF THE LIVING ROOM
IN MR. M'LAUGHLIN'S HOUSE.



F. L. Packard, Architect.

DWELLING OF MR. W. C. MILLER: HALF TIMBER CONSTRUCTION: RISING GRACEFULLY AND NATURALLY OUT OF ITS SURROUNDINGS

F. L. Packard, Architect.

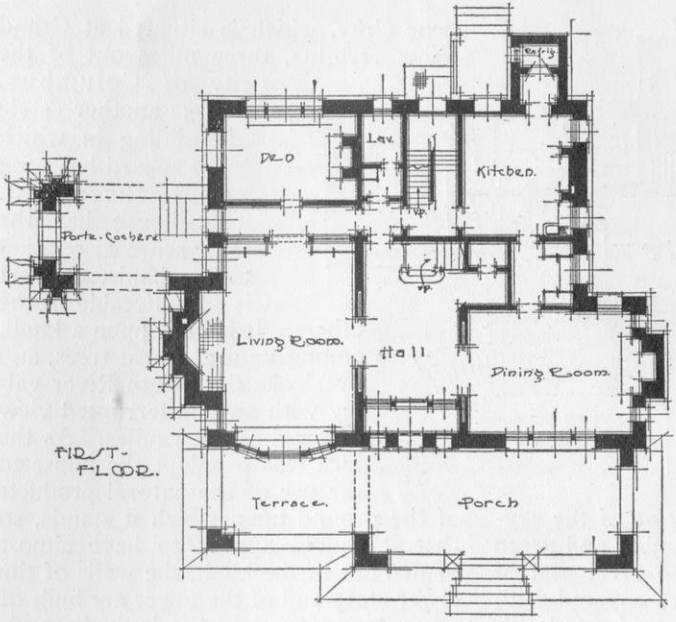
PRIVATE OFFICE OF THE HONORABLE W. D. GUILBERT, OHIO STATE CAPITOL. BUILT AND DECORATED ALONG *Craftsman* LINES.

F. L. Packard, Architect.

HOUSE OF MR. EUGENE GRAY, ERECTED THREE MILES OUT OF COLUMBUS: LOCAL MATERIALS USED IN BUILDING.

F. L. Packard, Architect.

HOUSE OF MR. JOHN J. CARROLL, NEWARK, OHIO: OF GRAY LIMESTONE AND SHINGLES

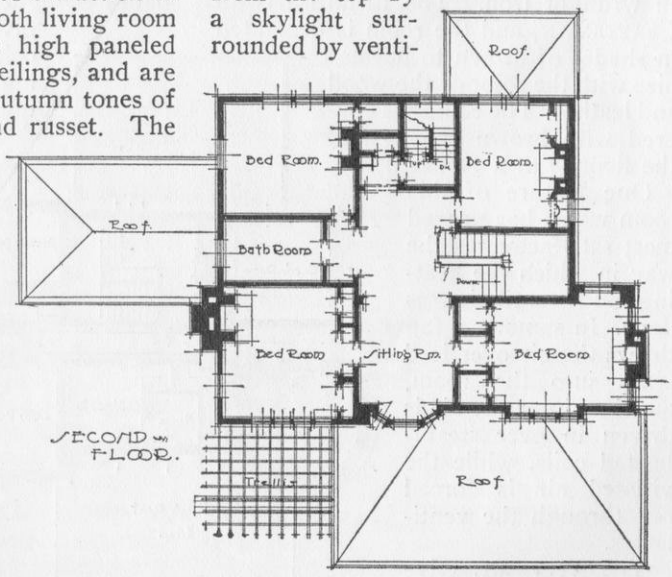


HOUSE OF JOHN J. CARROLL.

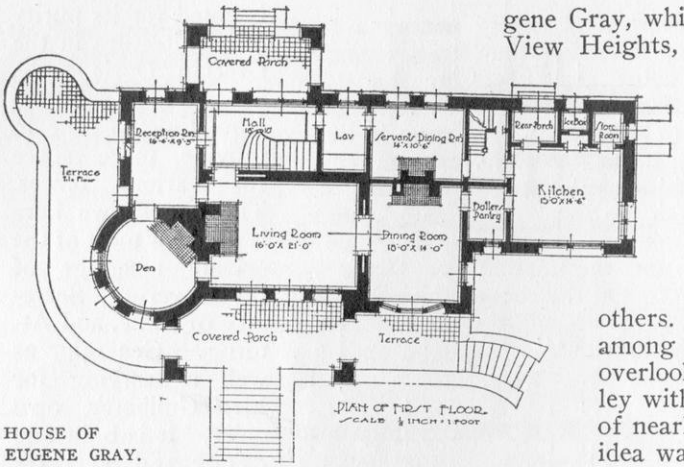
is noted for its purity of architecture in the Grecian Doric style, has had to be enlarged from time to time to provide more space for various offices. The one shown here is used for most of the private meetings of the Governor, Secretary of State, and Attorney General, as well as serving for Mr. Guilbert's own office. It is built and decorated strictly along CRAFTSMAN lines. The door leading into the public office is large and massive, with iron knockers, and heavy strap hinges. The ceiling has exposed timber work, and the natural light is taken from the top by a skylight surrounded by venti-

generous in proportion and built of rough brick with deep sunken joints, which forms the center of attraction in the large living room. Both living room and dining room have high paneled wainscots, and beamed ceilings, and are decorated in forest and autumn tones of green, yellow, brown and russet. The furnishings, wall coverings, hangings and rugs of each room were especially designed for their surroundings, and also to maintain an effect of harmony in color and line throughout the house.

Another interior of Mr. Packard's designing is the private office of the Honorable W. D. Guilbert, in the Ohio State Capitol. This building, which



HOUSE OF JOHN J. CARROLL.



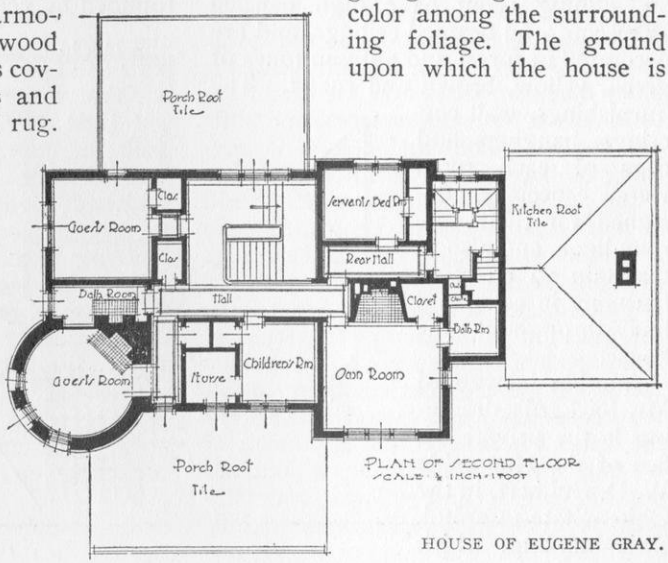
HOUSE OF EUGENE GRAY.

gene Gray, which is situated at Grand View Heights, three miles out of the city of Columbus, shows another style of building in which Mr. Packard has been equally successful. This house has the same sense of relation to the landscape that is so noticeable in the others. It is built upon a knoll, among natural forest trees, and overlooks the Scioto River valley with an uninterrupted view of nearly fifteen miles. As the idea was to adapt the house to the use of the natural products of the ground upon which it stands, so that it should appear to have almost grown out of the knoll, the walls of the lower story and of the tower are built of gray stone, found in the immediate vicinity of the site, and the upper story is of plaster with pine timber work. The roof is covered with tile, varying from shades of light orange to deep brown, giving a delightful effect of color among the surrounding foliage. The ground upon which the house is

lators. The lower windows of the skylight are of art glass in amber and green tones, decorated with the great seal of the State. The walls are covered with leather, paneled by means of wood stiling. The artificial light is furnished by lanterns hung on the side walls. These are of CRAFTSMAN design carried out in wrought iron. The furniture is all CRAFTSMAN, and the room is decorated in shades of brown to harmonize with the color of the wood and leather. The ceiling is covered with brown canvas and the floor with a Donegal rug.

One feature of this room which has proved most satisfactory is the way in which the heating and ventilation is done. In summer a fan draws the air over iced pipes into the room, and in winter the air is driven in over steam-heated coils, while the vitiated air is forced out through the ventilators.

The very attractive dwelling of Mr. Eu-



HOUSE OF EUGENE GRAY.

built has been left undisturbed as much as possible, the building following the natural contour. The house faces the south, and has an uninterrupted view, the approach being from the north.

The same treatment of the interior that prevails in the other houses is seen here also, the woodwork of the first floor being of oak and the decorative scheme carried out in browns and the forest tones of green and russet. On the second floor the woodwork is of white enamel, with mahogany furniture. A charming use is found for the round tower in the den with its cheery fireplace and many windows on the first floor, and one of the guest rooms above.

The last house, of which two views are shown, is the dwelling of Mr. John J. Carroll, and is built in an outlying district of Newark, Ohio. As in the case of the other houses, the site is ample, and the grounds have been laid out by a landscape architect, with attractive walks and drives, a trellis leading from the house to the garage, and an abundance of shrubbery, vines and trees. The lines of the foundation are curved outward, giving the effect of reaching out over the ground, and finally joining it without any abrupt angle. The lower story is built of soft gray limestone with deep sunken joints, which give a pleasant play of light and shadow over the surface. The second story and roof are shingled, and the gables are of plaster, with pine timber work. The porch is of unusual width, allowing it to be used as an outdoor living room. It is floored with quarry tiles, and has a widely projecting roof, that affords good shelter in storms. The interior of the house is conveniently and charmingly arranged, and shows Mr. Packard's favorite ideas in regard to woodwork and interior decoration.

AS AN ENGLISH ARCHITECT LOOKS AT IT

MUCH of the charm of old buildings is no doubt due to the kindly hand of Time, which not only heals the scars that man makes on the earth, but tones down the raw surfaces, and softens the hard lines and colors of anything he may build. But not to Father Time can we give all the credit. It will be more than he can do, I think, to make our modern suburbs look as beautiful, as fitting in the scenery, as many an old city or country town does. Apart from the question of beauty in the style of building, which of course is an obvious factor of great influence, there are a few more easily understood reasons for the difference between old and new. If we take for example their position: do not old houses and villages generally seem to nestle in a valley, under a hill, or by the edge of a wood or copse, and both by their placing and style convey the idea of shelter and retreat? Sometimes this characteristic was carried so far that we find houses placed so as to get little or no view. But they were built for busy people who lived mainly out of doors, and returned to their shelter at night as the rooks come home to roost. Too often now we place a building so as to strike a note of defiance with surrounding nature. The thing stands out hard and prominent in the landscape; shouts at you across the valley; and through not coöperating with the scene, fails to convey anything of that sense of nestling in a fitting nook, or on an appropriate ledge—that sheltering under Nature's wing, as it were—which makes a building look really at home. (From "Building and Natural Beauty," by Raymond Unwin.)

DESIGN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE: A SERIES OF LESSONS: BY ERNEST A. BATCHELDER: NUMBER III

"Understand this clearly: you can teach a man to draw a straight line and to cut one; to strike a curved line and to carve it; and to copy and carve any number of given lines or forms with admirable speed and precision: . . . but if you ask him to think about any of those forms, to consider if he cannot find any better in his own head, he stops; his execution becomes hesitating; he thinks, and ten to one he thinks wrong; ten to one he makes a mistake in the first touch he gives to his work as a thinking being."

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE construction of good curves is quite akin to the planning of good proportions. A few general hints may be offered, and their observance should enable one to venture beyond the commonplace without becoming entangled in the bizarre and fantastic. By calling geometry to our aid certain types of curves may be plotted; yet in practice we are thrown back upon our curve sense, if it may be so expressed. Our equipment may be increased by the purchase of a number of the "French curves," so called; but the best advice is—don't. In these mechanical aids there is no clue to the why, when and where of curves. It were better to cultivate a curve sense through diligent study and practice, and then place dependence upon that most remarkable of all instruments, the human hand.

Mr. Ruskin in "Modern Painters" calls the circle the "finite curve." Any section of a circle, if completed, returns unto itself; a segment from one portion is the same in shape as a segment from another portion. The circle has unity, but lacks variety.

Now, there is another kind of curve which Mr. Ruskin calls the "infinite curve"—more subtle and with greater beauty than the circle. It is the curve that Nature most loves, which she seems

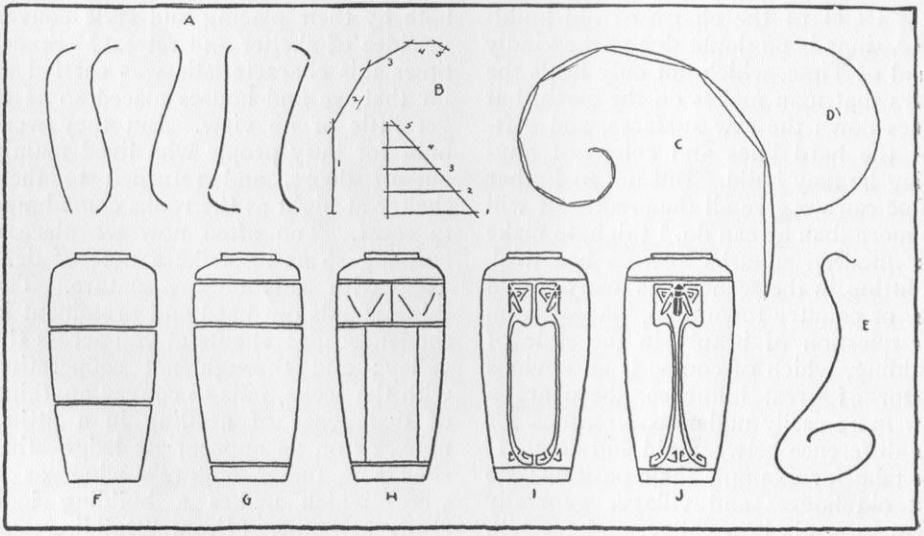


FIGURE THIRTEEN.

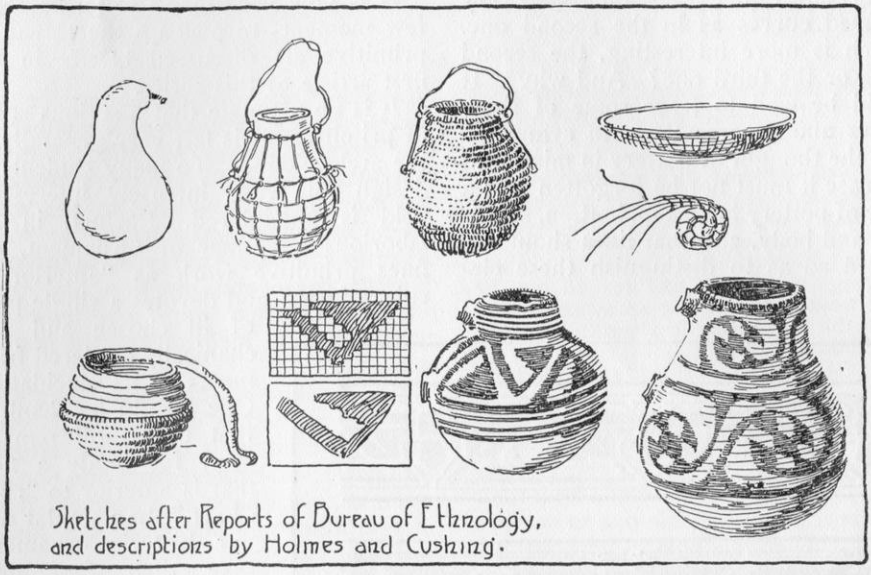


FIGURE FOURTEEN.

ever striving to attain. Seek where you will, from the blade of grass to the shells on the beach, you will find this "infinite curve." With a T-square and triangle one can be easily plotted, (Fig. 13-B). Draw a series of horizontal lines equally distant one from the other; cut them at one end with a vertical; then from the top of the vertical draw a line, at whatever angle you choose, to the lower horizontal. This gives to the series of lines a rhythmic measure of decrease from the longest to the shortest. By placing these lines in regular order, end to end, taking particular care that the angles formed by the different lines are the same, we may be sure that a curve drawn through the intersecting points will be a beautiful curve. It is the "infinite curve"; it may unfold itself until the end of time; but it can never return to its starting-point. The lines may be increased in number; a different angle may be chosen, giving to the curve a stronger movement; but the law governing its course is the same. (13-C) In this curve there is variety with unity.

There are various other geometric curves that might be plotted, such as the curve of the ellipse, the oval, and the cycloidal curve; but if we appreciate the reason *why* the "infinite curve," or the "curve of force," is more beautiful than the "finite curve," and can apply the idea in practice, we are making commendable progress toward the cultivation of a curve sense. It is a live curve that interests us most (Fig. 13-A), sometimes approaching a straight line, again swinging full and clear; sometimes reversed, ever subtle and varied in its course. It may become as eccentric as in E; but if it is to be beautiful it must never be uncertain or lacking in firmness. There is no better device for charting its course than the hand, with the eye for a compass and a clear head at the helm.

Draw two lines, two or three inches apart, as a limitation in height, and see if you can swing a series of live, free-hand curves, simple, firm, and unmis-

takably clear in expression. (A) Try reversed curves as in the second one. Which is more interesting, the second curve or the third one? And why? It would be well to trace some of these curves and reverse them in symmetry with the thought of pottery in mind. In this case it must not be forgotten that a piece of pottery has a top, bottom, shoulders and body, and that lines should be related so as to distinguish these elements.

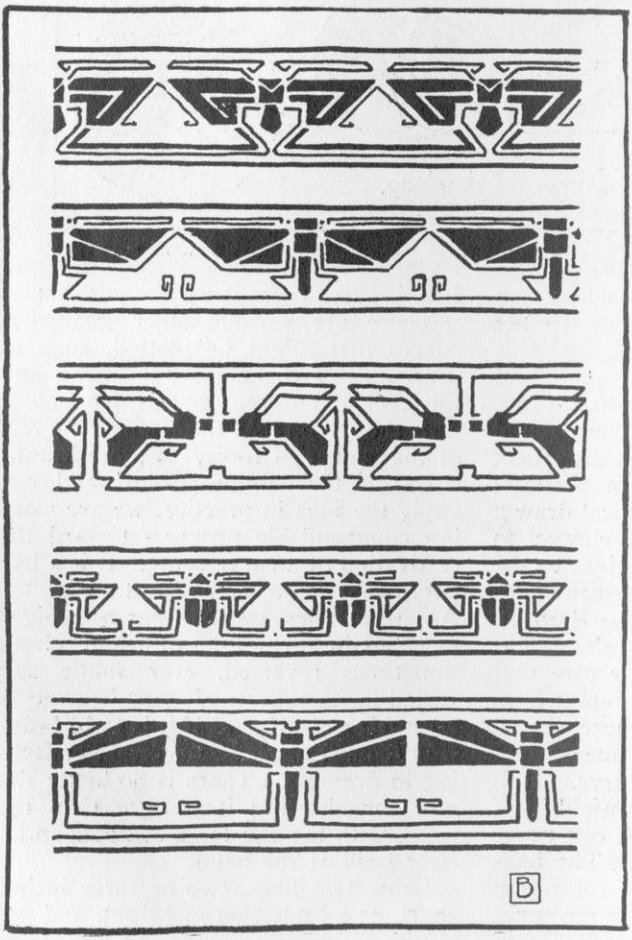


PLATE SIX.

It is now necessary to digress for a few moments to pick up the thread of primitive art discussed briefly in the first article of this series.

It is unfortunate that a serious study of primitive art is left very generally to the archæologist. To many students of design this vast, intensely interesting field is unexplored. Racinet, in his laborious Grammar of Ornament, defines primitive work as "anterior to rules of art," and devotes a single page of ill chosen and mechanically rendered fragments to its elucidation. One should be thankful that there still remains open for study a field that is anterior to "rules of art." In a similar way our historic ornaments take their first deep plunge into Egypt and we emerge with the idea that the beginnings of art are somewhere away back in dim, distant ages, and that its story is one of minor interest.

On the contrary, the story of primitive art is one of absorbing interest and much profit for the beginner. And why go so far afield? Here close beside us and within reach of all is the remarkable art of a people who have just left the stone age behind them; an art almost contemporary with our own times, indigenous to a soil and climate which we know. Through our own National Museum and its invaluable publications, to be found in any library, the student has

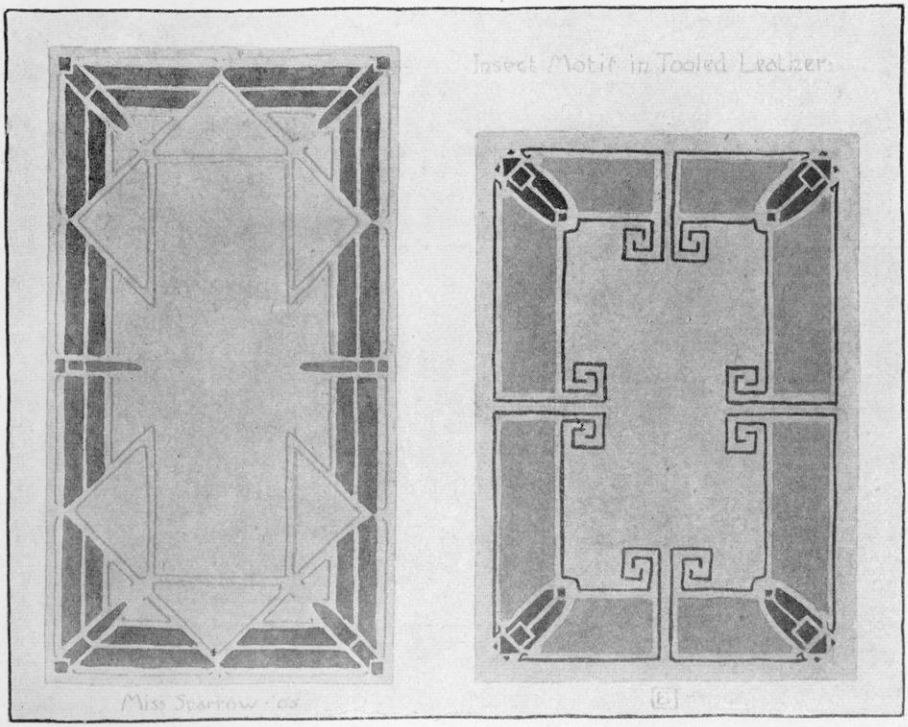


PLATE EIGHT.

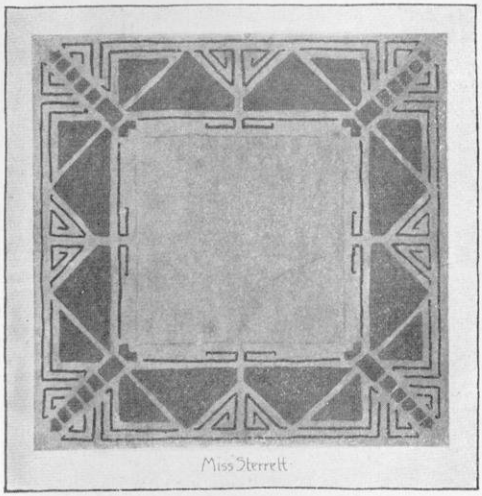


PLATE NINE.

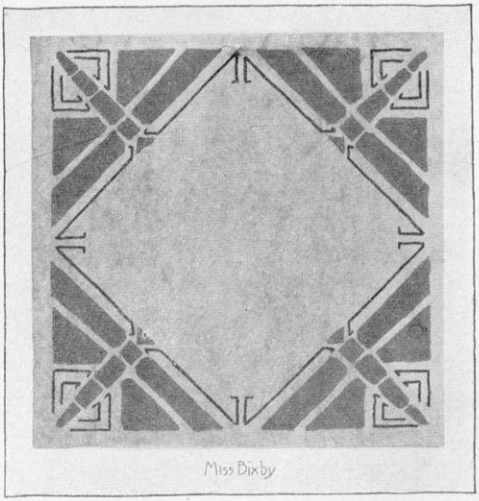


PLATE TEN.

PLATES EIGHT, NINE AND TEN: SHOWING THE APPLICATION OF INSECT MOTIF TO LEATHER AND TILES.

PLATE SEVEN.

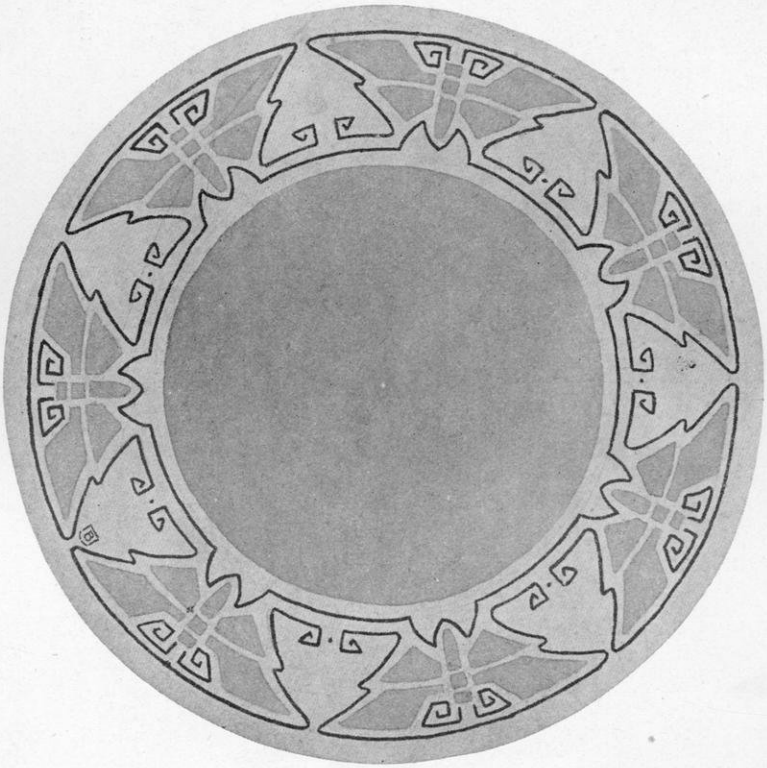


PLATE ELEVEN.

PLATES SEVEN AND ELEVEN: SHOWING FURTHER APPLICATION OF THE INSECT MOTIF.

access to a most important period of work. Here may be found the art of people who were unhampered by conflicting traditions, whose natures demanded beauty in all objects of daily use; and if this is not "fine art" in the best sense of the term, how indeed may it be defined? The work of more advanced civilizations may offer a wider range of invention, finer distinctions in line, form, and tone than the work of primitive man; but certainly no more evidence of the spontaneous development necessary to the very life of art.

We know too much to be true and simple and spontaneous in our own work. We are burdened by too many conflicting traditions and precedents. In this day of inexpensive casts, pictures and photographs we find the world's work spread out before us. We select for purposes of study those things that are far beyond us in the terms of our own experience. We are induced to imitate and copy those things because of their manifest superiority over our own immature efforts. We are impatient of time and study and experiment. If we are workers in wood or metal or what not, we find, even supposing that we have achieved the logical solution of the constructive demands of a problem, that in its further enrichment we are hopelessly impotent; we have no ideas to express, so bring forth a formidable array of arguments to prove that there never was such a thing as originality in design; and in the meantime complacently appropriate the work of others to our own ends.

Primitive art comes as a refreshing breeze. Here were people with real needs to meet with such beauty as they could devise. They gathered perforce their own material from the mountain slopes and the river bottoms, made with their own hands all the tools, and wrought a product simple and honest in construction, strong and insistent in its grasp of fundamentals. The work of primitive man comes from his heart; from his nature rather than from his knowledge. He designed beautifully because he could not help it; and the step from his idea to its vigorous execution is so simple that it can be readily studied. In all justice the feminine pronoun should be used; but to simplify matters let us allow man to shine with reflected glory!

The questions of tools, materials and processes are reduced to their simplest elements; we may trace the experiments and influences from one material or process to another. (Fig. 14.) In our own Southwest gourds were common in many sections, and were used as utensils for various purposes. For convenience in carrying the gourd, and possibly for protection, a coarse weave of wickerwork was made about it. There is good reason to believe that this suggested the weaving of baskets, merely by increasing the strands of the wicker covering.

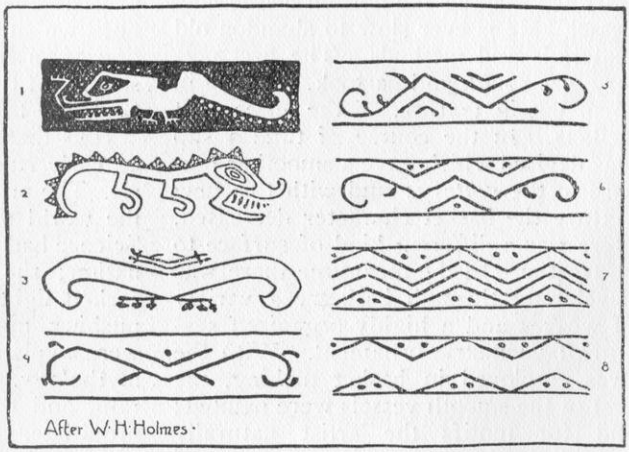


FIGURE FIFTEEN.

A wicker basket lined with pitch or clay was more durable than a gourd; it also demanded greater strength than is possible with the loose weaving of a wicker framework. As basketry came into wider practice other utensils were made, and the materials and processes involved in the craft underwent a development on their own merits. Strands were bound together in coils to give greater strength; baskets were made for boiling water, after the primitive method; for parching pans, and for other domestic uses. Now the parching pan was lined with clay, as were also the cooking and boiling baskets, to protect the basket from the charcoal. Naturally the heat baked the clay, shrinking it into a form similar to the basket. A clay pan was an obvious suggestion. Here was a new material with new possibilities to be studied. But while clay may be pressed into the shallow parching pan and baked, it is apparent that forms for boiling or carrying water cannot be made in the same way without destroying a good basket for each piece of pottery made. Knowing no better way, the primitive worker employed the same process of coiling developed through basketry, even using a basket at the start for shaping the bottom of the clay vessel. He is ever slow to abandon old materials and methods. The first pottery was rough and partook, not only in form but in texture, of the antecedent baskets. In the course of time a slip was devised which gave a smoother texture to the pottery; and with this new texture the basket character decreased. Here was a different kind of surface to be treated. In the meantime there was developing through basketry a variety of weaves and a highly organized system of geometric ornament. With the dyes employed in basket making, the first of the smooth vessels were painted; and for motifs the artist naturally turned to the geometric ornament of weaving, for there, through hard-earned experience, he felt on safe ground. One of the dyes stood the test of the fire and thus became a standard. Gradually the severe geometric ornament of weaving underwent modifications during the translation with new tools, materials and processes; angles were softened, curves appeared; yet throughout the periods of the best pottery the lessons so well learned in weaving were never quite lost from sight. And so the story continues, always interesting, always instructive, proceeding along the lines of least resistance, clear and spontaneous at all times. Space does not permit us to follow it to a conclusion; but it is hoped that enough has been said to induce the reader to seek at first hand, from those who are able to speak with authority, the story of primitive art.

The technique of weaving and basketry inevitably gave rise to a geometric ornament. The growth of pattern was slow, because primitive man, as we have already seen, was a conservative designer in spite of the vigor of his utterance. From one generation to another the simple patterns were passed, with gradual changes tending toward a more complete expression. We cannot appreciate the completeness of the result until we sit down to a careful examination of an Indian basket; count out the strands of the pattern and note how difficult the task becomes.

Into these patterns there entered at an early stage a fresh element of interest. The primitive man looked out upon the world through the eyes of a child. Science had not robbed him of an imagination; the forces of nature, from the forked lightning to the blade of grass pushing upward with the new rains, were explained only in the lore of his mythology. His gods of the wind, the rain, and the sun were real deities to propitiate. He lived close to the heart of Nature. And, as the hand serves the

mind, there inevitably appeared in his work earnest efforts to interpret the natural phenomena about him, developing in time a rich symbolism which we can only in part understand or translate.

His pictorial art, like his designs, strikes out boldly for essentials, for lines expressing movement, action, life. He was more intent on recording impressions than in nice distinctions of texture, color, light and shade. He was the first of the "impressionists." He even recorded his ideas through pictographs in lieu of a written language.

There entered then into the technique of his weaving certain nature-derived elements, often arbitrary and unreal. Sometimes we recognize the motif as nature-derived; again it requires the ingenious logic of an archæologist to assure us. The interplay between the two is so intimate that it cannot be said positively; this started in geometry; this in nature. A whimsical twist in a line may have sent a given pattern toward nature; or again the designer may have done the best he could for nature under the circumstances. The point is illustrated in Fig. 15. Is the development from 1 to 8; or from 8 to 1; or from the extremes to the center?

Now, from Fig. 15 there is this to be gained, of immediate application to our own problem: however much of interest there may be in primitive man's pictographs, the value of his designs increases as they approach the geometric. Whatever motif he may use, geometry furnishes the bones.

You were asked, "What do you expect Nature to do for you?" Just this: she may clothe your work with fresh life and interest; but you must furnish the bones; and if the bones are weak or poorly jointed, Nature cannot hide the fault. Nature may indeed arouse latent ideas, and stimulate the imagination; but the organic structure of the design rests with you. In a final analysis its beauty is dependent on line, form, and tone adjustment; failing there, it fails as a design.

PROBLEM (Plate 6): Can you not bring to the "bones" of your geometric problems a new element of interest from nature? Adhere to the limitations—and possibilities, too, it should be added—proposed in the three problems preceding, and see if you cannot translate your first convention from nature into terms of line, form, and tone. Insect life furnishes a suggestive and, at this stage, a comparatively safe motif. For our purpose this motif becomes a mere symbol characterized by lines and areas combined. Insects are not difficult to find, or, lacking live motifs, any book on insect life will contain ample material. Better yet, though; when the idea of the problem is fully understood you may better proceed from the geometric to the development of an imaginative symbol. Compare the illustrations shown in this number of THE CRAFTSMAN with those in the two numbers preceding and you will note an application of the same principles with renewed force. Think of the designs in Plate 6, as well as in the following plates, from a big point of view first. Study them as wholes, as spottings of space and mass; then gradually descend to details in order to find what it is that binds each result together into a unity. Analyze the disposition of the lines and forms; if you try to change a line or a form, you will discover very soon that it bears some important relation to the other lines and forms; they are all pulling together like a good team of horses. It is this how and why of each element of a design that should interest us as students. For example: in the second border of Plate 6, the area of white was too large; it needed breaking; the two little twisted lines at the bottom served the purpose. Look for the interrelation

of lines from unit to unit, binding them together into an organic whole; for example, in the fourth one there are two units; one the space between the insects, the other formed by the insects themselves; they are equally important, though dominant interest is given to the latter by a concentration of black for the body. As we are not intent upon immortalizing any particular insect, we may treat the motif with considerable liberty; on the other hand, if the geometric character of the design decreases, consistency demands a correspondingly closer adherence to nature's type.

Several applications of the insect motif to tiles, pottery and leather work are shown in Plates 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. These should be taken as suggestions, however, and not pounced upon as proper material for copy, else where is the value of all this preaching? The evolution of a design as outlined last month should be kept in mind. Is it a piece of pottery that is desired? Then your design begins with the first efforts to define its shape and ends only with the finished product, each part contributing to the structural whole. The big, general form would come first. Then its subdivisions, as in Fig. 13-G, rather than F. Other subdivisions might give such a result as in H. Then in the completion of the idea of the present problem it should be borne in mind that space and mass must both be given attention. Which is the unit after all, I or J? To be sure the interest is concentrated in J; but I is a part of the design with claims that cannot be ignored.

TRAINING FOR INTERIOR DECORATORS: NUMBER 1: BY MARY LINTON BOOKWALTER

WOULD you employ as your family physician a man who had received no training for his calling? Would you entrust your legal difficulties to one who wanted to be a lawyer and became so because of that desire? Would you employ an architect who had a "taste" for building and based his right to bungle your contract because of "taste untrained"? Is there any reason why, in the profession of interior-decorator or decorator-architect, a "love of pretty things" should be sufficient cause to start in the profession?

The majority of students who plan to enter the professions of medicine, law or architecture, see before them a number of years planned with a definite course of work leading to a definite result. Those who wish to succeed professionally and to become authorities in their respective lines, plan work here and abroad, but with one point always in view—that of enlarging their knowledge of their chosen work.

What is the attitude of the average student who expects to become a decorator? He has a short course in design and painting. It is not his fault that he gets no more from his institution in that particular course. Thus far nothing better is offered. But if the student wishes to do work which is worth while, he will soon see that he must think out a plan for himself that will lead to a knowledge of his subject that makes him valuable as an adviser to his future clients.

First: Suppose you have a house given you to do. Do you know what style of architecture it is? Could you make working drawings

of any of the details? Is your knowledge of proportion such that you know whether it is good or bad, and why? Have you any idea of how it is constructed?

Second: Suppose the house is only an average example,—the work of an architect not very well equipped for his profession. Do you know enough about the effect of horizontal and vertical lines in room treatment to take this house, and by means of subdued color and restraint in line, produce something better in effect than the architect could do?

Third: If the house is a fine example, do you know how to make your work the right setting for what this architect has done? Would what you do make a unit of the house and not ruin the architect's thought?

Fourth: When looking for wall coverings, if the market has nothing to offer which is right, could you make a design for paper or fabric that would meet the mechanical requirements as well as the artistic?

Fifth: When ordering the curtains could you give specifications for making them? Have you ever made curtains?

Sixth: Do you know anything of weaving rugs or the making of carpets? Would your opinion be safe for your client to follow in purchases for the new house?

Seventh: Could you tell by looking at a piece of furniture whether it is well constructed or right in type for the place intended? If the color of the wood were not satisfactory, could you give directions as to stain and finish?

Eighth: When you finished the house, was it adapted to the needs of your client? Did you try to give him the personal satisfaction of owning something which he wanted, but which was better than he could have obtained because of your knowledge and skill?

Ninth: Were you able to make estimates and quote prices on your work? As some one said, "Two of the essential points in a decorator's equipment are arithmetic and common sense."

A serious profession, you say, an exaggerated demand upon one. Not at all; but a work worthy of the best possible equipment. I have not dwelt upon the art side of this. Your work is not worth considering if it does not conform to the best principles of art, and your art, if not constructively sound, is wanting. It would be safe to estimate that the work of a decorator-architect is ten per cent. art and ninety per cent. construction; that ten per cent. makes the individual expression, but the ninety per cent. of construction is what makes it reasonable.

How would it be possible for the student to gain knowledge in this line which would give him a professional standing—equal to that of the other artistic professions?

If you go into the work and expect to take the commercial output as your basis for work you will at once lower your standard artistically. Have as part of your training a thorough course in painting until you can look at color from the painter's viewpoint. Be willing to work faithfully over this color problem. Then go into the market and here and there assemble your stuffs with the trained color sense back of your work.

The most beautiful color is to be had from the wealth of material which we have in our wholesale houses—but combinations in color and texture can rarely be had from one stock.

While you are painting and draw-

ing take up your design, but when you make a design immediately find out how it could be applied. If for a wall paper do not be satisfied until you know the mechanical process which produces that paper and what *your* limitations as a designer will be. Take each problem as it comes and get down to the fundamental principles underlying it. If you do this you will soon see that the ability to combine a few attractive colors and make interesting sketches is only the primary course in your chosen work. If you have been earnest to this point in your study you will begin to feel the need of the knowledge of mechanical drawing. If you design furniture you are not satisfied with your designs in the solid and you realize that work on paper will not give adequate results in wood. You must work in the material itself before you can make the simple direct drawing that your mechanic can execute. Be broad enough to look at his labor with the constructive limitations in your mind. You can't do this thoroughly until you have worked at the bench. Then will come to you a breadth and quality in your design that you have never realized when you worked only from the studio.

This will mean work in manual training—either such a course as our good institutions now have, or you can apprentice yourself to some excellent cabinet maker. Pay him for the use of tools and shop. The latter course will give you an idea of commercial values that no training in a school will ever offer. He will have direct methods in gaining results which will give you valuable lessons in saving time.

You must learn as soon as possible where you stand as a commercial asset. The average craftsman has an inflated idea of his value in dollars and cents. You must *have* value and *give* value before you can *ask* for it. Can your output at the bench equal or excel what hundreds of others are doing?

After you have these basic principles in your grasp—then what? Make a commercial connection that you may know how work is executed. No school has a course in interior decoration that is taught by the man in the field, who can give the direct practical help in the use of materials. For example—how are wall coverings applied, paper, canvas and tapestry? What conditions might exist in the plaster that would ruin your material and how could you overcome them? This kind of information comes only from the workman and not from the theorist.

You will probably be worth less than nothing to your firm for the first three months. If any one will take you for that period and you can get in exchange the experience you need, grasp the opportunity. If you have the right material in you, you will be glad to gain this practical experience after the theoretical work which did not fit you to meet business conditions. In the quiet of your studio you have been inclined to dream over your work, when many a time good clear thinking would have produced better results. It is this contact of people with systematic methods that will help you eventually to apply your ability in the right way. If you do this earnestly for a year, at the end of that time you will know your weak points, and one of the first necessities will be the knowledge of architecture.

No problem in interior treatment can be carried out successfully without an appreciation of the architectural side. The decorator's work on

the walls and the choice of hangings should show that his coöperation with the architect is intelligent. How can this be done without a working knowledge of the subject? If you care to do this larger thing then you must strive for the larger equipment.

If there is personally a love for all the phases of this profession and you endeavor to make each problem which is presented as complete an expression, artistically and constructively, as your limitations will allow, you will gradually feel that you are adapting an ideal to workaday uses. Isn't that the real mission of the decorator? For ideal houses of unlimited expenditure are not to be had among any class, but a fixed sum to spend for a definite purpose is always to be found.

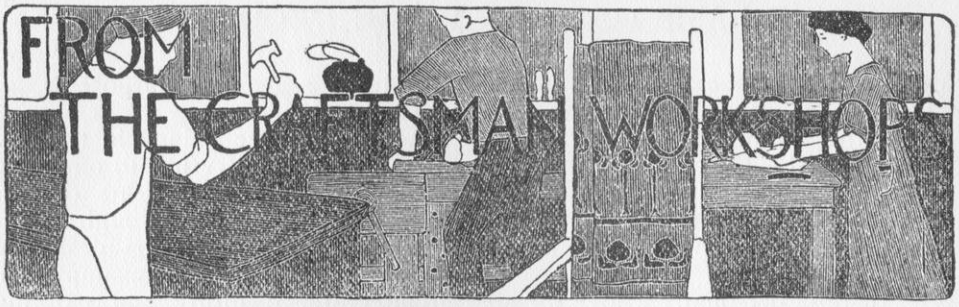
After you have gained in training the best our country has to offer and you have had several years of personal development through your business, then comes the desire to see and study the fine examples in architecture, furniture and painting which the older countries offer.

This very pressure in our business conditions should teach the decorator that what is needed in our country is not a home which complicates living by multiplication of detail, but one which produces through the beauty of restraint in line, color and form the kind of home which the average busy American needs for the good of himself, his family and society.

THE BASIS OF TRUE HOME DECORATION

THE true method of making a room beautiful is to make all the necessary and useful things in it beautiful; so much is this true that it becomes almost impossible to design a really beautiful room that is to have no useful work done in it or natural life lived in it. An architect called upon to design a room in which nothing more earnest is to be done than to gossip over afternoon teas has a sad job.

For a room must always derive its dignity or meanness from, and reflect somewhat, the character and kind of occupation which is carried on in it. For instance, the studio of an artist, the study of a man of letters, the workshop of a carpenter, or the kitchen of a farmhouse, each in its position and degree, derives a dignity and interest from the work done in it. And the things in the room bear some relation to that work, and will be the furniture and surroundings natural to it; as the bench and tools in the carpenter's shop; the easels and canvases in the studio; the books and papers in the study; and the bright pans and crockery in the kitchen. All these lend a sense of active, useful, human life to the room, which redeems it from vulgarity, though it be the simplest possible; and no amount of decoration or ornamentation can give dignity or homeliness to a room which is used as a show room, or in which no regular useful life is lived. For in the work room all things *have a place*, by reason of their usefulness, which gives a sense of fitness and repose entirely wanting in a room where a place has obviously *had to be found* for everything, as in a drawing room. (From "The Smaller Middle Class House," by Barry Parker.)

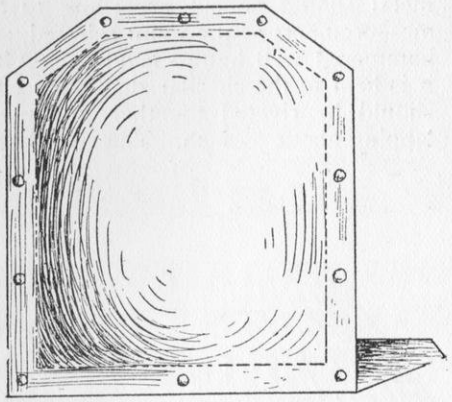


LESSONS IN METAL WORK AND STENCILING, SHOWING DESIGNS AND MODELS THAT ARE EXCELLENTLY ADAPTED TO THE USE OF STUDENTS AND HOME WORKERS.

SUCH minute instructions as to metal work have been given in the two numbers of THE CRAFTSMAN preceding this, that we feel now that any students or home workers who have been following our line of instruction in this craft must have a fairly good understanding of the materials to be used, the tools required and the main outlines of the method of working. A full list of tools was given with the first lesson in the October number, and it is hardly necessary to repeat it here, and for the models shown there is no list of materials required other than appears in the description of the method of making each piece. All the models illustrated are simple to a degree, and should harmonize excellently, not only with pieces made from the designs which have preceded them, but with any simple good metal pieces or furnishings.

The first design given is for a pair of book racks, of which it is, of course, necessary to show only one, as this gives every detail of the construction. Cut from No. 18 gauge copper a strip 12 inches long by 5½ inches wide, with both ends clipped at the corners as shown in the illustration. Mark a border about one inch in depth all around this strip. Hammer the metal inside of this border with the ball-pein of the hammer, so that the portion spoken of will round outward, leaving a concave space on the inside. This hammering should be done only on half of the 12-inch strip, which then should be bent in the middle at right angles as shown in the drawing. The inside of the concave piece should be covered with a flat sheet of lighter metal—about No. 20 gauge. The two pieces should be riveted together as shown, with the holes on the inside countersunk, and the rivet heads filed off so that they will not scratch the books. A piece of sheepskin should be applied to the bottom with shellac.

The next piece given is a wall receptacle for letters, papers, photographs, and such small articles. When finished it is 9 inches high, 6 inches wide, and 4 inches deep. First cut a piece of copper, shaping it as shown in the picture, and remembering that the back, sides, and front piece are all made from one piece of metal, so that both picture and detail drawing are to be taken into account in cutting out the pattern. To do this, mark out on a sheet of copper the back, and then the sides, allowing ½ inch extra length on the bottom of each side,

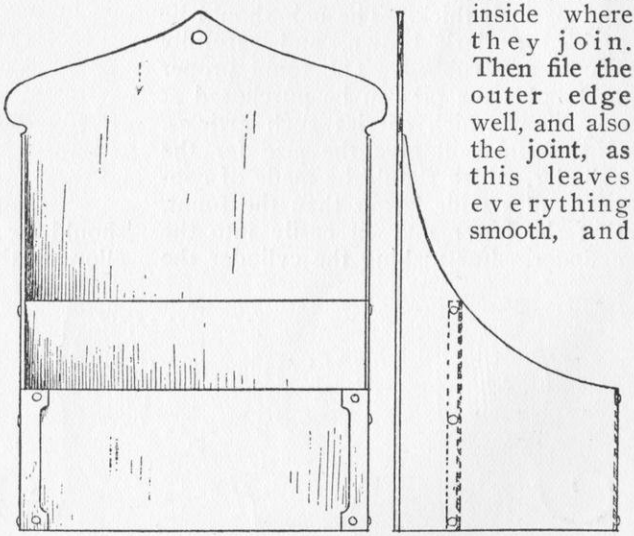


END OF METAL BOOK RACK.

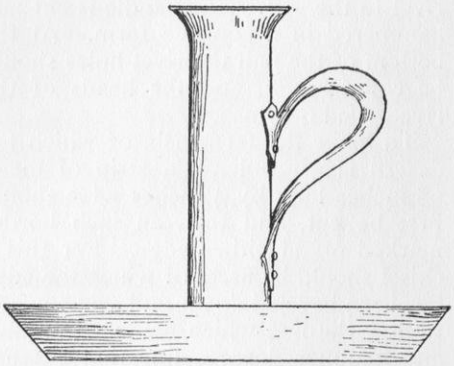
to be bent at right angles with the side. Mark out the bottom, and also the front piece. Next bend the bottom at right angles with the back, and then bend the front piece up at right angles with the bottom. Bend the sides out also at right angles. Next make a center partition with a flange bent back on each end as shown in the detailed drawing of the side. Rivet this flange to the sides, and lastly, cut out the two corner pieces, setting these over the corner, and riveting as shown in the drawing.

The candlestick, which is the third model, should measure 6 inches in height when completed, and the pan should be 6 inches in diameter. The method of making the pan is the same as that used in making the trays described in the October issue of THE CRAFTSMAN. The stem is about 1 inch in diameter when completed, and is made of a flat piece of metal, riveted to the side and flared out at the top. The bottom is also flared sufficiently to rivet to the pan. The handle is cut and hammered in a concave form. At the bottom of the pan the rivet holes should be countersunk, and the heads of the rivets filed off flush.

To make the fern dish, of which the design is given here, a strip of metal 28 inches long by 4 inches wide should first be cut, and then an inch border marked off at either edge. For this a chisel should be used, of which the edge has been beveled down dull and smooth. Follow the line which has been marked and hammer down a line that extends the whole length of the strip on either edge. Hammer the whole surface of the piece inside of the border with the ball-pein of the hammer, leaving the border flat and plain. Bend the strip around, joining the ends together with about a 1-inch lap, and rivet firmly. Make the scrolls as shown in the picture, and rivet them through circle after the bottom has been soldered on. The bottom is simply a disk cut to the exact size of the cylinder. Lay the disk flat, and set the cylinder upon it, soldering all around the inside where they join. Then file the outer edge well, and also the joint, as this leaves everything smooth, and



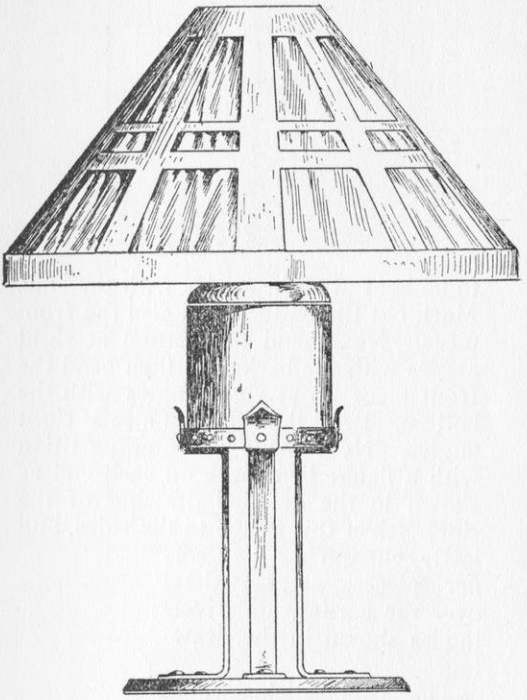
METAL WALL RECEPTACLE.



CRAFTSMAN CANDLESTICK.

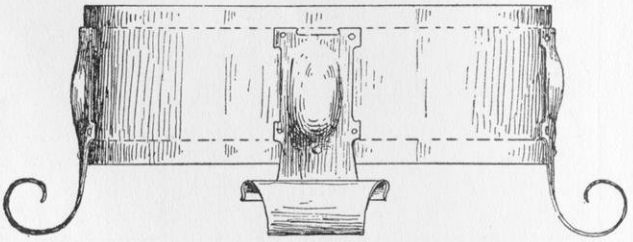
makes the dish watertight. This dish may be made in any size desired, and either round or oval. If a clay pot is used inside, the dish should be made about ½ inch larger than the pot.

The design for an oil lamp is one we like very much, as it is both structural and decorative, and yet is about as simple as a lamp can be made. Before doing any of the metal work, a round base of quartered oak should be made, 9 inches in diameter and ⅞ inch thick. The oak should be stained a dark brown, and carefully waxed and rubbed. The fount proper that holds the oil can be purchased at any shop which carries such articles. This fount will give the size for the cylinder, which should be made of copper, and a trifle larger than the fount, that the latter may fit easily into the cylinder. For making the cylinder the metal should be cut according to the measurements of the fount selected, and hammered well before bending. After it is bent to the circular shape, the ends should be riveted together, the metal lapping about ½ inch. The rivet heads

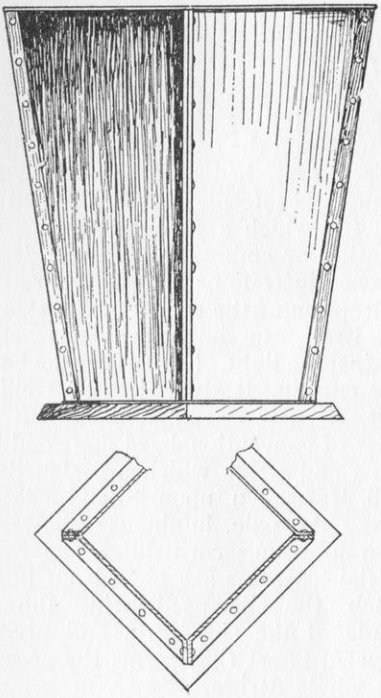


COPPER LAMP WITH SHADE OF METAL AND SILK.

should be countersunk on the inside, allowing the fount to slip easily in and out. The bottom should next be made. The diameter of this should be 2 inches greater than that of the cylinder. After the disk is cut out, a circle should be marked with a pair of compasses, leaving a border 1 inch wide all around. If this is done accurately, the inner circle



FERN DISH.



JARDINIÈRE, WOOD AND METAL.

should be precisely the size of the cylinder. Then hold the disk at a slight angle downward on a piece of iron held in the vise, and hammer down the outer circle all around. The iron that is in the vise should be slightly curved, and have the edge beveled, but not sharp enough to cut the metal. Then set the cylinder in the bottom with the rim coming up all around, and rivet the two together as shown. The top of the cylinder should be slightly flared, just enough to fit the shoulder of the fount. The standard of the lamp is made from No. 14 gauge copper, with strips 12 inches long by 1¼ inches wide, cut and hammered out at each end as shown in the picture. These pieces should be well hammered, in order to stiffen them, and then riveted to the cylinder at the bottom band and to the wood base, using copper rivets. Washers should be used on the under side of the base, these washers being countersunk into a shallow auger-hole. Shellac well the surface of the under side of the base, and apply sheepskin or felt. All the metal work should be hammered and finished before assembling the parts of the lamp. In fact, this rule applies to metal work in general.

The shade of the lamp is made according to the same measurements as the shade shown in the November issue of THE CRAFTSMAN, in which is published the picture and detail of a copper lamp-shade. The design is different, the one shown here being much simpler, but the same measurements may be followed. The making of the silk lining, and the manner of connecting it by means of a wire frame to the metal part of the shade, are described fully in the instructions given in the November number, and if these are followed carefully, there will not only be no difficulty about making this shade so that it will be entirely satisfactory, but there should be a good deal of suggestion for original designing based on the same general rules.

The last design shown in this group is that of a jardinière, which should prove a very effective addition to the furnishings of a room. The base is of wood, 12 inches square, and treated in the same way as the lamp base. The most desirable wood for use in connection with this piece is almost invariably quartered white oak. The metal sides of the jardinière are made from four pieces of copper or brass. These are, when finished, 22 inches high, with a 1-inch flange at the top and bottom. Each piece is 8 inches wide at the top, allowing for a 1-inch flange angle at the edges of each panel. These flanges are to be riveted together. Cut out a portion of the perpendicular flange, measuring about 1 inch square at the top, and bend the panel down and outward.

Do the same thing at the bottom of the panel. Then fit a copper bottom inside this, having a flange upward that is to be soldered to the inside of the panels. The corners should be soldered throughout, so that no water can leak through. Drill holes in the bottom flanges, and rivet these to the base in the same way as described in the riveting of the lamp standard to the base. A plain detail is shown just below the picture, giving a view of the bottom of the jardinière.

STENCIL WORK.

THE designs and instructions for needle work given in THE CRAFTSMAN for November related solely to patterns and stitches suitable for use on hand-woven linen and homespun, and were designed for table runners, centerpieces, doilies, scarfs, etc. The pieces shown in the illustrations accompanying the present article are all curtains, and are executed in a combination of stencil work and embroidery upon Shaiki silk, which is a rough, unevenly woven silk having the woof so prominent that it gives the texture almost the effect of being ribbed across. When these silks are held up against the light as they would appear when hanging in a window this ribbed look is very marked, and the material is sufficiently uneven in texture to give a delightfully varied color effect, so that, for instance, a corn color will run from the deepest shades of ripe corn up to the palest tints of the same hue. There is no shading or other effort to produce this effect, as it arises solely from the different way in which different parts of the material take the dye, and when the silk is lying in a mass against an opaque surface it appears to be one sheet of unbroken color, there remaining nothing of the varying tones but a slight sparkle where the ribbed surface catches the light.

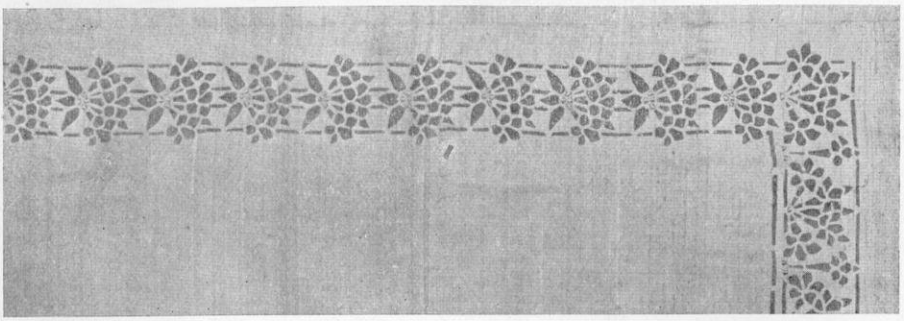
This material was chosen as a groundwork for the designs shown here because it is the most fitting that we know of for this use. However, they may be applied to any material chosen—canvas, linen, cotton or silk, of any weave or texture, and the designs may be adapted to portières, bed spreads, scarfs, table runners, centerpieces—in fact, to any use for which a fabric decorated with printing or embroidery may be desired.

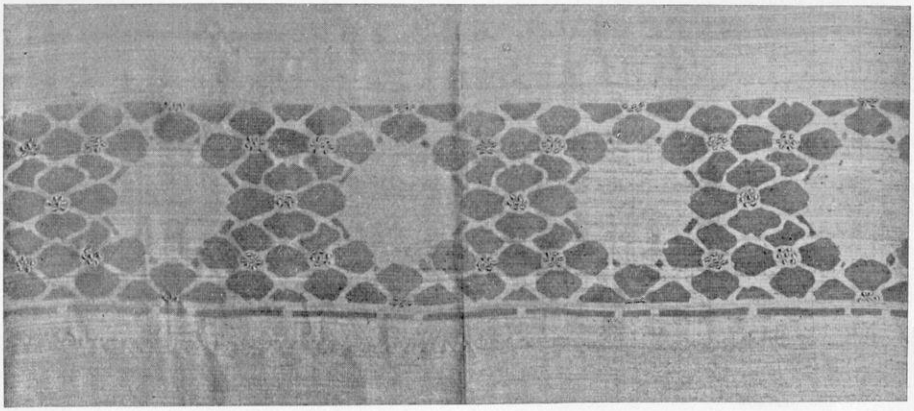
The illustrations here give hardly any conception of the charm of the stenciled silk itself, especially when it is held up against the light. No. 1 is for the bottom of a curtain. It gives almost a trellis effect, circular openings being left in a mass of conventionalized dogwood blossoms and stems which are stenciled in dull leaf-green upon Shaiki silk that shows the pale, luminous yellow-green seen in young corn-silk. The centers of the blossoms are picked out in satin stitch, the silk used being the deep shade of the ripe corn, and giving a jeweled effect that forms the accent of the whole design.

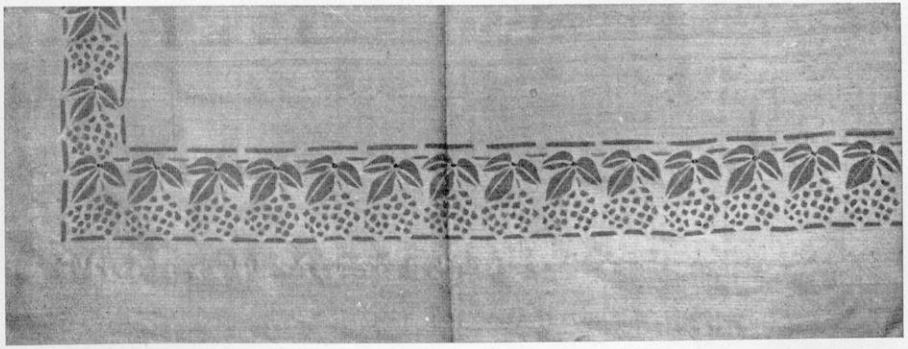
The same silk is shown in No. 2, which has an all over spot design of which dogwood blossoms again form the motif. This design takes the form of circular medallions five inches in diameter, the outer edge of each medallion being formed by the stems, which enclose three blossoms with each center embroidered in knots of corn colored silk as described above.

No. 3 gives a slight variation of the all over spot design, this being a triangular medallion enclosing three blossoms with the centers jeweled by a small embroidered knot. This design is stenciled in dull leaf-brown on a groundwork of silk that is the color of sunburnt straw. The little embroidered centers are vivid olive green.

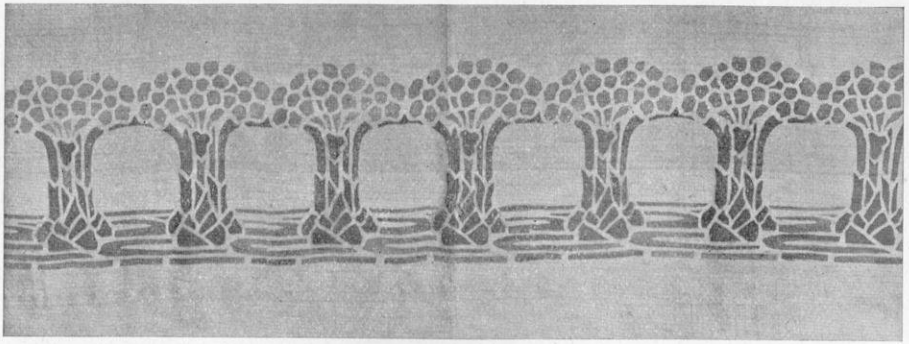
No. 4 shows a design that runs across the bottom and up the inner edge of a curtain. This is also conventionalized from a floral motif and is stenciled in

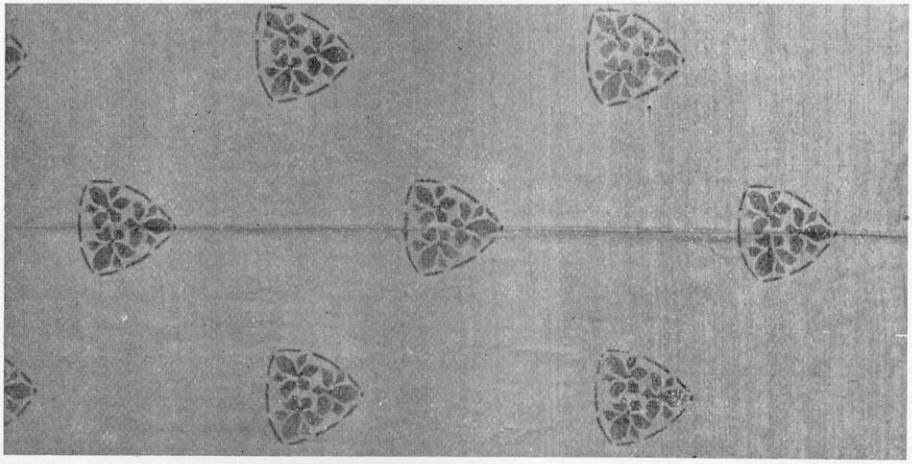


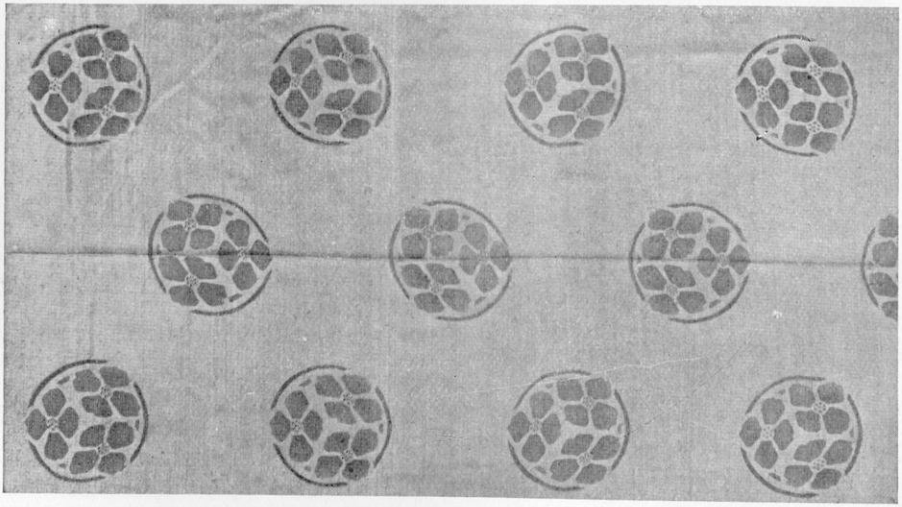




STENCIL DESIGN NUMBER FOUR.
STENCIL DESIGN NUMBER ONE.
STENCIL DESIGN NUMBER FIVE.







STENCIL DESIGN NUMBER SIX.
STENCIL DESIGN NUMBER THREE.
STENCIL DESIGN NUMBER TWO.

dull leaf-green upon silk of a warm soft corn color. The embroidered knots that form the centers of the flowers are of a corn color paler than the silk. Another attractive execution of this design is to stencil it in golden brown tones upon silk of a light silvery straw color, the embroidered centers of the blossoms being done in brown of a rather darker shade than the paint used in the stencil.

No. 5 also shows a design that is carried across the bottom and up the inner edge of the curtain. This is a conventionalized hop blossom with leaves, stenciled in olive green upon silk of a dull rich gold color. The embroidered knots are in bright terra-cotta silk.

No. 6 is perhaps the loveliest of all in its delicacy and subtlety of coloring. The silk is of a pale strange shade that has in it tones of apricot, corn, straw and ivory, and yet cannot be called any one of them, and the tops of the conventionalized trees are stenciled in such pale tones of brown that they tone in with the silk rather than contrast with it, and change with every light and shadow, sometimes showing very strongly and at other times seeming almost invisible. The stems of the trees are very soft brownish olive at the top, changing to clear brown with a greenish tint at the bottom, and the strip of ground is all in a blending of the two tones of brown and olive.

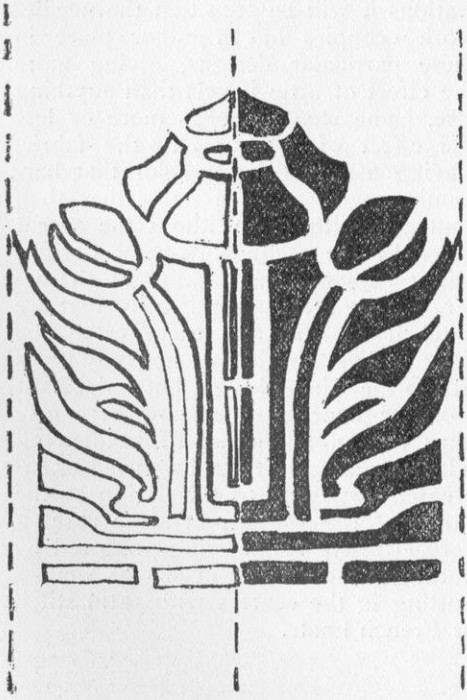


DIAGRAM FOR STENCILING.

All of these designs are equally effective when hanging against the light or when lying in a heap so that the coloring is opaque instead of translucent. The great charm of this work lies partly in its simplicity and partly in its adaptability to all uses and its unfailing attractiveness. Of all forms of decoration it perhaps lends itself the most easily to general decorative use, as stenciling of course may be applied to almost anything.

The materials used by the worker who does this stenciling are: Benzine; one flat stencil brush (small); one round stencil brush (large); white blotting paper (large sheets); an outfit of any good oil colors in tubes; oil board or stencil paper for cutting the design; plenty of thumb-tacks or large sized common pins; plenty of cotton cloth.

The method of working is very simple. First of all, true and square your paper accurately, then draw your design as directed in the diagram given here, and trace on stencil paper by holding it against a window. This method is apt to be more accurate and clear in outline than when the design is transferred by using impression paper. Baste all hems carefully, as this is a great help in placing the design accurately on the material. In doing this it is necessary to see that the edges of the stencil are exactly true with each edge of the hem in

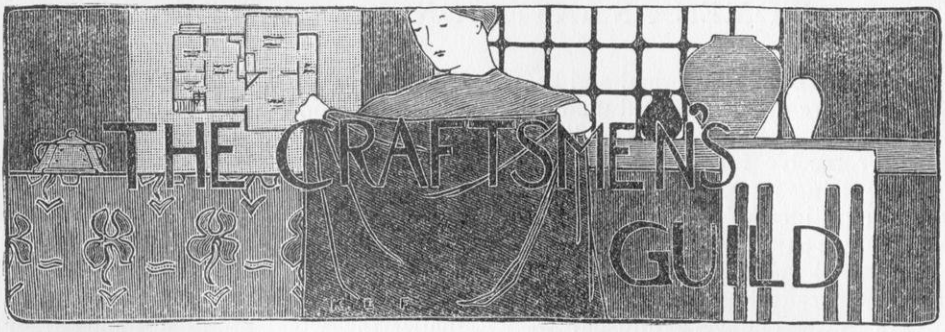
working out a border design. In an all over design one has to use the figure directly underneath or at the side as a register mark, being sure that the threads of the material are as nearly straight as possible. Blotting paper should be put on a board or table where the material and the design may be pinned firmly over it. First pin the corners of the stencil firmly and carefully. Then place pins or tacks wherever the paper does not lie perfectly tight to the material. The more the stencil is pinned to the material the less danger there is of blurring the edges of your design. It is necessary in this connection to remember always to put your pins or tacks in the same holes, otherwise the paint will run through and make polka dots where they are not desired. The blotting paper is used to absorb any superfluous moisture which would otherwise run and destroy the clean-cut effect of the edges.

Take an old tin plate. Fold an old piece of cotton cloth three or four times to make a pad and fasten this firmly to the plate. Mix your paint smoothly with benzine until it is about the consistency of *very thin* cream. Any dye may be used in the place of paint, but we have found oils a little surer and more apt to be permanent. Saturate the pad thoroughly with your color and apply your brush to the pad instead of directly to the paint. One of the most important things in stenciling is to remember to keep your brush as dry as possible, compatible with extracting any color from it. When you have applied the brush to your paint pad, rub it two or three times over any piece of cloth to be quite sure that the brush is not too wet. Then rub the brush firmly and fully across your stencil, pressing the edges of the design as closely as possible to the materials to prevent running and also to prevent tearing the stencil. The stencil brush should be of short stiff bristles. Any ordinary bristle brush may be purchased and the bristles cut until they are not more than an inch long.

After the design has been applied place thin cloth or blotting paper over the work and press thoroughly with a hot iron. This pressing incorporates the color with the cloth and helps to set it firmly so that it will not either rub or fade.

One of the best features of this method of stenciling is that the stenciled fabric will wash or clean perfectly and the colors are fast under exposure to the light. This does away with the element of impermanence that detracts from the usefulness of so much beautiful and delicate work.

By careful examination of the illustrations it will be seen that the needlework occupies but a minor place in these particular designs, giving more the effect of little jewels than anything else. The stenciling has more or less the effect of sinking into the fabric, leaving a soft, delicate color that harmonizes with the material rather than contrasts with it. Without the accent given by the needlework these designs might be somewhat lacking in character, but the little snaps of color that are stitched in here and there catch the light with a sparkle that not only gives life to the whole design, but redeems it from vagueness. We show here perhaps the minimum use of needlework with stenciling. It can be varied or increased according to the design or the fancy of the worker, in some cases a very effective result being produced by outlining each figure in silk as well as putting in the centers with satin stitch or French knots.



PIONEER WORK OF WOMEN IN TASTEFUL AND ECONOMICAL INTERIOR DECORATION

WHEN women wake up, and actually think, they are far less likely to move in traditional ruts than men. Looking back through the development of the race, we find women mainly unaccustomed to original thinking; we find them obedient to or rebellious of other thought, as the case may have been, but seldom self-reliant or logical in judgment, or creative in purpose.

And yet, now that women are accepted as competent wage-earners and forced to face responsibility without advice, they are, along certain lines where their experience has been greatest, proving themselves more definitely original, more fearless of tradition than men have been in the same field.

This statement can be proved in several lines of endeavor which women have lately invaded; in this article we will take up but one profession, that of interior decoration, wherein, from THE CRAFTSMAN point of view, women have in the last few years accomplished the most original and practical work, keeping in mind good taste, comfort and economy, and forgetting wholly the attitude of the masculine professional decorator. And it seems reasonable that women's work should excel just here. For generations, for centuries, they have had the bitter inconvenience of badly planned homes; they have taken fifty steps where five would serve, because the architect did not think; they have lived in ugly environment, expensive and inconvenient, because the decorator did not think; and they have put up with discordant fittings, because manufacturers did not think.

It seems but logical that when at last houses are finished inside, or built, by women, that difficulties known only to women should be overcome, and that beauty and comfort should be voted more essential than worn-out, moth-eaten theories, the tattered edges of which have been left over from architects' hobbies of the mound-building days.

And so it is not to be wondered at that women who have spent their days very largely in their homes, should have as decorators a far better and more practical method of making said homes attractive at a reasonable price, and convenient without regard to theory or rule.

In dealing widely with modern architects and decorators, THE CRAFTSMAN has found it an almost invariable rule that, especially in the small homes where economy must be considered, women decorators are getting at the essentials of artistic effects with small cost far more creatively than men of much greater fame. And yet, women deco-

rators who are doing original and beautiful work are practically still unknown. And one wonders how much credit they will ever receive for the pioneer work they are doing in developing an almost wholly new idea of decoration for the more simple American homes.

Mrs. Bookwalter's work along these lines has already been set forth in THE CRAFTSMAN. The very unusual work done by the firm of Muchmore & Lewis (two New York women of wide culture and experience) also shows a great originality and an exquisite appreciation of the real needs of the ideal American home. And there are numberless other examples, which we shall hope to present from time to time in proof of our point of view.

In this issue we are showing illustrations of the decorative designs of Miss Bessie Marble Menage, who is young in the field, but who approaches her work with the true spirit of a courageous pioneer. The work of hers which has just come to our notice is the doing over of a house forty years old (that most impossible period of American building), the property of Judge W. K. James, in St. Joseph, Missouri.

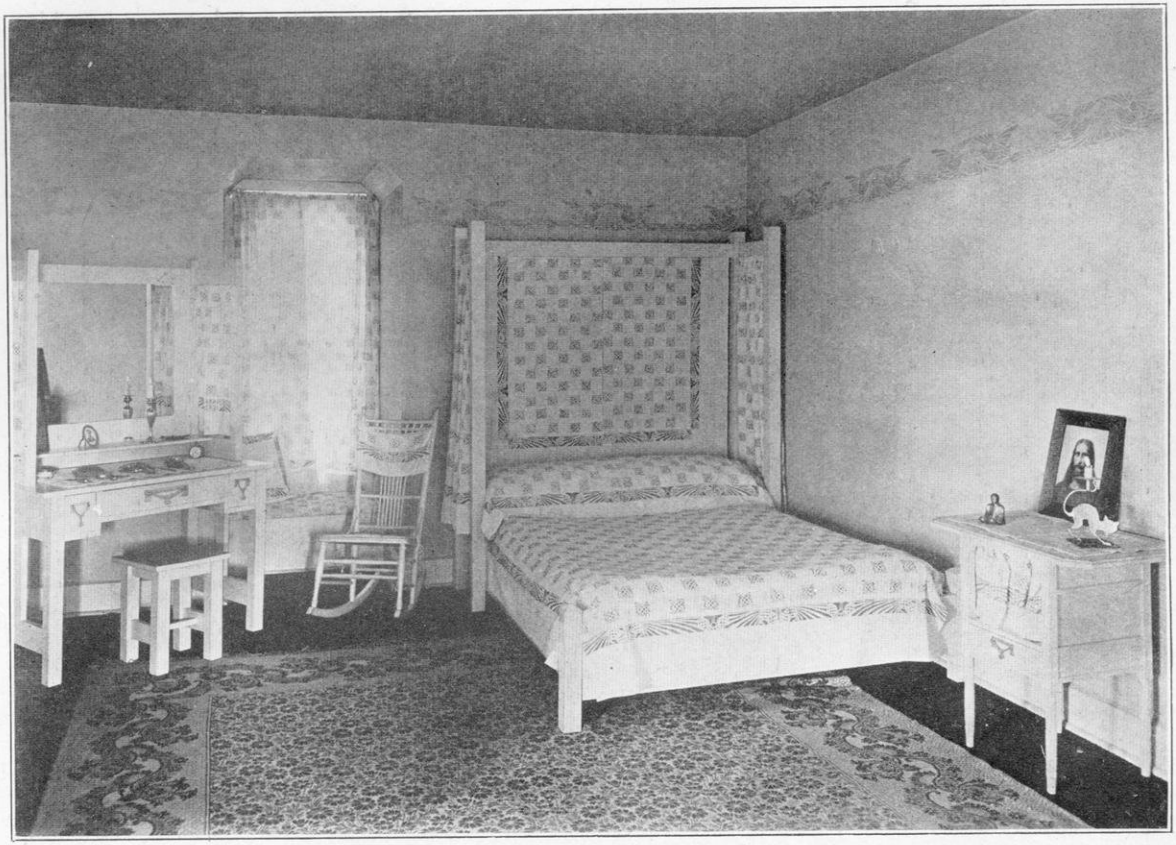
The first disadvantage which Miss Menage had to cope with was the high ceilings of moderate sized rooms, from eleven feet up; and, second, the fact that much of the old furniture had to reappear amid new decorations; also many of the rugs, durable and good but of the olden times, had to be used to suggest schemes of decoration.

The rooms which furnish the most interesting idea of her plans are the halls, two libraries, sitting room, dining room and four bedrooms. She had first of all to meet the difficulty of the endless wall space. Instead of the usual idea of deep wall paper friezes, Miss Menage decided, without any regard to precedent, to lower the effect of wall space throughout the house by original and highly decorative stencil friezes. She next approached the question of color, and, both for the sake of economy and a certain quaintness of effect, she did both upper and lower halls and all the lower rooms in a pinkish-brown paint, a kind of dove tone which was at once quiet and cheerful; both plaster and woodwork were done the same shade, the wood going a tone darker because of the greater absorption of paint. The paint in question was especially prepared by the town painter, and although of oil and durable, it went on with a dull finish that brought out on both wood and plaster an extremely interesting texture. As the halls were narrow and high, of the ultra old-fashioned variety, they carried no decoration. The floors were covered with gray terry, and antique Oriental rugs were used for color and beauty.

The variation of color for the two libraries was secured by difference in frieze and draperies. The decorative design for frieze was of horse chestnuts in three tones; for the nuts grayish-terra-cotta, gray-green for the leaves, and gray-blue for the stems and conventional lines. The portières were gray-green monk's cloth, ornamented with the same stencil design as the frieze. The monk's cloth was also used for window curtains with a modified repeat of the chestnut stencil. The library rugs were antique Oriental in light tone —a fine old Bokhara and three Baluchistan, one an Imperial pattern, very lovely with the background of delicate-toned wood and wall.

For the living room a subtle difference of color was secured by substituting lotus blossoms for the chestnut; the flowers a warm pink close to the real lotus hue, the leaves a gray-green, and the connecting lines in yellow-brown. Monk's cloth draperies were drawn into the color scheme by stencil borders of lotus flowers.

DINING ROOM DECORATED BY MISS MENAGE, SHOWING WALL SPACE TREATMENT WITH LANDSCAPE FRIEZE.



BEDROOM DECORATED BY MISS MENAGE: FRIEZE, CURTAINS AND BED DRAPERIES DONE FROM ORIGINAL STENCIL DESIGNS.

STENCIL DESIGN FOR BLUE AND WHITE BEDROOM.

In the dining room the walls were a rough plaster in natural gray, with woodwork the same as that of the lower floor. Three moldings finished the upper part of the wall space. The narrow space between the two upper moldings was left bare, the lower deep space was decorated with a landscape frieze in gray-green and dove-brown. No stencil was used for this frieze, but a very freehand treatment in flat tones. The dining room curtains were of gray linen, decorated with an apple tree motif, done in a combination of stencil and embroidery. The gas and electric fixtures for this room were also designed by Miss Menage, of copper in antique green finish, a delightful harmony with the landscape frieze and gray surroundings. The furniture in the dining room was old, but of a simple good design.

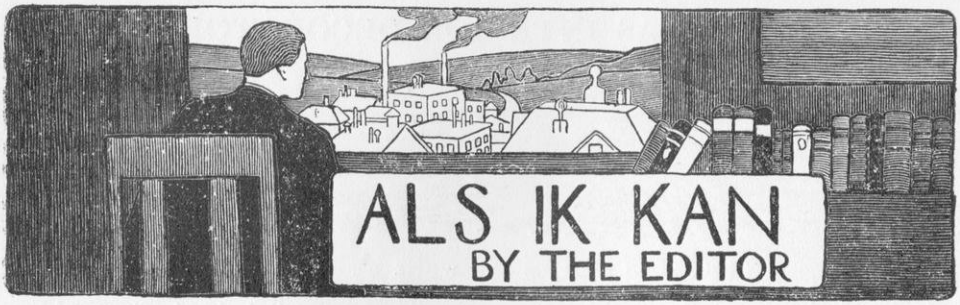
The most interesting bedroom was remodeled for the daughter of the house, all in Canton blue and white. The walls were painted a faint blue-gray, the woodwork a blue-white enamel, and the stencil, a narrow conventional design, was placed several inches down, in one tone of Canton blue. The rug was a mixed design of gray and dull blue.

The furniture was made by the village carpenter from Miss Menage's design, and finished in white enamel. Complete, it was found to have cost no more than the price of the ordinary shoddy ready-made set. A charmingly original touch in this room was shown in the bed and window draperies, of inexpensive white Japanese cotton crêpe, decorated with an all-over stencil design in Canton blue.

Two other bedrooms showed walls of gray-green, woodwork the same, with simple stencil friezes; in one room of deeper green and in the other of terra-cotta, a greenish bloom linen furnishing curtains for both. In a fourth bedroom the walls were delicate grayish terra-cotta, with a frieze worked out from an old Japanese plate, and draperies and chair covers of bloom linen in faint terra-cotta.

In the bedrooms where there were the deep old-fashioned window frames, boxes were fitted in, which served both for window seats and shirtwaist holders, a combination worth remembering for rooms with small closet space. Long couch boxes were also fitted up for some of the sleeping rooms, and used for frocks that were better laid away than hung in crowded presses. All of these fittings are inevitably the little inexpensive touches that only women could know the real value of and plan for the convenience of other women. Fancy a man ever realizing the difference in one's ethical development, of owning or not owning a shirtwaist box!

One restriction asked for throughout the house by the decorator was no pictures on the walls, permitting the stencil work to furnish all the decoration required. At first Mrs. James demurred, but recently Miss Menage heard from her to the effect that she was delighted with the restful wall spaces.



HAS SUCCESS BECOME A CRIME?

EVERYWHERE of late, in downtown offices and directors' rooms, at dinners, at clubs, and wherever wealthy business men congregate, there has been heard an indignant protest against what apparently has become the popular notion—that great success means nothing more nor less than a crime. This protest is honest, and in many cases well justified, for it comes from men whose success has been fairly gained and whose names are honorable before the nation and the world, as well as from those who have reason to shrink from investigation of the sources of their overgrown fortunes.

And the protest is not without grounds, for, led on by the sensational press, the people at large seem to hold almost as an article of faith that notable success in any big undertaking inevitably implies unfair methods, or special privileges that are equally unfair. The more conservative journals are apt to side with the capitalists, and these blame about equally the unswerving attitude taken by the President in the matter of investigation of suspected corporations, and what they term "the assaults of an unlicensed press upon the railways and great industries of the land."

It is pointed out with some bitterness by both capitalists and conservative journals that the attitude of the patriotic press in former days tended to stimulate the ambition of our boys and young men by holding always before them the examples of great material success which in popular estimation marked the highest point of achievement in this country. Every young man who read the newspapers with interest found plenty of food for his dreams of possible wealth and power in the unknown future, and boys were taught at school, at church, and at home that if they were sufficiently diligent and energetic they might, any one of them, become a rich and prominent man, honored and respected as well as an acknowledged power in the land. Now it is said these ideas have completely changed, and that the "yellow press" is chiefly instrumental in teaching the rising generation as well as the people at large to believe that it is practically impossible for a very rich man to have clean hands, or for a great corporation to keep strictly to the path of fair and honest dealing.

Yet the influence of the sensational press is a slight and passing thing compared to the trend of national thought. It is true that the inflammatory utterances which tend to increase circulation have a temporary effect upon people who are not given to thinking very deeply, and especially upon foreigners who have not yet become accustomed to American conditions or learned to consider themselves a part of the American nation. But the cause for the change in public feeling lies much deeper than

that. A generation ago our national ideal was material success, and our favorite heroes were men who had amassed great fortunes rather than men of great mental or moral achievement. It was, perhaps, not a very lofty ideal, but it was a natural and also a necessary one, born of the economic conditions of the times. With a great country sparsely populated and needing swift material development, what would be more inevitable than that we as a people should glorify achievements in the direction of bringing us what we most needed?

When most of these gray-haired capitalists of international fame were boys, the development of the seemingly limitless resources of the country was a matter of the first interest to every citizen. New paths were being hewn out in every direction. The Civil War came and passed, and left in its wake not only prosperity, but immense stimulus to the spirit of progress. The discovery of gold, years before, had filled the far West with the glamour of fabulous fortunes to be made. The opening of the country afterward to farming on a gigantic scale added to the demand for adequate facilities for transportation across the continent. New industries were poking up their heads in every direction, and yet nothing was complete and effective —nothing was as yet in working order. There was something in the very air of those days that called men to self-denial, hardship and unremitting exertion in the effort to subdue the land and make it fruitful. The pioneer spirit, although it had passed from the stage of discovery into that of organization, was strong, particularly in the West, whence many of our strongest men have come. These men led a hard life, of which every circumstance called out all the spirit of adventure and of aggression. The only help they found was in themselves. They were shifting about constantly from place to place, and ever pressing forward to conquer and exploit new lands. Facilities of any kind were few. There was no general organization and comparatively little labor-saving machinery such as has placed us at the head of the manufacturing world. It was the time when promoters and organizers were needed more than anything else, for the men who had the power to think out big and daring schemes and had enough of the gambling spirit to take big chances in putting them into operation were the men who alone could bring order out of chaos. They unquestionably made great fortunes for themselves, but they made the country great at the same time.

This epoch of swift development and gourd-like growth is passing. Things are beginning to be seen in something nearer to their true proportions, and the period of gigantic enterprises is giving place to a period of less spectacular, but more generally diffused, success. "Booms" have had their day. Mining camps and bonanza farms have alike served their turn. The promoter has done his work well, for the country once so huge, rich, and unmanageable is now covered with farms and factories as well as with a network of railroads that, like arteries and veins, keep life in the vast industrial system. And the industrial system itself is no longer a more or less chaotic thing of immense possibilities, but is organized to a degree that seems to justify the growing fear that the control of it will very soon be confined to the hands of a few men.

Public sentiment has changed because the times have changed. We are at a different and higher stage of our development as a nation. Our need is no longer for promoters and organizers, for the big mining camps have mostly vanished, the bonanza farms are being broken up into smaller holdings, and there is a growing reaction toward

smaller individual industries in the place of the huge organizations that we know as trusts. The pioneers have blazed the way. Now the people object to their claiming the lion's share of the territory they have conquered and to their administering the affairs of the nation through the power of their great organizations.

As a natural result of the period that seems to be closing we are just now long on promoters and short on workmen and farmers. This is an inevitable result of what has been the national ideal, but conditions are no longer the same. We do not need more big combinations,—they have taught us their lesson, and have left industry in such a shape that it can be used to the best advantage,—but we do need farmers,—farmers who have the brains and the energy to avail themselves of all improved methods by which farming on a smaller scale can be made a success,—farmers who can give us a better quality and a greater quantity of farm produce than we have now, and at a more reasonable price, so that the cost of living will not be the great and growing problem that we find it. We do not need men who gamble in the stocks of certain big industries, but we do need mechanics,—thoroughly trained workmen whose equipment is as complete as that of the craftsmen of our own Colonial times, instead of factory hands whose only accomplishment is to run some one machine. We do not need more department stores, but we do need small shops noted for the excellence of the goods which are made there, under their own roof, and whose label is a guarantee of excellence to all who trade with them. We have these now, in small number, but we want more of them; we want shops which make things directly for their patrons and whose name stands for individuality as well as excellence, but we want more of them; we want them for all the people. We want to see our boys and girls learning their trades in places of this kind instead of being cogs in the machinery of a huge factory or department store. Also, we do not need politicians and lobbyists, but we do need statesmen who come from the people and who represent the people to the best of their ability and their knowledge of the needs of each locality.

These newly recognized needs are really at the root of the outcry against what is called the concentration of all the wealth of the country into a few hands. Many of the men upon whom the ban of public condemnation rests most heavily have been among those who have borne the burden and heat of the day. They have been hard fighters, and it is perhaps only natural that they feel justified in claiming the spoils of their victories. Looking at it in this way, it seems a little hard on them that with the fruit of their overwhelming success should come this tidal wave of public hatred and blame, especially as the blame is not always undeserved. Perhaps they have not fought fair, but they were reared in a school where the one thought was to win,—by fair means if they could, but win anyhow. They only obeyed the spirit of the times, and now that spirit has changed. What the country most needs just at present is fewer speculators and more producers, that living may be brought within our means and free industry may flourish. With things brought down once more to the solid basis of equal opportunities and fair competition, there will no longer be occasion for the successful man to ask bitterly if his countrymen really consider success to be a crime.

IN a letter received a short time ago we were asked to give an opinion as to whether craftworkers should keep all their methods secret or whether it might

not in the end be better and fairer policy to share freely with one another things which should by rights be common property.

The advisability of sharing knowledge, and the extent to which it is done, is of course a matter of personal opinion to each individual, yet to us it seems only reasonable that there should be the utmost freedom of exchange among craftworkers, especially in this country. The road of the handicraftsman is not an easy one here, partly owing to the fact that there is no national organization of any great significance to serve at once as a school of instruction, an authority to stand behind exhibitions, and an exchange, and partly because the government has not as yet given to handicrafts the recognition and assistance that they have received from official circles in so many other countries.

Our own work in the Craftsman Workshops has always been done upon the principle of making everything as free to the public as possible. Naturally, as we have been in one sense pioneers in the introduction of practical handicrafts, our work has largely been that of research and experiment. Even at that, we adopted very early the policy of making everything public that had been sufficiently tried and proven to be of lasting value.

While at first this was our policy partly from conviction and partly from personal inclination, it received strong confirmation in a letter we received some years ago from Mrs. Helen R. Albee, who has devoted so many years to perfecting the art of making hooked rugs in beautiful colorings and designs, and who not only has placed all the knowledge derived from her long experience at the disposal of the women in the White Mountains, where rug making has become a recognized home industry, but also has been free to give to the public at large any knowledge that might be of value. We had asked her how she could be so generous with the secrets of dyeing, designing and making the rugs that had cost her so much time and trouble to evolve, and her answer was of a nature to define forever our own policy on this question. She said she had always found it to be true that *"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."*

NOTES

THE opening exhibition of the season at the Montross Gallery, held during the closing weeks of October, was a fine showing of modern American paintings. There were four canvases by artists who are no longer with us—one each by George Inness, George Fuller, Homer Martin and Eastman Johnson, all worthy of those men at their best. Among the living artists represented were W. M. Chase, Kenyon Cox, Charles Melville Dewey, Elihu Vedder, Albert Ryder, Childe Hassam, John La Farge, D. W. Tryon, Horatio Walker, T. W. Dewing and J. Francis Murphy.

George Inness was represented by "The Home of the Heron," one of the least ambitious of his later works, but with great charm in the rendering of the shadowy depths of the forest and the light-dappled underbrush, with the solitary heron. Homer Martin was represented by a canvas, painted in eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, a view of Ausable Chasm Pond. The picture has the suggestion of the magnificent handling of the sky which made his later work unique, and its haze-wrapped mountains are full of grandeur. A delightful little profile bust of a girl by George Fuller was one of the features of the exhibition. To those who knew only the spectral and mysterious qualities of Fuller's

later work, the simplicity and directness of this little picture were a revelation. "Children on the Beam," by Eastman Johnson, is an alluring picture of two little children in a barn, seated upon a beam and enjoying the adventure.

Among the works of living artists there were two fine landscapes by Charles Melville Dewey, "Golden Hour," and "After the Rain." D. W. Tryon's "September Nocturne," Horatio Walker's finely toned "Sand Pits" and Childe Hassam's "Madison Square — Spring" and "Newport." Albert P. Ryder, whose appearances in our exhibitions are all too rare, had a notable religious painting, "Resurrection," representing Jesus appearing to Mary before the sepulchre, which sustained his reputation as a genuine primitive spirit. John La Farge's 'Bishop Berkeley's Rock" was easily one of the most vital and significant pictures in the exhibit. Painted a good many years ago, it was still rich in coloring and exquisite in its rendering of the autumnal tints of the landscape and the misty sea. W. M. Chase showed a small landscape giving a pleasant glimpse of the Shinnecock Hills with a solitary figure. Kenyon Cox was represented by a figure painting, "A Book of Verses," and T. W. Dewing had three characteristic canvases.

PRATT INSTITUTE, of Brooklyn, has just celebrated its twentieth anniversary with nine large buildings and an enrollment of almost four thousand pupils. In the Department of Fine and Applied Arts there are this season over six hundred pupils in the day and evening classes for adults, and one hundred and fifty more in the juvenile Saturday classes. Professor Walter Scott Perry, the director of this department, has been with the Institute since the opening day and enjoyed the privilege of seeing the late Charles Pratt's experiment grow to its present great proportions.

There is probably no school of its kind in America where the instruction given is more thorough. In most of the departments there is a rule requiring the person desirous of entering the classes to pass a rigid entrance examination. The course of instruction calls for practically eight hours of solid work, five days in each week, and extends over two years at least. The diploma of the Institute, which is much prized, is given only for actual results attained, and not for mere attendance.

The work of the Institute has three distinct aims, as follows: First, normal instruction, the preparation of advanced students to become qualified teachers; Second, technical training for trade use, the training of students in various branches of the fine, industrial and applied arts, the applied sciences and the mechanical trades; Third, technical training for home use, the training of students for practical usefulness in home life. Graduates from the school are in constant demand as teachers and professional workers, and while there is no guarantee of positions for successful students, usually there is no difficulty about providing them, the demand being generally greater than the supply.

THE National Arts Club exhibit of sketches by artist members, while not a very large exhibition, was genuinely interesting. There were sculptures in relief and in the round, water colors, oil, pastels and pencil drawings. Daniel C. French exhibited a couple of interesting heads which were much admired; George T. Brewster, who is director of sculpture in the schools of the Cooper Union, exhibited a bas-relief portrait of the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and a kneeling nude, "Hospitality."

Allied with the sculpture were drawings by E. H. Blashfield, careful pencil studies of heads for decorations of the

Court House in Baltimore, the State Capitols of Minnesota and Iowa, and a church in Philadelphia. Mrs. Jenny Delong Rice exhibited an interesting oil study of Mrs. Hetty Green holding her favorite Skye terrier under her arm. Mrs. Rice has caught the interesting personality of Mrs. Green's face with its striking suggestion of strength and firmness. The pastel portraits and figure sketches by Juliet Thompson and Maud Stumm were of distinct interest.

Water color sketches were numerous. One could not but feel that the most delightful in this section were the studies by Mrs. Ella Condie Lamb of her country home, notable for the fine cedars and brilliant flowers. Of the oils, there were several of Robert W. Vonnoh's landscapes, a sketch of ocean waves by George Wharton Edwards, Georgiana Howland's excellent views of the Shinnecock Hills, studies by Leon Dabo, Charles Vezin, Robert W. Bloodgood, Leslie Weller Mabie, and Riccardo Bertelli, the bronze founder, and Miss Content Johnson's painting of a yoke of Canadian oxen, which was certainly one of the half dozen best things on view.

AN exhibition of the etchings and dry-prints of D. Shaw MacLaughlan, an American artist, was held recently in the Keppel galleries, New York. To the catalogue of the exhibition M. Octave Uzanne, the French critic, contributed an introduction full of interest from which we extract the following quotation:

"The work of this artist, a native of Boston," writes Mr. Uzanne, "is already varied, of sustained interest, of a persistent talent. It embraces scenes from old Paris, churches, bridges, quays along the Seine and corners of Bièvre, souvenirs of Italy—Florence, Pavia, Tivoli, Parma, Perugia, Venice, Bologna and several beautiful presentations of the Port of Boulogne and of the Cathedral of Rouen. At Paris his plates of 'St. Sulpice,' of the 'Pont St. Michel,' of 'St. Séverin,' of 'St. Julien-le-Pauvre,' his 'Tanneire,' his 'Cour-des Gobelins;' at Rouen, his 'Flèche' and his 'Tour de Beurre,' are prints of rare worth which belong in some sort to the mastery of Méryon, with their solid architectural construction, their clearly defined values, the capricious originality of the skies and of the waters treated with a light fantasy which contributes to the harmony of the whole."

THERE is a collection of old Dutch and French paintings in an interesting little shop just off Fifth Avenue. The name Bonaventure is on the window and door, and you remember that you have heard the mellow cognomen before in connection with rare old prints, miniatures, original cartoons and genuine period furniture. It is difficult to go through all these most unusual collections straight to the picture gallery. But the gallery just now holds paintings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which are well worth the self-restraint.

They knew how to paint, those old Dutch portrait men, and fashion was good to them in dressing their models in picturesque hues and gorgeous colors. An interesting group by one of these clever Dutchmen is the painting of Marie Antoinette's father and mother by Martin van Mytens. There are vivid portraits from fifteen hundred and seventy-six by Paul Van Somers, and by Kneller in sixteen hundred and forty-six. Pauline Bonaparte, whom painters and sculptors of her age found beautiful, is done in a quaint portrait, and a pupil of Meissonier presents many royal gentlemen on horseback, leaving the Tuileries. A collection of interest not only to connoisseurs of old paintings, but to the layman.

REVIEWS

AMONG the many books that have been made this year,—as in all other years of the present age,—none has such unique significance as "The Indians' Book," collected and edited by Natalie Curtis. The recorder of these songs and traditions journeyed over prairie and desert from tribe to tribe, seeking the Indians in friendship, and explaining to the chiefs that she wanted them and their people to join in the making of a book that should be the Indians' own, that should keep for all time the songs and stories of their race. The Indians responded gladly to the appeal, they sang their strange songs directly to the recording pencil, they explained the songs and told the tales connected with them, and their words were taken down in almost literal translation.

To the recorder the making of this book, she says, has been a consecrated work, but her joy in the task has been shadowed by close contact with the struggling people in their need. The Indians themselves say that the book "speaks with the straight tongue," for it holds the words of their head men, their wise men, and their chiefs. Also they believe that it will be an influence in their own future and they look to it to tell the white men that, in spite of all past misunderstanding, "the Indians are a good people."

In translating the songs it has been somewhat difficult to give an adequate rendering in English of their verse, for, as they say themselves, "it takes many words in English to tell what we say in one, but since you have no one word to tell all we mean, then you must speak our one word in your many." The recorder says that it is almost impossible for civilized men to conceive of the importance of song in the life of the Indian. To him it is the very breath of the spirit that consecrates the acts of life, and for every event there is its fitting song. The song of the Plains Indians is exciting, exhilarating and inspiring through its spirit and vitality, and the song of the Pueblo men is a strong, clear outpouring from full lungs, while the note of the ceremonial chant is deep and solemn. Hundreds of these songs are given here with words and music in the original, with the English translation directly appended, and stories that give all the traditions and folk lore to which the songs refer, as well as many others. The book is illustrated by drawings done by the Indians themselves, and each song and story is literally reproduced as it was sung or told. In fact, as is frankly told at the beginning, the Indians are the authors of this volume, the songs and stories are theirs; the drawings, cover design, and title page were made by them; the work of the recorder has been but the collecting and arranging of the Indians' contributions.

As this task has been most carefully and lovingly performed, with deep understanding and friendship for the Indians who have spoken here, the interest and the value of the book can well be imagined. The cover is designed to resemble the parfleche, or satchel of dressed hide, that was used by the Prairie tribes to carry and hold their belongings. ("The Indians' Book, an Offering by the American Indians of Indian Lore, Musical and Narrative, to Form a Record of the Songs and Legends of Their Race." Recorded and Edited by Natalie Curtis. Illustrations from Photographs and from Original Drawings by Indians. 573 pages. Price $7.50 net. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.)

"THE HELPMATE," May Sinclair's recent novel, is a study of egotism and its consequences as

subtle and searching as Meredith's "Egoist" or Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy." "The helpmate" is *Anne Majendie,* young and lovely, with soul rootbound in convention and dogma—a most amazing presentation of the character of a woman in whom all growth is atrophied by a supreme self-satisfaction, and the frankest possible expression of the results to her husband of what she would call her withdrawal to higher planes, her effort to establish her own "spiritual supremacy."

One wonders whether it was hard-working intention, or genius, that made the author show her heroine as a bitter critic of all shortcomings in ethics and etiquette and yet as hoarding her religion for hysterical ecstasy; setting herself apart as too holy for ordinary domestic experiences because she could find in prayer an overwhelming physical emotion. It is difficult to recall the presentation in fiction of greater self-centeredness, more constant, unintelligent self-analysis than that of *Anne Majendie,* who wished to stand to the world, as she did to herself, for the final expression of upper-middle-class religious and social perfection. And this in the face of an array of negative faults seldom grouped together in one personality; for she had neither sympathy, tenderness, sensitiveness, generosity nor sweetness toward any human problem or person. *Majendie,* with whom she continued to live, even after finding out the awful, soul-destroying fact that he had actually not been faithful to her before their acquaintance began, is a very lovable human creation, a character finely developed, always sympathetic to the reader as he is to everyone who needs help or kindness in the story. With what inevitable mastery Miss Sinclair shows the moral backsliding of *Majendie* to be a logical sequence of *Anne's* religious hysteria and her absolute adjustment of life to suit her conception of her own exalted virtues, is something only truly to be appreciated in the reading.

So supreme is the egotism of *Anne* that she fools not only herself but her husband, who regards her as a saint and himself as a brute; although Miss Sinclair saves your patience a little by making you feel that *Majendie* might not have adored so humbly *Anne's* stained-glass presentation of herself if she had not also possessed a vivid personal magnetism, which does not appear here for the first time as a characteristic of the feminine fanatic. The grasp of the writer of involved modern psychology is nowhere surer than when she forces *Anne* to rend her own veil of hypocrisy and present herself as at last in love with her husband, immediately after having ascertained that the "idealism of her ways" had brought into existence out on a remote English lake a pretty farm home, presided over by one little *Maggie* — a flower-like creature, unmoral, unselfish, unanalytical, without respectability or religion, but loving and loving until death seemed easier than separation.

But right here *Anne* forgives her husband and nurses him back to strength (for he had been ill), and forgets little *Maggie,* and the curtain drops. ("The Helpmate," by May Sinclair. Price, $1.50. Published by Henry Holt & Company, New York.)

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S latest book, "The Shuttle," is rightfully termed the masterpiece of this delightful story teller. We have always associated Mrs. Burnett with the sunny and picturesque side of life, and have looked to her rather for entertainment, which was sure to be most charmingly given, than for anything which would stir us deeply.

But this book does. It is a story founded on the problem of the inter-

national marriage, and it is not only strong in plot and style, but has a ring of conviction that would seem to belong only to a tale that is founded, in part at least, upon fact. Whispers have come across the Atlantic of several international marriages of which the treatment of the American wife was fully as bad as the worst suffering inflicted upon poor *Rosalie* by the English heiress-hunter who had married her for her share in her capitalist father's millions. The story of the insult and abuse to which she was subjected while kept a prisoner at her husband's country place is one to make the blood boil, particularly because of that strange ring of literal truth that haunts one throughout all this part of the book.

It is part of the strength that characterizes the well-woven plot that *Rosalie's* rescue is finally effected by her younger sister, who is really the heroine of the story. *Betty Vanderpoel* is a magnificent athletic American girl of the most advanced twentieth-century type, with a warm heart, a cool head, and much sound common sense to support her endowment of overwhelming personal beauty and an equally overwhelming fortune. One of the finest elements in the book is the way the author makes you realize that the best of all that this girl has is inherited from her father, the hard-headed, hard-working American business man who is usually kept in the background of his office somewhere down in Wall Street, and is seen only dimly through a golden haze as a source of supplies for his brilliant women folk. In this case it is not so. *Betty,* although educated abroad, has been made her father's companion and confident from her early girlhood, and has in addition to the clear-headed business acumen inherited from him, received a training that fits her to cope with any emergency.

There is plenty to cope with when she goes to England to find out what manner of life is being led by the gentle older sister who for so long has been estranged from her American home. She finds the husband abroad, living with a Spanish dancer, who is helping him to squander the income he extorts from his wife. The wife at home in the old country place that is falling to pieces from decay and neglect is a faded, broken-spirited, hysterical creature whose whole life is bound up in her hunchback son—a child deformed from his birth by the brutality by which his mother was treated during the first year of her married life.

Betty grasps the situation with the promptitude that has made her father the famous financier that he is, and when the master of the manor comes home some six months later, he finds the wife whom he had contemptuously described as a "bundle of old clothes" mysteriously made young and almost fearless, the estate in repair, the workpeople and villagers content and industrious, and the whole place on the upward road to perfect order instead of tumbling into decay. The tact and sympathy with which *Betty* has made herself at home with the tenants and villagers as well as with the "county families" is again due to the way she has learned to use that clear head of hers. The spirit of her English forbears awakens in her, and the end of the very charming love story of her own which forms an important part of the plot of the book is that she finally decides that there are differences in international marriages, and makes up her mind to remain in the country which has begun to feel like home. *Mount Dunstan,* the man who makes this decision seem worth while to *Betty,* has a character as strong as her own. ("The Shuttle." By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. 512 pages. Price $1.50. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.)

"THE Stooping Lady! The Stooping Lady! That's what I call her. . . . I'll tell you what it is, Cliffe; she'd have me tomorrow if she thought I was broken."

It is thus that Maurice Hewlett in the last paragraph of his recent novel explains his title. The eternal maternal is what Hewlett has felt, and presented with such exquisite graciousness; the fundamental feminine that stoops to bind, to heal, to lift, to succor, to shield. "She'd have me tomorrow if I were broken"; so said this many-time rejected lover at the end. He had loved her so long, so truly, that at last he knew that the only sure way to her heart was through her compassion.

Her lovers were many, of high estate in the court of George the Third; but she fell in love with a butcher who served the household of her grandmother, the haughty *Lady Morfa* of Caryll Court, not because she was a reformer in social matters (as her dear father had been in political), but because, as the story opens on January twenty-first, eighteen hundred and nine, *Miss Chambre,* of whom we are writing, encountered a mob in the courtyard of Caryll House, and in the midst of the mob caught the eyes of a fair-haired hero being baited by "gentlemen." It was *Vernour,* the butcher, before whom her eyes fell, and her heart followed her sympathies—not at once, of course, but after a campaign of white violets, after unjust imprisonments, after every combined circumstance that could touch the tender soul of the Stooping Lady.

And in the end there is of course the stocks for the manly Saxon butcher, with his sweetheart standing at his side when the bullet, which seeks gently to compel the mob (his friends), meets his heart.

It is a new expression in literature for Maurice Hewlett, woven in delicate tones (in spite of the troublous times), never in scarlet or purple as one remembers his old Italian tales or early English days. You are not taken back to the beginning of the nineteenth century, rather you read the history on a piece of slightly faded tapestry. And when the Stooping Lady breaks her heart, you sigh gently, and dream a while, with the book open on your knee. ("The Stooping Lady." By Maurice Hewlett. 366 pages. Price, $1.20. Published by Dodd, Mead & Company.)

ANOTHER book explanatory of the Wagner operas has been published. This one is written by Gertrude Hall and is a prose rendition of the legends upon which the operas are founded. To any one who wishes to understand the underlying motives of the action by knowing something of the story this book will be found very useful as well as interesting. It gives not only the entire story of each one of the operas, using as nearly the words of the text as seems compatible with a smoothly-running prose rendition, but also it interprets most sympathetically the underlying springs of thought and feeling which are made so clear in the music, but which, to one who has not learned to interpret the Wagnerian motifs and to follow the different strands in his wonderful web of harmonies, sometimes seem rather unintelligible when guessed at from the action alone.

As most translations of the Wagnerian libretti are not particularly adequate, this book has distinctly a place and a use of its own. ("The Wagnerian Romances." By Gertrude Hall. Illustrated with portrait. 414 pages. Price $1.50 net. Postage 15c. Published by John Lane Company, New York.)

"READY-TO-WEAR" mysteries is about as dignified a characterization as Antonio Fogazzaro's story

"The Woman" seems to deserve. The psychology does not hold, the construction is jerky and illogical, the heroes and heroines do not win a hearing; they are not men and women, but manikins on which to drape mystery, and they are freshly adorned in each chapter. If Poe in an uncertain moment could have collaborated with Laura Jean Libbey on a society novel, Fogazzaro would have had rival fiction in America.

There are haunted chambers and mysterious correspondences and a "high-born" lady, so self-centered, egotistical and bad-tempered that she goes insane (as one wonders that all her friends did not), and the wicked siren is loved as Ella Wheeler Wilcox alone could tell in poetry, and the good heroine with light hair (the siren is brunette, of course) is unloved and devoted to a long-lost father. Then there are relatives who plot for the inheritance just as it would be on the Third Avenue stage, and in the end the characters do not all live happily ever after,—because they are nearly all dead.

It takes Fogazzaro five hundred pages of fine print to tell you this, because Fogazzaro likes his manikins, and also because he enjoys describing remote Italian scenery, telling family histories and brewing dark secrets which have to be buried thousands of words deep, to surprise you later when revealed in the depths of a long chapter.

Fogazzaro expects you to join with him in playing hide and seek with his dénouements. You are in his confidence when they are hidden and you are courteously startled when they reappear.

When the book is at last finished, you step out of this Eden Musee of fiction and remember D'Annunzio with eagerness. ("The Woman." By Antonio Fogazzaro. 501 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

A BOOK of short stories called "Tales of a Small Town" was written by a man who hides behind the *nom de plume* of "One Who Lived There," but who nevertheless is betrayed by the publication in the front of the book of a list of works by the same delightful writer,—Arthur Jerome Eddy.

Yet it is no wonder that the author of these tales of the happenings of a small town signed himself merely as One Who Lived There, because there is the unmistakable stamp of personal knowledge in all of them. The stories of a small town of sordid tragedies and painful happenings are told with keen recollection of the effect they produced upon a boy who would hardly forget the Village Bully or the Corner Saloon or the Jailbird. The presentation of character is vivid and sympathetic, and is done in the easy way of a man who likes to lean back in his chair and tell you an interesting story about some one he once knew. Although the pathetic and the tragic dominate the comedy element that belongs as well to nearly all village life, there is no morbidness in the way the tales are told, and they will be read with unusual pleasure and interest, especially by any one who has some time lived in such a town. ("Tales of a Small Town." By One Who Lived There. 336 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

ONE of the most delightful of the "Living Masters of Music" Series is the recently published biography of Edvard Grieg, who died only a month or two ago. This sympathetic biography,—which is more an appreciation of the rare spirit and great art of the man than an account of the events of his life,—was written by Henry T. Finck, than whom no one is better qualified to speak with authority. Mr. Finck's long

personal acquaintance with Grieg had led to warm personal friendship, and the book not only gives one a sense of intimate knowledge of the gentle tone poet of Norway, but also a viewpoint which leads to much clearer appreciation of the rarefied quality of his music. One reads biographies largely for information. This one has it in fullest measure, but it also has humanity and great charm and a delightfully lucid, simple style that seems to clear away all thought of interpretation and bring you into immediate touch with the master himself. ("Edvard Grieg." By H. T. Finck. 130 pages, including bibliography and full list of Grieg's works. Price, $1.00 net. Postage, 8c. Published by John Lane Company, New York.)

IT is a little difficult to tell whether Theodore Roberts' latest book, which he calls "The Red Feathers, a Story of Remarkable Adventures When the World Was Young," is a book for children or grownups. In any case it is a mightily interesting book that comes somewhere between an Indian story and a fairy story. The chapters form a continuous tale, and yet each one is a separate story such as might be told around the camp fire while the hunters lay at ease. The hero of the book is the good magician *Wise-as-a-she-wolf,* who, because of his good works, is at peace with *Gitche Manitou,* and who consequently has much more power than *Bright Robe,* the black magician whose skill is used only to work the people harm. The Indians themselves are real Indians, and the magic that forms a part of their daily lives is the kind of magic they really believed in when they made prayers to the sun, the winds, the frost and the stars; when they believed that giants lived in the north; that gods moved about in divers shapes, doing good and evil as their natures permitted them, and that certain wise and crafty men acquired a knowledge of magic and thereby became stronger than the greatest warriors.

The style of the book is that of the teller of detached stories. There is no especially coherent scheme of construction, but the stories are told joyously, as they might be told night after night to children going to bed. Sometimes there is a phrase so beautiful and tender that it almost hurts. There is not a boy or girl who would not love "The Red Feathers," and the chances are that the book would be surreptitiously borrowed by their parents "just for a casual glance" after the youngsters had gone to bed. ("The Red Feathers." By Theodore Roberts. Illustrated and decorated by Charles Livingston Bull. 325 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by L. C. Page & Company, Boston.)

A DELICATE little idyll that extends from the times "befo' de wah" to the present, is F. Hopkinson Smith's "Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman." It is superfluous to say that the story is charmingly told and that the characters who greet you from its pages are of the most lovable type. When the differences between North and South were just beginning to simmer, a young artist painted the portrait of a beautiful young woman whose husband found fault with the way he had painted it. The artist, being honest, and very much in love with the young woman, went away. Both the severe and elderly husband and the charming young wife died soon after the war, and the artist, after long years abroad and the winning of much fame, becomes the best friend of their son, who was a little child when the portrait, upon which the whole story hangs, was painted. It is a charming and tender romance with an undercurrent of pathos through it all, and it is presented with illustrations by

A. I. Keller that show a sympathetic understanding of Mr. Smith's own idea of his characters. ("The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman." By F. Hopkinson Smith. Illustrated. 213 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

EVERY lover of Hans Christian Andersen—that is to say, every child of few or many years who has wandered with him in fairyland and learned under his guidance to come closer to the unseen spirits of Nature—will welcome with joy Paul Harboe's new book, "A Child's Story of Hans Christian Andersen." The brilliant young Norwegian writer of short stories, who died only a few months ago at the very threshold of what promised to be great achievement, has written for children, with all the love of a man of the north and all the understanding of a poet, about the intimate life and characteristics of the beloved Danish story-teller.

The book is written so simply that any child old enough to read Andersen's own fairy stories would understand and enjoy it, and yet it is a book whose appeal to older people is that of a most sympathetic biography. The tale of Andersen's early life, especially, is delightfully told, with many anecdotes showing the early hardships and also the many happinesses of his life as a child. The whole keynote of his character, as boy and man, is given in one paragraph toward the end of the book, where his biographer says: "The nature of his wonderful success, of his world-wide fame, never tainted his heart with arrogance. In hours when the praises and rewards of men raised him to the glory of a king, in hours of triumph, his inmost thoughts were with his Creator, his divine protector. 'If I have wrought good,' he said, 'God's alone be the glory, and may I never write down a single word that I shall not be able to account for to him!'" ("A Child's Story of Hans Christian Andersen." By Paul Harboe. Illustrated. 278 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by Duffield & Company, New York.)

MANY people write stories for children, but few come so close to a child's point of view as does Mrs. Jasmine Stone Van Dresser in her charming little book, "How to Find Happyland." The secret of Mrs. Van Dresser's insight into child nature is told in the dedication to her own little boy, for whom the stories were written—not told, as inventions of the moment, but lovingly written out during his babyhood and laid away in a drawer until the little chap should be old enough to hear them and understand. There is every healthy appeal to a child's fancy in this book, without any of the grewsome or undesirable elements that rouse such serious question as to the effect of the old folklore which now lives in the form of fairy stories for children. There is no obvious moral conveyed in the finding of Happyland, and yet each little tale, such as "How a Foolish Wolf Learned to be Satisfied," "The Princess's Looking-glass," or "The Thirteen Jeweled Letters," carries one of those subtle lessons, that, when told in such a way, becomes naturally and easily a part of the development of a child's character. No better holiday book has appeared this year than "How to Find Happyland," and the pictures scattered liberally through it are evidences of as great understanding of children as the stories themselves. They are

nearly all colored and, without being fantastic, they are the most "fairy-ish" things that can be imagined. Anyone who will look back into his own childhood and remember his own dreams about the way fairies looked and what they did, will find all his delightful imaginings sketched out for him in the illustrations of this most rememberable little book. ("How to Find Happyland, a Book of Children's Stories." By Jasmine Stone Van Dresser. Illustrated by Florence E. Storer. 122 pages. Price, $2.00. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.)

TWO more dainty little leather-bound volumes have been added to the Caxton Thin Paper Classics. One is that unforgetable picture of the Renaissance, "The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini." To any one who has read it no comment is necessary, except that it is a joy to have the book compressed within sufficiently small compass to be carried easily in the pocket. If any one is unfortunate enough not to have read it, some kind friend ought to give him this little thin-leaved limp leather bound volume as a Christmas gift.

Another book of the same series is "Early Italian Poets," translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The most notable Italian poems from Ciullo D'Alcamo to Dante Alighieri, that is, covering the period from 1100 to 1300, are given in the original meters, together with Dante's "Vita Nuova." The translations blend all the spirit of the old Italian poets with the spirit of Rossetti, and the publication of the book in this form will be warmly welcomed. ("The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini." Translated by Thomas Roscoe and illustrated with photogravure portrait. 571 pages. Price, $1.25 net. "Early Italian Poets." By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Illustrated by photogravure portrait. 338 pages. Price, $1.25 net. Both published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

SEARCHERS for gift books for the holidays might well pause to glance through "Sonnets to Duse and Other Poems," by Sara Teasdale. The first part of the book is entirely given up to enthusiastic sonnets to Eleonora Duse, and the remainder to poems and sonnets on various other subjects. There is a good deal of delicate poetic quality in all these poems, and the strain of music, though not inevitably compelling, is sweet. The book is illustrated with a number of pictures of Duse and is published in very attractive form. ("Sonnets to Duse and Other Poems." By Sara Teasdale. 44 pages. Illustrated. Price, $1.00. Published by The Poet Lore Company, Boston.)

A LITTLE book that sets out to be original, yet is hardly likely to create any conflagration in either the North or East Rivers, is "The Lovers' Club," by Philetus Brown. It begins with the establishment of a school for lovers. A certain number of people form a club and are lectured to by an attractive young woman who is the originator and president of the club. The others all give their experience, and there is much philosophizing on the nature of love and some of its penalties. It is a book in which a series of anecdotes are woven together with a thin thread of moralizing, and it might serve to while away an otherwise idle half-hour. ("The Lovers' Club." By Philetus Brown. 155 pages. Published by The Old Greek Press, New York.)

MANY people who enjoy pleasant stories are already familiar with the tales by Winfield Scott Moody that have now been gathered into book form

under the title of "The Pickwick Ladle." The stories are nothing startling, just the adventures of a pair of young collectors who are enthusiastic enough to find their biggest thrills in the possession or the loss of a roseback plate, a black hawthorn jar, a sideboard, a set of china, or the Pickwick ladle itself. Of course the stories merely hinge on this passion for collecting, and many other incidents are woven in to give the element of romance . It is one of the pleasant books of the year, and will be read with pleasure by many people, but it is hardly likely to outlast the season. ("The Pickwick Ladle and Other Collector's Stories." By Winfield Scott Moody. Illustrated. 276 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

AN historical novel which shows much research and understanding of the Greek point of view is entitled "A Victor of Salamis." It is written by William Stearns Davis, the author of several historical novels dealing with the ancient world, and is interesting in plot as well as readable in style, although the impression it gives of the times is a bit shadowy.

To write a tale of ancient Greece that would give the reader the feeling that it must have been written by a Greek is a task to be accomplished only once in a great while. Even Sienkiewicz, whose Polish trilogy was so tremendously vital and convincing, lost his grip on real life when he wrote "Quo Vadis." "A Victor of Salamis" is as interesting in its way as "Quo Vadis" and gives the same impression of exhaustive learning in all that pertains to the period, but also the characters convey the same impression of figures in a magic lantern moving across a screen. ("A Victor of Salamis. A Tale of Xerxes, Leonidas and Themistocles," by William Stearns Davis. 450 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by MacMillan & Company, New York.)

MR. Ralph Waldo Trine is a gentle and fervent mystic whose books have appealed to a very numerous class of readers. Written with religious enthusiasm and in simple, often eloquent, English, and putting forth platitudes with the air of one who has made new and important discoveries, they require no very serious mental exertion on the part of the reader. In his latest book, "In the Fire of the Heart," Mr. Trine has entered upon the domain of politico-social discussion and kept his "New Thought" philosophy well in the background. He deals with the great problems of social unrest—the idle rich, the suffering poor, child labor, corrupt politics and so on; citing "authorities" whose reliability is not always certain. He outlines a social programme which includes municipal ownership, direct nominations, the initiative and referendum, and other familiar reforms. The book will doubtless interest a large number of persons, but should not be too literally accepted. ("In the Fire of the Heart." By Ralph Waldo Trine. 336 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by McClure, Phillips & Company, New York.)