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"CANAL AT LISIEUX": E.
LAMBERT COOPER, PAINTER.

# THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XIV — JUNE, 1908 — NUMBER 3

## Contents

"Canal at Lisieux" . . . By E. Lambert Cooper . . . Frontispiece

Is There a Sex Distinction in Art? . . . By Giles Edgerton . . . 239
The Attitude of the Critic toward Women's Exhibits
*Illustrated*

The Tribute Silver: A Story . . . By Elizabeth Carr McMakin . . . 252

In Season: A Poem . . . By Isabella Howe Fiske . . . 259

Gateways Old and New . . . 260
Some Examples of the Charm of an Interesting Garden Entrance
*Illustrated*

Getting Back to Our Base of Supplies . . . By Edgar J. Hollister . . . 267
What the Revival of Small Farming Would Mean to this Country

The Arts and Crafts Movement in America: Prize Essay
By Charles F. Binns . . . 275

The Environment of a Country Home . . . By E. Drusille Ford . . . 280
*Illustrated*

The Idealist: A Poem . . . By Elsa Barker . . . 288

The Wedding Gift: A Story . . . By Emery Pottle . . . 289

The Book of the Year: A Poem . . . By L. M. Montgomery . . . 300

And Pippa Dances . . . By M. Winthrop . . . 301

Among the Craftsmen
An Architect's Office that Furnishes Just the Right Environment for Good Creative Work . . . 302
*Illustrated*

Design in Theory and Practice: A Series of Lessons: Number IX.
*Illustrated* . . . By Ernest A. Batchelder . . . 310

From The Craftsman Workshops
Modern Sideboards and Metal Work . . . 321
*Illustrated*

The Craftsmen's Guild
The Application of Modern Dyestuffs to Arts and Crafts Work:
General Introduction . . . By Prof. Charles E. Pellew . . . 327

Als ik Kan . . . By the Editor . . . 335

Notes and Reviews . . . 339
*Illustrated*

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THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XIV JUNE, 1908 NUMBER 3

# IS THERE A SEX DISTINCTION IN ART? THE ATTITUDE OF THE CRITIC TOWARD WOMEN'S EXHIBITS: BY GILES EDGERTON

AN EXHIBITION of paintings at the Knoedler Galleries, New York, during the month of April, brought forth many extended press notices and a good deal of argument of a kind; not because the paintings heralded a new school of development in American art, or even advancement along established lines (if we except a most unusual and distinguished portrait called "The Miniature Painter," by Ella Condie Lamb), but frankly because it was a women's exhibit. The reviewers apparently entered the galleries with a point of view at once tolerant and sentimental; as if to say, "The poor dears; why shouldn't they play around with their little feminine art? Who are we, the great of the world, to discourage or criticise their harmless amusement?" and then they went away and wrote long foolish notices, praising some work that was distinctly poor and dipping their pens in treacle where criticism was inevitable. After a careful summing up of the different reviews, I cannot see that any man approached the subject with the honest frankness, the open mind, alert brain, the willingness to see in a dignified way the unpleasant thing, if necessary, which he would have taken to an exhibit such as the National Academy, or the Ten American Painters, or any individual studio showing of work, where men and women face the public definitely seeking honest opinion.

This Exhibition of Paintings by Women Artists was presented to the public with a sentimental plea, and the critic, the usual arbiter of the destiny of American art, took a fair new pad and a soft pencil and went forth to it as a knight-errant, with powers of analysis laved in chivalry. The gentler sex should receive no blow at his hands; not if real courtesy knew its place. Now this Chesterfield-Bayard-Raleigh attitude toward accomplishment in art is honestly about the last thing in the world that the genuine hard-working women artists—who are striving just as men are for the best that they can express

about the truth of things—want. On the contrary, they are humiliated by it. They resent a sex distinction in art (not in the variation of art, but in the quality) and they honestly prefer just discriminating criticism to this attitude of tender-hearted masculine protection.

Such painters among the exhibitors as Charlotte Coman, Alice Schille, Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, Elen and Lydia Field Emmet, are accustomed to face the juries of the Pennsylvania Academy, Pittsburgh, and the National Academy with no more heart palpitation than any good artist must experience. Their work is judged side by side with Sargent's, Chase's, Wiles's and Lathrop's, and they expect and are entitled to the same dignity of criticism. They belong to the art world of America. They are not afraid of a trial by jury, and they are accepted and hung or rejected, as the case may be, without sentiment or chivalry. And this leads us back to exactly the point we wish to make in this article: that a "women's exhibit" is something out of the past. It is Eighteen-Thirty in expression and belongs to the helpless days of crinoline when ladies fainted if they were spoken to with undue harshness; when a sampler, at least in America, was the only field for feminine artistic endeavor.

IT STANDS to reason, if one thinks at all about these things, that there must forever be a wide differentiation between the painting that men do and that women do, because in all the civilized world there is such a tremendous variation in the outlook on life of men and women. As long as society decrees this radical sex difference in the attitude of men and women toward the world and of the world to them, there must follow along the same lines exactly a corresponding difference in the art expression of men and women. Composition, technique, color may be taught by the same master in the same studio to a group of boys and girls, but when these boys and girls have grown up and have gone through the essential experiences of life, they will inevitably paint the same subjects differently, the work of women being so classified by the woman's outlook that inevitably there would ensue comparison, an interesting appreciation of certain qualities that women have expressed and a different sort of enjoyment for the feeling that men have painted into their canvases. Each may be progressive and each great in achievement, but under present social conditions there must be the fundamental difference.

It is not once in a generation that a woman so subverts her essentially characteristic outlook on life to her work that her art impulse becomes universal, as that of the greatest men often is. One feels

that Cecilia Beaux has done this in her portrait work, as George Eliot did in her stories. One feels, too, something of the universal quality in the work of Charlotte Coman, but one is not quite sure whether it is the result of achievement greater than personality or whether it is born from a certain attitude of delicate reserve toward Nature, a certain tender courtesy toward all the illusions that cover the land for every season of the year. One cannot tell quite whether it is the universal quality of genius or whether it is just a fine sort of reticence that will not obtrude one's own personality upon Nature.

One of the most impersonal of the women sculptors is Miss Abastenia St. Leger Eberle. Her work does not suggest an effort to overcome a feminine point of view or to ape the masculine ways of achievement. She just seems to present people, little children, old beggar women, Indians, more absolutely than individually. Especially is this true of children. It is not just that she makes you feel that she loves children; it is rather the way she presents her babies, chubby, grubby little girls especially, that awakens in you the sensation that you love them, without any regard to her sentiment. However, Cecilia Beaux and Abastenia Eberle are not in the women's exhibit, and so we are wandering far afield.

But grant, as a rule, a compulsory sex difference in art. Look for it; admire it; classify all art by it; all this is just, but it is equally just to go a step farther and rank both the expressions as of equal interest; demanding equal technical excellence, equal standards of perfection in composition, color values and sympathetic understanding of life, and the same courage in facing the attitude of a usually unsympathetic, unappreciative public. No one has a right to ride a steeplechase who cannot keep a quiet saddle for the hurdles. It is fatal that women should accept rejection at the hands of big exhibits with a feeling of hurt vanity, turn about and decide "to have an exhibit of their own anyway, and just hang any picture they want to." Not that Academy decisions are final toward art, for the juries often reject very important and significant work and hang very dull and inadequate pictures. Indeed, at times this threatens to become the rule, and men have this matter to face as well as women. All that is necessary to point out in this connection is that women should never for one moment admit that the rejection is made because it is *women's* work. The somewhat revolutionary young American artists called "The Eight," by chance all men, did not go away from the Academy last fall pouting and fretting. They gathered up their rejected pictures with apparently a light heart, expressed a few pointed

opinions as to the stupidity of the jury that *could* reject them; were promptly invited by a very understanding and sympathetic art dealer to hold a little academy of their own, which turned out the most successful art exhibit of the year.

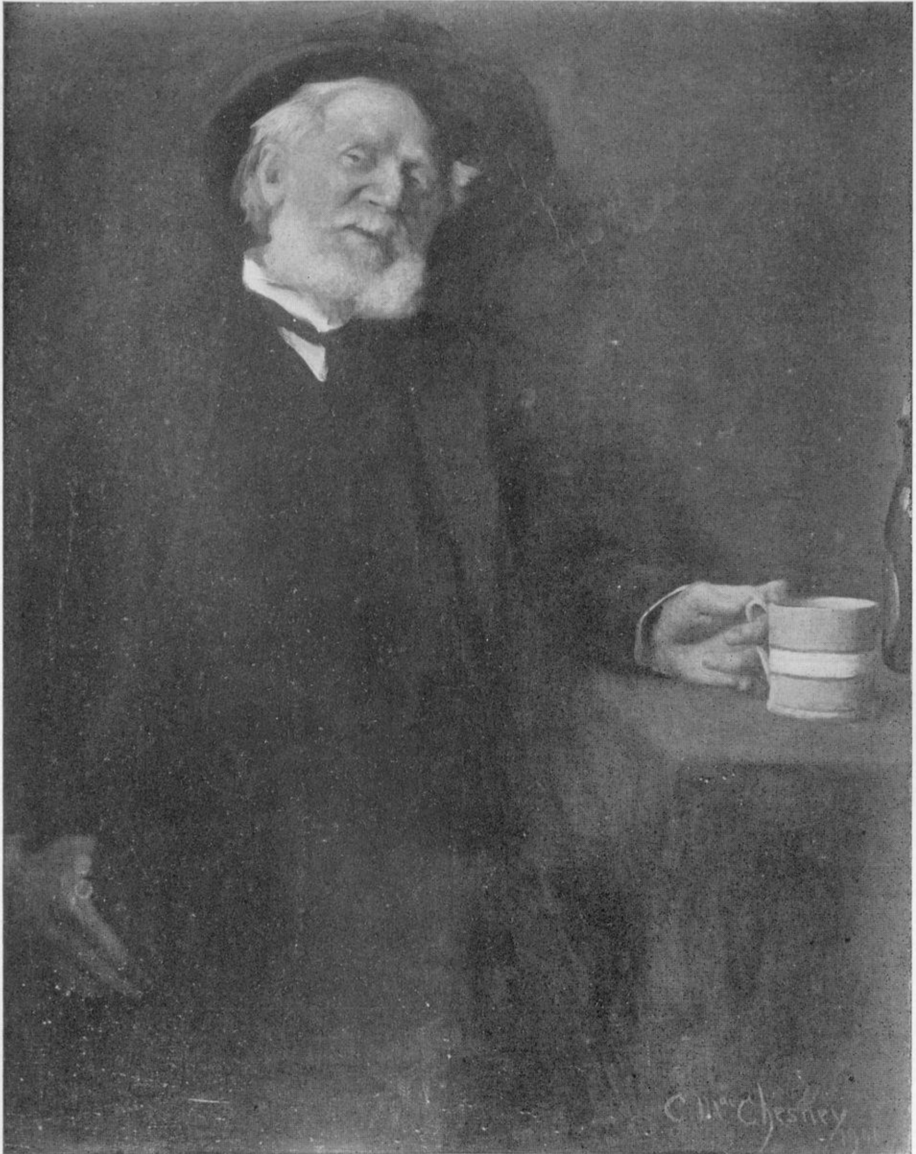
NOW in spite of some very excellent work at the Knoedler Galleries, and a few paintings of exceptional value, the exhibition as a whole would not have secured half a column press notice if it had been a mixed exhibit. It would then have been taken seriously, praised highly in some instances, moderately in others, and vigorously condemned where the work deserved it. And the women who were poor craftsmen would have learned some valuable truths, and would not have been permitted the poor satisfaction of thinking that "a woman's *feeling* in art is so interesting that it does not matter whether she understands drawing, or perspective, or composition, or technique." Fancy an intelligent art critic feeling justified in saying as praise of an exhibit that there was "a soprano note in the work," and that the pictures were "evidently painted for women, with that straight march to the central sentiment which characterizes the 'intuitional' artist."

What utter rubbish that is! In the first place, women do not paint for women, any more than they dress for women or do anything else for women. The genuine woman works for her own self-esteem, or to win out with the world, or, as a by-product of her own effort, to win praise and appreciation from men. And why in the world should not painting "which has tenderness, grace and appeal" (to quote the same authority), interest men as well as women, or men even more than women? But here is the difficulty. The minute that you label any sort of exhibit as exclusively "women's" you have let loose the flood gates of masculine sentimentality, and an honest point of view apparently cannot obtain. As for instance the phrase "intuitional art!" What could have a more sentimental ring to it? and what possible meaning can it have as applied to women's work? Does it suggest that women are not expected "to mark, learn, and inwardly digest" their craft, that they can *guess* at success, that they may jumble in a heap oxen and a woodpile so that the whole suggests "After an Earthquake" (and this done by a woman who *can* paint), that they may draw a face so impressionistically that it looks as if the model had been interrupted in an operation for the sitting; that an Art Nouveau-Burne-Jones girl can be drawn with a neck a quarter as long as her body and then be exhibited as a siren? If

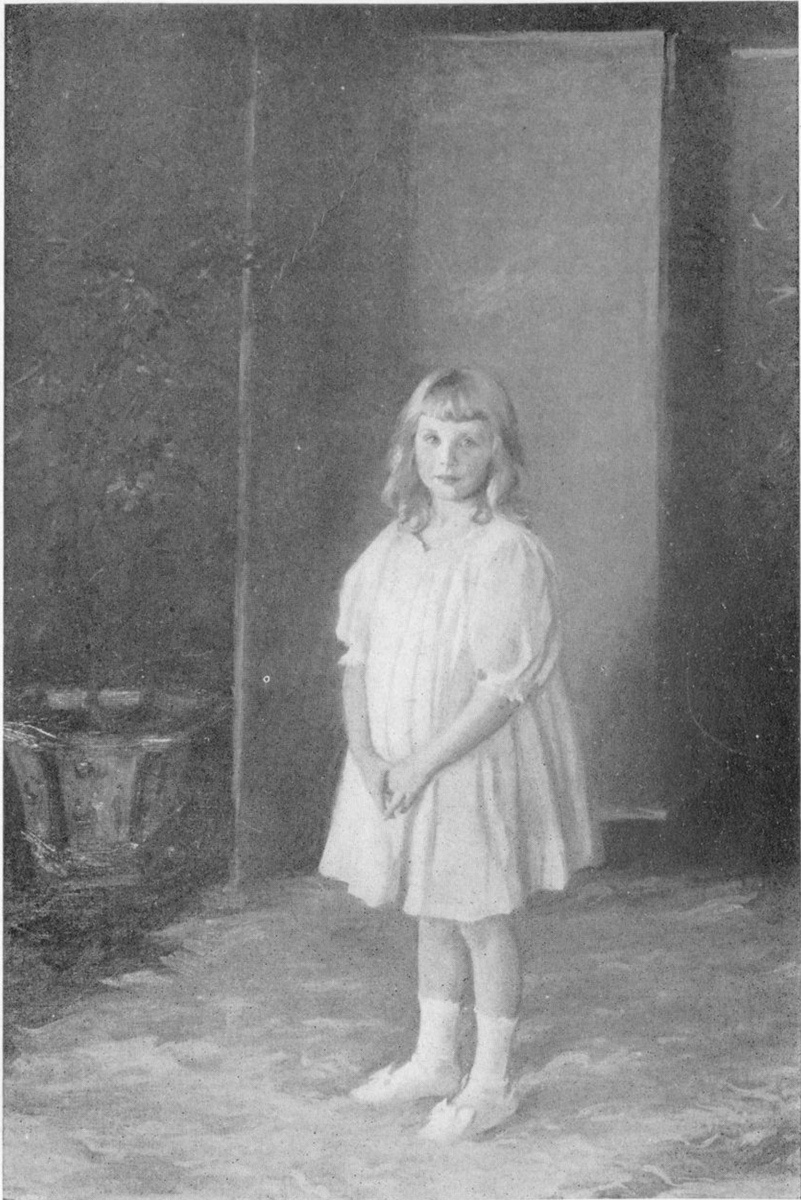
"LATE AFTERNOON—QUAKER HILL":
CHARLOTTE COMAN, PAINTER.

"THE RUBICUND," PORTRAIT OF C.
GILIBERT: ELLEN EMMET, PAINTER.

"THE MINIATURE PAINTER," PORTRAIT STUDY: ELLA CONDIE LAMB, PAINTER.



"THE GOOD STORY," PORTRAIT STUDY:
CLARA MAC CHESNEY, PAINTER.



"A PORTRAIT": LYDIA FIELD EMMET, PAINTER.

"GAMINS," VENICE: RHODA HOLMES NICHOLLS, PAINTER.

this is "intuitional art," then there was some of it at the women's exhibit, the "art" that moves without care or study or logical preparation to its work. It is hard to know whether this phrase is silly or wise, kind or cruel, or just intended to be pleasantly mysterious, because truth is not usual in such criticism. But it seems to me that this sort of talk, and much besides that was published immediately after the press day of this exhibit, is far more seriously a handicap to any real progress of women in art than the most unjust or prejudiced point of view that an Academy jury could possibly show. We have already granted a difference in art expression for men and women, but these expressions can never move along in parallel lines without identical standards of self-esteem, of willingness to work for success, equal desire for honest and dignified criticism, and the courage to benefit by it.

I think not all but many of the greatest men and women artists agree with this point of view. That a number of significant women did not exhibit at Knoedler's would confirm this impression. For there are some women who neither care to be segregated in an exhibition or to contribute to the rather popular impression that this segregation in art is essential or even reasonable.

Not a universal point of view, however, this, for there was work at the women's exhibit of rare attainment which had been hung in the past at some of the most judicial homes of art, which had won honors at Philadelphia, Paris and New York, and other work which undoubtedly could have won honors had it courageously faced the jury. Two of the best of Mrs. Coman's landscapes were shown, wonderful misty blue hillsides, views of the Harlem Valley seen from Quaker Hill. They are a curiously poignant presentation of July hills, miles of beauty spread out before you and all wrapped in a delicate poetical haze that somehow shut you away, and yet stirred your imagination toward their beauty. A woman's feeling about nature, but of equal appeal to all sympathetic men and women, and presented with a technique sure and subtle. In most of the press notices Mrs. Coman's work did not appear.

ONE of the first paintings to hold one's attention (for Mrs. Coman's paintings you did not always see first) was a delightful portrait of an old artist called "The Good Story," by Clara MacChesney. It is admirably painted, full of life and good cheer; a happy old man with a radiant spirit, no nerves, a keen zest for life, regarding a glass of beer still a pleasant adventure. This work of

Miss MacChesney's is done inevitably, no tricks of technique, no personal whim about it, but vigorous, direct work and a most interesting management of black surfaces. Just near this friendly old artist a dear little girl is walking out of a frame. She looks a bit surprised, but rather pleased on the whole and very much alive, as Lydia Emmet's children's portraits always do. The background for the little girl is very simple, as backgrounds should be in the portraits of children, and there is no effort for pose, as one so often sees in the imitation "royal children" in our National Academy.

Two canvases of Alice Schille were hung at this exhibit, both of children, and one, "The Study Hour," full of charm in composition and done with the most interesting loose brush work. Wherever I have seen this artist's work I have been impressed with its beauty; a delightful sympathy with life expressed through trained eye and hand.

The most inescapable portrait shown was a life-size painting called, "The Miniature Painter," which was managed so simply, so directly, the delicate creams of the dress, the pale yellow of the scarf and the rich, sensible brunette head so admirably handled and contrasted that it was a pleasant refreshing experience to turn to it again and again. It was made beautiful by the management of lights and shadows and the great simplicity of treatment. And one felt grateful that it evidently did not intend to symbolize "Youth," or "Work," or even "Youth at Work;" it was just a serenely painted portrait of a very wholesome, capable, charming young woman, who looked as though, having decided to paint miniatures, she would do them extremely well and with a great deal of pleasure to herself. One man who is much interested in painting was overheard to say, "That white study is done so honestly and naïvely, it seems almost like a new school of portrait painting." And it is needless to say that the result is beautiful enough to encourage Mrs. Lamb to hold to this standard in all her portrait work, no matter what the medium.

The name of Rhoda Holmes Nicholls almost inevitably suggests the shore of some bit of ocean, yellow sand dunes or blue harbors and fishing smacks idling about in sunlight or mist, the home edge of the sea, full of color, of dreams and contentment. But at this exhibit her two canvases were quite different in subject. One was a slender girl holding a bowl of roses, the roses and the girl's hands charmingly painted, but the figure uninteresting in line and color. Far more sympathetic was a Venetian water color sketch; "Gamins," it was called. A group of gay, picturesque little Italian boys lounging about and laughing in the sunlight; very lightly and delicately painted, yet full of expression and vivid the effect of tones.

The "Canal at Lisieux," by Emma L. Cooper, one remembers to have seen at the Pennsylvania Academy this past winter. It is a pleasant rendering of a picturesque scene, sluggish water reflecting mossy old houses, which simple architecture, time and nature have made so alluring to the artist. The study lacks poetry or any faint touch of the wild strange mystery which Turner portrayed on his Venetian canvases, yet in color and texture, as it were, it is a pleasant scene.

THERE were a number of portraits besides those already mentioned, a delightfully frank vigorous study of C. Gilibert by Ellen Emmet, done with an easy pose and a cheerful expression which somehow does not antagonize, which you feel that the great French baritone would not resent. Still other portraits less significant but not without quality, were by May Lewis Close, Janet Wheeler, Mrs. Charles Melville Dewey, Adèle Winckler, and Marion Swinton. Two seashore sketches by Lucy Scott Bower, without being wholly satisfactory in technique, nevertheless held the attention because of a certain breadth of treatment and appeal to the imagination, as though the artist had seen things in a big way and caught what was possible of space and strange barrenness and even night on her canvases.

And besides these pictures were sixty or more canvases, some with very distinct merit of one kind or another, but few with any effect of complete mastery of craft—as if a woman with an interesting sense of color values must deem drawing unessential, or, knowing how to draw well, what matter if the color goes muddy and suggests damp pools instead of objects of art, or, the idea being good, why pay the least attention to detail; and over and over again appeared the strange delusion that vagueness or dullness of color was atmosphere, that the uncertain stroke was impressionism; and, worst of all, that the eccentric was creative, and the startling, brilliant.

In spite of the good work which has been noted, there remained, after a sixth inspection, the impression that the exclusive women's exhibit is out of harmony with present-day growth and development, that women need with men but one standard of art progress, though there may be a thousand expressions of it; that an exhibit cannot be representative of good work without a committee of examination, whether of men or women. Better an unfair jury than none, and that the press will cease to be amusing, supercilious, patronizing toward women in art when these matters are adjusted, and will extend to them the dignity and seriousness in criticism which the right progressive situation would demand.

# THE TRIBUTE SILVER: A STORY: BY ELIZABETH CARR McMAKIN

ROUND about the lonely cottage that stood in an expanse of cultivated farmland, Nature revealed herself in plain and stern aspect: hedging in the clean utility of the fields, the pine trees rose in uncompromising uprightness, and the gray stone boulder that stood in solitary relief against them, on the east, suggested a calm strength impervious to destructive forces. The one tender touch in the picture lay in the distance—beyond the fields and woods and house tops of the adjacent town—in the slender church spire pointing upward against the western sky.

On the piazza of the cottage two women were waiting for the car. Their conversation, as they whiled away the time, had suddenly taken the personal turn which the guest had for the past hour been vainly striving to give it. She realized, still, the precariousness of the situation, and at the more critical junctures, where angularities in her hostess obtruded more acutely, she digressed judiciously, yet not so far as not to be able to steer naturally, if not comfortably, back to the main question. At the present uneasy period she withdrew her veiled scrutiny of the coarse garb of her companion, and looked off over the cotton fields, still patched with white, with a puzzled air. It was not wanton curiosity that was goading her to ascertain the truth concerning her young friend's estrangement from Herbert Long, nor was it officious interest that was prompting her to make a plea for their reconciliation: so fundamentally, to her thought, did this woman's character stand for the ethical in life, that, —this single flaw threatening the security of the whole,—she felt unable to go on her way harmoniously, until the just cause of the weakness was known.

"I know," she presently suggested, "that you have inherited your father's judicial mind, without the saving impracticality of your mother's, but the inheritance shouldn't have enslaved you; and the fact that Herbert does nothing to disabuse the world of its belief that you treated him inconsiderately is not reconcilable with your character. I am hurt; your friends are hurt; and you yourself are injured."

Instantly the girl drew within herself, then, as by a decisive stroke of will, yielded. She opened her lips to speak, but the older woman interrupted her, impatiently. "I'm not going over all that," she continued, "those worn causes: your lack of health, his lack of money; your plan of taking advantage of his slavery in order to fit him, through

hardship, for the finer success; I know the whole stoic perpetration, but what I do not know is, when he had met your every exaction, how you could have the heart to destroy him like this."

The younger woman turned her head and looked into her guest's face, an expression of concern in her eyes: "Like this? Like what?"

"The only reason I can conceive of," the guest continued, not heeding the question, "is that you had ceased to love him, which reason, forsooth, is inconceivable."

The young woman leaned over and gave the cat that was purring at her feet one light, gentle stroke with her roughened hand. "What is love?" she queried.

"I do not know, I'm sure," the other replied, with a vexed laugh, "but one ventures to suppose it is a compound of which mercy is one of the elements."

The girl stood up and let her eyes wander dispassionately over the fields. Her poise was irritating. Her friend, watching her, hesitated a moment, then said: "I want the truth."

The continued silence of the young hostess was evidence of her unwillingness to enter a situation that had been made too intimately personal. But presently, deliberately, as one hard disciplined to meet the day's work without evasion or slight, she said, simply: "I will tell you."

But she did not continue at once, and appeared as mentally casting about for the least self-inflicting form of verbal expression, breaking with difficulty through her reserve. "Perhaps you do not know," she finally began, in halting progress, "that I have seen Herbert Long only twice since father died—three years ago?"

The elder woman uttered some inarticulate murmur of surprise, but did not otherwise comment, and the girl slowly continued: "It was the year father left us that the temptation to marry him was so strong, my loss so emphasized my loneliness and my poverty, but,—well, we talked it over, and, as you know, it ended with his going abroad for three years, primarily in the interest of a friend's business, and my coming here, to seek for health. My whole thought after that was ordered, I may as well admit, with one end in view,—to hold his love. I was fearful at first, for he was having great opportunity, while my life here was the narrowing existence of any common farmer. However, I seemed to have small difficulty in holding him; he was æsthetic; he is still," smiling; "an excess of the quality is one of the flaws of his work, and I, in my own weakness, responded to his clamors for the letters 'that held beauty,—that held joy.'

"The farce of my attitude and treatment presently came home to me when my struggle for a bare living opened my mind to the side of life that smiles at unapplied theories. The keen barter with rude men for a cow, or a mule; the haggling with the rich over the price of a dozen eggs; the setting aright the misplaced generosity of the impulsive; one's stand toward the thoughtless, the indifferent, the dishonest,—from all these dealings it was something to come out with clean hands and a fair mind, and to know one had done nothing to keep one's neighbor from standing in like way beside one. This close, hard intercourse with practical men and women tended to relegate the merely beautiful to its proper relation to other things, and when I saw that Herbert Long was gleaning the refinement of the old world and getting little else, I gave to him the worth of my experience; it furnished a rough stuff needful to the healthy body of his work, and, apparently, my reward came. You can imagine with what interest I watched every step of his advancement during those years, for he wrote freely, and the delight with which I noted what seemed to me to be a development,—which I bent every energy to foster.

"I was very nearly happy, for the secret spring from which I drew the strength that kept me up through all was the belief that his love for me was deepening, gradually losing its whimsical, passionate nature, and settling into the strong and even lines that stand the test of time and change. Out of all this"—she gave a slight, abrupt wave of her hand toward the open,—"together with the knowledge I had reaped from the other sources, I gleaned spiritual truth, and this I used, to hold him. In the generously sweet and lovable way that had always characterized him and rooted him ineradicably in my heart, where he filled my need, he made his quick, glad response: his work was richer in meaning because of me, and I was necessary to it; I was his soul's complement; only together did we form a complete whole; and through me the real life was opening before him. He said much, in fact, that he was doubtless sorry for afterward, and yet, he told the truth: I was his soul's complement, for I possessed the things he lacked, and in that he had the one thing I had not, and needed,—the softness that relieved and redeemed the hardness of my nature."

Far down the track the car rushed into sight; its whirr sounded across the cotton field as it neared and sped by unheeded.

"When the time for the home-coming drew near," the young woman continued, "it was a joyous cry that came across to me,—the gladness

of looking into my eyes, of hearing my voice, of touching my hands, of claiming me! How my body must have grown in rare beauty with my soul!" Half unconsciously she raised one toil-worn hand and scrutinized it, and glanced down at her coarse garments and roughly shod feet. "He harped on that so, and when I sought to open his eyes to the truth, he would not believe me,—and dwelt on my modesty. Then it was that the fear came home to me that it was not my happiness, but my tragedy, that was at my door. My fight for a living in the open had brought hardiness, but in my fervent quest for what I deemed to be better things, I neglected,—even sacrificed,—that which had first won his fancy. All the time he was advancing in exquisite polish, I was paying for my gain in knotted hands and awkwardness. I didn't think he could stand the shock of seeing me here, in this way—" again she gave a downward glance at herself, "and I didn't believe I had the strength to give him up. But there was only one way open, and those last few months were the fire from which I came out tempered for action." She moved a few paces away from her guest, changing her position so that the sun fell less directly on her face. But its soft rays still covered her, accentuating and hallowing the stern lines of her figure.

"He came home presently,—to some fame, to much praise, to old interests; and to new ones. It was his wish, he said his *prayer*, that I should be the first to welcome him, and I did not gainsay him; he came straight to me." She was silent for a thoughtful moment. From the rear of the cottage a pony grazed leisurely into view, and, seeing his mistress, lifted his head with a glad whinny and came to the side of the railing to rub his nose against her sleeve. Her hand sought his mane with a clinging, loving touch before she gave the gentle push that sent him away to his grazing again.

"You understand the artistic temperament as well as I do," she concluded, "its needs, its exactions; and I think," it was a ghost of a smile that wavered on her lips, "that the story really ends here."

The older woman looked bewildered: "Do you mean to say——" she began; the face of the other suddenly hardened. "Yes," sharply, "I mean to say just that; in fact I rejected him; in truth he rejected me. Oh, it was not all done in a moment," she cried, the lines of her face obediently relaxing at the command of her will, "and his conduct was irreproachable; the surface of things was preserved in a flawless beauty and harmony; he asked me how soon he might take me away from—*this*" her glance swept the open, "and try to nurse me back to my old self. I put him off from month to month, hoping

in fasting and prayer—I had fallen so low—that there was some spark of the former feeling left in him, but his old passion seemed as dead as was my old self; we couldn't go back; we tried. Finally, in apparently outworn patience, he wrote the letter in which he asked me if I would either marry him or free him from the bondage of his hope, —from—the—bondage—of—his—hope; you see, he was graceful to the last. I gave him his freedom."

The story was in truth ended, but the woman who had been listening was irritated beyond endurance.

"But what is the meaning of it all?" she cried, with pain in her voice, "I see only purposelessness, emptiness."

Her companion was silent. The guest regarded her uncertainly for a moment, then said: "I can't understand, surely he was not blind——"

"Not to the outside of things," the other answered, smiling.

"You have no word of blame for him?"

"He was only true to himself,—as he has thus far found himself."

"Well, tell me this:" the unpacified guest urged, in sheer exasperation, "according to your theory that you furnished the energy for his success, that you are practically the whole thing thus far anyway, will his future work be lacking, now that he is only a fraction of a soul, for you needn't dream that this woman he is to marry is your moral twin?"

Her companion was silent,—silent for a long while.

"There will be a lull in his work now, for a time," she said, finally, in a dulled tone, "after that, I cannot tell. If he is to be married, as you say, much will depend for him on her influence." She raised deliberate eyes to her friend's face. "You say you know her?"

"Yes," adding, with malicious sarcasm, "she hath a beautiful body."

"What kind of wife will she make him? Will his pleasure last?"

"That is what hurts me so," urged the older woman; "To think of your turning him over to a woman like that! No, she'll make him wretched, in the end!" A sudden, grateful light shone in the other's face.

"Oh, well then," she cried, in a tone of relief, "his continued success is probably assured." Her friend stared for a moment in a surprise she made no effort to conceal, then gave a helpless smile.

A faint flush tinged the younger woman's face, which was gone ere it appeared, but which for the moment so transfigured her as to quicken the light in her friend's eyes.

"I mean," she quietly sought to explain, "that he must go from energy to energy, getting his inspiration outside of himself, and, always, his most useful means of advancement must be unsatisfied sense; happiness would mean death to his work."

The guest smiled unbelievingly. "Do you think he is capable of—fixed fancy, we will call it?" she asked.

"According to your standard he is," was the reply.

"Then, according to the same standard, you have never loved him," she announced. Her companion looked startled for a moment, then said, quietly, "Probably so."

"Certainly so," the older woman continued, calmly, her mind falling at last into its habitual logical action. "You have exaggerated every condition, from his moral to your physical weakness. You've starved and abused yourself and him until he is a cripple and you are deformed. You haven't been unselfish; you've been only cruel; you haven't been strong and heroic; it's you that have been the weakling,—a slave to fear, afraid to share the common joys and common sorrows that are the healthful, ennobling portion of man and woman. Your influence has reached beyond the seas to be choked back at last to a one-horse farm, where the dogs and the chickens get the wealth of your heart. And now, to cap it all, you say you are giving this man his freedom, when you are only sealing his sentence of life imprisonment. And you call this love? My dear, he has much to forgive you!" Her eyes dwelt searchingly on the dumb face before her, then her tone, as she continued, grew softer:

"Far be it from me to disparage the things of the spirit, but one can't ignore the rightful use of the senses—and live. The things of this world that you are dependent on, bear their tax—and you admit you are dependent on affection, whether it be of your fellow-kind, or," bitterly, her tone dropping its gentle note, "of your petted animals. You pay it, forsooth, to the cats and the horses, yet deny it to a hungry soul. 'In this way,' " she swept the coarse raiment of the woman opposite with a scathing glance, "why should it have been 'in this way?' What moral right had you, on your lover's home-coming, to make God's gift of beauty to you, that he loved, unsightly? By what theory or course of reasoning do you make homespun more spiritual than broadcloth? No, you leaped the bounds of time and place and tried to force Herbert Long's soul with you. In all your ascetic extravagance why did it not seem worth while to you to descend to him and lead him through his love of beauty to a discernment of the truth? Couldn't you afford a few concessions, realizing, as you

say, that his very weakness is needful to the perfection of your united souls? Instead of that strenuous, harrowing fight you made to hold him, your aim could have been so easily and completely carried by a mildest of human methods, at no cost of dignity or self-esteem." She paused a moment, then took a step nearer the still figure and spoke with earnest appeal: "Even now you might reclaim him, for, beneath that hideous mask you wear, you are beautiful still. Relax, I beg of you!" She hesitated, then said, quietly, "I am asking you to save him."

The woman opposite made no response. She absently picked away some burrs clinging to the hem of her frock and gently dropped them to the floor. When she finally raised herself erect, her face looked pinched and sick.

"It is little, after all, that I ask you to concede," the older woman urged, gently.

"Little?" the other echoed, "you ask me to compromise with my soul." Her friend made a gesture of patient intolerance.

"I ask only that you do not permit the stronger laws to crush the weaker ones—just because they are stronger," she said. Then she added, "if you believe, as I do not, that with Herbert Long sense is final, I have no further word to say." The younger woman smiled: "Would you have more to say in any case?" she asked, bitterly. The other nodded: "Perhaps," she replied.

"Well, don't!" the girl said. "You are asking me to act as the greatest minds have acted, and I can't do it. I don't know what's latent in Herbert Long; there may be depths hard to sound, but the line in my hand is fallen useless. I can do nothing now; any advance on my part would only cheapen all to a semblance of caricature. No, I must follow my light, dim or dimmed as that light may be, and at worst I'll be my own punishment."

"That is just it," her friend reminded her, "it is more than your own tragedy that you have to account for. Don't you know that when the brief glamour of the honeymoon is over he will see things in their true light, and his soul will be filled with pessimism, and, malleable as he is, he'll put it into his work and you'll be responsible?"

Even beyond the church spire the listening woman's eyes seemed to pierce, and in them there was a deep glow.

"'In their true light,'" she quoted softly. Then she looked gratefully at her companion. "I hadn't hoped for that," she said.

"And then," the guest cried, mockingly, "he will love you—according to your own standard?" The lips of the other suddenly

tightened; then her whole being relaxed wearily. The guest dared not trespass further, and a few minutes later in unhappy mood she went across the cotton field and signaled for the car to stop.

As she sank into the seat, she looked out of the window toward the cottage. She saw an old-young figure plodding with uneven step through the crispened stalks of cotton. A few paces behind, a calf followed docilely; a few feet in front a dog bounded joyously. The three were clearly outlined against the sunset sky.

# IN SEASON

I LIKE daffodils in April,
And strawberries in June;
When they make them come in winter
It seems to spoil the seasons—
Maybe these aren't good reasons.
But I like things in tune
And not to change the moon.

I like to wait for flowers
In the old way, as one should,
They need the outdoor showers;
Hothouses are for roses
And such things. One supposes
God knows how to make ripe and sweet
Better than we the fruit we eat.

Half the spring's charm is first to see
The jonquils waving in the light,
It's worth the waiting for. If we
Choose to live where winter's cold,
Do not let us be too bold
To change what God has started right,
But let things sleep while the ground is white!

—Isabella Howe Fiske.

# GATEWAYS OLD AND NEW: SOME EXAMPLES OF THE CHARM OF AN INTERESTING ENTRANCE TO A GARDEN

IF THE country holds any little part of simple romance for you, if you have ever dreamed under green apple boughs, if moonlight has ever lured you down shaded lanes, through vine-covered gateways to fragrant orchards; then garden gates must forever stir your imagination and bring back to you pleasant or sad memories of youthful days and sweethearts and high thoughts.

If you were happily ever a child in country pastures and lanes, a garden gate is a very lamp to your memory. The first gate of all that you remember led back from the rough village world with all its wounds and bruises and complexities to mother's arms; later this same gateway beckoned you away out to the schoolhouse where you could get knowledge and feel the stir of that mysterious great world beyond the hilltops, and still a little later there was a garden gate which smelled of roses and honeysuckles and opened upon a summer evening into Paradise. It is the memory of this scented gateway that makes you sigh when the perfume of June twilight comes through your windows in countless after years. And last of all, you remember the garden gate where you took leave of the old home and made silent promises to the dear mother who had grown to tremble very easily at the words "Good-bye."

And so, if your memory is of the kind that hoards incidents of romance, the garden gate holds for you a sentiment and a poetry that could never be evoked by the pleasantest fence or the most gracious summerhouse or the prettiest porch. And to most of us, too, it is something of a symbol; it leads out to greater spaces or on to more perfect beauty. It always has for us something of a promise. Thus it seems very right that a garden gate should hold in itself a special beauty and allurement; that it should have grace of proportion and charm of color and fragrance in season and the inviting suggestion of pleasure beyond. It is because to the idealist and naturalist alike that the garden gate is so much of a symbol that one instinctively demands that somewhat of mystery should be expressed in them, whether it is in the trailing flaunting vines or in the dignified strength of line, beauty of proportion, or in the flowers that blossom about the lath or beam overhead; so every garden gate should at least pretend to lead to fairyland. And one should always permit oneself a faint responsive beating of the heart as the gate swings back in pleasant welcome.

"THE PERGOLA GATE WOULD BE A CHARMING FOUNDATION FOR WISTARIA, WOODBINE OR GRAPEVINES."

"THE OPEN LATH FENCE AND GATE HALF HIDES AND HALF REVEALS THE GARDEN TO THE PASSERBY, WITH VINES ADDED FOR BEAUTY AND MYSTERY."

"THIS CEMENT WALL WAS BUILT AFTER THE FASHION OF THE OLD MISSION WALLS: THE GATE IS WOOD BOUND WITH IRON BANDS, AND THERE IS A SPACE OF BLUE BETWEEN DOOR AND CEMENT ARCH."

A HOODED GATEWAY BETWEEN TWO GARDENS.

A TRELLIS SCREEN, WITH SUGGESTION FOR A PORTIÈRE OF VINES.

The door to one's home once expressed much of this interesting symbolism, and the latchstring hanging out meant that "free for all" hospitality which welcomed every stranger as guest. But this is of the past. Civilization and its excrescence, the tramp, have converted the house door into a barrier; the latchstring has evolved into a latch-key, and the door opens to you only on invitation.

But the garden gate is not to shut you away. It is to invite you cordially and graciously to enter, and if it has been well built and well ornamented, it gives to you a sense of beauty and sweetness as your hand rests upon it in passing.

THE illustrations given with this article are all of very simple gateways made attractive by the method of construction, by the placing of vines and flowers, or by some graceful conceit in outline and relation to the surroundings. The first might almost be called a pergola gate. It is shown without vines or "trimming," though it would make a charming foundation for wistaria, woodbine, or grape vines if it were a country gateway between two gardens. The finely balanced proportions of the heavy timber and the straight unornamented lines suggest an inspiration from Japan. If the wood were native, unpainted, and bunches of violet wistaria drooped from the beams, it would be very genuinely reminiscent of Japanese feeling. It is pleasant to see how carefully this gate has been made to harmonize with the simple construction of the wooden fence, and how thoroughly durable and yet picturesque both are in effect. Another picturesque showing of fence and gate is seen in the second illustration. The fence was constructed to separate a back garden from the street, and what could be more charming in expression than the open lath fence that half hides the garden and half reveals it to the passerby, with vines added for beauty and mystery—a courteous desire to give to the traveler what beauty the garden holds and yet withal a desire for some of that seclusion which makes a garden dear to those who rest there in summer time. This high fence is of the simplest and most inexpensive construction. With the exception of the frame, only the cheapest laths were used, put together with hammer and saw in a manner possible to any amateur.

A cement wall has ever carried with it a message of pleasant seclusion. In old Bavarian towns these walls surround many of the small gardens which make the summer living place for German families, where coffee is served at three o'clock and beer through the long cool evenings. If there are gateways in these old walls they are usually

small and low and painted blue, and on the top of the wall is a crest of green vines, or fruit trees are flattened back against the warm cement, and later in the early fall there are splashes of color when the fruit ripens.

The English old cement garden walls are nearly always the background for apricot or peach trees, with vining roses clambering through odd spaces and flaunting out a pleasant color early in the season. The cement wall shown in one of the illustrations in this article was built after the fashion of the old Mission walls in California, and surrounds a garden in which the house is of the old Mission architecture. The garden gate in the wall is of wood and shaped after the "fire walls" of the old missions, and space enough was left between the top of the gate and the arch in the wall for a glimpse of sky between, half shut away by drooping vines and tassels of bloom. The heavy boards of which the gate is made are held together top and bottom by iron bands studded with large ornamental iron nails. Above the arch on the top of the high wall a friendly gardener has twined luxurious branches of the beautiful Cherokee rose.

A hooded gateway is a charming link from garden to garden. One may rest a moment within its shade, and it seems to bind together the two plots of green which the fence has divided. In the illustration given the hood of the gate is shingled and a brace of heavy timbers surmounts and binds the shingles together. There are vines and flowers creeping up to the gateway, and from the eaves of the hood are hung huge baskets of flowers and drooping plants.

The fifth illustration is scarcely more than a screen between a patio or outdoor living room and the garden beyond. It gives, however, a charming sense of cool green seclusion and a suggestion of a gateway could be introduced by letting the vines from the trellis work droop from the top of the arch to the ground in the opening. The arch would easily in a very short time fill with vines, which could be brushed aside gently as one passed in and out, and the effect would add much beauty and an impression of seclusion to this outdoor living room.

After all, an article on garden gates is not intended so much to show you how other people have constructed them, or how useful they are in gardens, or to suggest novelties in their structure, or special kinds of beauty that may be achieved in their decoration, but rather to remind you of their place in poetry and to hold them to the romance of living. We may even be making a plea for their survival in the pleasant gardens of kind people for all time to come.

# GETTING BACK TO OUR BASE OF SUPPLIES: WHAT THE REVIVAL OF SMALL FARMING WOULD MEAN TO THIS COUNTRY: BY EDGAR J. HOLLISTER

Editorial Note.—This is the first of a series of articles relating to practical methods of fertilizing and cultivating different varieties of soil, planting and harvesting crops and eliminating the element of waste that now cuts off so much of the profit from farming, the object being to give as definite an idea of modern methods of farming on a small scale as we purpose to do of the various forms of handicraft which would be desirable to carry on in connection with intensive agriculture. Mr. Edgar J. Hollister, the writer of this series of agricultural articles, has been made a member of The Craftsman staff for the reason that he is to an unusual degree qualified to supplement the efforts of the editor to create a general movement in the direction of a return to small farming allied with handicrafts. Mr. Hollister has devoted many years to acquiring a comprehensive knowledge of the science of plant physiology and soil physics with a view to determining the effect of environment on different crops. He has tested by actual practice under widely varying conditions every theory which he advances, and in connection with this work he has devoted much time to the reclamation of waste land and to colonization where it has been found practicable. He has carried on this reclamation work in Florida, Ohio, Colorado and Canada, where he has achieved remarkable results in draining, fertilizing and reducing to cultivation lands generally supposed to be worthless and in placing upon them people willing and anxious to undertake farming according to modern methods. Mr. Hollister organized the Winona Agricultural Institute at Winona Lake, Indiana, of which he was dean until he abandoned this form of educational work for the larger enterprise of reclamation and colonizing, with which work he is still engaged. He has approached every problem from the practical side, and his instructions in farming are clear, practical and easily put into effect by any one who is willing to take a fairly intelligent interest in the work of bringing forth what the soil has to produce.

NE of the questions most under discussion today is the necessity of taking some measure to restore agriculture to its former position as the most important industry of this country. Our ambition is boundless and our commercial and industrial expansion has been phenomenal, but nevertheless we find ourselves at the present time in the situation of an army which has allowed itself to be cut off from its base of supplies. We have been so intent upon conquest that we have failed to keep open our line of retreat,—a fatal oversight in commercial, as it is in military advance. Thus far, backed by widely varied and generally favorable climates, the best soils in the world, and abundant production of all the natural food supplies, we have never had to consider the question of scarcity. On the contrary, we have not only had enough and to spare for ourselves, but have always been able and ready to go to the relief of other nations suffering from famine. But now we are confronting the fact that we shall soon have ninety millions of people to support and that the price of foodstuffs of all kinds is almost prohibitive,—not because the market is cornered by trusts or by stock gamblers

in Wall Street or the Pit, but because the sources of supply are too far removed from the commercial centers and production is insufficient for the needs of the population.

Such a state of affairs seems absurd in a country of such vast extent, where the natural resources are almost boundless, but nevertheless it exists, and it has been brought about largely by our own neglect and wastefulness. We have formed our population into a huge army which exists solely for commercial and industrial conquest, and each individual is so bent upon immediate gain that the larger necessity of providing sufficient supplies has been lost sight of. We have allowed ourselves to drift away from our base of supplies, a lack of forethought for which the individual citizen is no less responsible than the leaders of the great organizations who have made possible our commercial prestige.

IN THE beginning the government owned the land, which was granted or sold to the settler. In assuming the ownership and undertaking the cultivation of the land, the settler naturally assumed also the charge of a portion of the source of supplies upon which the whole country depended. Yet, not realizing the larger responsibility he had taken upon himself, the farmer considered only the needs of himself and his family, regardless of the future or of the general welfare. The magnificent trees were felled, and what could not be used for buildings, fences or fuel, was cleared away by fire. The soils were cropped until exhausted, and then, with no thought of care or restoration, were abandoned for other and more fertile tracts which in turn received the same treatment, and so were introduced the wasteful and destructive methods which, carried on by successive generations and practised by a rapidly increasing population, have resulted now in an imminent timber famine, an approaching coal famine, the threatened destruction of our inland water supply and the present scarcity of all food supplies.

In the early days, when population was scanty and the natural resources almost untouched, no amount of waste seemed to make much difference. Farming, except to supply local needs, was hardly necessary, as game and fish abounded and it was easy to keep the larder well stocked with very little labor. Later, however, as the land became more thickly settled and the supply of game and fish decreased, more land was put under cultivation, more domestic animals were raised for food, bountiful harvests were reaped for the market as well as for home use and trade at home and abroad grew

swiftly and steadily. Conditions were healthy and prosperous and there was plenty for everyone. The first great change came with the discovery of gold in California in eighteen hundred and forty-nine, when so many of the eastern and middle western farms were abandoned in the rush to the mines. Then the get-rich-quick spirit took possession of the land, and ever since there has been the tendency on the part of young men to leave the farms whenever an opportunity offered to obtain work in a town or city. This movement was accelerated by the Civil War, which drew so heavily on the farming population, and by the rapid development along all lines which came almost immediately after the close of the war. There was a temporary revival of interest in farming just after the war, for the high prices to be obtained for all products encouraged investment in land, but the movement was toward the west, where immense tracts of land could be cultivated on a large scale, and the small eastern farms were either abandoned or left to the older and less enterprising farmers.

LED by the prevailing spirit of ambition to do things in a big way that would show quick and brilliant results, the press, the pulpit and the schools joined in urging the farmers' sons and daughters to strive for a higher education, holding up as a standard the brilliant successes made by many young people who had left the farms to enter the professions or the race for commercial or political supremacy. This movement, of course, was natural and necessary in the development of a vigorous young nation, but the inevitable result was that the farms were continually robbed of the strength and ability of the younger generation, and that farming gradually fell into disrepute as an occupation fit only for those who were unable to do anything else. The place of our young men was taken by foreigners who came to the farms of this country as to a promised land, but the children of these foreigners also joined in the rush to the cities, for, as they became Americanized, they also became educated away from work and imbued with the desire to get rich as quickly and with as little work as possible.

Also, there entered into the situation the element of exploitation of the land for the greatest immediate gain. Labor-saving machinery was introduced into farming as well as into manufacturing, so that agriculture was generally carried on with the aid of inexperienced foreign laborers who were taught to run the gang plows and the reaping, heading and threshing machines, and had no knowledge or interest beyond doing as they were told and drawing their monthly

wage. The methods of farming by machinery were expensive and wasteful, and the farmer,—or rancher, as he might more properly be called,—too often staked his all and all he could borrow upon the production of some huge crop which would be blighted by flood or drought, or harvested only to be marketed at a loss because of the price of transportation or a deal in stocks. In the west it has not been uncommon for ranchers to pay twelve or fifteen per cent. on loans that were absolutely necessary to provide means for planting or harvesting the crops, and so heavily were their lands mortgaged that often a single failure meant ruin and foreclosure. Yet so possessed was the whole country with the idea that everything must be done on a large scale and with the aid of labor-saving machinery, that men took these tremendous risks and assumed these burdens in the hope of ultimately making a fortune, while the home farms in the east were left uncultivated and in many cases absolutely abandoned, so that thousands of them may now be bought for less than the cost of the buildings.

UNDER this system of farming real thrift has been impossible. In the early and more primitive days the general abundance made it seem unnecessary, and on the big ranches the methods of agriculture have never taken into account the details of saving and preserving. In nearly all cases most of the elements which make for continued productiveness were, for lack of proper drainage, washed by spring and fall rains down into the streams and lost forever. If the money value of this steady loss could be estimated, the figures would seem almost incredible. Moreover, by persistent neglect on the part of the farmer, this same process of washing away causes an annual loss of millions of dollars in the matter of farmyard manure, so necessary to the productive life of the soil. The amount of annual loss from this item alone is placed by Dr. Wiley of the Department of Agriculture at fifteen dollars for each full grown animal. Conservative farmers who are now beginning to pay some attention to the methods of intensive agriculture estimate the annual loss from this one detail of the general waste at over two hundred thousand dollars for each county in the average farming district.

Again, in the usual method of preparing the soil for crops, the surface is not made fine enough to produce the best results in the germination of seeds, and so much is lost through an unnecessarily insufficient yield. To this may be added the losses that come from the failure to exercise care and judgment in the selection of good seed

and of the proper varieties to produce the best results in a given soil and climate, the indifferent cultivation and care of the crops up to the time of harvesting, the wasteful methods employed for the harvesting itself, and, finally, the neglect shown in the proper care and breeding of animals. All these elements of waste are apart from the external accidents of drought, disease and parasites, so it is not at all remarkable that the average annual yield of wheat has fallen below twelve bushels to the acre,—a yield that would be still further reduced were it not for the work of the two thousand experts that the government employs to look up new varieties of grain that will better resist drought and disease, to find the most effective methods of fighting insect pests, and to teach the farmer how to bring up the fertility of the land by better drainage, by careful cultivation, by wise selection of seeds and by the rotation of crops that will preserve the productive qualities of the soil.

But the question now is how long these two thousand experts are going to be able to meet the exigencies of the situation unless they are given not only the coöperation of the farmer but of the whole country. We are at present unquestionably passing through an agricultural phase similar to those which have already taken place in England, France and Germany, where between fifteen and twenty years ago the yield had reached a general average of fifteen bushels to the acre. Expert investigation with a view to remedying this condition was at once set on foot. The farmers lent prompt and intelligent coöperation and the work of the experts received the cordial support of the whole people of each nation. The physical and chemical conditions of the soil, which had been exhausted by indiscreet cropping, had to be built up; a slow process that has taken fifteen years to accomplish. But the result is that now the annual yield in France has increased to twenty-seven bushels per acre and in England and Germany to thirty bushels. The good effects in all three countries are beyond question; especially in France, where the average health of the people has attained a much higher grade, showing the effects not only of better nourishment, but of greater wholesomeness in environment.

The same thing is now being done in this country, which, in spite of its immense wealth and commercial prosperity, is not producing enough to enable its people to obtain sufficient food at prices the working man can afford to pay. During the panic of last October we exulted because, whatever the crisis among the Wall Street magnates, the huge crops of the west were a solid asset that insured the country against any long-continued hard times. It is true that our agricul-

tural products last year amounted to more than seven billions of dollars; but it is also true that this enormous yield means only eighty dollars' worth of these products per capita, and that the food supplies for the most thickly settled districts have to be brought from a distance, with all the added cost of transportation and handling, while the lands around our large cities lie idle, a prey to the greed of the speculator in real estate. Even where farms still exist in the neighborhood of the great commercial centers, they are for the most part cultivated only in a half-hearted way pending a rise in land values which may enable the farmer to sell out. The trees remain untrimmed and the fields untilled, while the city markets are supplied with fruits and vegetables brought from a distance in refrigerator cars. Small wonder that the prices of all our food supplies are high and show every indication of going higher.

THE need for economy that confronts us now is not theoretical, but a stubborn fact. We have wasted our resources until the end of our boasted abundance is in sight,—unless measures are taken not only to conserve what we have left, but to produce according to our steadily-increasing need. And the minute we begin to do this in earnest, we begin to get back to the soil,—to the natural base of supplies. The great need today is for more and cheaper farm produce, and there is already setting in a strong movement toward making it possible to obtain it. The great difficulty is that men have largely lost their power to wrest a living from the soil, let alone farming for profit. They have been too long in the factories to be able to cut loose from the pay-roll and go out and set themselves to work as their forefathers did. This lack of resource and initiative, as well as of training, is one of the chief stumbling-blocks in the way of any effective effort to encourage small farming. The other is the lack of capital and the high prices put upon vacant land that is anywhere near the big commercial centers. The moment there is any hint of a demand the speculator in real estate steps in and buys up large tracts which are held for a rise in value. In older countries where the land has long been in possession of the few, it has been thought wise to pass laws whereby the government has been empowered to purchase large tracts from individual owners and resell or lease the land in small parcels to the people who wanted farms. In other instances the people have organized themselves into societies for the purpose of purchasing land to be divided into small farms where they could make homes and so gain a fresh start. Even in this country, in spite of

speculators and syndicates, there is still a large area of unsettled lands in the west and northwest, belonging to the government, which may be purchased for settlement on very reasonable terms, and we have also much land owned by individuals in the southern, north Atlantic and central states which should be purchasable at a figure based on the producing power of the land. But with the lack of concerted action, and with the general desire of working people to remain near the cities, nothing so far has been done toward any adequate solution of the problem.

At present it is almost impossible to purchase a few acres of land within easy reach of any one of the large markets, both because of the element of speculation that is sure to crop up as soon as such a move is made, and also because owners of property would rather dispose of a whole farm of a hundred acres or more than to sell it off in small portions such as a poor man would be able to pay for and to cultivate when he had bought it. So, unless some measures can be taken to open up these lands to occupation, it is necessary to look farther afield to the less thickly settled parts of the country and to turn our attention to making it possible to establish there farms and settlements where people could not only settle in homes and make a living, but also do their part toward reëstablishing the national bases of supply.

YET even to do this would not solve the most serious part of the problem,—the training and equipment of the individual who has long been alienated from the land so that he can produce not only his own food supply but much more by practising agriculture according to modern scientific and economic methods,—an industry which demands resource, intelligence, and, above all, great and constant interest in the work. Under present conditions this might be done in isolated and exceptional cases, but after all it would only be the same thing over again,—the boys and girls would be brought up and educated along lines that would induce them to get away from the farm at the earliest opportunity for what they would regard as a wider and more promising field of endeavor. Then when hard times came they would be just where they are today,—out of employment and separated from the base of supplies. So it has been clear to all who are thinking and planning along these lines that something must be done other than merely putting people back on the land to practice farming as they would any other industry.

It was with this problem in mind that my attention was first attracted to the solution urged by the editor of THE CRAFTSMAN, in

his article on "Small Farming and Profitable Handicrafts," published in the April number of this magazine. Enthusiasts for the revival of agriculture have been forced to acknowledge that a great obstacle in the way of it was the fact that all other sources of income would probably be cut off while the land was being brought into bearing, and that, at best, the man or woman used to earning a regular wage would for this reason find farming hard and discouraging at first. Besides, there would also be the lack of diversity of employment, and the enforced partial idleness during the times of the year when the labors of the small farmer are necessarily light. Unless each farm were equipped with greenhouses, cold frames or hotbeds, there must be months when the farmer would be prevented from pursuing his occupation, and to most of them this would mean simply time lost and surplus cash used up for the purchase of necessaries during a time of non-production. The suggestion that some form of profitable handicrafts, in which all the family might share, be introduced in connection with the cultivation of small farms, seems to me to supply the bridge needed to make it possible for the workman to cross the gap between the factory and the farm. More than this, it would mean the interest in varied forms of work that would tend to keep the young people at home, because at home they would find sufficient interest and chance for individual development along any chosen line of industry. In short, the formative years of the boy or girl would be passed under natural and healthy conditions, as free from monotonous drudgery as from unwholesome excitement, in an environment that would tend not only to give each individual a thorough knowledge of how to supply the necessaries of life, but also the qualities of self-reliance and the power of adaptability to any condition in future life, from successful farming up to the highest position within the gift of the people. It would mean that the rising generation would have no reason or inclination to separate itself from the base of supplies, because, in case of failure in other ventures along industrial, commercial or professional lines, the line of retreat would always be kept open by the fundamental knowledge of just how to wrest a living from the soil and also skill in the doing of some form of profitable creative work.

This brief analysis of conditions with regard to the present state of agriculture in this country is intended to be supplementary to the analysis of industrial conditions already made by the editor of The Craftsman, and also introductory to a series of articles on intensive agriculture and practicable methods of reviving interest in small farming.

# THE ARTS AND CRAFTS MOVEMENT IN AMERICA: PRIZE ESSAY: BY CHARLES F. BINNS

IN THE year eighteen hundred and seventy-six was held the first International Exhibition in America. It was a bold step to invite the artists and artisans of Europe to enter the lists against those of the United States. Behind them lay centuries of training. The traditions of Cellini, of Sheraton, of Wedgwood and a host of others were theirs. We had nothing but abundant natural resources and an unfailing courage. The exhibition was educational almost to a fault. America was hopelessly beaten. There was nothing to do but to rear the rampart of a prohibitive tariff around her infant industries and to trust to luck.

A few minds, however, were set to thinking. Of course they were feminine minds. It always needs a feminine mind to do an original thing. Questions were asked. Study was begun, though in a very feeble and indefinite way, and it was presently found that not only was there no industrial art in the country, but that there was no chance of learning. "No light, but rather darkness visible" literally expressed the outlook.

The first attempt at craft work may be traced to this condition. Little as it deserves the name when viewed by recent standards it was the humble art of china-painting that broke out the drifts of apathy and uncertainty which choked the highway. Just why this art was selected cannot now be certainly told. Perhaps it fulfilled some conditions and satisfied some aspirations. It was art with an object. It enabled one, with comparatively small trouble and cost to place one's own art on the table rather than against the wall. It was easy to do if one were easily satisfied; it was difficult enough to excite emulation.

But serious workers soon became dissatisfied with the triviality of china-painting. Some attempted to make pottery and met with fair success; some began to experiment in metal work. A few enthusiasts—mostly women—went to Europe and studied book-binding, jewelry, weaving, block printing and the like; the movement all the while quietly gathering strength and fitting its followers for service. When the World's Fair opened in eighteen hundred and ninety-three, at Chicago, there was found in the Woman's Building a notable collection of works in industrial art which afforded indisputable evidence that the lessons of eighteen hundred and seventy-six had not been wasted. College boys say that a freshman "knows not and knows

not that he knows not, but a sophomore knows not and knows that he knows not." The former state was ours in eighteen hundred and seventy-six; we had reached the latter in eighteen hundred and ninety-three. Enough had been learned to show what craft work ought to be. The spirit of the critic had begun to arrive. Much dissatisfaction was felt but there was no discouragement.

And now opened the era of teachers. Europe poured out upon us those whom she did not need. Frenchmen and Germans, long of hair and keen after money, opened studios in every large city. There was a feverish activity but very little serious work. As Lawson would say, a take-six-lessons-go-west-and-teach-a-class spirit was in the air. This state of things was but evidence of the exuberance of callow youth. In time a saner idea prevailed and the crafts began to assume an orderly array. Many dilettante workers there were, but, in the main, the belief that there was a bright future in store for arts and crafts prevailed, and so the twentieth century was ushered in to be the heir of all the ages.

LET us now inquire into the status of the crafts at the present moment. First: In many cities are clubs and societies the members of which are more or less interested in all work to which the word "art" may be attached. These societies are maintained by subscriptions and, frequently, a common studio or club room is rented. There may be a teacher, but usually not more than one, who is supposed to understand the technic of several crafts, but who, as a matter of fact, has rarely received any thorough training. Most of the active members have spent two, three or four years in an art school and have acquired the craft notion, not to say habit. These constitute the working force of the club and they plunge into the making of baskets, rugs, metal work and even pottery with an enviable enthusiasm. It is to be feared, however, that these light-hearted schoolgirls wholly fail to grasp the significance of craft work. Their idea is to make salable articles at the least possible expenditure of time and labor. Their hands are wholly untrained and if they can unearth a design from some journal published in the interests of art and reproduce the same, they are satisfied. But on account of their inexperience they must spend an extravagant amount of time upon any object, and for this they expect to receive remuneration in proportion to the hours they, as beginners, have consumed rather than upon a scale with which a skilled workman would be satisfied. Work made in this way is, therefore, both bad and expensive and its

existence under the circumstances related constitutes a serious obstacle to the profitable pursuit of craftsmanship by trained workers. Two things are herein made evident: that the training of an art school is quite inadequate for the pursuit of the crafts, and that, in order to become an expert in any line of work, a thorough drill under a competent instructor is imperative.

Second: There are certain "Arts and Crafts" societies the principal function of which is to afford to individual workers an opportunity of placing their product before the purchasing public. These societies have organized salesrooms which are intended to be self-supporting. That is, the commissions on sales are, for the most part, sufficient to pay rent and the cost of selling and packing. Each of these societies has a membership roll and members are entitled to a reduction in the commission paid for the sale of their work. A standard is set and supervision is exercised in order that the quality of the work may be maintained. The membership dues are used partly in the provision of lectures and partly in the missionary effort which every active organization must put forth. In some cases schools or classes are organized which are supposed to be self-supporting. These societies fill a position of distinct value to the movement. They are a great help to the handicraftsman in providing him with a means for reaching his public. The stores will not handle craft-made wares because the margin of profit is not large enough, and, indeed, from another point of view, it is not desirable that they should. To place hand work in a store, side by side with machine-made wares, is to invite a comparison which, to the superficial shopper, must result in the conclusion that commercial wares are both cheaper and more showy. Let us be thankful that this is so! The craftsman does not wish to compete with the machine, but neither does he desire to emphasize an unfair rivalry. Furthermore, the crafts salesroom helps the worker by placing the seal of its approval upon genuine work. Many purchasers are short-sighted, not to say blind, even yet. When the salesroom says an article is good the word is believed, whereas the worker cannot take such a position when offering his own production. Artists are, usually, poor salesmen and, moreover, they are often suspected of undue preference. It follows then that serious workers should support the salesrooms in every possible way and should select those which conform to the conditions named even though a higher percentage be charged.

Third: In certain places village industries have sprung up and are being successfully maintained. The motive power has been

found, either in the remnants of an ancient craft or in the divine afflatus of some unselfish enthusiast. The places where this work is being done are well known and in this discussion we will not particularize. The field of village industries offers the most promising outlook for the crafts for several reasons. The expense of living in the country is very much lower than in the city; hence the work can be produced upon a less expensive scale. Country life offers an alternative of industries which provide a partial support. Fruit growing, gardening, berry picking and floriculture are among the most obvious. The country is more conducive to the quiet thought and persistent effort upon which craft work must be founded and, finally, there is the possibility of a small guild or community of workers which is in every way stimulative and helpful. In many parts of the country there are looms and the knowledge of their use still lingers among the people. This will not be the case for long, however. The older generation is fast disappearing and with it will vanish the remnants of the craft. The younger people, divorced from the farm, have lost the resource of the crafts and the work of training must be undertaken anew.

An appreciation of these conditions is one of the first necessities. In many cases the occupants of the villages are as sheep without a shepherd. They think themselves at a disadvantage because they cannot live in the city and they have not the knowledge wherewith to revive the life of the village and the farm.

Let us now, for the sake of clearness, divide the problem of the crafts into two parts; the worker in the city and the worker in the country. There are certain crafts which seem to belong to the city—the making of silver work, jewelry, book-binding and wrought metal. This is not an arbitrary choice. There are reasons. The question of raw material is important. For these crafts this can be more readily secured in the city than in the country. The work can best be done in proximity to libraries and museums. Large space is not needed and there is a fair margin of profit.

The principal obstacle to the proper development of these crafts is the fact that many have attempted them and failed. The work is not undertaken seriously enough. It is expected that any one who appears to have the least capacity can take a summer school course and at once proceed to make a living. This is found to be impossible and the result is a general discouragement. The would-be craftsman does not begin to learn early enough in life, consequently, does not acquire the necessary skill. There are thousands of students

issuing from the art schools; they need money, or they think they do, and expect to earn it by hammering copper into impracticable shapes or by applying hot points to wood or leather.

The matter has been put into a sentence by Professor Halsey C. Ives, of St. Louis, who says that schools "have trained a multitude of eager students to only paint pictures that few men want and fewer buy. What is needed is not so much more art schools as more art in our common schools. One of the faults in our art educational work is in not beginning its influence early enough in the training of our people."

If the manipulative processes of the crafts were thus early taught in the schools the time would come when the acquired power would blossom and bear fruit as the reality and power of craft work laid hold upon the worker. The poet does not begin his career by writing verse. He must first learn language, form and rhythm. Thus equipped he can clothe his thoughts in an acceptable manner.

The problems which confront the worker in the country are somewhat different. Here, too, there are appropriate crafts. The raw materials for weaving, dyeing, spinning, potting, basketry and cabinet making are close at hand. There is plenty of room and a larger supply of leisure. The inspiration consists, not in books and museums nor in an admiring crowd of connoisseurs, but in the murmur of the brook and in the breath of the hills at sunrise. Come forth, ye leaders of men! You desire a mission, a vocation. Set up your loom or your wheel in the quiet valley. Gather around you the earnest, simple souls whom the cityward tide has left stranded. Reveal to them the secret chemistry of the woods or the subtle graces of the clay. Bring to bear the arduous training of the schools and the critical atmosphere of the studios. Organize a guild of linen weavers or establish a community of clay workers and of you it shall be said "blessed is the man who has found his work." Fear not failure, for honest labor does not fail. The words of Emerson are as true now as they ever were: "If a man preach a better sermon, write a better book or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

(NOTE.—For announcement of other prize winners see page 338)

# THE ENVIRONMENT OF A COUNTRY HOME: BY E. DRUSILLE FORD

HE quality of beauty is increasing rapidly from being the luxury of the few to being the necessity of the many. We find the need manifesting itself in all the large and small things of life; in the apparel we wear; the books we read; the utensils of our common use; in the laboratory of the scientist; in the office of the busy broker; in the carefully kept flower beds that skirt the bare walls of a factory and the luxuriant vines that are striving to hide its bareness; in the decoration which has become an essential part of public buildings and grounds. It is not the desire for mere display which has been a long time with us, but that yearning sense of the harmonious, reaching out for satisfaction; and nowhere is the unceasing endeavor to attain artistic appeal so evident as in the evolution of the home.

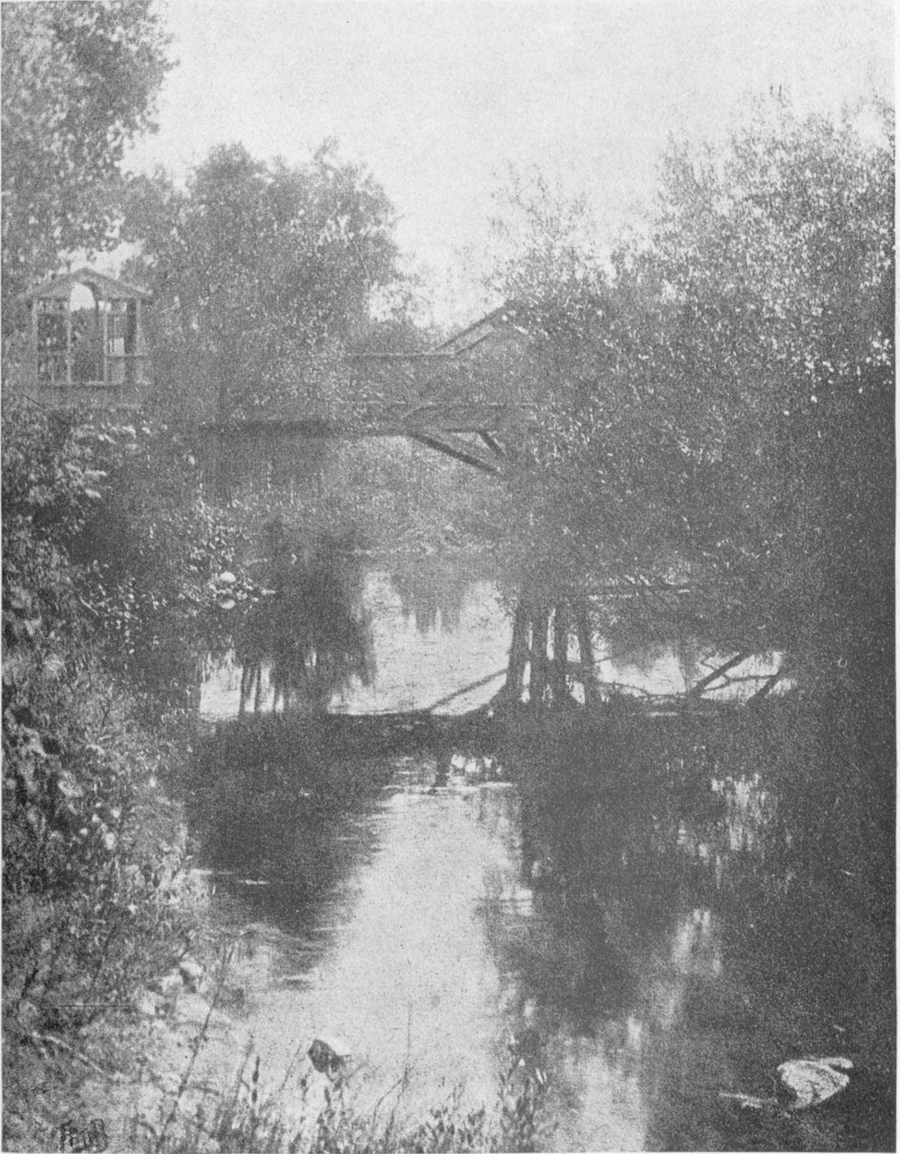
So strong is the subconscious, æsthetic sentiment within us, that the words "country home" at once suggest a picture of all-pervading sylvan charm, and this innate expectation is the fruitful source of many disappointments when actual visits dispel the ideal. To say that one has a town house in the country would be, too often, a more truthful expression and leave less room for disenchantment.

Considering the frequency of its occurrence, it seems almost a fatality that the things we wish to escape cling to us, follow us and insist upon being reproduced in our surroundings. Is it because we do not accord to our inclinations the courtesy of being understood, or does their satisfaction seem to involve the impossible? In most instances, the latter reason is doubtless responsible, but so much has been accomplished with most unpromising materials, that there is little reason for discouragement. And, when the advantage of selection is ours, we have only to concern ourselves with the choice of a location which possesses the accessories most difficult of acquirement. A house will grow steadily day by day under the hand of a solitary builder, but a beautiful tree requires a lifetime for the building, adding each year a ring to its girth and a little more strength, length and grace to its branches.

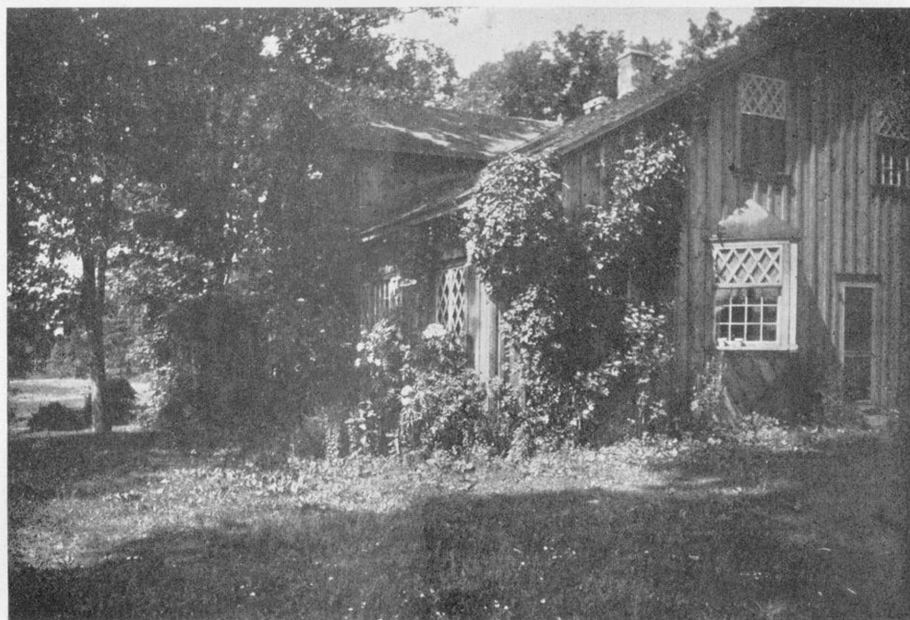
IF YOU love the country for the trees, the grass, the shrubs and vines and the numberless little wild things that spring up everywhere and lift their blooms to you for recognition, you would not, of your own volition, become possessed of a *well-cleared* farm on which stood a house covered with siding and painted white like those

"YOU APPROACH THE HOUSE BY A FLIGHT OF WINDING STEPS, CUT IN A STEEP DECLIVITY, AND A RUSTIC RAIL AT THE SIDE IS DRAPED WITH LUXURIANT VINES."

"NESTLING IN A SMALL GROVE OF MAPLES, NEAR A RUNNING STREAM, STANDS THE OLD HOUSE."



"THE LITTLE SCREENED SUMMER HOUSE IS PERCHED ABOVE A BEND IN THE CREEK. * * * A STEP FARTHER IS THE LATTICE BRIDGE."



"WOODBINE CREPT UP AND HUNG FROM THE GABLES OF THE WOOD HOUSE."

"LATTICE SHUTTERS WERE ADDED TO THE OLD WINDOWS."

you have known in town, with perhaps a red barn and other equally hideous outbuildings. Such a property is not hopeless if you are young and very patient, but to most of us the period of waiting involved would be an obstacle. And you would not acquire it, for, having seen it, you would have no desire to see it again. A prosperous farm is sometimes a most unpromising home.

Here, now, is a neglected door-yard, a small cottage some distance from the road, in a tangle of leafage which the farmer has been too busy to disturb. Once, some one planted a climbing rose, for it is all over the porch now, and a woodbine has laid hold of the roof. There are great trees too, permitted to add vigor and beauty each year, because in cutting his winter's wood, the farmer preferred to add fresh territory to the potato patch. Long may the potato crop flourish, and may its planting, cultivating, harvesting and marketing so fully occupy the good man's time that he will find no leisure to clear his door-yard! Perhaps, some day, his spiritual self will recognize among his best friends these great trees that have faithfully shielded his roof from the vertical sun rays and rendered the long, warm days of summer endurable to wife and little ones. So often a man makes preparation for home-building by cutting away every tree and shrub, destroying for one generation at least the atmosphere of home; for what the faces of loved ones are to the inner sanctuary, the trees are to the outer walls, the softening of hard lines, the mystery of tenderness, the appeal of silent service.

Without doubt, the most pleasing element in the surroundings of a country house is restfulness, and its attainment lies along the line of harmonious merging of form and color rather than in striking innovations however attractive in themselves. The contact with city life fills us with weariness of sharp contrasts. We would have the spiritual sight and sense carried forward on the gently varying tones of grass and shrub and gray tree trunks, with an entrancing variation of delicate willows finding their images in a little patch of brook, or the quiet emerging of a building so truly a habitant of the region that the consciousness of harmony almosts anticipates its presence. Could we build the home while this recognition of our needs is dominant and our minds open to Nature's infinite suggestions of form and color, no structure of alien ambitions would, years hence, obtrude itself upon our remorseful sight. Let us then carefully garner all these impressions and use them as the motive and the restraining power in our work of construction and development of environment.

# ENVIRONMENT OF A COUNTRY HOME

ONCE, a man found, near a running stream, nestling in a small grove of maple trees, an old house, the beauty of whose outline and weathered gray coloring so filled him with delight that all his nature clamored for it. Time passed and he became its possessor. He believed that, with much remodeling, its attractions could be greatly enhanced. However, as he waited, reflecting upon the changes necessary, he found his desire for radical alteration lessening, until finally his early enthusiasm crystallized into an abiding approval of its simplicity, and the extensive remodeling dwindled to the addition of such accessories as, without departing from the general tone and style, accentuated the best features. Porches of strong constructive lines grew out where utility demanded, but in such proportion as symmetry warranted. The old windows evolved lattice shutters, not intended to close over them, but merely for emphasis and as a support for the vines which have taken possession of them. The walls of upright boards and battens were beautiful in natural grays and browns, and all new work was brought into harmony. The householder, meekly taking his lesson from Nature and working with her hand in hand, achieved realization instead of the disillusionment which often follows the changing of a thing we love.

As the months and years slipped by, the immediate surroundings began to feel the sureness of the touch acquired from experience with the old house. The woodbine, many of whose family adorned the gray walls with deep, glossy green, crept up to and hung from the gable of the woodhouse, and a luxuriant elder found its weathered wall an admirable background for drifts of bloom. A screen of old boards conceals the unattractive woodpile now and becomes the foil of the various flowering plants that live close to this sunny south end, while the dog-fennel, made bold by encouragement, riots through the grass. Just beyond, half hidden by shrubbery, is a small granary, with projecting eaves and lattice paneled door. Does someone say, "Unnecessary?" But, with the vine-covered arbor and the old apple trees, it makes a picture of what are usually the unsightly necessities of a country house.

Beyond the apple trees is the poultry house, with indescribable roof, whose quaint gable, quite surrounded by leafage, is visible from a distant approach. Let no amount of good-natured raillery deter you from building a picturesque house for your hens. This man's table is as abundantly supplied as though his hens had been housed in the ugliest shelter possible to the merely practical builder. Some even assert that the fruit from this poultry-house excels in flavor. Be

that as it may, to the owner of the building, the joy of its fitness is better than food.

Again amid the greenery we find this touch of wood tones in a wind break, flanking on the west a flower bed where poppies are allowed to grow at will. It is a simple fence of upright boards with square openings below the caprail, but when the afternoon sun falls over it and through the openings and the poppies float in the amber light, the charm of its unstudied effect is a delight to the beholder.

THE out-of-doors never belongs wholly to the owner of the land. It is the possession of all who pass by and find something in its expression that appeals to the inner sense. In greater degree is this true of scenes along country roads, meeting the view of the traveler in possibly his only leisure, whether he be dweller on a city lot or a tiller of the land. Here, as we leave the wind break and pass through a vine-arched opening in a hedge of wild shrubs, we find ourselves upon the traveled road. But we must cross the road in order to sit in the little, screened summer-house, perched above a bend of the creek and commanding the sunset stretch of light and shade. Built principally of old greenhouse sash from which the glass had been removed, it is, nevertheless, another inviting gable in the midst of the varying green of sumac and willows. A step farther is the lattice bridge, resting upon high stone butments, and sending ragged reflections far below the bed of the shallow stream. Wonderfully charming is this touch of weathered gray, dappled with silver where the sunlight, eluding the outstretched arms of the trees, plays caressingly over it. It scarcely parts the willows, so skilfully has it found its way between them, and it leads to a pasture where a spring brook winds between willow-clad banks and great elms, buttonwoods and pines loom above it and the undulating green of the meadow. More than one cottage turns its pleasure-seeking eyes toward this pasture, and here and there well-worn paths lead from the natural terraces above down to the flower-clothed banks of the stream, and no more enchanting approach is found than the winding flight of steps cut into a steep declivity, of whose rustic rail wild vines have taken a loving possession. It is the work of an amateur craftsman in stair building, but so adapted to its setting that it seems to have just grown that way. And the country people say, as they ride slowly by this pasture behind their work teams, "It is like a park." But it is better than a park, as much better as the real thing is better than the imitation.

Wherever Nature is allowed her will, she gives us the keynote of the composition. We may mar, with aggressive additions, with the introduction of alien elements, what she has made beautiful, but, left to herself, in time she will again harmonize the whole. She will soften our crude colorings and cover unpleasing shapes with lovely growths, but we may not be there to see it. To be her contemporary we must be satisfied to assist, to take the suggestion and follow through faith to understanding. So, with much love and some labor, the country home comes to mean, not merely a place where we breathe the fresh air and are served with sweet cream and fresh vegetables, but a refuge for the sensitive mind, from which the unsightly and disturbing is banished; where the lover of life in its simple and universal manifestations grows acquainted with its varied moods, and the lover of art finds, framed by his casement, a landscape whose charm only the greatest artist can suggest. Here, the inborn craving for freedom is lost in its realization and the growth of the intellectual man becomes as spontaneous as the growth of the tree.

# THE IDEALIST

THINK you that I am blind because I see
Beauty and truth in souls where your keen eyes
Discover only blemishes and lies?
Nay, dear, not blind am I, but verily
Aflame with the true vision. What to me
Is the dark thunder-cloud that terrifies
The hearts of children, when the open skies
The other side are lighted gloriously?

Today a friend betrayed me, O refined
Last gift of pain! You know the words she said,
You cannot know the mystery behind.
You do not see her poor soul, passion-led,—
Blindfolded by the dark veil of her mind,—
That weeps and never may be comforted.

—ELSA BARKER.

# THE WEDDING GIFT: A STORY: BY EMERY POTTLE

HE wedding was over and Mary Penfield was, for better or for worse, married to Paul Archer. It would have been difficult enough even for the grayest analyst of the making of marriages to dwell convincingly on the reverse of the freshly minted coin, on the "for worse" side, as one saw her this immemorial afternoon standing beside her husband in the bow window of her father's drawing room. She was very pretty in a simple, light-hearted fashion, and with her veil put back, her shining eyes and flushed cheeks in their setting of white tulle seemed those of a girl scarcely out of her teens. Archer, too, a good-looking young man with frank, honest blue eyes, was radiant in spite of himself. He had a conventional mind, and in an experience of the sort through which he was so consciously passing, he felt that he owed it to Mary and himself to be as dignifiedly serious and impressively solemn as possible. So they stood together—the two of them—in the challenging confidence of the newly wed and received the congratulations, the kisses, the tears, the grave words, the jests, of their friends.

When Mary's father, a gentle, inept, sentimental creature, had taken his daughter in his arms and was weeping uncertainly over her, Aunt Wheeler unceremoniously interrupted. "Mercy, William," she remarked crisply, "don't make a fool of yourself!" She firmly detached him from his child with her lace-mitted hands. "Don't upset the poor nervous girl like this. Do have a little consideration for her feelings."

"But Jane," he protested, moistly, "she's my only daughter, and she's leaving her girlhood home forever."

"Nonsense!" commented Aunt Wheeler, "She's going to live around the corner in the next street, and anyway, you know perfectly well you haven't the force of character to sustain a sorrow over night. "Don't, for pity's sake, act as if you were laying her out."

"Oh, Jane," groaned Mr. Penfield.

Mary's eyes sparkled angrily, but she did not let the emotion get into her words. "Don't you mind her, Papa, she's just joking—you shall kiss me all you like. Don't tease him, Aunt Wheeler. Poor dear, his gloves don't fit him, and his new shoes are so uncomfortable."

Aunt Wheeler pecked her niece's cheek and laughed in a gruff, mirthless key. Then, taking Paul's hand in her own, she said: "Well, you have done it now, you two, and while I don't in the

least approve of marriage, as you know, I'm not sure that, given the folly of it, you haven't done about as well as people generally do—better, maybe. You're a good girl, my dear, and this young man is no bigger fool than most of them. I knew his father and his mother—good stock, decent, God-fearing people. I hope he grows like them. If while I live you two behave yourselves properly—no quarrellings and divorcings, mind you—I'll do the best I can for you. I've made my will, and I've provided fittingly for you—and Heaven knows you'll need it, for your poor father hasn't been able to do a thing for you. I've watched you hard, Mary, and you've stood poverty well—you're marrying a poor man, too. Very well, it's good for you to be poor together for a while—you get broken into the harness of life without any nonsense. When you get a thing you appreciate it. And in order to keep you from waiting for dead men's shoes—a poor custom, I assure you—I've decided to give ten thousand dollars to every baby that's born to you. There—now, Mary, don't blush; I can't stand false modesty. There's nothing salacious, I trust, in the mention of a baby—is there, Paul? Facts are facts, especially human facts. No—don't thank me. You'll find my wedding present in your house when you get home from your journey. I shall come to dine with you every Sunday. Good-bye, I'll hurry along. There's Anna Wilson bubbling like a pot behind me. I can't stand her."

Aunt Wheeler strode gauntly away, her brown silk dress, with its morbid knots of purple and pink roses, rustling aggressively. Mary and Paul had not the courage to let their eyes meet.

"Well, I'll be—be——" Archer murmured helplessly. "What do you make of that?"

Mary embarrassedly laughed. "It's Aunt Wheeler who is making something of us, isn't it? I've never heard her indulge in so long a speech before in my life—what do you suppose she's given us?"

Paul shook his head. "I'd hate to imagine."

After all the wedding hilarity, Mary and her husband found themselves in their seats in the departing Pullman. They drew long breaths and assumed the fatal air of those who imitate the long-married.

"What do you really think Aunt Wheeler is giving us?" presently asked Mary, as they talked together in low, proper tones.

"Perhaps money," suggested Paul. "She seems mighty flush today."

"No—for wouldn't she have sent it to us in that case? 'At the house,' she said."

Archer turned away to hide the twinkle in his eyes. It occurred to him that judging from Aunt Wheeler's recent conversation, they would be likely to find a baby carriage awaiting them.

"I'm afraid I can't guess," he said.

"If it should be a check," reflected Mary, "then we might buy that lovely old mahogany sideboard we saw the other day in Springfield, mightn't we? We need one so much, and I hate to buy a cheap one—it takes so long to get rid of them."

"That would be splendid," he agreed, eagerly. "If it is a check, we'll do it, Mary."

"Paul," she whispered, "isn't it beautiful to be——"

"It's beautiful to be——" he whispered back. "Mary—dearest."

The nature of Aunt Wheeler's gift was a distinct source of speculation to Mary during the days of her wedding journey. Her curiosity affected Archer also, and the subject between them became fraught with guesses which included every possibility.

When the carriage was bringing them from the station to their home, a fortnight after the wedding, Mary smiled at her husband. "I don't know why, after all, Aunt Wheeler's present has occupied such a front seat in my mind, but—we'll know the reason in a few minutes."

"Don't worry," he consoled. "Look, there's home over there in the trees. Doesn't it seem nice and friendly, Mary?"

"It's too lovely," she answered, softly. "I had always hoped to come home like this—at May twilight, with a 'late lark' in the quiet skies, and sunset, and—you."

Paul laid his hand on hers.

"You are all those things to me, and you are you beside. There's old Sarah at the gate waiting for us."

"Do you mind if I weep happily?" laughed Mary. "Paul—it's perfect. There's not one thing in it all that isn't right. My dear, my dear, why haven't we married each other oftener?"

It was a charming home-coming. Sarah, the old servant, fairly dragged them from the carriage in her giggling excess of devotion; their neighbors, on the verandas of the near cottages, waved and called gay welcomes to the two; late birds, likewise home-turning, twittered in the apple trees before the alert little white dwelling the Archers were to occupy; the large, sweet peace of oncoming evening was in the dusky air.

"Home, Mary," said Paul, as they went up the walk, "—ours."

"Home, Paul," she smiled, "—ours."

"OH!" CRIED Mary, through her teeth. "*Oh!*" She stamped her foot in the impotence of her anger. "Oh, you beast! Oh, how I hate you! You've ruined everything!" She threw herself down on a chair and leaning her head on the dining room table, cried in nervous rage.

Paul, standing helplessly beside her, grinned.

"How can you, Paul!" she choked out through her sobs. "How can you laugh!"

"What shall I do?" he replied.

"You might—at least you might swear!"

"It isn't worth a damn."

"Oh, isn't it? Do you realize what it means?"

"I'm going to get the axe in a minute," said he, blandly. "It's perfectly simple. You don't expect I'm going to let you live in the same house with a thing like that, do you?"

"*The axe?* You'll do nothing of the sort—can't you understand what it means? We've *got* to live with this awful thing before us. It'll kill us—inch by inch—daily! Oh, I can't bear it!"

"Are you serious about this, Mary?" asked Archer, with a real accent of gravity.

"We can't afford to be humorous," she replied, tearfully. "It's only the rich who can thoroughly indulge that emotion. We're too poor to be independently funny. Can't you see?"

They eyed each other hopelessly for an instant. Then they laughed. The tension was broken.

Aunt Wheeler's wedding gift was a sideboard, a huge, massive, insolent sideboard, *and it was completely covered with red, immorally red, plush!* There it stood, fairly bellowing at the graceful little old mahogany dining table and the six Chippendale chairs which had been Mary's mother's when she was a bride. It lifted itself up proudly and snorted at the few modest pieces of Delft and Nankin in the plate rack, heirlooms of the Penfields. It was evil. The room was crowded with it. It swelled out arrogantly into the tiny green drawing room adjoining. It pervaded the house.

"What shall we do with it?" Archer asked in a brisk tone.

"Do? Do?" his wife cried. "There's nothing for *us* to do. Everything has been done that can be done."

"Poor Mary!" sympathized Archer, "you don't *have* to keep it —do you—if you don't want it."

"Paul," Mary replied, "come out onto the porch—away from it—where we can't see it."

When she had led him from the presence of the defiling object, she quietly continued:

"Now, let's be as sensible as we can. Do you realize what will happen if we—we—*chuck* that thing? Aunt Wheeler will never forgive us. Furthermore, we can't hide it or hide from it. She's coming to dine with us every Sunday to feast her eyes on its peerless beauty, I suppose. We've got to bear it, some way, unless we burn the house down. I don't want to seem mercenary and horrid and vulgar; but you may remember that Aunt Wheeler is rich. In her way, she is very fond of me—and of you too, it appears. Now, my dear, we've got to live in Elmhurst all our life, maybe; we can't, to save our souls, ever earn here one-tenth of what she has, or what she is likely to leave to us. *I* don't care for the money *now*—I have you and we're young and strong and well—but some day we'll be old and—and there may be others to look out for." She looked up into his eyes and smiled. "I know how awful it's going to be," she added.

Archer affectionately thrust his arm through his wife's.

"You're wise, Mary. You're right. I wonder why it is that one only achieves wisdom when one does the thing one doesn't like?—Now we're wise. I say, don't you think we could get Sarah to put a little table out here behind the vines tonight, where you could eat your first meal in fancied peace?"

"You're a blessed boy. We could; we will!—Oh, Paul, pray for me to keep my head about that—that old bull of Bashan in there."

THE day following the return of the Archers, Aunt Wheeler appeared. Mary, from an upper window, saw her looming up on the neat front lawn, and had not the heart to run to welcome her. Instead she let Sarah admit her relative. When she somewhat composed her feelings—which flamed resentfully anew at sight of her aunt,—Mary descended.

"Good-morning, Aunt," she essayed as brightly as she was able.

"Well, Mary—home again, I see. I hope he hasn't beaten you yet. But you're such a meek creature you'd probably rejoice if he had. There, don't mind my nonsense." Aunt Wheeler pricked a kiss on Mary's check. She waved at the sideboard, glistening maliciously in the morning sun. "How do you like it, child?" she demanded.

Mary mastered an insane desire to kick at the sleek plush doors. "We both thank you very much, Aunt Wheeler, for your kindness. You are too good to do so much. And—and we needed a sideboard."

Aunt Wheeler apparently lost the shallow accent of politeness in her niece's voice; she seemed involved in admiration of her fell deed. "I knew you needed one," she agreed, blandly. "I was in here one night and saw that. Then, in Springfield, I was looking around for something suitable in a furniture shop, and the clerk man showed me this. It is the only one like it, he assured me—never but one made. It cost a terrible sum, too, I don't mind telling you. 'But,' said I, 'it'll just liven up that dull, gloomy little dining room of Mary's, with those old traps that have been so long in the family!' I can't abide old stuff, anyway. It looks first-rate—sort of gay and cheerful, doesn't it? You haven't put out any of your silver and glass on it yet, of course; when you do that, according to my idea, it will be a very handsome piece of furniture."

"It looks very gay—and cheerful," faltered Mary. "And when the things are on it——"

"Exactly," finished Aunt Wheeler, "I'm glad you are pleased. You're a good little girl, Mary, though weak-spirited, I sometimes think."

Mary clinched her fists behind her back. "Not always," she got out, with difficult calm. "There are some things I can't stand, I'm afraid."

It would not seem, on the face of things, that a red plush sideboard could be an agent to wreck the love story of two sane young persons. To live constantly in the shadow of a tragedy might add to one's life a dignity, a seriousness of soul, a lofty resignation; to live daily with a farce-comedy would not only ruin one's nerves but would also rob one ultimately of any sense of humor and fineness of spirit one happened to possess. Mary Archer bravely chose the latter phase of the question, quite unaware of its devastating results. She laughed, she jested buoyantly; she applied opprobrious names to their burden: the Scarlet Sin, Red Pottage, The Curse, The Ancient Mariner, and a hundred others. It was not a difficult mental exercise. But gradually, almost without her perception, this pleasing pastime failed. Summer ended, and with it the possibility of the little table on the porch behind the vines. Autumn came, and gray weather. Three times a day the unhappy couple sat opposite the red plush sideboard, and saw themselves reflected in its shameless, plate glass mirror. The seed of bitterness grew in Mary's soul. And every Sunday Aunt Wheeler appeared for dinner.

"Why don't you ask people in for dinner or tea once in a while, Mary?" asked Archer one evening.

"You know perfectly well," she replied with spirit.

"Why?"

"Because of *that!*" She pointed contemptuously toward the dining room.

"Do you mean that you—we—are going to allow ourselves to be cut off from our friends just because—because——"

Mary interrupted. "I don't care what happens! It isn't as bad for you, anyway, and you never really minded it. You are away all day at the office—you don't have to look at it, to see it, to hear it, to live with it every minute! You don't know how awful it is to have people come in to call and ask to be taken over the house—and then to show them that thing. And you can't say anything. It sounds too awful to blackguard your own relatives and their taste. I won't do it. Besides, they'd tell her if I did. I've suffered agonies when I've seen people raise their eyebrows and fall into ghastly silence or twittering lies at sight of the Beast in the Jungle. I know we ought to have had a house-warming; I know we ought to have our friends in to see us; but—oh, Paul, I can't do it!"

"I understand," he replied, a little patronizingly, "that the thing isn't beautiful and that æsthetically it won't rank ace high, but, my dear, we've got it and we've got it good. You yourself said that it was better to keep it gracefully than fire it out and make a mess. You know how much depends on your Aunt Wheeler. Don't mistake me, Mary, and think I don't care—for if you say the word, out the thing goes tomorrow, money or no money, and Aunt Wheeler to the contrary notwithstanding. But don't you think you're making a little too much of this dislike you have for poor old Red Peril? When you say that we can't have our friends here because it's in the house—I, for my part, don't understand you. The old sideboard isn't so bad, is it? Comparatively speaking, I don't mind it very much."

"Paul," cried Mary, desperately, "you can beat me; you can commit all the crimes known to man and husband, and I will forgive you. But when you say that you begin to endure that thing—and it's only a step to 'pity then embrace'—it is too much!"

"I know you feel bad," he soothed her, "but I don't see why you can't have a sense of humor over the situation."

"I've had it."

"Then, for goodness sake, get rid of the sideboard, if you feel like this."

"And affront Aunt Wheeler?"

Archer deviated. "Do you mean that we can't have our friends

in to eat with us because you can't stand the sideboard? That's unreasonable."

"I know you think I'm a fool, Paul, but I—I can't stand people here with that thing."

"I've never heard of anything so ridiculous," Archer retorted, irritably. "Every one who comes here doesn't think the same way you do of it."

"Then I'd be ashamed for them."

"Oh, if you're going to climb to ethical heights!" said Paul, ungraciously, and picked up a book.

"Paul—don't be cross."

"I'm not *cross*, as you call it."

"But you won't understand my feelings."

"See here, Mary, this is your house and the stuff in it is yours. You can do with it as you like—I don't care. But don't forget that we *have* that sideboard, that there's no sensible way of getting rid of it, and that we're likely to live with it for a long time. Now, I've said my say. You go ahead and arrange matters to suit yourself."

Mary did not answer.

The question of the sideboard was actually to Mary Archer a question in morals. Primarily the object was a sin to her. And it was her attitude to this sin which had taken possession of her mind. Every æsthetic fiber in her cried out against it; yet opposed to this protest was her common sense, which assured her that she had no right to lift a finger to jeopardize their relations with Aunt Wheeler.

As time went on and the autumn faded into winter, Mary's struggle increased. She realized that her husband regarded her attitude as foolish, and she was clear-sighted enough to realize that this was a dangerous element to foster. For her own part, though she fought against it, she was conscious of a keen regret that the sideboard did not distress him as it did her; she resented his superiority, resented his lack of accord with her.

"Ah, I'm growing petty!" she told herself.

Mary became nervous and almost irritable under the strain. Aunt Wheeler's weekly appearance at Sunday dinner grew to be an occasion which tried every Christian quality of her character. The sight of that large, complacent lady casting fatuous glances of admiration, as she ate, at her offering, was simply maddening. She usually sat silent and alien while her aunt vehemently discussed the political situation with Paul. And he, who had begun by jeering at Aunt Wheeler, so Mary perceived, had developed a genuine fondness for her.

"I won't be silly—I won't! I won't!" she assured herself. "I'm glad Paul likes her and that she likes him. I'm a worm of the dirt to mind."

Occasionally she tried to enter into their political arguments, but Aunt Wheeler would efface her from the conversation with a firm: "Mary, child, you don't know what you're talking of."

Gradually Mary grew more and more sensitive to her own position of "outsider," as she put it. The idea preyed on her mind; in spite of herself and the healthful existence she led, she could not cast it out. The recurrent Sundays became a horror to her. After Aunt Wheeler had gone, escorted by Paul, Mary would rush to her room and sob. She was losing the brilliant color in her cheeks and her eyes had a film over their clear depths.

"Do you realize, Mary," said Archer one day, "that we've had no one in our house in months to eat a meal, except your aunt and your father? I don't like it."

Mary nodded drearily. "I'll ask some people." She was too discouraged to resist.

So there was the new trial of having guests at her table, whose unwilling eyes were attracted in fascination to the sideboard in the midst of the most absorbing conversation. Out of respect to her husband's wishes, Mary went through with it. Each tea or dinner that she gave filled her with fresh shame. She was either garrulous or self-consciously, embarrassedly, silent. If she saw her friends talking quietly in a corner, she instantly was certain that they were commenting on the sideboard, and her cheeks would burn.

"Mary, are you ill?" questioned Paul, at the breakfast table, after some weeks of this over-strained existence. "You don't act as if you enjoyed things. Have I done anything?"

"No."

"Then why——?"

"Oh, Paul, really—why do you ask me such questions? I'm sorry if you find me dull and stupid."

"Oh, very well, if you like to assume that tone." Archer rose and went to put on his overcoat. Presently he returned. "If you are offended over anything——" he began awkwardly.

"I'm not."

"Then, in Heaven's name, what's the matter?"

"You'd better ask Aunt Wheeler," Mary replied, on the edge of angry tears.

"Don't be a child," he said, angrily, and turned on his heel. "I can't stand that sort of thing."

Mary sat stonily till she heard the front door close. Then she cried her heart out.

"You—did—it!" she sobbed, "you—you—you loathsome old beast!" She shook her fist at the sideboard. "You made me quarrel with Paul. You—you think I'm going to be like you, don't you? You think you're stronger than I am, do you? We'll see!"

On the impulse she pulled open a drawer and took out a carving knife. Swiftly she gathered off the silver and china from the sideboard shelves. Then, with a light in her eyes like Jael slaying Sisera while he slept, she thrust the knife savagely into the fat, sleek plush. She cut it to shreds. She rejoiced primitively, as if she were stabbing an enemy accursed. When the ruin was complete, she desisted breathlessly, and began hysterically to laugh.

Old Sarah hurried in, ponderously. "Oh, Gawd, ma'am! Oh, Gawd, ma'am!" she shrieked, flinging her apron over her head to hide the maniacal sight of her mistress in awful mirth, with the carving knife in her hand, before her the outraged ragged sideboard. "Oh, Gawd, she's crazy!"

The sight of the poor, distressed creature restored Mary to herself. She dropped the knife. Her laughter changed into spontaneous, natural humor. Catching the new note, Sarah ventured forth from her apron.

"Are ye all right, ma'am?"

Mary nodded.

"Ye didn't do a thing to the old red Duchess, did ye?" giggled Sarah, infected by Mary's laughter.

"I hated it, Sarah!"

"Did ye, ma'am? And I don't mind telling ye, it seemed kinda wicked and sinful to me. But what'll old Miss Wheeler be saying?"

"Don't you worry, Sarah. Is George here to fix the furnace?"

"Yes'm."

"Send him here, will you?"

An hour later, in the back garden, all that was left of Aunt Wheeler's wedding gift was an ill-smelling heap of smouldering embers, beside which Mary Archer stood and from time to time cheerfully stirred with a stick. Presently she retired to the house, and putting on her best gown and hat, she went straight to Aunt Wheeler's.

At the door of her house stood a large van, from which a great, burlaped bulk was being unloaded. Aunt Wheeler superintended the process with forcible directions.

"You, child?—Here, man, handle that carefully. I'm glad to see you.—Easy there! What do you suppose that is, Mary?"

With a clairvoyant vision, Mary suddenly knew. "Aunt—it's a red plush sideboard!"

"You're right. I've had one made. There are only two of them now, yours and mine.—Take off that burlap in the entry, man, then move it in. Come in, Mary, while they work. Just two of them, my dear, yours and mine. He promised never to make any more."

"There is only one now, Aunt," said Mary, quietly.

"Only one—what are you talking about?"

"I burned mine up this morning."

"Burned it up? Did the house catch fire?"

"You don't understand. I took it out in the garden and set fire to it." Her voice was placidly sweet.

"Oh, you did! May I ask why?" Aunt Wheeler was grim.

"Because I hated it."

"Why?"

"Because it made me quarrel with my husband and hate myself."

"Mary Penfield, you're insane!"

"I was before. I'm not now."

"Why do you come here to tell me this?"

"Because I wanted you to know."

"Do you realize what you are doing?"

"Perfectly. I expect you to be as angry as you can be. I'm sorry. I hate to seem ungrateful. I hate to hurt your feelings. But I had to do it. I don't apologize."

"Well, of all coolness! So your prospects are nothing to you, miss? Does Paul know of this?"

"I won't say they're nothing. But my peace of mind is more. And Paul knows nothing of what I have done."

"Hm-m-m! Well, have you anything more to say?"

"No."

"Then you'd better go home."

"Good-morning, Aunt. I'm sorry our tastes are different in sideboards. And I hope we'll see you as usual on Sunday. Good-morning."

Aunt Wheeler eyed her sharply for a long moment. "Mary, you're a fool," she remarked, briefly. "Here, man, you needn't dirty up the whole house with that mess."

Mary walked thoughtfully away.

Archer did not come home to his luncheon that day, and for the

first time since his marriage sent his wife no excuse. This accent to his displeasure was not lost on Mary, yet she took it calmly. Indeed, since the slaughter of the Behemoth she had been unwontedly at peace, even such qualms as she necessarily had in regard to the effect on Paul of her affront to Aunt Wheeler, did not greatly perturb her. She ate alone, and as her eyes rested on the vacant wall where had stood the red plush sideboard, they shone with satisfaction.

"Whatever happens now," she reflected, "I can face it like a Christian and a lady—before I could not."

Late in the afternoon a wagon came up the driveway. There was a bulky object in the rear, covered with a blanket. The driver dismounted and rang the bell. Mary herself answered and took from him the note he gave. She read it at once.

"You're a fool, Mary Penfield," it ran, in scrawling pencil. But I'll say this for you—I've known the Penfields, root and branch, since the flood (and if ever there was a Penfield you're one!) and of the whole lot you're the first that ever had the spirit of a canary bird. A meeker, more spineless family I never knew. This man is bringing you my old sideboard, which—if that's your taste—you're welcome to. I shall come to dinner on Sunday.—J. W."

That evening Mary Archer, in her prettiest evening gown, with a pink rose in her hair, sat opposite to her husband and smiled radiantly at him across the dinner table. And he smiled again at her. The light in their eyes was mellower even than the reflection of the candles in their lovely old Chippendale sideboard.

## THE BOOK OF THE YEAR

THE page of spring is lettered o'er
In shining script of daffodil,
Summer has writ her lyric rhyme
In wilding roses from the hill;
Autumn enscrolls her harvest lore
With maple leaves of crimson sheen
And winter writes the finis down
In holly bough and evergreen.

—L. M. Montgomery.

# AND PIPPA DANCES: BY M. WINTHROP

HE windows of the houses are wide open for the day is warm. Outside a hand organ, anchored at the curb, begins to play and the tune strikes into the room of the house before which it stands with that startling distinctness which street sounds seem to acquire in warm weather. The occupants of the room look up and frown, and discuss closing the window or paying the smiling Italian owner of the music to go and play elsewhere. The hand organ is an interruption, a distracting inescapable sound of vulgar association. But out on the sun-baked sidewalk the children are dancing, singly and in pairs, and an appreciative little audience has gathered for both dances and music. It is an excellent organ, fitted out with the most popular melodies of the hour. There is a dreamy waltz suggestive of moonlit fountains in sweet smelling gardens, of Japanese lanterns mysterious through the trees and light fluttering woman's skirts. There are also droll, subtle little rag-time tunes of a musical complexity undreamed of by the hand organ makers of our mother's day. And whether the music be fast or slow, whether the rhythm be that of a dance or of a sentimental song, the children dance with an instinctive sense of the beat, improvising, adapting their little steps to it, although some of them are so tiny it seems as if walking might be a recent accomplishment. Their shoes may be heavy and several sizes too large, they may be down at the heel. Their coarse little stockings or even a dusty bare foot may be sticking through the torn leather, but the feet are invariably light, and the rhythm true.

The children who are not dancing are probably singing or humming the tune. The street organ—or mechanical piano, as it usually is in these days—is mechanically correct in its tunes, and the street children are accustomed to hearing it from earliest infancy. It is indeed their principal source of musical training which is probably one reason why their musical ear is invariably true. So if we prefer to we can look upon it as educational, this humble instrument. But the little dancers whatever discomfort, realized or unrealized, may await them at home, are happy as they dance and there is not too much happiness in a street child's life—yet there are those who frown at hand organs! On second thought isn't it better not to pass with an unseeing eye that cheerfully mercenary Italian gentleman who makes the music, but instead to drop him a penny as you pass? He is the children's Symphony and Philharmonic and opera company and there are rich ladies and gentlemen who do the same for us.

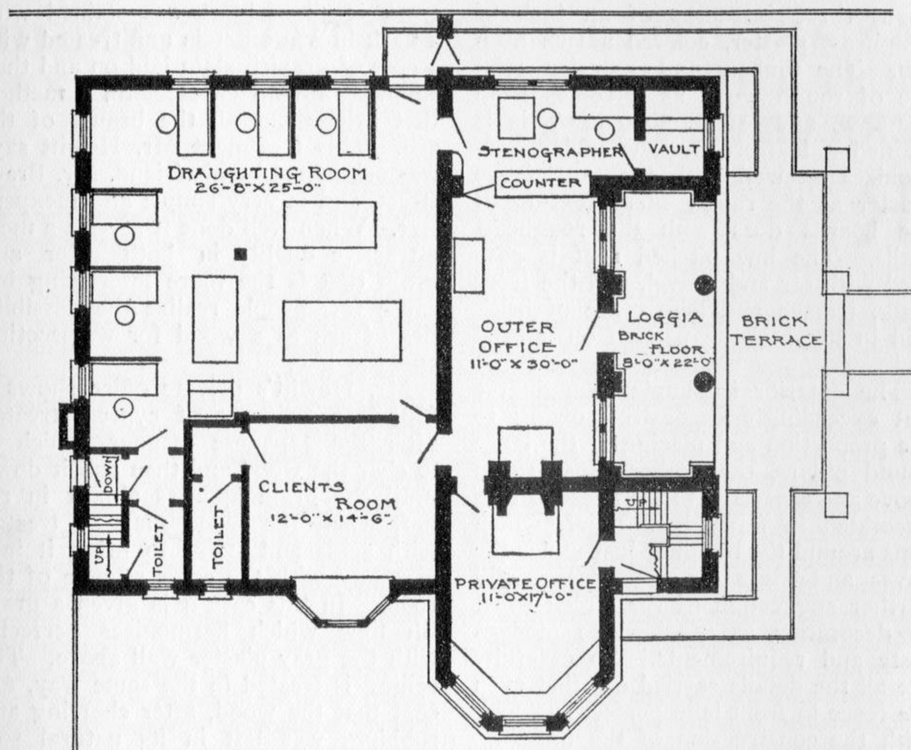
## AN ARCHITECT'S OFFICE THAT FURNISHES JUST THE RIGHT ENVIRONMENT FOR GOOD CREATIVE WORK

READERS of THE CRAFTSMAN will doubtless remember that in September, 1907, we published a description and a number of illustrations of Mr. Edwin H. Hewitt's beautiful home in Minneapolis, Minnesota, which was designed by himself and decorated by Mrs. Mary Linton Bookwalter. This house seemed to us to be one of the most interesting examples we have seen of the result that may be achieved by a happy combination of professional skill and personal interest in the planning of a home that is absolutely adapted to the tastes and pursuits of the people who live in it, but we have here another example of Mr. Hewitt's originality in planning a desirable environment for himself and his associates that is even more interesting, because it deals with the problem of providing a working place that is in its way as delightful as the home.

Within the last decade we have had reason to be proud of the rapid development of a distinctively American spirit in architecture, but, with the exception of the skyscrapers, this national expression of a desire for comfort and beauty as exemplified in the building art has been almost wholly confined to dwellings. The women and children of the family, it is true, often have great beauty as well as comfort in their surroundings, but the one upon whom the cares of life press most heavily and who should by rights have every possible inspiration that can be drawn from his environment too often passes his days in a bare little boxlike room down town, where everything is sacrificed to the saving of space and which is frequently ill-lighted and inconveniently arranged as well as utterly unattractive.

Mr. Hewitt, having the viewpoint of a sensible man as well as an architect, so keenly realized these disadvantages of the ordinary office building that he determined to make his own office in Minneapolis not only a delightful place to work in, but an object lesson as to what could be done in the way of securing a place of business that should be as interesting and as comfortable as a man's home. When, two years ago, he decided to build, he found that to lease a lot that answered his purposes involved an amount of expenditure that put it practically beyond his reach. While he was hesitating as to the advisability of trying the experiment in any case, a proposition was made to him by the Skylight Club, a small organization of architects, lawyers, physicians,

business men and members of the University faculty, to lease the ground and put up a building that would be large enough to accommodate his own offices and also the club room. As Mr. Hewitt himself was a member of the club, which contained about twenty-five men who were congenial in their tastes and his personal friends, he welcomed this proposition with delight, and the club agreed to pay for its club room a rental which was sufficient to cover the ground rent. Then he found it possible to lease the ground in the rear of the projected building to Mr. John S. Bradstreet, a well-known decorator, so that between the two rentals the expense of leasing the land and heating the building would be covered, and Mr. Hewitt found by computation that by doing business on this basis he would be able to put up the kind of building that would be a pleasure to every one of its occupants, and run it at an expense hardly greater than it would have been to rent a series of stuffy, ill-lighted offices down town.




FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF THE OFFICE BUILDING OF E. H. HEWITT

The building was completed in the summer of 1906 and has been an unqualified success, Mr. Hewitt declaring that the effect of the surroundings is plainly discernible in the work done by himself and his employees.

The illustrations showing the building and the detail of the entrance give

an excellent idea of its simplicity and beauty in design and construction. The outer walls are built of hollow terra cotta tiles and hollow brick, a construction which gives it the maximum of warmth in winter and coolness in summer. The tiles are waterproofed inside and outside with dehydratine, and the exterior is plastered first with two coats of cement and then with a final coat of about three-sixteenths of an inch of roughcast plaster, colored a rich deep tan. The timbers and exterior trim are of rough wood as it comes from the saw, and left unplaned. This is stained a leaf-brown tone which harmonizes as well with the tan of the plaster as the rough furry texture of the boards does with the roughcast walls. The low pitched roof is covered with tar and gravel, and the front walk, terrace and loggia are of brick laid in herringbone pattern on a sand bed.

The exterior is simple to a degree but exceedingly decorative, owing to the proportion and placing of the large round pillars, the timber construction above and especially to the frieze of tiles decorated in fairly bold relief, which runs around the building just under the eaves and gives it, of course, a still further suggestion of the Greek spirit in decoration as modified to modern taste and requirements. So carefully are all the details carried out that even the fence in front is in perfect harmony with the construction of the building, the tops of the tall square posts showing the relief decoration and the fence being made of square rough timber like that used on the building.

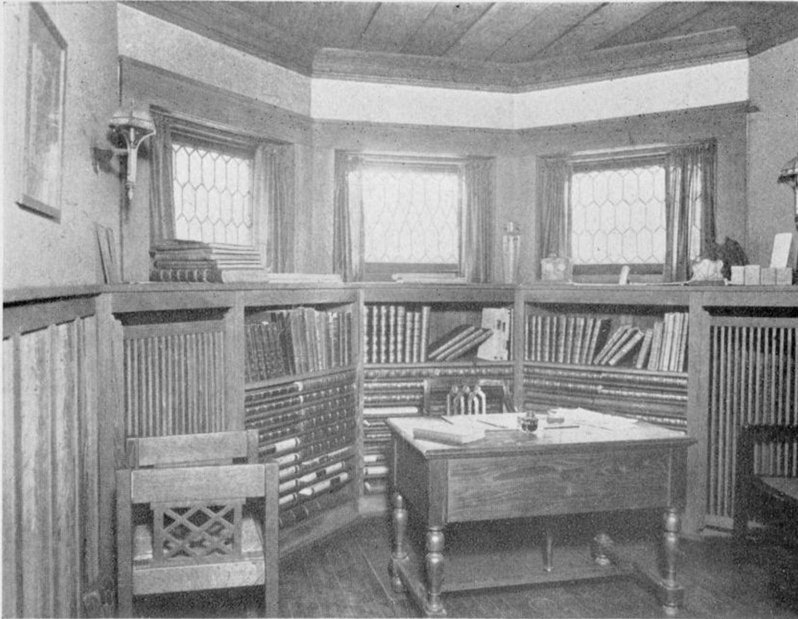
The plan of the interior gives the greatest possible economy of space and convenience of arrangement combined with the maximum of light and air. The whole lower floor is occupied by Mr. Hewitt's offices and the upper story is finished as one large club room without partitions. The color scheme throughout the offices is quiet and cool, and the decoration very simple, depending almost entirely for its attractiveness upon the admirable proportions and workmanship shown in the structural features, the beauty of the natural woods that are used throughout and the harmony of coloring. In the outer office and clients' room the woodwork is all of black ash stained with a dark brown oil stain and treated with a coat of grayish stain laid on and then rubbed off with cheesecloth, a method that brings out all the beauty of the ash. This treatment Mr. Hewitt says was originated by his friend, Mr. Bradstreet, and is very simple and inexpensive. When well done it reveals a most attractive quality in both color and grain that is the more interesting because few people realize the possibilities of ash as a wood for wainscoting and the like.

Mr. Hewitt's private office shows a four-foot wainscot of cypress treated after the Japanese manner, which is to char the wood and then rub it down until the grain appears almost in relief, when the wood may be treated with acids and stains to bring it into harmony with the color scheme of the room. In this case it is given a grayish tone which harmonizes perfectly with the gray plaster wall above. The ceiling is treated in the same way, except that the wood, after charring and rubbing, was left in its natural soft fawn color, which lends just the right effect of warmth to the gray tones that prevail in the room. The fireplace is made of cement or concrete, of a warm gray that accords perfectly with the walls and wainscoting. The bay is occupied by bookshelves containing a portion of Mr. Hewitt's architectural library, and above these bookshelves are three small high windows lighted with lozenge shaped panes of leaded glass.

*Edwin H. Hewitt, Architect.*

FRONT VIEW OF THE OFFICE OF EDWIN H. HEWITT, MINNEAPOLIS: BUILT OF TERRA COTTA TILES: INTERESTING ORNAMENTATION OF TILE FRIEZE UNDER THE EAVES.

DETAIL OF ENTRANCE TO MR. HEWITT'S OFFICE, WITH GLIMPSE OF FRONT GARDEN.



PRIVATE OFFICE, SHOWING FOUR-FOOT WAINSCOT OF CYPRESS, TREATED IN JAPANESE MANNER.

OUTER ROOM, CONNECTING WITH PRIVATE OFFICE.

SKYLIGHT CLUB ROOM, LOCATED IN THE HEWITT OFFICE BUILDING.

CLIENTS' ROOM ON GROUND FLOOR.

The work table also stands in this bay, and the whole room is a very restful place in which to study, read and plan new things.

The draughting room is very simple in its design and coloring. The walls and ceilings are of gray sand-finished plaster and the wainscot which runs around the room at about the height of the tables is made of shingles stained brown. On both sides of the room are well-lighted alcoves, in each of which is placed a draughting table, so that the draughtsmen have all the light they need directly upon their work. On the roof of this part of the office is a blue print room, where all the blue prints required in the office work are made.

The quarters of the Skylight Club are reached by a small private staircase, which is entered from the corner of the brick terrace and which enables the members of the club to use the room without going into the offices below. The whole scheme of decoration up here has a certain quaint and rugged effect, which is comfortable and inviting, and the color is rich and warm. The room is lighted not only by the windows at the sides but by the skylights which really seem necessary, considering the name of the club. The roof is constructed on simple trusses and these with the bolts and iron straps are left exposed. The space between each purlin is filled with a plaster panel which provides a small air space to keep out the cold. Odd Japanese lanterns picked up by Mr. Bradstreet in his travels hang from the beams and the rest of the light is provided by bracket lamps against the walls.

One end of the room is entirely taken up by a large fireplace which is the chief center of attraction at club meetings. The chimney breast is faced with Moravian tiles oiled to a rich red tone and relieved with decorated tiles set at regular intervals. The walls are wainscoted to the height of five feet with black ash boards and battens, this wainscot being finished at the top by a shelf which runs all around the room and over the wooden settles built in on either side. Beneath this shelf and over each panel is a wooden peg to hold the beer mug that belongs to each member and bears his name and date of membership.

The plaster walls of the club room are tinted a rich burnt orange color which tones admirably with the brown of the ash as well as with the dull red tiles of the fireplace. The floor is covered with a large rug that repeats the color of the walls and in the center of the room there is a large roughly constructed table with the top made of Mercer tiles set in black mortar. Altogether it is distinctly a man's room, and a most attractive meeting place for the two dozen men whose widely varied occupations mean the greatest mental stimulus to one another when they meet to talk over things that interest them all.

Mr. Hewitt's scheme of combining an office and club room in a small building seems to THE CRAFTSMAN to be full of valuable suggestions to business men in all parts of the country. As we have shown, the expense of carrying it on under the present arrangement is by no means prohibitive, and almost any group of business men who were friendly and congenial to one another could combine for the building of just such offices and workrooms instead of crowding into the enormous human hives, full of bare little cells, that are seen in the business districts of all our large cities. If people lived and worked in places such as we have just described, the chances are that the disease of the age, which has been so aptly called "Americanitis," would soon go out of fashion, and that we would have more good creative work.

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

"The spontaneity of undeveloped faculty does not count for much. It carries us only a little way. Let no one believe that without study and practice in design he can recognize and appreciate what is best in design."—Denman Ross.

IT may be noted that in following a course of study along the line of abstract compositions of lines, forms and tones for the sake of defining the elementary principles of design that we are limited to three typical problems;—figures enclosed on all sides, as the square or circle;—figures enclosed on two sides, as the border; figures adapted to indefinite extension on all sides, as the surface repeat. This limitation serves well to simplify matters and enables the student to concentrate attention upon the definition of principles. To each of these typical problems some consideration has been given. For the purpose that these problems aim to fulfill it is unnecessary to demonstrate the number of ways in which a design within a circle may be arranged, whether the details shall radiate from the center, from a point on the circumference, or, as in the examples shown last month, shall be in rhythmic relation to the circumference. The same elementary principles are applicable to whatever method may be chosen, and as the circle was but a means to an end, one method was quite as convenient as another.

The question of a surface repeat was briefly touched upon in an earlier number of this series. Let us now give a more detailed discussion to this type of abstract design. Many difficulties quite unnecessary to an understanding of the essentials in the construction of a repeated surface pattern have been thrown in the way of students by attempting to explain the intricacies of the "drop" repeat and other questions that arise from the technique of weaving or printing. The beauty or interest of a surface pattern is quite separate from these technical questions. Again the pattern may be formed in stripes, vertical or horizontal, or the details of each unit may radiate from a common center; these questions, too, are immaterial. Whatever method may be chosen for a repetition of the unit of the pattern, a discussion of composition brings us once more to the inevitable questions of space and mass, of rhythm, balance and harmony in the adjustment of the lines, forms and tones employed. A beautiful surface pattern may be developed from straight or from curved lines, with or without any suggestion of nature in the result. To make a

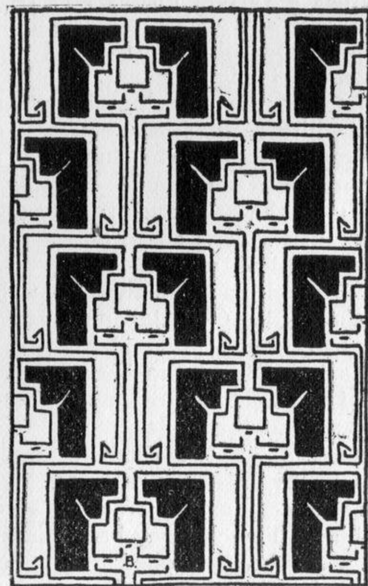


PLATE FORTY-EIGHT.

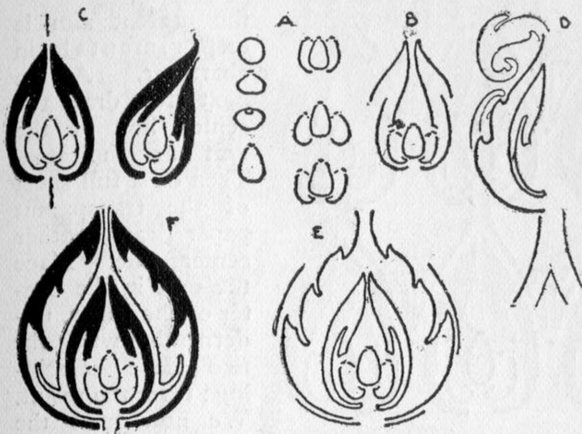



FIGURE SIXTY.

surface design that is adapted to the technique of weaving or printing is quite another matter, involving questions that cannot be learned from a book or through practice on paper.

In experimental solutions of the problem it may be attacked from two points of view. We may build up a pattern by grouping lines and forms into a unit, then by the repetition of this unit at regular intervals, watching carefully at each step the relation of all of the elements of the pattern, both within the individual units and from unit to unit. Or we may start with big masses related in a common movement and proceed to a gradual breaking up of the areas into smaller divisions down to the last detail. The former method is the simpler and will be explained first.

*Problem.*—Let us build up a surface repeat, assuming as a unit a motif that may be expressed by the words: three berries and two leaves. Now in accepting the limitations imposed by this motif we are not bound to any particular specimen of natural growth, though nature may furnish various types of berries and leaves that will serve to stimulate invention. We may indeed prefer to proceed at once to the construction of an imaginary unit. In the demonstration that follows this latter method was adopted. The forms suggested in Figs. 60 and 64 are merely adjustments of lines and forms in black and white. Let us begin with the first detail. Fig. 60-A. Any one of various forms might be chosen as the type of berry to be employed. The grouping of the three berries might also vary considerably. The bottom group, considering these three groups without the addition of other details, seems to possess greater variety in the relative positions of the berries than the top one, and suggests a more consistent growth than the middle one. Any of these groups might be justified, however, in the arrangement of other details of the unit. Let us choose the bottom group. With this simple suggestion as a start it is now desirable to bring the two leaves of the motif into some rhythmic relation to the berries.

A few tentative lines might result in some such movement as is shown in B. There is now a reciprocal relation of these minor details. In completing the symmetrical adjustment of these elements, as in C, it must of course be decided whether the widest

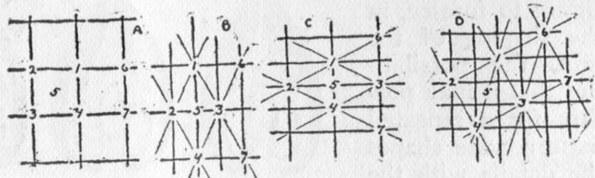



FIGURE SIXTY-ONE.

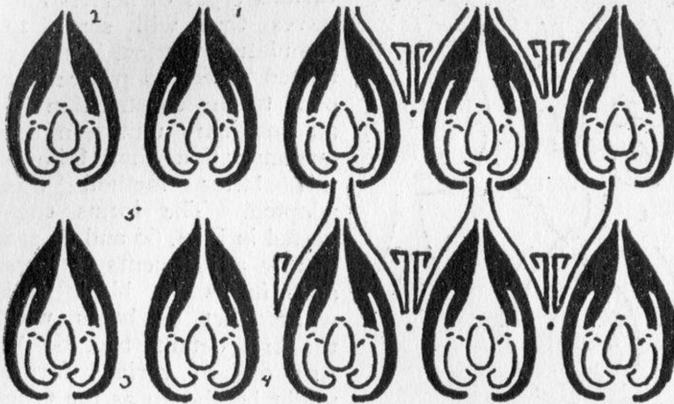


FIGURE SIXTY-TWO.

part of the unit shall be at the top or at the bottom; for sake of variety it seems better that it should be at one or the other rather than at the center. It must also be kept in mind that the symmetry of white within the unit is just as important as the symmetry of black formed by the leaves. In the present case it is perhaps the more interesting of the two. So much for the unit; its lines and forms have been determined.

It is now necessary to gain a reciprocal relation from unit to unit with a space and mass composition that will bind the repeated pattern together into a unity of effect. Experience enables the designer to foresee, in the shaping of the unit, the possibilities that it may possess for a repeated pattern. He shapes the details with the whole in mind. But the present aim is experimental in character. As a next step, draw the center line of the unit as indicated. Then on a full sheet of the transparent paper draw another center line. Place the unit in the center of the paper, underneath, with the two lines coinciding; trace the result. We now have the first element of the pattern. How can the unit be repeated at regular intervals to furnish the most satisfactory result? In the various diagrams shown in Fig. 61 it may be assumed that the first unit is represented in each diagram by the figure 1. It becomes necessary to decide upon the position of the second unit of the repeat. By moving the original unit about under the transparent paper the relation of the two units as well as

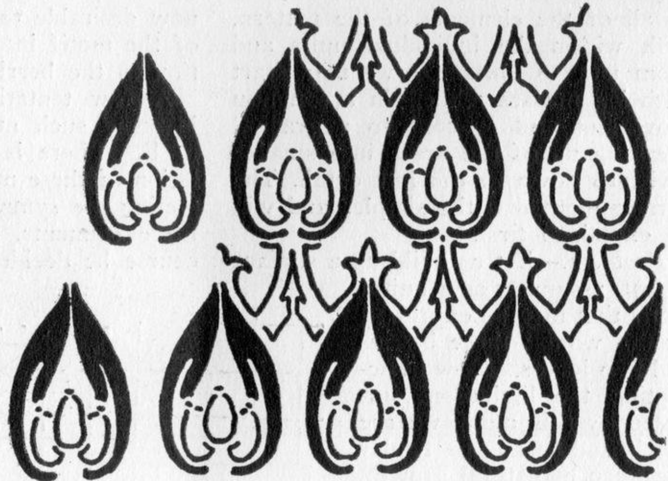


FIGURE SIXTY-THREE.

PLATE FORTY-SIX.

PLATE FIFTY-ONE.

PLATE FORTY-NINE.

PLATE FIFTY.

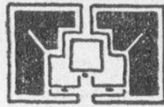


FIGURE SIXTY-FOUR.

a forecast of the final effect may be obtained. For sake of illustration it may be assumed that a decision is made as in the diagram A. A second center line should be drawn on the paper and the second tracing made. A symmetrical unit almost invariably demands a symmetrical repeat; hence an indefinite number of center lines may next be drawn on the paper with the distance between these two as a key. Now when the units numbered 3-4 have been given position the solution of the problem as a design has only begun. The two questions of most importance are to be solved now. The units must be bound together into a compact whole, with some rhythmic interrelation of all elements; the space, indicated in each diagram by the figure 5, must be accepted as another element in the pattern,—its shape and measure must be developed as an integral part of the design. Fig. 62 represents the steps up to this point. It is readily seen that in the first section of this design the space 5 is too large and empty; the units are not well related. In the second section a simple line serves to break in upon the large area of white, and produces a better balance of space and mass; it also binds the units together into a common movement, relates the blacks and whites, and produces a third subordinate tone.

PLATE FORTY-FIVE.

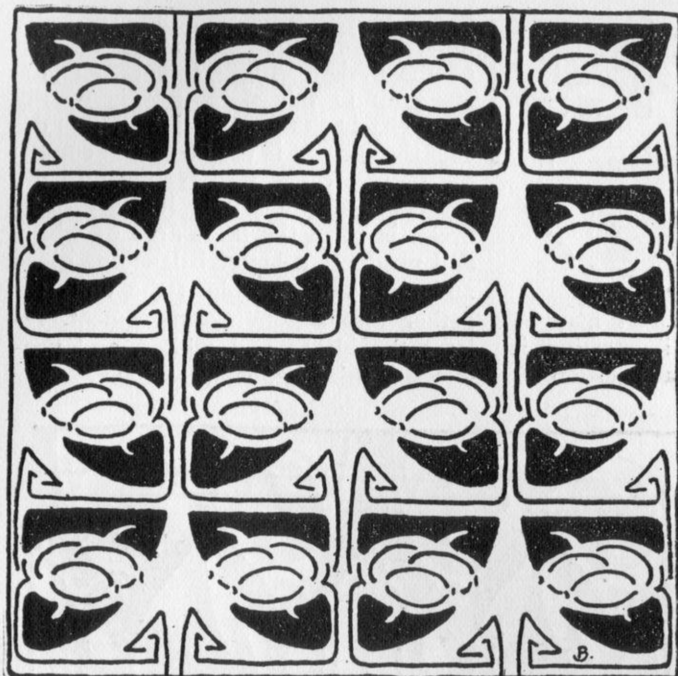


PLATE FORTY-SEVEN.

for example. Here a slight additional enrichment given to the original unit, as indicated by the dark line in D of Fig. 60, furnished a new unit which was repeated on the structural plan shown in Fig. 61-B. The development was quite the same as before, namely an interrelation of the units and a breaking up of the background spaces in order to bring them into the best possible adjustment with the units. To this end slight additions were made to the unit as shown by the lighter lines in Fig. 60-D. In the final result each shape and measure of black and white is made to contribute some element of interest to the design. It is not a black design on a white ground; nor is it a white design on a black ground. It is a coöperation of black and white elements, of space and mass, of line and form, to a common purpose; all of which is a return to the original propositions with which these articles started.

In Plate 46 is a still more important effort developed from the same starting point. Here it has become necessary to discipline three tones, black, white and gray into a unity of effect to which each must contribute its share. If you will keep in mind the demonstration to this point the complexities of this pattern will be found to be more apparent than real. The first step is shown in Fig. 60-E-F. It

That is designing with an eye to the principles that these articles have been defining. The method of repetition may vary;—but the idea is exactly the same. In Fig. 63, for example, another development of this same unit is shown based upon the construction indicated in the diagram B of Fig. 61. It may appear that the unit is better adapted to this repeat than to the other; in which case the experiment has made it possible to look ahead, in planning another unit, to the completed result. It is thus that we learn, —by doing, by experiment, comparison, and selection.

It will be interesting to carry this unit through one or two more experiments, into results more complex, more important. The original unit may always be altered at will to suit the exigencies of repetition, as in Plate 45

will be seen that the original unit with which the start was made has now become a mere incident in the breaking up of the space and mass areas of a more complex unit. Other experiments might, of course, produce units quite different in character from this one. The unit was repeated on the same structural lines as in the preceding plate, though the increased size of the unit naturally demanded a spacing at wider intervals. If a comparison is made between the unit as shown in Fig. 60 and the completed pattern, several additions or slight alterations may be noted. If the demonstrations have been clear the reasons that prompted each change in the unit will be clear. The mere repetition of the unit is a minor question; the means adopted to bring unity to the result is the important question. And if the principles of composition are understood the most prosaic and unpromising material may be developed into a pattern of interest and beauty. And, *per contra,* if these principles are not understood, material of rare beauty may be developed into a pattern devoid of any interest or distinction. Though the unit itself is comparatively unimportant, the use that is made of the unit being the important thing, the best design will always be one that shows a logical and distinctive construction down to the last minute detail, an interrelation to a definite end of every line and form employed.

Now, to return to the first statement of the motif, three berries and two leaves, Fig. 64 represents other units equally dependent for interest upon the relation of black and white elements. They are merely masses of black broken by spaces of white, the spaces of white being subdivided in turn by lines of black, all bound together into a compact and related whole. In one of these the squared paper of times past, again appears. In Plates 47-48 two of these units are repeated with such additions in each case as will best serve to bring to the result the character that is sought.

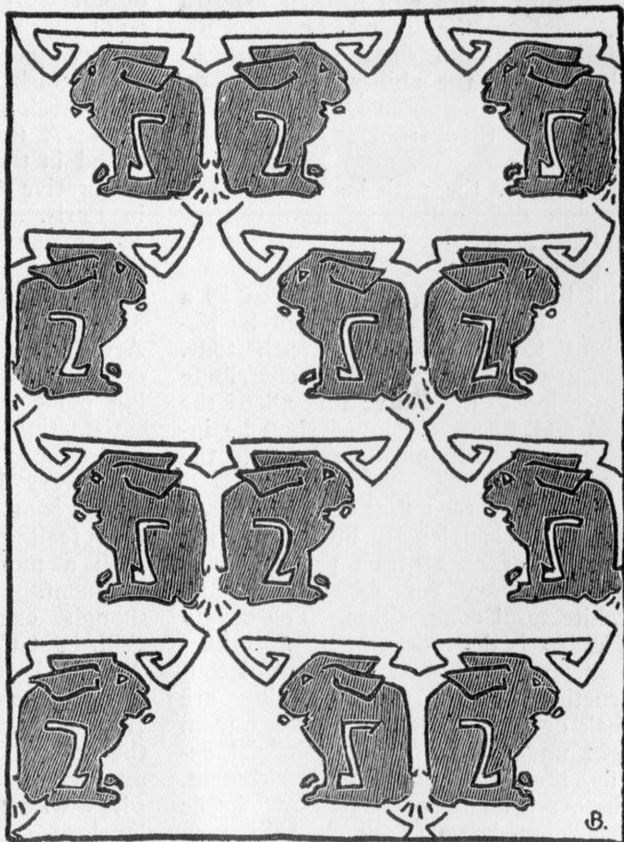


PLATE FIFTY-TWO.

This character forms, here as in the past, the basis of our experiments. Fortunately there are no rules or receipts in design, no method that will enable a lazy individual to achieve distinction, no process that will supplant orderly thought, hard work and common sense. Such comparatively simple designs as those shown in Plates 47-48 demand orderly and concentrated thought. The finished product may, and should, have an appearance of spontaneity; the drudgery that its completion may have entailed should be eliminated. None but those who have learned the true significance of the little word *study* will discern beneath the surface the many experiments, comparisons and final selection. In other words, the ability to design results from long hours of thoughtful work more than from any unique inheritance.

To follow the path backward, then, through the analysis of a distinctive surface pattern we would ask: first, that its spotting of space and mass shall be interesting when viewed as a whole; that its structure shall be apparent to the eye; that each tone, measure and shape shall contribute something to the unity; that all of the lines and forms employed shall be intimately and organically related to the last detail.

Thus it is seen that the same constructive principles are involved in the planning of an abstract pattern as in the designing, for example, of an architectural composition. The beauty of either is dependent upon the refinement and enrichment of a logical construction. If the structural lines are weak or are ignored, are buried from sight under a mass of superficial details, then no amount of enrichment, whether it be "Greek style" or "Gothic style," or however much skill may enter into its execution, will produce a result of character and distinction. If, for instance, it is proposed to produce a beautiful piece of furniture, let us first plan a piece of logical construction, and give to it such refinement of line and form as is possible under the limitations imposed by utility. If then, beyond this point, we are not quite clear as to what constitutes a beautiful enrichment, if we distrust, as we well may, the competence of our judgments in such matters, let us learn to appreciate—and remain forever content in that appreciation—a beauty that arises from frank construction, sound materials, honest workmanship, fine texture and color.

Any museum or gallery of industrial art furnishes material for a study of the development of constructive design. A unique opportunity is to be found in the rooms of the Society of Decorative Arts, adjoining the Louvre, in Paris. Here, through a series of rooms, one may pass in review the development in furniture, textiles, metal work, etc., from the time of the early Mediæval craftsmen to the modern Art Nouveau. And the thoughtful person inevitably returns to the starting point with a sense of relief and satisfaction. Here there is a frank acceptance of constructive demands with very little enrichment. In the next room one finds evidence of a finer feeling for structural refinements with a more delicately executed enrichment. Further on the enrichment, though executed with consummate skill, is at the expense of construction. And still further, in the elaboration of ornament construction is buried from sight. In textiles, for example, the severe structural simplicity of the product of the early weavers gradually gives way to a hopeless potpourri of lovelorn swains, cupids, ribbons and flying garlands of flowers. The sep-

aration of designer and workman becomes apparent; we find the weavers vainly essaying the production of designs furnished them by painters who never saw a loom and knew little of its technical possibilities or limitations. In the repetition of such a simple unit as that shown in Plate 49 there is bound to be a refreshing simplicity. It is a symphony in lines, forms and tones. It has no pictorial interests, and needs none. There is a feeling of reserve strength throughout, however. The designer might have told more if he had chosen; but he preferred a simple structural treatment, in a broad, flat plane of light and dark. He broke his darks with areas of light, and broke his lights with areas of dark, each contributing to a unity. Of quite a different treatment, though of similar character, is the Japanese textile shown in Plate 50. Those who express a liking for Japanese work because it is "so informal" fail to understand the character of true Japanese art. All that was said of the preceding plate may be said of this wonderful textile. It is a simple, flat spotting of lights and darks, each contributing to the effect of the whole. Note how the legs break in upon the measures of dark,—the rhythmic movement of the bodies and necks. The measures of light are broken by the bills and wings. As in the other textile there is evidence of a definite idea, of orderly thought, and a treatment that is consistent throughout. It is the repetition of a unit on the structural lines of Fig. 61-A, the units in the vertical repeat being turned alternately to the right and left.

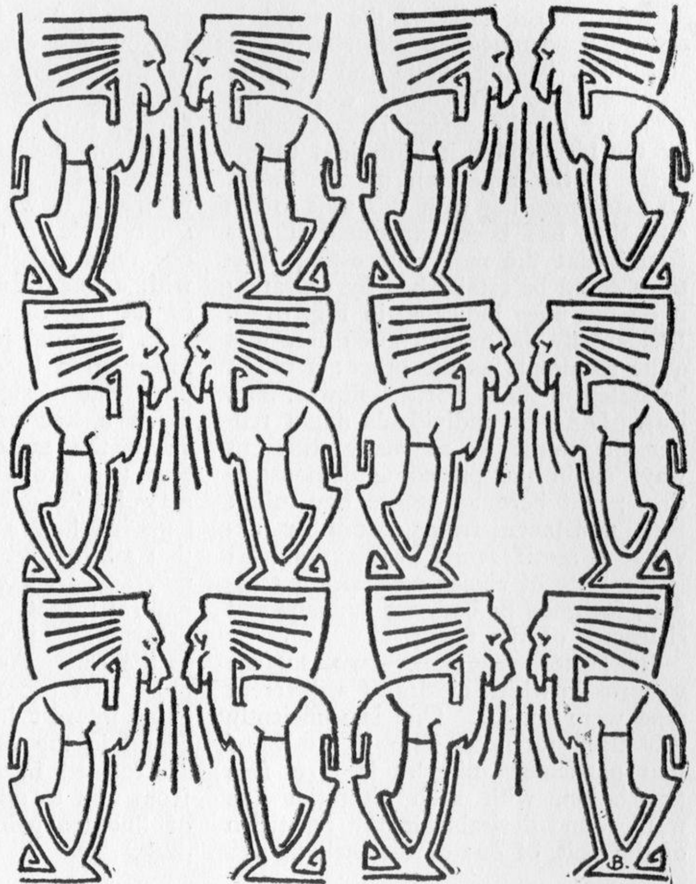


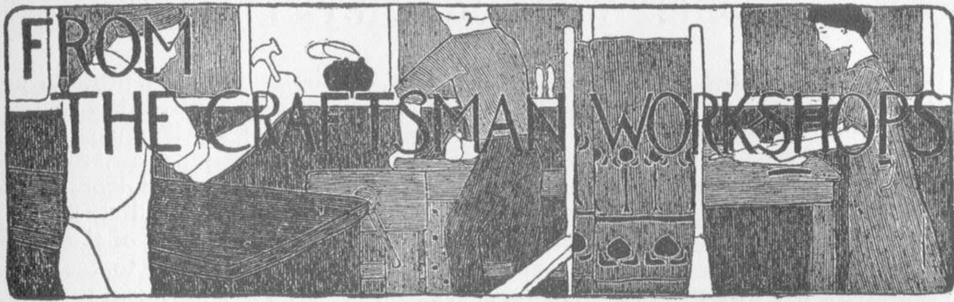
PLATE FIFTY-THREE.

If the unit is unsymmetrical one may be justified in giving it an unsymmetrical repetition, as in Plate 51.

The structural basis of the repeat is always determined, in experiments of this kind, by the shape and measure of the unit. In other words the structure of the design is determined by the idea which it is desired to express in the repetition of the motif. In experimenting with this unit to the end that has been explained, it was found that the most interesting relations could be established by repeating it on the lines indicated in Fig. 61-D. Incidentally the motif chosen here was quite as simple as the other; it might be stated in these words,—flower, bud, leaf. Different individuals might render the motif in as many different ways as in the preceding demonstrations; and here as before one might seek assistance from nature or develop a motif from imagination. It is a matter of choice and does not affect, for good or bad, the fundamental character of the result.

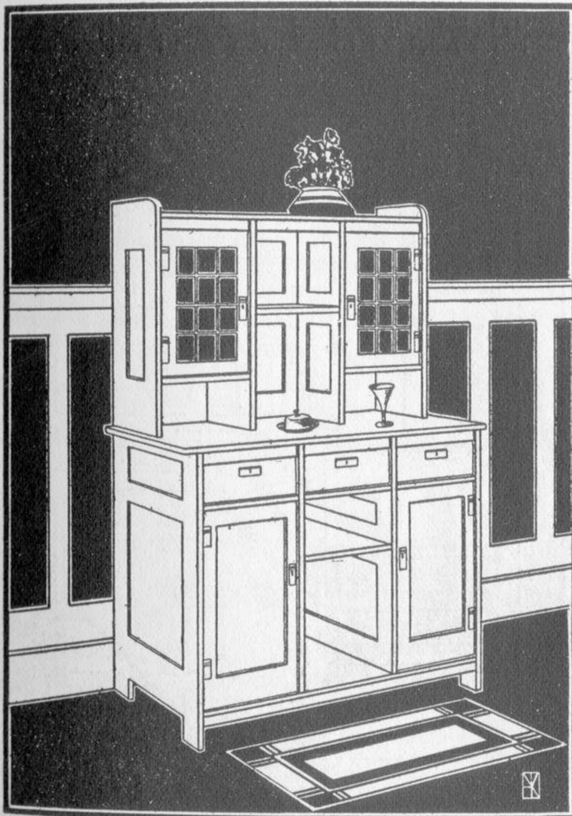
In Plates 52-53 are two surface patterns in which motifs of a different type were sought. One is sufficiently rabbitlike to necessitate a study of that particular animal. It is a free translation, with such alterations as were found desirable in the repetition of the unit, of one of the little figures shown in the February CRAFTSMAN. If you will examine the construction of the pattern you will note similar rhythmic interrelations of line and form. In this design, by way of experiment, the space of white has been made as large as it would be possible to make it without its becoming an empty hole in the result. Even now one feels a desire to break in upon it with a line from some point or other of the mass.

In the final plate a creature of the imagination becomes an incident in a pure line design. This is quite as much a line problem, involving precisely the same propositions as the first two problems of our series. It may be "based on the camel"; perhaps it is! We are sometimes assured that all designs, however abstract they may appear, have been based on some natural prototype. If this be true the present case is of course no exception to the rule. Aside from the play impulse that prompted its execution the chief interest in this design is to be found in the various symmetries that are formed, in the interrelation of line from unit to unit, and in the massing of lines to gain a dominant tone of dark.

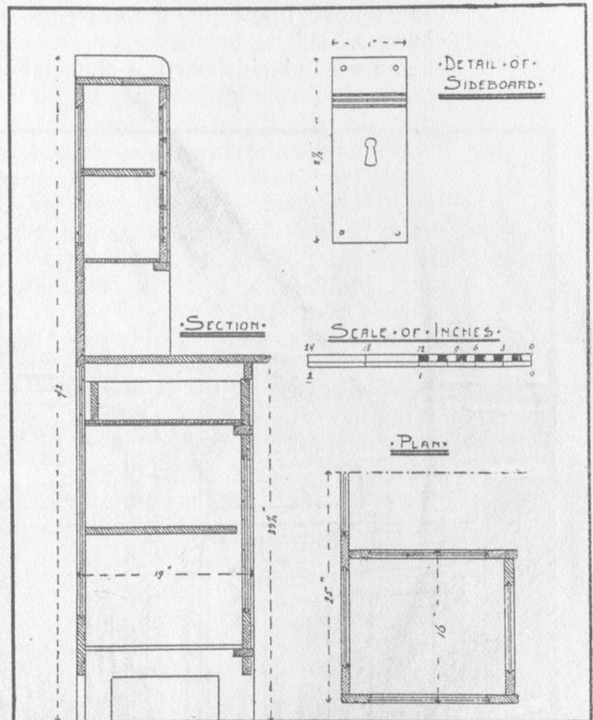



# MODERN SIDEBOARDS AND METAL WORK

THE four designs for sideboards given this month are in the same style as the bookcases for which designs were published in the last issue. They are all after the modern European school, and while they harmonize very well with Craftsman furniture, they afford a departure from the purely Craftsman style that may be welcome to those of our amateur cabinet workers who desire a quaintly decorative effect in construction.



SIMPLE SIDEBOARD FOR A SMALL ROOM.



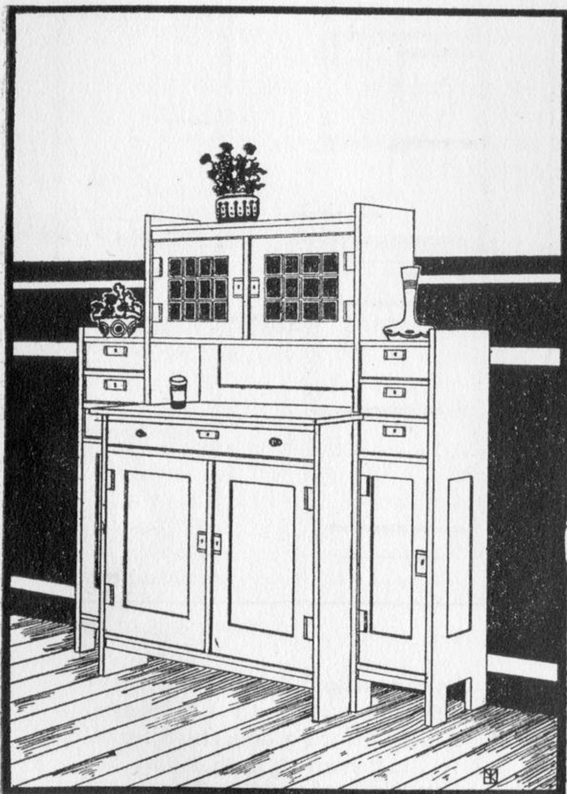

WORKING PLAN FOR SIDEBOARD.

The first illustration shows the sim-

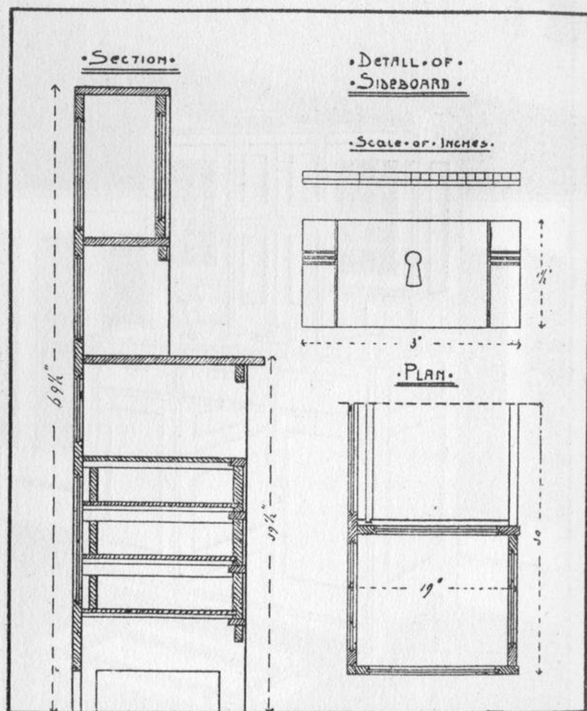
plest as well as the smallest of these sideboards. The arrangement of the top cupboards and central shelf repeats that of the lower part of the piece, except that the upper cupboards have doors with small leaded panes. Three drawers to hold silver and small table linen are above the lower cupboards. The lavish use of panels requires very careful workmanship, as these panels form the chief decoration of the piece and must be carefully fitted to avoid too much play under atmospheric changes.

The second sideboard is unusual in shape, as the central part projects beyond the side cupboards. It is also recessed below the small square upper cupboards, giving quite a large top. Leaded glass decorates the doors of the upper cupboards and all the other doors, as well as the sides of the piece, are paneled. In addition to the large central drawer for table linen, there are three small drawers high up at each side, giving a great deal of room for silver, smaller pieces of linen and the like.

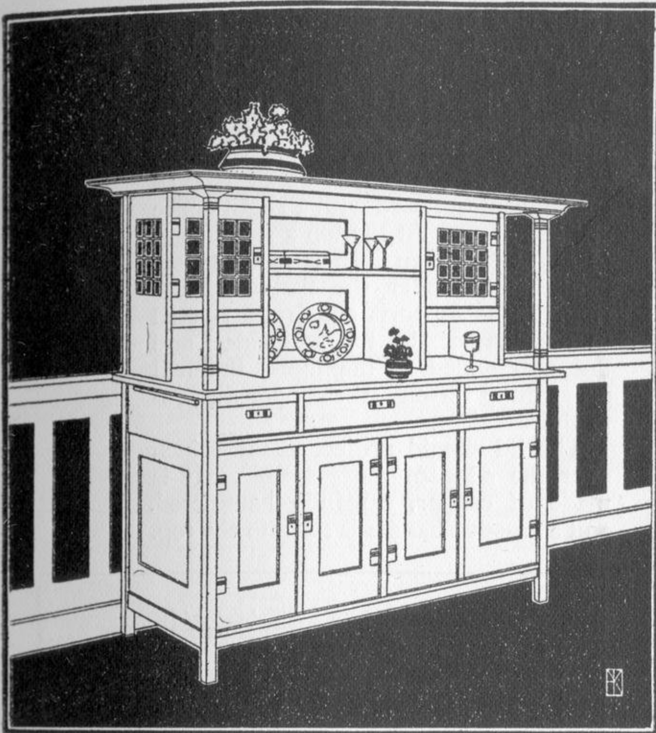
The third sideboard, with its generous proportions and the quaint pillared effect of the upper part, is more like the old-fashioned court cupboard. This has, in addition to the shelf across the central recess, two small high cupboards so set as to allow a small re-



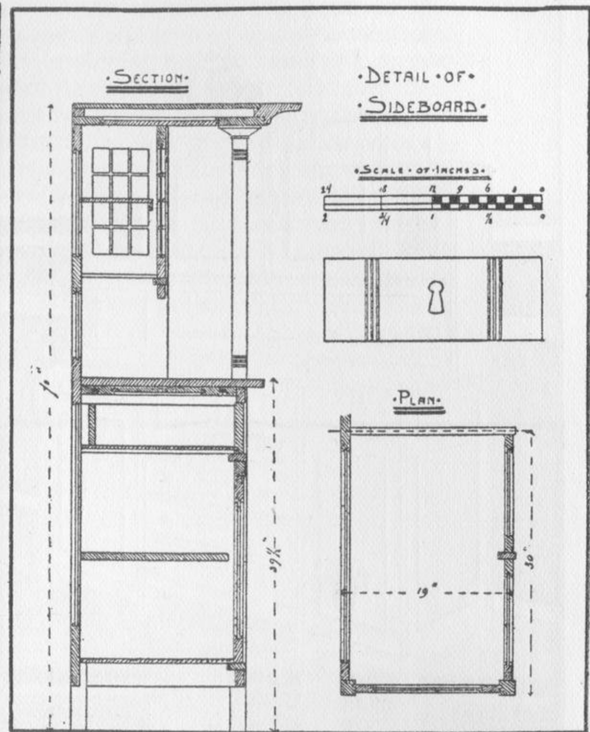
UNUSUAL SIDEBOARD DESIGN WITH MANY CONVENIENT DRAWERS.




WORKING PLAN FOR SECOND SIDEBOARD.



SIDEBOARD FOR LARGE SPACE.



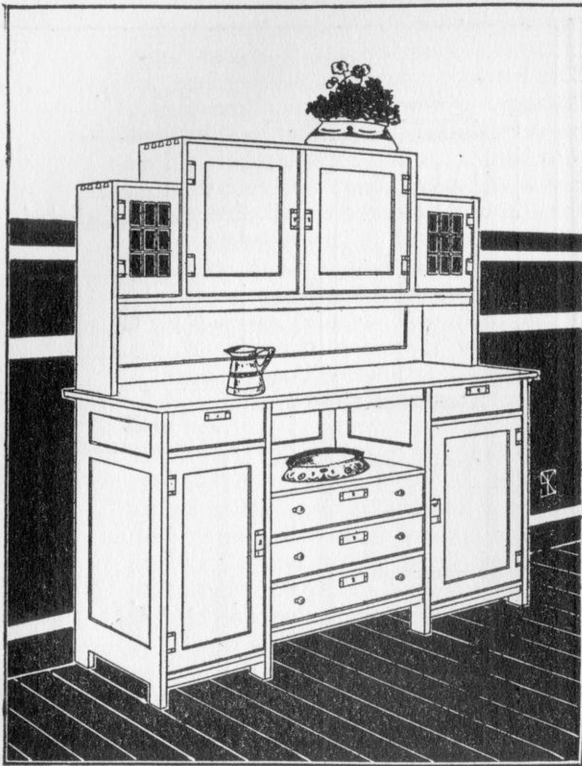

WORKING PLAN FOR LARGE SIDEBOARD.

cess below each one. There are four large cupboards in the lower part of the piece, with only three shallow drawers above.

The fourth sideboard is quite as distinctive in character, with an arrangement of two large and two small cupboards in the upper part above a recess, which extends the whole length of the piece. Another recess appears above the three central drawers in the lower part and large cupboards on either side give almost as much room as used to be required in the old cupboards of the Elizabethan days.

The construction of all these pieces, while necessitating careful work, is very simple and may easily be studied out by a close examination of the detail drawings. They are hardly good models for a beginner to attempt, but to anyone who has acquired a fair knowledge of home cabinetmaking, they should not only prove very interesting but should present no unusual difficulties.

THE first of the purely Craftsman designs shown here includes both metal work and cabinetwork, as the chafing dish which is to be described later is placed upon a stand made especially for it, with a tiled top and a cupboard for keeping any small supplies. The details of construction are fully given in the accompanying drawing, and the value of having such a stand



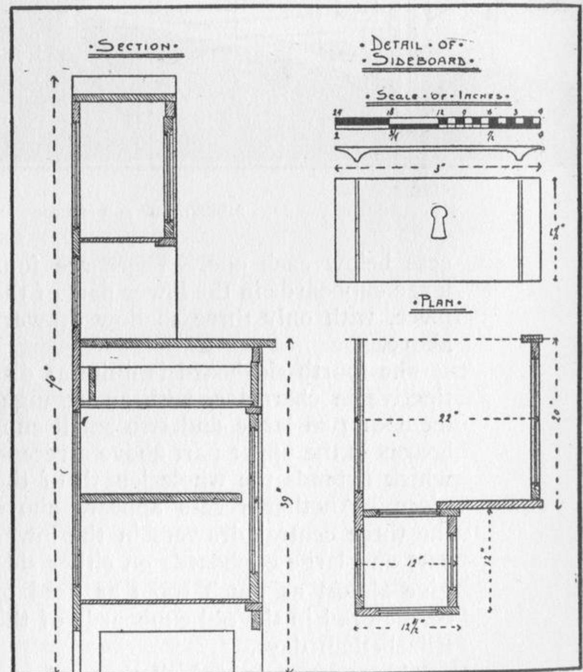
SIDEBOARD WITH MUCH COVERED SPACE.

with a tiled top for such a purpose is, of course, self-evident.

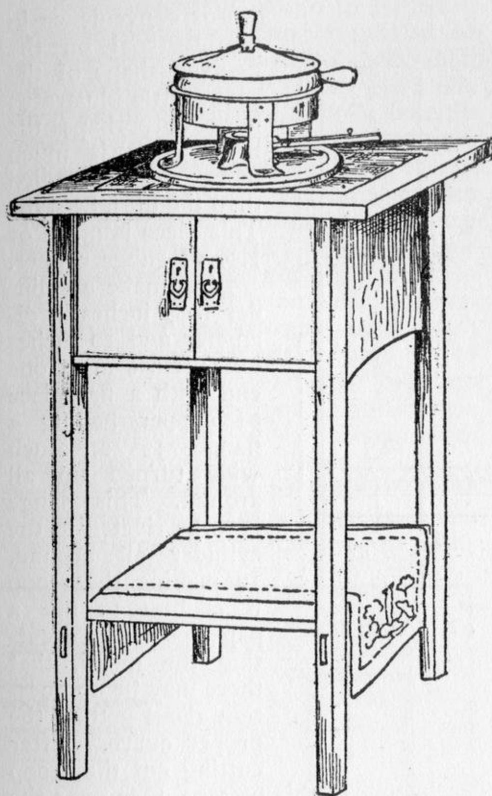
The framework of the chafing dish is made of hammered copper set upon a base of oak, while the dish itself is a terra cotta casserole. The oak base measures 14 inches in diameter and about ¾ of an inch in thickness, with a ¼-inch bevel cut all around. Over this is laid a disk of hammered copper, No. 18 gauge, which extends to within one inch of the edge of the wooden base, and is carefully fastened to it with tacks set about two inches apart.

For this size chafing dish the casserole should measure about 8 inches in diameter at the top. The size of the casserole, of course, determines the size of the ring or band upon which it rests. This ring is made of copper and is about 1¾ inches wide with ½-inch additional allowed at the top to be bent over as a flange or shoulder, as shown in the detail drawing. The supports are made of flat copper about No. 18 gauge, bent outward with a slight curve at the bottom. At the top a short bend of about ¼ of an inch is made to set immediately under the flange of the ring. These supports are firmly riveted to the ring at the top and sides, and are also nailed to the piece, the nail penetrating through the copper disk into the wood.

The lid should project about 1 inch over the edge of the casserole. It is made of copper, carefully hammered, and a wooden handle is set into the top.



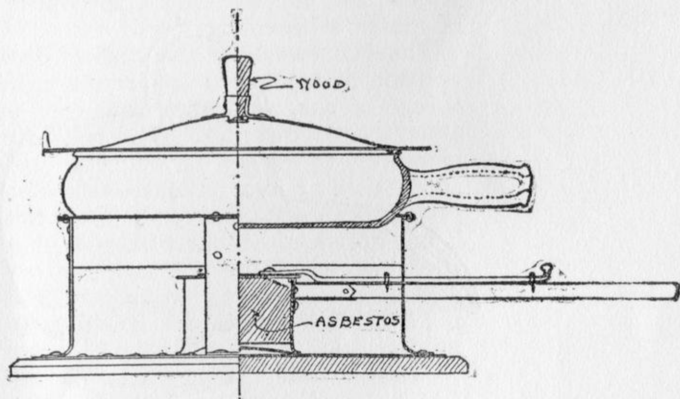

WORKING PLAN FOR FOURTH SIDEBOARD.



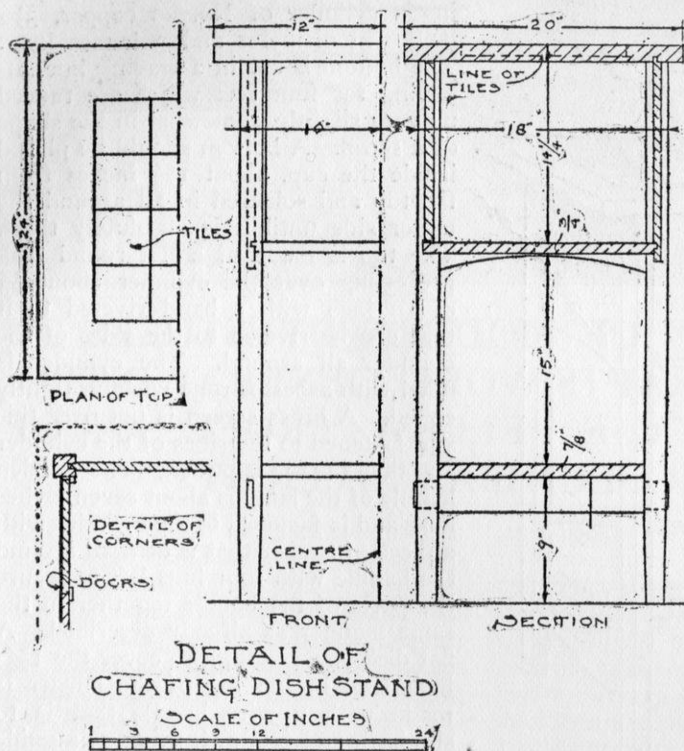
CHAFING DISH STAND WITH CUPBOARDS.

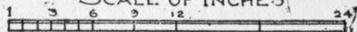
This is fastened to the lid with a strip of copper formed into a tube, into which the round tapering wooden handle is fitted. The narrow end of this tube is then slit up about ¾ of an inch, forming four parts, which are bent out into lugs and riveted to the top of the lid. A wire is riveted or soldered to the inside of the lid to fit on the inside of the casserole, a device which prevents the lid from slipping off. After this is done the inside of the lid should be silver plated to prevent the metal from corroding while in use. This plating is best done by a regular electroplater.

The torch or burner is made by forming a cylinder of No. 20 copper, 3½ inches in diameter and 3 inches long. The bottom is cut in a waving line, allowing for four feet which are turned up very slightly, somewhat in the shape of a scroll. A bottom should be placed inside the cup, about 1½ inches from the top and soldered in all around the under side until it is absolutely tight. The top is made of a flat round disk projecting over the cylinder about ⅛ of an inch with a band riveted to it that can be riveted to the sides of the cylinder all around. The cylinder is filled with asbestos rope wicking tightly coiled. A brass screen is put over this and fastened to the sides of the cylinder and then the top is put on. The wooden handle of the lamp is about seven inches long and is fastened to the cylinder with a piece of copper that is bent all around the handle with four lugs left to secure the parts of the handle together in the same manner as already described. A flat disk large enough to cover the 1¾-inch hole in the top of the burner is made with a wire handle that is to slip back and forward, using as a guide two staples that are driven into the handle. The end of the wire is bent up into a little knob that can easily be

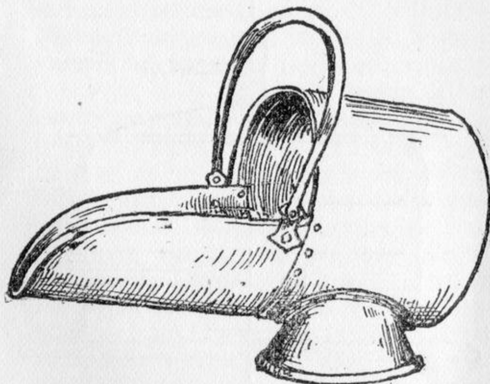



DETAILS OF CRAFTSMAN CHAFING DISH.




slipped with the thumb. All of the copper work should be hammered alike and treated as described in former issues.

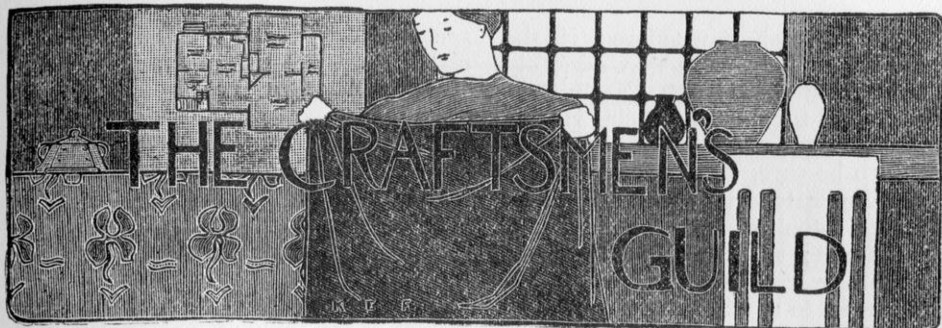


CRAFTSMAN COPPER COAL SCUTTLE, ESPECIALLY CONVENIENT FOR AN OPEN FIRE.

For convenience in putting coal on the fire the shape of the coal scuttle illustrated here is perhaps the best, as it is much more easily handled than the upright style. This piece is made of No. 18 gauge copper.

First make a cylinder 10½ inches in diameter and 10 inches long; close in at one end with a flat piece of copper having a flange ½ an inch wide turned up all around. This flange is to be riveted to the cylinder all around. In making the scoop it is best to use a paper pattern for cutting the metal, that there may be no question about getting the proper curve. After cutting out the scoop according to this pattern, turn over the edge to give it strength and smoothness. Next rivet the scoop to the cylinder, and the body of the scuttle is formed. The handle should be formed of a rod or tube, flattened at each end and fastened to the lugs that are riveted upon the scoop. Lugs and handle should be fastened together with "loose rivets."

The bottom should be cut from a paper pattern in a funnel shape, the lower edge turned over a wire to strengthen it and the upper edge flanged out and fitted to the cylinder part of the scuttle and riveted. The surface of the metal used for this piece should not be hammered any more than is necessary in making it, as a better effect is gained by leaving plain the surface of a large piece.




# APPLICATION OF MODERN DYESTUFFS TO ARTS AND CRAFTS WORK: GENERAL INTRODUCTION: BY C. E. PELLEW: PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

ONE day about ten years ago, soon after the completion of the new buildings of Columbia University, the chemical laboratories were thrown open for inspection to several thousand specially invited guests, as well as to the general public. We of the Chemical Department took our station in the most interesting part of our respective domains, and, for my part, I spent most of my time showing the visitors who drifted into the Industrial Chemistry laboratories the equipment and work of the new dyeing and calico printing room. About the middle of the afternoon a very intelligent looking woman came in and glanced around with an air of considerable interest, explaining at the same time that she was the instructor in dyeing and weaving at a small but widely advertised institution in one of the southern states.

Immensely to my surprise, in a minute or two, with an air of great scorn, she turned to me and remarked: "I see that you use here those horrid artificial dyestuffs." Being rather proud of my collection of four or five hundred dyestuffs from the great German dye factories, which I had been working over, night and day, for weeks, and had at last got fairly classified and arranged, I answered: "But, surely, madam, what dyestuffs would you expect me to have?" Whereupon, with a still more superior air, she replied: "I take great pains to teach my students nothing but the dear old natural dyestuffs known to and used by their ancestors. In fact, at our college we firmly believe Mr. John Ruskin's statement that 'there has been nothing discovered of any interest in the tinctorial art since the days of the ancient Greeks and Romans.'"

This, indeed, was a staggering blow. As soon as I recovered myself, I asked her if she used indigo. "Oh, yes, of course, but the natural indigo, and without any horrid chemicals to spoil it." "Well, what vat do you use to dye it with?" "We always use the *woad vat,* just as they used to in the good old days." "Good heavens," said I. "You have gone back, then, with a vengeance to the days of Boadicea and the old Romans." And I hinted, as delicately

as I could, that I wondered if she taught her pupils to use that same old woad as Boadicea and other early British did, *i. e.,* for painting their skins as a substitute for clothing. She confessed, to be sure, that it was not very easy to duplicate shades with the "woad vat"; that it took from one to three days to prepare it; that, in cold weather, it was liable to work very slowly, and, in hot weather, to mould and ferment, and in consequence to destroy a considerable amount of the expensive dye. But, nevertheless, John Ruskin was right, and no one with any pretense to artistic feeling had any right to use dyes less than one hundred and fifty years old at the very latest.

Since then I have found the same curious, illogical and absolutely unscientific notions prevailing among artists and artistic people interested in textile work, especially in the particular class of work commonly known, of late, under the general term "Arts and Crafts." And it has seemed to me that perhaps a short series of simple, practical papers, describing the classes of modern dyestuffs and their application to the dyeing,—in a small way rather than on a factory scale,—of cotton, linen, wool, silk, feathers, straw, jute, raffia, wood and the like, might be of interest and, very possibly, of considerable value to many readers of THE CRAFTSMAN, especially if accompanied with some information about particular dyestuffs which can be depended upon to give satisfactory results.

The above-mentioned quotation from Ruskin I saw, a year or two afterward, printed prominently in the announcement of the textile school, in the annual catalogue of this same college. I have not, however, been able to verify it, and so do not know whether it is properly to be attributed to Ruskin. It sounds very Ruskinese, at any rate, and not very much more surprising than some other views of his on different matters of art, history and political economy which I have run across when occasionally looking through his works.

As a matter of fact, the artificial dyes which were introduced into commerce during the first ten years or so after the original discovery, did have certain qualities which would make them particularly offensive to Mr. Ruskin; and the crude and inartistic use of these brilliant, not to say glaring, colors,—cheap, very strong, and not fast to light,—may have easily aroused his wrath to the point of utterances more forcible than accurate. But although, in the early sixties, its full importance could hardly have been anticipated by any one, it is a fact that the discovery of the first aniline color, in 1856, by the young chemist Perkin, was an event not to be ignored by any one interested in the progress of the human race.

As for the dyes of the ancient Greeks and Romans above referred to, it is just as well to mention that not a single one of them is of the slightest commercial or artistic importance at the present time.

Indigo, in a commercial sense, was not known, although in small quantities it may have been imported from India at enormous expense and used now and then for very special purposes. The very impure form of indigo known as woad was used to some extent since the landing of Cæsar in Britain, but, from the few references to it by the classical authors, was of little value or interest to them.

Some little use was occasionally made, it is believed, of madder, but the really valuable madder dye, the famous Turkey red, was not discovered till far on in the Middle Ages.

A few other vegetable dyes they had —of little beauty or permanence. Thus, they knew litmus, or archil, as we now

call it, a red or blue dye, according to the reaction of the bath, obtained from a moss which grows in hot, dry countries. Saffron, too, was used for yellow —and probably they knew of some simple vegetable browns.

But the dyestuff of all others on which they prided themselves was the "Tyrian purple," obtained with enormous difficulty and expense from the juices of a class of shellfish (gasteropod molluscs) found widely distributed, but in small numbers at any one place, in the ocean waters of tropical and, to a less extent, of temperate, localities.

This dyestuff, so valuable that to this day it stands as the symbol of wealth and luxury—"purple and fine linen"—has been carefully investigated of late years and found to produce rather dull, and, to our modern minds, not very interesting, shades running from bluish purple to dark crimson. Curiously enough, it has been discovered of late years that exactly this same "Tyrian purple" dyestuff, extracted from the same class of shellfish and applied to the fiber in very much the same manner as in ancient times, has been, from time immemorial, manufactured and used by the native Indians upon the coast of Nicaragua, without, however, any particularly beautiful results.

These colors, to be sure, are fast to light and to washing, and are so-called "developed" colors, dyeing cotton and linen as well as wool and silk without mordants. But in the first place they do not compare in shade and beauty to whole series of modern dyestuffs, and are in no respect superior as regards fastness to light and washing, while so little of the dyeing material could be obtained that probably one day's demand at the present time would completely exhaust the whole world's supply of these particular animals.

These and a few others of still less importance were the dyes so glowingly referred to by Mr. Ruskin and his followers.

Very considerable advance had been made in the art of dyeing, naturally enough, since the old Roman days, at the time when Perkin's discovery took place. Indigo, for instance, had been introduced, and was largely and intelligently used. So, also, was madder used in very large amounts, producing exceedingly fast and beautiful shades, varying from the brilliant scarlet of the Turkey red to browns, dark purples, and blacks of the chrome and iron mordants.

Logwood, and other wood dyes from the West Indies, Central and South America, were known and used for considerable ranges of colors; and logwood, by the way, of all the dyes known fifty years ago, is the only one which would be missed at all at the present day.

Cochineal and lac dyes, the latter probably occasionally used by the ancients, were in constant use. The red coats of the English soldiers, to this day, are dyed with cochineal on a tin mordant. But this is not because the color is as fast, or as beautiful, as that produced by many modern dyestuffs which will give the same shade and at much less cost—but because of some "perpetual contracts" with specifications made a hundred years ago or more, which are still adhered to.

The great problem with these old dyes, as probably some of my readers may have experienced, is, first, the difficulty of getting them pure and of uniform quality, and, second, the troublesome and complicated methods necessary to produce the required color on the fibers. In the '50's the dyeing industry of the whole world was in the hands of ignorant, opinionated, rule-of-thumb dyers, who worked by secret, highly treasured formulæ, passed down

as precious heirlooms from father to son. The range of colors was comparatively limited, and to obtain fast and true shades required a great deal of skill and experience, far beyond the power of any amateur to obtain.

And to ignore the enormous facilities that modern chemistry has placed in the hands of every one interested in artistic productions is to deliberately close the door to opportunities never before offered to any age—however intelligent or highly civilized—or however endowed with the sense of or the desire for beauty.

Before, however, taking up the modern artificial, so-called "coal tar" or aniline dyestuffs of the last half century, it may be of interest to mention briefly two dyes, the iron or rust dye and manganese brown or bistre, both of which were known to our grandfathers, and one, at least, to our colonial ancestors, if not to the ancients. These dyes are still occasionally used, in special classes of commercial work, and are of some value for simple dyeing of vegetable textiles, cotton, linen, jute, etc., which may have to stand very heavy exposure.

The iron or rust dye was of great importance in the pioneer days, in the west and elsewhere, for dyeing "homespuns," rag carpets, and the like, in the absence of more elaborate dyeing agents, and also, on the sea coast, for staining sails and nets. It can best be applied by soaking the thoroughly wetted material in a bath made by dissolving in hot water some ferrous sulphate (copperas or green vitriol), with, if necessary, the addition of a few drops of acid (diluted sulphuric or acetic acid or even vinegar), to keep the bath reasonably free from sediment. After soaking for a few minutes the material is wrung out, by hand or through a wringer, and then immersed for a moment in a bath of some alkali, cooking or washing or even caustic soda, or, as in our ancestors' days, of wood ashes strained or settled fairly clear of dirt and charcoal.

This alkali bath need not be at all strong—a spoonful or so of soda to the gallon until exhausted—for it is only needed to decompose the small amount of iron salt retained by the material.

Directly the fabric has been wet through by the alkali it is taken out, wrung loosely, and shaken out and exposed to the air, when, in a few minutes, the color will change from a dull light green to some shade of rather dull but pleasant orange, or orange-yellow, varying in depth with the strength of iron salt in the bath.

As with other colors developed in the air, in this way, it is better to build up the deep shades by dipping repeatedly in one bath after another, rather than to use one very strong bath of coloring matter, in this case of copperas, and get the full shade directly.

After the color has set, the material should be rinsed in water to remove excess of alkali; and then allowed to dry. Later it should be thoroughly scoured in hot soap to remove any loose color and so avoid the danger of rubbing. The color remaining after this is absolutely permanent—not being affected in the least by special chemical treatment. It will stain to dark shades when treated with vegetable extracts containing tannin, such as used to be made from boiling hemlock or oak or chestnut barks, or twigs and leaves of alders, and the like. These, however, are not particularly interesting.

Manganese brown or bistre is a color of very similar composition, *i. e.*, a metallic hydroxide, but with manganese substituted for iron. It has been used for a hundred years or so for producing various shades of brown upon vegetable fabrics and, occasionally, on wool. For rugs and other articles which must

show great fastness to washing, as well as to light, it is still well worth keeping in memory.

The simplest way to develop it is to dissolve in warm water a greater or less quantity, say, as an experiment, two tablespoonfuls to the gallon, of permanganate of potash. This gives a deep purple-colored liquid, in which the material, thoroughly wetted out, is immersed and stirred around. When taken out it is to be wrung as before, shaken out and exposed to the air, when the purple color will rapidly change to a nice, soft shade of seal brown. This process should be repeated until the material is brought to shade, and then it is finished, like the other, by rinsing in water, and scouring with soap.

As before mentioned, the aniline color industry dates from the discovery, by the late Sir William Henry Perkin, of the dyestuff "mauvein," a little over fifty years ago. He was trying, in a very crude, simple way, to make artificial quinine from a strong-smelling oil found a few years previously among the products of the dry distillation of indigo, and named "aniline" from the word "anil," the native name of that substance in the East.

On heating his aniline with bichromate of potash he obtained a dark molasses-like mess, utterly unlike what he was aiming for and apparently of no interest or value. But instead of throwing it away, he made some experiments with it and found that its alcoholic solution would impart a clear, permanent violet shade to silk and wool. With the help of his father he started a factory for the manufacture of it, and, before long, other dyes of more or less similar composition were discovered and, all over the world, chemists began to manufacture and experiment with these new dyestuffs.

During the last thirty years the manufacture of these dyes has been enormously developed, principally by four great German firms, and the number of individual dyestuffs discovered and actually put upon the market amounts not to hundreds but to thousands. The early dyes were of great brilliance and strength, but, unless very carefully used, not of much beauty, and they were distinctly inferior in fastness to the better varieties, at least, of the vegetable dyes that preceded them.

A very serious disadvantage in this respect was that these early "basic" aniline dyes did not fade true. A piece of cloth might be red today—and a few days in the bright sun might change the color to yellow and then to white, or might darken it, throwing it in either case completely out of harmony with its original surroundings.

By 1868, however, a couple of German chemists, Graebe and Liebermann, had invented methods for preparing artificially alizarine, the extremely interesting dyestuff which gives all its value to the famous old dye madder. As in many other instances, this proved the first of a large series of coloring agents of closely related composition. In consequence, from a few years after that date the commercial use of madder has entirely disappeared, and all shades of color on cotton, wool and silk, from the most brilliant reds and yellows to the deepest and richest purples, blues and browns, have been made of unsurpassed beauty and with a fastness to light and washing never before equaled.

Of late years every effort has been made to simplify the dyeing processes, and at the same time to produce colors which would be durable. And at present it is perfectly possible for the amateur, with hardly any practical experience, to produce in a single bath permanent color effects which a few years ago could only have been obtained in a

durable form by long and difficult mordanting and dyeing processes.

And yet the fact remains that, in a great many cases, there is good cause to complain of the fastness of the modern dyed fabrics. This is not the fault of the dyes themselves, or of the manufacturer of the dyes, but is owing to the ignorance, or, more commonly, the greed of the dyer. It is possible, now, to reproduce any desired shade on either cotton, wool or silk, in at least six or eight, often in twenty or thirty, different ways, using dyestuffs of entirely different composition, in different combinations, and applied by different methods. Of these, one or two ways can generally be found which will be thoroughly fast both to light and washing. One or two more will probably be fairly fast to light but not to washing, and the rest will be more or less fugitive and unsatisfactory.

Now, the honest manufacturer has a deep-seated sympathy with the aspiration of the fair sex to buy a new gown whenever the old one gets at all faded. Too permanent colors have little or no attraction for him. And when, as is generally the case, it costs a little more, even a minute fraction of a cent a yard, to turn out goods that are durable instead of goods which look exactly the same, but will only last a few weeks or even days after they have left the retail counters, it is almost impossible to get him to use the better grades of dyestuffs.

In other words, if the manufacturer calls for cheap and nasty dyes, they can be furnished him in abundance. But it is equally possible, with a little care in the selection and application of the dyes, and a little greater expense, to produce colored fabrics which are absolutely durable, as well as of any shade that may be desired.

As an illustration, one of my friends in one of the great dye importing houses heard me patiently enough, when I asked him for the names of some thoroughly fast dyes, and said that he could furnish me with all that I wanted. But he laughed in my face when I suggested that there might be a good market for those, if only they were well known, and asked point-blank: "Who would buy them? The only people who have the sense and money to pick and choose fast and durable materials are the particular ones who have money enough to throw them away, long before they are worn out, because they are so tired of them."

And as for art work, rugs, curtains, and the like, he quoted the case of one of the famous weaves of Indian blankets, lately taken up by some enterprising eastern manufacturers, whose motto was the common one of their tribe: "Manufacture cheap and sell dear." In order to sell dear they were advertising extensively that they were using the old patterns, the old weaves and, above all, the same fine old vegetable dyes of these world-renowned blankets; and they quoted from travelers and scientific men to show that such blankets were in existence, hundreds of years old, with colors still fine and true.

And to manufacture cheap these same people were sending to the dye houses letters, one of which my friend had on his desk at the time, asking for competitive bids on fifty-pound lots of the basic aniline colors—the cheapest, strongest, crudest dyes of the whole list, some of which would be completely spoiled by twelve hours' exposure to the direct sunlight.

Before closing this introductory paper I ought, perhaps, to call the reader's attention to some of the effects produced by the discovery of the coal tar dyes in many departments of human interest and activity far removed from the dyeing or textile industry itself.

For instance, in the late '50's and

early '60's the most vital problem before the civilized world was to explain the closely related subjects of fermentation and putrefaction, on the one hand, and infectious and contagious diseases on the other. It was recognized by many brilliant investigators that the solution lay in the study of the "floating matter of the air." It was also believed that some living "germs," of dimensions so small that they could barely be observed, and could not possibly be identified by the most powerful microscopes of the day, would be found to play an important part in both disease and decomposition. Closer and closer came the observations, only to be constantly blocked by the impossibility of distinguishing such minute, colorless objects under the microscope. Until finally, in 1867, the famous Dr. Robert Koch, pursuing his studies on the causes of blood poisoning in army hospitals, found that the recently discovered basic aniline dyes had the property of staining and brilliantly coloring the various microorganisms, moulds, yeast plants, and, above all, bacteria, without leaving any color at all in neighboring tissues and cells, of either animal or vegetable origin. This at once changed the whole situation, and, almost immediately, began the large and important series of investigations and discoveries which have resulted in the triumph of antiseptic surgery and the discovery of the causes and proper treatment of so many of the most dangerous and dreaded diseases, such as tuberculosis, cholera, typhoid fever, and the like, as well as the great range of illnesses coming under the general classification of "blood poisoning."

Thanks, largely, to the investigations carried on for the manufacture of these artificial dyestuffs, chemists have made enormous progress in the study of organic chemistry, and have not only gained far closer knowledge of the composition of various organic bodies, but have also learned new methods and reactions for building them up, and forming them from simpler substances.

In the course of some investigations on the same problem that Perkin was originally working on, the artificial formation or "synthesis" of quinine (a problem not yet solved, by the way), some chemists made some new substances resembling that of quinine, although not identical with it. Upon testing the medicinal effects of these compounds, and then pressing their investigations still further, they came upon some active substances with very valuable medicinal properties, such as antipyrin, antifebrin, phenacetin, and the like. These drugs are sought for and manufactured in the same great factories that manufacture the dyestuffs, and the same careful, accurate, painstaking, scientific methods are used for them as for the others.

Associated to a great degree with the last class of substances, and produced by chemists trained in dye factories and laboratories, are the modern "synthetic perfumes." In some cases these have been discovered accidentally, as, for instance, in the case of artificial musk, when a chemist, working out a new nitro compound by well-known reactions but upon substances hitherto not used for that purpose, found that one of his products had a very characteristic musk odor. The substance, thus discovered, during the last few years has almost, if not entirely, driven from the market the natural musk, obtained at great expense and difficulty as a secretion from the little musk deer, in Manchuria.

Other perfumes, such as ionone, the scenting material of violets, heliotropin, and others, were prepared by deliberately trying to duplicate the composition of the natural perfumes.

Flavoring matters, also, have been

produced in large quantities, and vanillin and coumarin, the synthetic flavoring matters of the vanilla and the tonka bean, respectively, have brought another branch of organic chemistry close to daily life. The most curious of all flavoring matters, however, is saccharin, whose wonderfully powerful, sweet taste was accidentally discovered in a new compound, prepared by a young chemist under Prof. Remsen's directions. This compound, in minute quantities, proved to have exactly the taste of sugar, but it is so powerful that four pounds of it are equivalent in sweetening power to a whole ton of dry cane sugar.

Another branch of industry was affected by Perkin's discovery in a way not altogether satisfactory. Up to 1865 or so the various pigments used were, with but few exceptions, of mineral origin and, therefore, very permanent and durable. To be sure, the lead colors, and especially lead white, do have the property of darkening with age, owing to the gradual action of sulphuretted hydrogen. But this action was slow, and not infrequently actually assisted the "tone" of a picture by softening and saddening the original, rather too bright, colors.

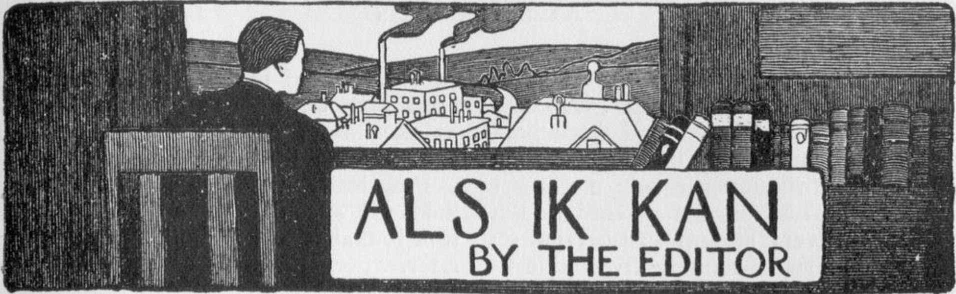
Of late years, however, the paint manufacturers have found it far easier, and far less expensive, at the same time, especially for the more valuable and brilliant classes of colors, to dye white, insoluble, inert powders, like china clay, barytes, chalk, and the like, with artificial dyestuffs, thereby producing pigments of any shade and brilliancy.

Unfortunately the brightest and in many cases the most beautiful of these new pigments are comparatively fugitive, and, in the absence of any standards of composition, fixed by some organized body of artists, each manufacturer has been at liberty to select his colors according to shade, and price, and with little or no reference to permanence.

After all, the most important result of the development of the color industry has been the enormous impetus given to scientific and especially to chemical education and research during the last half century. It has opened up a vast field, with immense possibilities, to the active and intelligent student, and every year hundreds of well-trained chemists are sent out into the world to earn their living.

Some go into teaching and help to spread the knowledge of their science far and near. Others, and not the least valuable, go into the industries, improving methods, cheapening and perfecting processes, and helping very largely indeed in the development of natural resources, and the raising of the general standard of living for rich and poor alike. It is little wonder, then, that, not to chemists alone, the discovery of the first coal tar color is a landmark worthy to be held in remembrance and in honor for many generations to come. Nor should we be surprised that dear old Sir William, who died but a few months ago, full of years and showered with honors from every part of the world, should, at the fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of mauvein, have been universally hailed as one of the great benefactors of the human race.

Editorial Note.—The foregoing article introduces a series of eight lessons on the art of dyeing, by Prof. Charles E. Pellew, of Columbia University, a chemist who has made a special study of dye stuffs and is one of the best authorities in this country upon the subject. The article printed in this issue merely reviews the subject and forms a foundation for the more definitely technical articles that follow. The second will be a general description and classification of dye stuffs; the third covers the application of artificial dyes to arts and crafts work, and the others are devoted to the dyeing of special materials, such as cotton, silk, wool, paper, wood and leather.




# UTILIZING VACANT LOTS AND LAND HELD BY SPECULATORS IN REAL ESTATE

WITHIN the last few years the idea of civic improvement has spread all over the country, including in its scope not only organizations for better architecture, for parks and playgrounds and for the better laying out of streets and public squares in our large cities, but also comparatively humble efforts such as the cleaning up of village streets and more especially of vacant lots. This spring Professor William Bailey of Yale has conducted, by means of lectures in a number of villages and small towns, a campaign of "cleaning up," in which the inhabitants have cordially coöperated, emulating one another in the energy with which they put gardens, sidewalks and vacant lots in apple pie order for Easter, and such campaigns are being carried on in nearly every municipality, small and large. The readiness with which people respond to a suggestion that things be put and kept in better shape, so far as lies in their power, suggests to us a plan that would materially increase the usefulness of civic improvement societies, associations for the cultivation of vacant lots and other local organizations that exist for the purpose of civic or village improvement.

This is, to take measures to give each municipality the power to require the owners of vacant lots either within or on the outskirts of a city or town to keep them clean and in good order or else to turn them over, rent free, to a local association that would guarantee to keep them under cultivation until such time as they would be demanded for building purposes. In a number of cities, notably Philadelphia, wonders have already been done through the means of these associations, which have taken over for temporary cultivation vacant lots and tracts of land that were being held as future building sites, and in the meantime were being used, like all vacant lots, for dumping grounds of rubbish of all kinds and nurseries for the prolific growth of weeds. The associations have, in the most cases, obtained permission to use these lands and then, after plowing them and getting them roughly into shape for cultivation, have parceled them out in small allotments to people who were only too glad of a chance to raise vegetables and garden truck for their own use and such little money as they could make from the sale of them.

In Philadelphia the Vacant Lot Cultivation Association was organized ten years ago for the purpose of assisting the unemployed. They took the means which seemed nearest at hand, that of throwing open to the people all the vacant lots they could get. The success of the enterprise was amazing, because

hardly a man, woman or child abused in any way the privileges given the people, and excellent crops were harvested in nearly every instance. When there was produce for sale a market was established on the ground and a regular delivery system was carried on by the children,—ranging from nine to twelve years of age,—belonging to the various families. Each child had a pushcart and each child built up his own route and went regularly to his customers for orders, which he made up himself, loaded his own pushcart, delivered the goods and charged himself up with the separate amounts in a small book. At the end of each day's sales each child settled with the manager and was paid his commission, twenty per cent. of the receipts, in cash. The work occupied only three or four hours a day, and the earnings of the children were from three to five dollars a week apiece, so that the enterprise was not only useful in its immediate results, but was an invaluable training for the serious business of later life.

Of course, the work of the Philadelphia association has been carried on more directly in behalf of the people whom it desired to aid than for the improvement of the appearance of the city, yet both purposes have been admirably served, and there is not a city or town in the country that would not find it profitable in every sense of the word to follow the example of this and some other cities. We do not need the criticism of travelers from other countries to remind us of the unsightly slovenliness or barrenness of our vacant lots and of the land immediately surrounding our cities, a state of affairs that contrasts sharply with the neatness and well-kept look that prevails in most older countries. Every one who lives in or beyond the suburbs of a large city is familiar with the acres of barren land that lie just outside of the thickly built zone; sometimes within the limits of the city itself, and sometimes a little beyond.

Practically all of this land is being held for speculation and the expectation is that it will be built up sooner or later. Sometimes the expectation is fulfilled and the speculators reap a harvest of profit, sometimes not, but in any case the system of holding land in this way is very detrimental to the sightliness of a city as well as to the welfare of its poorer people. Thousands of acres of land that now lie idle, unproductive of all except weeds, tin cans, broken bottles, old newspapers and the like, could easily be brought under cultivation so that well-kept fields would surround the city and give welcome patches of green between the houses in the more thinly settled districts.

And not this alone, but hundreds and even thousands of people such as now fill the long waiting lists of the different vacant lot associations would jump at the chance to work all summer for the benefit to themselves and for such profit as they could make. They would be near enough to the market to deliver fresh berries and vegetables in pushcarts or hand-wagons, and the children could do this work as they did in Philadelphia. There is scarcely a housewife who would not be glad to purchase vegetables fresh from the garden, and the cumulative effect of a great number of vacant lots and small tracts being used in this way would very soon be felt in the price of vegetables and similar foodstuffs.

In many cases, of course, owners are glad to coöperate with the vacant lot associations, but in others they refuse to allow their land to be used for this purpose, preferring to let it lie idle until it is built upon. It is this dog-in-the-manger attitude that prevents the

spread of the custom to an extent where it would really work a radical change for the better, and it is to meet this attitude that we suggest that the municipality be empowered to insist that the land be utilized in one way or another, a thing that could be easily done by exacting a special tax on all land that is permitted to lie absolutely idle.

EXPRESSIONS of sympathy and understanding from people who comprehend the magnitude of the task we have undertaken in endeavoring to bring about a change in the industrial situation by the introduction of handicrafts in connection with small farming, and who also believe the plan to be practicable, are coming to us now in every mail, showing that there is already a widespread tendency to thought and experiment along these lines. These letters from our friends and well-wishers are all encouraging, but now and again one comes which is more than usually significant because of a new light which it throws upon the subject. We quote here a letter from a man who is in close touch with the practical side of this question because of his personal contact with the difficulties in the way of such a movement and his personal knowledge of the success of such an experiment as we recommend in intensive agriculture, although as yet handicrafts have not been undertaken. The letter speaks for itself:

"Editor of THE CRAFTSMAN,
"New York:

"Dear Sir:—The editorial in THE CRAFTSMAN under the caption, 'How the Government Could Bring about a Much Needed Reform in the Industrial System of this Country,' is a most forcible argument in favor of such a reform.

"No one who is not in direct touch with the farming communities can appreciate what a benefit would result from the introduction of handicrafts in direct connection with agricultural pursuits. The writer is not as familiar with conditions in the east as he would like to be, but here in the middle west he has watched and studied the conditions for a quarter of a century. He has seen hundreds of strong, sturdy young men leave their farm homes and drift into the city, merely because of lack of companionship, variety of work and a promise of better wages. He has seen hundreds of men in the cities who have struggled along for years, anxious to get a farm home, but never seemed able to get enough ahead to make a start, and, when they do have the means, are discouraged by the isolation of the life before them and the possibilities of failure staring them in the face. There is no question but that the cities are overcrowded and that thousands of families in the congested districts of our large cities would be better off if they would go back to the soil, even under present conditions, but all the good advice that can be advanced either by the public press or individually can never remedy the evil unless some such proposition as that advanced by THE CRAFTSMAN is inaugurated.

"To the uninitiated this declaration may appear a rather strong one. But what are the facts? The men we are trying to send to the land are, first, untried in the work we ask them to take up, and, second, they are practically without means. The man of $1,000 or more whom you send out onto the land buys some improved farm, and nothing is gained to either community, as the man who buys takes the place of the man who sells; a man who understands the city leaves it, a man who does not understand it goes to it. Both are lost within their new environments.

"The man who has taken the initiative in the development of the agri-

cultural interests of the country, from the days of the Pilgrim Fathers to the present time, is the poor man. He will have to do it in the future or the work will be taken up by corporations. The conditions that confronted the pioneer in the past and that with which he has to contend today are vastly different. Some few of the old conditions have changed to his betterment, but the most vital of all has changed to his detriment and is continually growing worse. I refer to the land itself. In the past, government land was open to him. If what the government offered was too far beyond the confines of civilization, cheap land at from $1.25 to $4.00 per acre could be picked up anywhere. To-day the government land has practically disappeared, and the era of speculation that has chased all over the country, east, west, north and south, has so advanced the price of lands that they are beyond the reach of the true pioneer. In the hands of the speculators they have gradually increased in the past ten years from $1.25 to $15 and $25 per acre, and, figure as you may, the poor man's chance for a home is no better than the speculator's chance for profit, as neither can win.

"The hope of the future is in the plan proposed by THE CRAFTSMAN; the farm village idea, with an acreage limited to the means of the prospective purchaser and an opportunity for employment until he is permanently established in his new home and a living for himself and family assured.

"It may not be amiss to say that this idea is already finding favor in the West. Here in Marshfield, Wisconsin, a company of local business men have organized and established under the laws of this state what is known as the Consolidated Farm Co. They have taken a tract of sixteen hundred acres and are cutting it up into small farms of five, ten, fifteen and twenty acres. The land is all wild, but under a competent foreman it is being rapidly reduced to a condition suitable for cultivation. The families are located sufficiently close together to eliminate the isolation of farm life. The men are employed so that they have some companionship in their work, which is being varied as rapidly as new ideas can be put into practice. They have daily mail service, telephone communication, and all appear happy and contented.

"Special crops are being introduced, but better than all of this is the fact that the by-products of the land are being utilized. The amount of timber waste in a wooded country such as this is simply beyond comprehension, and to remedy this handicrafts must be introduced.

"Compared with the ideal as advanced by THE CRAFTSMAN, or the possibilities as the idea grows, the plan is crude. It has the merit, however, of being a success, and its promoters would gladly avail themselves of new ideas that would increase its usefulness along industrial as well as agricultural lines.

"Yours very truly,
"JOHN P. HUME,
"Marshfield, Wis."

THE winner of the first prize in THE CRAFTSMAN competition for essays on "The Arts and Crafts Movement in America" is Mr. Charles F. Binns, Director of the New York State School of Clay-Working and Ceramics, at Alfred University. The second prize was awarded to Dr. Hugo Froelich, of the Prang Educational Company, New York; the third prize to Mrs. Helen Fitzgerald Sanders, Butte, Mont., and the fourth to Miss Jessie Wright Whitcomb, Topeka, Kansas.

A large number of essays were submitted, but these proved to be the only ones that covered adequately the

branches of the subject as indicated in the announcement of the competition. Many of the others were most interesting as showing widely varying points of view toward this somewhat vague and nebulous tendency and such significance as it may possess with relation to the art development of this country, but the points to be brought out mainly concerned the possibilities of the movement and the reasons why so much of the work done is unpractical in its nature and suited only to an artificial market. Mr. Binns has treated this phase of the subject in a most straightforward and practical way, covering the most important features within the required space limits. The essays submitted by Dr. Froelich and Mrs. Sanders give the history of the movement in this and other countries, deducing its probable effect upon the art and industry of America. Miss Whitcomb's essay is brief and businesslike, and shows practical knowledge of the subject of which she writes. It is a matter of regret to THE CRAFTSMAN that space cannot be spared to publish these three essays, in addition to the winner of the first prize, as they are full of interest and suggestion, but we feel that the greatest value to our readers gained through the competition has been the bringing of somewhat indefinite ideas concerning "arts and crafts" down to a basis of practical knowledge of what it is doing and whither it is tending.

## NOTES

TO sociologists and those attempting in one way or another to find some solution for the abuses of our present social system, the Exhibit of Congestion of Population in New York held recently in the American Museum of Natural History was one of the most significant of the steps that have been taken to discover the true source of many of the evils and to suggest some adequate remedy. The idea of such an exhibit was first suggested by the outcome of a discussion held by a small group of persons connected with the Consumers' League, who were firmly convinced that back of all the evils of city life lay the dominant evil of congestion of population. It seemed to that group that if the public might in some way be given a representation of this important fact the forces working for the improvement of the city might be able to achieve more permanent results. In this hope a committee was formed representing thirty-seven important organizations whose interests and work had led them to this common conviction, and this committee began its active work in April, 1907, with a three-fold object in mind: first, to express in a graphic way by means of an exhibition the causes, conditions and evils of the massing of people in New York City; second, to indicate the present methods of dealing with the problems involved; third, to point out, in so far as our present information allows us to draw conclusions, by what methods congestion may be remedied.

The exhibit consisted of a large array of maps, diagrams, charts, photographs, models and statistics, all of which had a very definite significance to the student of social conditions. These were seen and studied by thousands of men and women, including state, city and borough officials and many who are prominent in public life. The press gave much space to it, and it was considered to be so vitally important to any well organized effort to improve conditions, not only in New York, but in any of the other manufacturing centers in this country, that many requests have been made to have the exhibit taken to other cities.

The presentation was so clearly and

graphically made that the most thoughtless person who stopped to consider almost any one of the charts or models could not fail to comprehend its significance. Conditions were shown to be so appalling that no one who once grasped their import could forget what they mean to the present and future of the nation. In strong contrast to these were shown the improved housing conditions which now prevail in certain manufacturing towns of Germany; the work of the Children's Aid Society in sending children out to country homes; the removal of individuals and families to the country by the Industrial Removal Office, which in seven years has transported thirty-seven thousand individuals from factories and sweatshops to the country, and the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society, which exists to encourage farming among the Jews. The Child Labor Committee had an exhibit more convincing than many political arguments, and other exhibits of special importance were made by the Playground Association and by the Charity Organization Society Committees of Tenement House Reform and the Prevention of Tuberculosis.

It is not the intention of THE CRAFTSMAN to go into any detail concerning the exhibit, but only to endorse most cordially the action of these societies in bringing before the people in concrete form a representation of the facts of the case. Whether the remedies suggested are practicable or not remains to be seen, but in all events the bringing to light of abuses that imperatively demand remedy is the first step in a movement toward definite and sweeping reform.

THE Spring Exhibition of the National Academy of Design brought both surprise and pleasure to the careful observer of the growth of a genuine American art. The first impression on entering the galleries was one of unusual interest. Before the pictures could be sorted out into individual studies of color and composition there was a general impression of vivid and unusual technique, of a liberal and unusual palette, and of a certain live human quality that is not often a significant feature of an Academy exhibit. One felt that the Academy had somehow acquired life; had given up its Rip Van Winkle-Brünnhilde ways; had discovered that inspiration was not a matter of geography, but that there were flashes of it right here in commonplace, democratic America.

Everybody spoke of the interesting vivid quality of this exhibit, and some few asked why it should be, and the latter pretty largely decided that, although the old academicians were unusually well and fully represented, the real cause of the more brilliant and significant quality of the exhibit lay in the hanging of so many paintings of the younger and more virile men. The Eight, for instance, were treated exceptionally well by the hanging committee, and on almost every wall there were one or two canvases that spoke of an interest in vital human conditions; that were a record of our own life and our own growth—a marvelous leaven, this repetition from wall to wall of the brilliant work of men who have found their art all about them in city and town and country. Robert Henri was there, of course (in spite of being a man of fresh impulse and strong individuality he has been there before), and Ernest Lawson and W. L. Lathrop and Jerome Myers and John Sloan all contributed to the look of almost vivacity of the exhibit. Other artists who are not so new to the Academy, and yet all contributing great strength to this showing, were Childe Hassam, Elmer Schofield, E. W. Redfield, Charlotte Coman and Irving

Wiles. And of the old Academy standbys John Sargent, W. M. Chase, Cecilia Beaux, Leonard Ochtmann, Alden Weir and J. J. Shannon were there with a finer presentation than one has had the good fortune to see for some time. Surely such an exhibition as this should open the eyes of the Academy to the value and significance of the younger school of American painters.

WHAT has been called "the finest collection of American sculpture ever brought together" was exhibited this spring in Baltimore in the Fifth Regiment Armory, which building furnished enormous floor space and very good background. New York had no place, so it was said, large enough and dignified enough to afford opportunity for showing the four hundred and sixty-one sculptures and the eighty-two photographs. Baltimore found the room easily and cheerfully, and so through the spring has had the honor of welcoming the sculptors and their friends from all over the country. The Armory was beautifully decorated as a setting for the exhibit with plots of grass and fountains and growing plants and flowers. Among the most important work shown was the colossal head of Lincoln by Gutzon Borglum (which Lincoln's son has announced to be "the greatest likeness of his father ever achieved") ; "The Signing of the Louisiana Purchase Treaty," by Karl Bitter; that splendidly imaginative conception, "The Blind," by Lorado Taft; "Maternity," by Charles Lopez; the "Commerce" and "Jurisprudence" groups, by Daniel Chester French; "The Bull Fight," by Solon Borglum. And there was also a fine showing of vigorous, stirring work by such men and women as H. A. Mac Neil, R. Hinton Perry, G. R. Roth, Louis Potter, George Shrady; Enid Yandell, Abastenia Eberle, Anna V. Hyatt and Bessie Potter Vonnoh. It was a source of widespread regret both to the exhibitors and the visitors that at this particular date all the work of the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens was tied up in the New York exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE eleventh annual exhibition of the "Ten American Painters" opened at the Montross Gallery late in March, showing a collection chiefly distinguished for attention to technique and style. There was Frank Benson, exhibiting four canvases which, while undeniably interesting, were, like all his works, frankly studies of light. Robert Reid, who has grown anæmic in the pursuit of "effects;" Alden Weir, showing a pale, chalky color scheme; Willard Metcalf, who, out of all his delightful work, chose to show a study of color and motion called "Trembling Leaves;" Edmund Tarbell, who interested himself in interior light in two technically important contributions. Dewing, too, is always a technician—a student of color and values indoors as Simmons is outside. Among these well painted but unsympathetic technicalities the work of larger interest stood out strongly,—Childe Hassam, in a strong painting of a downtown New York canyon and two portraits, and several studies by the inimitable Chase. However, the honors of the exhibit must undoubtedly fall to two portrait studies of girls by Joseph De Camp,—"The Guitar Player," strong in interest, easy in pose, painted daringly and delicately, and "The Brown Veil," pleasing in line and rich in color. They had the compelling charm which attaches to work that is not the study of a particular phase or a passing moment, but has the deeper and more lasting interest of the universal in art.

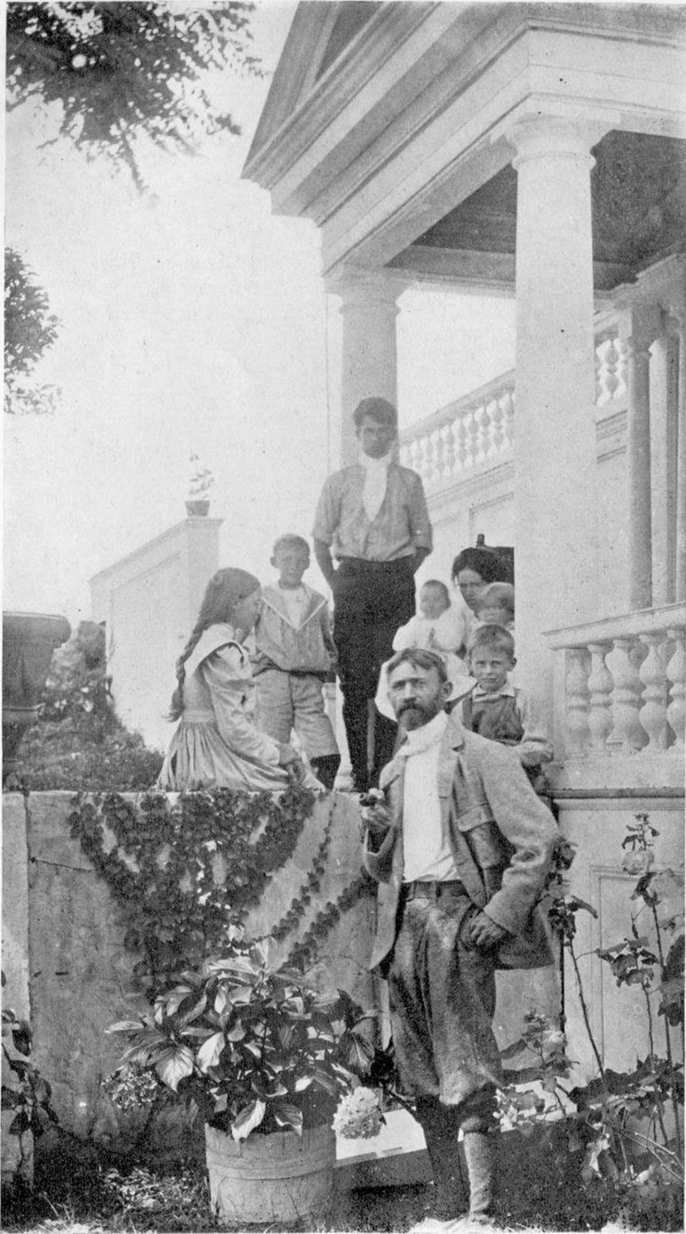
THE work of Henri Matisse is not well known in New York except to the men who have lived in Paris of

recent years or who are closely following the development of the latest work of that eccentric and sometimes unbalanced city. During the month of April the Photo-Secession Galleries, New York, had an exhibition of his drawings, lithographs, water colors and etchings. An examination of this exhibition gave one the impression that Matisse is very modern and very Parisian, a great master of technique,—and a great artist, if estimated from the brilliant stroke, the subtle elimination and the interesting composition revealed. But Matisse, like nearly all the other very modern Frenchmen, feels that pull toward physical distortion, that sickening malevolent desire to present the nude (especially women) so vulgarized, so hideously at odds with nature, as to suggest in spite of the technical mastery of his art, first of all the loathsome and the abnormal, and both with a marvel of execution and a bewildering cleverness that somehow fills one with a distaste for art and life. This point of view would probably not obtain with an artist, because first of all he would feel the consummate skill with which the Frenchman achieves his purpose; he would not look at the subjects from the lay point of view. But the mere observer, who is bound to take a little emotion to an interesting picture gallery, is pretty certain to find that emotion unpleasantly stirred, in spite of the utmost desire to be impersonal and appreciative. Matisse is at present the leading spirit of a group of ultramodern Frenchmen, many of whom have great gift with tragically decadent souls. But Paris adores Matisse and young France imitates him, and the purely normal person wonders a good deal about it all.

OUT of another world from Matisse are the landscapes by W. L. Lathrop exhibited at the Montross Galleries in April. To go directly from the work of the famous Frenchman, vivid, clever, with the sting of physical distortion, the incoherent cry of a blasé nation seeking new experiences at any cost, to the cool, fresh, poetical presentation of Nature in her simplest and tenderest moods was an experience of rare interest. Twenty-one of Lathrop's pictures were on exhibition, oils, water colors and sketches. And the subjects, "Gray Day," "Early Spring," "Golden Afternoon," "By the River," "A Hillside," "The Old Mill Race," "White Oaks," and so on, were of little significance in relation to the paintings. The subjects and the titles were but mere pegs on which to hang the most marvelous of poetical fantasies, the most delicate lyric conception of Nature's moods, the most final presentation of that thing called atmosphere—so glib a studio word, so fine a flowering of genius at its best. These landscapes of Lathrop's are not essentially this or that state or county, or kind of country; they are rather opportunities for the artist to catch sunlight, to gather up spring winds, to imprison mists and soft rain, to bring to our senses autumn, golden, rich and aromatic, to let one remember the first green hint of spring, the warm radiance of midsummer, the whirl of gray March clouds, the first stirring of the sea in a storm; all very definite and very true, and wrapped in the illusion of the poet's fancy, yet revealed with the most vigorous, fearless technique. Lathrop's art, with all its great appeal, is never sentimental; it is somehow serenely emotional,—if one may use so complex a phrase. He is a poetical realist, and while he adds to the sum total of the world's beauty, he never departs from a fine sanity and balance of purpose.

A very complete and interesting exhibition of the sculpture of Abastenia Eberle was shown recently at her New York studio. Something of the

"THE DANCER": ABASTENIA
ST. LEGER EBERLE, SCULPTOR.



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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN H. TWACHTMAN AND HIS FAMILY, TAKEN AT HIS HOME IN GREENWICH, CONN.

extraordinary versatility of this young sculptor was revealed to the writer for the first time at this exhibition; also a certain big impersonal way of getting at things, a rather unfeminine point of view, inasmuch as a very clear, logical, unemotional presentation of vital conditions is considered unfeminine. Miss Eberle sees life interestingly, models with facility and precision, and is as sensitively skilful as any great man sculptor would think it requisite to be. George Gray Barnard, one of the most imaginative of American sculptors, was her teacher. And though in no way does Miss Eberle's work suggest imitation of Barnard's, still in big outlook, in poetry, in freedom of modeling, you feel the influence of a really great master. The scope of her interest extends to old women, Indian braves, merry children, sympathetic studies of Porto Rican life, and portrait busts. Her most recent imaginative work is called "A Dancing Girl"—a slender graceful figure bending to music and half hidden with whirling draperies. The lines are magical with the wild poetry of the sensuous Eastern dance.

CRAFT workers and students who have five weeks to spare between June fifteenth and July seventeenth may like to be reminded that the Handicraft Guild of Minneapolis holds its Summer School of Design and Handicraft between these dates. This is the fourth annual session of the school, of which Mr. Ernest A. Batchelder is the director. Mr. Batchelder is assisted by a number of instructors who have charge of special crafts, and daily talks and criticisms are given, as well as instruction in practical work.

LATE in the season sixteen young artists, all products of the New York School of Art, held an exhibition of strong work that smacked decidedly of the ideas and ideals of "the Eight." It was a collection of canvases full of the New York of today—its streets, rich and poor; its theaters; its parks; portraits of its types; and glimpses at the misty poetry of its river front. In looking at the pictures, one after another, showing some phase of real life, you forgot the sometimes crude technique, and struggling, undeveloped thought in recognizing the truth of what those young men were trying to paint. Among the names are some that will undoubtedly be well known to the art public of some years hence—George Bellows, who can paint snow actually swirling down a dark New York street; Howard McLean and Julius Golz, Jr., both of them students of the real outdoors in city and country; Lawrence Dresser, Arnold Friedman and Ed Keefe, who study the New York street types; Glenn Coleman and Harry Daugherty, who contributed some strong studies in black and white. Some pages of mounted sketches were interesting evidence of their clinging to the freedom that allows the capture of movement and character in drawing.

NEW York has been rich this spring with unusually important art exhibits. After the season seemed practically ended the Lotos Club announced a special exhibition of modern foreign pictures from the collection of Mr. Andrew Freedman. There were several ladies' days during the exhibit, which were among the most charming social occasions of the late New York spring. To those who follow the importation of recent continental art there were many familiar canvases in the Freedman collection. The exhibit as a whole was of unusual interest because of the especially fine examples of painters who represent the best of modern French art,—Corot, Troyon, Cazin and Schreyer. There was also an extremely inter-

esting Harpignies and the usual Diaz necessary for such a collection. There has been so much American art exhibited in New York this winter of such unusual and interesting character that it was a pleasant change to go back to this long list of French favorites, just at the end of the art exhibits this year. And the Lotos Club is to be congratulated at having closed its series of art events in such an important manner.

ONE of the closing art exhibits in Boston this spring was also a showing of a most important collection of French masters of 1830, by R. C. and N. M. Vose. Any work shown by these genuinely artistic New England dealers instantly attracts attention in the art world, for their canvases are selected most carefully by connoisseurs of wide culture, who make no mistake in thinking that Boston requires the very highest standard in all presentations of painting and sculpture. The display of this especial collection of French masters was on the occasion of the fifty-eighth anniversary of the establishment of this famous art house. The exhibit has been one of the most interesting that even these dealers have put before the public.

## REVIEWS

BOOKS concerning Russia, her history, her people and her politics, are many, but it is not often that a book written by a foreigner is so convincingly a presentation of the genuine characteristics of the Russian people as "Russia and Reform," by Bernard Pares, an Englishman. Mr. Pares says frankly that the average English reader has had but few opportunities of gaining even an elementary knowledge of Russia, because most foreign writers, having no knowledge of the language, are at the mercy of their interpreters, who in some cases are bureaucratic officials and in others revolutionary propagandists. Therefore, the most wildly inaccurate statements concerning Russia have been printed,—not only inaccurate in fact, but most misleading as a representation of the national character. Mr. Pares possesses an exhaustive knowledge of his subject and a most sympathetic understanding of conditions in this strangest and least known of civilized countries. He admits, however, that it is impossible to write upon present conditions in Russia without giving a fairly definite idea of what led up to them. Therefore, he begins with a brief history of the country, dealing chiefly with the Slavophil tradition which is summed up in the three words, "Tsar, Church and People," as the chief political differences in Russia today are the result of great moral conflict between the instincts of the two schools, the Slavophils and the Westernisers. This difference is made the foundation of the story of Russia's development as a people and as a state and of the significance of the main points at issue between the government and the people.

The second part of the book traces the origins and the gradual growth of the educated class, or what is called in Russia "The Intelligence." This includes the question of public instruction, literature, the press and the censorship, and the work of the revolutionists. The third shows the many changes in Russian life which resulted from the reforms of Alexander the Second, and which are bridging over the gap between the old instincts and the new intelligent consciousness. The book closes with a sketch of the present movement for liberation, of many of the chief events of which the author was an eye witness, and the story is carried up to the election for the second Duma.

## NOTES AND REVIEWS

As a picture of the life of the people and a sympathetic exposition of their mental processes and viewpoint, this book holds the deepest interest for the thoughtful reader. In its bearing upon the course of world politics, in which Russia seems destined to play the leading part, it is of the first significance, and, in any case, no one interested in the social and political struggles of Russia can afford to miss reading it. ("Russia and Reform." By Bernard Pares. 546 pages. Price, $3.00 net. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

A new edition has been issued of "Hoyle's Games," which has been revised, enlarged and brought up to date. It is called the Autograph Edition, because the title page bears the autograph of Hoyle beneath the medallion containing his portrait. This book has been the standard authority on games of all sorts throughout the world for more than one hundred and fifty years, but none of the editions which so far have been offered to the public has been complete, and none has been so thoroughly up to date in the matter of conformity with the latest usage and official laws. As it is the design of the publishers to make and keep this Autograph Edition always up to date, suggestions, criticisms, descriptions of the new games and new ways of playing old ones are invited for use in future editions. ("Hoyle's Games," Autograph Edition. Illustrated. 412 pages. Price, $1.50 net. Published by The McClure Company, New York.)

CHARLES A. Eastman's Indian tales, published together under the title "Old Indian Days," will arouse in the reader only a mild interest. As stories of adventure they are singularly tame. The book contains, however, some curious information regarding the details of Indian life in the village; and, while this is not badly presented, Mr. Eastman buries his facts in descriptive passages and uses these as "background" to help out his stories. The effect is not good; not only are such passages far more interesting than the pale narrative they are intended to support, but they are also clumsily introduced and retard its movement.

Mr. Eastman is himself a Sioux by birth. Though he has a wide knowledge of English, it is still a somewhat stubborn medium for him. He tells his tales with a wooden impersonality that does not engage the reader's sympathy for his characters. Whether or not this inflexibility of style is the expression of a racial characteristic might be an interesting question. Certainly Mr. Eastman's story-people fail to come home to us; they have that remoteness we feel in the Indian folk-music. ("Old Indian Days." By Charles A. Eastman. Illustrated. 279 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by The McClure Company, New York.)

MUCH more interesting than most books of travel through a country of which every corner is known, is "Florence and the Cities of Northern Tuscany," by Edward Hutton; because the reader is given a vivid picture of the country, the life that is lived in it, the history which lies behind it and the great works of art which made Italy the center of the beauty-loving world of the Renaissance. The book runs along like a pleasant narrative, full of bright little touches of character painting and characteristic anecdotes that take away all sense of absorbing a certain amount of information concerning facts one ought to know. Those who desire a pleasant and interesting book that is not too heavy for the vacation hammock, and yet is of distinct value in the acquisition of general culture, could

not do better than to include this pleasant volume among the books they take to the country. ("Florence and the Cities of Northern Tuscany." By Edward Hutton. Illustrated. 428 pages. Price, $2.00 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

ALL who are interested in wood carving will find much that is of value in a book recently written on this subject by Miss Eleanor Rowe, who has been for a long time an instructor in this branch of work in the South Kensington Museum. Miss Rowe has a direct and practical way of getting at her subject that is most refreshing to one who really desires information. After enumerating the tools and appliances required she gives directions for making the right kind of a bench and keeping the tools in order, and also as to the selection of the best woods for different kinds of carving, the preference being given to oak and teak for the more important work.

As a basis a few simple principles of construction are given, as a thorough knowledge of these is recommended before any ornamentation is undertaken, not only for the reason that construction and decoration should be thought out as a whole, but also because a lack of knowledge of the construction is liable to lead to a form of ornamentation that will weaken the piece. Detailed instructions are then given as to methods of working and the best way of gaining a thorough understanding of each tool and the cuts it will produce, illustrated by a number of excellent examples of flat carving in low relief, strap work, modeling in high relief and carving in the round. To these are added many reproductions of fine old Gothic, English, French and Renascence carvings that are full of suggestion to the worker. ("Practical Wood Carving." By Eleanor Rowe. Illustrated. 213 pages. Price, $3.00 net; postage, 12 cents. Published by John Lane Company, New York.)

HOW many tourists who visit the Italian lakes, stopping at fine hotels, and traveling in an atmosphere of porters and guide-books, have any real knowledge of the romantic history and legend connected with those blue waters and vine-clad hills? From the days when the younger Pliny entertained the greatest men of Rome at his villas on the shores of Como, ever since Catullus sang the charms of Lago di Garda, statesmen and nobles, poets and writers have loved these lakes. Their old castles are full of tales of bloody intrigue in the black days of the Middle Ages, and from the time of the Gothic invasions to the Napoleonic wars, their shores and hills have been battle grounds. Something of the fascinating interest of song and legend and story is gathered into the small compass of Mr. Richard Bagot's book about the lakes of northern Italy. It is full of the learning of the historian, the understanding of the man of letters, and the appreciation of one who has lived there himself and loves the country about which he writes. ("The Lakes of Northern Italy." By Richard Bagot. Illustrated. 308 pages. Price, $1.75. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

ANOTHER of the Langham Series of Art Monographs describes Pompeii and gives a critical and historical account of the architecture, sculpture and painting of the old Roman town. It is a compact little volume full of interesting information. ("Pompeii as an Art City." By E. v. Mayer. Illustrated. 80 pages. Price, $1.00 net. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)