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From the 102nd Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy

"THE YOUNG MOTHER."—BY GARI MELCHERS

THE CRAFTSMAN

VOLUME XI

MARCH, 1907

NUMBER 6

Contents

The Young Mother	By Gari Melchers.	Frontispiece
Is America Selling Her Birthright in Art for a Mess of Pottage?	By Giles Edgerton	657
Significance of This Year's Exhibit at the Pennsylvania Academy <i>Illustrated</i>		
Moral Effect of the Tourist Upon the Native	By Katharine Metcalf Roof	671
The Danger of Adaptation Without Assimilation		
O Earth, Sufficing All Our Needs: Poem	By Charles G. D. Roberts	677
Frederick Monsen of the Desert	By Louis Akin	678
The Man Who Began Eighteen Years Ago to Live and Record the Life of Hopi Land. <i>Illustrated</i>		
The Destruction of Our Indians	By Frederick Monsen	685
What Civilization is Doing to Extinguish an Ancient and Most Interesting Race by Taking Away Its Arts, Industries and Religion. <i>Illustrated</i>		
Evolution of Museums in England and America	By Alice Dinsmoor	692
What Has Recently Been Done to Increase Their Educational Value to the People. <i>Illustrated</i>		
Callum's Co'tin': A Plantation Idyl	By Frank H. Sweet	712
A Protest Against Fear	By Pamela Colman Smith	728
Suggestions for Vineclad Gateways (<i>Photographs</i>)		729
Harmony Between Landscapes and Architecture	By F F Kelly	735
Achieved in the Buildings of the College of the City of New York. <i>Illustrated</i>		
Three Craftsman Log Cabins: Series of 1907: Number III		742
Home Training in Cabinet Work: Twenty-fourth of Series		752
Als ik Kan: Notes: Reviews		759
Our Home Department		
Fashions: Spring Hats (<i>Illustrated</i>)		
Modern Batik Work (<i>Illustrated</i>)		
The Open Door		

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THE CRAFTSMAN



GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XI MARCH, 1907 NUMBER 6

IS AMERICA SELLING HER BIRTHRIGHT IN ART FOR A MESS OF POTTAGE? SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS YEAR'S EXHIBIT AT THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY: BY GILES EDGERTON



AT THE one hundred and second exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, there were five hundred pictures or more—a Sargent, a few Whistlers, and some others. One would like to sail away from the average American picture show on waters of Lethe. And barring this privilege it is well to forget, not to remember, most of the things we do artistically in this country. Why should it be so? Why do American artists chase traditional butterflies, forgetting the country they run through? Why are we divorcing art from imagination and wedding it at the best to novelty? We are a vast, vivid country of gigantic forces, above and below ground. There are splendid untried powers to be reckoned with—strange ponderous conditions yet in the process of testing; a wide land of vanishing races, treading in picturesque garb the road to extinction. There are burning deserts with mysterious lights at dawn and twilight, and prairie seas stretching out into gray hills, and a wonderful radiance of color over rocky wastes and narrow mile-deep trenches. There are clouds that tumble down at sunset from Valhalla, and terrible sandstorms that pursue strangers over desert lands. And further on in the Great Southwest, we have even ruins of our own—old Mission buildings of romantic times, of mellow red and gray tones, with rows of bells hung in their walls to call aside the artist and win him to a national expression of art.

Again, what scope for the symbolist we have in our towering, crude, vibrating, nervous, uncertain civilization. What suggestions for the realist in our East Side polyglot populace. What opportunity for

IS AMERICA SELLING HER BIRTHRIGHT?

the spiritually minded in our delicate, *fadé* pink-gray society of New England! And yet, in our American art galleries, one mainly sees "The Seine at Night," "Barbizon in the Spring," "A Volendam Festival," "Ferenze in the Moonlight," "A Venetian Nocturne"—usually interesting in feeling, occasionally beautiful in expression, almost always technically forceful, worth doing if one can afford to separate a nation's art from a nation; but pitiful if intended as an expression of the utmost we can achieve as American artists.

Oh, I know that "art has no country." American painters and sculptors are as a Greek chorus in their unanimity of expression on this point. And quite truly the fullest understanding and widest appreciation of art should be universal; but the art that has lived, that we seek for inspiration and information, has been, without exception, strongly, vividly national, out of the very soil of the nation, expressing the thought and purpose of the people, absolutely individual—an expression, never an accretion.

The idea that art is wholly technique, that we as a nation can find our greatest expression while imitating the ways and the methods of France or Holland or England at the easel is to condemn American art at the outset—to take away from us our national birthright for a mess of foreign pottage. No one who thinks undervalues technique. Everyone who thinks realizes that the man who has achieved great technique can express through his art that quality which we vaguely call inspiration; but why can not a man work this marvel with the subjects of his native land? Why must it necessarily, as at the present time, be associated with Paris or Rome or Munich?

Everyone who ventures a plea for a national spirit in art is met with the threadbare response that "really the *essential* is good painting," that to regard the subject is provincial; but even with good painting there surely has to be some subject, and if it is of so little importance, why should we so invariably take the trouble to import it? We do not study Greek art to gain an insight into Ethiopia or Persia. The art might be technically as good, if such were the case, but the chances are that it would be dead. A nation has a right to create her own art expression. The sculpture, painting, music, poetry, produced by a nation are her progeny. They should inherit her characteristics. To be of universal interest they should portray her temperament. Why should American people always be called upon to be proud of what



From the 102nd Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy

"PORTRAIT OF MRS GARI MELCHERS."
BY GARI MELCHERS



From the 102nd Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy

"THE GOLDEN SCREEN."—
BY WILLARD L. METCALF



From the 102nd Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy

"A COUNTRY ROAD."—BY
JOHN H. TWACHTMAN



From the 102nd Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy

"JOHNNY-CAKE HILL."—
BY WILLARD L. METCALF

IS AMERICA SELLING HER BIRTHRIGHT?

their artists have accomplished with French landscapes, Dutch figures, Oriental interiors, simply because they are well done? Why not bring some of this execution to bear upon the Indians and architecture in our gray deserts, the remains of a departed, gorgeous civilization in our Southwest; the splendor of color, the mystery of clouds of our deep canyons, the tender, intimate sweetness and delicate friendliness of our New England hillsides?

We are all familiar with the weary plaint of our artists that in America we have no atmosphere. We are accused by the American student in the Latin Quarter of having a country without nuances, without halftones, or subtilities, light and shadow. We are sneered at as not paintable. Perhaps we are not, as Brittany is or Naples or the harbor at Boulogne or Rothenburg in a sunrise mist; but just what is really paintable is somewhat a matter of opinion—not wholly of French tradition. Remington has found the Western Indians and their environment worthy of a masterly brush; Borglum has discovered subjects enough roaming over the Western plains for a technique that might seem good enough for French rivers and Brittany meadows: Twachtman did not give up painting because New England was his abiding place, and lament the absence of French atmosphere in Connecticut. He just stepped outdoors, walked through his garden, looked down a winding lane or out over the Sound at Cos Cob, and painted, and achieved marvels of atmospheric effects that few of the greatest of foreign landscapists have ever excelled. He did not worry because America was not paintable. If he ever thought about it at all, it must have been with a quiet little smile of amusement. And so, what we need in order to create a further national spirit in our art is not a different country, but a different, new, intelligent understanding point of view toward our country as it exists.

In three months' time in New York during the past winter, Pamela Colman Smith has filled a dozen note books with sketches for paintings, all born of the appeal made to her imagination by the tremendously significant conditions which she has felt all about her both in the sociology and psychology of this swiftly growing nation. "The difficulty is," she said recently, "that the country is too full of subjects, one has not time to digest the material for work, one's imagination is crowded with strange inspiration, there is no time left between impressions to work out the material that comes daily for one's art; there

IS AMERICA SELLING HER BIRTHRIGHT?

has never been a time or a nation fuller of meaning to the thinking artist than America is to-day." And what this American woman sees just in and about New York is but one appeal to the artist; there are hundreds of others, by land and by sea, in the people and in the soil.

FROM a national point of view, the most interesting exhibit this season at the Pennsylvania Academy was the Impressionist Room—perhaps not a great exhibit of most of our best American artists, but at least it was American, and a good exhibit of some of our best men. Twachtman was there and Childe Hassam at his very best, and Metcalf and the Philadelphia man, Carroll S. Tyson, Jr., who finds beauty in splendor of color without nuance. The inspiration of this group of men is largely New England—a spinster land, with a perfume of new mown hay, oftentimes hidden in a veil of pale-tinted sea mists—a land of tender hillsides, of kind gardens—sensitive but not dramatic. Glackens would find no subjects here, nor would Henri, nor Sargent; but Constable would have liked it before he became a "great master," and Millet always.

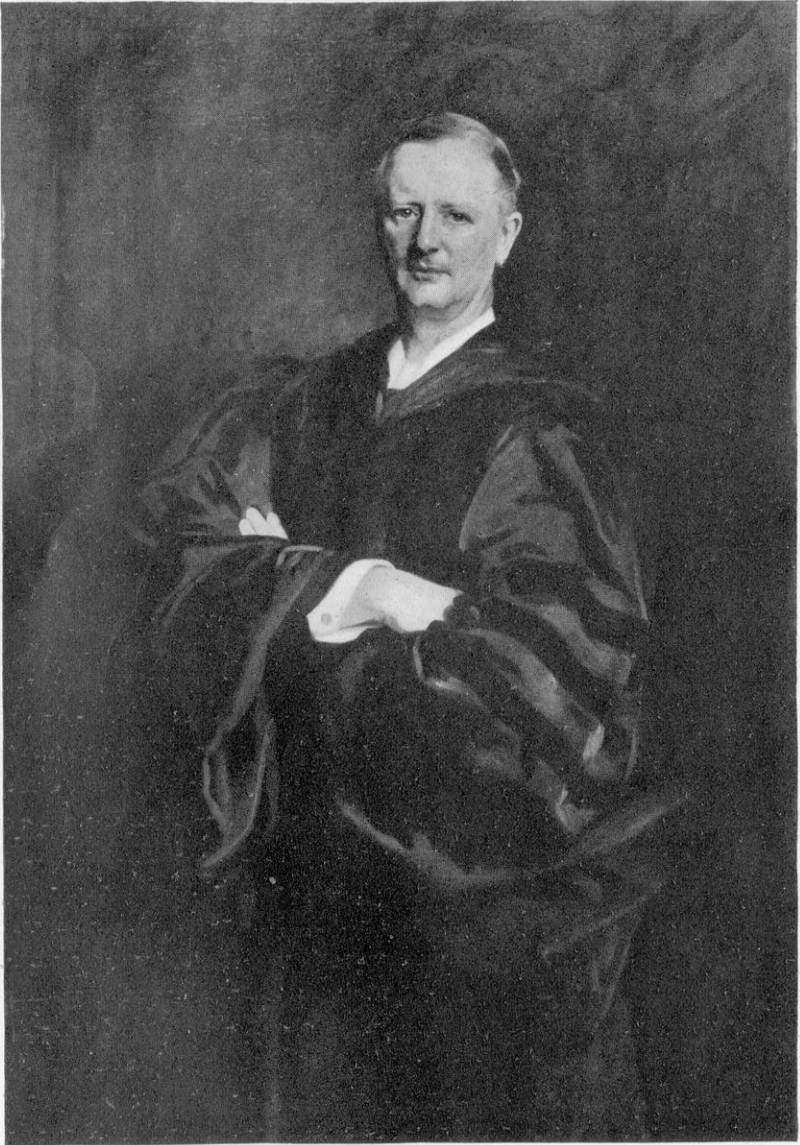
Twachtman's "Country Road" is, I think, in Cos Cob, a remote country home, just any house, half-hidden in the slow fall of an early snow. The whole picture suffused with the mysterious light of a windless snowfall, and full of that ineffable thrill that comes to the lover of nature with the first white landscape. Twachtman has painted a lyric of winter. Metcalf has done the same for the New England fall. Slender trees half-clad in soft October yellow, a glint of water in which they are shadowed, a hillside road winding unevenly up to the sky, a glow of fall sunlight through brown and red oak leaves, and the picture is born, with the freshness of autumn woods, with shadowy October skies, with mists or yellow lights, or streams gray with the first frost. Some of the best of our landscape men do not seem to have found their own land unworthy of their technique. Tryon has not, nor J. Alden Weir, nor J. Francis Murphy, nor the older Inness who, in fact, first discovered that we had a landscape from the artist's point of view.

Tyson has made a brilliant reply to the Latin Quarter's weary wail for nuance, with his sharp separating of color, his contrast and lack of halftones. It is not so much the amount or variety of color that he uses as the way in which he uses it. His blues are radiant,



From the 102nd Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy

"BEATRICE."—BY SERGEANT KENDALL



From the 102nd Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy

"REV. ENDICOTT PEABODY."—
BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT

IS AMERICA SELLING HER BIRTHRIGHT?

luminous with the endless depths of sapphires and Southern seas, and white leaves his brush a medium that sparkles, radiates, and suggests color. The pale phases of life are not for his canvas. There is actually a sense of physical exhilaration in his pictures, in these fresh creations of sea and light and people. "Ironbound," by Childe Hassam, is the same kind of subject as some of Tyson's coast scenes, but here again you perceive the greatness of the artist's feeling rather than the significance of the subject. The cliffs in Hassam's pictures retreat far back in the canvas in a cloudy atmosphere, and the sea moves lazily and vaguely through a faint haze that seems like visible air. One wonders why on a second cliff picture this same artist should have painted a robust nude lady and called her "Lorelei." It is a nice attractive cliff, bathed in a wonderful atmosphere, but the siren posing on the rocks annoys one; she could never be a destroyer of happy mariner homes. She is a vain enchantress without romance or pictorial quality, and so one resents her intrusive obviousness. Very few men can paint the nude out of doors convincingly. As a rule, these fair, modern nymphs look chilly, self-conscious, and without *raison d'être*.

Gari Melchers had a rare honor at the Academy, an entire room given up to his work alone, so that whether on the line or "skied" he had no fault to find. It was a charming room, with many repetitions of Melchers' favorite color combination of delicate blue and lilac, with many characteristically interesting Dutch faces, with green gardens dappled in sunlight, with babies real enough to adopt, with one notable group, "The Last Supper," and a delightful portrait of his wife. Gari Melchers has a most piquant way of presenting the Dutch type of face and form in a Dutch interior, yet with a suggestion of Japanese in color and ornamentation. His picture of "The Bride" has been called sentimental; it is in reality a rarely interesting character study. The bride is a Dutch girl, young, dull, naive to a degree; there is placid surrender in her face—no curiosity, no anticipated joy; apparently no emotional point of view whatever—an understanding that girls marry—that she is about to. Her cheeks are roses and her headdress beautiful, but she does not know these things. Her hands are scarred with toil, but she does not know this. She is only half awake to life, to either its joy or its sorrow. At forty she will be ugly, and she will know it all.

A more vivid contrast than between "The Bride" and the "Portrait

IS AMERICA SELLING HER BIRTHRIGHT?

of Mrs. Melchers," it would be hard to present; the latter has the same exquisite color note, violet and blue, faint green and a little rose. As a portrait it is full of esprit and mental alertness, of a fine boyish strength and a fresh womanly sweetness; there is youth and frank unconsciousness of beauty, but a joyous pleasure in all emotions, of the fullest understanding of life's finenesses. What a very lovely young woman Mrs. Melchers must be to inspire such an exquisite portrait! "The Last Supper" has a more somber color scheme than the usual flower-like quality of Melchers' work. It is a most realistic picture of humble folk done simply, as primitive folks should be, and the Christ is a man of the people, built in their mold and wearing their clothes. The pale green halo seems the only false note in the picture; the light that is necessary to distinguish "the Son of Man" is in the face of the Christ, and the halo seems an afterthought.

IN THE room next to the Melchers' exhibit there was a motley group of unrelated material. By all odds the most interesting picture there was W. J. Glackens' portrait study of his wife. It is, so far as I have been able to observe, the most brilliant piece of painting that Glackens has yet achieved, and gives reason to believe that he is becoming one of our important men, not merely as an illustrator, where he ranks at the head, but as a ruthless, uncompromising, great painter of life. Of course, to the painter all things are grist for his mill, but because a subject is interesting material, why should defects be over-emphasized, why should a man use his very clever technique to shock the beholder? Yet is a masterly painting cruelly done. And it holds the critic. One went back to it again and again, and always there was the same admiration and the same revolt.

Near the Glackens' portrait were two small studies by Alice Shelle, both well painted, with unusually clever brush work. And nearby, "The Sand Pits," by Horatio Walker, was well worth a second glance. It is a small painting done in his best style, and the bits of blue, the workman's blouse and the glint of sky, are exceedingly well managed. Henri was also hung in this room. A Spanish girl, of course, but not one of his best, is called "La Reina Mora." What is sometimes wonderful brilliancy of painting suggests in this picture a tin-like surface with sharp edges. This accenting of mannerism is not new in Henri, and it would be worth while to cut it out of the work of so important a man.

IS AMERICA SELLING HER BIRTHRIGHT?

In the succeeding gallery were three Whistlers, the famous pale portrait of Sir Henry Irving, that is as marvelously painted back into the frame as Velasquez would have done, and the effects achieved with the same mysterious use of somber tints to express color and character and the suggestion of life that is beyond all words to describe. Whistler's "Blue and Coral" was another specially interesting handling of subdued color with a wonderful placing of curious faint blue and red. "La Napolitaine" was a third Whistler—a genuine Neapolitan type, gross, physically magnetic and untrustworthy, an unpleasant person whom one would like to pass quickly by, but does not always, in galleries or life.

Chase showed three portraits in this room, all conventionally fashionable people and all done as a master must paint irrespective of inspiration, with that marvel of brush work known as the Chase technique, but only one of these pictures had any interest for the lay mind. The portrait of "Mrs. Horace Jayne" is one of the most remarkable character studies that Chase, or any of the modern men, has achieved. I doubt if Mrs. Jayne's mother knew her any better than the average intelligent spectator did after a few minutes observation of this picture. It is Chase at his greatest. Mrs. Jayne is the last phase in the development of the American beauty.

The picture by James R. Hopkins, in this room, arrested the attention. It is called "A Passing Moment." It may or may not be a portrait, but it is an unusual presentation of yellow and black, all well modeled and well composed. The black kitty is a tumbling bundle of black fur. The gown is soft yellow, hanging in straight folds with the weight of heavy velvet. It was worth going back to. Dangerfield's two important landscapes hung on either side of Whistler's "Irving," a brilliant contrast in subject, color, and technique.

In Gallery E there was a fourth Whistler, "Count Robert," a whimsical study of the Count de Montesquiou, a cruel portrayal of mental and physical vanity, a final analysis of the French aesthete. The Sargent portrait of the Rev. Endicott Peabody was a pitiless portrait—hence a good Sargent. How does this great American artist find people with the moral courage or the *naïveté* to sit to him? I have heard of the wife of an illustrious man, who after her husband's death cut Sargent's portrait of him into shreds. She had borne it as long as she could.

IS AMERICA SELLING HER BIRTHRIGHT?

THIS Exhibit showed an unusually large number of bronzes, twenty-six by Paul Nocquet, mainly symbolic subjects, hysterical people giving imitations of men and women in various states of emotion, through the medium of strained positions and tense muscles. A few were simple and convincing, and one was actually humorous. Roth had some fine, sinuous, hungry polar bears; Abastenia St. Leger Eberle showed a "Fighting Eagle," an interesting "Indian Shooting Fish," a clever little girl on roller skates, and a very realistic figure of a "Woman Picking Up Coal." Caroline Peddle Ball had some very dear children, real little atoms with lovable curves. Albert Humphrey's work was distinctly in the national spirit, and Martha J. Cromwell showed a cunning, live little boy. The best of these bronze sculptors came much nearer to presenting a national style of work than all the paintings on the walls put together. Their modeling was excellent, their feeling genuine, and their subjects the things that belong to us, that we understand and sympathize with, and that carry or should carry the big appeal to Americans. A rather large collection of St. Gaudens' was shown. A relief of his son, Homer, full of fresh youth and beauty, the well-remembered relief of Stevenson, and a small relief of Howells and his daughter Mildred.

The attitude toward this Exhibit among artists as a whole, especially in Philadelphia, is one of resentment, the outgrowth of a deep sense of wide injustice toward American artists. The jury of selection is accused of fadism—of exploiting small groups of men already famous, said jury also accused of being men of wealth and social position—laymen in the art world. It has been said that "Who's Who in America," is the standard of the "selection committee," and that the galleries were closed to many of the biggest men in the country, either unknown to or not liked by the Philadelphia Smart Set. These are but a few of the sinister tales told in the studios in Philadelphia and elsewhere. But the question that arises to the writer is just how much more significantly American the Exhibit would have been with a greater variety of canvases, and with a variety of greater men; if there would have been simply more of the same foreign subjects done with greater or less perfection, or if some of the excluded great men would have shown the greater national spirit in their art, and made the Exhibit of 1907 of significance to us as a people, or left it, as it is, a pretty picture show.

THE MORAL EFFECT OF THE TOURIST UPON THE NATIVE: THE DANGER OF ADAPTATION WITHOUT ASSIMILATION: BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF



THE pursuit of the picturesque! What a self-conscious pursuit it is becoming! Romance-seeking travelers recommend places to each other as "undiscovered by the tourist," and in their subsequent descriptions the somewhat overworked terms "atmosphere" and "local color" inevitably figure. What, analyzed, is this quality of picturesqueness but the effect produced upon the mind by contrast, the sensation we have in contact with the unaccustomed? The inhabitants of this great new country must cross the water to find the obvious contrast of the color and tone of time, or, at a pinch, search for the unusual in isolated corners of their own land. These places we hear characterized as "quaint," "remote," or "un-American." Europeans, on the same principle, find picturesqueness in phases of American life unfamiliar to them—hence the French and English mania for "coon songs," and the "cack-wack"—as the French pronounce it—the English desire for Indian and ranch stories, and the large French audience attracted to what is billed as "*Le vrai Buffalo Bill*."

It is interesting in this connection to note that our magazines give less attention than formerly to the so-called article of travel. The reasons for this are supposed to be that the majority of the readers of the first-class magazines are people who travel and get their impressions at first hand, and that the great popular magazine public which has grown to such enormous proportions in America during the last few years—the large, literate, yet uncultured public of a land of high wages and easy commercial advantages, is conceived to be interested only in home topics of an obvious character.

There is, of course, a large class of traveling Americans not addicted to the pursuit of the picturesque, whose travels do not usually extend beyond the large cities, the Riviera, and the fashionable watering places. Many of these are not entirely clear as to why they have gone abroad. Somehow the consciousness has come to them or their children that Europe is a place where people go. Yet even these vague money-spending, rather than money-enjoying, travelers leave Europe with a collection of crude, yet more or less definite impressions

THE TOURIST AND THE NATIVE

with regard to that money spending, even if their conclusions do not lead them beyond the conviction that they have been cheated and that Europe is less comfortable than America.

Any traveler who goes outside the usual line of travel, whether he thinks deeply or superficially upon the subject, learns the difference between the country "spoiled" by the tourist and the corner as yet untouched. What then constitutes this condition of being spoiled? The obvious, most frequently commented upon quality in it is the tendency to raise prices for the traveler. In London and Paris during the season when the American migration is expected this difference in prices is perceptible even in the shops and is recognized by all the permanent residents in those cities. In Italy, too, it has long been the case. The effect of a people spending money with the careless ease characteristic of even the poor American on a holiday, has had its logical effect upon the mind of the more frugal Latin and Briton. Then, too, Americans seldom question prices or indulge in the bargaining that the Latin expects, and this racial difference has again had its effect upon the fragile commercial honesty of the Frenchman and Italian.

The same thing frequently happens for that matter in the New England village that has become suddenly popular as a summer resort. In short, when essential differences, whether of race, class or custom, are brought into conflict it seems inevitable that there should be a deteriorating effect upon one side or the other or both. Such a condition Lafcadio Hearn has pointed out in describing the effect of the first British merchants upon the Japanese in the seaport towns.

Unquestionably the more quickly the new has to be assimilated the greater its power to injure. Such a result is very patent here in our own country, where a family can pass in one generation from ignorance and squalor to comparative wealth. The undeveloped, half-baked product of generations of unthinking laborers or paupers landed here, finds himself suddenly in possession of unlimited personal liberty with, in most cases, an easy opportunity for money-making. The result in a few years—depending upon the measure of his success—is probably a member of a militant union, a socialist, or a man with more money than is well for one of his limited moral and mental development.

In Europe the sudden introduction through the automobile of the luxurious money-spending world to the simple and primitive has had its effect. In France especially, where the roads are so fine, it has been

THE TOURIST AND THE NATIVE

the means of opening up hitherto remote country districts. The automobilist shooting through does not stop to question the price. The effect upon the business methods of the inn or shopkeeper is almost invariable, and it must be admitted the temptation undoubtedly is great.

Individuals living for a season in a foreign country learn to know relative values. In some places which have been the seat of American colonies for years the natives are gradually learning that all Americans are not rich and have come to treat them more as their own people.

The exception exists in such cases as that of the well-to-do American colony in Paris where the Americans demand luxuries—principally in the matter of personal daintiness—unheard of in the Parisian philosophy. In that instance a permanent and more or less legitimate raise in prices has come about, so that Paris is now as expensive a place of residence as New York.

ALL this, however, is the superficial aspect of the question. There is a deeper reflection that must occur to the thoughtful tourist and that is the gravity of the moral effect upon the simpler people of remote psychology and inferior intelligence at suddenly finding themselves an object of interest to the traveler. This occurs in localities, obviously picturesque, which have retained some peculiarity of costume or custom that brings the visitor from afar to see them. Familiar instances are to be found in the little island of Maarken on the Zuyder Zee, and at Oberammergau.

The inhabitants of Maarken, in spite of their proximity to the large modern city of Amsterdam, are, as the guide books chronicle, "still wearing the costume." It is a costume quaint rather than beautiful, of ancient pattern and rich in color. Superficially it is all gay and picturesque. Yet considered ethically that little island with its crowded red-roofed houses, its vivid color patches of boat and costume, is a saddening, even a tragic, spectacle. All through the season of summer travel, boat loads of tourists—"personally conducted" and independent—arrive hourly and walk through the little streets and into such houses as are open, peering into the doors and windows, staring at the islanders and hiring them to pose for photographs. All day, all summer, for many summers, the people have been on exhibition, on dress parade—a comic opera spectacle, a passing show for the passing crowd. What has been the effect upon the people? Nothing less than the

THE TOURIST AND THE NATIVE

destruction of their self respect; the undermining of the moral fiber of their children. A few of the old sailors and older women grumble apart with resentful glances for the intruders. To the majority it has brought the curse of self-consciousness and the greed of gold. Everything is on sale at an exorbitant price. All the children are selling things in the street or posing for the amateur photographer, singly and in groups, for money, showing the manner of their headdress for the same purpose, or being used to illustrate a dissertation by the personally conducting one; they are teasing the traveler to buy worthless souvenirs and running after the departing boat to beg for pennies (in English). The expression of greed on those little sunburned childish faces is enough to make one heartsick. What kind of men and women can they become? We are accustomed in southern countries to see the children begging. The Italian child, taught by beggar parents, will put out its dirty little hand with an angelic smile to the traveler before it can talk. Yet somehow one does not feel the same moral deterioration there. Latin psychology—particularly that of the lower classes—is ethically so unlike ours. In Holland the case is different. Holland has never been a land of beggars. They have been from the first a sturdy, self respecting people. It is written in the faces of the humblest peasants. This discovery of themselves as a negotiable commercial quantity has done the people of Maarken a moral injury that it could not do to an individual of the more supple Latin morals. They have sold their self respect and the inevitable deterioration has set in.

IN OBERAMMERGAU another aspect of this situation may be studied. In this little Bavarian town—as everyone knows—the Passion Play, which has been given ever since the seventeenth century, is performed once every ten years by the peasants who have organized themselves for that purpose into the *School of the Cross*. One day, fifty-five years ago, two Englishmen, Dean Tate and Professor Henry, heard of this religious observance and went to see it. Ten years later Dean Stanley visited Oberammergau and wrote an article about it for Macmillan's Magazine. The four subsequent performances have attracted an increasing crowd of spectators. The performers and their local audience apparently remained unself-conscious for many years, then the inevitable happened: the Oberammergau peasants came also to eat of the tree of knowledge. Many who saw the play at its last celebra-

THE TOURIST AND THE NATIVE

tion five years ago were impressed with this fact. Some have written and thought differently, but it is to be feared that they were of the class of unobservant enthusiasts. A visitor at the play given at what one is tempted to call the "supplementary season," summer before last, must have been the blindest of optimists not to realize that the spell of unconscious religious fervor was broken forever.

The play given was a dramatization of the life of King David, divided by tableaux representing scenes from the life of Christ. It consisted of long declamatory dialogues with little or no action, and songs—incidental music one is tempted to call it—composed for the occasion by Wilhelm Müller of Munich.

One would hesitate to set down the opinion that the players in this religious drama were not actuated by religious motives, yet the mere fact of giving an extra play, without the precedent of old custom and in a day when such things are no longer a form of religious expression, —and also throughout the tourist season and with raised prices—causes one to feel that the commercial advantages were appreciated by some one. There seems little doubt that a different spirit came in with the new performers of 1900. The members of the *School of the Cross* are constantly on exhibition about the streets of the little town on the days of the performance—long-haired, picturesquely hatted, clad in the Tyrolean costume, conscious and seemingly covetous of the tourist's glances. Some of them are pale, suggesting types of the Latin Quarter in Paris, rather than the sturdy devotional Bavarian peasant.

One family which is largely represented in the cast—two members of it playing David (as boy and man) another the impersonator of Christ at the last performance of the Passion Play—own an enormous wood carving and pottery industry. In their Oberammergau shop souvenirs of all description from crucifixes to post cards are for sale. Their pottery has even been imported to America and displayed in shop windows placarded with the seductive prophesy that at some future date it will be unprocurable. Some of the ruder varieties of wood carving and cutting—once a primitive industry of the place—are now made by machinery and sold at absurd prices. In a little house on an off street a tall old man with a sweet face still carves the little toy animals with his knife. They are scarcely visible behind his small cobwebbed window and he still asks the simpler price of other days. The difference between Oberammergau past and present lies there.

THE TOURIST AND THE NATIVE

NOT to go so far as to question the religious sincerity of the performers, it is yet difficult to feel that these men, picturesquely and consciously posing in wide-brimmed hats for photographs and post cards, have anything in common with the old-worldness and unworldliness that we associate with the name of Oberammergau. A little book got out by the Lang family last year for the tourist season read like any "boom" for a summer resort. A "tennis court near the Passion theater" is offered as one of the inducements.

Yet the King David play is a worthy enough entertainment for those whom it pleases, although such plays of Old Testament history are infinitely better done at the Yiddish theaters in New York. The tourist who enjoyed the Oberammergau entertainment was not being cheated. The intention of the costuming was not economical, and the music was not bad of its sentimental kind. The tableaux, as in the Passion Play, were copied from old masters with an ambition more creditable than the result. The price of seats was not exorbitant. It was all mediocre judged by an art standard, and the simple devotional thing it was in the past seems lost forever, yet, since it was not dishonest as an entertainment, what is there about it all that hurts and offends? It is not just the objection that some of us feel to having a money-making enterprise made out of a religious play—the objection raised by many to the American production of "Parsifal"—the distressing quality seems to lie rather in one's realization of the moral deterioration that must inevitably come to a people made self-conscious about a thing that was once an intense religious impulse. The Oberammergau peasants of to-day have come to know themselves as "copy," "material," an object of interest. Their greed has been more or less appealed to simultaneously with the awakening of this consciousness, so that their attitude seems to have become, in many cases, instead of a simple expression of faith, an egoistic anæmic pose; again the loss of self-respect and dignity. It is a downfall less wholesale and ignominious than that of Maarken, yet it is a greater tragedy, for in Oberammergau the commercialism has been the outgrowth of what was once an expression of the religious aspiration of a people. It is perhaps one of the inevitable results of the thing we call progress, and the history of progress is always redolent of tragedy. But the phase of it illustrated by Maarken and Oberammergau seems an essentially modern tragedy.

O EARTH, SUFFICING ALL OUR NEEDS

O EARTH, sufficing all our needs, O you
 With room for body and for spirit too,
 How patient while your children vex their souls
 Devising alien heavens beyond your blue.

Dear dwelling of the immortal and unseen,
 How obstinate in my blindness have I been,
Not comprehending what your tender calls,
 Veiled promises and reassurance, mean!

Not far and cold the way that they have gone,
 Who thro' your sundering darkness have withdrawn.
Almost within our hand-reach they remain
 Who pass beyond the sequence of the dawn.

Not far and strange the heavens, but very near,
 Your children's hearts unknowingly hold dear.
At times we almost catch the door swung wide—
 An unforgotten voice almost we hear!

I am the heir of heaven—and you are just.
 You, you alone I know, and you I trust.
Though I seek God beyond the furthest star,
 Here shall I find Him, in your deathless dust.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

FREDERICK MONSEN OF THE DESERT—THE MAN WHO BEGAN EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO TO LIVE AND RECORD THE LIFE OF HOPI-LAND: BY LOUIS AKIN



THE story of Frederick Monsen—Monsen of the Desert—is the traditional story of the artist. The beginning of it has all the hardship and disappointment and hope deferred that usually falls to the lot of the man who has a new and significant thing to say to the world, but who lacks the pushing, commercial instinct needed to make himself immediately audible. The thing that is worth hearing is always audible in the end, however, and in this case the traditional story is the one with the triumph in it—the triumph of faith, perseverance, and genius over all obstacles.

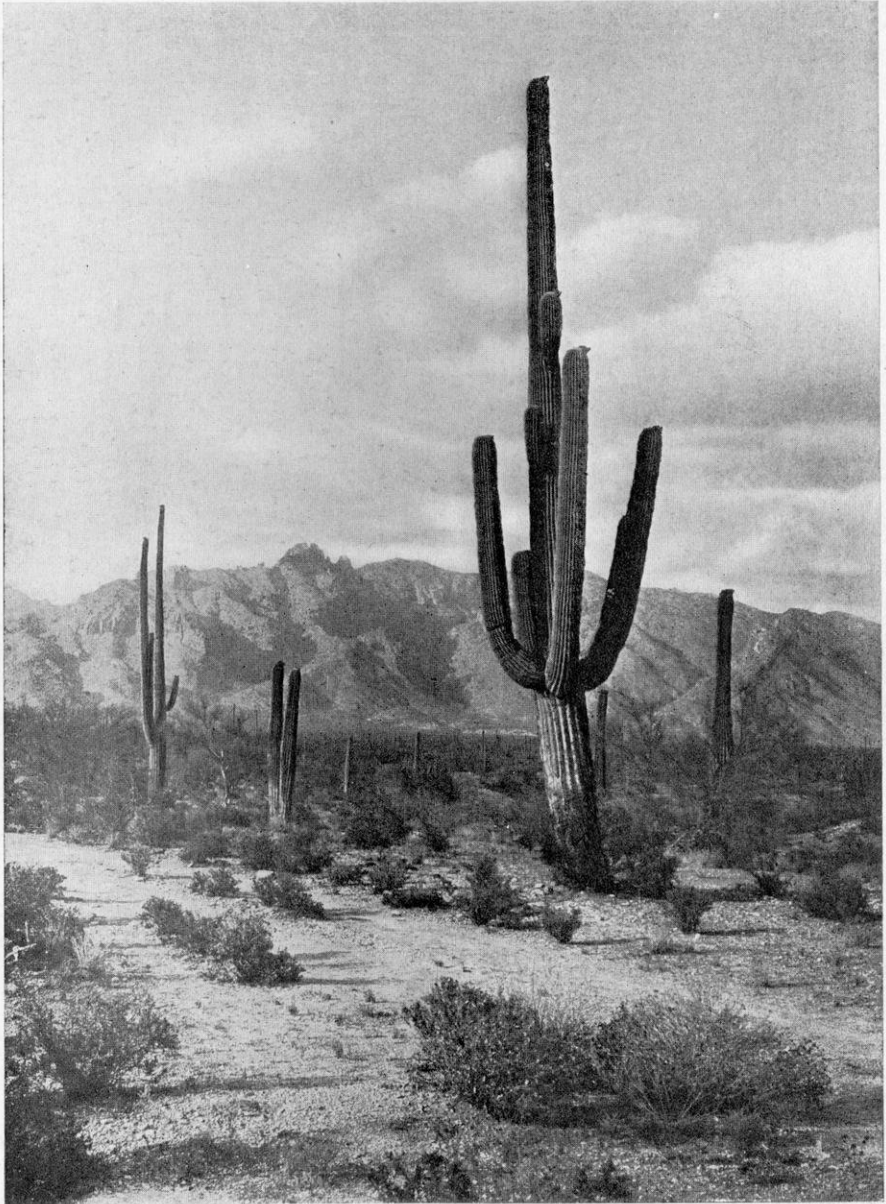
About twenty-five years ago, Frederick Monsen came to this country from his native Norway, a youth equipped with little save a good education augmented by some technical artistic training and an inheritance of like temperament from a notably artistic family. Newspaper work—as artist and writer—carried him to the West within a couple of years, and it was there, in Colorado, that he began the work which has since developed into a recognized art, of which he is not only the originator but the ablest exponent, the art of portraying by means of the camera the beauty of a little known part of our country and the individuality of a picturesque and fast vanishing race. He began photographing Indians while connected with the Geological Survey, and the fascination of the work, together with the great possibilities of its future value both to art and to history, have held him to it ever since.

During all these years Mr. Monsen has spent the major part of his time living as close to the Indians as a white man comfortably may, throughout the breadth of that land of enchantment—the Great Southwest. There, in their most primitive and remote villages, he has lived and worked, gaining by his sympathetic understanding the never ending confidence and good-will of the Indians, and so gaining command of material for his work that could never be acquired at a price. This access to the intimate life of the people, combined with his own skill and artistic judgment, has given Mr. Monsen a collection of pictures not only of great artistic value, but of absolutely unrivaled significance as historic and ethnological records.



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen

MR. MONSEN IN HOPILAND, SURROUNDED
BY GROUP OF LITTLE INDIAN FRIENDS



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen

THE GIGANTIC CACTUS
OF THE DEL MUERTO DESERT

MONSEN OF THE DESERT

Naturally, it is the rare artistic quality in his work that most interests me, knowing as I do from my own experience something of the difficulties to be overcome in making a success of any attempt to depict the gentle folk of the Desert. Only the sense of fellowship which Mr. Monsen has established with the Indians can account for the almost entire absence, in his pictures, of one objectionable feature so marked in most Indian photographs—that of a display of self-consciousness on the part of the subject. It is true that many of his photographs are made “unbeknownst,” but even those that are obviously posed are still sympathetic and characterful, in striking contrast with the elaborately “picturesque” photographs so often seen.

THIS difference is the very obvious distinction between art and commercialism, the distinction that marks the work of the man who, because of years of tried friendship, is welcome in every pueblo, hogan or wickiup in all the Southwest, as entirely separate from that of the “commercial traveler” who speeds through the country with the camera in one hand and the ever-ready dollar in the other, apparently under contract to photograph every last living specimen of the American Indian, regardless of anything but quantity and popular selling quality. To be sure these latter pictures have their place, but it is not in art, and I emphasize the distinction because this man has more truly and sympathetically portrayed the peaceful Indian of the Desert than has anyone who has followed him, and all the modern band of “Indian photographers” are his followers.

While the Desert Indians, by long odds the most picturesque and primitive of our remaining aborigines, would be sufficient in themselves to furnish material for a lifetime of endeavor, it is not only among the people that Mr. Monsen has found his work. His keen artistic sense would not permit him to pass by the strange and beautiful physical features of the country they live in, and these form some of his most fascinating subjects. He has gone deeply into the chemistry of light and color as well as photography, and has used all his technical training, as well as new methods that are entirely his own, to express in his own medium the wondrous color, space and atmosphere of the Desert Land. I know of what I speak, for I also love the Desert and spend my life trying to express it with pigments on canvas, but all the knowledge gained through my own efforts give only an added

MONSEN OF THE DESERT

zest to my appreciation of the truth and perfection of the pictures Mr. Monsen enlarges from his tiny films. No whit of the brilliancy of light is lost, no depth or pure transparency of shadow is missing, no delicate variation of the Desert's own incomparable opalescence or overwhelming vastness is absent, and in its more rugged phases of mountain or canyon no particle of its primordial strength and grandeur is found wanting.

While Mr. Monsen is not a man with a "mission," but does his work because of the joy he finds in achieving the expression of the beautiful, he has yet taken a deep interest in the welfare of the Indians among whom he has lived so long. It would have been impossible for him to have spent so many years in such intimate association with them without having made his own influence felt by them, not the influence resulting from any direct effort in that direction, but the influence of right living and square dealing, of merely being in their eyes a good specimen of white man. Under these circumstances he naturally has acquired an unusually broad and comprehensive knowledge of conditions among them, and also some strong ideas as to the right care of them, granting that at the least we owe them care. He has seen how civilization has encroached on them year by year, and has been a close observer of its effects, and what he says on the subject in the following article is with the authority of judgment formed on absolute knowledge of conditions.

Of all the ideas he advances as the result of his long experience with Indian capabilities and characteristics, none is more vital than the position he takes with regard to the destruction of the ancient crafts and the attempt to replace them by modern commercial work that is practically valueless as well as hideous and commonplace. Mr. Monsen holds that if the Government would send to them instructors who would exercise some intelligence in reviving and preserving the wonderful old handicrafts of the peaceful tribes, instead of giving the children instruction in the trades and industries of the white man, the Indian would not only take more kindly to the white man's idea of education, but it would be a great deal easier for him to earn a living. More than this, Mr. Monsen holds that in the preservation of the Indian crafts, as well as Indian traditions, games, ethics, morals and religion, there lies a strong influence for good that would ultimately affect our modern art and life.

THE DESTRUCTION OF OUR INDIANS: WHAT CIVILIZATION IS DOING TO EXTINGUISH AN ANCIENT AND HIGHLY INTELLIGENT RACE BY TAKING AWAY ITS ARTS, INDUSTRIES AND RELIGION: BY FREDERICK MONSEN



WITHIN the past few years that hitherto almost unknown land, the Great Desert of the Southwest, has been discovered by artists and travelers alike to possess an interest and a charm that belong to it alone out of all the world. The glowing atmosphere, the vast stretches of sand that fairly pulsate with light and color, the towering cliffs of rugged, rich-hued rock, and the primitive, peaceful Indian folk who still live after the manner of their forefathers in villages that seem to have been a part of it all since the morning of the world, all these have been found to be eminently worth expressing on canvas or with camera, and the Desert has taken its place as a field of unparalleled richness for the man who has the power and the understanding to find and express what is there.

It was still a land undiscovered by all save an occasional prospector or a stray cowboy when I first wandered into it eighteen years ago. I went there as a member of the Geological Survey, but the fascination of the Desert and its people laid hold of me, and I soon realized that, for me at least, no other lifework could possess a tithe of the interest that would come from being able to depict truthfully the life, character and customs of the Desert Indians, and to give to the world some idea of the charm to be found in them and in the strange splendor of their environment. These Pueblo Indians are now but the remnant of a fast-vanishing race, one of the many magnificent aboriginal races that have decayed so swiftly under the death-giving touch of the white man's civilization. That the peaceful Desert tribes have hitherto been able to preserve so much of their original vigor and individuality has been due to the fact that the Indian is dominated in such a marked degree by his environment, and also that these Indians live a life as natural and primitive as that of their forefathers before the advent of the white man. That is, they *have* lived so, but the chances now are that the paternal care of the Government will educate and civilize them to a swift and final doom.

DESTRUCTION OF OUR INDIANS

For these reasons it seemed to me that any truthful record of the lives and customs of the people of the Pueblos, made while they were yet unspoiled, would have an ethnological and historical value even greater than the quality of picturesqueness that is now coming to be of such keen interest to artists. The only way to gain the true impression that alone would be of value, instead of merely gathering a collection of unusual and attractive pictures, was to become intimate with the people, to understand them and be understood by them, to gain their friendship and so coax them by imperceptible degrees to forget to be watchful and conscious in the presence of a stranger, and to live and pursue their daily occupations as if no camera or sketch-block had ever been brought within the borders of the Great Desert.

THIS at first was not an easy task, in spite of its constant and ever-increasing interest. The Indians were friendly and hospitable enough, and showed no annoyance at my presence in their villages, but the customs and manners of a primitive people differ so widely from ours that the whole viewpoint of a civilized man has to be changed before he can come anywhere near to comprehending the nature of an Indian or realizing the way he looks at things. Before I could understand the Indian, I had to learn how to "get behind his eyes,"—to think as he thought, to live as he lived, and to become, so far as was possible for a white man, an accepted member of his society. While this, of course, was primarily for the purpose of gaining the greatest possible degree of success in my work, which I had determined should be the truthful and natural expression of the Desert Indian and his environment by means of thousands of pictures made of himself, his home, his industries, ceremonials, festivals, and all that pertains to his life, my interest in all this considered merely as a subject very soon grew into a broader and keener interest and understanding of the life itself and the people who lived it. Making one's home in an Indian village tends to give great elasticity to one's point of view. One sees and experiences many things that seem strange when measured by the standards of civilization, but the strangeness vanishes with the dawning perception that life in the Desert gives one of the number of our customs and conventions that would shock and revolt the Indian, accustomed as he is to the simple directness of a purely natural life. It is all a matter of taste, which in turn is a matter of custom, and the

DESTRUCTION OF OUR INDIANS

man who is privileged to learn a sufficient catholicity of taste to appreciate and enjoy both sides adds greatly to the interest of life. The white man is horrified at the thought of eating dog, but heartily relishes a meal of roast pig, the Indian is revolted and disgusted at the idea of using pig for food, but is delighted with a dish of savory stewed dog. If one can learn to eat both dog and pig with relish it follows that he greatly widens his field of experience and doubles his capacity for enjoyment.

That my own experience of Indian life might be as broad as possible, I drifted from one village to another, always accepting their customs, eating their food, interesting myself in what interested them, and never by word or act reminding them that I was a white man. I never adopted the Indian costume, as that would probably have been considered an affectation and so have been quietly ridiculed, but I made a point of wearing old and entirely inconspicuous clothes and of keeping my photographic apparatus concealed until such time as the people of the village were thoroughly accustomed to having me around, and paid but little attention to what I did. While associating myself as much as possible with their daily life, I carefully avoided making any attempt to become identified with any of their peculiar ceremonial clans. I have seen the sacred and secret ceremonies, of course, but the opportunity to do so was merely a courtesy extended to me by the High Priests, who have told me that no white man has ever been admitted as a member of such an organization. In spite of claims to the contrary made by some white men, I have never, during all the years of my close association with these Indians, seen or heard anything to cause me to doubt that the priests were speaking the truth. In my own case, even had it been possible, I should have considered it unwise to join any one of these clans, for the reason that it would have debarred me from association with other societies. As it was, I was able to retain without hint of rivalry or jealousy the friendship and goodwill of all.

WHEN I first began working among the Indians, eighteen years ago, it required much diplomacy and careful arrangement to secure at all the sort of picture I wanted. Almost any Indian or group of Indians would have posed for me, for a consideration, but a posed, self-conscious picture was of little use to me,

DESTRUCTION OF OUR INDIANS

as the unconscious expression of daily life and character was what I had set my heart on obtaining. Naturally, in those days, all the pictures I took had to be posed and focused, as there was nothing to use but the tripod camera, the slow lens, and the heavy glass plates. True, these were dry plates, so I was not hampered by the paraphernalia necessary to the use of wet plates, but as it was the scope of my work was much limited, not only on account of the excessive weight of the instrument and plates, but also, and more particularly, because with this process it was impossible to avoid posing my subjects and making them keep still during a time exposure. When films were invented, I was, I believe, one of the first to use them in a professional way, and, although they were then by no means so reliable as they are now, they proved so indispensable to the kind of work I was doing that I persisted in experimenting with them in spite of the fact that I failed repeatedly in my attempts to secure satisfactory results. In this way I gained my first actual experience and best practice in the instantaneous photographing of Indians, and when films were finally brought to such a degree of perfection that I could feel entirely secure in taking them out on long, difficult, and expensive journeys, I began to get results such as I had never been able to achieve by the old method of using plates. A photographer who uses the large camera and plates the full size of the finished picture can seldom get either atmosphere, perspective or the freedom from consciousness that is so desirable when photographing Indians, that is, if one wishes for genuine individuality and convincing local color instead of more or less conventional or dramatic picturesqueness. The groups form themselves, melt away and change like cloud-shapes, and the best and most characteristic attitudes and groupings are absolutely impossible to obtain if one has to set up a tripod, adjust the camera, focus it, put in the plate, go over to his group and pose each one until the general effect is just what he wants, and then take the picture. It may be an interesting and well-composed picture, but it is the photographer's idea that is expressed in it, not the artist's nor a phase of Indian life and character. By the use of the small cartridge films and the rapid action of the hand camera, one is able to snapshot any number of charming, unconscious groups that show just what the Indian is like in his daily life at home. My own method of working is to carry three small cameras, which fit in cases without covers that are slung

DESTRUCTION OF OUR INDIANS

to a belt around my waist and are concealed under my loose coat. One turn of my hand and the camera is out and ready for use. Long practice in focusing has made it possible for me to do it almost by instinct, as a rifleman will hit the target when firing from the hip or at arm's length almost as often as when the weapon is sighted, and my subjects seldom know when they are photographed. Of course, all my Indian friends know in a general way that I make many pictures of them, and some of them are occasionally asked to pose for some especially desired effect, but when they do not see the camera as I stroll around and chat with them, they have no consciousness of being on dress parade for a possible picture, and those who do notice my movements at all particularly pay but little attention to an occasional unobtrusive snapshot of someone else.

In addition to this convenience for working, which puts the hand camera almost on the level of a fountain pen carried for hasty notes, there are two other reasons why the small hand camera and cartridge films are so desirable for the Desert photographer. The first is purely practical, it reduced the weight of one's equipment for a reasonably long journey about ninety per cent., a matter worth considering when one travels in a rough and little known country. The second concerns the artistic quality of the large, finished picture. I have found that a direct print made from a large negative taken in the burning sunlight of Arizona or New Mexico is apt to be so sharp that it looks flat and hard, and seems to possess but little atmosphere or artistic feeling. By enlarging the picture from a small negative, I not only obtain a sense of perspective that gives some idea of the vast distances, but find myself able to produce a picture that, by its softness of outlines and the effect of mellow, diffused light and deep, velvety shadows, conveys the feeling of all the sunshine and color that go to make up the characteristic atmosphere of the Desert.

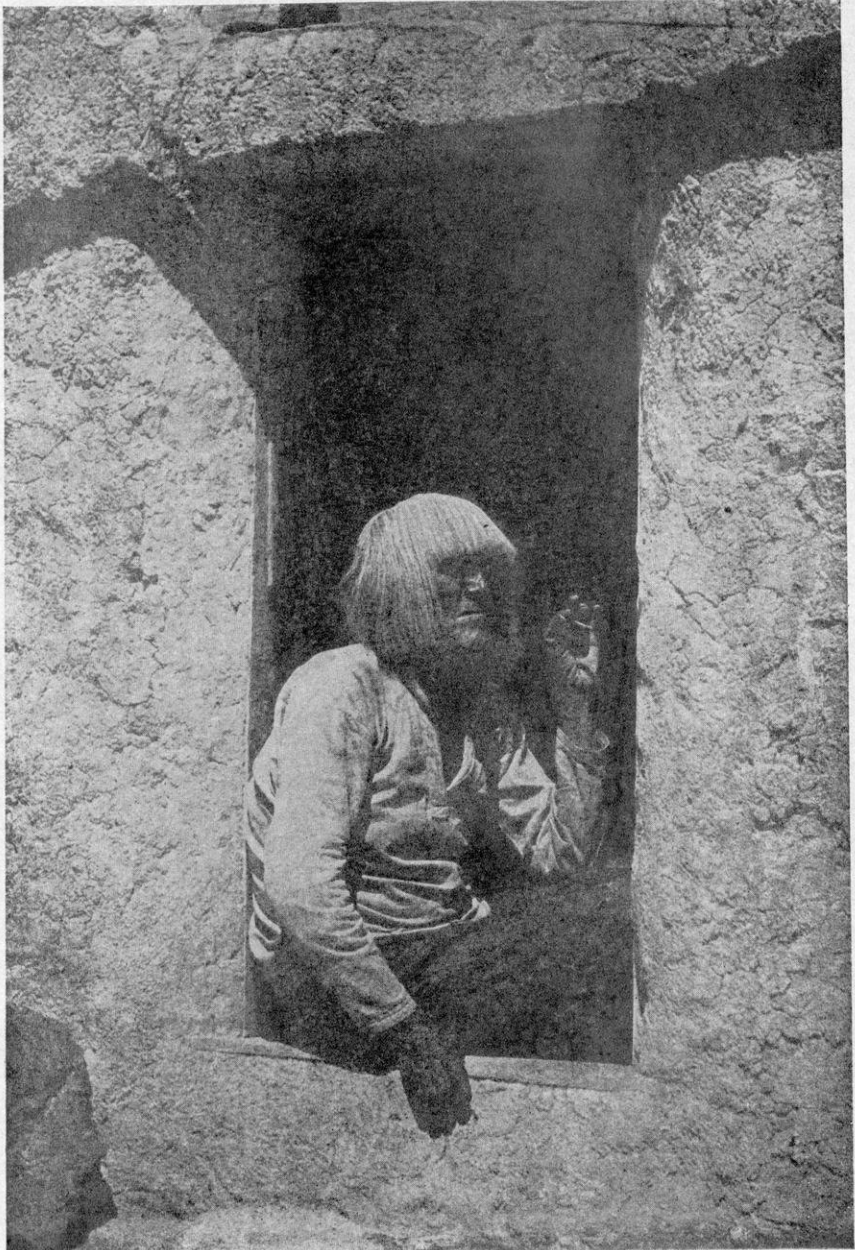
SO MUCH for the work itself. What the work strives to express is a different matter and a much more interesting story. My acquaintance with the Desert Indians includes all the Desert people—the Hopi, the Navajos, the Apaches, the Mojaves, the Rio Grande Indians, and others. They are all interesting, and all have distinctly individual characteristics, but the gentlefolk of the Desert are the quiet, industrious Hopi. The meaning of the word "Hopi" is

DESTRUCTION OF OUR INDIANS

“gentle,” and it is a true word. Only to be among these Indians, to hear them talk, and to observe their treatment of one another and of the casual stranger that is within their gates, is to have forced upon one the realization that here is the unspoiled remnant of a great race, a race of men who have, from time immemorial, lived quiet, sane, wholesome lives very close to Nature. The Hopi pueblos are in the northern part of Arizona, and are fenced off from civilization not only by the wonderful Painted Desert, but by the much larger Reservation of the Navajos, which encloses them on all sides. Owing partly to this situation, the Hopi have retained their primitive manners and customs to a far greater degree than any other Indians in this country. Such benefits of civilization as jails, saloons, and asylums have not yet reached them and all my years of living and working among them have brought to my knowledge only one instance of crime committed by a Hopi, and that was when an educated Hopi boy raised a check. Their neighbors, the Navajos, are more aggressive than the Hopi, and a good deal of jealousy exists between the two tribes, but even they have only eight policemen to keep in order a population of twenty thousand souls living on a Reservation of sixteen thousand square miles. These policemen are Navajos employed by the Government and their position entails no work or responsibility beyond looking dignified and drawing their pay. There is rarely anything for them to do.

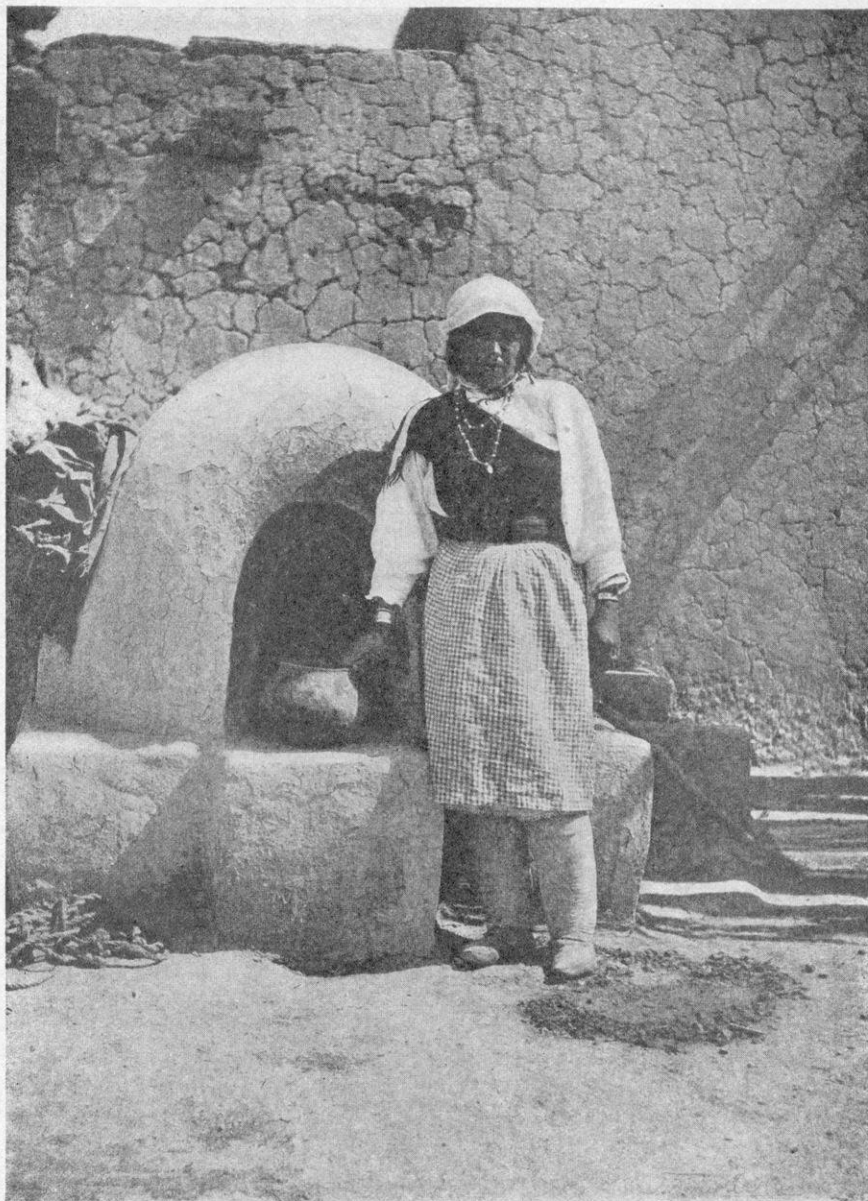
The only trouble with these Indians is that the too-benevolent white race can not let them alone. All they ask is to be left in comparative freedom to live their own lives, pursue their own industries, follow their own religion and govern without interference their own peaceful communes. They ask no favors, they burden no one, and their one desire is to be allowed to live in peace after the manner of their forefathers. It may be urged that this is made impossible by the new conditions created by the rapid march of Western civilization, but even admitting that this is true, it does not follow that the interference of the white people with the life, religion, and industries of the Indians need be carried on with such utter lack of judgment.

TO GO directly to the root of the matter, the thrusting of the Christian religion upon these Indians, in the way it is done, is a mistake that could hardly be made even by a missionary society if the members who so zealously work to raise money for the



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen

ONE OF THE ELDERS OF THE
TRIBE. A WISE MAN IN COUNCIL



From a Photograph by Frederick Mosen

"EVERY ACT OF THE DAILY LIFE OF THESE PRIMITIVE
DESERT PEOPLE HAS SOME RELIGIOUS SIGNIFICANCE"



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen

A GENTLE PATRIARCH WHO FORMERLY RULED THE PUEBLO OF ORAIBI AND WHO NOW CHEERFULLY FILLS THE PLACE OF SECOND IN COMMAND



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen

"MANY HORSES," A NAVAJO CHIEF WHOSE SON WAS "BIG MAN" WHEN KIT CARSON WENT THROUGH THE COUNTRY WITH HIS VOLUNTEERS



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen

"ALL THEY ASK IS TO BE LEFT IN COMPARATIVE FREEDOM TO LIVE THEIR OWN LIVES"



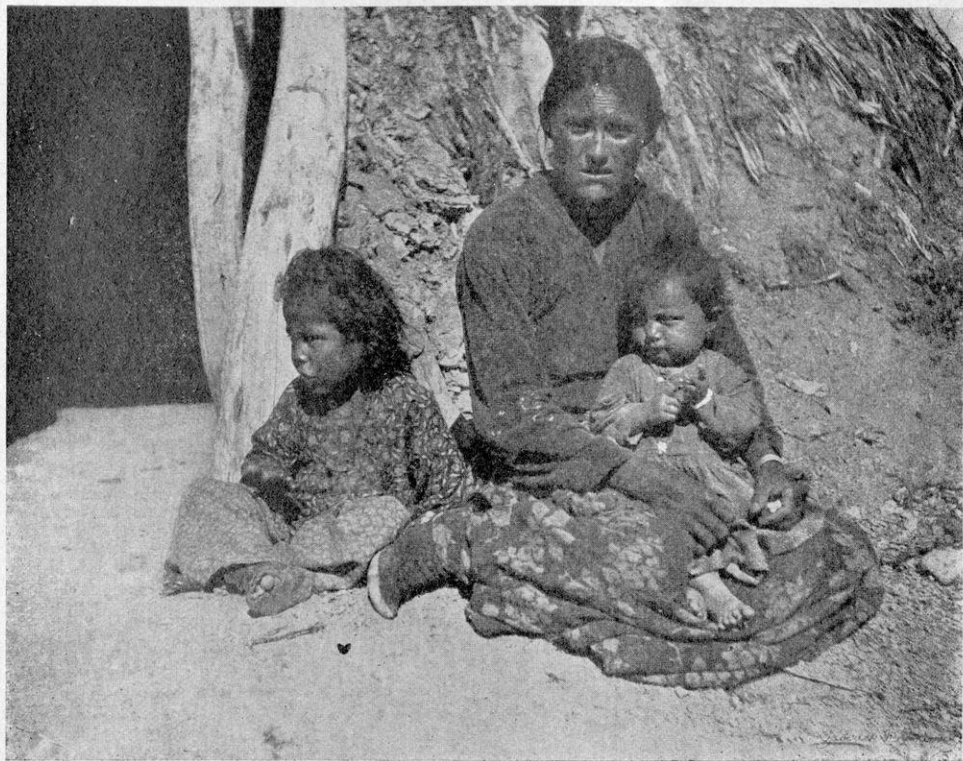
From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen

"THE GENTLE FOLK OF THE DESERT
ARE THE QUIET, INDUSTRIOUS HOPI"



From a Photograph by Frederick Monsen

“THE HOPI IS A HARD WORKER, ANXIOUS TO
MAKE A LIVING AND TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET”



From a Photograph by Frederick Mosen

"THE UNCONSCIOUS EXPRESSION OF DAILY
LIFE AND CHARACTER WAS WHAT I HAD
SET MY HEART ON OBTAINING"

DESTRUCTION OF OUR INDIANS

salvation of the heathen had even a glimmer of understanding of the old belief they are trying to displace, and of the inevitable effect of its destruction. Taught in the Nature religion of his forefathers, the Indian knows no hypocrisy. His life is an open book, and from his ceremonial birth to his ceremonial death he is open, honest, and truthful. He is a hard worker, anxious to make a living and to make both ends meet, and for this very reason he has developed many traits of character which the civilized man of modern times would do well to seek for himself. Of course, there are Indians and Indians, but I speak of the Indians of the Desert, where the means of life are not easily obtained. They show in a marked degree the strength of moral fiber, and the purity of life that comes from a hard struggle with an austere environment. Religion is inborn in every natural man, and the Indian, being wholly a natural man, has that sense of oneness with Nature and that worship of the Spirit lying behind the great natural forces, which is as far superior to the dogmatism that ordinarily is called Christianity as the music of the spheres is to the jangling of warring creeds. Every act of the daily life of these primitive Desert people has some religious significance. They are as simple and sincere in their faith as little children, and everything in life to them is founded upon that faith. It is handed down from father to son by word of mouth and is kept unchanged from generation to generation. When a child reaches the age of six or seven he is taken to a *kiva*, or underground ceremonial chamber, where are gathered the elders of the pueblo, and there he is taught, word by word, and sentence by sentence, to repeat in metrical form the belief and the religious history of his people. This is impressed so deeply upon his childish brain that thereafter it colors and controls all of his life. His work, his play, his festivals, his ceremonials, all have to him a deep and sacred significance, all his art is founded upon his religion and everything fashioned and ornamented by his hand is an expression of some phase of his religious belief. Take away his religion, and you take away his art, his morals, his motive for industry, in fact everything that goes to make up his life. And what have we to give him in place of these? A creed that he can not understand, and that seems to him foolish and opposed to the Nature he knows so well, therefore a creed that he can not profess or follow without hypocrisy, and so concealment and dishonesty are born; a small smattering of the white man's stereotyped

DESTRUCTION OF OUR INDIANS

book learning in the place of his own deeply significant and symbolic Nature lore, and so all his standards are upset and his mind set adrift in unknown seas of incomprehensible thought; a half knowledge of some of the white man's minor trades and industries, with the assurance that only by these can he earn a living, and so his own ancient and wonderful industries are destroyed, and not only does he lose his only sure means of securing a livelihood, but the country loses a true and natural expression of art that our modern civilization can ill afford to spare. Truly, the present methods of "converting" and "educating" the Indian have much to answer for.

TO ONE who knows the conditions, it is a matter of never-ceasing amazement that the United States Government did not realize years and years ago that the Indian, left to himself, would be an asset that the country could ill afford to lose. If, instead of trying to force upon him the white man's education, industries, religion and "art," the Government and the missionaries would send to the Reservations intelligent, practical men and women who were capable of making some effort to understand these people, and who would confine their teaching to showing them how to improve the sanitary conditions of their dwellings, giving them medical attendance when necessary, helping them to improve their stock, and teaching them how to improve their food supply and to grow a superior kind of food, there would be no danger that their efforts would be unwelcome or unappreciated. And also, if the Indian were given just enough of the white man's education to enable him to transact the business of an ordinary herder or farmer, it would be well. In competition with the white man at one of the white man's trades, the Indian has about as much chance as a lamb in a den of wolves, but he can easily make a living from the soil and from his herds in the country where he is at home and happy. And more than all, if the conscientious people who, with more zeal than knowledge of art or any true craftsmanship, now try to teach the Indian some of the lesser industries of the white man, would only qualify themselves to give practical instruction as to the best methods of reviving partially lost arts such as the old use of vegetable dyes and the ancient method of glazing pottery, and so give him better facilities for working at his own primitive, beautiful crafts, there would be no difficulty as to the ability of the Indian to earn his living, or about

DESTRUCTION OF OUR INDIANS

finding a ready market for his fabrics, baskets, and pottery made and decorated after the ancient manner of his race. Instead, the world is losing something of pure beauty because it knows no better than to thrust aside these things, and to force the Indian to make hideous commercial trash that has no value to himself or to anyone else. He is doubly helpless, because the smattering of artificial teaching that has been given has blunted his naturally keen and true perception and destroyed all his native feeling for beauty, and also because his own simple standards can not stand for a moment against the arrogant assumption of superior knowledge on the part of the white man.

Some day when it is too late, we may realize what we have lost by "educating" the Indian, and forcing him to accept our more complex but far inferior standards of life, work and art. These sound like strong statements, but let any man who doubts their truth take a journey through the Painted Desert and live for a while with these gentle brown children of an ancient race. The chances are that he would find himself the learner instead of the teacher, and if he had ears to hear and eyes to see, the spell of the Desert would be upon him all his days.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the first of a series of four articles on life among the Indians of the Desert that Mr. Monsen is writing for *THE CRAFTSMAN*. The foregoing article is more or less introductory in its nature, giving the general outlines of the subject; the second deals with the houses and villages of the Indians and their home customs, showing how closely both building art and customs are derived from the ancient cliff dwellers; the third treats of the superb physical development of these Indians, showing how this is brought about by their simple, austere life and vigorous outdoor sports; and the fourth tells of their sports, festivals, and ceremonies, which reveal so clearly the Indian's conception of the joy of life. All four of the series will be illustrated with photographs taken by Mr. Monsen at intervals during the many years of his life among the Indians.

EVOLUTION OF MUSEUMS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA—WHAT HAS RECENTLY BEEN DONE TO INCREASE THEIR EDUCATIONAL VALUE TO THE PEOPLE: BY ALICE DINSMOOR



IN THESE days it is easier than ever before to widen one's horizon. All who have the desire to look beyond their homes and their workshops may see what men made ages ago and under distant skies; if only they have "a quiet eye," they may learn what treasures are buried in the earth, what life is nourished in the sea.

Though they may not own a picture or a piece of sculpture made by a master, they can yet feel the throb of pity or the grasp of strength in the speaking marble; they may be transported out of the sordidness and monotony of everyday life by the canvas that has kept the glow of a summer landscape, or the radiant content of a Madonna's face. And these possibilities they may realize in the universities of the people commonly called museums. Their functions are happily summarized by an English curator in the words: "Investigation, Instruction, Inspiration." It is the purpose of this article to show, so far as its limits allow, from what beginnings and to what extent certain important museums are performing these functions.

Two notable new Continental museums began the new movement: the first in Stockholm, founded by Dr. Artur Hazelius and presented by him to the nation in 1880. It is called the Skansen Open Air Museum, and this it is in fact, consisting of old homesteads brought from different parts of the country, with out-buildings, utensils, and costumes of the olden time. Old-fashioned plants and all the native animals are given their places here. Fêtes, dances, and wedding processions according to old customs are held annually—the whole constituting a living museum. The second new museum stands at the edge of the cathedral-like forest at Tervueren, a suburb of Brussels near the battlefield of Waterloo. Here are gathered products, implements, and lay groups to illustrate the life of the Congo people.

It is in England that great public museums combine both departments of thought and activity, art and science; and there the last half century has seen marvelous progress. As London is the center of

EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE OF THE MUSEUM

the British Empire in affairs commercial, scientific, literary, artistic, and philanthropic, so is it in the extent and value of its museum facilities. The greatest of them all both in volume of treasure and in field of usefulness is, of course, the national institution known the world over as the British Museum. The low building with its advancing wings and Ionic columns is, though classic, rather disappointing as to its exterior. But in the interior there is no disappointment, only despair of ever being able even to see all that is there.

For the beginning of this museum we have only to look back to the year 1700, when Sir John Cotton presented his collection of manuscripts, including that of the Anglo-Saxon epic, "Beowulf," to the nation. Sir Hans Sloane, an eminent physician and scientist, and promoter of the colony of Georgia, is generally spoken of as the founder of the museum, and this because, soon after his death in 1753, Parliament passed an act authorizing the purchase of his collection of books, manuscripts, works of art and natural history specimens, as well as of the library of manuscripts owned by Harley, Earl of Oxford. As a suitable depository for these and the Cottonian library, the Government bought Montagu House, which, built for a nobleman's residence, occupied with its gardens about seven acres. The £100,000 necessary to do all this was raised by lottery. On the fifteenth of January, 1759, the Museum was opened to the public. It contained three departments, devoted respectively to printed books, manuscripts, and natural history. The regulations for the admission of the public are as interesting as the method for raising the money was extraordinary. "Studious and curious persons" desirous of visiting the Museum were to apply in writing to the principal librarian for tickets, stating their names, condition, and place of abode, also the day and hour when they wished to be admitted. If the librarian considered that the applicants were suitable persons, he allowed the porter to give them tickets when they came a second time to ask for them, but not more than ten tickets were ever to be given out for each time of admission, and visitors were allowed to remain only one hour in each department.

FROM the opening of the nineteenth century the Museum entered upon a new and progressive status. The department of antiquities became as important as the original ones, the library of one hundred and twenty thousand volumes collected by King George III,

EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE OF THE MUSEUM

was presented by George IV to the Museum, and for all of these new galleries were erected.

To-day, the vast collections are arranged in eight sections. Beside those already named they include Prints and Drawings, British and Mediaeval Antiquities and Ethnography, Greek and Roman Antiquities, and Coins and Medals. Each of these departments has for its curator a man who is an authority in his field and whose writings are valuable contributions to the knowledge of his subject. Scholars who make themselves known are allowed access to manuscripts and specimens too valuable or too perishable to be put in the exhibition cases. They may have also expert advice and assistance from men trained in research work. No wonder that investigators are there from every part of the world trying to verify theories and discover truths.

These are facilities for students. But what does the Museum offer to the unlearned—to the masses? It publishes a series of hand-books on the different departments written in popular language, using specimens as illustrations of laws and theories stated. It furnishes courses of lectures on the antiquities. The objects in the exhibition cases and in the open rooms are plainly labeled so that the ordinary visitor does not need a catalogue. We have in our American museums casts of the figures from the frieze of the Parthenon, but there are the very figures themselves brought from Athens by Lord Elgin, and thus saved, though in a mutilated condition, from utter destruction by the ruthless Turk. What a place for study! And in what a goodly company of the great one studies here! Hallam and Grote and Macaulay came to these galleries and libraries for their materials. Dickens, Thackeray, Lytton, Ruskin, in their turn used these records, and now all their autographs are in the cases.

It lacked but two years of a century after the opening of the British Museum that the South Kensington was opened in Brompton. This is now officially called the Victoria and Albert Museum, "by command of Her Majesty," when new buildings were begun in 1899, and most appropriately, for the Prince Consort was very active in its establishment. While the British Museum is a vast collection of memorials of the past, the Victoria and Albert is designed to promote the progress of science and art. Hither the great natural history collections from the over-crowded halls of the older institution have been brought, and plants and animals are arranged as they were there, in groups showing

EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE OF THE MUSEUM

their habitats, in whatever corner of the globe they have been found. These constitute a large part of the Science division of the Museum. In connection with the Art department is a great Art School where drawing, painting, and modeling are taught to students of both the ornamental and applied arts. The galleries of painting in which British artists are specially well represented, the architectural galleries where replicas of the choicest of Italian work are found, but suggest the vast array of material here gathered. Indeed, the art collection is one of the largest and most valuable in the world. The whole institution is under control of the Council on Education. So well does this council recognize the potential value of the study of these collections, that children of the Board Schools are allowed to count time spent here with their teachers as a part of the school day.

Besides these two leading museums in London, there are several smaller ones, each standing for some special department of interest to collectors and of opportunity to visitors. Bethnal Green stands for recreation and enlightenment to those who must live in the East End. Its permanent exhibition of food stuffs and of animal products are un-failing in interest, while the changing loan collections of paintings and other works of art are always fresh incentives to the dwellers there-about to spend an hour in the galleries. It was of such people as those who come most to Bethnal Green that Ruskin was thinking when he wrote: "To teach people rightly . . . we must let them feel that although by poverty they may be compelled to the pain of labor, they need not by poverty be debarred from the felicity and the brightness of rest in places dedicated to the highest labors of thought." So thoroughly has the utility of museums taken possession of the public mind in England, that not only are they to be found in every city, but even in small towns like Coniston and Keswick.

THE center of museum activity in our country is in Washington and had its origin in the Smithsonian Institution. Nothing, perhaps, in the history of the republic is more remarkable than the circumstances of this foundation: James Smithson, the son of an English earl, born in France, much of his life resident on the continent of Europe, a scientist of such distinction as to be classed with Davy and Arago, and a member of the Royal Society of England, a man who never set foot in America, was the founder. He died in 1829,

EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE OF THE MUSEUM

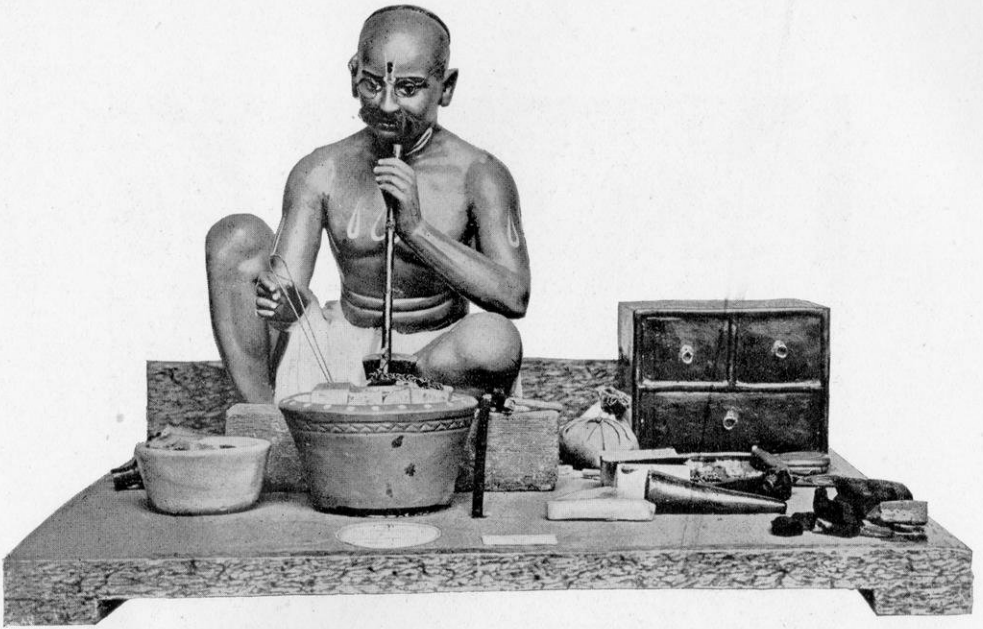
leaving the income of his property to a nephew with the condition that if he died without heirs, the whole estate was to be given to the United States "to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The nephew died without issue, and in 1838 the fund of \$500,000 came to this country. By 1846, haggling about it in Congress was over and the bill organizing the institution was passed. With the money came also some thousands of mineralogical specimens and eight cases of books and manuscripts on scientific and philosophical subjects which Mr. Smithson had collected, and these formed the nucleus of the new museum at the capital. To hold these and other historical and scientific material which had come, and was coming into the hands of the Government, that conglomerate structure, the Smithsonian, was built from the founder's gift. Gradually additions came, notably through the efforts of Professor Spencer A. Baird, who was the assistant secretary, and whose special interest was in natural history.

The year 1876 was a significant one in the history of the Institution, for then the Government sent large collections illustrating natural history in this country and the ethnology of our Indians to the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. When these were taken back to the capital, there went also gifts from thirty of the foreign powers represented at the Exposition, besides valuable exhibits from both home and foreign industrial establishments. To provide for these accessions, it was necessary to erect a new building. This is what is known as the National Museum. While it is now maintained by appropriations made by Congress, it is controlled by the Regents of the Smithsonian, and its head is always the Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian.

Professor Baird was unflagging in his efforts for the growth of the Museum. Not only did he spend his own vacations in collecting, but he also enlisted officers of the Army and Navy, traders, explorers, anybody who could find specimens. With the great collections thus brought together as the basis for his activity, Dr. G. Brown Goode, later the Assistant Secretary, saw and developed the educational possibilities of the Museum to a high degree of usefulness. He also elevated the curatorship of a museum to the dignity of a learned profession in this country, as for nearly or quite a century it has been in England.

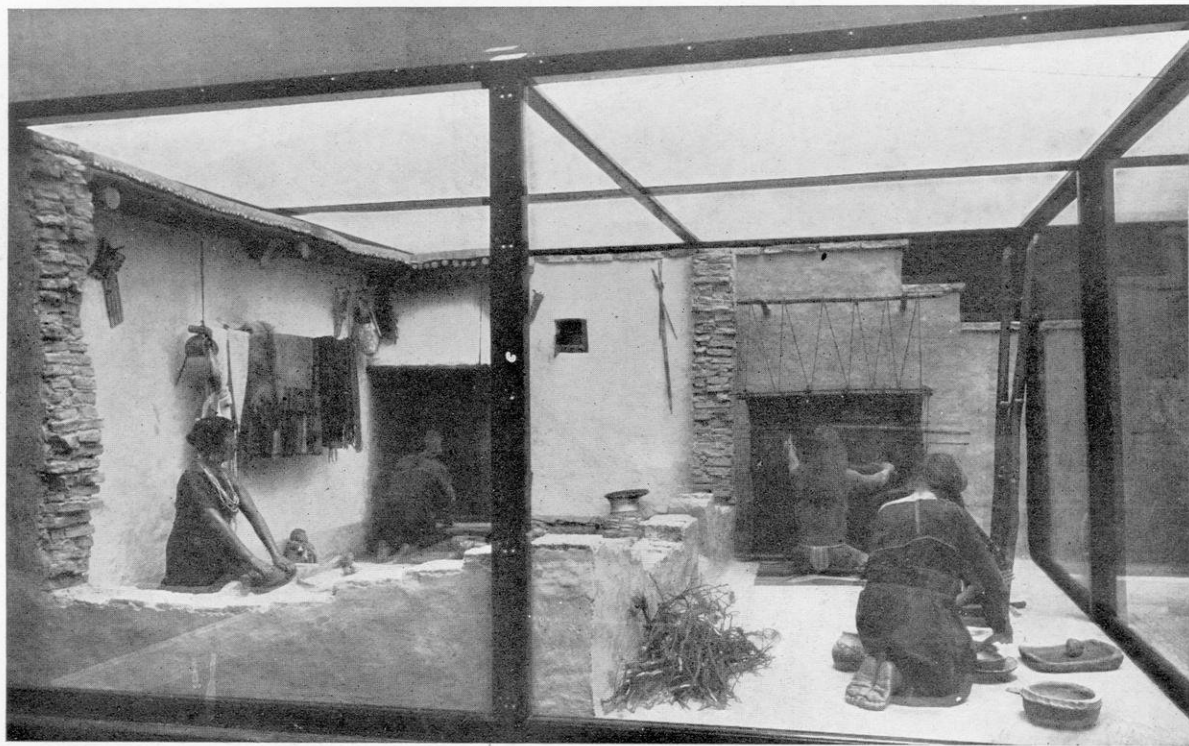


MUSICIANS OF ASANDA : FROM THE COLONIAL
MUSEUM TERVUEREN, BRUSSELS

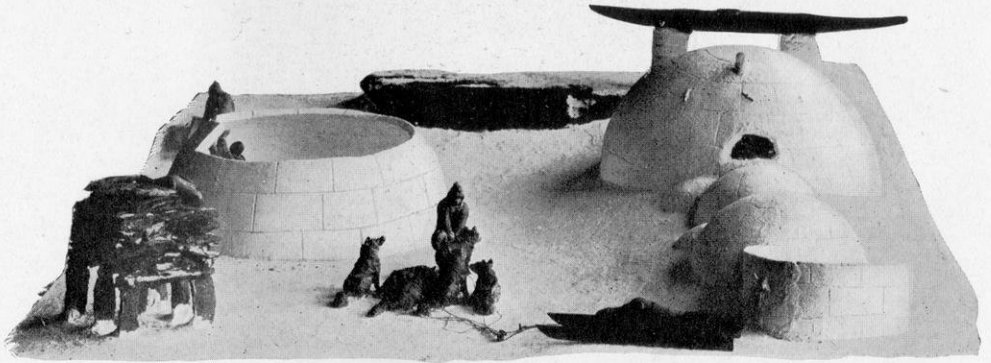


EAST INDIAN CRAFTSMAN: VICTORIA
AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

EAST INDIAN SPINNER: VICTORIA
AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON



HOPÍ INDIAN HOUSE WITH WOMEN
AT WORK: FIELD MUSEUM, CHICAGO



WINTER VILLAGE OF THE THOMPSON INDIANS:
MUSEUM OF NATIONAL HISTORY, NEW YORK CITY

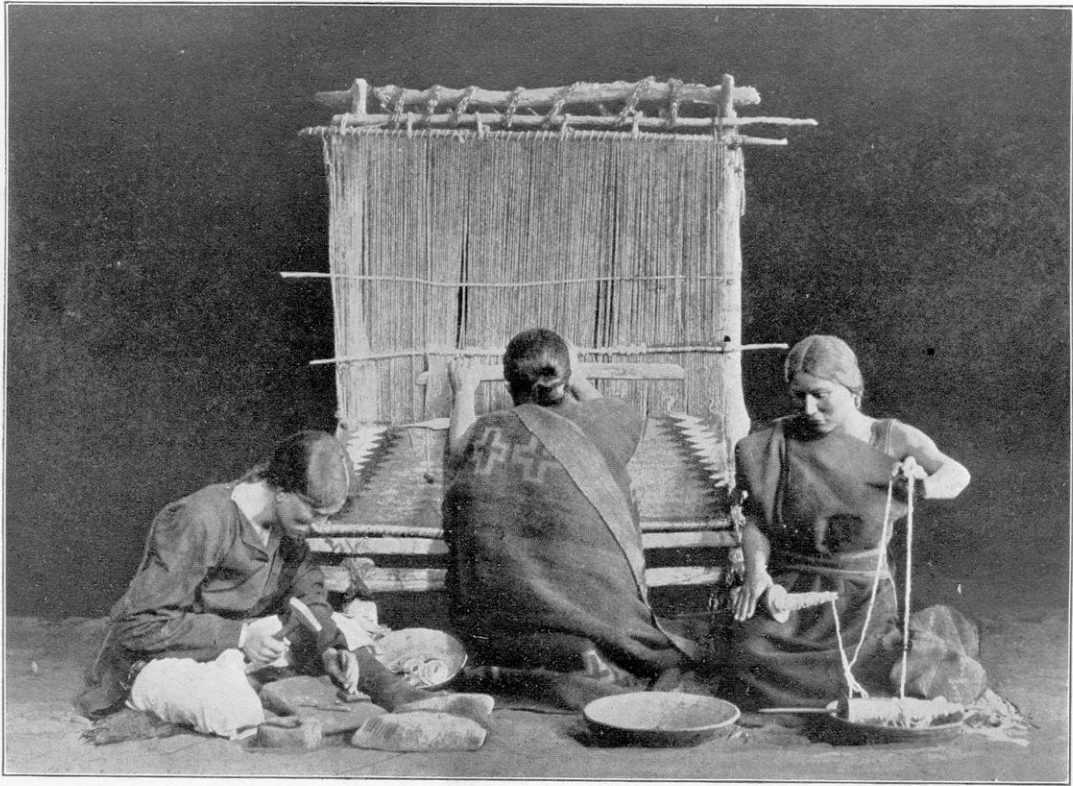
ESKIMO WINTER HOME, CUMBERLAND SOUND:
MUSEUM OF NATIONAL HISTORY, NEW YORK CITY



HOPI BRIDE, ARIZONA: FIELD MUSEUM
OF NATURAL HISTORY, CHICAGO



FAMILY GROUP OF THE MAYA QUICHÉ TRIBE, CENTRAL AMERICA: NATIONAL MUSEUM, WASHINGTON, D. C.



NAVAJO FAMILY, PUEBLO PROVINCE: MAN MAKING SILVER ORNAMENTS,
WOMEN SPINNING AND WEAVING: NATIONAL MUSEUM, WASHINGTON, D. C.



NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS MANUFACTURING STONE IMPLEMENTS:
FROM THE FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, CHICAGO

EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE OF THE MUSEUM

The scope and objects of the National Museum can not be more precisely stated than in Dr. Goode's own words: "It is a museum of *record* in which are preserved the material foundations of an enormous amount of scientific knowledge. It is a museum of *research* which aims to make its contents serve in the highest degree as a stimulus to inquiry, and a foundation for scientific investigation. . . . It is an educational museum, through its policy of illustrating by specimens every kind of natural object and every manifestation of human thought and activity, of displaying descriptive labels adapted to the popular mind, and of distributing its publications and its named series of duplicates." This three-fold work is carried on under twenty departments. To a visitor who asked Professor Langley, the present Secretary of the Smithsonian, if he could find all the millions of objects in his care, he answered, "No, but I know where the man is who can put his hand on each specimen in some minutes." The collections of the Museum are of two kinds—the "study series," kept in private rooms to which investigators are admitted; and for the public the "exhibition series," which are in cases on rollers so that they can be moved into the lecture hall to be used for illustration in free lectures given for six months of the year.

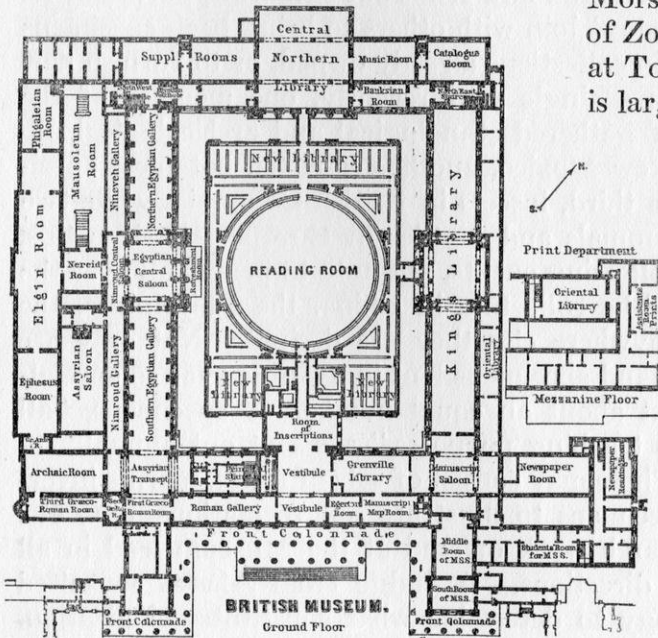
Every museum of high rank now sends out exploring parties of its own or members of its staff join with others to bring back specimens needed to supply links in collections already owned, or to furnish new departments. Thus, in a single year recently, one member of the National Museum staff gathered ethnological and archæological objects in Arizona and New Mexico, another collected botanical specimens in the Bahamas, a third, insects in British Columbia, while two others were finding mammals and reptiles in Europe. Besides this, the Museum supplies collecting outfits, not only to people all over the land, but also to would-be collectors in China, the Philippines, the Congo regions, and anywhere else they are desired. Not only are more than twenty thousand specimens lent in a single year to specialists for study, but just about an equal number of specimens, "all labeled and adapted to teaching purposes," are sent out annually to schools and colleges. These may consist of sets of fishes, marine invertebrates, geological specimens to illustrate soil formations, etc., etc. Opportunities for research work offered at the Museum lead in all sorts of unlooked for directions. A judge from Alaska consulted the division of ethnology to determine what constitutes civilization,

EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE OF THE MUSEUM

with reference to giving the ballot to some Indian tribes in his section. An army officer detailed to prepare a grammar and dictionary for the Philippine languages, turned to the Museum for materials. The publications of the Smithsonian, a distinct addition to the scientific knowledge of the world, are printed in both bulletins and reports. To carry on all this work so varied and far-reaching, Congress makes an annual appropriation. For the year ending June, 1904, it was \$269,400.

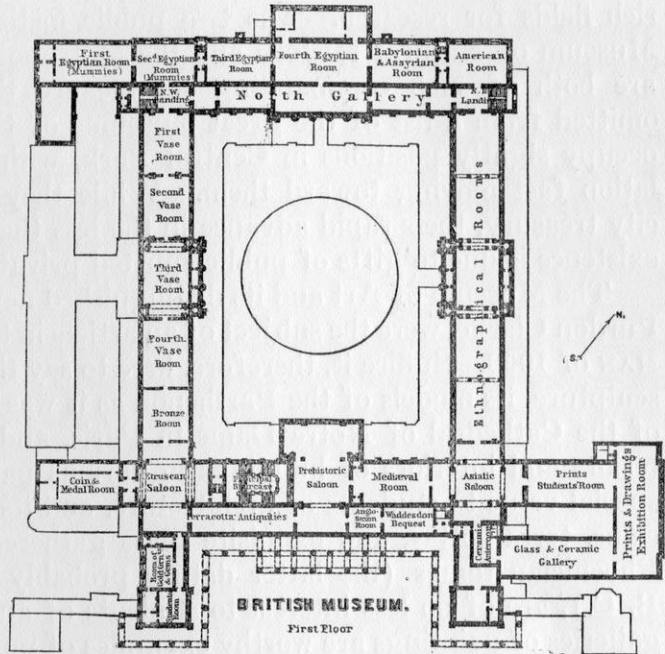
THE service to the nation performed by the Smithsonian and National Museum is rendered in kind by other museums in their respective cities with such adaptation to these communities as the wisdom and ingenuity of their officers suggest and their funds permit. Of these it is fitting to mention first the only free public museum which has celebrated its centenary: that of the East India Marine Society of Salem, Mass., founded in 1799. It was taken in trust by the Peabody Academy of Science in 1867, when the eminent banker, George Peabody, endowed that institution "for the diffusion of science and knowledge." This museum is fortunate in having for

its director Mr. Edward S. Morse, formerly professor of Zoology in the University at Tokio, Japan, and to him is largely due the very valuable Japanese collection. This includes life size figures of the Samurai and peasant classes of old Japan. Here, too, are objects from the yet more ancient Ainos, tools of the lacquerer and the ivory carver, the model of a silk loom, swords of various ages,



EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE OF THE MUSEUM

and articles of use in Japanese homes. It is not impossible that in some future century when the iconoclasts have done their worst in Japan, an historian writing about the ancient costumes and customs of his country may come to this little Massachusetts town for his material. He will find also much of value from Korea.



The Boston Museum of Fine Arts holds a place of distinction on account of its rare collection of casts of classical sculpture, and its valuable paintings of Dutch, English, Italian, and American artists. Its collection of Japanese and Chinese art is very rich, and that of Japanese pottery in number of kinds is larger than all the public collections in the world combined. The art school, an adjunct of this museum, had last year two hundred and twenty-one pupils. A special feature of the institution is lectures to teachers on such subjects as "Painting of the Netherlands in the Seventeenth Century," and "Painting of the Renaissance." The correlation of this museum to the educational and civic life of Boston is indicated by the membership of its Board of Trustees. At the head of the list is President Eliot of Harvard; three are appointed by Harvard, three by the Boston Athenæum, and three by the Institute of Technology.

THE art and literary center of our country, once Boston, is now New York. Here the museums of the New York and Long Island Historical Societies, the Lenox Library, and Columbia University all have collections of much interest to students, offering

EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE OF THE MUSEUM

rich fields for research. The two public institutions, the American Museum of Natural History and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, are both of such commanding significance that they can not be omitted from a list of the great museums of the world. They both occupy sightly positions in Central Park, with the centers of population fast moving toward them. While they are sustained by the city treasury, their rapid advance in the less than forty years of their existence is due to gifts of public-spirited private citizens.

The Museum of Art and its distinguished new director, Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, were the subject of an article in the November CRAFTSMAN of 1906. Suffice it, therefore, here to say that its casts of ancient sculpture, its models of the Parthenon as it was in its original beauty, of the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, and of fragments of exteriors and interiors of buildings in various parts of Europe are of special value to students of architecture, and its Cesnola collection of coins, terra cottas, and exquisite glass gathered from Cypriote and Phoenician tombs (the latter dating probably to the ninth century B. C.), are of no less interest to students of ancient history. In the galleries of paintings are worthy examples of most of the schools from Jan and Hubert Van Eyk to the living artists. These delightful collections are free to the public except on Mondays and Fridays, when an admission of twenty-five cents is charged to all except members and copyists. On these days, however, teachers in public schools may, on application, receive tickets admitting them with six pupils apiece, free.

The American Museum of Natural History, when finished, will occupy nineteen acres, including four quadrangles, and will be unified by a magnificent central tower. Only one-fourth of the plan has been executed, but this is an imposing structure of brick with brown stone front on Seventy-seventh Street, five stories high. This museum has two comprehensive aims: first, to promote science by maintaining exploring expeditions, by encouraging research, and by publishing the results of the work of its investigators; second, to promote education by preparing instructive exhibits, by maintaining courses of lectures, by circulating collections in the public schools, and by preparing and distributing reliable information upon all natural history subjects. A special feature of this museum may be called the "exhibit for occasions." For instance, just after the news came that Commander Peary had reached a point nearer the pole than any one had before

EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE OF THE MUSEUM

gone, there was arranged in the hall on the second floor an Esquimaux sledge such as he had used, with a team of five dogs attached to it, and the figure of a man in Arctic costume.

The Jesup collection of woods of North America, each with full descriptive and statistical labels, and the bird collections arranged in cases to show the habitats, manner of nesting, food and habits, are perfect in their presentation of nature.

The mineralogical collections have for years been very rich, but to these Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, who is the first vice-president, has not only added the priceless collection of unset gems shown by the Tifanys at the last Paris exhibition, but two hundred other specimens of remarkable beauty and value. The departments of vertebrate palæontology and of anthropology are very full both in the exhibition halls and in the study series. In this connection it may be said that the laboratory facilities are excellent, and visiting specialists are given rooms where they may pursue their investigations while consulting museum specimens.

But, generous as are the facilities offered within its doors, the Museum carries its work far beyond them. There are four hundred cabinets containing in all fifteen thousand specimens of birds, insects, mollusks, etc., which are sent out to public schools all over Greater New York for study. With these collections go brief notes helpful to teachers, with also a bibliography of the subject. These little cabinets may be retained three weeks, and are delivered to and taken from the school without expense to school or teacher by the Museum messenger, who delivers them in the proper sequence for study. Last year two hundred and seventy-five schools had these cabinets, and they were enjoyed by about eight hundred thousand children. But this is not all the Museum does for children. Last year the members of the Museum staff gave two courses of afternoon lectures, thirty-six in each course, in the Museum hall, and thirty-five thousand came to listen.

Not only is the Museum open free to the public on all days except Monday and Tuesday, when twenty-five cents admission is charged, but free lectures are given here for adults on certain evenings and on legal holidays. These were last year upon a variety of geographical subjects, like "Around the Historic Mediterranean," "Dolomite Alps and Southern Tyrol," and scientific themes like "Dynamical and

EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE OF THE MUSEUM

Statical Electricity." No parts of the "exhibition series" in all these spacious galleries are more interesting to the ordinary visitor than are the various models illustrative of primitive ways of living. Two of these we are permitted to reproduce.

THE third great public museum in Greater New York is that in the Borough of Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Institute of Arts and Sciences. An unique feature puts it in one respect in advance of all others: this is its Children's Museum. It occupies what was once a private house in Bedford Park, on Brooklyn Avenue. The rooms are low, well-lighted, and home-like, and the collections of familiar birds, and "birds we read about," minerals, plant life, etc., are placed in low cases, with most interesting and instructive labels. But most fascinating to the children are the living specimens: A bee-hive arranged in a glass case with adjustable wooden sides is placed so low that even young children can take off the sides and watch the bees at work, and it is one of the favorite objects of interest. From April fifteenth to October first, these watched bees made more than seventy-five pounds of honey. The aquaria fishes, the white rats, spiders, frogs, rabbits, guinea pigs, turtles, and a colony of ants, all live and thrive under the friendly eyes of the children, who have a sense of ownership in every one.

The library is fitted up with tables comfortably low, and window seats that are just right for little girls and their dolls. The cases contain about five thousand books, chiefly on natural history. Boys come in with their specimens of moths or minerals, and if they can not classify them by comparing them with specimens in the cases, they can with help from the librarians find them in books. During vacations, children read for hours at a time; stories of animal life and American history are popular books. Five days in the week lectures to children are given by the Museum staff. Last year one hundred and sixty-six scheduled lectures were delivered, and forty-eight special lectures given at the request of teachers who asked for them as supplementary to their school work. The lecture room is so much too small to accommodate the would-be listeners, that lectures are often repeated. The average annual attendance for the past four years has been ninety-four thousand six hundred and sixty-seven.

The "outdoor work" of this museum consists in sending out in

EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE OF THE MUSEUM

cases life histories of insects, birds, etc., to schools on request. Teachers may also, by giving notice two days beforehand, bring classes to the Museum and have the use of a room, as well as models or specimens from the cases for demonstration to their pupils. Nothing is plainer than that the borough needs at least three more such museums in widely separated localities. What city in the land does not need at least one?

THE limits of this article permit me to speak of but one museum west of the Alleghanies—the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago. For the present the collections are lodged in what was the Art building of the Columbian Exposition, and the Museum dates from that time. The classic pillars and caryatides, but especially the gray and moldering walls, give the visitor a sense of being transported into the far past. Many of the exhibits deserve extended notice. The twelve halls devoted to the geological department are rich in their display. In an alcove of one of these sections is a model of the moon eighteen feet in diameter, said to give the most accurate idea of the size and destructive features of the volcanoes, and of the general surface of our satellite, that has ever been given by any model. The collections in the ethnological department, illustrating Indian life, are of surpassing interest. By means of lay groups, many of them made from life, is represented the history of those patient, ingenious people of our hills and plains.

The "Hopi Interior" has all its figures modeled from members of the tribe. The "Hopi Bride" is dressed in the long white robe woven for her by her husband's male friends, during the first two months after her marriage. The reed-covered case in her hands contains a like robe with the long fringe of the sash hanging from one end.

In this brief survey of museums, it has been equally easy to show that they offer delightful recreation to old and young alike. It is not so easy to transmit the inspiration that they give, but there is no difficulty in feeling this when one is within the doors, and face to face with either the storied monuments of the ancient civilization, or the cruder creations of the people who have found out for themselves Nature's secrets and applied them to their simple human needs.

CALLUM'S CO'TIN'—A PLANTATION IDYL: BY FRANK H. SWEET



ALLUM was coming up the broad avenue of the Coles plantation, not shuffling along in the middle of the road, as a nigger should, but walking uprightly and self-consciously in the path, his eyes fixed at the high angle which the encircling stubbornness of a broad collar demanded, and his steps mincing under the stricture of shoes that were more than one size too small.

It was Sunday afternoon, with the odor of apple blossoms and freshly plowed fields in the air, and all the plantation was out. Snapping black eyes peered at him from hedges and between the lower rails of zigzag fences, and more mature, comprehending eyes twinkled at him from grassy fence corners and top rails and cabin openings; and below the more mature eyes were often the gleaming white teeth and the issuing of smothered guffaws.

Tobe's pickaninny had first seen the mincing apparition of glory as it turned into the avenue, and had skurried behind hedges and dodged across corners and skulked through bushes in order to be the first to spread the news; for though Callum was well known as the thrifty, plodding blacksmith of an adjoining plantation, no one had ever yet seen him "on a dike." Even Aunt Martha More, the staid "old timey" darky who always crowned her kinky hair with a gorgeous bandana turban, threw her arms akimbo in her cabin doorway and snorted.

"'Fore de worl'!" she ejaculated, "dat shorely ain' Callum Johnsing, who's riz in meetin' an' been 'spectable an' hard workin' fo' mos' thutty year. I 'low dat is somebody's peacock a l'arnin' to walk on his hind laigs."

Uncle Mose sniggered from his position at the window.

"Hit shorely is Callum," he declared; "ain' yo' see de way he swing dem arms now'n ag'in, lak he gwine strike hot iron. Nobody ain' do that way 'cept' blacksmith. Yassum, hit's Callum sho' 'nough; but my, my, ain' he bloom out! I ain' nebber see no struttin' hotel nigger rig out dat fine. Say Aun' Martha," his voice becoming inquisitive, "yo' reckon he's gwine co'tin'? Is dar any o' dem house gals he lak fo' git, you t'ink?"

But Aunt Martha only sniffed at such frivolity, and turned back into the cabin.

CALLUM'S CO'TIN'

Just across the way were two more old timey darkies, gossiping across a fence. They, too, looked at the mincing figure with curious disapproval.

"I declar' hit don' seem lak dat fool nigger can be Callum John-sing," one of them remarked. "Callum's sech a senseful, strong step-pin' pusson. I 'low he's mos' forty years ol', an' ain' nebber had no gal yet, an' ain' nebber spang hisse'f out in fine clothes. Fo'ks do say he's a puttin' an' a puttin' money into dem bank places, whar he's a savin' hit fo' a frame house an' a cow an' horse an' waggin, an' dat he ain' aim to lib in a cabin lak common niggers. No, sah! Callum's a projectioner, he is. An' I wouldn' be s'prised," looking at her companion with a knowing air, "if he's done got 'nough saved an' put by right now. I's been a knowin' of him more'n twenty years, an' he ain' stop work in all dat time; an' he ain' hab no monkey shines nor no gals to spend money on. But lawsy!" breaking off suddenly and glancing scornfully at the figure which was now well up the avenue, "nobody ain' nebber tell what gwine happen. We all 'low Callum was stiddy an' pushin' up as dat big oak, an' now he's a prancin' an' shinin' lak he gwine be a rainbow. Yah!" witheringly, "dat's jes' what he is, a nigger rainbow."

"Mebbe he done got a gal now," the other suggested, "dat make heap o' dif'runce to white man or nigger man, an' if dey ain' git one till dey's mos' forty, den de dif'runce am apt to be truly 'stonishin', lak as if de man kick his heels an' jump up in de air an' come down anudder pusson. Dat Callum yonder look fo' all de worl' lak de Bob o' Linkum bird when he puts on his gol' jacket in corn plantin' time an' shows off fo' his gal; an' if Callum'd on'y jes' hop up on de fence dar an' spread out his arms an' twis' his head roun' an' roun', an' mebbe sing some, den I'd say fo' sho' he was makin' ready fo' a gal. Yessum, dat I would. We all ain' know 'bout dese t'ings."

But not all the onlookers saw Callum through these critically disapproving eyes. There were young darkies who had put their entire means into resplendent wardrobes, and whose pride in them had never been abashed and humbled until now. They assumed an air which they thought indifference, and sauntered back and forth, seeking for new points from this masculine glory which had eclipsed them. And there were black belles of many conquests, whose faces were now wreathed with smiles and languishing glances, and who turned their

CALLUM'S CO'TIN'

lagging or hurrying footsteps to cross his path. All of them had passed the blacksmith shop many times, without a thought of the stalwart smith within. But that had been Callum the well-known, in his working clothes; this was Callum transformed.

BUT just now Callum the transformed was not even aware of their existence, nor of the curious or critically envious glances which shot out at him from the hedges and zigzag fences and cabins. He was thinking of that afternoon, only two days ago, when Calline had come to his shop with a trinket from her mistress, and had waited an hour or more while he fashioned tiny rivets and repaired it. She had even helped with her thin, delicate fingers, blowing the bellows to force out the red glow of the forge fire, and afterward adjusting the tiny parts which his big, clumsy fingers essayed and failed to do. He had known Calline for several years as a bright, comely girl, who every day seemed to grow brighter and more comely, but he rarely attended the dances and cake walks, and their acquaintance had not gone much beyond nods and the occasional courtesy of crossed glances and displayed teeth. But this hour with her in the blacksmith shop had changed everything. He no longer thought of the comfortable frame house he was planning, the new shop he meant to build, the little farm he intended to own some day, as the great objects of his life; they had already slipped off into a shadowy, inconsequential distance, and this merry-eyed, quick-stepping girl had tripped in between. Even now he could feel the thrill of the fingers which had come in contact with his from time to time, and the straight, friendly glances which she had flashed at him from under her long lashes. But the most bewildering thing had come when she turned to leave, and held out her hand.

"Why ain' yo' nebber come see we all, Callum?" she had said, with her eyes questioning his roguishly. "I hear Liza tell Jane dat yo's de bes' young man roun', an' dat yo' ain' go nowhar. She say hit's mons'-rous shame." He had drawn back a little at this.

"I's been ter'ble busy, Calline," he had said, "an' ain' hab no time fo' projectin' roun' wid gals. Liza an' Jane am triflin' t'ings dat car' fo' not'in' 'cep' somebody to co't dem. I hear plenty man say dat. 'Sides, I's too ol' fo' sech foolishness."

"No, yo' ain' ol', Callum," she had retorted. "I been 'quire 'bout dat an' fo'ks say yo' ain' forty. Dat's young. Boys who ain' dat ol' is

CALLUM'S CO'TIN'

boun' to be triffin' an' no 'count." Then with her eyes falling demurely to the figures which her shoe tips were marking in the sand, she had added: "So yo' ain' nebber comin' see me, Callum?"

"I didn' say dat," quickly, "I jes' 'low I ain' car' for 'dem triffin' gals, Liza an' Jane. But if yo' lak fo' me come co't yo,' Calline, I's 'bleeged to come—jes' 'bleeged to," showing his teeth in a broad grin.

But Calline's head was in the air and her back turned.

"I don' reckon yo'd better come, Mr. Johnsing," she said, loftily, "hit might git yo' to be triffin' an' no 'count, an' 'sides, I ain' car' fo' no co'tin'. I jes' 'lowed dat yo' was a pore lonesome t'ing, dat ain' nowhar to go, an' dat mebbe Liza an' Jane an' me could he'p yo' chirk up a li'l'. But I ain' reckon we could, now I t'ink hit ober, yo's too ol'. I 'spect yo's better fo' poun'in' hot iron den fo' showin' off in comp'ny. Good-bye, Mr. Johnsing."

He had watched her trip away with his mouth half open, in a maze. What had he gone and done now, he wondered dully; and just when they had seemed to be getting along so nicely together.

But during the afternoon as he hammered furiously at the shaping iron, and swung the long handle of the bellows, and dropped the red-hot products of his muscle and skill into a pail of water to cool, his mind grew clearer. Perhaps he had taken a little too much for granted; he did not pretend to understand these strange creatures whose tongues and eyes had a way of crossing each other, and of confounding any fool nigger who sought to fathom them. If only he had been one of the trifling, no account darkies who spent most of their time in waiting on girls, he would have known what to say.

And yet there were the touches of her soft fingers, and glances half-veiled by her lashes, the unmistakable invitation she had given him at first; and as the hours slipped away into dusk and on into the evening when he completed his last job of horseshoeing by lantern light, it was these that grew stronger in his mind and drove away the remembrance of the later misunderstanding. And by that time it occurred to him that he did not need a new house just for himself alone, nor a horse and wagon, unless he should have some one to ride in it with him, and the profit from the commodious blacksmith shop he intended to build would be plenty for two—himself and Calline.

By morning these thoughts had shaped themselves into definite form, and instead of opening the shop to already waiting customers,

CALLUM'S CO'TIN'

he stole through the woods to the nearest railroad station and there purchased a ticket for Macon, fifty miles away. None of the familiar, nearby villages were equal to his ideas just now. When folks went "co'tin'" they must have "co'tin'" raiment, and the trifling niggers who made a business of waiting on girls had made familiar the possibilities of the common towns around. Calline was head and shoulders above the best of the girls, and to wait on her he must be head and shoulders above the most gorgeous of the nigger beaus, and for such glory no place smaller than Macon was worthy of a passing thought.

SO NOW he minced up the avenue with tortured feet and strained neck and cramped body, unmindful of his suffering in the pride of what Macon had yielded and the thought of what the yielding might bring. Near the corner of the big house he hesitated, looking toward the broad front piazza upon which the young people of the house and their friends were grouped, and toward the back entrance where niggers went. Of course, he understood that he ought to go there, for the front was the peculiar privilege of the white folks; but Calline was a front-house girl, with the parlor and piazza to sweep and the potted plants to look after, and then this was a momentous occasion. Besides, and this helped to decide him, Liza and Jane were doubtless in the kitchen or wash cellar, or on the back steps with their trifling beaus. He would not crowd by them to visit Calline. No, indeed! Calline should have her caller through the front door. So he strode forward as valiantly as his feet would allow until he reached the steps and the downward gaze of the white folks; then his courage began to ooze.

"Hi, there! What do you want?" a young man called, a little sharply, "don't you know this is Sunday, and we can't have any show people round. Come some other day and we will be glad to see you perform." Then, "Why, hello, Callum, is that you? What do you mean in such a rig? This isn't the day for cake walks and masquerades."

"If yo' please, sah," Callum said, with as much dignity as he could assume, "I ain' fo'git hit am Sunday. I's a callin' on Miss Calline."

"Oh!" The young man bent over one of the girls and whispered something which Callum could not hear. The girl rose and came forward to the head of the steps.

CALLUM'S CO'TIN'

"Caroline is upstairs, Mr. Johnson," she said, courteously, "won't you please come in. I will call her."

Callum shuffled up the steps as expeditiously as possible, and entered the parlor toward which she nodded. A moment before he had been inwardly groaning at his stupidity in not going round to the back entrance; now he felt on an easy level with the plantation owner himself.

"Caroline, oh Caroline!" the young lady called from the foot of the stairs, and presently came back a "Yassum, I's a comin'," and Callum heard the tripping of light feet somewhere above. When they arrived at the head of the stairs the young lady added, "Gentleman in the parlor to see you, Caroline," and returned to her companions on the piazza.

Callum made a furtive hitch at his trousers, whose tightness had drawn them far up his ankles, and thrust out his feet that the delicately upturned points of his shoes might show to better advantage, then he stretched his neck a little, and composed his face in a becoming manner. And then—

"Lors a-mighty! dat shorely ain' yo', Callum Johnsing? Wha' yo' git all dat truck?" and Calline stood in the doorway, her hands upraised and her face expressive of mingled wonder and sarcasm and wrath, the last finding expression in "What fo' yo' come here, nigger?"

"I—I's a callin' on yo', Miss Calline," stammered poor Callum, rising as hastily as his trousers and shoes permitted, but finding it impossible to make the elaborate bow he intended. "I—I's a callin' on yo', Calline," he repeated, weakly, "ain' yo' car'?"

"Wha' yo' git all dat truck?" she again demanded, ignoring his question.

"Down to Macon," humbly, "I scatter all frou' de place an' 'low mebbe yo' lak dem. Yo's de fines' gal roun' an' yo' callers dey need to fix up de fines'. Dat what I 'low. An' dar ain' not'in' in we alls sto's dat ain' been pawed ober by dem triflin' young niggers. Dat why I go to Macon, Calline," eagerly, "I 'bleeged to go fo' de fines' gal roun'. Dar ain' no triflin' nigger disaway dat hab clo's lak dese."

"T'ank de Lawd fo' dat," ejaculated Calline, but in more mollified tones, "dey'd make all de posies bend down an' hide. But I ain' see wha' yo' fin' de t'ings, Mr. Johnsing. I been to Macon wid missy, in de sto's, an' I ain' nebber see sech truck."

CALLUM'S CO'TIN'

"'Twa'n' in no reg'lar sto'," Callum explained, "I went all frou dem an' dar wa'n' not'in' only what eberbody know 'bout. Den I s'arch roun' an' fin' dese in a li'l' show sto', wha dey sell circus t'ings fo' fo'ks to w'ar in plays. De sto' keeper says I better buy what he called one costoom, but I ain' car' fo' dat, hit too much same. So I pick out piece here, an' piece dar, an' piece ober yonder, an' he say hit all right long's I pay. But I tells yo', Calline," impressively, "hit cos' heap. Dar ain' no trifin' nigger roun' disaway who can 'ford sech clo's fo' co'tin'."

He remembered and tried to withdraw the last word, but too late. Her head was again in the air and her face scornful.

"Nobody ain't come co'tin' me," she blazed, "specially when dey scan'alizes me wid sech clo's. How yo' come be sech fool nigger I ain' know. Dar, h'ar dat?"

One of the boys outside was humming:

"Oh, ladies all, won't you marry me?"

My honey, my love, we'll—"

when he was suddenly stopped by a warning "H'sh, they'll hear you," from one of the girls.

"Yo' hear?" scornfully; "dey all gwine poke fun now. What yo' come in frou by de fron' do' fo' anyhow? Ain' yo' know niggers' way is roun' by de back do'? If ol' miss'd a been home she'd nebber 'lowed sech goin's on; but I declar', dem boys can make young missy do anyt'ing dey say, if hit's foolishness. Now yo' come 'long o' me, Mr. Johnsing, an' I'll sho' yo' wha' is de back do'."

"But ain' we all gwine sot down, Calline?" pleaded Callum, "I's come a co't—callin' on yo', an' I ain' know yo' feel dataway 'bout de fron' do'. Pore trifin' niggers lak Liza and Jane sot roun' on de back steps, an' I ain' feel lak callin' on yo' frou dem. De fron' do' ain' one bit too good fo' yo', Calline, not one li'l' bit. When I git my big house made, yo's gwine sot in de fron' do' all de 'durin' time—no, I ain' mean dat," contritely, "but yo' know yo'se'f de fron' do' suit yo' bes'. An' I done wen' clar to Macon 'spressly to git dem clo's fitten fo' yo', Calline, an' I hunt roun' fo' de very bes', an' ain' car' not'in' fo' what dey cos'. Yo's de fines' gal roun', honey, an' all I feel scared on was not gittin' t'ings good 'nough. An' yo' knows," abjectly, "dat I ain' hab no 'sperience in dis co'tin'—callin' business. I ain' nebber fix up in fin' clo's, an' I ain' nebber hab no gals, an' I ain' nebber car' fo'

CALLUM'S CO'TIN'

triflin' roun' ways. I t'ought co'tin'ers—callin'ers, I mean—allers put on de fines' t'ings dey able to fo' dere gals. I ain' hab no 'sperience, Calline. I do hit all fo' yo'. Now—ain' yo' reckon we better sot down a li'l? I's a callin' on yo', Calline."

"Is yo'?" looking over the top of his head, "den I reckon hit's a fash'nable call an' 'bout ober. S'pose yo' foller me, Mr. Johnsing, an' I'll show yo' out frou de back do'. An' say, Mr. Johnsing," disdainfully, "yo' ain' tell any mo' 'bout yo's had no 'sperience."

His head sank lower as he shuffled after her, conscious now of every twinge in his feet and neck and tightly compressed body, and acutely conscious as he passed through the kitchen and down the back steps of the curious glances and snickers of Liza and Jane and their half dozen boy and girl friends. Calline did not speak again until he had reached the foot of the steps, when she called after him curtly:

"Nex' time yo' goes a callin', Mr. Johnsing, yo' better jes w'ar common clo's. Yo's a man den. In dese yo's a—a monkey."

CALLUM did not go back by way of the avenue, but chose the less traveled by-paths of fields and woods. And yet he was more than once greeted with the felicitations of curious acquaintances who had evidently gone out of their way to encounter him, and more than once he heard half-smothered comments and guffaws from hedges and underbrush. He was a placid and self-contained man, not often given to outbursts, but his first act after reaching the cabin was to remove the torturing shoes and hurl them into a far corner of the room, following them promptly with the broad paper collar, torn from his neck in two pieces, and the other articles of his costume, some entire, but more in fragments, and when the last one went vindictively across the room to an ignominious lodgment on the heap, Callum uttered a deep, heartfelt "T'ank de Lawd!" as though the separation was to be final. Ten minutes later, he was a man again, in his own clothes, striding instead of shuffling across to his shop—not to work, for it was Sunday, but to look at the anvil and forge and bellows until he could convince himself that he was indeed Callum the blacksmith, and not some Jack-in-the-box whom even Liza and Jane found ridiculous.

During the remainder of the afternoon he sat upon the inverted water-bucket, his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. But

CALLUM'S CO'TIN'

he was not looking so much as thinking. He was trying to fix Calline in his memory as she had appeared in the parlor doorway, looking over his head; as she had been at the head of the steps, her face scornful and indignant. But no; she would persist in twisting round and looking up at him archly, as on that afternoon in front of the shop, when she had given him her hand. His brain whirled and his heart thumped even at the remembrance of her "Why ain' yo' nebber come see we all, Callum?"

He turned his mind toward the new house; but she slipped in and took up a position by the front door, evidently come to stay, for her hat was off and her sleeves rolled up, as though ready for housekeeping; in imagination he went out riding in his prospective wagon, and she deliberately took possession of half of the seat; even the profits of his dream-shop were turned over to her for the purchase of ribbons and dresses and household furnishings, and, yes, very likely a cow and some poultry, for he knew that she was a thrifty, forehanded body.

From time to time he brought himself up with a sharp rein, and once even rose and kicked the bucket, on which he had been sitting, halfway across the shop, but it was of no use. He might as well have tried to convince himself that "triffin' an' projectin' roun'" was his natural vocation as to stem the channel of his imagination just then. The leisure and quietude, the soft shadows of evening that were beginning to steal in about him, the low murmur of the leaves outside that somehow reminded him of her, even the shop where she had spent an entire hour, were all against him. It was very nice, of course, and beautiful; he could let the day go on into night, and the night into another day, and still dream on, happily, but for that one hard, undeniable, miserable fact, she had flouted him. If only he could spring up and grasp the heaviest of his hammers, and swing it furiously for an hour, he felt that he could regain control of that "fool mind" of his, and more than once he allowed his strong, muscular fingers to close upon the handle of the hammer, and then made them relax, for it was Sunday. At length he shut his teeth hard and strode away from the shop. It was very warm, but he made a roaring fire of fatwood in the cabin, and on it cremated one after another the gorgeous articles of adornment which he had brought all the way from Macon. When the last one dropped away into dull, uncompromising ashes, he chuckled in a harsh, mirthless sort of way and went to bed.

CALLUM'S CO'TIN'

DURING the next few weeks Callum added not a little to his reputation as a powerful, tireless workman. All through the day the strong, swinging strokes of his hammer rang out with a rhythmic clang; and far into the night the glowing red eye of his forge-fire gleamed across the fields to windows more than one plantation away. At the Coles place the parlor girl, Calline, saw it, and her teeth showed for a moment between her full, dusky lips, and before she turned away, she nodded once, twice, thrice, as though things might be going well and to her liking. But it was another week before she thought it time to make a second errand to the blacksmith shop for her mistress. Callum was in the act of dropping a half-circle of glowing iron into the water bucket when he saw her, standing just as she had stood before, with her head a little on one side and her lips half-parted, looking up at him archly, and she said, just as he knew she would say, "Why ain' yo' nebber come see we all, Callum?"

He remained crouching over the bucket, allowing the hot iron to hiss and sputter in the very surface of the water, not daring to drop it or scarcely breathe for fear the apparition might vanish. And it was only when she came toward him, holding out a piece of chain from which a link had been broken, and adding, "Missy lak fo' dis be fix soon's yo's able, Callum," that he awoke from his trance and realized that it was Calline herself, and no freak of his imagination.

"Yo' gwine wait, Calline?" he asked, as soon as his mind had fully grasped this beatific fact.

"No, I's in mons'rous big hurry. We sen' down fo' hit dis arternoon," adding, as she saw the disappointment on his face: "Why ain' yo' nebber come see we all, Callum?"

"Ain' I come," reproachfully, "an' ain' yo' done sen' me off? I nebber t'ink yo's dat kin' o' gal, Calline."

"No, yo' ain' nebber come," she declared, positively; "dar was a pore triflin' rainbow dat come a limpin' an' a scrapin' one day, an' he call hisse'f by yo' name. I done sen' him packin'. We ain' no use for sech truck. But we all gwine be mighty proud to hab yo' call an' see us, Callum. Yo's a well-wukkin', senseful man, an' ain' car' fo' triflin'. But I's in mons'rous big hurry. Good-bye, Callum."

She held out her hand, and he took it awkwardly, longing for some pretty words to say. But he could only blurt out:

"I—I—what'll I w'ar, Calline?"

CALLUM'S CO'TIN'

She shot him a quick glance from under her long lashes, the meaning of which he could not fathom. But she only said:

"Come lak yo'se'f, Callum. We ain' car' fo' secon'-han' fo'ks. Liza an' Jane 'll be glad to see yo'."

Before he could protest against the last insinuation, she had slipped away, leaving him gazing blankly at the door through which she had flitted, his mind in a whirl and his heart in a tumult of sudden ecstasy. Of course, it was plain enough now. He ought to have understood Calline better. She did not care for these flipperajays who strutted around in fine feathers. No wonder she had hurried him out by the back door. What a ridiculous fool he must have seemed in all that finery. She was a clear-minded, sensible girl, who realized the worth of a hard-working, prudent man who was not ashamed of the marks of his labor. He would go to her in his working clothes, with his head as high as the best of the spruced-up darkies, and she would be proud of him. He would go right off, to-night, only that she might be displeased with such evident hurry. But he would go to-morrow night, anyway. He wanted to talk with her about that house and wagon, and about the new shop that was to turn them in so much money.

So he closed at dark the next evening and started toward the Coles plantation, with evidence of the day's labor still upon his face and strong, brawny arms. That should be his distinguishing mark from the triflers who only worked under protest, and who almost regarded it a disgrace to acknowledge what little they did do. He felt profoundly grateful to Calline for her severe lesson as to the real worth of a man.

A GAIN he went up the broad avenue, but this time his steps did not shuffle or mince. He walked with long, strong, confident strides, his head well up and his shoulders squared. But somehow, when he came to the corner of the great house, and heard the tum, tum, tum-a-tum of a banjo, and saw a dozen or fifteen young people in their best clothes, gathered under one of the large trees behind the kitchen, his heart misgave him a little. Girls liked pretty things and neat ways, and was Calline really so different as to prefer him in this rough condition to being fixed? She always looked trim and pretty, with a bit of ribbon or lace here and there.

He tried to reassure himself with what she had said, "Come lak yo'se'f, Callum. We ain' car' fo' secon'-han' fo'ks." But for all that

CALLUM'S CO'TIN'

he paused under the deeper shadow of one of the trees, and rolled the sleeves down over his bare arms and fastened the red-flannel shirt two buttons higher over his brawny chest. Then he moved forward.

Some of the young people were sprawled or sitting upon the grass, a few were in chairs, three or four swayed back and forth in a hammock. In their midst was the banjo player, his head bent low over the instrument, and his body and feet keeping time to the thrumming of the strings. He saw Liza and Jane, and recognized a half-dozen or more young darkies of the neighborhood. Calline was not among them, but presently he heard her voice and saw her approaching the group from the kitchen. Then one of them caught sight of the new-comer, and called out:

“'Clar' to goodness, if dar ain' Callum Johnsing. Howdy, Callum! How yo' come git so fur?”

“One man lose w'at 'n'er man gain,” sang Liza.

Callum gave no heed, but went forward with outstretched hand toward Calline, who advanced to meet him. But as she drew near, Callum noticed that she hesitated and looked at him with amused dissatisfaction.

“I's come callin', lak yo' say, Calline,” he said, simply.

“Yas, I see yo' has, an' we's mighty proud to hab yo' condescen' to we all, yo's dat bigoty,” She tapped her foot upon the grass with short impatient dabs, then burst out: “Yo' ain' no sense o' betweenness, Callum Johnsing! Yo' jes' projec' off one way till fo'ks t'ink yo' plumb crazy, den yo' drap back in yo' ole rut like yo' nebber been no-whar. What yo' need is somebody to tell yo' how w'ar yo' clo's, an' l'arn yo' heaps an' heaps an' heaps o' t'ings dat yo' ain' nebber know by yo'self. I ain' wan' yo' 'pear lak monkey, but I did 'low yo'd t'ink 'nough o' me to fix up in yo' Sunday clo's.”

“S'pose I go home an' come anudder time, Calline,” he suggested, humbly, “or if yo' t'ink bes', I go change my clo's an' come ag'in dis ebenin'.”

She caught his arm.

“No, yo' ain' go back, Callum,” she said shortly, “now yo's here yo's gwine stay.” Then she noticed the humility in his eyes, and her heart softened. “Yas, yo's gwine stay,” she repeated, “yo's better in dese clo's dan dey is fix up,” modifying this however with: “But dat ain' count fo' yo', Callum, yo' lak a big oak dat grow 'long o' weeds, an'

CALLUM'S CO'TIN'

t'ink de weeds mus' show him how high an' how wide he mus' git, an' what sort of blossoms he mus' put on an' what sort he mus' strip off. He gwine be lak dem, or he ain' gwine be lak dem, one or t'er. Dar ain' no betweenness. He ain' 'low dey's made dif' runt, but has roots in de same dirt. But come along, Callum, dey's a sniggerin' at we all."

The banjo had changed to a tripping rhythm and there was much laughing and whispering; then the group struck into:

"Oh, de sun he sont a somet'ing down,
Hol' up yo' han's an' holler!
Hit 'pear lak hit made fo' circus clown,
Kase hit fix so gay hit scar' de town,
Hol'-up-yo'-han's-an'-holler!

De somet'ing hab on berry tight shoe,
Hol' up yo' han's an' holler!
An' collar de haid can sca'se git frou,
An' clo's dat squeeze till hit black an' blue,
Hol'-up-yo'-han's-an'-holler!

Hit 'low dat de worl' will kneel down sho',
Hol' up yo' han's an' holler!
But de worl' ain' gwine git down so low,
An' de t'ing hit 'bleeged take de back do',
Hol'-up-yo'-han's-an'-holler!

Now what yo' t'ink de way de win' blows?
Hol' up yo' han's an' holler!
Dis rainbow's drapped, an' de worl' all knows,
Hit's po' ole nigger in his ole clo's,
Hol'-up-yo'-han's-an'-holler!

Calline's hand had slipped from the blacksmith's arm, and she was standing several feet away, erect and with flashing eyes.

"H'ar dat?" she cried in low, indignant voice; "yo' scan'alizes me afore, an' now yo' scan'alizes me ag'in. Ain' yo'-know-not'in?"

Her head was high and her eyes clear and scornful, but something in her voice made him think of tears.

CALLUM'S CO'TIN'

"Calline," he began, but already she had whisked back toward the kitchen. He looked after her wistfully, but dared not follow. There was nothing for him to do but return to his cabin.

"De shadders dey creep to de top o' de hill,
But night ain' 'stroy what de day done buil',"

sang Liza.

Callum started, as though the lines had suggested a new idea. It did not make a particle of difference to him what the singers thought or said; but Calline cared, and it was right she should. She was young, and they were her associates. He had scandalized her twice before them, and it would be only fair for him to try to remedy his mistakes. He could do it, he believed. Whenever he had chosen to exert himself, he had been able to make flippant darkies who came to the shop grow admiring and even deferential. He had a fine voice, though he seldom used it; and he was the best banjo player in all the country round, though the music was usually made for himself, when alone in his cabin. But now he would exert himself to change those jibes and sneers into open approval and commendation. Calline would be pleased with that.

So he walked composedly into the midst of the group.

"Yo' all makin' heap o' fun," he remarked good-naturedly, "seems lak I ought to hab some 'long's I been 'casioned hit. Here, Gabe, gib me dat banjo an' let me show yo' how to play."

He took the banjo and chair which Gabe relinquished and let his head fall caressingly toward the strings. And from the very first confident twang they all realized that they were listening to a master hand. Presently his rich, powerful voice broke out into a familiar plantation song, infectiously rollicking and gay, and so sweet that the others, with the instant response of their race to the appeal of music, sat quietly until the last tones died away. For several seconds after the voice ceased, the banjo tum-a-tummed on, then the fingers left the strings reluctantly and the player looked up.

"Yo's got two E strings on dis, Gabe," he said, disapprovingly, "good music can't be played dataway. I wish I hab my ole banjo here, den I show yo' dif'runce."

"Go git hit, Callum," some one suggested eagerly. "Hit ain' fur to yo' cabin. We all gwine stay here long time yit."

CALLUM'S CO'TIN'

Callum hesitated; then another idea seemed to occur to him, for he rose quickly and handed the banjo to Gabe.

"Reckon I will," he said, briskly, "'tain' fur, lak yo' say, an' I'll be back torec'ly."

In twenty minutes he returned, with his banjo under his arm; but more than that he had changed his working clothes for his Sunday ones, and from his face and hands had been removed all traces of the shop work.

Again he was given the place of honor among them, and again his head sank caressingly toward the strings and his fingers and voice caused even the most frivolous of the darkies to become silent and attentive. After the third or fourth song he nodded to Gabe, and then the two banjos began to twang in unison.

After a while Callum raised his head slightly, just enough to see Calline standing by herself under a tree, listening. But he did not appear to notice until another song had been played and sung, then he rose and handed his banjo to a man near him.

"Yo' pick hit a few minutes, Rastus," he said, nonchalantly, "I's gwine out dar to speechify wid Calline 'bout somepin."

As he came striding toward her she started as though to slip away; then seemed to change her mind and came to meet him with a daring opposition in her eyes. But whatever her new line of attack, he forestalled it.

"Ain' yo' gwine forgib me, Calline?" he entreated, humbly. "I been t'ink hit ober an' 'low I's plumb fool all de way frou."

This changed the look in her eyes and brought an odd little smile to her lips.

"No, yo' ain' quite all fool," she declared, encouragingly, "dar's a little spark of sensefulness lef' dat might be fanned into—"

"An' will yo' fan hit, Calline?" he interrupted eagerly. "I declar' hit's gwine be clean los' if I keep hit to myse'f."

She tossed her head a little at this, but whatever the intended answer, it was lost in the sudden twanging of the two banjos, and the chorus of the gay voices.:

"If de bellows ain' blow de fire git col',
Heat de iron red, nigger man!
Den de smith ain' gwine fo' to git de toll,

CALLUM'S CO'TIN'

An' he wuk an' wuk till he mighty lame an' ol'.
Heat de iron red, nigger man,
Heat de iron red in de charcoal bed,
Red, red, red, nigger man!

But our blacksmith he know what he 'bout,
Heat de iron red, nigger man!
He git plenty toll case de fire ain' out,
An' he git so rich dat he mighty big an' stout.
Heat de iron red, nigger man!
Heat de iron red in de charcoal bed,
Red, red, red, nigger man!

Our Callum's house hit gwine cos' a heap,
Heat de iron red, nigger man!
Kase he ain' gwine buy not a t'ing dat's cheap,
An' de gal he's arter un'erstan's dere keep.
Heat de iron red, nigger man!
Heat de iron red in de charcoal bed,
Red, red, red, nigger man!"

During the singing, Calline had glanced covertly at Callum from time to time; now her gaze was fixed upon the ground, which her foot tapped meditatively. Something in her attitude made him draw closer.

"May I come see yo' ag'in, Calline?" he asked softly, "so yo' know fo' cert'in if I hab dat li'l' spark o' sense lef'. I lak mighty well fo' hit be fan'."

She looked at him through her long lashes.

"Yo's de mos' oneasy nigger I eber h'ar tell on, Callum Johnsing," she declared; then her eyes fell before his gaze, and she slipped away to the house.

As an answer, it was most unsatisfactory, but the way of it made Callum rejoin the group with a quick, springy step, and caused his fingers to fly over the banjo strings until every foot within hearing was lifting and falling with the swing of it; and when he went across the field to his cabin, an hour later, his lips were breaking constantly into tender little airs, which more than once his fingers sought the strings to accompany.

A Protest Against Fear



It seems to me that fear has got hold of all this land. Each one has a great fear of himself, a fear to believe, to think, to do, to be, to act.

Who dares to do anything without fear of what some other will think or say? How can a country have a living, growing art when it is so bound down by fear, the most dreadful of all evils?

This marvelous, great country, big in all its feeling and full of energy, and yet producing almost no freedom of thought or work!

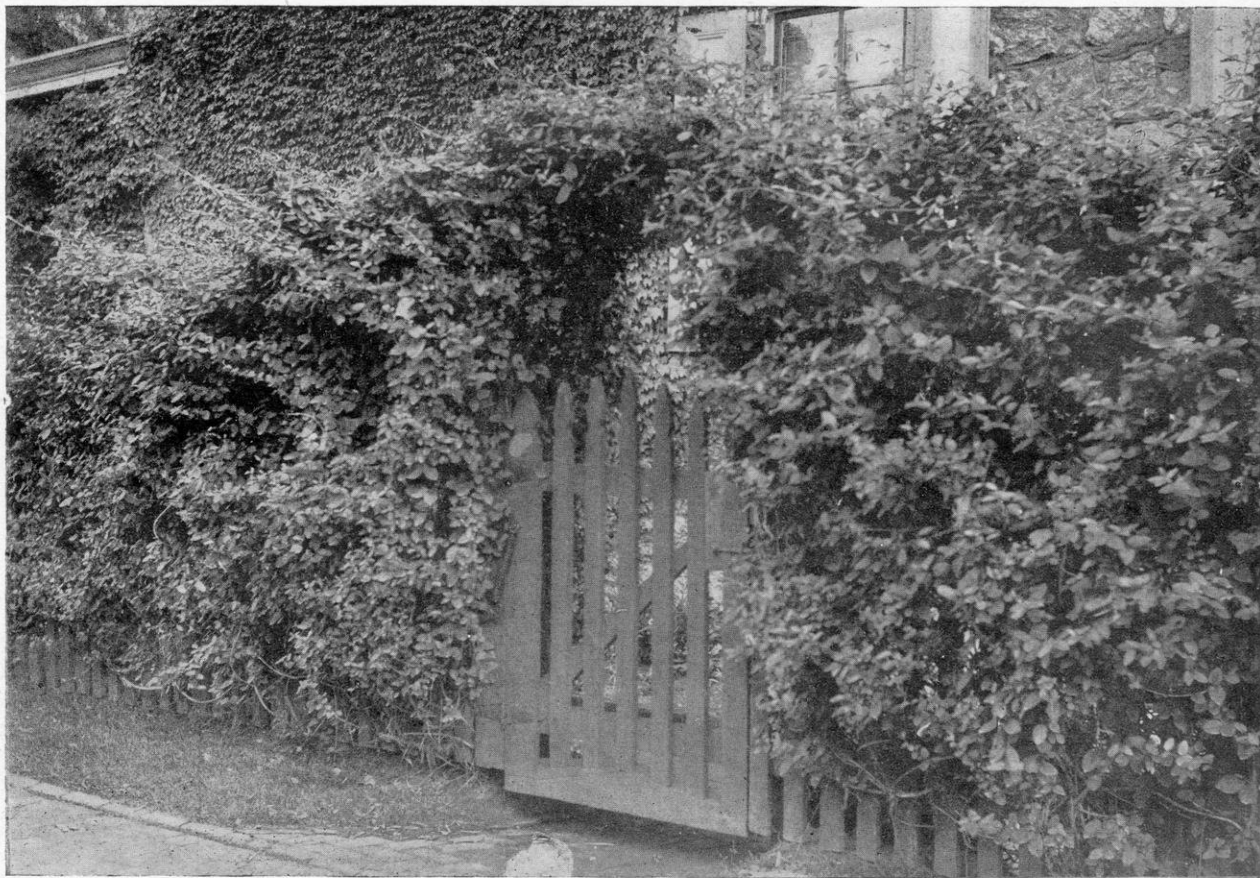
You, younger students, who are entering this garden of toil, where flowers are grown by love and patience, why do you not try to be true to your better selves, why do you not try to see the finer, bigger things that are all about you, and to kill in your garden those mawkish weeds of sugar-sweet sentimentality and shallow feeling. Try to feel truly one thought, one scene, and make others feel it as keenly as you do—thus is art born.

— Pamela Colman Smith.



Suggestions for Home Gardeners

A RUSTIC ARBOR, HOME MADE, TWINED WITH VINING ROSES AND HONEYSUCKLE; A FRAGRANT WELCOME ERE YOU REACH THE DOORWAY



Suggestions for Home Gardeners

A CHEAP WOODEN FENCE AND GATE MADE INTO A LUXURIOUS
BOWER BY AN ARCH COVERED WITH THE COMMONEST VINES



Suggestions for Home Gardeners

A THATCH-COVERED OPEN HOUSE MAKES A FINE SUMMER PLAYING GROUND FOR CHILDREN: IT IS ALSO AN INEXPENSIVE BUT PICTURESQUE FEATURE IN THE GARDEN



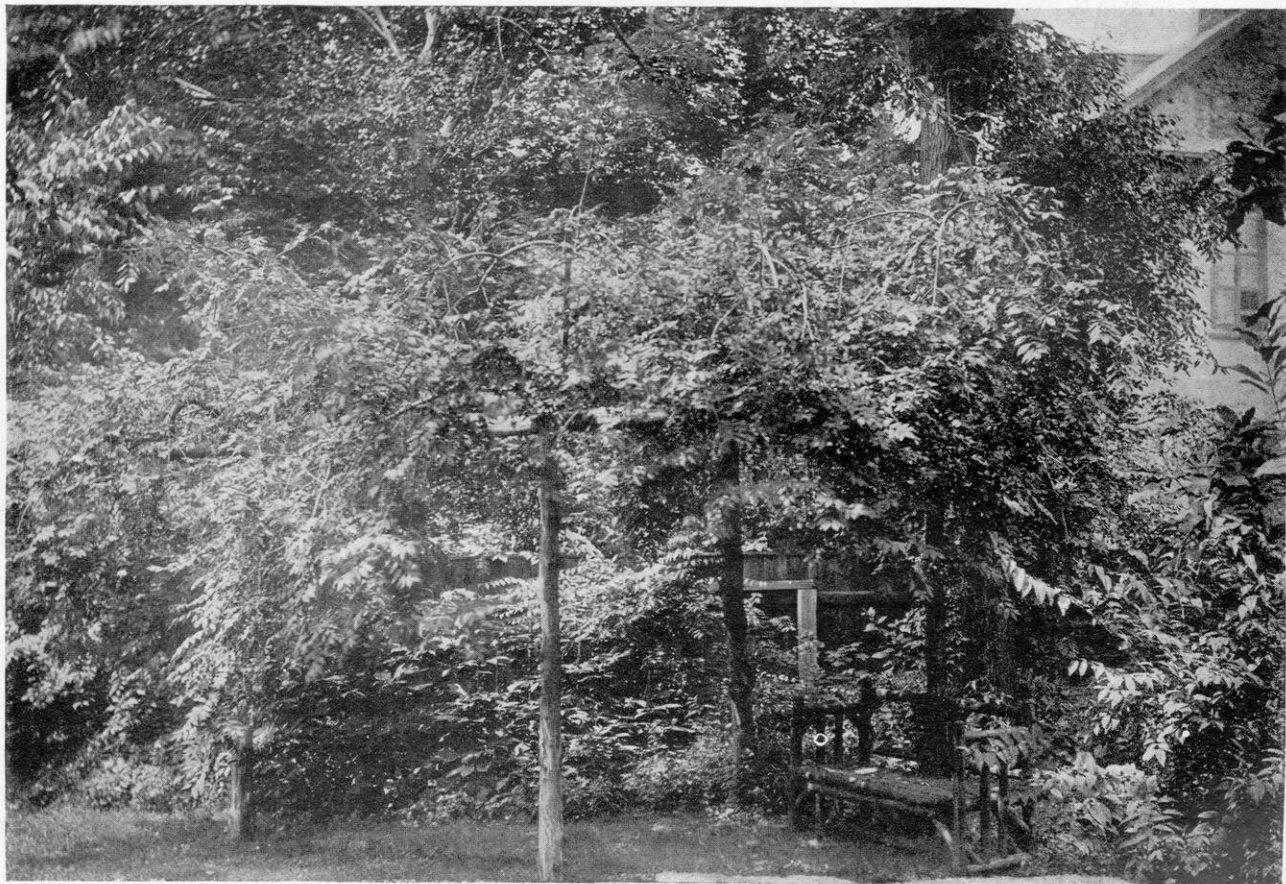
Suggestions for Home Gardeners

A RUSTIC ARCH OVER THE SIMPLEST GATEWAY
ADDS DIGNITY AND BEAUTY TO A RURAL ENTRANCE



Suggestions for Home Gardeners

A READING OR SEWING NOOK IN A CITY
GARDEN SHOWING RUSTIC CONSTRUCTION



Suggestions for Home Gardeners

RUSTIC SEATS IN SHADY GARDEN CORNERS GIVE A
SENSE OF PEACEFUL SECLUSION IN OUTDOOR LIVING

HARMONY BETWEEN LANDSCAPE AND ARCHITECTURE ACHIEVED IN THE BUILDINGS OF THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK: BY F. F. KELLY



VERY notable achievement in American architecture, —such must be the conclusion of a study of the group of buildings designed by the firm of George B. Post & Sons for the College of the City of New York. The achievement is notable in its adaptation of the Gothic style of architecture to collegiate necessities and to American ideas, in the unity of design which makes of the entire group of buildings an harmonious, coherent whole, in the very striking use which the architects have made of the rocky hilltop chosen for the site, and in the resourcefulness with which they have forced even its disadvantages to contribute to their final success.

The design of the group is, roughly, a quadrangle, with the western end held to its proper shape while the eastern is modified, by the curving line of the bluff upon which it faces, to the segment of a circle. The separate structures are all kept closely enough together to enable the eye to take in at once the entire mass, so that almost the first impression they give is that of wholeness, of organic unity, while at the same time their dignity and impressiveness are very much enhanced. But a nice balance has been struck between associating the buildings closely enough to achieve these effects and preventing any appearance of crowdedness. The quadrangle, partially enclosed by the four buildings which make the western end and the approaches, esplanade and grounds of the semi-circular main building, gives to the whole an air of spaciousness to which the elevation above the surroundings adds not a little.

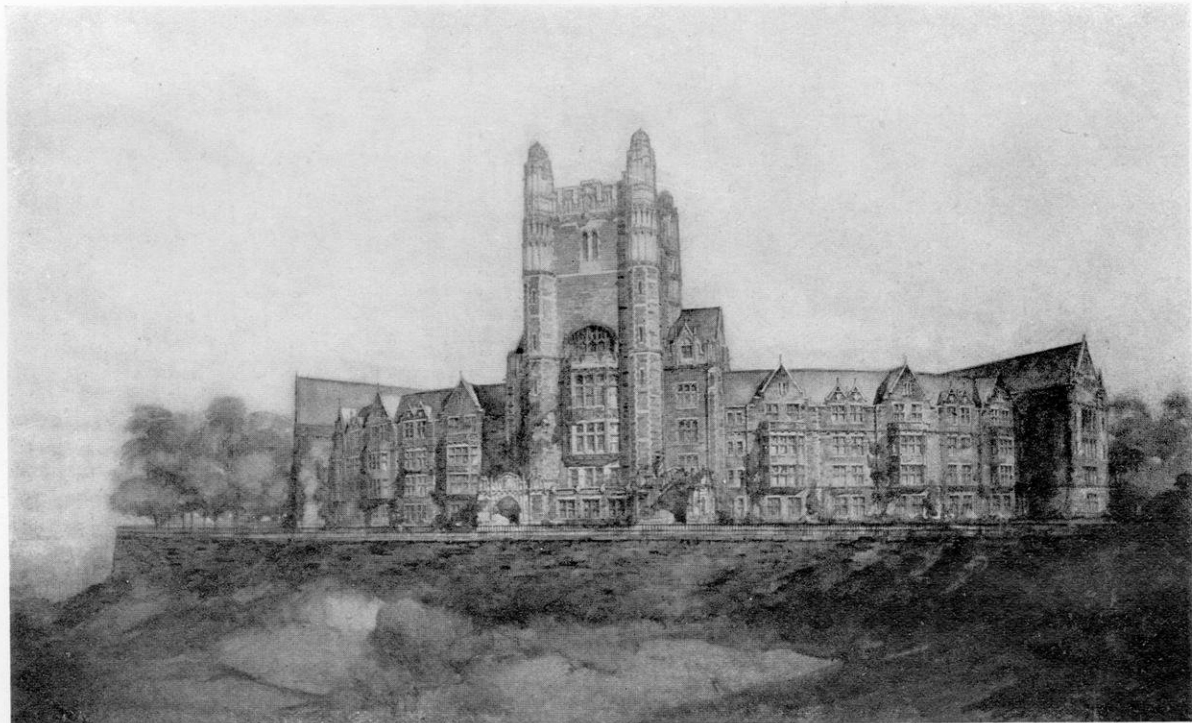
The grounds of the college are not large, but the space has been so conserved and the buildings so disposed as to make them the center and to give them, what public buildings in American cities almost always lack, an adequate approach, a sufficient perspective to enable them to stand out by themselves in their full worth and dignity.

The architects deserve much praise for the possibilities they have revealed in the country rock. Every stone in the walls was taken from the earth below them. Thus did artistic resourcefulness take advantage of economic necessities, for the primary idea was to reduce the cost

LANDSCAPE AND ARCHITECTURE HARMONIZED

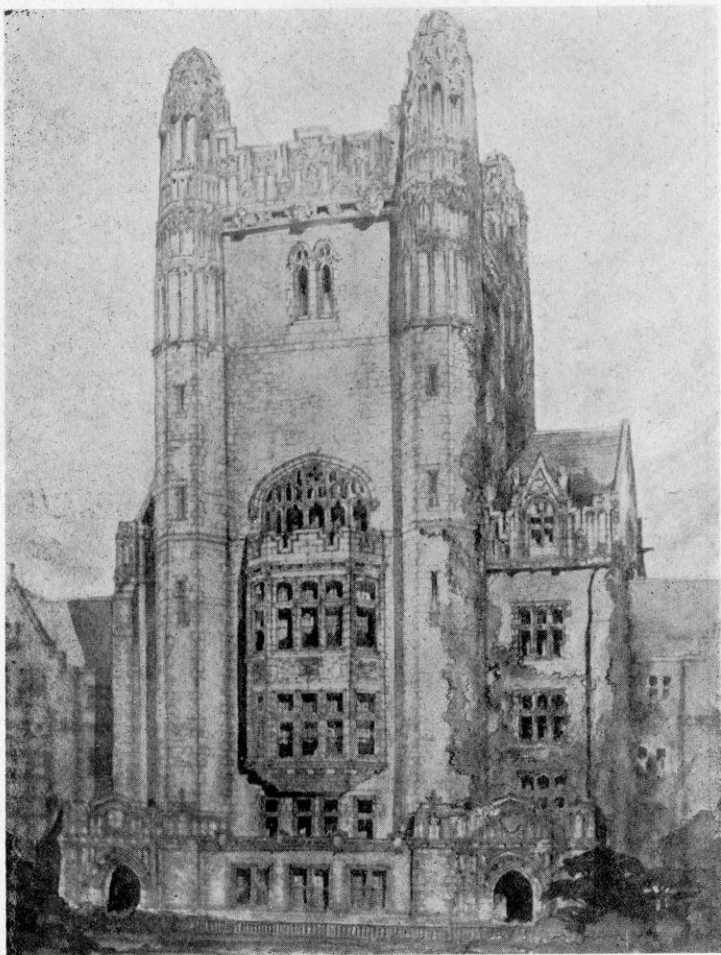
of construction. And so, instead of hauling away as waste, as has been done in the erection of many a New York block, the boulders that were blasted from the rocky hilltop to make room for foundations and cellars, they were piled into the massive and beautiful walls that form the completed structure. The rock is a gneiss, approaching granite in its constitution—the same stone that is familiar in the outcroppings all over Manhattan Island. Its prevailing color is iron gray, toning into soft and beautiful shades of orange, yellow, and dark red. Combined with this has been used a great deal of grayish-white, glazed terra cotta to form the quoins, opening frames and decorations. The terra cotta, it may be noted in passing, comes from just across the Hudson River. Its general appearance is very like that of fine white marble and its surface has been so thoroughly treated as to make it almost as enduring. The effect of this combination of white, marble-like terra cotta and dark gray stone is very striking, so striking that it requires a second glance to appreciate the essential harmony of their tints. If the terra cotta had been used less freely the effect might have been doubtful. But its ample qualities, together with the artistic scheme in accordance with which it has been applied, have the effect of lightening the somberness of the dark stone, enhancing the grace and beauty of the Gothic features of the architecture and, somehow, making the whole more in sympathy with American life and character.

The terra cotta has been applied sparingly and plainly near the base of the structure, and more freely and decoratively toward the top. Some of the buildings also, in harmony with the uses for which they are designed, show severer lines and less decorative treatment. And the whole scheme flows gradually into the design and treatment of the beautiful main edifice. This is at the eastern end and rises above the curved cliff in the form of a segment of a circle with a spur striking out from the center. It has been likened to a drawn bow with an arrow in place. The terra cotta has been used lavishly in this building, increasing as the eye travels upward from base to cornice and finally reaches the exquisite white towers, a mass of ornate design, which rise from the center like a huge bouquet of white flowers. These towers, shining softly white so high in the air, dominate the whole northern end of Manhattan Island. From Central Park, from the shores of the Hudson, from elevated and surface cars, they are everywhere visible, holding aloft from the hilltop their graceful, white beauty above the



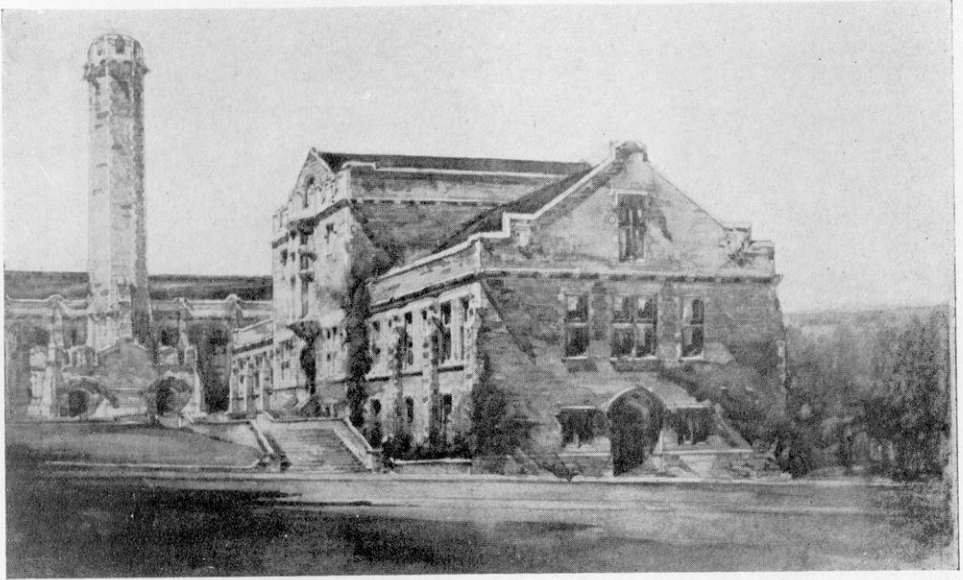
George B. Post & Sons, Architects

“ABOVE A GRANITE WALL AND CONFORMING TO THE SHARP
CURVE OF THE BLUFF, BUILT OF THE SAME GRANITE,
RISE THE GRAY WALLS OF THE MAIN BUILDING”



George B. Post & Sons, Architects

"THESE TOWERS SHINING SOFTLY WHITE, SO HIGH IN THE AIR, DOMINATE THE WHOLE NORTHERN END OF MANHATTAN ISLAND"



George B. Post & Sons, Architects

"THE BUILDINGS ARE SO DISPOSED AS TO GIVE THEM A SUFFICIENT PERSPECTIVE TO STAND OUT IN THEIR FULL WORTH AND DIGNITY"



FOUR GARGOYLES AMONG THE SIX HUNDRED
USED TO DECORATE THE BUILDINGS OF THE
COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

LANDSCAPE AND ARCHITECTURE HARMONIZED

dark roofs of the city. As one stands at a little distance and notes the dark gray mass of the college buildings, and how all the beauty and airy grace and upward strivingness seem to be caught, condensed and made to flower out into these beautiful towers, the suggestion comes into the mind that it is like the blossoming of a beautiful and cultured soul from the discipline and study of the student's life.

ONE of the most interesting views of the college buildings is that from St. Nicholas Avenue, on the eastern side. For it is there that the ingenuity shown by the architects in adapting the structure to necessity and taking advantage of the lie of the land to produce artistic effects is best displayed. St. Nicholas Avenue lies just below and beside the rocky cliff which forms the northern end of Morningside Park. In this locality the park site is still unimproved, but the situation holds remarkable possibilities of beauty. The bluff, broken by huge ledges and outcroppings of granite and opening here and there into fertile spaces, rises perhaps a hundred feet above the street level. The upper half of this is held in by a solid retaining wall of granite. Above this wall, conforming to the sharp curve of the bluff, and built of the same granite, rise the gray walls of the main building, set just far enough back to give room for a surrounding esplanade. The effect is to enhance tremendously the majesty and impressiveness of the college building. It is greatly to be hoped that the city will see the possibilities that lie in the treatment of the hillside that would harmonize with the group of noble buildings that crowns the top. Walls, stairways, and ornamental gateways of the country rock with simple decorations of white terra cotta could be devised to frame a landscape of trees and shrubbery in this small, steep park site and thus give to the college an approach of unexcelled beauty and dignity.

The same coherence and harmony of design that mark the entire group of these buildings find expression even in the details of decoration. This is so remarkable and unique in one particular feature, the grotesque figures that ornament the cornices, as to deserve especial notice. There are several hundred of the gargoyles, all the work of one man. The designer has broken quite away from conventional ideas and forms and has taken his motives solely from student life. On each separate building the motives are in harmony with the uses of that particular structure.

THREE CRAFTSMAN LOG HOUSES: SERIES OF 1907: NUMBER III

THE three log houses offered by THE CRAFTSMAN to its readers this month are, of course, designed primarily to be built for summer homes in the woods or mountains by those who are fortunate enough to be able to spend a good part of their time in the open. All three, however, would be equally practicable and desirable for permanent homes in any country place which retains enough of its original wildwood look to be in harmony with a log house, and all three are likely to appeal strongly to that love of the primitive which is usually the last and most searching test of a thoroughly cultivated taste.

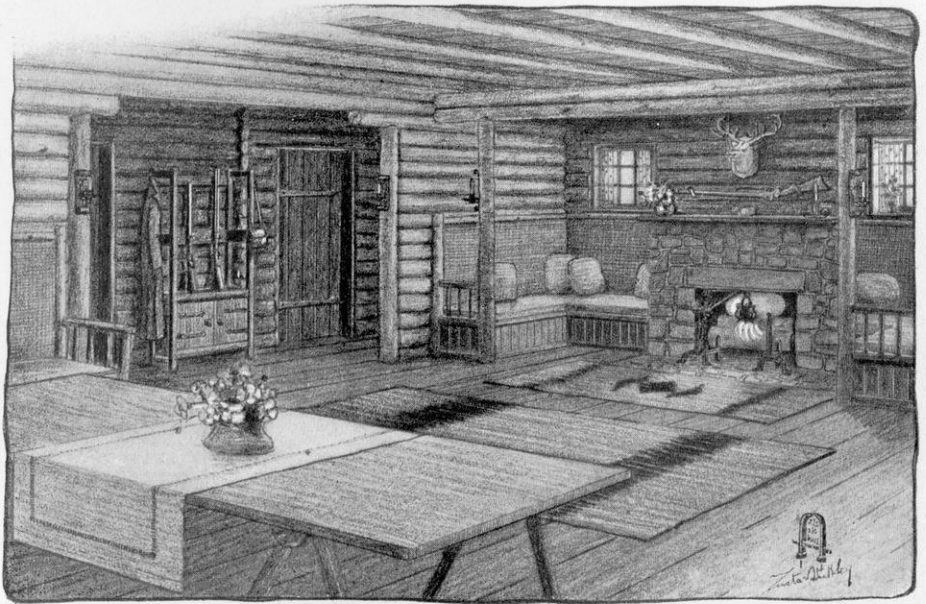
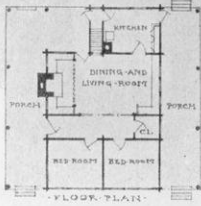
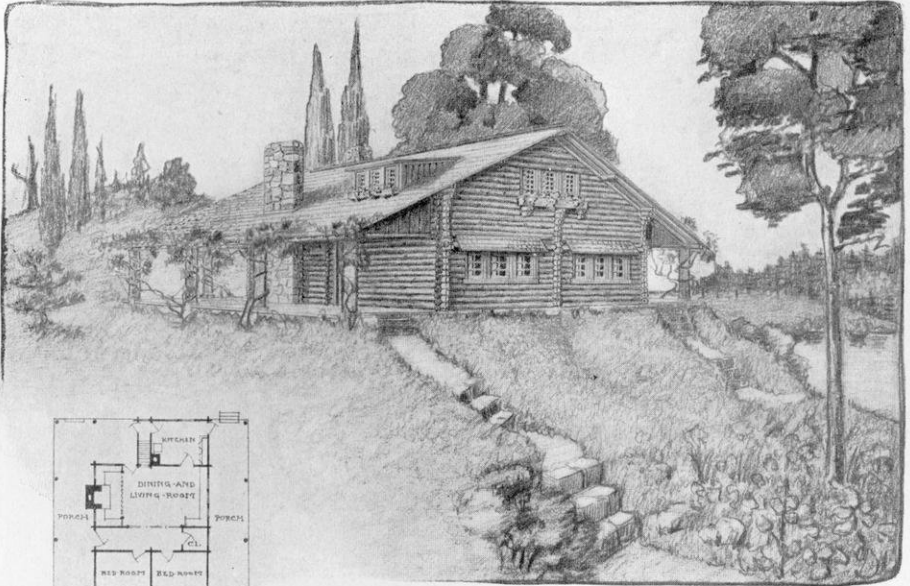
Strictly speaking, only the first and second of the houses shown here are of logs; the third is made of slabs nailed to the sheathing which covers the structure. But the impression given by all is the same—that of a simplicity and directness that is purely primitive, allied with a justness of proportion, a decorative use of structural features, and a fineness of finish that suggests a cultivation which has gone far beyond conventional elaboration and arrived at a real understanding and appreciation of the value of the natural thing. It is primitive in the sense of being something that is radical instead of derived—not primitive in the sense of crudeness.

Of all forms of building that remain to us as records of the ingenuity of man in devising places of shelter, none makes such an intimate appeal to the imagination as the house of logs. Especially is this true in this country of comparatively recent civilization, where it is only a few

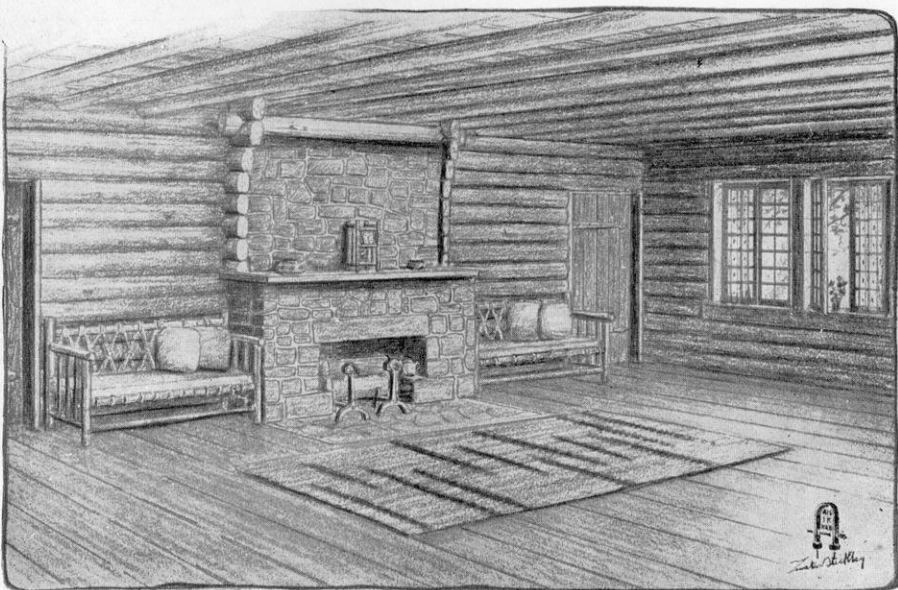
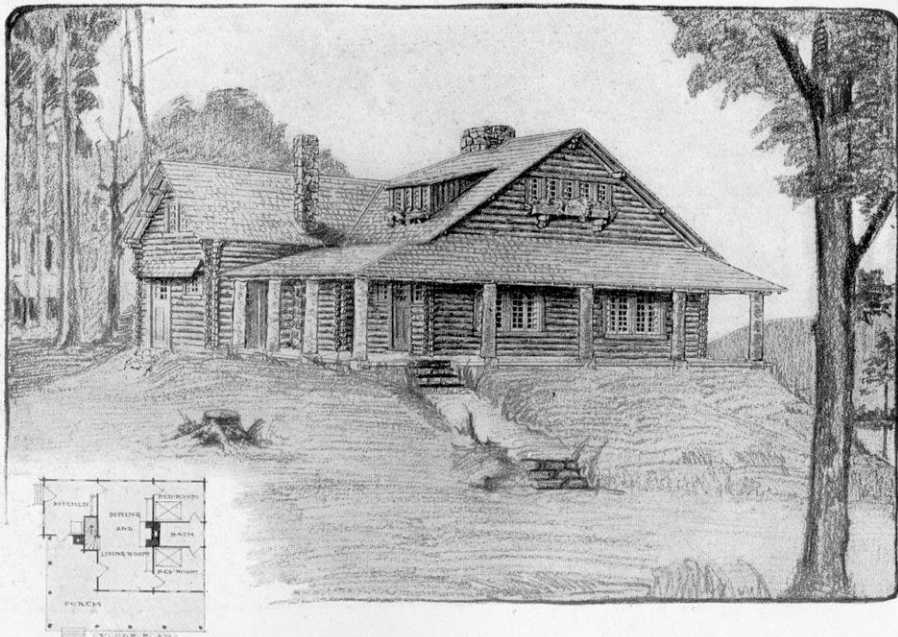
generations since hardy pioneers were forced to make clearings in the virgin forests, and where the natural thing for them to do was to build shelters of the trees they had cut down. All sorts of traditions and memories of adventure and heroism and the joy that comes from wrestling strongly with the forces of Nature on her own ground are associated with the log house, and there is hardly a man or woman who enjoys life in the woods or mountains who would not like to own one.

But in spite of the picturesqueness of log houses and their harmony with any wild and rugged surroundings, certain defects have hitherto prevented many people from building them. One of these that seemed apparently insurmountable was the rotting of the logs and the impossibility of keeping vermin from lodging between the bark and the wood; another has been the crude clumsiness of construction that, however ruggedly picturesque, seemed fitted only for a cabin, and usually looked out of place in more pretentious buildings, and still another has been the difficulty of bringing all the features of the interior construction into harmony with the exterior. There is a certain absurdity in having smoothly finished walls in a log house, and one of the charms of such a building is the effect of the logs as seen from the interior, yet in many log houses are seen such incongruities as side walls of logs and partitions either of finished boards or of plaster, destroying at once all sense of harmony or of structural interest.

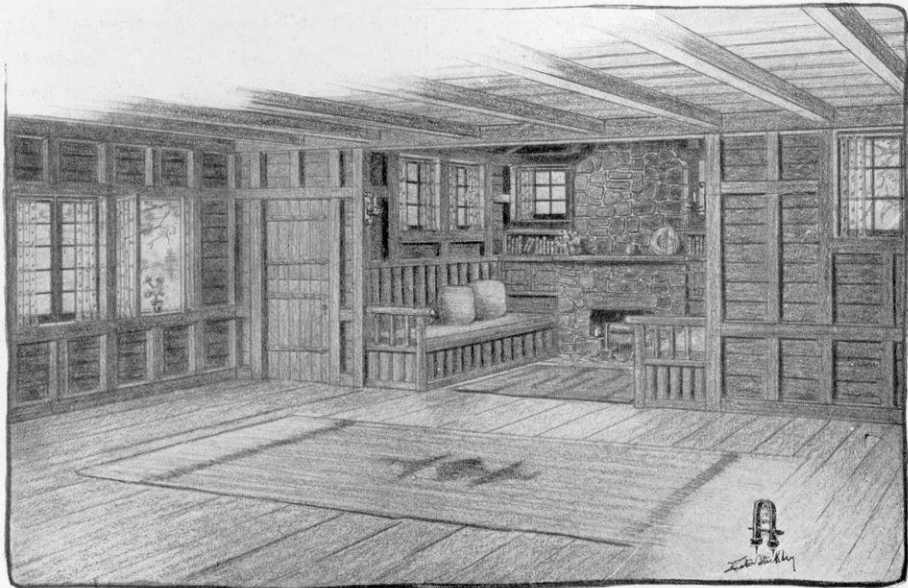
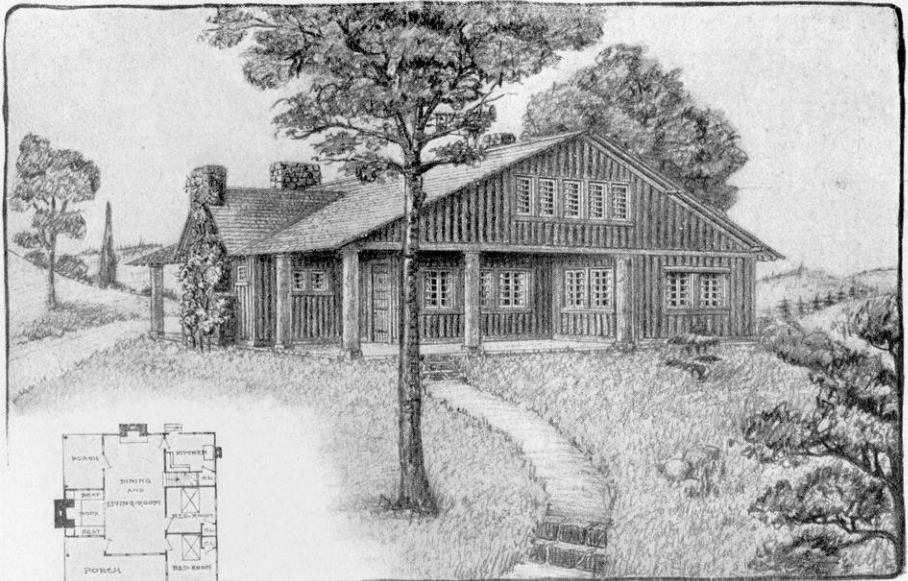
In designing the log houses shown here



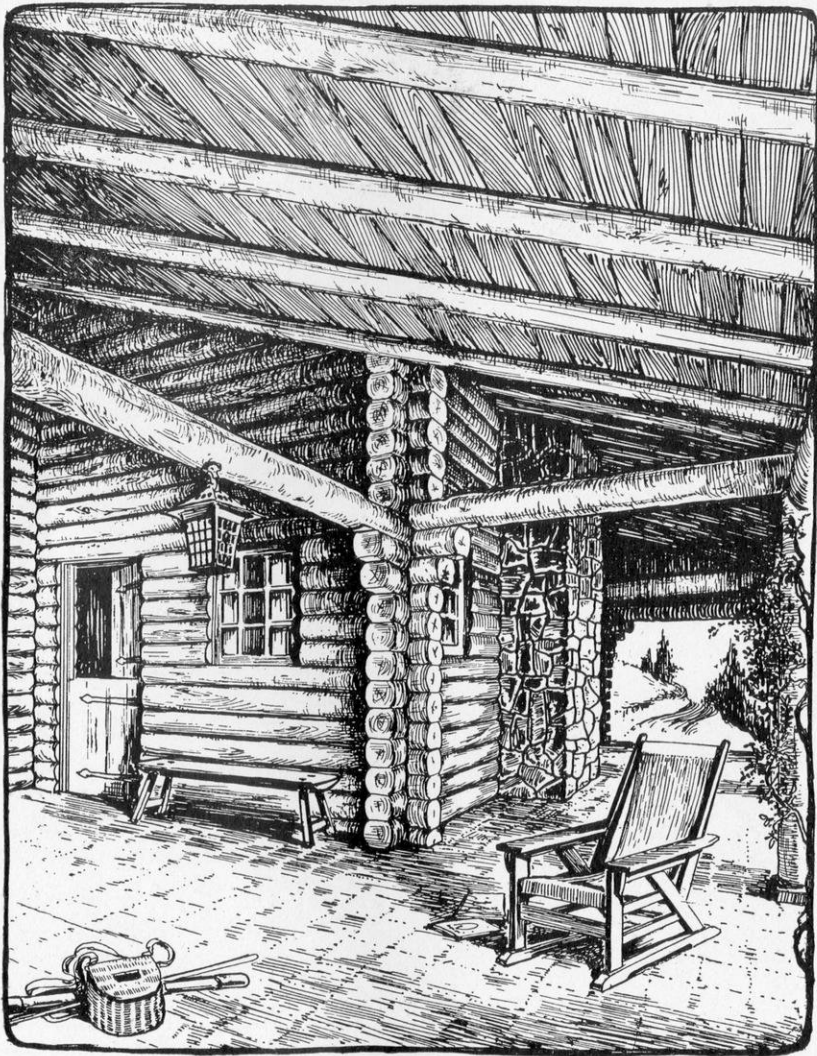
CRAFTSMAN LOG CABIN NUMBER I.
SERIES OF 1907



CRAFTSMAN LOG CABIN NUMBER II.
SERIES OF 1907



CRAFTSMAN LOG CABIN NUMBER III.
 SERIES OF 1907



DINING PORCH OF CRAFTSMAN LOG CABIN NUMBER 1,
SHOWING STRENGTH AND BEAUTY OF CONSTRUCTION

THREE CRAFTSMAN LOG HOUSES

our aim has been both to overcome the practical objections mentioned and also to secure a structural harmony throughout the building that would result in the preservation of all its primitive ruggedness without the effect of crudity that comes from the contrast of a rough form of construction with another that is finished in some conventional way. With this last object in view, it has been surprising even to us to find by experiment how logs will lend themselves to structural features that are essentially decorative without losing in the least their character of sturdy primitiveness.

THE first house we illustrate here is perhaps the best example of this. As will be seen by a glance at the picture, the lines of it are simple to the last degree, and yet the proportions are so calculated and the details of the construction are so planned that in all this simplicity and freedom from pretence there is no suggestion of baldness or crudity. It is essentially a log house out in the woods, and it looks just that; yet it is a warm, comfortable, roomy building, perfectly drained and ventilated, and so constructed that it ought to last for many generations. Moreover, it is beautiful in itself as a structure as well as beautiful because of its harmony with any rugged environment.

As the first step toward securing good drainage and also saving the lower logs of the wall from decay, there is an excellent foundation built of stone or cement—according to the material most easily and economically obtained—and this foundation is quite as high as it would be in any dwelling built of conventional

materials in the conventional way. But as the appearance of such a foundation would spoil the effect of the whole house by separating it from the ground on which it stands, it is almost entirely concealed by terracing the soil up to the top of it, and therefore to the level of the porch floors. The first log of the walls rests directly upon this foundation, and is just enough above the ground to prevent rotting. By this device perfect healthfulness is secured, so far as good drainage is concerned, and at the same time the wide, low house of logs not only appears to rest upon the ground, but actually to crouch close to it, with its broad, shallow-pitched, wide-eaved roof spread out like sheltering wings.

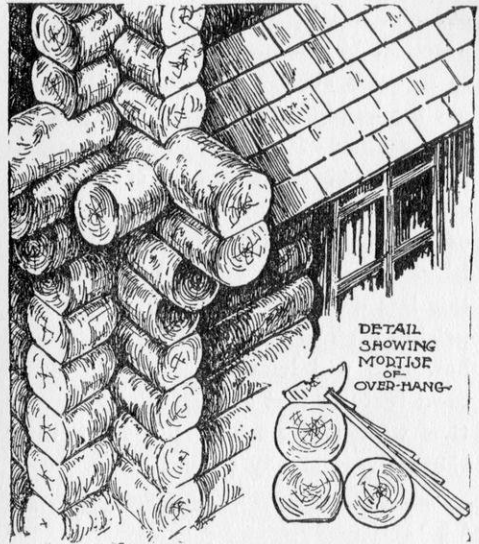
This house is built entirely of round logs which have had the bark stripped off and then have been stained to a dull brown tone that approaches as closely as possible to the color of the bark that has been removed. This entirely does away with the danger of rotting, which is so unavoidable when the bark is left on, and the stain removes the raw, glaring whiteness of the peeled logs and restores them to a color that harmonizes with their surroundings. The logs used are from trees of the second growth, which are easily obtained almost anywhere. They are from nine to twelve inches in diameter, and are carefully selected for their straightness and symmetry. The sides where the logs come together are either hewn or sawn to a flat surface, and care is taken to have these flat surfaces hewn to the same width, no matter what the size of the log, so that the joint is perfect and no "raw edges" show. In addition to this careful joining, two

THREE CRAFTSMAN LOG HOUSES

oakum ropes are placed between the logs, as shown in the detail drawing, and all unevenness which may appear is carefully stuffed with this material, making an absolutely tight wall. Where there is some slight crookedness in a log, it is firmly pinned to the logs above and below, as shown in the drawing, so that it is held in place beyond all possibility of springing apart. The detailed drawings also explain the construction of the corners, and where the ends of the logs used for the partition project through the walls.

The columns used to support the roof over the porches are from twelve to fourteen inches in diameter, and are made of logs peeled and stained like those of the walls. The roof, of course, is shingled, but the construction that supports it is entirely of logs, although they need not be quite so thick as those used for the walls. One especially interesting example of the decorative use of a purely structural feature is the way that the logs are brought out in the form of brackets where the projecting ends of the walls are made to support the roof, and where the partition logs support in the same way the large flower boxes below the windows on the second story. Another interesting illustration of the possibilities of log construction is given by the detailed drawing of one of the hoods that shelter the lower and exposed windows from the weather. Between two logs that project beyond the others in the side wall, a log is laid to form a soffit, on which rest inclined boards that fit tightly into the log above as shown in detail. These boards are covered with shingles and form the hood above the window.

The wide porches that extend all along



both sides of the house afford plenty of room for outdoor living. They are floored with red cement marked off into large squares, and can be made very inviting with Indian rugs and rustic porch furniture. As is shown in the picture, one end of the porch at the front of the house is recessed to form a square dining-porch, which opens into the kitchen and also into the big room, which is a combined living-room and indoor dining-room to be used only in chilly or stormy weather if the house is meant for a summer camp.

The general effect given by this room is in exact harmony with that of the exterior of the house. The door from the porch opens into an entry, which on one side gives access to the two bedrooms at the front of the house, and on the other leads by a wide opening into the main room. This has walls of logs, and a ceiling beamed with logs flattened on the

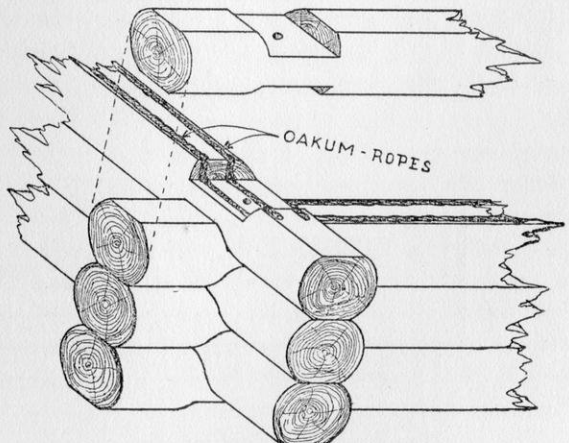
THREE CRAFTSMAN LOG HOUSES

upper side to support the ceiling. As this is of boards, it would be well to lay sheets of felt or other deafening material between it and the floor of the story above.

The fireplace, like the chimney outside, is built of split stone, a material especially suited to this kind of a house, and this fireplace is in a nook or recess that is formed, not by the shape of the room, but by the suggestion of a division made by the two logs placed one above the other across the ceiling logs, and the two posts that fulfil the double purpose of affording them the necessary support and forming the ends of the fireside seats. These fill in all the space left between the fireplace and the corners of the room, and afford not only a pleasant lounging place, but also considerable storage room, as the seats lift and give access to the boxes below. These seats are upholstered with Japanese matting of a greenish straw color, with some good design spotted here and there, and with the seat that extends the entire length of the opposite wall and is treated in the same way, the matting has almost the effect of a wainscot around the room. The long seat opposite the fireplace is meant for a dining bench when this end of the room is used for an indoor dining-room, and the long table, set on horses and with the top in two pieces, so that it can be readily removed, stands directly in front of it. (The principal pieces of furniture intended for use in this and the other houses are illustrated and described in "Home Training in Cabinet Work" for this issue.)

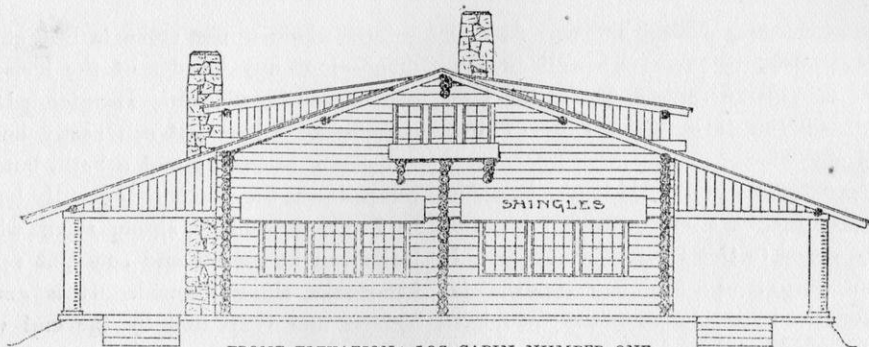
The whole upper story is left at the disposal of any builder of the house to arrange as he pleases. If intended for a permanent home, it can easily be divided into bedrooms and a bath, but for camp life in the woods it is usually better to leave it a large single room where traps can be stored and cots put up or hammocks slung at will. It is amply lighted and ventilated by the end windows and the dormers, and two more dormers can easily be added if it is desirable to divide the space into permanent rooms.

THE lines of the second log house are rather more complex than the first, and therefore the effect is slightly more conventional, although the main characteristics are the same. It is designed, like the first, to be placed on top of a hill or a slight rise, and the ground is terraced to the level of the porch floors, concealing the foundation and seeming to connect the house more closely with the soil. The porch, instead of being shel-



HOW LOGS ARE BUILT UP AT THE CORNERS

THREE CRAFTSMAN LOG HOUSES



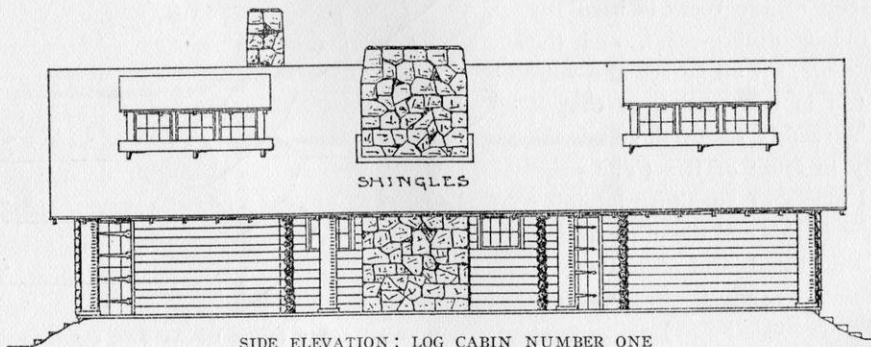
FRONT ELEVATION : LOG CABIN NUMBER ONE

tered under the broad sweep of the one roof, has its own roof like other and more civilized verandas, but the columns which support it are of thick, peeled tree trunks, and the construction of the log walls is the same as shown in the first house.

The irregular lines of the roof in this house give more opportunity for the decorative bracket construction already described, and the crossed logs at the corners make rather more showing, because there are more corners to this house than to the first one. Nevertheless, it gives no sense of being elaborate or intentionally irregular, and preserves the same fine feeling of primitiveness. The chimneys, as in the first house, are made of split

stone laid up in black cement, as this seems the only material at all adapted to harmonize with the ruggedness of a log house. Flower boxes at the upper windows give a little touch of grace and color that is unusually attractive against the background of the brown logs. The porch is floored with red cement and the steps leading up to the house are of split stone laid in cement and smoothed off.

As in all these houses, there is one main room that occupies all the center of the house and is used for a living and dining-room. This room is simpler in construction than the living-room in the first house, as it has no alcove and very little division of the wall spaces. But there is a dignity and sense of clean, unbroken



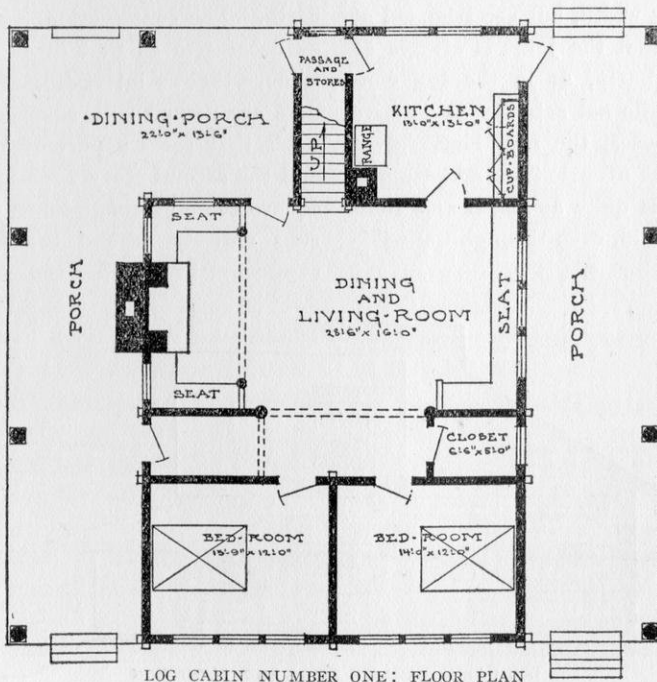
SIDE ELEVATION : LOG CABIN NUMBER ONE

THREE CRAFTSMAN LOG HOUSES

lines in the long stretch of the logs that is very effective. In this room the fireplace is built in the middle of the side wall, and the entire mantel is of split stone, like the chimneys. One interesting structural feature of this mantel is the framing made by the ends of the logs that form the partition on each side of the bathroom and the log that crosses the mantel-breast at the top, like a lintel. There is a lintel of cement at the top of the wide fireplace opening and the mantel shelf is also of cement. On either side of this fireplace is a large settle. These settles are alike in construction, and are built of peeled saplings and stained to the same color as the logs used in the house. The supports for the seat cushions and the backs are made of ropes twisted and

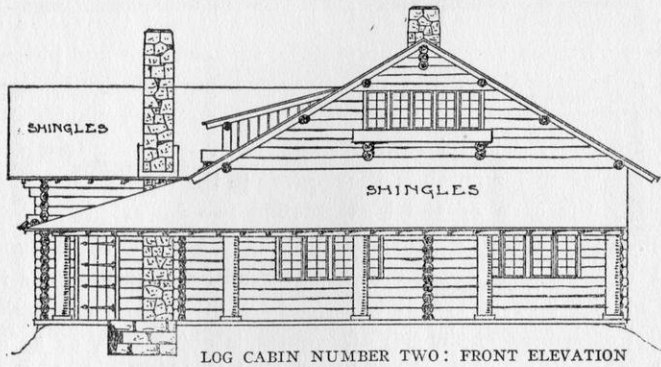
knotted around the frame of the settle. The seat cushions and pillows are of canvas or some such sturdy material, preferably in mustard yellow, dull blue, or forest green, according to the tone of brown given to the logs.

The two downstairs sleeping-rooms are placed at the side of the house instead of the front, and the smaller room between can be fitted up as a bath, if running water is obtainable, or as a room for a single bed, if not. As in the other house, the upper story is left undivided, but with plenty of light and ventilation so that it could easily be partitioned into rooms if desired. Also, as in the first house, casement windows are used throughout, and are hooded where exposed to the weather. Dutch doors, V-



LOG CABIN NUMBER ONE: FLOOR PLAN

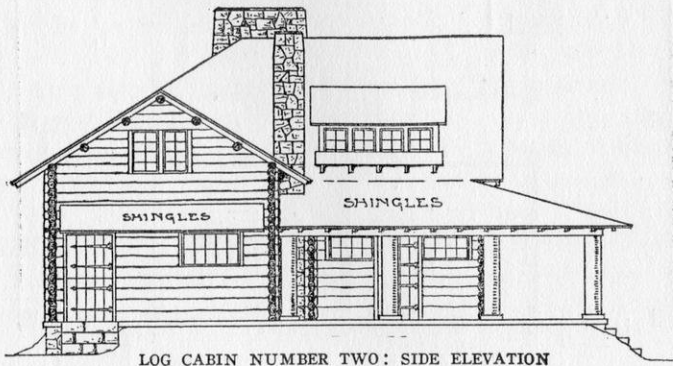
THREE CRAFTSMAN LOG HOUSES



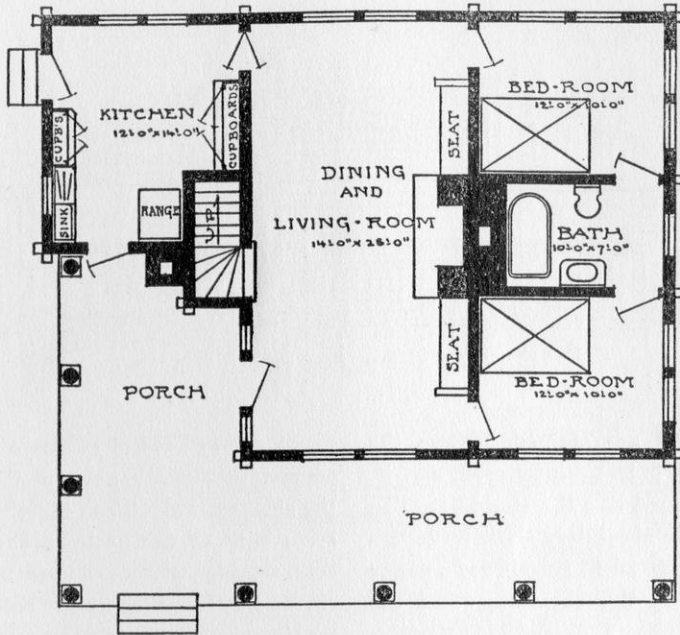
jointed, and with large strap hinges, are used for outside doors on all these houses.

THE third house is not built of logs, but of slabs nailed to the sheathing of the walls. These slabs are peeled like the logs, and stained as nearly as possible to the color of the bark. Naturally, they are of varying width, but are trimmed at the edges so that the joint is always of the same thickness, as in the log construction. While not actually as massive as the log houses, the slab house gives the same effect of primitive and rugged comfort, and is quite as warm and comfortable to live in, even through the wildest mountain storms.

It has the same low, broad proportions that appear in all this group of houses—the widely spreading shingled roof of shallow pitch, the porch columns of logs peeled and stained, but otherwise unfinished, and the foundation concealed under the terrace, which gives the house the effect of crouching closely to the earth. The construction, while not quite as decorative as that of the log houses, is nevertheless interesting. All the corners are turned with square, rough-hewn studs that form a part of the structure, and the second story rests upon a heavy, square beam of rough-hewn timber which runs entirely around the house and is supported in turn by the columns made



THREE CRAFTSMAN LOG HOUSES



LOG CABIN NUMBER TWO: FLOOR PLAN

from logs that are twelve to fourteen inches in diameter. The foundation and the chimneys are of split stone, and the porch floors of red cement like those described in the other houses.

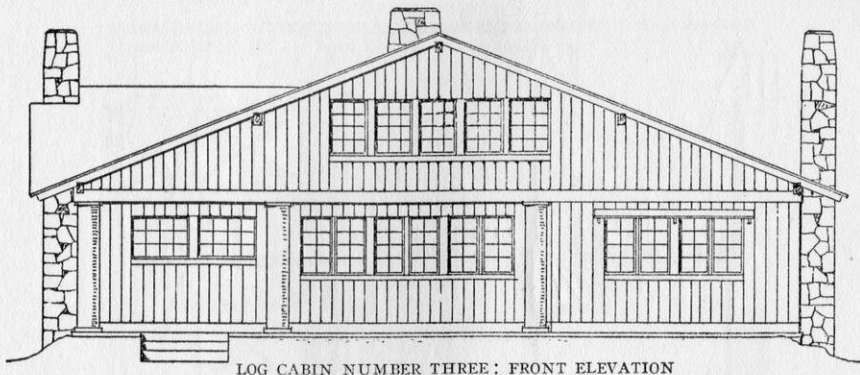
All the windows which are exposed to the weather have the shelter of a small hood, which is merely a rough board supported by small brackets. One precaution should be taken to prevent decay of the slabs where the ends connect with the beam at the front and rear. The ends of the slabs should be painted and raised from the beam sufficiently to allow drying out, and a narrow strip of tin should be inserted between the slabs and the beam so that it will afford the necessary protection at the point of contact and yet remain invisible. As in the log houses,

no window casings are used, only soffits, jambs, and sills of two-inch plank, and the windows are all casements with square mullioned lights.

In this house the porches are recessed, giving more room for sleeping accommodations and storage in the second story. The front porch serves all purposes of an outdoor living-room, and that in the rear is intended for use as a dining-porch whenever the weather permits. As in the other houses, Dutch doors, V-jointed and with long strap hinges, are used.

The living-room, which occupies most of the interior of this house, is indescribably homely and inviting. Every feature of the construction is frankly revealed, and this forms the chief element of decoration. All studding and braces are left

THREE CRAFTSMAN LOG HOUSES

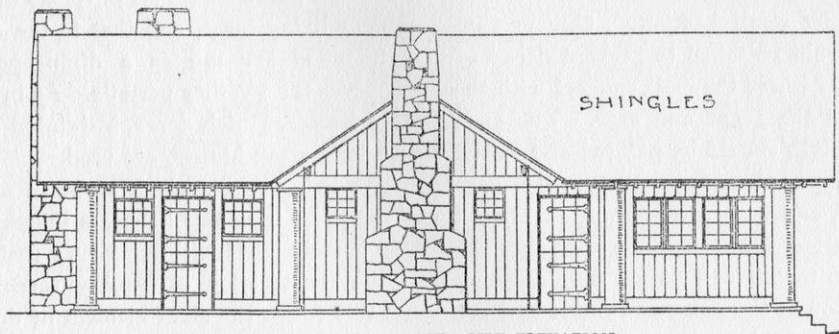


LOG CABIN NUMBER THREE: FRONT ELEVATION

uncovered, and are stained brown; the sheathing also is left unplastered, and is, of course, stained like the studding. The walls are made absolutely tight by layers of waterproof and germproof paper placed between the sheathing and the slabs.

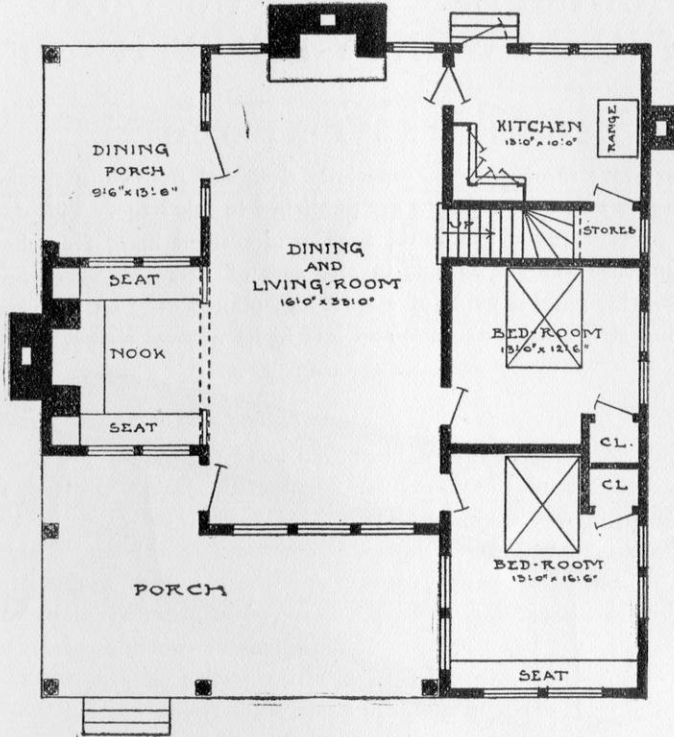
There are two fireplaces in this big room, one at the end which is used for a dining-room in cold or stormy weather and which is entered by a door from the dining-porch, and one in the deep nook that divides the porches and forms the most inviting feature in the living-room. This nook is the center of comfort and restfulness for the whole house. The big

fireplace of split stone occupies, of course, the larger part of the end, and the side walls are taken up with two large seats built of the peeled slabs and made comfortable with cushions and pillows covered with canvas in any color that harmonizes or contrasts pleasantly with the warm brown of the wood. Above the seats are double casements set high in the wall and overlooking the porch, and single casements, set at the same height, appear on either side of the mantel breast. Below these windows are bookshelves built on a line with, and made a part of, the mantel shelf, for above the mantel the chimney breast is made nar-



LOG CABIN NUMBER THREE: SIDE ELEVATION

THREE CRAFTSMAN LOG HOUSES



LOG CABIN NUMBER THREE: FLOOR PLAN

rower and shallower than below, allowing the shelves to merge into one. Below the bookshelf on either side is a small cupboard, made like the Dutch doors with V-jointed boards and strap hinges. Quite a respectable amount of storage room is furnished in this nook, for the tops of the seats lift, giving access to the ample spaces below. The nook has no ceiling, but extends up into a gable, with no par-

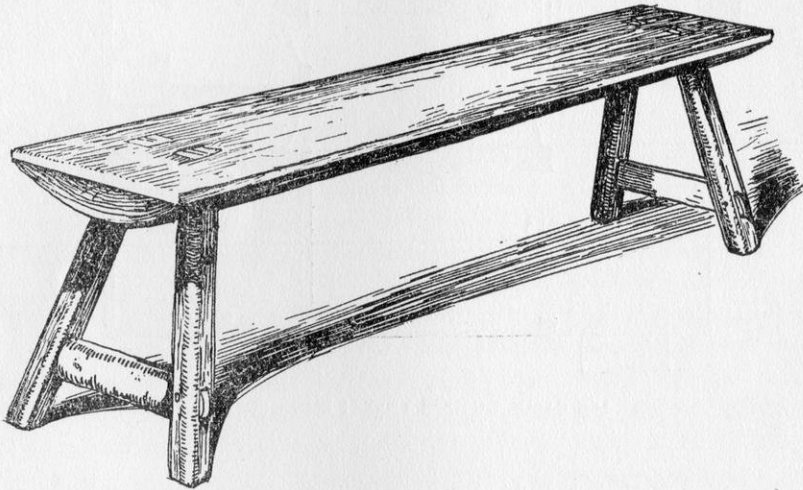
tition other than a railing between it and the attic.

Extending along the side of the house are two bedrooms and the kitchen, with the staircase leading to the upper story. There is plenty of closet room for the lower part of the house, and the upper part is, of course, subject to any arrangement or division that may be found convenient.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK: PRACTICAL EXAMPLES IN STRUCTURAL WOOD WORKING: TWENTY-FOURTH OF THE SERIES

RUSTIC BENCH FOR LOG CABIN

THE furniture shown here is especially designed for use in the log cabins of which plans and descriptions are published in this issue. This does not, however, prevent rustic furniture, such as described here, from being entirely suitable for any use indoors or out, in any sort of primitive surroundings. The bench shown on this page is made of a split log, planed only on the upper side, the under side being stripped of its bark and left in its natural shape, giving a decorative

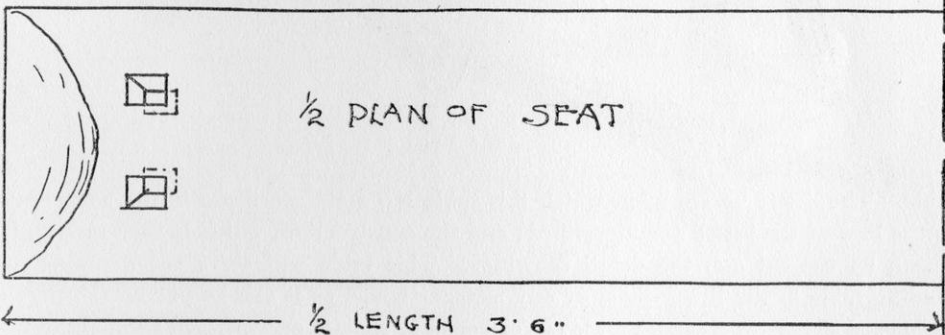
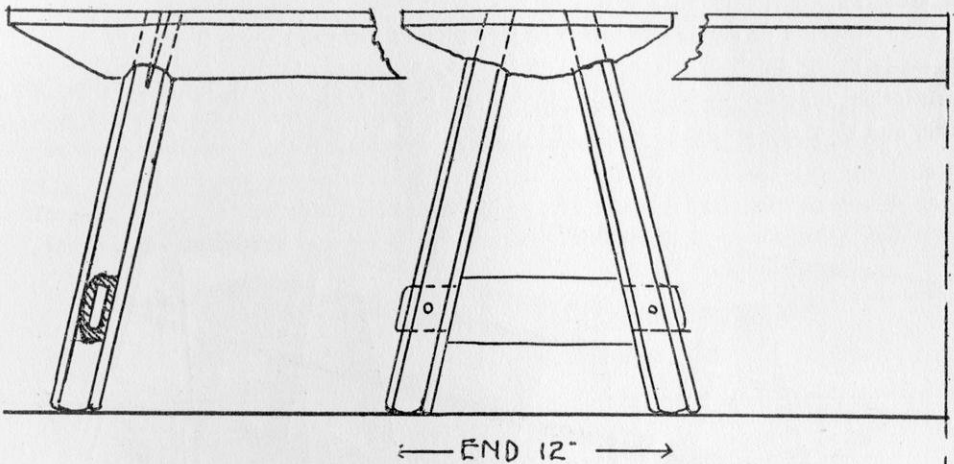


and decorative structural effect, especially at the ends. It is a stout bench, so constructed that it will stand the roughest usage and last for a lifetime. No wind or rain or sun will harm it, and it is especially suitable for camp life, where chairs seem out of place. One especially interesting feature of this bench is the treatment of the logs, which are hewn or planed at four angles, leaving both the round surface and the wane, so that the post has in it some of the irregularity of the trunk of the growing tree. This bench, like all the furniture shown here, is to be stained as described in the article on log houses, and is meant to be used with the table, which is our next model, as benches around the dining table seem much more appropriate for camp use than chairs.

MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR BENCH.

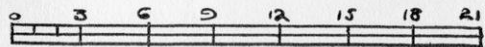
Pieces.	No.	Long.	Diam.
Seat	1	96 in.	17 in.
Legs	4	20 in.	2½ in.
Stretchers	2	14 in.	4 in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



ENLARGED PLAN SECTION OF LEG

SCALE OF INCHES



DESIGN FOR A BENCH

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

A TABLE SET ON RUSTIC HORSES

THIS table shows the same general features as the bench just described, and its great convenience is that it can be taken to pieces and used anywhere, indoors or out. The top is in two pieces; the wide thick planks of which it is made being finished as carefully as for any well-made table. These table boards are locked together underneath, so that there is no danger of their parting when in use, and they can easily be taken apart when it is necessary to move or set aside the

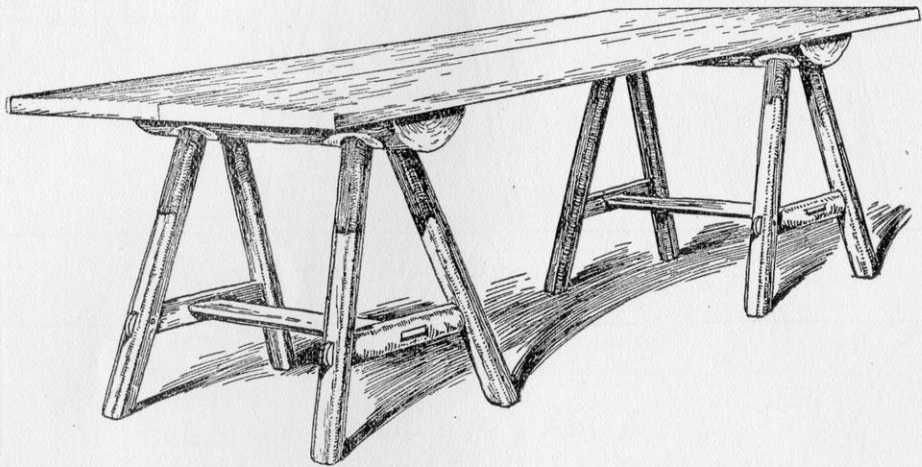
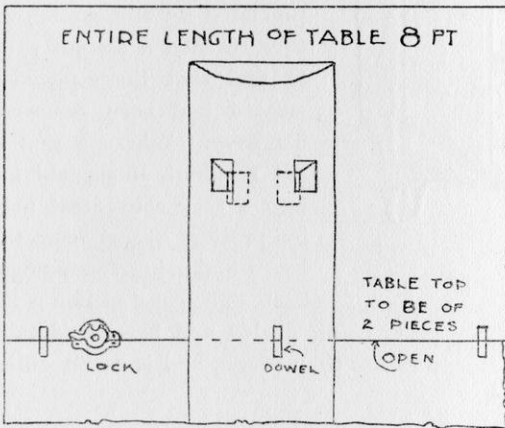
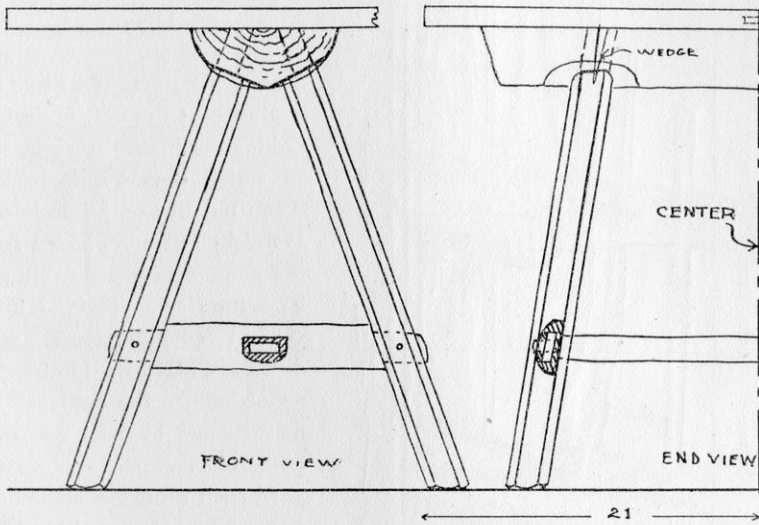


table. The rustic horses upon which this table top rests are made in the same way as the legs of the bench just described; and the construction, which is very strong, is shown by the cut and the detail drawings. This table will serve for a dining or reading table in the living-room of any summer home, or it can be put on the porch to be used either for a dining table or for books or glasses or work—in fact, anything for which a table is ordinarily used. Its style, like that of the bench, is in absolute harmony with the primitiveness of such a summer home as we describe in the article on log cabins, and yet it is by no means so rough as to be either crude in effect or uncomfortable to use.

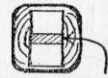
MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR SAW-HORSE TABLE.

Pieces	No.	Long.	Diam.
Top	2	21 in. wide by 96 in. long.	
Legs	8	32 in.	2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Body	1	36 in.	9 in.
Stretchers	4	20 in.	4 in.
Stretchers	2	30 in.	4 in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

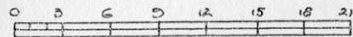


~ ENLARGED
PLAN-SECTION ~
~ OF LEG ~



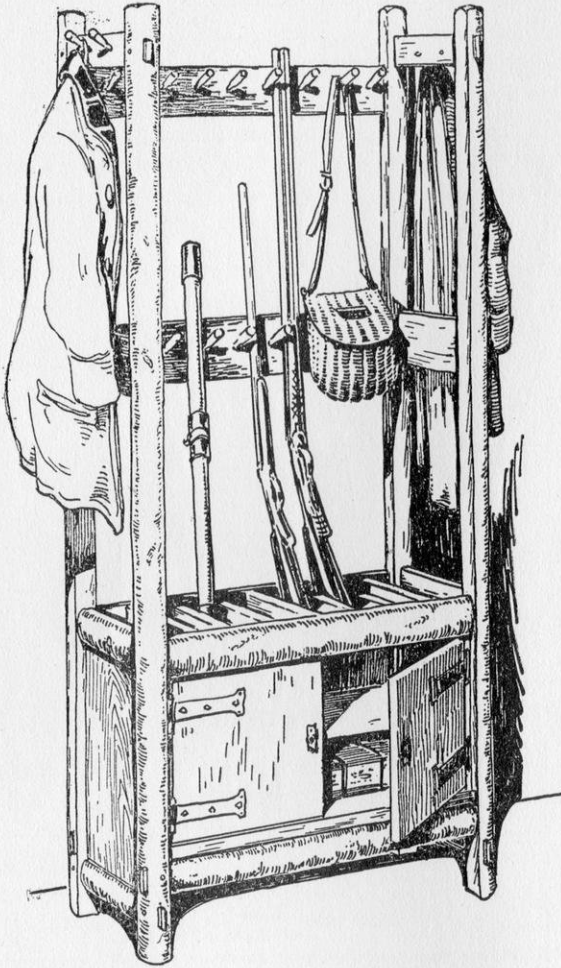
~ DESIGN
~ FOR A ~
SAW-HORSE
~ TABLE

SCALE OF INCHES



HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK

A CRAFTSMAN RUSTIC GUN AND ROD RACK



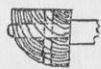
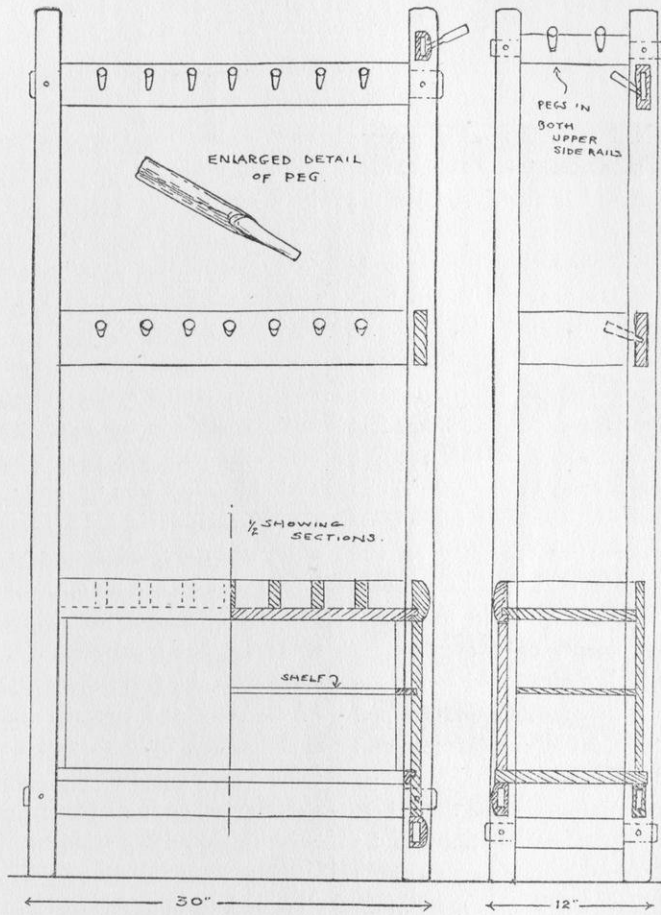
THE gun rack shown here can easily be made by any one used to handling tools, and in a summer camp in woods or mountains it will be found a boon to any sportsman. The upper part, as will be seen by a glance at the cut, is designed to hold guns in the upright position in which they ought to be kept when not in use. The lower part is finished as a cupboard for holding ammunition and fishing tackle. The interior is divided into convenient compartments, and the doors are fitted with flat-key locks, which secure the contents against disturbance by any one of those numerous campers who seem to regard such things as common property. The value of this will be appreciated by any angler who has ever reached a distant pool, only to find that the especial fly he wanted had been removed from his book. Where a gun rack is not required, this could be made into a very convenient hall rack, by putting a seat over the cupboard and using fewer pegs at the back. The construction is like that

of the other furniture shown, all the posts being peeled and hewn and the whole piece stained. It is primitive and sturdy rather than rough, and is as carefully made as any highly finished cabinet work.

MILL BILL OF STOCK FOR GUN AND ROD RACK.

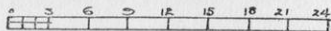
Pieces.	No.	Long.	Wide.	Thick.
Doors	2	14 in.	12 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Sides	2	16 in.	12 in.	$\frac{7}{8}$ in.
Back	1	30 in.	16 in.	$\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Shelf	1	30 in.	10 in.	$\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Bottoms	2	30 in.	11 in.	1 in.

HOME TRAINING IN CABINET WORK



ENLARGED SECTION OF POST AND RAIL

SCALE OF INCHES



DESIGN FOR A
RUSTIC GUN
AND ROD RACK

Partitions	7	10 in.	2½ in.	7/8 in.
Back rail	1	32 in.	4 in.	1¼ in.
Back rail	1	32 in.	3 in.	1¼ in.
Back rail	1	32 in.	2½ in.	1 in.
Side rails	2	12 in.	4 in.	1¼ in.
Side rails	2	14 in.	3 in.	1¼ in.
Side rails	4	14 in.	4½ in.	Diam.
Front rails	2	32 in.	4½ in.	Diam.
Posts	4	68 in.	5 in.	Diam.
Pegs	18	4½ in.	¾ in.	Diam.

ALS IK KAN

GOVERNMENT that shall secure to all men equal rights and opportunities has for ages been the great dream of mankind, and yet, if history tells the truth, the most insurmountable obstacle in the way of its realization at all times has been the indifference or timidity of the many, which has given rise to the aggressiveness of the strong and unscrupulous few. And nowhere has the repetition of history in this respect been more marked than in our own country and our own time. That there now seems to be a growing tendency on the part of the people at large to interest themselves to some purpose in the cause of decent government, only emphasizes the extent to which a clean and sound republican Constitution may be undermined by the combined effect of carelessness and supineness on the one hand, and of energy and unscrupulousness on the other.

Politics is everywhere admitted to be the most intricate of games, but nowhere in the world are its intricacies more puzzling to the uninitiated than in this country of simple republican institutions, where the deft framing and passing of laws made by politicians in the interests of powerful and conscienceless capitalists, for the protection of political grafters, and for the purpose of giving plenty of business to the lawyers who make fortunes by interpreting them to the best advantage of the man who pays the most, has given rise to a general belief that the politician who succeeds must necessarily be devoid alike of honor, conscience, patriotism and even the most rudimentary conception of fair play. The cynicism

which has grown out of this belief that every man has his price and that the most honest and well-intentioned legislator is subject to corruption if it appear in a sufficiently subtle and fair-seeming way, has done much to intensify the evils that attend the greater part of American legislation, for, with the fixed idea—which has become almost a national idea—that political success and dishonesty are practically synonymous, and that it is impossible in the long run to cope successfully with the past masters of graft and chicanery who have the game at their finger-ends, it is hard to induce honest, able, disinterested men to enter political life, great as are its opportunities and its rewards. Scores of honest and well-meaning, but inexperienced, men run for office with the full intention, when elected, of keeping the promises made to their constituents, only to fall before temptations which come in the fair guise of opportunities, or to find their hands tied fast because they have tried to play the game without knowing the rules, but the men who add to honesty and zeal the experience and ability to win seldom find politics worth their while.

Yet not a man among these would think of neglecting his business and allowing himself to be robbed because he knew and accepted the fact that the majority of his employees were dishonest. Any man so culpably blind to his own interests and to the interests of the business community would be deemed worthy of nothing but ignominious failure in every enterprise he might undertake. Nevertheless it seems to be a fact that men who would be humiliated past bearing by the accusation that they were al-

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

lowing their business to languish by reason of their own indifference to the methods by which it was carried on, shrug their shoulders when the business of government is discussed, and say that they value their time and their reputation too much to meddle with politics. It is another evidence of the truth of that terse old saying: What is everybody's business is nobody's business.

The fact that government seems to be the business of nobody but the politician may serve to explain that other bewildering fact that no one seems to consider it necessary to suggest that it might be of considerable advantage to the country at large and to the preservation of our cherished republican institutions if the affairs of government were carried on according to ordinary business principles, of demanding honesty and efficiency from its employees, and insisting that a reasonable amount of economy be observed as to public expenses, and that good judgment and fair dealing be exercised in the conduct of public enterprises and in the business of legislation. As our government is supposed to be by the people as well as for the people, it follows that the only possibility of reform lies with the people, not the men who go to the Legislature or the Senate, or the machine politicians to whose behests most of them bow sooner or later, but the people who have put all these men into power and who could as surely compel the right use of that power if they chose to take the trouble to do so, instead of voting as they are told to by the party boss and the "spell-binders," and then relieving their natural discontent at the result by reading the "exposés" in the yellow journals.

Taking their cue from the utterances of these publications, dozens of so-called reformers have rushed into the ring, appealing to the people for office with loud protestations of what they will do toward spoiling the Egyptians and benefiting the public when once they are settled in the driver's seat, but to most of these the main inducement to enter politics is the possibility of a central position in the full glare of the lime-light, and of all ambitions this is the one most easily dealt with by the astute party boss, who is more than willing that the reformer and the people should be amused by the appearance of reform, provided the real extent of it is kept strictly under control. Widely heralded "investigations" that discreetly stop just short of the real source of the abuse render excellent service as party ammunition and are warmly encouraged, provided they can be kept well in hand by those most interested. And out of every hundred men who seek office as reformers, ninety-nine apparently are satisfied with the spectacular elements of reform that are so valuable in encouraging the rapid growth of a political career, and take care that the real work is done in such a way that the powers who can make or unmake at will are not too deeply offended.

But there is always the hundredth man, and once in a while he wins out through sheer force of honesty and independence. When this man comes to the front, there is apt to be investigation that probes to the bottom and reform that is noiseless but genuine. Moreover, a man who is honest and in earnest usually keeps in pretty close touch with the people, and if he does not see to it that their interests

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

are regarded and their wishes carried out so far as lies in his power, it is because he really regards government as a legitimate business and not as a gambling game, and so is sometimes outwitted by the professional gamblers whose livelihood is threatened by any success that he may achieve in the eyes of the people.

It is too soon yet to judge with the confidence that leads to a definite assertion, but the indications so far certainly point to Charles Evans Hughes, Governor of the State of New York, as the hundredth man. Nominated because the politicians saw that it was absolutely necessary to throw a sop to the people in the shape of a candidate who inspired a fair measure of public confidence; elected with the aid of the best element in the Democratic party because the feeling was that the noisy and unscrupulous demagogue opposed to him was the most dangerous man in the political field to-day; "supported" by an administration composed entirely of members of an opposite political faith, and with the majority of the legislators of his own party absolutely opposed to the policy he has outlined, the position of Governor Hughes seems certainly to call for considerable astuteness and also staying power if he is not to be added to the long list of campaign reformers whose fluent promises before election fall lamentably far short of performance afterward. It was one hopeful feature of his campaign that the promises he made to the people were forceful and practical rather than fluent, and the contrast of his dispassionate statements of fact with the wild vituperation indulged in by his opponent did much to strengthen public confidence in his honesty and capability;

yet people are so accustomed to discounting the value of campaign promises that as yet they can hardly believe it possible that apparently he has freed himself already from the control of the politicians who nominated him as a last resort to save the Republican party in New York State, and is actually doing what they told him to say he would do.

More than that, he seems to be applying honest and practical business methods to the work of carrying on the government. What he thought of the political machine was clearly shown in his inaugural message, which was brief and straightforward, very much to the point, and covered in an unostentatious way the whole ground of immediately necessary reform, with absolute disregard of the interests of the most powerful politicians. His next move was one natural to a good business man who had taken charge of a new and very important enterprise. He directed the Comptroller to supply him with statistics regarding the "special fees" paid to the legislators for legal work, made material reductions in the lump sums allowed for "expenses," and demanded itemized accounts of personal expenditures charged to the government. What had seemed inexhaustible wellsprings of graft were dried up on every side by these and other measures, which were followed by certain rulings that obliged his subordinates to get down to business and make some definite showing of the work they were supposed to do. Another significant innovation was his abandonment of the private rooms in which "business" advantageous to both sides had been transacted between his predecessors and the powers that ruled

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

the political destinies of the State, and the establishment of his headquarters in the large outer room, where he received all visitors in full view and where it is exceedingly difficult for anyone to get "next" to any appreciable extent.

When the Senate sought to tie his hands by arranging all the Senate Committees so that the Hughes men were shelved and all the important chairmanships safe in the hands of open or covert opponents of the Governor's policy, the character of the man as well as his appreciation of the real key to the whole situation was shown in the brief warning he gave of his line of defense. His sole comment on the arrangement of the Senate Committees was: "The only strength that I or my administration have is the confidence of the people of this State, and, in any difficulty that may arise, to the people of this State I propose to appeal." It was also characteristic that he afterward refused to acknowledge that this was a reply to the overt challenge just given, for he stated to the eager newspaper reporters who swarmed around him, expecting a sensation, that this remark was entirely general in its meaning, as he had been assured of the support and co-operation of all the legislators who had visited him.

The *coup d'etat* by means of which Governor Hughes gained control of the situation by means of the Department of Public Works is already ancient history, but it serves to show that, as the best way to outwit a diplomat is to tell him the truth, so the best way to outwit a politician is to be oblivious of apparent self-interest and to pay no attention to the traditional rules of the political game.

Also, it shows the advantage of sound business methods when applied to government.

But it is not on account of this brilliant and successful stroke that the people of New York State hope so much from the administration of Governor Hughes. It is because he has the order of mind that takes the straightest and shortest cut toward the thing he wants to do, and does it while his wily opponents are taking counsel as to secret and devious ways of circumventing him. And he does it without sound of trumpets and with absolutely no attempt to play to the gallery. He did not announce to the press and the people that he considered the fat sums received by legislators for "legal work" were, in his opinion, nothing more or less than bribes and that he meant to begin his administration by stopping the practice; he simply directed the Comptroller to bring him the statistics concerning special fees. When the Senate lined up against him, he gave out no long interviews announcing that, in spite of obstacles, he would do or die in the cause of clean government; he simply made one appointment that placed all patronage within his own control. He makes no sensational appeal to public sentiment, but merely indicates that he takes it for granted that an administration carried on frankly and openly in the best interests of the people must necessarily have the backing of public sentiment, and that he is at liberty to call upon it directly should the occasion arise which would compel him to do so. He refuses to take the word of the strongest political powers in the country concerning the wisdom of selecting certain men for his subordinates, but tells

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

them politely that, while he has for them the highest personal esteem, he must use his own judgment. His independence, and his habit of getting to the bottom of any proposition that is presented to him, is backed up by the fact that he shows many evidences of having tolerably sound judgment to use, and that he is reasonably sure of the success of any experiment that he decided to try. He takes no trouble to pose as a reformer or a philanthropist, but he is giving a notable example of the ease with which a government may be carried on in the interests of the people by the simple method of keeping in direct touch with the people. In fact, his whole policy seems to be summed up in one paragraph of a speech recently made by him at Rochester, where, among many other significant things touching special problems, he said:

“The people want representatives who are responsive to public sentiment. They want men who do not attempt to serve two masters and who do not place between the lines of their oath of office the promise of a different allegiance. The strength of any party in the public confidence will depend largely upon its sympathy with this wholesome sentiment and upon its ability to establish the popular conviction that it has a code of honor which requires of its members who may attain official position unswerving fidelity to the State. This involves and the people demand—it would be difficult to find anything to which they attach greater importance—that administration shall be wholly impartial. In the even justice of administrative action government must

know neither rich nor poor, neither strong nor weak, neither friend nor foe, save as each receives due consideration according to the law of the land and the merits of each case. Let me add that the business man who strives to get a ‘pull’ is no better than the faithless officer who permits himself to be ‘pulled.’ As we consider the present situation, what greater contribution can be made to the security of honorable business in our great State than by so conducting ourselves that we shall convince the people that, whatever the political relations of chiefs and deputies, there is no department where official discretion is used to pay political debts, or the door to which can be opened with a private key?”

With this sort of political creed, especially if it happens to be backed up by consistent action throughout his administration, the example of a reformer of the Hughes kind bids fair to be far-reaching. He was chosen by politicians through fear of the people, and it rests with the people to compel the choice of a few more such men. If they care to take the trouble to do so, the dream of a government that shall be, not for the advantage of a privileged few, but for the benefit of all the people, may yet be realized, and that at no distant date. All that is needed is for the people to decide for themselves what man shall represent them in carrying on the business of government, instead of taking the word of the politicians as to the desirability of some plausible and obedient juggler with laws whose only notion of public honor and responsibility is the payment of political debts.



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"DOUBT" (SCHUMANN)
BY PAMELA COLMAN SMITH



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"QUEEN OF THE TIDES"
BY PAMELA COLMAN SMITH

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

NOTES

THE great need in American art just now seems to be imagination.

Our artists are becoming extraordinarily good painters. They are developing a free, generous technique without whimsicality or impertinence, as often happens on the Continent, where novelty without bigness wins so much applause. Our landscape men in expression and methods of handling color are equaling the best; our portrait painters are daily growing into work that no longer permits Sargent and Whistler to seem alone at a large exhibit.

But where indeed shall we look for the work done at white heat, with imagination forcing it from brain to canvas with relentless power, without reference to tradition or foreign standards? How often do you see a picture that thrills you with the tremendous sweep of the artist's feeling and insight? How many American artists are painting the big natural and materialist forces that are battling in a new civilization? Or how many are drifting out into dreamland and seeing visions and speaking as prophets in strange symbols?

We have been so long afraid, so long imitative in art, that we seem for the time to have lost the power to see beyond the usual, to use imagination, or to understand the use of it. We are even at first rather suspicious of the use of it.

And so it has taken us eight years or more to see in the small paintings and drawings of Pamela Colman Smith anything more than an erratic mind, unappreciative of the traditions of the Latin Quarter and Munich, and usually the

few who went to see her work, but scoffed or yawned. But Miss Smith continued to paint fluently the visions she saw. The obvious world did not exist for her; but in sea and air, in water, on high mountain top, through deep valleys, out of the mystery and thrill of great music she found inspiration beyond her time to use.

Every great emotion threaded through her soul into lines on small canvases, every enchantment of sound, every unsolved splendor of nature pressed upon her, wrenched her mind until her brush had worked the expressions of inspiration which were exhibited in New York in January at the Secession Gallery, through the appreciative kindness of Albert Stieglitz.

Mr. Stieglitz frankly confessed that when Miss Smith dropped in one day at the galleries, he did not know her name; but, being an artist, he did know what imagination meant. The exhibit, which was to have lasted a week, was extended ten days and thronged with visitors, and I understand that fully one-half the main collection was sold, while nearly all of the most significant magazines purchased the right for reproduction of one or several drawings. The collection of Shakespeare drawings could have been sold individually twice over, but Miss Smith feels that the value of these paintings is enhanced as a collection, and is only willing to part with them as a whole.

The first few days of the exhibit, the galleries were visited by few but reporters and an occasional friend or art lover, and then some one said "Blake" and "Beardsley," and it became known that Miss

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

Smith (a Massachusetts girl) was living in London, that Whistler had once said of her, "She does not know how to draw or paint, and she does not need to do either." And Yeats, too (whom we used for a few weeks' fad in America, scarcely knowing his greatness) had praised her, and then the galleries were crowded, and among the many were some few who really cared and felt that at last the veil of tradition was being lifted from art, that it had been given this girl to see far and speak eloquently; for these tiny canvases left one with a sense of living among vast mountains, at the edge of shoreless oceans, in the heart of wild cadences, and close to the profound sorrow and pain and madness of all ages.

A strange riotous imagination dominates all her work, not fancy so much as an unknown, overwhelming, compelling force that would have its say without delay, without much regard to ways and means, the means at times seeming almost confused, or at least unconsidered, as if the hurry of inspiration had been too great and had twisted and crowded the method in its fantastic course.

Miss Smith herself can not tell you why she has used blue on one painting and red on another and pale tints for another. It is so these things were when "she saw them." She is not working out conscious symbolism in either color or composition; but all the world is alive to her. The waves are strange human shapes, trailing forms of women with loose locks, and the hills and mountains are strange, mighty eternal figures, looking out over the world with mysterious eyes set under majestic brows.

If you look at the creation of this wild

fancy with imagination, you are stirred, thrilled, and you grow little by little to understand, you wake to the wonder of that other vast country not seen with busy, commercial American eyes.

It is an interesting comment that while the mention of William Blake in connection with Pamela Smith's work did much to stimulate the artistic public to interest and enjoyment, it is a matter of fact that many of the paintings exhibited had been done before she had ever seen a drawing of Blake's; all the Shakespeare drawings were done prior to her knowledge of Blake and other significant imaginative work as well, more than enough to establish her powerful originality; although she is to-day, as are all real artists, a great admirer and champion of Blake.

Beardsley is another source to which her inspiration has been attributed, or possibly her methods of work rather than inspiration, but as a matter of record, she has studied Beardsley's work no more than that of any other man who has thought, and the mechanical process of drawing is to her more or less a sub-conscious effort. She thinks no more of her brush or pencil in work than one would of how to walk in starting out to reach a destination. It is because of this, perhaps, that she has been accused of being "naively crude," of possessing a means not great enough for the end, "of lack of mastery." Perhaps!

But what is, after all, the first great requisite in art, the heart that makes it alive? If describable, it is imagination, fancy, the gift of seeing visions. Then let us thankfully accept it, when on occasion it is granted to us. There are many

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

"finished" products all about us to which we may devote our dull moments; surely the critic can spare us Pamela Smith for our day-dreams.

THERE was some exceptional portrait painting at the Knoedler galleries in the early part of February. Mr. Wilhelm Funk exhibited fourteen portraits of men, women, and children.

It was the first time I have had the good fortune to see any number of Mr. Funk's canvases grouped together, and I was struck at once by the extraordinary effect of brilliancy of tone, which did not seem to come from the color used, but from the handling of the brush. This same incisive brush work also gave a sense of sureness in the worker, of having mastered his art—not self-satisfaction, but fearlessness.

Naturally, the pictures vary in excellence, as the subjects in interest. One, number ten, seemed almost amateurish; but, as a whole, there was a compelling interest.

Number one, a "Village Beauty," is one of the most exquisitely sympathetic paintings of a little peasant girl. She is sitting indolently out in the sunshine. She does not even know she is indolent, she sees no hurry, nor feels none; but she likes sunlight, and understands relaxed contentment, even her little smock sags at the chubby shoulders; her eyes meet yours with utter friendliness, and you feel and love all the quality of her tiny person. I am not quite sure but her curls are tangled, and maybe her rose tinted face is a little dirty; but she does not care, and neither do you.

Another child portrait, "Little Mas-

ter Roberts," is charmingly handled, full of color and such sprightly youth, and there is the beginning of the dearest friendly old hound in the foreground.

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder is made picturesque in golf togs, and looks most interesting and friendly about the eyes, which are beautifully painted. And one unnumbered portrait is a Sargent-like study of a rich man. Certain types of commercial men must be marvelously self-absorbed to complacently face the sort of analysis that a really big painter indulges in, or does unconsciously, as Sargent claims is his case.

The portrait of Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins is most graciously done. The color, brightness of nature, the wide kindness of the sitter are all revealed, and much sweetness of expression and coloring as well.

Captain Try-Davies, finely painted, was there, and a most striking portrait of Sir Casper Purdon Clarke.

THE first impression of the Twenty-second Annual Exhibition of the Architectural League is of color, strength, and individuality. On careful examination one realizes that this impression does not hold good in all instances; but that the average of good work is exceptionally high, and that in some instances there is brilliant individual achievement. Of this, oddly enough, there is less in the architectural rooms than in the exhibits of mural and interior decorations.

Of the building of houses and offices and churches there is no end, yet little of national significance. Foreign ideals of architecture still largely prevail, and so the question is not how well have we

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

thought and planned our buildings, but how cleverly have we imitated and adapted from other nations.

There are exceptions to this rule, the most notable is the work hung by Myron Hunt and Elmer Gray, of Los Angeles. Among other things of conspicuous originality, they exhibit three houses, which are distinctively houses thought out for the soil, the people, and the climate of the West. They are beautiful in proportion and balance, closely identified with the character of the land, and planned for comfort and convenience—real homes for democratic people of intelligence, taste, and fair means, the ideal American house, and the gardens of these houses are full of a sense of seclusion and peace as well as of a fine decorative quality.

A charming new-old house, which is at least modeled after our own early simple way of building, is "The House of Bartram, the Botanist," by Jonathan Ring, of New York. The sketch hung is a delightful bit of pen and ink work, with a Japanese treatment of vines, shrubs, and shadowy doorways.

"Sketch of a House at Croton," by Reed and Stem, New York, is another building that, in the picture at least, is built to suit the lie of the land, and shows a simplicity of construction that is pleasant and homelike. The most individual of the public buildings shown is the new chapel of St. Paul, which was presented at some length in the February CRAFTSMAN.

Of the mural decorations, the palm must be given to Howard Pyle's brilliant stretch of canvas—a "Decoration for the Essex County Court House, Newark, N. J." The subject is the "Landing of

Carteret." The color is used with vividness and fine contrast, the character drawing of Royalists and Dutch farmers is most convincing. It is significant historically, artistically, and individually. It is also a pleasure to see American history in an American public building, instead of Greek mythology or Roman politics.

Albert Herter has three exquisitely satirical panels of the condition of modern painting, sculpture, and architecture—showing the degeneration of the arts under the influence of wealth. It is good painting of a bitter truth. E. W. Deming shows four wall decorations—the best "The Challenge," a moose panel with nice handling of moonlight effects. J. M. Gleeson exhibits four most interesting illustrations from the *Jungle Book*, with excellent animal technique and a fine, sympathetic understanding of fairy-book land.

The sculpture exhibit, as has been the case all through the season, is markedly interesting and distinctly national in spirit, with the American sense of humor, ready sympathy, and honesty of purpose.

Some very interesting work in faience is shown by F. G. R. Roth—a polar bear, a panther, and a bunch of elephants. The action is fine, and the racial eccentricity of each animal is most vividly shown. But two colors are used, the animal and the background; the qualities of motion and personality are all in the modeling.

For the April number it is our purpose to present more fully—and illustrated—accounts of the exhibited work of Howard Pyle, Albert Herter, Hunt, and Gray, the animal tiles of Roth and other significant features of the exhibit.

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

THE report of the annual meeting of the American Forestry Association, held at Washington in January, makes a very good showing of progress in the work of preserving our existing forests and taking adequate measures for the reforestation of large tracts of land which have been stripped by reckless over-consumption, and also by devastating forest fires. It was shown that the last year has been the most noteworthy in the entire history of the forest movement in this country, and that the American Forestry Association has materially increased in members, financial strength, and general activity. Not only is the central movement gaining strength, but individual states are taking up the work with apparently a growing understanding of its importance.

The need of this action on the part of the states was very clearly stated by the Secretary of Agriculture, who is president of the National Forestry Association. He stated the great necessity of individual states working for themselves in the matter of preserving and restoring the forests within their borders, and deprecated their looking so much to the Federal Government to have everything done that is done along lines of this kind. He stated it as his opinion that it would be very difficult to get an appropriation for the White Mountain Forest Reserve that is being so strongly advocated just now, or for the Appalachian Range either, unless the states most interested were willing to work harder to attain these desired ends.

Secretary Wilson outlined the general situation as follows: "We have something like one hundred millions of acres

in forest reserve, and possibly forty or fifty million acres more to be devoted by the Federal Government to the purpose of growing trees against the time of need. Most of our reserves are in the far West, and the wood that may be had from them in coming years will be needed, most of it, beyond the Missouri; much will be used on the far Pacific Coast, leaving great demands of the country east of the Missouri River unsatisfied. I do not think our people are generally aware of the rapidity with which we are overtaking our wood supply. The industries of the country are beginning to feel it; those who buy wood of any kind are compelled to pay much higher prices for all kinds.

. . . We who have immediate charge of the Federal forests have problems that have never presented themselves before to foresters anywhere. You can plant a seed and grow a tree and take a spade and dig it up, and plant it again, and that tree will grow; that has been done. We need not only to plant the trees, and acres of trees, and thousands of acres of trees, but we must ascertain how to plant one hundred thousand acres of trees every year. It would take ten years to plant one million acres, and even at that rate, we would not be increasing this forest of ours fast enough. . . . Where to plant trees and what trees to plant is another great problem. We are coming to the time, in the lifetime of men before me, when we will have to send all over the world to bring woods to us, because we are destroying them just as fast as we can destroy them. I think I may say, however, that valuable progress is being made along the lines of economy in the uses of our wood, and in the appli-

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

cation of soft woods to uses confined heretofore to hard woods."

As if in answer to what was said by the Secretary of Agriculture, came most encouraging reports from the score of states which have forest officers, and where efficient fire patrol is being very generally maintained, and large tracts are planted annually in the restoration of denuded areas. The planting of the open spaces in the reserves—a large task—has been begun in the establishment of six large planting stations in Nebraska, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, and Southern California, where about five and one-half millions of seedlings are growing. Two more large stations are projected, and plans have been made for the establishment in the spring, under the care of forest rangers, of one hundred or more smaller nurseries to secure stock for local planting. One thousand acres are to be planted to trees on the reserves during the coming year.

It is hopeful to see that there is a tendency, on the part of the consumers, to study the requirements and adaptability of woods for specific uses, thus promising a saving in the substitution of new woods. Further economy has been made possible by the use of sound dead and down timber on the various reserves. Logs are being cut farther into the tops of the trees, and more and more is full utilization being secured through care in sawing and the manufacture of by-products. This is a source of great hope for the future, especially as the lumbermen and the Forest Service are being brought into closer touch all the time.

The crying need of the Forest Service just now is for more men. With the

one hundred million and more acres in forest reserves, there are only about six hundred forest rangers and about ninety forest supervisors; that is to say, a force of about seven hundred men for an area, which, if it were managed as it would be managed in Prussia, for example, would call for something over fifteen thousand forest supervisors and about one hundred and seventeen thousand forest guards. The work is going forward as rapidly as possible under the circumstances, and the area of forest fires has been remarkably reduced, considering the scant number of men employed in the patrol; but a very much more thorough equipment seems to be required before the Forest Service can be made effective enough to enable the United States to preserve her forests as thoroughly as it is done in other countries.

REVIEWS

A DELIGHTFUL book for artists and for students who like to trace out the byways of history is "The Golden Days of the Renaissance in Rome," by Rodolfo Lanciani, author of three or four interesting books on his native city. The book is written in a charming, because rather discursive, way, in which all sorts of side lights and bits of personality go to make up the picture of the times. The first chapter is devoted to Rome itself, and the mode of living in the city that prevailed during the dark days before the return of the Pope from Avignon, and during the bright days of literary and artistic revival which followed. The personality of the Popes, of the great nobles, and

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

of the artists who made up what was known as the Italian Renaissance, is made vivid and convincing by pages of picturesque description and anecdotes that show salient characteristics better than any record of fact. A whole chapter is devoted to Michelangelo, another to Vittoria Colonna, and another to Raphael; and one of the most interesting chapters in the book is that which tells the story of Agostino Chigi, "Il magnifico." The book is amply illustrated with engravings of famous architectural features of Rome, reproductions of some of the most significant works of art, and glimpses of the city as it was at the time of which the author writes. The book is handsomely printed and bound, and would make an invaluable addition to the library of any one who cares for books of either art or history. ("The Golden Days of the Renaissance in Rome," by Rodolfo Lanciani. 340 pages. Illustrated. Price, \$5.00, net. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston and New York.)

A BOOK on porcelain that would prove most valuable for reference in the library of any connoisseur is "The First Century of English Porcelain," by W. Moore Binns, at one time art director of the Royal Porcelain Works at Worcester. Mr. Binns' book is the more useful because, as he says, he is a practical potter with artistic inclinations, who has had neither the leisure nor the means to enable him to aspire to the rank of a collector, and therefore has looked more at the practical and technical side of the subject than most writers who have dealt with it historically.

In the introductory chapter Mr. Binns deals in a technical way with the question of pastes, glazes, and colors, for the reason that it often becomes necessary for the collector to be able to read in the characteristics of his pieces those signs which to the experienced connoisseur are often plainer than the marks themselves—the tint and translucency of the body, the texture of the glaze, the colors used by the painter or decorator, or the style and character of the gilding. In the succeeding chapters the several varieties of English porcelain are fully described, both from a technical and a historical point of view, each chapter being fully illustrated with color plates of the best examples of each variety. To one learned in porcelains the book would be a mine of delight, and even to the layman it is most interesting. It is a large book, handsomely printed on heavy plate paper, and bound in a style that would entitle it to a position among the *editions de luxe*. ("The First Century of English Porcelain," by W. Moore Binns. Size, 9 by 12 inches. Illustrated with engravings and color plates. Imported by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

A VERY beautiful book of fine reproductions from the etchings and engravings of William Strang, A.R.A., has been imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. It shows about fifty illustrations of Mr. Strang's best-known etchings, engravings, and mezzotints, and gives an excellent idea of the wide range of this artist's strongly original and powerful work. Every sort of effect is shown, from the velvety tones of the mezzotint

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

and soft lines of the dry points, to effects as strong and rugged as any ever obtained by Dürer. His choice of subjects is wide, and some are not exactly pleasant; although if one can get beyond the shudder produced by such pictures as "The Dungeon," "The Slaughterhouse," and "The Dissecting Room," one sees that, considered as etchings, they are very remarkable pieces of work. On the other hand, there are some delightful studies of landscapes and some portraits that alone would be sufficient to make the artist famous. Of these, quite the most pleasing are portraits of J. B. Clark and William Sharp, both of which are extremely sketchy and most cleverly done. The portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, so well known from being printed in "Vailima Letters," is among the best, and there are several examples taken from the set of illustrations of Kipling's short stories. As a group of etchings, it is remarkably interesting, and to look through it is as satisfactory as going to a "one-man exhibition" of the first order. ("Etchings and Engravings of William Strang, A.R.A." Price, \$2.50. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

IN "The Heart That Knows" Charles G. D. Roberts has struck a deeper and truer vein of feeling than is usual with him when his stories deal with humankind. His people in this book are real and simple people who love and sin and suffer in a primitive way, and the author's sympathy with them is such that he forgets the artistic value of their emotions and his own attitude as a connoisseur of feeling and lets the story develop as it will. It is all about the hardy sea-

faring folk of New Brunswick, and the plot centers about a girl who was deserted on the eve of her wedding by a sailor lover who fled to sea under the smart of a malicious tale, backed up by a forged letter, that convinced him of her disloyalty and unworthiness. The girl is a singularly strong and self-possessed creature, and she bears without a sign the disgrace and trouble that come to her with the birth of her child. A knowledge of what she has suffered and of his own wrong comes to her boy as he grows, and while still but a lad he goes to sea with the fixed determination of seeking out and killing the man who has ruined his mother's life and so heavily handicapped his own. The father has been a world-wanderer ever since he left home, and the two encounter as shipmates in the tropic seas and become friends before their relationship is revealed to either. The climax that comes with the revelation is the least convincing thing in the book, and from that point to the end it flattens out almost into banality.

The best character in the book, next to the girl herself, is the rector of the little village church, said to be a bit of faithful portraiture with the author's own father as a model. The rector rules his flock with a strong and kindly hand, ready to administer spiritual sustenance or a knock-down blow as the occasion seems to demand, and equal to every emergency from a fight at a picnic to a ship on fire. It is a delightful bit of vivid and sympathetic character drawing. ("The Heart That Knows," by Charles G. D. Roberts. 378 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by L. C. Page & Company, Boston.)

ALS IK KAN: NOTES: REVIEWS

ANOTHER book has been added to the series of "The Art Galleries of Europe." This is "The Art of the Dresden Gallery," by Julia de Wolf Addison. It is uniform with the other books of the series, and is as carefully and exhaustively written and illustrated. The subject matter covers not only the early Italian and Spanish schools and the examples shown in the Dresden Gallery of famous painters of the French and English schools, but a goodly portion is devoted to pastels, miniatures, and to the German and Netherlands schools of painters and engravers. The book is amply illustrated with reproductions of many of the most significant paintings in the Gallery, and is as invaluable a book as the foregoing volumes of this series. ("The Art of the Dresden Gallery," by Julia de Wolf Addison. 443 pages. Illustrated. Price, \$2.00. Published by L. C. Page & Company, Boston.)

JUDGING by his latest novel, Hermann Sudermann can best depend upon his plays to establish his claim to immortality. "The Undying Past" has in it all of the complex psychology that Sudermann takes such delight in bringing out in his plays, but the difference here is that all the introspections and the causes that lie far beneath the facts which form the plot of the story are written out at merciless length, instead of being indicated by a passing sentence, a word, a gesture, or the mere force of a powerful stage personality, backed by intelligent comprehension of the character

to be portrayed. The result is odd, as what one realizes might carry absolute conviction on the stage, becomes strangely unreal and unconvincing in a novel.

Naturally, the theme of the book is that of a past sin, but the way in which a healthy, robust, entirely normal man of adventurous life and easy morals is converted into a morbid penitent who views everything in the light of a somewhat artificial emotionality, forms one of the most curious studies ever put into literature. If Sudermann would convert "The Undying Past" into a play, it might be as powerful as "Magda," but, as a novel, it is somewhat long drawn out and wearisome. ("The Undying Past," by Hermann Sudermann. 382 pages. Translated by Beatrice Marshall. Published by John Lane Company, New York.)

ALITTLE book that will be welcomed by those interested in efforts for social and industrial improvement, is "Golden Rule Jones," by the late Ernest Crosby. This sketch of Samuel M. Jones, the famous Mayor of Toledo, appeared originally in *THE CRAFTSMAN*, and is now revised and reprinted in a volume that can easily be carried about in the pocket, and that contains a very sound and practical philosophy of life along lines much nearer to the neglected Golden Rule than is supposed possible in this age of "every man for himself." ("Golden Rule Jones," by Ernest Crosby. 62 pages. Price 50 cents. Published by The Public Publishing Company, Chicago.)

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

INDIVIDUALITY IN DRESS: EASTER HATS

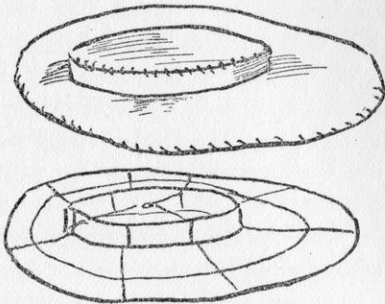
AFTER all that can be said and done about fashions, what each woman really desires is to look well, pretty, if she may; her best in any case. And if this is true, wherein lies the difficulty in making fashion each woman's handmaid? And why are there not more pretty, becomingly dressed women?

For the very simple reason that although each sensible, normal woman would like to appear beautiful, graceful, and winning, as a matter of record, she doesn't know when she does look pretty and when she is well or when she is badly dressed. She just does not *think*; and what is much worse than merely not thinking, she actually thinks she does think. A fashion edict atrophies her brain. She does not say, "How horrid that green is the vogue, and short sleeves fashionable, for I'm such a fright in green and my arms are too thin for elbow sleeves!" Not for a minute does she thus set herself in opposition to the great inviolable law of the fashion kingdom. She sighs and worries a little, for by instinct

she fears green and the baring of her fragile arms to a cruel world, and what she says is, "Oh, dear, I've just got to get another green gown. Why, of course I must, for the French papers say everything is green. Worth has made twenty since 'La Comtesse of So-So' ordered a green velvet with sable, and sable is so expensive and unbecoming, unless one is seventeen or a rose leaf. And, yes, I'll have the sleeves short of course, the idea! You have only to look at the fashion books to see that I *must*."

If she *thought* she would never look saffron in a green gown, nor spidery in elbow sleeves; she would know that beauty was greater than fashion, comfort than style, and that by cultivating her individuality and developing confidence in herself, with practise and training she could gain both, or as much of both as fate would permit.

It is interesting to sometimes get back of facts into the reason of things. Paris sets the fashions, that we all acknowledge—the woman who does not think, as well as you and I. But how does she gain this hypnotic influence over the rest of the world? Why does France inaugurate styles and America mimic them? Surely not through fear of originality or individuality; not even by clever men dress-makers nor her convent fairy fingers. France knows how to work patiently and exquisitely. She knows how to flatter vanity and stir desire for beauty and grace. But through this she could not lead the fashions from Alaska to Zanzibar. In reality she knows more than all



CRINOLINE AND WIRE FRAMES: SIMPLE MODELS WHICH CAN BE BENT TO SUIT THE FACE

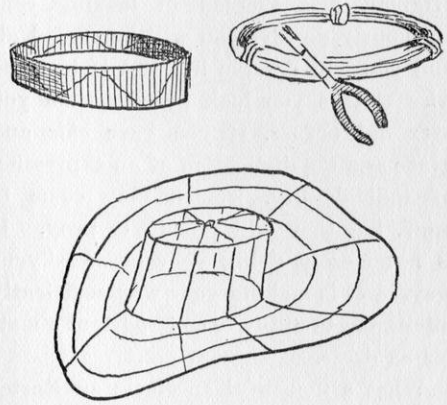
OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

these things. Her women know how to *think* sanely, dispassionately, artistically about themselves.

A fashion (not always, of course, but usually) is set because some one woman will not walk in a rut. An upper-class French woman is the most truly economical woman in the world. She buys only after careful thought of colors, lines, and material which suits her, not merely her position and her means, but her own individuality, her skin, her eyes. Her clothes are a tribute to fate.

This does not apply to the *boulevardières*, the *femme des magasins*, etc., but to the woman who wears good clothes, who owns embroidered *lingerie* and fine laces, the lady of *la haute finance*, the grand dame of the Fauburg. She is economical in the finest sense, because she wastes nothing in clothes. Long before consulting an established *couturière* (not the firms famous for high prices in America, but a moderate-priced woman of reputation for taste) she has decided in her own mind what suits her, what is interesting, expressive, durable, and permanently a good bargain. The planning of this gown is taken most seriously by the *couturière* as well as by Madame. It is worth much thought, work, time, because it will be worn a long while just as it is made—no fussy change next year, no dying or remodeling to suit fashion; for next year it, itself, has begun to be the fashion, and the year following, the rare colors, unique embroidery, novel use of lace, has become a craze in America and is widely worn by women who are out of harmony with it in complexion, temperament, position, and purse.

And so French fashions are created by



BANDEAU: ROLL OVER WIRE: WIRE CLIPPERS:
FRAME FOR ROUND YOUNG FACE

individuality, by the woman with the courage of her egotism, or perhaps not egotism but personality or self-comprehension; and we wear these styles without a thought of the fact that they were made to suit women not remotely related to our methods of life or feeling. We lose our identity in the originality of others, and what we admire most in others (these remote French dames) we fear most to do ourselves.

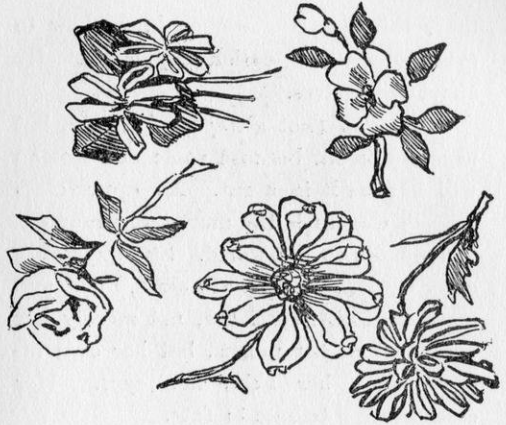
Now realizing this, as one can who thinks, it would seem reasonably and immediately possible for women here in America with means, or with most moderate incomes, to set a standard for themselves in fashion, not to be silly and desirous of reorganizing other women's standards, but merely to think out, each woman for herself, an ideal in dressing; to know her own personality, her means, her position, her sense of comfort and need of rest, and then to adapt her clothes to these conditions, and to do it pleasantly, without hurry or worry, without fear and without reproach.

Of course if you try to be offensively

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

original, and succeed in looking conspicuously dowdy, you will be smiled at, and you will deserve it. But if in these wise clothes you look prettier than you ever did before, if you have *chic* and grace and the distinction of an expression of individuality, women may come to scoff, but they will remain to pray. It is not merely doing your clothes "your way." It is making your way sufficiently intelligent to apply to so important a matter as dress.

What a mournful spectacle an Easter hat can be! And in the height of fashion, too. Is there any woman who thinks who has not bowed her head of an Easter morning, oppressed by thoughts appropriate to comic supplements, when the scent of Easter lilies should have held her mind to prayer? What strange monuments of floral iniquity we have seen surmounting pleasant, serene faces, unconscious of all but sartorial success beyond other women, quite dear to them when the

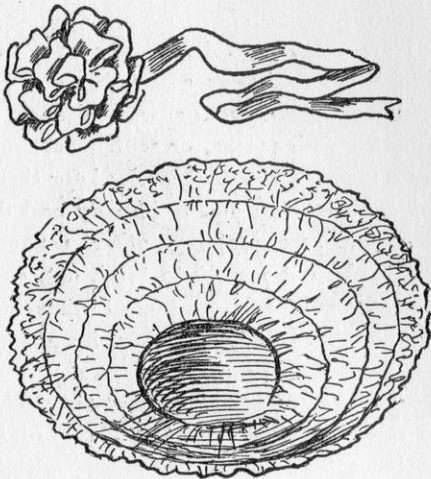


ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS MADE ENTIRELY OF RIBBONS: DURABLE AND INEXPENSIVE

Easter millinery competition is over. And yet what a pleasure it should be to make one's own hats in the springtime. There is in most women a latent impulse for fresh prettiness in the spring that wells up when the sap stirs, and how very much nicer it is to expand and enjoy that instinct in the purchase of pretty, becoming things than merely to let it passively lead one to millinery shops and extravagance and commonplaceness.

If you will let yourself think, help yourself to think, about your clothes, instead of fearing every flame of individuality, you are just bound to get more becoming clothes. The more so, the longer you experiment and try your own ways.

First of all, take the question of bonnets for elderly ladies. Where can you buy one that does not look like a layer cake or a miniature sloop flying a signal of distress, or a lace and feather bird's nest? Who among us has not long ago given up trying to buy a bonnet for our mothers? There is but one way, make a frame of canvas or crinoline, fit it to her dear face, taking in tucks, letting in



SHIRRED UNDER BRIM OF LITTLE GIRL'S BONNET: BAND TRIMMING ENDING IN ROSETTE



a m cooper

EASTER BONNETS FOR ELDERLY LADIES

EASTER BONNETS FOR LITTLE GIRLS



A. M. Cooper.

EASTER HATS DESIGNED AND MADE AT HOME

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

gores, creating a style for her, and then when the frame fits her hair and conforms to the contour of her head, proceed to cover and trim the frame with textures and colors and decorations which become her, please her, and render her as lovely as possible. And any girl who would think this a bore does not deserve the smile she wins from the kind eyes under the pretty bonnet. It is really a very charming way to spend an hour, an intelligent artistic way.

And what fun to do the same thing for the wee little girl, with her roses and curls and demure witcheries as a background, and yet there are women who buy millinery for children which, as far as possible, converts youth and beauty into sickly caricatures of inartistic adults, and children require their own color schemes and outlines thought out almost as carefully as their mothers do, or, usually, don't. Such lovely bonnets for little folks can be constructed so cheaply, half a yard of piqué, a few yards of batiste, a strip of gingham and then a yard or so of ribbon or a few wild flowers, and you have made your baby a part of the freshness and sweetness of a spring morning. For a woman untrained in planning or designing, there are simple patterns to adjust and fit to each little head, and surely it is worth thinking what colors and fabrics suit best brown or gold colored "Miss Baby," and train her to think—not of whether or no she is cunning in her new hat, but of how the hat is made and why it is pretty for her.

As for herself, each girl will surely grow to enjoy her Easter hat a hundredfold more and look a hundredfold lovelier in it if she will study into the millinery

question, get absolutely to know what line of brim suits her face, and have no other; settle once and for all upon her color scheme, and never depart from it, regardless of what becomes Madame de S—— in Paris; and adjust materials and decorations to her type of face, shape of head, and method of hair dressing. Studied in this way, with brain and enthusiasm, millinery becomes an expression of art impulse, and a means of genuine cultivation.

In the page of girls' hats illustrating this article a number of color schemes are given, and the hats themselves, although very simple and inexpensive, are in line with the styles of the coming spring fashions, and each hat could be put together of different braids or silks, and trimmed to exactly suit the head of the girl prospector in millinery fields. The upper wide-brimmed hat was designed by a brown-skinned girl, with fluffy warm brown hair. The frame is crowned with wood-fiber tinted silk, corded with gold at the edge, and finished with a wreath of wild flowers, cream yellow, delicate blue, and brown, and the lining underneath is a shirring of yellow chiffon. The milkmaid hat below was planned by a fair girl. The straw is maize tint, a shade deeper than her hair, the straight high frill suited to a round, chubby face, and the shading of cream and brown in pleasant harmony, the roses set at intervals below the frill repeat the color of her cheeks, and the lining under the brim of deeper rose but finishes the impression of youth and springtime.

The second upper hat was put together by a red-haired girl of delicate skin and pale eyes. The frame is Neapolitan straw

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

in gold color and the only trimming a twist of red-brown velvet and a bunch of mixed wild flowers, and the result is a mellow richness of effect that the girl could never achieve in all black, blue, or plain brown. It required no more time to put together than a jaunty sailor; but much study and practise to evolve it out of a growing sense of the beauty and harmony between women and clothes.

The turban was the handiwork of a girl with but little money, and but a recent appreciation of millinery as an art, but with a blessed instinct for her own style and

needs. She was also fair, with plenty of light brown hair, but too short and too plump to essay picture effects, and too pale for much color. The turban nestles in her hair as a turban must, to be effective, and the entire scheme is black with the exception of the cluster of yellow roses, the whole giving an accent to an otherwise colorless personality.

It is worth trying, this matter of home millinery, for the sake of your appearance, your mental and artistic development, and because it lessens the commonplace, the dull, the non-significant in life.

THE REVIVAL OF A PRIMITIVE FORM OF BATIK

WITHIN the last few years many attempts have been made to revive the old methods of "resist dyeing" which had fallen into disuse; although this craft is in its infancy here, there is no end to the developments of which it is capable. It is interesting to trace the history of dyeing with "resists." In India the modern method of printing by resist pastes has been known from time immemorial, the process employed being that of painting the design upon the fabric by hand with melted wax. The material which has to be decorated is covered, where the original color has to remain, with a certain composition, which is absorbed by the material so that it clings to the fibers of the textile, to prevent the color from penetrating the covered parts when placed in the dye tub. When this preparation is afterward removed, it is found that the material has kept its original color while the uncovered parts have taken on the shade of the dye. The in-

habitants of the islands of the Indian Archipelago have always followed this method, and the Javanese have made themselves famous for their beautiful Batik dyeing, which has become with them a fine art.

The natives of the Aroe Islands had a more primitive way of coloring and of using "resists." They stitched upon their sarongs of plaited pandaras leaves, bamboo and other materials. They exposed the sarongs to the smoke of their fires, and in this way the uncovered parts gained a brownish hue, while the protected figures kept the original color of the pandaras leaves.

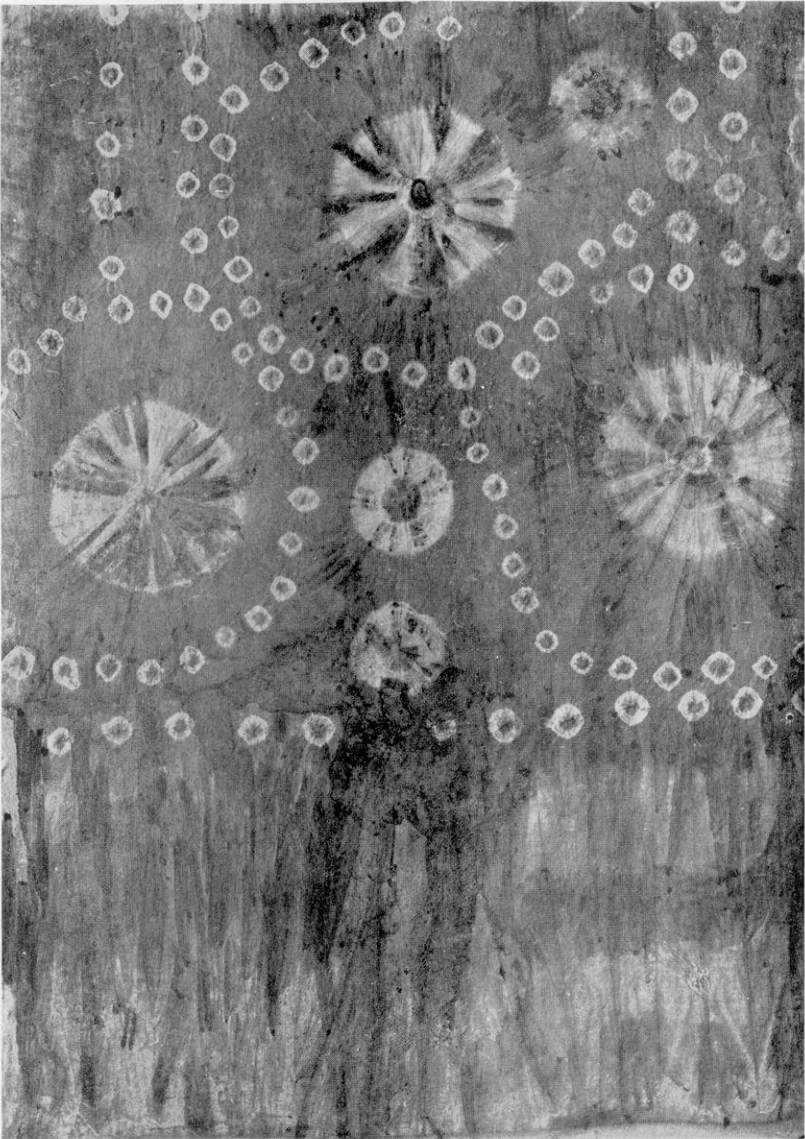
Almost as primitive was the method in vogue among the Kees. They cut out different figures in bamboo, which they sewed on both sides of the cloth. Then the material was put in the dye tub, and after the drying process the pieces of bamboo were removed, and the decoration appeared in the color of the original cloth.



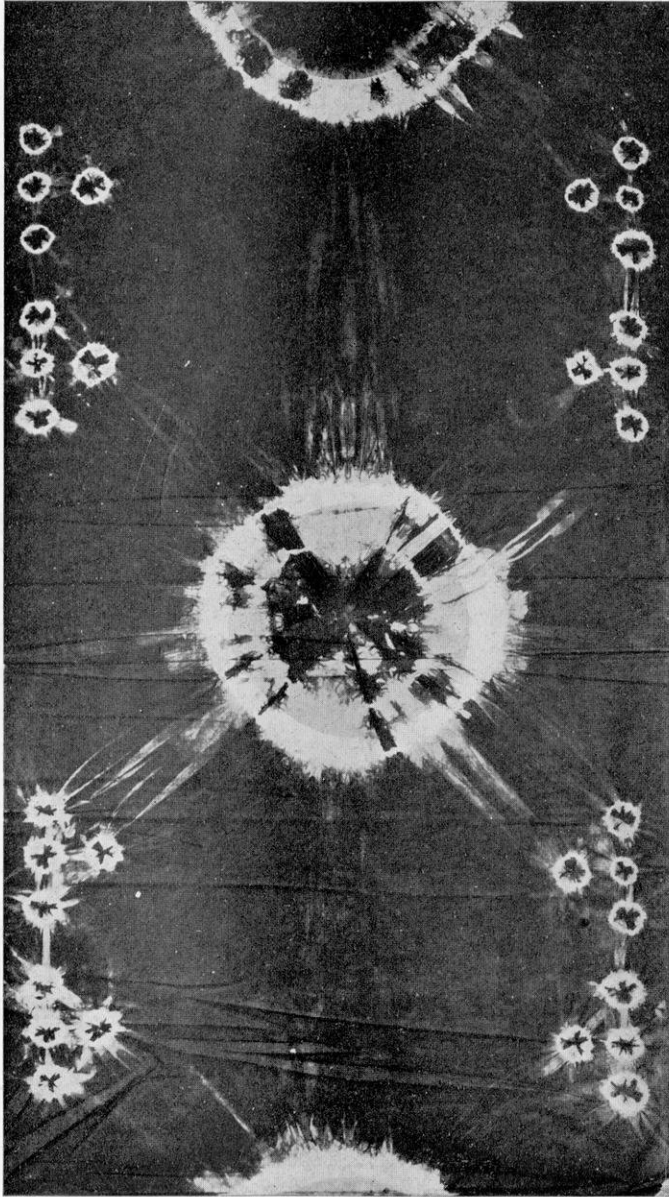
MODERN BATIK WORK, FROM A RECENT EXHIBITION
AT THE ARTS AND CRAFTS SOCIETY IN NEW YORK



TIED BATIK, SHOWING INTERESTING
EFFECT FROM THE SIMPLEST PATTERNS



ALL-OVER DESIGN OF MODERN TIED BATIK WORK



PRIMITIVE JAVANESE BATIK, WHICH OFFERS MANY SUGGESTIONS TO THE MODERN WORKER IN "RESIST DYEING"

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

The old process of dyeing in different colors was done by the ancients by means of a mordant, a substance that has an affinity for the dye and cotton fiber. These substances, although usually colorless, have the property of changing the color of the dye; thus, if a piece of cotton cloth be impressed with acetic of alumina in lines, with acetate of iron in dots, and with a mixture of lines and circles, it will become impressed with red lines, black dots, and chocolate circles. This process of printing in different colors by means of mordants is very ancient, being described by Pliny as having been practised in his day in Egypt. In his Natural History he says, "There exists in Egypt a wonderful method of dyeing. The white cloth is stained in various places, not with dye stuffs, but with substances which have the property of absorbing (fixing) colors. These applications are not visible upon the cloth; but when the pieces are dipped into a hot caldron containing the dye they are drawn out an instant after dyed. The remarkable circumstance is that though there be only one dye in the vat, yet different colors appear on the cloth; nor can the colors be afterward removed. A vat which would of itself only confuse the colors on cloth previously dyed, in this way imparts several colors from a single dye stuff, painting as it boils."

The modern practice of hand-block printing is really an evolution of this ancient art, which originated in India and made its way into Egypt. It was not until the close of the seventeenth century that it was introduced from India into Europe, although calico printing had been brought over by the East India Company to Holland.

As far north as Greenland the Eskimo has practised a similar method of ornamenting materials. Their clothes, made of reindeer skins, are sometimes decorated with designs in color by means of a small wooden spoon-like tool, the bark of which is cut into patterns which are moistened with pigments or stains, and are finally impressed on skin or other fabric. This process is similar to that practised by the South Sea Islanders in decorating tapa cloth.

Another method of dyeing with "resists" is to paint the design with tartaric or citric acid. The material is passed through an aluminous mordant, after which the pattern will refuse to take up the alumina, and subsequently the color from the dye bath. "Resists" may also be made of twine and knotted cloth. The Greeks used this method when dyeing their clothes. The Indians, Chinese, and Japanese tied pebbles into cloth and wound heavy thread below each pebble. These were dyed, and after being thoroughly dried the twine was untwisted and the material was shown in its original color. Sometimes a pinch of cloth was used instead of a pebble. This method was often used when several colors were required, but it is a tedious process, as the material had to be tied for the first dip and then retied for the second color after the first was dry.

Very artistic and effective hangings can be made in this way. Miss Amy Mali Hicks, of New York, has done some interesting tied dyeing in lines and circles. Some of the accompanying illustrations are from her studio. She is a pioneer Batik worker in this country, although work not unlike Batik has been done at

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT

Deerfield. There is something very attractive in this work for hangings and pillows, and it lends itself to beautiful color schemes for home dyeing. Dyes of beautiful colors can be obtained from some of the members of the National Society of Craftsmen of New York, although the home-made dyes are by no means a necessity. Miss Hicks confines her work to dyes made from vegetables, and the beautiful color schemes she evolves makes her productions extremely effective.

Batik work and tied dyeing are so closely allied that an article of this sort would not be complete without some reference to the interesting development of Javanese Batik work. Owing to the fact that Java is a Dutch possession there are many connections between Holland and this island, and the Javanese products and crafts are therefore better known in Holland than in other countries. About eleven years ago the attention of that country was turned to the ancient craft of Batik making, and the Dutch artists made many interesting experiments.

Mevrouw A. Wegerif Granestein followed the craft of Batik work exactly as it was done in Java. She used a good quality of beeswax, and drew her designs with a little instrument which resembled the *tjanting* implement used in Java. It has a small reservoir of thin red copper with a very narrow tube out of which the wax is poured as it covers the surface of the material, leaving a thin trace of wax. The reservoir is filled with wax, which is kept boiling by means of a gas stove, and the design is drawn with this instrument, which is used like a drawing pen. As soon as the wax touches the

cotton it coagulates. A very high standard of technical dexterity is required to use a *tjanting* to get the desired results. As beeswax melts at the low temperature of sixty-two degrees it must be placed in a dye cooler than that temperature. After the material has been dyed, and is dry, the cloth is placed in hot water, which melts the wax, and it can be removed, thanks to its low melting point. It floats on the surface, whence it can be skimmed off and used again.

As these little copper instruments are not available to most of us, the squirt used by confectioners for ornamenting cakes and Easter eggs can be used for this purpose, although I have found a conical instrument with a hole in the bottom through which a large wire nail can be dropped answers the purpose. The conical part is soldered to a piece of metal, and this is thrust into the wooden handle of a chisel. I had this made from my own design, and it works admirably.

Mevrouw Granestein now employs thirty girls in her studios at Apeldoorn, Holland, and practically supplies the European and English markets. She not only dyes cotton materials, but does Batik on velvet, velour, parchment, leather, silk, and all kinds of cotton goods. Her work is to be seen from time to time at the various continental arts and crafts exhibitions. Lately she has been trying to arouse interest in this craft in other countries, and has lectured in London, Berlin, Budapest, and Vienna.

For those who are not proficient enough to apply the wax direct with an instrument, a stencil pattern can be utilized, dipping the brush in the hot wax instead of color. MABEL TUKE PRIESTMAN.

