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"THE AUK MOTHER": LOUIS POTTER, SCULPTOR.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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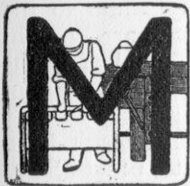
THE CRAFTSMAN

GUSTAV STICKLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
VOLUME XVI SEPTEMBER, 1909 NUMBER 6

THE EVILS OF AMERICAN SCHOOL SYSTEMS: ARCHAIC METHODS OF EDUCATION CONDEMNED AND PRACTICAL REMEDIES SUGGESTED: BY PARKER H. SERCOMBE



ODERN civilization is confronted with the alternative of saving the child or preserving the traditional ideals of education still insisted upon by professional educators. While it is freely admitted on every hand that all reforms focus in education, that future diminution in crime, graft, debauchery, divorce, cost of courts and of police, must depend upon implanting wholesome habits and tendencies in the child while of impressionable age, that vital period of life is still sacrificed to the fetish of class-room decorum, theory culture, examinations, etc.

The thought of the professional educator is not based upon cause and effect, upon the development of efficiency in the line of life the pupil will follow, but, as all "examinations" clearly indicate, the aim is to perpetuate the old "institution of learning" in its own image and preserve its traditional ideals intact.

Only a few even of our practical psychologists are fully cognizant of the invariable presence of *theory perversion* in all those mentalities whose training from eight to sixteen has been unrelated to practice and object lessons—a training that results in the loss of the faculty which would enable them to make use of the knowledge acquired—the training that is responsible for all irrational, impractical, dreamy, mystical and confused thinking that is representative of the inefficient, superstitious and criminal portion of our population.

The so-called reforms that are occupying the minds of so many well-intentioned and philanthropic persons are merely the doctoring of symptoms—merely pulling up weeds implanted by our own wrong procedure; the only cure being education, but essentially the education that places character culture first, commercial qualifications second and book culture third, with the greatest stress where the need is greatest, less where it is less and least where it is least.

With the object of ascertaining the caliber of the Chicago Board of Education (appointed through politics without regard to prepara-

tion or fitness) and with a faint hope that perhaps one or two out of the twenty-one members might be sufficiently grounded in the art of educating to profit by my suggestion or at least show some interest in the matter presented, I recently addressed them the following communication, sending individual copies to each member:

July 7, 1909.

To the Chicago Board of Education, Gentlemen:—

With no other desire than to assist in a general way in bringing "education" to a higher state of efficiency, I ask the privilege of addressing the Board for fifteen minutes at an early meeting, and will confine myself to the two following subjects:

First—the lack of adjustment of the school system and curriculum to the changing exigencies of city life, with special reference to children who are brought up in apartment houses and flats, with *no chores,* no means being supplied in the schools to develop industry, initiative and a willingness to *do*—faculties that cannot be developed from books or in class rooms.

Second—the grave danger and disorganizing effects which must result from teaching theory in class rooms, separated from or made precedent to, practice and object lessons. The effect produced under the present system is to start the pupil out with a wrong viewpoint toward all the affairs of life. Minds so trained are incapable of bringing the knowledge they obtain into use either for purposes of thought or action. Such minds are marked for confusion of thought and under the suggestion or influence of wrong conditions easily drift into criminality, mysticism, graft or other forms of perversion. It is only through the inductive method whereby the child is enabled to develop theory out of practice and object lessons, the same as Lincoln, McCormick, Grant and Armour did in their childhood, that theory perversion can be avoided and the leisure class régime of life be prevented from fastening itself upon the victim as a persistent, all-pervading microbe.

The allotment of fifteen minutes of the valuable time of your Board will enable me to make a demonstration of these two points so self-evident and convincing that if incorporated in your future deliberations will eventually lead to a reconstruction of what is now called "education."

Yours respectfully,
PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

COULD a more fundamental appeal in the interest of a higher civilization possibly be made to an educational body? Yet not the slightest attention was paid to it by a single member, at least, not an echo came to my ears. Is this not significant of the lack of vision of those who from childhood have been so drilled and hedged about with the prevailing régime of the schools as to blind them completely to the importance of the vital facts presented? But is not this the history of every advanced idea that has ever been presented to unprepared minds? No matter how vital or self-evident a new truth may be, it is not grasped by the average sage in power until it becomes the fashion to accept it or until its announcement comes from one

of acknowledged authority—and why? Because the membership of legislative bodies and school boards is made up of those with *theory-perverted minds,* a result of wrong training in childhood.

It is not sufficient to fall back on the old adage, all new ideas advance slowly, etc. The reason why ideas advance slowly is because for centuries our method of education has been along the line of theory perversion—people do not have harmonized minds and bodies, and hence lack the initiative to put thought into action for its own sake, but permit the fashion of thinking (public opinion) to gradually drive them into new mental positions. Theory perversion impels sluggish minds and bodies into unwillingness to either think or do beyond what is actually forced upon them, hence the criminal as well as the dogmatist.

Before proceeding further to trace out the evils lurking in our present educational system, let us briefly review its growth as an institution and thereby discover the underlying reasons why an institution of such vast importance should have come down to us from the ages in a form so lacking in efficiency, and so entirely separated from the methods that might insure good character, strong bodies and high social and civic efficiency in place of the utterly artificial, unbalanced and perverted mental viewpoint toward life that the schools continue to impart.

Independent of whether institutions are good or evil (there are none that are wholly good or wholly evil, not even the church, materia medica, marriage, slavery) in their struggle for existence they invariably show the same determination as man, animals and all other life forms, to perpetuate themselves in their own image. Once an "institution" is established, whether creed, cult or educational system, the individuals having its destiny in charge invariably struggle, plan, and often plot to the death, in order to see to it that those who take charge during each generation shall cling to the original ideals, motives and methods.

REALIZING the importance of this principle, I sent the following communication to our Chicago School Board on the eve of their election of a superintendent; not that it was expected to influence them, but as a matter of record for future purposes, to know that they were not lacking in information on the subject, even though it should not be made use of:

July 14, 1909.

To the Chicago Board of Education, Gentlemen:—

The public-school system having continued to follow tradition instead of adapting itself to the changing exigencies of city life, brings us face to face with

a condition which on analysis proves that the prevailing curriculum is artificial, lacks utility, fails to develop efficiency in the pupil; in fact, implants tendencies of mind which lead toward confusion of thought and criminality.

No greater error could be made at this time than to appoint a superintendent of schools from the ranks of professional educators, for all such have been so drilled and hedged around from their earliest childhood training with the prevailing educational ideals as to inhibit their vision in relation to the needs of the hour—they are unable to see the present discrepancies or devise plans for overcoming them.

My communication to your Board is purely with the object of laying this most important fact before each member, and the more it is thought upon the stronger will be the realization that what Chicago now needs is an open-minded superintendent, unhampered by the prevailing ideals which invariably hold the mentalities of professional educators in a vise-like grasp and permit them to do no more than to merely help perpetuate in its own image the ancient educational régime we are now using.

Yours respectfully,
PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

It is unnecessary to go into the reasons why the educational régime now being operated in America has conformed to tradition rather than been subjected to the principle of cause and effect; though it is by the latter plan (profiting by experience) that every material improvement in the world has been obtained.

Unhappily, moral culture and education have respectively been institutionalized in church and school. Entirely independent of the practical trend in human thought in every other field, these two institutions have persisted in following the ideals and régimes of hundreds and even thousands of years ago, long before modern knowledge and devices were dreamed of, before the day of railway, telegraph and telescope, when the average man's daily and often yearly range of observation did not extend beyond a fifteen-mile radius.

CONFINING ourselves to the institution of education, we find that like dress, it originated more for ornament than use. Even after the classics were translated into all the Continental languages, those fortunate mortals selected for education continued to be taught Greek, Latin and ancient lore; for in the early days of book learning only those who were expected to become members of the leisure class received an education. The one dominant fact stands out that the original scheme of education implied nothing more than a culture given to a small ruling class, made up of the official, military and ecclesiastical satellites of the ruler, and on the other hand there was the very large and always uneducated class, whose function was to remain in ignorance and to obey.

It is in a degree anticipating what will be stated farther on, to say that down to this very hour in every avenue of human thought and activity, but especially manifest in the field of education, this same association of wealth, church and state with their leisure-class ideals of education are still fanatically struggling to maintain control through the old traditional régimes, and the colossal joke on this country of ours is that we are now preparing our entire population to become members of the leisure class by imparting only a leisure-class scheme of education.

Breaking away from the condition of tyrannical control that has held Russia, Italy and Spain to an average of ninety per cent. illiteracy among their plodding, toiling, subservient masses, we here in America, and to a large extent in England and Germany, have suddenly become a reading and writing race, a scheme never contemplated in the original régime, as is clearly shown where despotism still reigns.

During the Middle Ages education was entirely in the hands of the priesthood, and as a sign that they themselves were immune from work, they initiated the custom of wearing white collars and cuffs, and as all of their pupils were educated to become members of the priesthood or the ruling class, in order to be known by the same sign, they adopted white collars and cuffs also. The learned educators of the Renaissance took up the problem of education where the priests left off, enlarged, differentiated, specialized, but in no instance have the ideals of democracy forged sufficiently to the front to check the impulse that has stimulated the educational idea in every land and in every clime—the idea of gaining the kind of knowledge that would enable the possessor to live without work, the kind of accomplishments that prepares for membership in a ruling class, and thus to live upon the labor of others.

IN THE early history of America, before the modern flat building was invented, when boys and girls were expected to do their part of the chores and general work, both before and after school, the studying of common branches in small schools with large playgrounds did not have any such utterly annihilating effect on human character as our latter-day variation of immense school buildings with small playgrounds; the pupils who attend these institutions living in congested cities with no chores, no garden work, no duties to perform, and the school providing no substitutes to meet the changed conditions.

Education is still involved with the elements of mystery and reverence. Even as the alchemists and astrologers of yore, our

priests, druggists, physicians and lawyers employ Latin and Greek terms in order to astound and overshadow the common people by the depth and vastness of their learning—so the building of palaces and the employment of gaudy trappings have served to inspire awe in the masses by means of glitter, pomp and grandeur.

Our present scheme of education is merely a plan to prepare children to live upon the labor of others without any attempt to implant habits that would insure health, efficiency and long life; whereas a rational régime, through object lessons in shop and garden to implant the elements of industry, calculation and initiative in the pupil's character, would eliminate four-fifths of the present crime, graft, debauchery, divorce and costs of courts and police, which are all undergoing an alarming percentage of increase.

Independent of creeds and codes, the infant absorbs the morality of its environment and associations in the same way that it absorbs the language or dialect of the family in which it is reared, and this is the true process of all education.

External control, through the medium of commandments, force, punishment, banishment, has proven a failure for thousands of years. Compulsion has invariably succeeded in merely creating a demand for more compulsion; hence the only way to effectively eliminate friction in human society and establish an enduring equilibrium is through development from within, through a system of education that will mold internal character to a voluntary acquiescence to the rational needs of society.

THERE are in Chicago alone thousands of parents who declare that their children are being taught nothing of value; that through their impressionable years, from eight to sixteen, they are being kept five hours a day in close stuffy class rooms; that no means are supplied for developing the qualities of initiative and industry during this period; that theory and book culture are taught to the exclusion of practice and object lessons, thus developing theory-perverted minds and unbalancing the reasoning powers forever after; that leisure-class ideas are taught exclusively, even to children of foreign peasants, thus adding them to our already large army of incompetents. These thinking parents have come to the conclusion that the system which implants the idea of getting something for nothing in the minds of the children and the desire to live upon the labor of others, is the worst form of race suicide.

More than fifty per cent. of all intelligent parents of the middle class are fully aware that there is something fundamentally wrong

with our school system; they know that their children are not being made efficient; they know, too, that they themselves are helpless in the hands of professional educators and that their children under present school treatment grow lazy, anaemic, near-sighted, and naturally drift toward cigarettes, rowdyism and criminality. Business men are well aware that the graduates from our public schools who work in offices and stores are lacking in alertness and often hopelessly inefficient. But most of our business men are too much engrossed to insist that our Mediæval methods of education should be displaced by a rational system which aims at efficiency and results in the life work for which every boy and girl should undergo preparation.

It requires no great depth of intellect or scholastic training to indicate the reason why even in this age of wonderful achievements in science, mechanics and the arts, we still retain the artificial educational ideals initiated in the Middle Ages. Briefly, education, like dress, originated as an ornament and not for use. In America the public school has become sanctified as an institution, and instead of basing our methods upon experience and results, we have blindly followed tradition until we find in operation from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a school system that is especially adapted to the overthrowing of intelligence, the blighting of initiative, the crushing out of all tendencies to industry, to undermining the natural growth of such habits as would insure health and long life.

The remedy is simple and can be inferred by pointing out three important elements which traditional education entirely overlooks:

First, that such a false motive for obtaining education as at present exists in the public schools, continuing as it does through the impressionable years of life, cannot but result in a corresponding perversity of motive in maturity. Thus if our present scheme is, as it seems, to prepare children to live upon the labor of other people, this will remain their chief stimulus to action in later life.

Second, that there is and must be a reason for the doing of every task. When this fact has been made clear by frequent proof not only would a much needed link between thought and action be established, but reasons will become not mere theories, finding sufficient expression by their verbal statement, but will be definite stimuli to action. The reasons and theories should be made subsequent and subordinate to object lessons and practice; in fact, all theory culture should be worked out by practice in garden and shop, for this is the only manner by which a mind can be drilled to have the right perspective, the right viewpoint toward the facts of life. All children trained exclusively in class rooms are likely to have theory-perverted

minds, incapable of making use of the knowledge they have acquired.

Third, even as morality cannot be taught as a class study, but is bound to be an incidental absorption from environment and association, so all education, including the "three R's," should be the outgrowth of practice and object lessons, in the same way that an infant learns to speak the language of the family without order, decorum or examinations. Let a child work until he craves the help of books, instead of studying until he forgets the need of work.

SUCH an education can best be accomplished in buildings designed for forty or fifty pupils. A one- or two-story building should be in the center of a fair-sized garden or small farm, the main structure to be suitably divided into shops for wood-working, metal-working, weaving and sewing, printing and binding, art work, painting and finishing, cooking, etc.

At the front entrance should be the office of the school and a general showroom wherein the products of the shops, garden or farm could be properly displayed for the benefit of visitors and customers, and part of the education of each pupil should be how to approach customers, how to interest them, how to explain the quality of the products, the system employed, the workmanship, etc., and everything produced should as far as possible be salable and have a useful, practical or artistic purpose. The cultivation of flowers, bees, vegetables, berries and fruits should be recognized as a regular part of education.

The class room (no examinations) should be a separate building connected by a passageway, and for class purposes there should be a relief globe and other apparatus designed to give a correct idea of the world we live upon, its formation, its power of production, etc., and with this knowledge as a nucleus the problems of transportation, distribution, together with the economic, social, intellectual and political growth of the various races of the world, should become matters of constant repetition and thorough understanding. Pupils should not spend more than one hour a day in class room, the balance of their time to be employed in objective work in the shops or garden; everything done to be for a useful purpose, either in the filling of orders and contracts taken in the neighborhood, the making of tables, chairs, desks, bookcases, or in making such repairs as the facilities of the shops permit.

Of course, such schools would require from three to five teachers each to supervise the various departments; they should be specially instructed in that most important feature of all in teaching, viz., to assume constantly the right attitude toward the pupil, and every

school should be brought as near a self-supporting basis as possible.

Although the extra expense for supplying materials, paraphernalia and instruction for such schools would be larger than the present system of education, the general cost might be much reduced through the sale of products; besides, as the present expenditure in America for liquors, tobacco and prostitution is ten times greater than what is spent on the entire cost of education, but a small degree of abstemiousness would be needed to divert a few millions from debauchery toward enlightenment.

Separated from the demands of professional educators and from the whims of incompetent parents imbued with the false ambitions and impotent longings of an artificial age, education should be nothing more than the child's preparation during its impressionable years for such duties of life and citizenship as it will be called upon to perform after reaching maturity.

THE PRAYER

MY ANSWERED prayer came up to me,
And in the silence thus spake he:
"Oh, you who prayed for me to come,
"Your greeting is but cold and dumb."

My heart made answer "You are fair,
"But I have prayed too long to care.
"Why came you not when all was new,
"And I had died for joy of you?"

SARA TEASDALE.

THE PEOPLE OF THE TOTEM-POLES: THEIR ART AND LEGENDS: BY NATALIE CURTIS

The writer acknowledges much indebtedness to the works of Dr. Franz Boas, Dr. John R. Swanton, Dr. G. T. Emmons and other authorities. The legends given are from the collection of Dr. Boas, "Indianische Sagen von der Nord-Pacifischen Küste Amerikas."

LONG the Northwest coast, from Puget Sound to where the continent ends in Alaska, live a people little known to most Americans,—a people who, though only fishers and hunters, have developed a peculiar type of art and culture. These are the Indian tribes known as the Tlingit, Haida, Tsimshian, Bella Coola, Kwakiutl, Nootka and Salish.

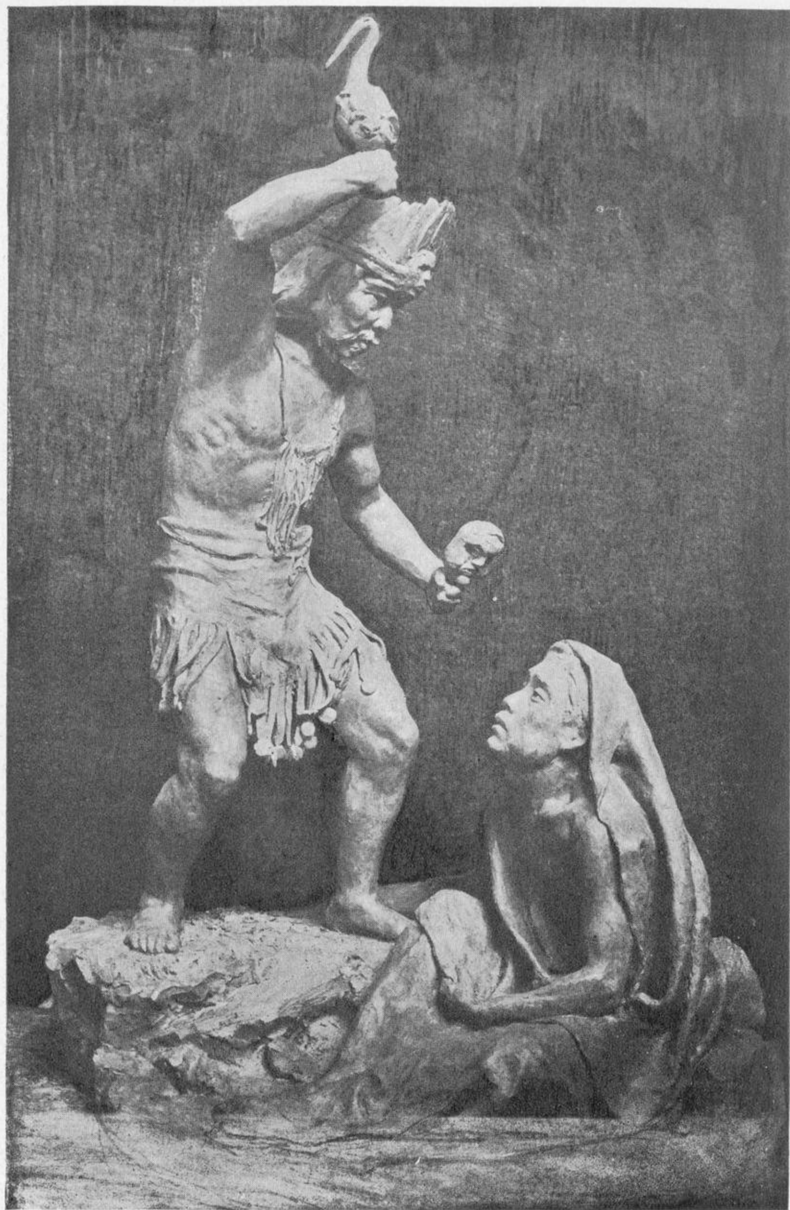
European influence everywhere is pressing upon the native life, and the Indian is dying out or assimilating the customs of the white man. The American sculptor, painter or poet who gives enduring form to the memory of this passing people carries into the field of art the noble work of our museums, whose studies and collections form a monumental testimony to the life of aboriginal America. The accompanying reproductions of sculpture by Louis Potter represent the Tlingit Indians of Alaska, whose culture and general characteristics are similar to those of the other Northwest coast tribes.

Though I have not been to Alaska I have seen Indian houses like those of the Tlingits, and I can well imagine the old-time native villages on the Alaskan shores,—the rows of low, broad wooden houses with pointed slanting roofs, the carved totem-poles rising before them, the wooden canoes on runways, ready to be launched in quest of salmon and halibut. The houses are well built, and the totem-poles and the paintings of animals across the house front give to these dwellings an individual and barbaric appearance. In the center of the house burns a fire whose flickering light throws into relief the carvings on the stout posts that support the roof-beams. There are no windows, and the interior decorations are mellowed and blackened by the fire's smoke, which escapes imperfectly through an opening in the roof.

The tribes of the Northwest coast have permanent towns and villages, and each clan may have a right to its own fishing grounds. Also, clans or families may claim their particular berrying patches whither the women go to fill their beautiful baskets of woven spruce and cedar.

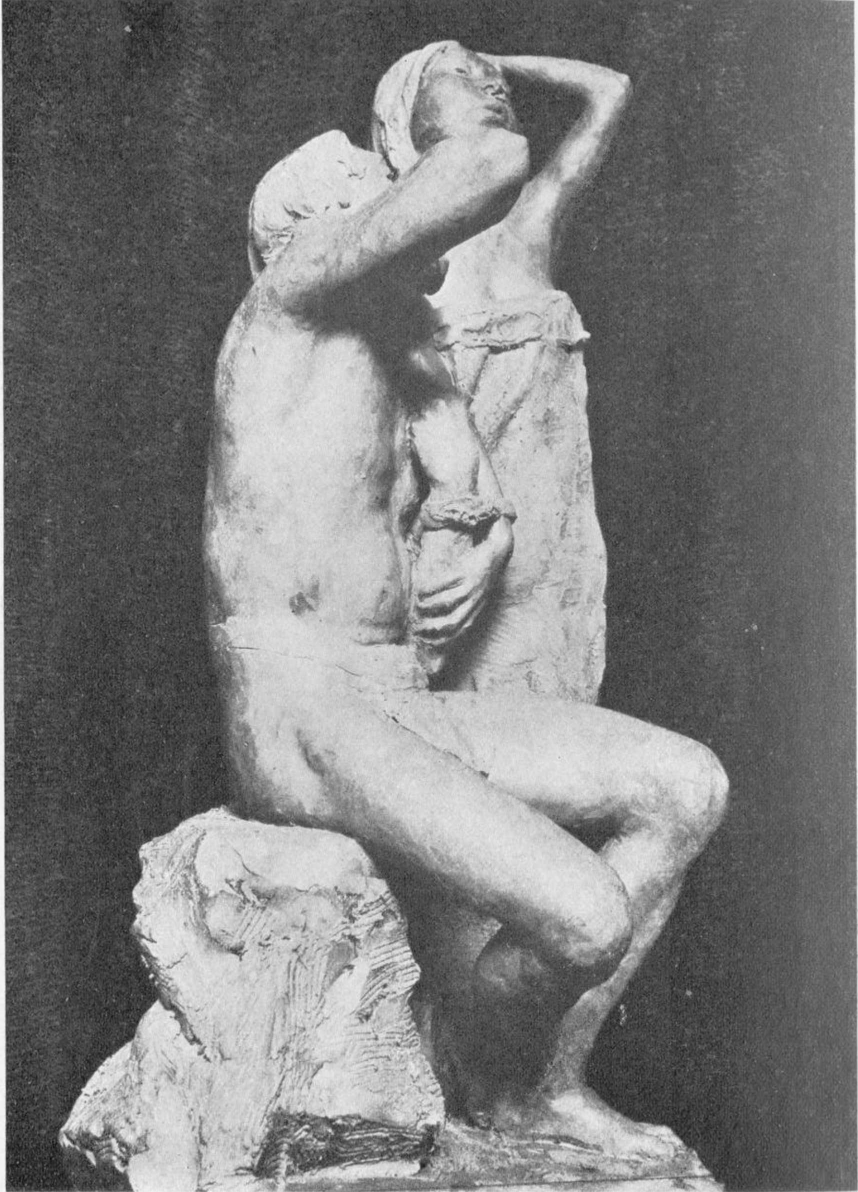
Winter is the sacred season when religious ceremonies are performed, and when the young men are initiated into the secret societies. With most Indians it is the time when myths and fables are

A STUDY OF THE TLINGIT INDIAN HUNTER
AND HIS DOGS: LOUIS POTTER, SCULPTOR.



THE SHAMAN (MEDICINE-MAN) OF THE TLINGIT INDIANS: LOUIS POTTER, SCULPTOR.

"THE SPIRIT OF THE NIGHT," FROM A LEGEND OF THE TLINGIT INDIANS: LOUIS POTTER, SCULPTOR.



"THE SLAVES": SHOWING THE LOWEST CASTE IN THE TLINGIT LIFE: LOUIS POTTER, SCULPTOR.

recounted around the fires, the time when real winter's tales may be heard. Then might be told the adventures and deeds of a mythological being named the Raven, the culture-hero of the Northwest. Or one might hear how the dead are born again into human form,—a native American doctrine of reincarnation. If the stories relate events in the life of the tribe, a stirring account might be given of some war exploit when the warriors went forth in their painted canoes to avenge some wrong and came back chanting songs of victory, with scalps swinging from the sides of the canoes. Or a great feast or *potlatch* might be described,—a feast given by a rich man at the erection of a carved grave-post, to hold the bones of his dead. These *potlatches* are a distinctive feature of the life of the Northwest coast, when the giver of the feast sometimes distributes his entire property among his guests. The host is safe in his generosity, for he knows that at future *potlatches* held by the guests, he or his descendants will receive the equivalent for all that he has given. Proud was the man of whom it was said, "He is open-handed as the waters that flow with salmon."

HISTORY teaches us that natural environment determines to a great extent the industries, manner of life and culture of a people. So we see the Northwestern Indians fishing from their carved canoes and building their houses of the cedar which abounds along the coast. Dr. Franz Boas, who has made such exhaustive and valuable studies among the Indians, tells us of the important place that the red and yellow cedar occupy in the industries of these tribes—how planks are made from the wood of the red cedar; matting, baskets and even parts of clothing from the bark; ropes from twisted bark and from the twigs; even blankets are woven from the shredded inner bark of the yellow cedar. According to Dr. Boas, "the salmon and cedar are the foundation of Northwest coast culture."

As with all Indians, so too with the Tlingits, the medicine-man or *Shaman* is an important figure in the life of the people. His duties are religious as well as physical, and he wields a far-reaching influence over the thoughts and activities of the tribe. The *Shaman* is gifted with supernatural powers, with what we would call clairvoyance and the ability to foretell the future. Invisible spirits help and counsel him, and the Fair-Maiden-Spirits of the glaciers come to the medicine-man of the Tlingits. Among these Indians there is a strong belief in witchcraft, and the *Shaman* it is who detects the hidden evil from which the bewitched man suffers, and calling it forth, thus heals his patient. It is certain that the Indians' implicit

belief in the *Shaman* is a large factor in the cure of disease. I believe it to be equally certain that the Indian *Shamans* have developed some powers of concentration and of insight not altogether unworthy of a primitive people's confidence.

In any study of the Northwest coast tribes it is the curious art of the people, shown in innumerable carvings and paintings, that first strikes the European. This art is a vigorous, and one might say in view of its abundance, an overflowing form of racial self-expression. The sociology and mythology, the life and beliefs of the people are embodied in emblematic decorations on houses, canoes, garments, dishes, cradles and graves. To our surprise we find that art has here an heraldic purpose, for many of the carvings or paintings represent totems or crests, with which an individual decorates his possessions. The carved figures on the totem-poles before the houses form a series of crests, and the totem-pole itself can perhaps be best explained as the emblematic family-tree of the house owner. A glance at the art of the Northwest coast shows us that rank plays an important part in the social organization of these Indians. The tribes are divided into four classes,—chiefs, nobles, commons and slaves, the latter being purchased slaves, or captives, taken in war. The dignity of the chief is such that he may not himself address those of low rank, but gives his words to a slave who makes known his wishes. Among the endless number of stories about the Raven is an amusing fable that tells how the slave purposely says just the opposite of what the Raven, his master, commands. "Say that I wish to eat fish," declares the Raven, in answer to an invitation from a village chief. "The great Chief wishes no food," announces the slave. And since the Raven may not break his silence to his inferiors, the slave devours the feast prepared for his master!

As has been said, totemic crests are often connected with the mythology of the tribe, and frequently depict some being,—animal or spirit,—whom the crest owner claims as ancestor or protector. The crests consist mostly of animal figures which are variously represented and are usually so highly conventionalized that the uninitiated white man can hardly tell what animal is meant; yet for each creature there are distinct symbols.

MR. BOAS tells us that without a knowledge of the social organization and mythology of the tribes, the art of the people cannot be understood. This is certainly true; yet the white man must pause in wonder before the wealth of fantastic imagination displayed in the strange animal forms on totem-pole or

grave-post,—gigantic grotesques which suggest to the European mind the gargoyles of Mediæval Europe. With the exception of some beautiful basketry, it must be admitted, however, that this Northern art has not the grace and beauty of Indian art further south. The beadwork and quill embroidery of the Plains, the basketry, pottery and weaving of the Southwest show more poetic and attractive designs and figures. Yet though the Northwestern art may not charm us, we must admire its strange, savage power, its originality and its highly developed execution.

Everywhere among these tribes we see the raven carved or painted. To us it is only a bird; to the Indian it is the emblem of his mythological hero. It must always be remembered that the animal of Indian mythology is a supernatural being, not an animal according to our conceptions. It was the Raven who won the Daylight, the Sun and the Moon from a mighty chief who kept them hidden in a chest tha hung from the beams of his house. Then the Raven flew to the people who were fishing in the darkness, and cried, "Take pity on me; and give me of your fish! In return I will give you the Daylight." But the people only laughed at him and mocked him. They would not believe him till at last he lifted his wing a little and let the moon peep out. Then the people believed and gave him some herring, which was then without bones. The Raven was angry because the people had not believed him and so he filled the fish with pine needles. Since that time the herring is full of bones. Then the Raven placed the Sun and the Daylight in the heavens; he cut the moon in two halves, and set one half in the sky to wax and wane, and made stars from the other half. The story concludes rather humorously, "Now that it was daylight and the people could see one another, they ran away from each other and became fish, bears, wolves and birds. Thus all animals came to be."

To understand Indian mythology we must put ourselves in the Indian's place,—for the elements, the animals and the natural world are so close to the Indian that all are endowed with personality. An underlying spiritual principle which manifests itself throughout nature is recognized in all things. To the Indian's imagination rocks are sometimes people turned to stone; animals are human beings with animal characteristics added, the sea and the wind have spirits, to be addressed and propitiated, and the spirit of the storm is a fabulous flying creature called the Thunder-Bird. Whoever has been with Indians and heard them tel of the Thunder-Bird must always thereafter see in the storm cloud a winged and awful presence, hovering, ready to sweep downward. Terrible is the sound of

the Thunder-Bird's wings as they beat the air, and terrible the flashing of his eyes. When the northern lights flame blood-red in the sky, the Tlingit sees the spirits of dead warriors making ready for battle, and when a shooting star falls, it is an ember from the hearth-fires of the dead who have their towns and villages in the stars.

And now let us hear how the Tlingits came to be. The Raven wanted to make men, so he made human forms of stone and blew upon them. The stones became alive but quickly died. Then he made forms of earth and blew upon them, and these became alive and died. Next he cut men from wood and blew upon them, but these, too, quickly died. At last the Raven made human forms of grass and blew upon them, and these lived on and became the ancestors of the human race. "And so," the story ends, "men live and die like grass."

ON MY mantel stand two pieces of curious wood carving which I value not only for their association with a primitive people, but also for their silent testimony to the artistic skill of the North American Indians. The carvings are miniature totem-poles exactly like the great ones which lift their sculptured figures high above the Indian houses of the Northwest coast. As on the originals, so, too, upon these tiny poles are carved heraldic animal symbols. I speak of the personal association with the Indians represented to me by these little totem-poles. The carvings were made before my eyes. I saw the Indian take a piece of cedar, cut and shape it; and then beneath his knife I watched the symbols grow. One by one the animals emerged from the wood. Here was the beaver, above it a human form, then followed a frog, and at the top of the pole a killer-whale with tail in the air. While the Indian whittled and smoothed the wood and dug deep grooves that made the grotesque shapes stand clear and sharp, he patiently sang for me a wild and barbarically beautiful song, whose harsh unusual intervals and stranger rhythms I tried to embody in musical notation. Over and over again the carver sang while another Indian beat a rhythmic accompaniment upon a wooden box-drum. Bar by bar I followed with my pencil, interrupting to have a phrase repeated, trying myself to sing what I had written. Now and then the Indian broke off to offer explanations of his song.

"This is the song of the fraternity to which I belong," he said. "Every fraternity has its songs. Every bird, animal, man has songs. *There is a song for everything.*"

This statement was naïve, but I knew that among Indians generally, songs and chants embody much of the unwritten literature

of the race. I knew also that certain songs are individual or family property, or the property of fraternities and secret societies, to be transmitted like a legacy to the next generation or those newly initiated into the society. As I worked over my note-book I fell to musing on the important place of song in the life of the Indian. The words, "*There is a song for everything,*" awakened many a thought. Why must this song-impulse, this gift of instinctive melody and rhythm be lost in the process of civilization?

Dr. John R. Swanton in his study of the Tlingits quotes an Indian as saying that when a man's near relative dies and he is filled with grief, a song makes itself up inside of him.

I watched the deft fingers plying the knife. Anyone familiar with the painting and carving of this people knows how sure is the touch, how perfect the intricate lines and curves in the art of the Northwest coast. I thought of my own difficulties in learning the complicated rhythm of the song which to the native American was so easy, and I knew that the piece of wood, which in the Indian's fingers was becoming eloquent of the myths of his people, in my hands would have been forever dumb. And the thought that was always in my mind in my studies among Indians came keenly to the fore,—"Why not, in civilizing these crude and natural artists, wood-carvers and singers,—why not train a few of them to occupations, crafts and industries in which use could be made of the native gifts?"

The Indian industrial schools at Hampton, Virginia and Carlisle, Pennsylvania, have wisely adopted work along these lines. Other Government Indian schools are following. Yet it is not too much to say that the development of native industries should form a larger and more serious part of the curriculum of all Indian schools in the United States and Canada. For only by infusing into the new life of practical progress some of the old Indian ideals can we hope to brighten for the man of yesterday his outlook for the morrow.

HAIDA SILVER BRACELET OF HAWK DESIGN.

AND THESE, TOO, ARE MOTHERS: A STORY: BY MARIE LOUISE GOETCHIUS

SHE dressed herself almost painfully, bending close to her cheap mirror to bow her tired lips with red, and shadow her tired eyes with black; she poised the enormous cheap straw hat with its vertiginous flower garden, at a hard, sharp angle on her crimped hair; she drew over it a wide veil, torn in spots, with its great black dots that drooped and swayed in front of her eyes. Then she turned to the child, who, curled on the narrow bed, was nearly asleep, shook it gently, and said:

"*Allons, ma petite*, it is time."

The child protested whiningly. It looked tired, too, and very light and frail. It was dressed in a soiled white muslin, with a floppy hat, and tarnished blue streamers tied under its pointed chin. Once up, however, it went docilely enough, and followed the woman out on the streets. The sky was deep blue that night and there were many stars. They looked like a silent flock of glittering birds—those stars—sailing on with outstretched wings, in a vast migrating army to a land beyond the city. Paris shone with the unhealthy pallor of street lights; the night world rustled warmly up and down the narrow hilly pavements of Montmartre. Thin strains of music drifted out from the dance halls and restaurants. Tall, imposing men in dark livery stood at the magic entrances of these restaurants, scanning impertinently the faces which passed or paused before the doors—shrugging their shoulders and smiling knowingly, as the little women streamed and poured by them to the gay cafés inside. There were sightseers, too. These last glided around in motors, with much conscious craning of necks, and laughter at imagined life.

The woman and the child stopped at the entrance of one of the cheapest of the restaurants. The man at the door bent and tweaked the child's attenuated chin.

"How goes it, the little one?" he inquired in his hoarse good-natured voice.

"Not badly," answered the woman. She always came to this restaurant. She could not go to the smarter ones—she had not the clothes, and the child would perhaps not be allowed in. Here they knew her—they had known her mother before her. She managed at least to get coffee for herself and milk for the child every night.

Tonight it was crowded. The bar, with its high stools at the entrance of the garish room, was swarming with women, all dressed in shabby ostentatious imitation of their betters—the same style of hats, the same ruffles of lace at the neck—but with the difference of

cheapness. They greeted the woman and her child kindly, and the woman smiled eagerly back at them, answering their crude questions with unmincing frankness, warmed and at her ease in their presence. She looked at some of them with envy. They were better appearing than she and much younger. Still she was not conscious of her fading potentialities, although a glance in the big white mirror over the mercilessly lighted bar, showed her a face without the charm of youth and a figure grown stout and bourgeois. But the perfume and paint and drinks and music seemed to blend in a warm friendly river from which she drank gratefully, leaning far over the brink to do so. She felt the occasional tug of pointed little fingers at her skirts, but it did not occur to her that it was wrong to bring the child with her. There was indeed no alternative.

The child was perched on a high stool now, playing contentedly with a paper fan, and drinking its milk. Beyond at the tables sat men and women. They seemed restless—there was a great deal of moving about and changing places—like an enormous box of water colors being shuffled around and toppled in different positions to daub a caricaturist's palette. The strong lights chemically sucked much of this color out. They seemed to gain their strength by preying on the wine and people. There was dancing going on between the tables—couples swung in small steps, sawing their bodies up and down to the rhythm of the red-coated music. The woman could not dance. It made her bones creak and ache, but she liked to watch the others.

As she stood near the bar, a Lady entered with two men. This Lady was clearly of another class, but her presence there was not so extraordinary, as many ladies came to see this restaurant. This particular lady, however, differed vaguely from the others. She did not look contemptuous or disgusted with what she saw. She was quietly dressed in a short gray tailor suit, with a snugly fitting hat and a plain undotted veil. She had a delicate white face and thoughtful dark eyes which glanced clearly around the room, touching its glare, with a momentary shadow. The two men seemed rather self-conscious. They avoided the eyes of the women near the bar. There was a slight wait at the door while a table was being found for them. Meanwhile the Lady in Gray had caught sight of the child. A sharp little gasp of shocked amazement escaped from her lips. Before her companions realized what she was going to do, she had moved swiftly forward and was bending over it. The mother watching first with curiosity, then with surprise, followed this stranger almost defiantly and placed herself directly behind her child. Several women clustered in a silent observing group near by.

"What is this child doing here?" asked the Lady in Gray. She spoke French with a slight accent.

"It is my child, madame," answered the woman.

The Lady in Gray looked up with an expression which changed as she saw the mother. Then she asked very gently:

"Why is she here, madame?"

"Because I am here," answered the mother simply.

She was not accustomed to speaking to ladies. The Lady in Gray hesitated a moment, whispered to one of the men at her side and then spoke in a still more gentle voice:

"Won't you and your child come and sit with us a while at our table?"

The woman stared incredulously. Such a thing had never happened to her before. She felt suddenly very pleased and excited. It was an event. She looked around to see if her friends had heard the invitation. Yes, they had—they were whispering together.

"Willingly, madame," she answered. The child slid down from its stool at a word from its mother, and they followed the Lady in Gray and the gentlemen over to a table in a corner. The child was not afraid or embarrassed, but the woman became awkward and conscious. They sat down. The Lady in Gray and the gentlemen treated her as if she were of themselves. They asked her politely what she would have to drink. She began to feel that she was in that vague society of which she had read indifferently in the papers. She sat up straighter and smiled small stiff smiles; she held her hands in her lap and every once in a while she leaned over and twitched at the bow on the child's hat. She talked carefully, choosing the proper words. A great pride was surging through her poor worn body—the pride of being treated as an equal by her superiors. They were talking to her about many things—but the conversation always drifted back to the child. How old was it? Had it ever been to school? Wasn't its mother proud of it? This was a new idea. She had never consciously separated the child from herself. They were a totality—a habit which had not stopped to analyze itself. No—now that she was called upon to express it—the child had not been to school, she had not even been especially proud of it. It was an existent fact, just as everything else she could see and touch or which was obliged to be in her life, was an existent fact. She had not tangled herself in realizations or questions.

"But your child," the Lady in Gray was saying. "Does she not get very tired being up so late at night?"

"*Non*," answered the woman with a shrug in her voice, "she does not seem to. She sleeps in the day, *voila tout!*"

The Lady in Gray shuddered a little. "Then your baby never sees the sun," she remarked sadly.

But the mother looked at her uncomprehendingly. "We others, madame," she said, "we do what we can. Our children must live as we do—or without that we cannot keep them."

"And your friends?" asked the Lady in Gray, with a delicate wave of her hand. "Have they all children too?"

"Most of them, madame."

"But I do not see them."

"*Mon Dieu*, madame; they have fortune. Some of them can find care for their children while they go out—some leave their children the night alone. I have no one, and my child cannot stay alone."

She was enjoying herself now in almost an intoxication of self-respect. She bent forward slightly as she spoke, addressing the child in between times, "*Tiens toi droite*, Nini."

The child drank its milk noisily, and watched the dancing with expressionless eyes.

"*Tiens*," continued the woman, "if it could interest you, there are some ladies who have also children." She used the word lady slowly, with savor. It sounded well. She beckoned to three of her friends who had been staring at her from a distance. They sidled over eagerly—pressing one against the other. They were younger and better looking than she and their eyes slid smilingly to the men at the table.

"*Dis donc*, Rosa, how goes the little Jean?" asked the woman importantly.

"He goes well," answered Rosa, in quick response. Her face lighted up until it looked prettier than ever.

"You all have children?" asked the Lady in Gray.

"But yes, madame," they answered, staring at her.

"Sit down," she said impulsively, "and tell me about them."

"Madame has perhaps one of her own?" hazarded the woman. The Lady in Gray shook her head sadly. "No," she said, and her eyes sought the eyes of one of the men—but the woman did not notice that. The men were making the best of the strange party and had ordered a bottle of champagne. Then they withdrew from the conversation and let the Lady in Gray talk as she would. She acted the gracious hostess in her own house. The women had never known anything like it. Little by little she drew them out. Soon they were all talking volubly about their children. Their manner had changed—they seemed absorbed—vying with one another in their descriptions of the little ones who belonged to them. The

mother whose child was beside her sat quietly listening—she had never heard her friends talk so. She almost felt ashamed. Yet unconsciously she kept fussing with her own child, touching it here and there, admonishing it, looking at it.

The life of the night flowed on unheeding past the little table. The music played, women danced together, men leered and reeled to and fro, the entrance door banged shut and open, as the painted world streamed in and out of it. The women still talked of their children. Jean was an intelligent boy; he should go to school soon. Marie appeared weakly—she cried a great deal, and did not eat much. Therese was a little devil—that child would make a dead man laugh with her cunning tricks. The absent children seemed to be standing each at its mother's side, their small faces peering wonderingly or knowingly at the lights and wine. The simple words of their mothers brought their presences around the table. The child who was there seemed to spread and multiply and become an attentive group of children, the quick prattle of their little tongues slipping through the noise of clinking glasses—the patter of their little feet drowning the sliding scrape of the dancers. They appealed, they challenged, they lived.

At last the Lady in Gray rose to leave. It was late. As she stood up, the shades of the children seemed to scatter and disappear. There remained only the crude noise of the restaurant, and the bright blotches of the women's dresses. The child, who was there, had fallen asleep. The Lady in Gray was whispering again to one of the men. He hesitated visibly, at an apparent request. But her eyes were not eyes to be refused. Finally he nodded and shrugged his shoulders. Then she turned impulsively to the four women.

"Do you know what would give me great pleasure?" she said. "You will forgive me perhaps if it seems a little unusual, since I have not known you for long, but I want you to bring your children to tea with me in my apartment, One Hundred and Fourteen Avenue des Champs Élysées, tomorrow at five. Promise me that you will come. I—I should like to know them."

The women drew back instinctively. They did not know how to answer such an unheard of invitation. One of them glanced slyly toward the men, but these last were gazing impassively off into the room.

"After the little talk we have had, I feel I must see them," continued the Lady in Gray. "You will come, won't you?" She turned almost wistfully to the first woman.

"We will come, madame," answered the latter with sudden warmth. And as an afterthought, she added, "thank you, madame."

The others assented a trifle awkwardly. Then the Lady in Gray moved quietly away, with the two men on either side of her. The women left standing at the table looked at one another but exchanged no comment. It was almost as if they were afraid to admit that what had just happened was bizarre. Finally the mother gathered her child up in her arms. "I'm going home. Good night," she said. When she had left, the three others stood uneasily for a time. Suddenly one of the women spoke: "If we all went—"

THE Lady in Gray sat waiting. She seemed a little impatient. Every once in a while she would glance quickly toward the door. Beside her stood a tea-table heavily laden with cakes and candy in small silver dishes. The hot water purred in its kettle—there were flowers in bowls around the room. Suddenly the door bell tinkled and the Lady in Gray half rose from her chair. Then the white door of the salon opened and four women and four children came through it awkwardly, hesitating, ill at ease—the children all about the same age, hanging back, apparently miserable in their best clothes. They were overdressed. One little girl wore a creased, shiny pink satin, cut down at the throat, and a row of hollow, thin imitation pearls. Her hat was a huge affair with magenta roses. The one little boy had evidently fought at being dressed up—a button had been wrenched from his coat, and his red tie was twisted. The child who had been at the restaurant the night before, was still in the same costume and hat. It seemed possible that she had not taken them off between times. The last child trailed far behind. She was more simply dressed in green muslin and white ribbons.

The Lady in Gray came forward swiftly and cordially. The women held themselves consciously. In a dumb sort of way they felt this different background, in which their small shifts and contrivances for a good appearance stood out pitilessly exposed. The room seemed to retire delicately in a soft pastel haze, leaving them alone, harshly displayed, vividly artificial. But this feeling passed quickly as the Lady in Gray bent over their respective children and kissed them. The children stared at her silently. The child whom she already knew did not recognize her. Then they all sat down. The children's eyes became glued to the plates of cakes—and they moved restlessly in their chairs. No one seemed to know quite how to begin. However, gradually under the influence of the Lady in Gray, they all felt more at ease. The mothers began to talk again of their children. The cakes and tea were passed. The Lady in Gray herself helped the children to the cakes and the five women sat

watching as if fascinated the little ones' gluttonous attack upon the sweets. When everything was finished to the last flaky crumb, the Lady in Gray sighed as if quite happy over their unmannerly hunger.

"It is good to see the young find so much pleasure for so little," she said.

The four mothers agreed. They felt content, too, just as if they had done something of which to be proud. The children, gorged with cakes, retired heavily to a corner, where they sat, playing among themselves. Then the women talked more freely. Gradually the miserable stories of their lives found expression in the excitement of conversationally being treated as an equal by this lady. Her gentle interest loosened their already emboldened tongues. They exposed their sordid tragedies almost with pride at having stories to tell. Also they showed a pitiful knowledge of human nature, good and bad. The Lady in Gray was the magnet for all their observations, unconsciously philosophical or bitter—they did not once address each other. At intervals, the children in their corner, by a shuffle or a restless flopping of their little bodies centered the attention in their direction. The Lady in Gray seemed relieved when such interruptions occurred. Although no one realized it, she managed to keep the children in the foreground. It was as if she constantly reminded the women that they were mothers, until they plumed themselves like birds over their young. But the women were growing very much at ease in the soft room. The telling of their stories seemed to have simplified the atmosphere and rendered it more breathable for them. Finally the Lady in Gray rang the bell near her chair and four dainty packages were brought in on a tray by a white-aproned maid. Then the Lady in Gray called the children over to her and gave each one a package.

"A little remembrance of me," she said. The children opened them delightedly. There lay four shiny medallions of the Virgin Mary and four thin silver chains to hang them on. The Lady in Gray fastened them in place around the eager stretched little necks. The child who wore the imitation pearls was especially noisy in her pleasure. She liked bright glittering things. It was evidently time to go, but the women did not quite know how to take their leave. They began to look at each other meaningly—but no one seemed to wish to be the first to go. At last the Lady in Gray rose.

"I want to show you something," she said, walking swiftly over to a small desk from which she took a picture in a silver frame. It was the picture of a child sitting in a big chair, holding a doll. The women gathered close around her peering over her shoulder.

"My child," said the Lady in Gray softly. "She died when she was eleven years old."

One of the women sniffled—they all felt very, very sorry and they could easily have cried at that moment.

"I envy you—you see," went on the Lady in Gray with her quiet voice. "I lost my baby because, I suppose, I did not deserve such happiness."

The women about her did not look at one another—they looked away. Their children were playing noisily in their corner. The little boy was fighting with the three little girls. But the mothers did not interfere.

"Yes," continued the Lady in Gray in a far-away voice. "I did not deserve such happiness."

Then she appeared to forget that there was anyone in the room with her, for she stared off into space and her eyes were wide and dark and clear. So the women instinctively said good-bye somehow and walked out of the door followed by their children. It was growing dark. The streets were flaming gradually with the night fever—carriages rolled by in the shadows of the chestnut trees—the moon white and sad trailed its path over the Arc de Triomphe. The women and children stood in a little knot on the wide avenue. Then they started moving slowly down toward the boulevards. The faces of the women were strangely quiet, but the same expression was on all of them—a timid thin softness shone through their paint. The cheap lace over their hearts stirred as they breathed—they held their heads higher and they did not stare at the passing men.

The shadows from the trees of the lower Champs Élysées fell upon them and painted out the tawdry colors of their costumes. They became merely a group of silhouettes detached against the dark spring green of the chestnut leaves. At last the woman who had brought it all about, spoke as if to herself:

"If one could merit it!" she said.

The others looked at her, startled. One of them answered in a purposely loud, harsh voice:

"But what takes us all?"

The first woman spoke again:

"Let it be," she said. "The lady who envied us, she had reason. If we could merit it."

One of the children came running back. It was the boy.

"*Mere! Mere!*" he cried. "Therese did lose her medallion."

His mother caught him in her arms.

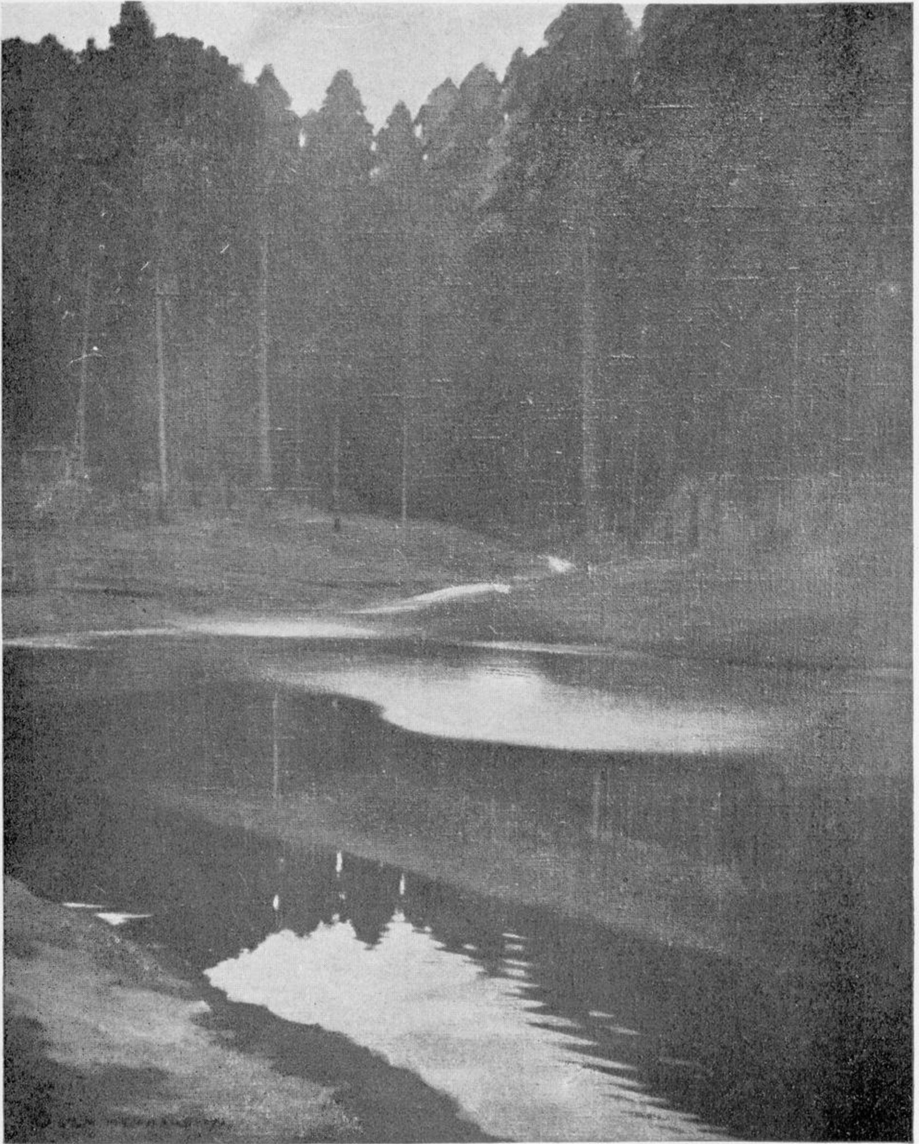
"Why should we not merit them?" she said passionately—"We, too, have suffered for them."

CALIFORNIA LANDSCAPES IN WHICH THE VIGOR AND WILD BEAUTY OF THE GOLDEN STATE ARE MANIFEST: BY HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

IN WHATEVER city or country a California may pursue the business of living, at heart he always belongs to his State in a way that is true of few other people from other parts of the United States. This is the reasonable outgrowth of the natural and political situation of California. The area of uninhabited country that, for so long, lay between this State and the well-settled East gave to it the isolation and independence of an individual civilization, and the golden luxuriance of the land, contrasting with the diminished fertility of the East and the deserts and uncultivated plains of the Middle West, went further to set it apart, and make it a sort of region of the blessed. The vitality and vigor that marks the climate and vegetation of the country is in the blood of the native Californian, and he feels himself a human manifestation of its natural forces; wherever he is, there also is California in his person. Not only the native, but men and women coming from other sections of the country fall swiftly under the spell and become as fiercely devoted as if they had known no other home.

But in spite of this attitude of deep and passionate love, almost adoration, that the Californian feels for his birthplace, he has also an uneasy consciousness that it is after all provincial. There is at the bottom nothing contradictory in this. In spite of its immense distances, California is like a little town where everybody knows everybody else, and, realizing this perhaps more keenly than anyone else, the Californian artist feels that he must be recognized by an outside public that has no personal interest in him, before his compatriots, however much they may admire him, are sure of their own judgment of him. They want him to make good in Europe or in the East, and have the fact properly hailed in the press of San Francisco and Los Angeles. He himself feels the need of the stimulus of older art centers and of the work of other men, although he knows that what he has to say will always be drawn from the deep sources of life in the community of which he is a part; for California has wonderful resources of artistic nourishment. Here are tradition, poetry, romance, and a landscape that in spite of the immensity of its scale and dazzling vividness of color, is yet paintable.

Added to this are other characteristics which convince the artists of California that it is fitted to become a center and inspiration of American art. The State is new and vigorous with the hot energy



"LAKE MAJELLA": EUGEN NEUHAUS, PAINTER.

"GLACIAL MEADOW": WILLIAM KEITH, PAINTER.

"LIVE OAKS AT TWILIGHT": JOHN M. GAMBLE, PAINTER.

"WILD MUSTARD": JOHN M. GAMBLE, PAINTER.

"THE SHADOW OF THE CANON":
ELMER WACHTEL, PAINTER.

of youth, and yet it has the mellow atmosphere of the past. Close by a modern building freshly painted and practical, there may be a crumbling adobe house with mossy tiles,—a memory of the time "before the Gringos came." Perhaps it hides a leather trunk with hand-wrought brass nails full of dresses of the stately ladies who, clad in billowy ruffles of lace and gay silks, rode horseback on pillions behind their lords. Their great-great-granddaughters are probably riding astride over the same country, wearing boys' caps and divided skirts. Yet here and there in the flash of a black eye or the turn of a delicate profile we see traces of a warmer, intenser strain than that of the matter-of-fact Northerner. The Spanish influence lingers in the melodious names of places and in the hot, peppery dishes served on Californian tables. Stories of love and fighting and of religious devotion cluster around the old Missions. The later history of the State in the time of gold mining and Vigilantes is even more stirring, and as picturesque. The Indian is close at hand with his interesting customs; the nearness to the Orient adds still another element to the cosmopolitan character of the cities, and carved teakwood, ivory and rich-hued embroideries train the eye in the perception of beauty. In some of the landscapes, especially those inspired by the cypress-circled blue waters of Monterey Bay, one is conscious of Japanese influence in the composition. A thousand miles of seacoast stretch from the gray breakers of the north to the sparkling blue of San Diego or Catalina, and the landscape holds both the rich fertility of the tropics and the bleak, snow-covered mountains of the polar regions.

All these elements have contributed to the creative power of the Californian artists, and the most casual glance at a list of men and women who have distinguished themselves in the arts will show a fair proportion of names from the State of the Golden Gate.

IT IS characteristic that most of the Californian artists have painted landscapes, and that most of them prefer to seek Nature in her wilder haunts where man has not yet left any mark of his presence. It is scarcely accurate to say that these landscape painters constitute a distinct Western school, since the only group that might be designated by such a name is Californian geographically and not intrinsically. Arthur Mathews, at one time instructor in the Art Institute in San Francisco, may be called the head of this group, as he more than any of the others has influenced the younger artists. Among his disciples are Xavier Martinez, who is of Aztec lineage, Gottardo Piazzoni, a San Franciscan of Italian extraction, and Maurice Del Mue, who came from France not many years ago. All show the influence of their European training. They use a palette held in a very low key,

borrowing something from the brown tones of the Californian summers and from the simple masses of the trees, but avoiding the more gorgeous aspects of Nature. Their work has often a delicate, poetic beauty, but it would have been as exquisite in any other clime.

On the other hand, the men who have produced work essentially Californian stand isolated and cannot be classified in any one group. Those who have chosen to work in California, to interpret her beauty to the world, need some of the qualities of real greatness. They must know how to stand alone and must have faith in themselves and in their neighbors. Without pretending to exhaust the subject, a few may be mentioned who have caught and mirrored various phases of that prodigal, many-sided Nature. They have been chosen not for similarity, but for difference.

William Keith has gone up into the heart of the Sierras, where the dark, cold streams gush eternally from the edges of the glaciers. He seems to have caught there some of the spirit of everlasting youth for himself and his work. He has put on his canvas the play of light over snow-covered peaks almost as ephemeral as the clouds above them, the gray hills tufted with moss, the deep black forests, and at their feet the fine, pale grass springing among boulders, all blending to form what seems a world in itself. The distances suggest the illimitable.

Keith is a believer in the theory that art is nature passing through the artist's imagination. "Paint cannot compete with the sunlight of the Almighty," he would say, "and the only way in which the painter can come near to the eternal creative force is through his own spirit." He interprets, but does not describe nature.

Elmer Wachtel is the painter of southern California. On the border of the desert there is a land that has appealed to few. It seems to be nature created for its own ends and not for the uses of men. Wachtel has discovered vast strange beauty in this wild, weird, melancholy country. Sad it must always be, tragic even in its grim loneliness and hopelessness; yet it has majesty and a stupendous strength. The hills stretch out endlessly. For thousands of years they have gathered the gray vegetation that makes them hoary. Sometimes they roll to the edge of the ocean which borrows from them its leaden hue. To paint them under a bright blue sky would be like letting the sunlight in on a dead face. They need the kindly pall of gray clouds, with sometimes a ray of light hovering over the edge of the canyons. For uncounted ages the elemental forces have been at rest here. There is no touch of human life. There is not even the murmur of fresh water or the soughing of the wind in trees.

LIKE Wachtel, in that he has found a phase of nature suited to his temperament, is John M. Gamble. In every other way the personalities of the two men are as different as the landscapes that appeal to them. The flowering meadows in the central valleys of California have caught Gamble's fancy. He paints the deep-orange poppies flaming over the hillside or running into lakes of cadmium surrounded by luscious green grass and everywhere the delicate shimmer of the buttercups. Sometimes he adds a touch of blue with the lupines massed in the clefts. Recently he has begun to paint similar subjects under the mists of late afternoon or in the hazy glow of sunset or even under the white light of the moon. His work has gained much in atmosphere and depth without losing its pungent freshness.

In his latest work Gamble has given us more elaborate compositions in the trees and mountains and beach of Santa Barbara, where he lives. His treatment of the background is original and modern. He sweeps away the underbrush and shows us a clear space with a curve of the beach enclosing a bit of the bay, where most of the painters of the oak and eucalyptus trees, following Keith's example, have striven for mysterious and poetic depths.

Eugen Neuhaus is a young German artist who sees California with the keen eyes of the newcomer. He has painted a variety of subjects, but in general it is the bright, sunny aspects of nature that appeal to him. He brings to his work a virile art and a spirit bubbling with enthusiasm. There is spontaneity in everything he does. His "Lake Majella" is somber without being dreary. He has avoided the wild, eerie feeling of a solitary mountain lake and thereby perhaps lost something of its deepest significance. Yet there is much charm in the bit of water, like a cheerful eye of the earth opening to catch the light of heaven, the tall black pines closing around it, guardians of its peace.

In summing up the work of the California landscape painters, one feels that the individuality of each artist is so definite, so vividly expressed, that the possibility of developing a school of painting among them is most remote. They are all painting California with love and devotion, that is clear, and also that they are all American artists and radiantly Western; and yet, the work of no one suggests the achievement of the other beyond the temporary influence occasionally felt of the older men as instructors. As one recalls this art collectively and individually, it seems more typical of a single bit of country than the art of any one other State, and yet more diversified than the temperament of the Coast people themselves.

LONDON MUNICIPAL ARTS AND CRAFTS SCHOOLS, WHERE THE UNSKILLED LABORER IS TRAINED TO BECOME A CRAFTSMAN TO SUPPLEMENT HIS WORK IN THE SHOPS: BY ERNEST A. BATCHELDER

E WERE somewhat critical in America concerning some of the work projected recently by the London County Council and similar bodies in other English municipalities. It may be that errors of judgment occasionally have been made in these municipal ventures; but on investigation one feels that on the whole the substantial benefits outweigh the mistakes and, what is more to the purpose, indicate an intelligent and conscientious effort on the part of those who hold office to spend the people's money for the welfare of the people. The illustration which I have in mind at the moment is the establishment of municipal schools and museums of art in the large cities and in many of the smaller towns for the purpose of furnishing an art education to the citizens at a nominal expense. It matters not to which corner of the land one turns, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, Birmingham, London,—one invariably finds a municipal school of arts and crafts and a museum of fine and industrial art, both generally strengthened through material aid from the central government and through generous loans from the inexhaustible collections at South Kensington by the circulation department. It may be hoped that in America we shall some day awaken to the fact that England and other European countries are years ahead of us in the development of educational work in connection with their artistic industries.

The English schools, following those already established in Germany, entered upon the arts and crafts phase of their work at periods varying from ten to twenty years ago. The movement for industrial art training was influenced in a large measure by the strenuous crusade carried on by Ruskin, Morris and others against the low artistic standards prevailing at the time and the deplorable conditions that had invaded the skilled crafts through the introduction of machine processes and the subdivision of labor. It was clear that with another generation there would not be in all England a single practical goldsmith, silversmith, or bookbinder,—in fact, a thoroughly competent craftsman in any of the similar skilled industries. And with ample evidence at hand of the noble part which the art craftsmen played in the civilization of centuries past, it seemed worth while to checkmate some of the degrading tendencies of mod-

ern commercialism. The acute specialization of work in the shops for purposes of speed and cheapness of execution, together with the rapid decline of the apprenticeship system, left only a few exceptional opportunities whereby a lad might hope to acquire all the details of a trade. Under these circumstances it was held to be a logical step for the state and municipal governments to enter upon educational work that would provide those engaged in the skilled trades with a chance to learn that which their daily practice in the shops denied them. To this end schools were organized to supplement the shops, to preserve and foster all the best traditions of the artistic crafts; museums were established, or broadened in scope, for the collection and exhibition of the best industrial art work of the past, in order that the highest possible standards might always be at hand for reference. Time is demonstrating the value of these steps, and the work now meets with the approval, often with the active assistance, of the employers, and frequently with the intelligent coöperation of the trades unions. I say frequently because here, as elsewhere, the unions make little effort to supervise the training that a lad may receive; their ideals are all trimmed to the limited dimensions of the pay envelope, and any real interest in educational work is worthy of note.

As an instance of the part these schools are beginning to play in actual production, one might cite Birmingham. A short time ago the term "Brumagen Made" implied all that was cheap and awful in metal work. But with the complete and effective organization of its school of arts and crafts, and with the practical use that has been made of its museum, there are now in Birmingham hundreds of *real* craftsmen capable of designing and executing work of the highest merit.

THE organizations of the schools vary in different cities; but in two points at least they coincide: Each endeavors to meet the problems presented by the artistic crafts carried on in its city; each picks its faculty of teachers from men who have had long experience at the bench and who are looked upon by the trade as authorities in their chosen lines of work. Without such teachers it is doubtful if any degree of confidence can be inspired among men engaged in the trades. Is it singular, or not, that workshop people should mistrust the value of the theory and practice of the "school chap" when applied to their problems?

London now has its own schools of arts and crafts located in different sections of the city, aside from schools of purely technical training, and also contributes through a series of grants to the work

of other schools such as the Northampton Polytechnic and the Sir John Cass Institute, which provide work of a similar nature for the trades. The organization of the schools differs from that in Birmingham, which I outlined in The Craftsman for October, nineteen hundred and eight. The schools in London are quite independent of each other, though subject, of course, to certain general rules, and are unrelated to the elementary art training in the public schools. There is even an element of competition among the different schools here. A boy may cross the city to get to his work, preferring for some reason or other the more distant school to that in his immediate neighborhood. It may be that this acts as an incentive to a teacher to give thought and careful attention to his work. If a class drops to an average attendance of six the Council discontinues it; and six applicants for the instruction along some particular line of work are sufficient for starting a class. However, I think one must seek deeper than this for the genuine interest and persistent effort of teachers and pupils alike, and for the commendable technical and artistic standards that prevail.

The Central School of Arts and Crafts started last year in its new building, seven stories in height, with large newly equipped shops and studios, a faculty of over seventy highly trained teachers, and with about nine hundred and fifty pupils for a modest house warmer. This school was first started in temporary quarters in Regent Street in eighteen hundred and ninety-six. To quote from the catalogue: "Admission to the school is, within certain limits, only extended to those actually engaged in handicraft. The school is intended to supplement, rather than supersede, apprenticeship, by affording to students engaged in the typical London art industries opportunities for design and practice in those branches of their craft which, owing to subdivision of processes of production, they are unable to learn in the workshops." In other words, it is distinctly a trade school; there are other schools in sufficient number to cater to the needs of the amateur craftsworker. The most active work of the school is done at night, and the students represent nearly all the important shops of the city. In Germany, by the way, such schools run through six days and nights of the week and Sunday mornings! It would seem as if they attached some importance to this sort of training!

The work of the Central School is roughly divided into the following departments, and in so far as possible each department occupies a floor of the building: Architecture and the building crafts; silversmithing and allied crafts; book trades; cabinet work-

ing; drawing, design and modeling; needlework; stained glass, mosaic and decorative painting.

While the work of the whole school is of exceptional interest, it will serve our purpose to visit two typical floors,—that of the silversmiths and the book trades. By silversmithing must be understood many allied crafts, such as enameling, die sinking, engraving, gem cutting, casting, etc. The heads of this department have had many years of experience at the bench and the teachers divide their time between the shop and school. Nearly all of them came to the school originally as pupils, were in the course of time chosen as assistants, and after demonstrating their fitness in this capacity were selected as teachers. On the background of such an experience they are thoroughly familiar with the needs of the trade, are in touch with the spirit and work of the school, and have given ample proof that they possess that peculiar combination of tact, patience and foresight which counts for effective teaching. Their pedagogy has been acquired from practice rather than from books.

THE pupils in these and the other shops vary considerably as to age. Some are young boys who have just gone to work; others have had several years of shop experience. There are no "courses" of work; each pupil is advised in the selection of problems that seem best suited to his needs. Many start by copying fine originals; and all of them are encouraged to undertake projects requiring long concentration of thought and effort instead of producing things of minor importance for immediate effect.

In the day school, drawing, designing and modeling are compulsory; in the night school, these subjects create opportunities for a nice diplomacy on the part of the teachers. Many pupils say that "there is a man in the shop who does all the drawing and designing." If these subjects were compulsory it is probable that many would not appear the second time. So a few snares are carefully laid and as soon as pupils see the value of such work they take it up with the interest that is essential for proper results. The work in drawing is from models chosen from the craft the pupils are following, with studies from nature, birds and insects particularly, as these have ever played an important part in jewelry and silver work.

The equipment of these shops, and of the school as a whole, offers material for discussion. The shops possess every possible facility that one might wish for hand work; but in the entire school there is no power-driven machinery. At first thought one might feel that such a school could not possibly keep in touch with modern methods of working. But on the other hand it must not always be

assumed that modern methods are necessarily the best. There can be no doubt that the finest traditions of all the artistic crafts are to be found in hand work. And if a person can design a piece of silversmithing, or what not, and execute it through hand processes, thoughtfully, thoroughly, with all the patience and skill that hand work demands, it is quite likely that he will be in position to use machinery or not as he may choose. It does not take an ingenious person long to learn how to operate the machines that do parts of his work in the shops. It is the purpose of the school to supplement, not duplicate, the shops, to furnish opportunities for the acquisition of processes of recognized value which the shops are using less and less, not because other processes are better, but because they are so much cheaper.

Consider for a moment what the training of such a school means to a young man who, perhaps, is tied down to some trivial mechanical process in a shop with the little prospect of learning anything more of his trade. There are many "historic" cases in the schools of boys who were duly apprenticed to an employer and who then found themselves attached to some petty work with slight hope of advancing beyond it. I have in mind a young man who spent one year sweeping shop and running errands, followed by three years soldering nozzles to teapots! A valuable trade indeed in that! But not an unusual case.

On the next floor are the book trades, typography, engraving on wood and metal, printing and presswork, bookbinding. A separate school of photo-engraving and process work is conducted elsewhere in the city. In the bindery each pupil acquires the complete process from beginning to end, and in its many variations. The designing here is eminently practical. The design is stamped on paper with the aid of a carbon sheet, the same tools being used that are employed later to transfer the design to leather. The work here is of particular value, for bookbinding as now carried on commercially is so completely subdivided that "hundreds are binding books, but very few can bind *a* book."

In the department of the book trades it is the purpose to have the pupils coöperate in the production of a fine edition of some volume worthy of the time and effort involved,—compose it, print it, illustrate it, make the decorations and all of the engravings,—and finally bind it, each pupil in the bindery carrying out his own idea of what a finely bound book should be like.

There are well-equipped shops and studios for work in lithography, wood engraving, etching and mezzotint, decorative writing and illuminating.

THERE are many pupils in the bookbinding shop who illustrate the depth to which the time-honored apprenticeship system has fallen in modern practice. Here is a lad who spent two years pasting labels to the backs of photograph frames until relieved of further service by the courts; another was indentured for seven years, which were spent in a process of extreme value to one who might be called upon to support a family,—cutting cardboard! Strange, is it not, that the product of the artistic crafts in modern practice lacks soul stuff? But I wish it were possible to recite many instances of the effective service that is rendered these young men through the work they are doing here. There are boys who have pegged away steadily in the night school during periods ranging from four to ten years, winning a small scholarship, gradually winning larger ones of material value, and in the meantime stepping up grade by grade in their daily work as their services became more valuable to their employers; and in this is the real test of such an education as the school offers. In the bindery, as elsewhere, the teachers have been drafted from those who started as pupils and who now hold responsible positions in the shops where they are regularly employed. Most of the employers appreciate the service rendered by the school; many insist upon their boys attending it.

Space does not permit a record of the many shops and studios of the school. These two are typical and may well represent the general character of the others. A brief summary of some of the other activities, as for instance under the heading of architecture and building crafts, may serve to indicate the variety of the work included in the different departments. Here are classes in architectural design based on present requirements and materials, with lectures on the history of architecture, building construction, structural mechanics, chemistry of materials. Work is done in stone carving, wood carving, lead casting, decorative plaster-work and ironwork. Under the head of needlework come dressmaking and costume designing, embroidery, lace making, tapestry and other weaving.

There is a day School of Art for Women and a Technical Day School for Boys. The latter is an interesting experiment. The work is intended to provide technical and artistic training for boys who propose to enter some branch of the silversmithing trade. Their work is planned in connection with regular school subjects, English composition, geography, history, etc. One year in the school is recognized as the equivalent of one year of apprenticeship in the trade; but on completing his work in the school the pupil has acquired a knowledge of his trade without abandoning those subjects

that count for so much in general culture. The fees here, as in the rest of the school, are nominal in order to reach those who most need the assistance that is given.

Withal, the institution is admirably arranged and equipped,—one of the best that I have seen in Europe. Its comprehensive schedule of work meets the needs of practically all the arts from painting to forging. It has thoroughly competent teachers and enthusiastic pupils, with nominal fees and material aid for those who need it. It is setting high artistic and technical standards for the trade, and with freedom from political influences is bound to make its work count in the industrial life of London. And above all it is working for manhood, for strength of character and independence of thought; it gives exercise for mind and heart as well as eye and hand among those who must perforce win their daily wage under the cheapening influence of modern production. Would that our own municipal authorities might find something in such a venture worthy of emulation.

EXCELLENT THINGS

THERE are many excellent things in life for a girl or a boy,—
for a man or a woman,—
And those who have not known them should demand them,
And those who have known them should share them.
They are exceedingly simple things, but they keep us strong and young;
Perhaps they are small things, but they make life great.
It is good to throw a ball very far and very high and to catch it easily;
To run rapidly and endure long;
To be sure-footed, to climb with perfect self-reliance when the spring
is new upon the hills;
To plunge to cool waters and find refreshment when summer is sultry,
Swimming easily and naturally until the flesh is satisfied;
To pick daisies, to go haying, or berrying, or nutting;
To walk buoyantly and serenely among the breeze-buffeted leaves
of autumn;
To rise early in the morning and meet the frost undaunted,
To speed the blood from cheek to ankle;
To go the length of the blue ice on keen, swift skates;
To rush from the heights, down to the whirling snow on the ample
toboggan;
Waking, to eat simple food and live heartily,
Sleeping, to sleep deeply, with the earth and the trees close at hand.
These are all excellent things for they make the sane laborer, the
good comrade.

MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

THE WORK OF FINNISH ARTISTS WHO PAINT THEIR OWN COUNTRY AND PEOPLE WITH INSIGHT AND FORCE

FROM time to time the art of the North comes down to Paris, fresh, cool, vigorous, born in the heart of sturdy, energetic, courageous men, builders of small, strong nations on the margins of wide seas. Such art flows into the French Salon a clean, stimulating stream, undiluted with the scintillating degeneracy of the New Art which has grown to be but little more than a mass of embroidery on a twisted, rotten warp.

The French Autumn Salon opens its hospitable doors from season to season to these Northern painters of fresh vision. In the fall of nineteen hundred and seven the Belgian artists exhibited there, showing both sculpture and painting of rare insight and vigor, and last fall the work of the Finnish artists was shown for the third time in Paris. The space allotted this exhibit was small, but the import of the work was tremendous; distinctly modern, and not Parisian, although in isolated cases showing the influence in technique or tone of some dominating French master. For that matter, for years to come we shall recall Puvis de Chavannes in much of the mural decorations of many nations, just as the famous Puvis in turn recalls the mural work of that wonderful seventeenth-century Italian, Tiepolo.

But as a whole, the work of this Finnish school of painters is far removed from anything one knows of modern French painting, both in the force of feeling and in definiteness of technique. It is, indeed, much more in harmony with the work of the modern Spanish painters; particularly does one recall Zuloaga in the face of the fine realistic canvases of Rissanen and Gallén. It would seem from this that the general tendency of all sincere art of this century is to express the life of the nation from which it springs. To paint real things, actual existence, is to develop vigor, simplicity and sincerity of technique; hence a general resemblance in most definite modern art is noticeable and springs from a relation of purpose, not from dominance or imitation. The work of one nation does not affect the intrinsic quality of another, but all are a part of an evolution in modern art conditions, which because universal cannot escape resemblances.

But the most significant of the modern Finnish artists are painting Finland, her people, her ways of living, down to the humblest type of peasant people. In Gallén's work one sees most the mechanic, his life, family, progress, joys, sorrows; with Rissanen it is the peasant, shown with Zuloaga's insight, love of color and appreciation of the artistic opportunities to be found in most primitive conditions.

One perceives readily that these Finnish pictures are filled always with people *doing* things. There are no idle landscapes, no dream pictures of mists and cloudland and ornamental figures born in symbolism. In other words, nothing of Corot, or Twachtman or Davies; always there is the overwhelming suggestion of energy and tremendous activity of a people to whom days and hours have been vital in the upbuilding of nation, home and personal opportunity.

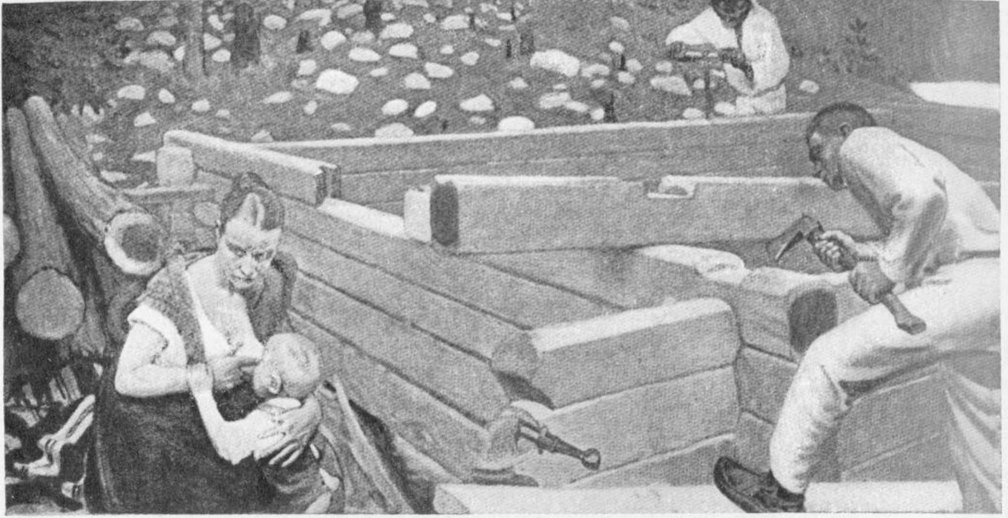
The modern Spaniards paint as vividly just as humble subjects as do the Finnish painters, but in the South there is more unused out of doors in the pictures, more sunlight, a more highly developed philosophy of life, also a greater cynicism and a wider range of thought and purpose. The Finnish men have seen a different type of civilization growing; they have watched a nation progress and individuals achieve through great hazard. They have battled hard for small returns of comfort or beauty; they have seen Nature always in the grip of those needing to subdue her for progress or livelihood. The men of such a land must, if they survive, prove powerful, and the women essentially brave. What is achieved of prosperity or peace is won through battle. And so, regardless of French influences or German traditions, the great Finnish paintings are palpitating with the energy, the force, the power of accomplishment which is the very cornerstone of the nation's success. In all these canvases men, women and children are working, and the color scheme is almost inevitably keyed low; not in honor of any French school, but because there is a somber tone existent in the nation, where sorrow is not more prevalent, but joy less so.

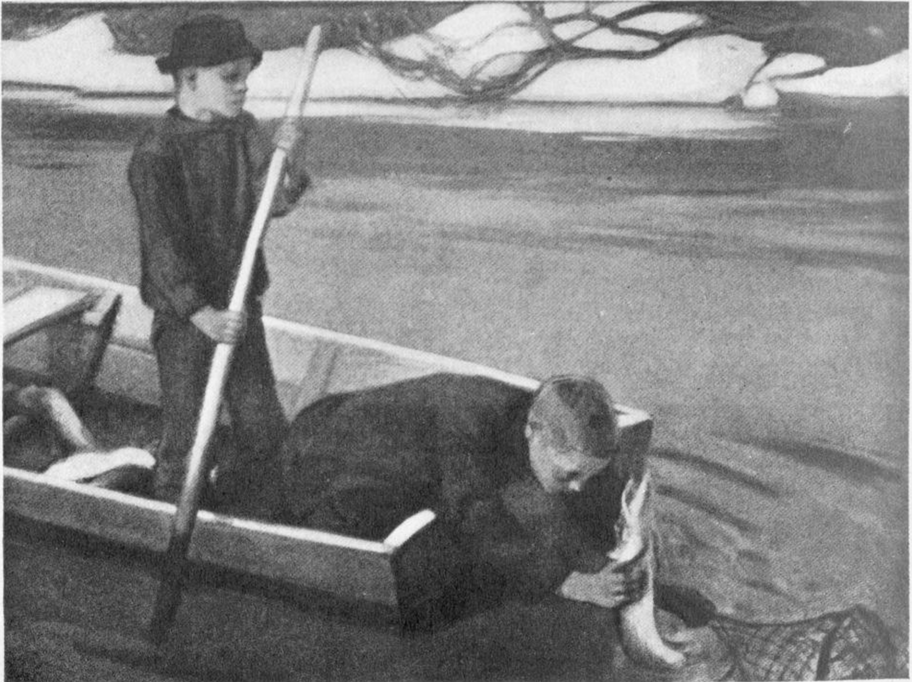
In Spain the peasant and the humble folk pervade all modern art worthy of mention, but the canvases which portray them are yellow or green, not brown or gray, and there is always the amused smile instead of the furrow, for the tasks past, present and to come. And there you have the difference in the nations; on one hand consciousness of responsibility and determination to face it; on the other a gay insouciance and always a sense of the possibility of pleasure.

In any presentation of Finnish art, however brief, it is Edelfelt whom one first of all recalls; Edelfelt who demanded of his pupils "that they should take their place in the great art movement of modern days." And he proved himself worthy of leading them there by his sincerity, his convincing mastery of his art, his knowledge of values finely sustained, his rare color scheme so discreet as to be almost humble, his sympathies profound for the simple lives about him, and his power great to discover in these simple lives the most touching realities. He saw the life of the humble people in fine perspective, but he knew it *by heart*.

From Art et Décoration.

"TELLING A GOOD STORY": JULIO RISSANEN, PAINTER: FROM THE FINNISH EXHIBIT AT THE PARIS AUTUMN SALON.





From Art et Décoration.

"BUILDING THE NEW HOME": M. GALLÉN, PAINTER: FROM THE FINNISH EXHIBIT AT THE PARIS AUTUMN SALON.

"BOYS FISHING": EERO JÄRNEFELT, PAINTER: FROM THE FINNISH EXHIBIT AT THE PARIS AUTUMN SALON.

Next, one remembers his great pupil Enckell and later the great realists, Gallén, Järnefelt and Rissanen. It is the great mural painting of Enckell at the church at Tammerfors that one first recalls, the composition at once so clean and dramatically simple and the nude figures treated with such rare fine audacity. In all Enckell's pictures the color is somber, a true Finnish palette, and well suited, too, to the Protestant church which his frescoes adorn, with its walls plain and sober, its interior naked and white.

Järnefelt is more of a colorist than most of these contemporary artists in Finland, for with the brown on his palette there is usually orange and with the violet, yellow, with the gray, green. As a portrait painter his art is most searching; it is also faintly malicious, delicately subtle, and yet never failing in the final presentation of character. He is more introspective than most Finnish artists, yet closely related to them in technique and point of view. Rissanen, on the other hand, is more definitely violent and brutal; he paints Finnish scenes and people of the humbler sort with force which is positively baffling. He describes on his canvases what he knows, without tenderness or effort at idealism. He sees conditions clearly, without sentiment, and perhaps without hope. In his later work his color is less somber, though his subjects remain a most marvelous presentation of peasant life, bare, suffering.

Gallén, also a mural painter of note, is at once the most personal and most national of the Finnish men. He is both understanding of Finland's hardships and tenderly sympathetic to her struggling people.

Although as a whole this art as yet lacks the kind of imagination which is stimulating and uplifting to the nation, it is nevertheless so sincere, so true, so close to the life it depicts, that it must take its place, as Edelfelt hoped, "in the great artistic movement of modern days."

THE NEED OF MANUAL TRAINING IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR NATION: BY JOSEPH F. DANIELS

HE most valuable asset of a nation is its genius—the sum of those spiritual, mental and artistic qualities which make for growth in its people. The educational foundations of a nation lie in the genius of its people, and the most important function of education is the development of the child as an item in that national asset. As an educational subject manual training has to do with the national genius.

There is no doubt among us that manual training and vocational training are inevitable in any scheme of education for citizenship, for national freedom and the sublime idea of national dignity. The significance of manual training in any system of education is not measured only in terms of arts and crafts, commerce, labor, society, and other manifestations of service and power, but is specifically ethical and moral throughout. Right-mindedness is inherent in it, and without it genius itself is perverted.

Educators may bring great help from Germany or Sweden or elsewhere, but, sooner or later, local and intense surveys of the subject must be made in order that genius and right-mindedness may be working together. It involves an examination of things within ourselves and not in other people.

Thus manual training in our national educational programme should not be merely progressive bench work, but a solution of the problems of native genius and its moral worth—a demonstration with tools and materials of who we are and what we are—a testing of genius and its genuineness. Does it reflect every phase of its development in our national life? For that, after all, is the great aim of all education.

In the finer talents of any people there seems so little difference between the divine afflatus of the artist and the inspiration of the artisan that one may be allowed to talk of art in the presence of manual training and to rest easy in the surety that beauty and dignity, together, are the test of all good workmanship in any calling. If that be granted, we have a range from the weaver to the painter, from iron-worker to sculptor, that gives sufficient background for a sympathetic discussion of manual training as a part of education.

The forces of national genius—art and ethics and morals—are the forces we apply to the materials available, and, in education, this application gives rise to method, without which no pedagogue can imagine a school. In our search for methods we have exhausted

every foreign source, and native ingenuity has adapted, modified and digested a mass of information. This spectacle of native genius touched by foreign impulse is interesting, and it illustrates how slowly even an eager, impetuous people may find itself after vain endeavor to reflect foreign social conditions and varying art achievements.

A VIEW of arts and crafts and the thing we call national art during the nineteenth century reveals an array of facts which indicate correctly our relation to the mother continent. In sculpture, painting, architecture, etc., Europe was the museum and school. Our young men went there to learn the arts, and an illustrious company made its home there. Those who returned and those who remained, alike complained of America as hostile or indifferent to art impulse, and we, at home, hardly understanding what it was all about, felt the rebuke keenly, failing to recognize the real thing—the beginnings of a native genius here at home.

It never occurred to the average American that the little workshops about Haverhill, Lynn, Wakefield and other towns—shops built in backyards and on the farms—would be the foundation of a great trade in shoes, baskets and commodities upon which have been built great American fortunes. These little workrooms were used by the rural Yankees as a means of added income from hand labor of the primitive sort. They awaited the Yankee genius that invented the machines and established the factory. There is no better example of one phase of American genius—the Yankee phase—than a shoe factory. If you can find a man who is making shoes by hand, watch the process of lasting, building a heel, pegging, sewing or nailing, and finishing; then go to the factory and see the lasting machine, the heel compressor, the wire machine, the McKay machine, the treeing room and the many processes.

Americans were conscious of this Yankee genius, but thought it a laudable smartness natural to the instincts of a commercial people. It involved a certain knack or trick like the working of a puzzle or the swapping of jack-knives, and that was about all the people saw in this display of native genius. Their appreciation was akin to that of the boy who admires the ground and lofty tumbling in the circus; in a word it was "cuteness" recognized by a "cute" people.

In eighteen hundred and seventy-six occurred the great Centennial Exposition, a world's circus in which the performers astonished the American people, a hundred years after the Declaration of Independence. Notwithstanding the wonderful feats performed by the American exhibitors, the thoughtful people of the nation went to their homes with the first salutary lesson ever given this self-suffi-

cient province. They recognized the American genius in all its barbarity and nakedness, a real thing with mighty promise, but uncouth and untrained. It was borne in upon the American mind that we lacked direction and finish in our work, and that technique could be learned from the European. The transatlantic exodus increased and we began to learn how things were done. Nearly all the learners were very young and tried to make things European. They were easily surpassed by the Europeans.

A few, like William Morris Hunt, a man independent of the new vogue but caught in it, taught Americans the truth about art as he thought that it should be applied to the individual and the state, but, for the most part, the artist scoffed at American pretensions and, in dress and manner, alienated himself. Only the workman and the craftsman remained true to American ideals, with grim determination and most magnificent ambition to excel in their own way. About all that we possess today we owe to the American craftsman and his brother workmen in field and shop. They "tarried by the stuff" while pioneers and statesmen marked our growth and progress.

OUR prosperity is based upon workmanship and the soil and not upon the ability of the trader or the financier. If you will read our history in the markets of the world you will find that the Englishmen, the Germans and even the Frenchmen are better merchants than the Americans, but that none, not even the Japanese, can compete in workmanship with the American who has set his hand to make an American product and make it well.

In an examination of a people's genius one is sure to discover many factors which threaten its growth and fruition, and, while it is asserted that our prosperity rests upon workmanship, it is equally true that by political practice and a kind of commercialism, we are slowly strangling the spirit of craftsmanship and native genius in the masses.

The two expressions of genius, craftsmanship and commerce, are really two phases of a moral idea universally associated with success, achievement, accomplishment. Let me explain by means of my pocket knives. I have two pearl-handled knives of two blades each. One was made in Germany and is now ten years old in service. The other was made in Ohio and has been used one year. The German knife is worn slightly by sharpening, but otherwise is as good as new. It opens and closes with ease and the rivets are tight. The American knife is useless because the soft, wearing parts have

been thrown out of the path of motion and the rivets are loose. The blades show almost no wear, are dull and will not keep their edges for the slightest use. This American knife has one point of excellence; it has a better appearance than the German knife and I bought it because of its appearance. It was made to sell and it cost me two American dollars ("In God we trust"). It is not the intention to prove that a German knife is better than an American knife, but only, in the first place, to show that not only are some knives better than others, but that some American knives are not good knives and that a cheap knife may be made to look like its betters. This comes about because the emphasis has been shifted from craftsmanship to a modern notion of commerce. In the shift the moral values have been lost and all values confused. The craftsman has gone into captivity through lack of knowledge.

Of course you knew all that before, but we are certain now that we understand that there are craftsmen in America who make these imitation knives, or furniture, or whatever, to sell to other Americans (and the heathen) for real money, and each thinker will explain the matter to his own satisfaction, no doubt. One reasons that the manufacturer is in the grip of an economic monster whom he must obey; another blames the purchaser and only a few think back to the fundamental immorality of false values in workmanship—moral fundamentals that concern the national genius and its freedom.

With this much said, I have my own reason for adding to the literature of manual training and I do it all with keen sympathy. My father was the best worker in wood I ever knew and he taught me the use of tools from boyhood. I love a good piece of work, from a full-rigged ship to a library catalogue, and I lean toward the workman in field or shop.

WHEN things seem wrong we turn very naturally to our educational system for cause and remedy. In this instance we find that though manual training is a formalized, intellectual subject in our schools, that teachers of this department know little and care less for things outside the curriculum by which they obtained degrees, diplomas or licenses to teach, they (as a class) seem to have no adequate notion of the meaning and moral worth of the matter in hand. They know not why Elzevir or Phidias or the cathedral builders wrought so well. They seem not to understand that genius is in their keeping and that man's work is immortal.

It is a sorry business to scold one's neighbor, but as the vacation season returns to us another army of boys and girls, it is not amiss

to ask a few questions, as follows, of that neighbor whose business it is to teach manual training:

With shops and wood and metal and books, what have you taught?

With straight edge, plummet, compass and square, what direction have you taken?

With color and form and beautiful design, what have children learned from you of the beauty of life, of sweetness and light?

With pulley and shaft, alignment and drive, what bearings have they found?

With T-square and triangle, plans and perspective, what castles and visions do they see?

With lessons, tasks, examinations, diplomas and intellectual equipment, what are we all forgetting?

Is the genius of a people to be nourished on blue prints alone?

Are we a nation with a destiny or are we just "doing time?"

I ONCE had a teacher of history in the old school days. Following his forefinger across the map of Europe I marched with great armies and sat in council with kings. I looked across gulfs and seas and talked with the men who plowed the fields. He illuminated the whole matter of history and gave it a background. When the bell rang all sighed and walked out as regretfully as one places a book-mark in a continued story. When I read that "Joshua, the son of Nun, was filled with the spirit of wisdom; for Moses had laid his hands upon him," I think of that old teacher.

The old Japanese painters had a way of learning which they called sitting at the feet of the master, or sitting in the doorway of the master. Thus they sat, mending brushes, preparing paper and learning the traditions and technique of art and the national cult. The genius of these learners is manifest in all their work, and it is Japanese.

To be sure, the machine and system of modern education with its standardized courses and schoolhouse barracks makes old-time conditions of studio and class room well-nigh impossible, but it should not completely change the aim of the teacher, and there remain enough instances to show that it need not. In fact, the dead level of standardized mediocrity, which critics of modern education think they see, would make it true that there is no calling on earth from which it is so easy to emerge at the top—to become notable in leadership—as education.

The great moral awakening and the growing consciousness of genius in America should be reflected in all teaching, but especially

in manual training, the obvious and concrete expression of the educative process. If there are defects in the machine, the remedy should lie with the teachers, if there be any such left in the schools; but the indications are that the revival and reform in manual training will come from without. In fact, the history of education is replete with instances to show that the school teacher is complacently "asleep at the switch," and that all changes in curriculum are reluctant and are due to insistent and repeated pressure from without. Possibly that is why Hugo Münsterberg says that America is the only country where education is given over to the lowest bidder.

The arts and crafts movement in America is young and there is still (as in all human affairs) a great deal of dilettanteism, sham and vanity in it; but, young as it is, artistic craftsmanship is exerting a strong pressure upon manual training. Craftsmanship displays the genius of our people and has the right aim. It is founded upon a sense of beauty and a knowledge of design. It is slowly and surely teaching us that beauty and right-mindedness are the best cornerstones of economics in any nation and that the intellectual life is a mere bill of lading without them.

Manual training must concern itself with the deeper things of life if it would raise itself to the dignity of an educational subject. Fine talk in psychological phrase and epigram concerning the hand and the brain, doing and thinking, reflexes and localization of cerebral functions is mere claptrap and cheap professional chatter if we forget the people and their problems. The success of manual training depends upon the confidence that people have in our institutions, especially the educational institutions, and to inspire that confidence we must respond to the pressure from without whenever it is plain that we are lagging behind and are neglecting the genius of the people. The scope and influence of manual training will never be understood until we begin a closer study of our own people and appreciate that the educational problem is more than the subject matter of a course of study.

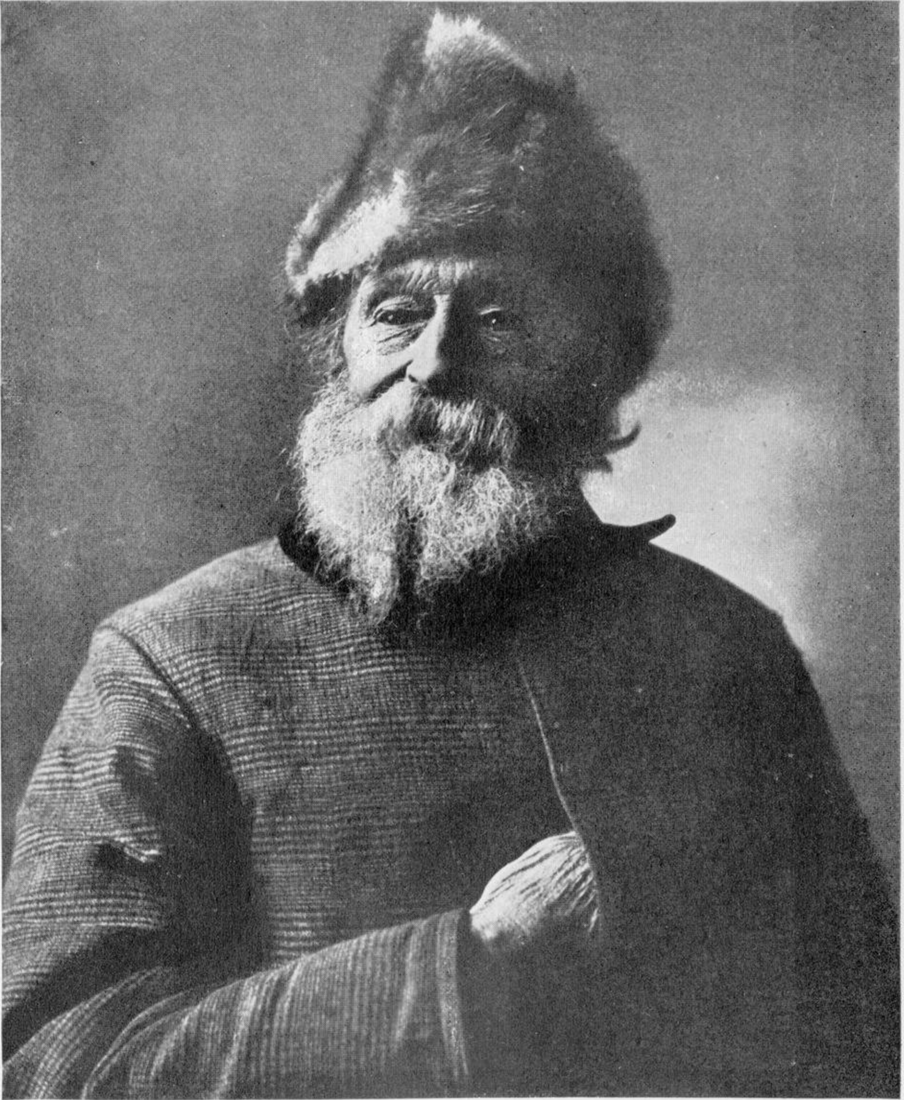
THE QUIET PHILOSOPHER OF THE WABASH: BY GEORGE BICKNELL

MEROM, Indiana, is a quaint village twenty-five miles south of Terre Haute. Like the latter city, it, too, is situated on high land—a beautiful natural spot. Many visitors come from far away to bathe in her cheer for a day, and here dwells a hermit, a quiet philosopher, in his vine-sheltered home on the classic Wabash banks. Pilgrims land in Merom on their way to the haunts of this man, for he is known and loved for miles around.

Over twenty-five years ago, one Sunday afternoon, a queer looking houseboat was launched at the water's edge near a thick wood. The owner of the wood happened to be standing near this spot at the time of this launching. A man, then gray in years, emerged from the boat and gave a military salute to the party on the bank. Some greetings were interchanged and finally the owner of the wood said, "And what might your name be?" and the knight—for he proved verily to be that which he is often called, A Knight of the Woods—said, "My name might be Smythe." "Captain Smythe," the woodsman replied—and the knight answered—"Roland Smythe, Captain, however, if you prefer," and since that time the people for miles around know this great, generous soul as Captain Roland Smythe—but we, who know more, but who are wise enough to comply with his deepest wishes, are silent as to his real name. In reality he bears the name of one of the most aristocratic and prominent families of old Virginia and was a Colonel in the Army of the South. In the South is where he fought and lost. A man of wealth, strong in health and mind—high in social and political life, he went into the army, believing his cause just, and for four years he fought, undaunted, fearless, with great organizing powers—a leader of men—a doer of deeds. He came out of the war broken in health, penniless—and as he felt, eternally disgraced.

It has never been strange to me that he would long for and seek a life of quiet and solitude, and this he did. After spending some years on the Mississippi he came to this spot on the Wabash, and in a little cabin here he has lived alone and content for a quarter of a century, and nothing will ever entice him from this spot but that final Great Mystery. Here he has nursed himself back to happiness and peace and health.

He is not at war with society, for he loves men and the great busy world, but his excuse is that he loves Nature more. And though this man has built his house in remote woods, men have cut a pathway to his door. Every year hundreds follow this beaten path



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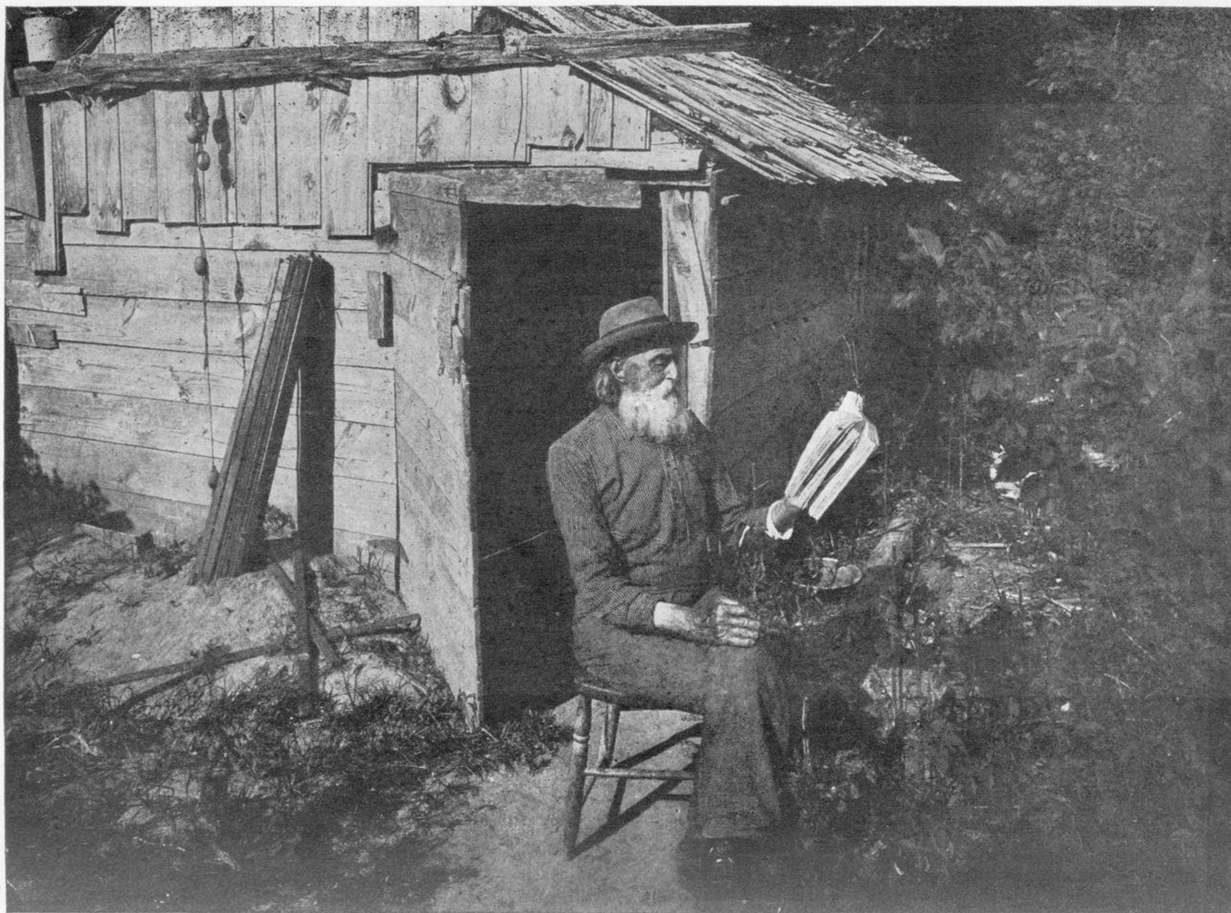
CAPTAIN SMYTHE, A FRIEND
OF JOHN BROWN'S.



"THOUGH THIS MAN HAS BUILT A HOUSE IN THE WOODS, THE WORLD HAS CUT A PATHWAY TO HIS DOOR."

to sit at the feet of this man, to listen to the wisdom that he has found in Nature, and the Great Silence. Men seeking the health and happiness they have lost in the great city's wilderness of houses come here to learn of the "great peace which passeth understanding."

HE HAS written out for me his prayer, and herein is contained the philosophy that binds him to this loved spot.

"My God, our Father, I thank Thee for the great good Thou hast given to us.

"I thank Thee for the sun that gives light, warmth and life to all living things.

"I thank Thee for the moon that brings brightness into the darkness of the night and turns our gently flowing river into a river of silver with ripples of gold.

"I thank Thee for the shade of the trees, and the music of their leaves.

"I thank Thee for the grass that grows green over hill and valley, and beside the wayside.

"I thank Thee for the flowers that carpet the woods and fields, and beautify and make attractive the home.

"I thank Thee for the storm with its lightning and thunder that brings new life to the drooping vegetation.

"I thank Thee, our Father, for the night which bringeth sleep and rest to the weary.

"I thank Thee, my God, for the peace of the woods, and pray Thee to spread it over those who dwell in the wilderness of houses in the city, who hurry to and fro, burdened with the cares and troubles of their daily life,—Thy peace, that peace, which passeth understanding.

"I thank Thee that in the end cometh to every man eternal night, unbroken sleep, everlasting rest. Amen!"

TO LIVE your life in absolute freedom—as you desire to live it; to break from the conventional and drink deep from the real, the vital, is ofttimes to become one with a message—a great individual. Captain Smythe is such an individual, great in character, and with a vital message to man. He little knows his silent influence. His life is one of absolute peace and quiet and renunciation of all that is complex and all that is material. The result is inevitably a high spiritual growth.

The masters of men have all been elemental—primitive in their life and habits. They have not always uttered their message; but

sometimes lives lived in great movements mean more than things said. In all great movements there are just three classes: those in the fight at opposite ends and those who watch the fight—the crowd.

The eternal opposition of those in the fight often makes of them radicals—unbalanced, unsafe individuals, men of one notion, of one ideal, and their efforts, however sincere, cloud their own horizons; while the spectator imbibes the good of both sides, and becomes the sane, safe man for the leader when the fight is on.

In the great movements of today that are vital to the needs of the people, I single out one that is the most vital of all, the movement which calls men back to nature, back to their own individual nature, and back to a true love of the great mother Nature. Leaders in this movement are such men as Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Burroughs, and I also rank the example of Captain Smythe as a great force.

In this movement lies all that is essential to the final redemption of man; all the philosophy of the New Thought so called; all the essence of what is really Socialism; the Christian Scientists will tell you that this is the meaning which they are striving to express; the Occultists and Theosophists claim that their way leads back to Nature, and will bring to life its fullest meaning.

How absolutely simple Nature is when rightly understood! How perfect her laws and their results! I marvel no more at the miracles of Christ. I taught a little girl of twelve years three simple laws regarding the production of color. She grasped the laws and was able with this knowledge to take three colors and produce all colors—and by all, I mean infinite varieties.

How marvelously simple is the law of health, if we would grasp it. This man has found it. In all the years of his life on the Wabash he has never had to call for a doctor. Now past eighty, he reads clearly, never has used glasses, has a firm, active step, a clear, gentle voice, the grace of an athlete.

He tells me he cannot remember when trees and birds, clouds and mountains, did not mean more to him than men and their affairs. His vast understanding comes from his power of observation and his quick acceptance of the simple.

A graduate of the University of Virginia, able to express his thought brilliantly, he has often been urged to write for publication, but he always refuses. He could give valuable and interesting knowledge to the world, but says always he prefers to live his song rather than sing it.

Hundreds of people visit him every year. Many unusual and curious questions are asked him. Most of these he courteously

answers, but sometimes the curious are turned away. He is keen in wit, with a wonderful memory. His understanding and knowledge of the classics is unusual. He probably has not seen a set of Shakespeare in forty years, yet there are whole passages from any of the plays which he can give you word for word. His poise is perfect and he is at ease with all people. I have seen him entertain children, and, too, I have seen him with the greatest, always quiet, dignified and gracious.

His urge to men is back to the simpler life. He is a living example of what such a life will give. He came out of the war, broken in health, with an eternal unrest. The woods have given him back health and peace. In our quiet talks together he has often told me of his acquaintance with Brown, of their friendship, and the execution. He was one of three men appointed by Governor Wise to take possession of John Brown's body after the execution, and to turn the body over to Brown's relatives. And I have asked him to write it out for me in his own words. I give it here just as he wrote it:

"IN MY young days, before the Civil War, I was a member of the Twenty-fourth First Virginia Regiment of Volunteers. After John Brown had made his raid into Virginia, seized the United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, was captured, tried by the Civil Court and convicted of the murder of many peaceable citizens and sentenced to be hung, Henry A. Wise, then Governor of the State, to prevent his rescue by his friends, ordered many of the volunteer regiments to Charlestown where he was in prison. Our regiment reached there about ten days before his execution. After we were settled in our quarters, another officer, a friend, called on me and suggested a visit to Brown. We went over to the jail just obliquely across the street from my quarters and were introduced by Mr. Avis, the sheriff. While we were conversing, two men, wearing unusually wide-brimmed hats, affected then by Western men, came into his cell, and walking up to Brown, one of them said, 'How do you do, Captain Brown?' Brown answered, 'Very well, Mr. —.' 'Captain, if you please,' said the Westerner. But old Brown said, 'No, a man who did not fight any better than you did at Black Hawk, Kansas, does not deserve to be called Captain.'

"I was so much tickled and pleased with the pluck of the old man, that I turned to Mr. Avis and requested him to leave me with Captain Brown, while the others withdrew from his cell. The Sheriff looked at me, not understanding my motive for wishing to be left alone with the prisoner, but my friend told him it was all right. When we were alone, I said to Captain Brown, 'Captain, I

expect you have but few friends near you now. I know you will not ask anything of me incompatible with my duty. I would like to be of service to you and supply you with anything and everything you need except your liberty.'

"He looked at me steadily for a minute, and stepping up close to me, put his arm over my shoulder and patting me on the back said, 'Come up to see me and talk to me, as often as you can. I do not know of anything else that I want.'

"I promised to call on the morrow with the newspapers, as he did not receive them regularly.

"I THEN left him and called at once on Governor Wise and told him what I had done. He gave me permission to speak freely to Captain Brown and to give the number of troops and answer fully any questions that might be asked me.

"The Governor requested me to try and persuade Captain Brown to send for his wife and to settle his worldly affairs, as it lacked then only eight or ten days of his execution. He furthermore said that he had tried through others to get Captain Brown to attend to this, but he had not done so, believing that he would not be hanged. But the Governor said to me, 'He will be hanged, and hanged as high as Haman.'

"Every day I called to see Brown and carried him the newspapers, fruit and other little comforts and chatted about things of no importance. On the third day of my visit I said, 'Captain Brown, I know you understand your situation and can consider it coolly. Why don't you send for your wife and settle your affairs?'

"'You don't think I will be hanged, do you?' he said.

"Without hesitation I replied, 'Just as sure as the sun shines, if you are alive on the day set for your execution.'

"He replied, 'My friends won't permit it.'

"I answered, 'Captain Brown, you have no friends. Henry Ward Beecher says he has no acquaintance with you. Wendell Phillips has fled to Paris and William Lloyd Garrison has had himself adjudged insane and committed to a lunatic asylum.'

"Brown looked at me with a smile; not a smile as though I had lied, but as though I had been imposed upon and made to believe what was not true.

"I continued, 'Captain, when you were free and prosperous you may have had friends, but you have none now who can help you,' and there the conversation dropped, to be resumed about three days before his execution. I was in his cell conversing with him when we heard a military band coming up the street; we crossed the room

to a window that overlooked the line of march. A regiment first passed and then a battalion. The captain turned to me and asked me what soldiers these were. I answered that I had heard that a regiment from Norfolk and a battalion from Portsmouth were expected that day.

"He turned from me and walked to a window at the rear of the room and seemed lost in thought for a few minutes; then turned with a graver expression on his face than I had ever before seen, said, 'Please send a telegram to Mrs. Brown in Philadelphia and ask her to come to me at once.'

"I left promptly after obtaining her street number and carried his request to Governor Wise, who sent the telegram at once, and Mrs. Brown came that day to Charlestown and visited her husband in the jail. This was the last time I ever spoke to Captain Brown. That evening my friend Byrd Washington called for me to pay him a visit, and as he lived some miles distant I did not return until the next afternoon, and the following morning was the time appointed for the execution. We marched out to the place of execution followed by the sheriff, John Brown, a deputy and a minister in a spring wagon which was surrounded by a company of cavalry.

"On reaching the location of the scaffold the soldiers formed a hollow square around the scaffold in the center and officers in front of their various commands.

"The wagon was driven through the line and up close to the gallows. John Brown jumped to the ground and skipped up the steps to the platform as though he were a mere boy.

"The gallows was unusually high, giving a view of a landscape unsurpassed for its beauty and grandeur. The sun shone with all its brightness, the grass was still green."

THE OPENED BUD

I SAW a bud unfold—
And something went away
The rose-bloom tried to hold—
Could you see, too?

AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS.

GARDENING FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT: BY MARY RANKIN CRANSTON

IN EARNING a living there are two very good tests which may be applied to a chosen occupation, in order to determine its ethical worth. The first is to consider if it is work *which is really necessary,* whether or not the world would get along just as well without it. A great deal of quite violent activity is perfectly useless, because it ministers to fanciful whims and does not supply genuine needs. The second test is the *effect of the work upon the worker.* If the effect is good, if a daily occupation demands originality and thought, if it makes for enthusiasm and enlarges the viewpoint; in a word, if it develops the worker, there can be no doubt of its desirability.

Farming and gardening stand these two tests better than other occupations. Although generally engaged in by unprogressive men and classed as unskilled work, there is no other occupation which requires greater versatility and more brains. No other calling, unless it be that of the artist or poet, can give more happiness; for, if not precisely creative, it nevertheless brings the worker into close contact with the beautiful, never-ceasing activity of Nature's laws. From the purely commercial side, farming and gardening, particularly market gardening, can be made profitable enough to satisfy reasonable desires. A large farm is necessary for making much money with heavy crops, and land is now becoming so high priced that the possession of much of it means high taxes; but a market garden on a small area will yield a good income, if intelligently conducted.

The four essentials in gardening for profit are convenient markets, crops in advance of the season or very early, high grade products, and attractive packing. Given these things, with a practical knowledge of planting, forcing, and growing as a basis, a good income may be made from the land, whether on a small lot, small farm or a place of many acres. The size of the income varying according to the methods adopted and the amount of land used. The French, who are ahead of us in intensive farming, do a great deal with a small piece of ground. A two-acre plot near Paris bears two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of vegetables every year. This, of course, means unceasing work, expensive machinery, hotbeds, and forcing apparatus which enables the farmer to market his produce when prices reach the high-water mark, in advance of the season. Much more than a good living may be made, however, without such an outlay. A lot with ground enough for a garden fifty by one hundred feet will grow vegetables enough to greatly reduce the amount of the grocery bill and furnish plenty of fruit for the table, in addition to the winter

supply of preserves and jellies. To make it a profitable business, at least three acres should be under cultivation.

IN BUYING land for raising truck, whether it be acres or merely a lot large enough for a good garden, it is a better investment to pay higher rates and be near a good market, rather than to purchase more land at lower rates for a place inconveniently situated. The wisest plan is to buy a few acres within three or four miles of a growing town of twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants, and situated on the line of a good railroad which runs between two or more large cities. By so doing, two kinds of markets are commanded, the larger, far-off places for produce which will bear shipping, the local market for perishable things. String beans, peas and such vegetables may be sent to the distant markets, while sweet corn, and shelled lima beans, which never sell for less than fifteen cents a quart, and early in the season bring as much as thirty-five cents, may be sold in the local market. These two vegetables lose much of their flavor in shipping and it is just as well to dispose of them locally, where they will bring as good prices, and help to make a grower's reputation for fine produce. Even though lower prices prevail, it is just as profitable, and far less trouble, to sell perishable produce from a small garden, in the nearby town, than to take chances on expressage to larger cities. Where large quantities can be raised, it is better to send to places like Boston, New York and Philadelphia, where the supply is never equal to the demand. An excellent plan is to sell direct to one or more large hotels, restaurants, or boarding houses, where the highest prices will be paid. But there is one thing the grower must do and that is to guarantee shipments, in sufficient quantities, at regular intervals, say every day or two or three times a week. A fashionable boarding house in New York City obtains from Tennessee much that appears upon its table. A Brooklyn banker, who happens to be a Virginian by birth and the owner of a large farm in his native State, sells all the chickens, eggs and turkeys he can raise to one of the largest hotels in New York, the turkeys bringing thirty-two cents a pound, the year round. They are fine fowls, and at this price it pays him to raise and ship them in numbers large enough to warrant the express charges.

Out of season and early products bring highest prices, therefore hotbeds and windbreaks are indispensable, as well as rich soil and constant tillage. If tomatoes are the crop, they should be marketed when they bring as high as twenty and twenty-five cents a quart instead of waiting until they sell for twelve and a half cents a peck.

What is the sense of working over lettuce that will sell for only three, five or eight cents a head when it is possible to place it on the market at twelve, fifteen and eighteen cents, and even more? It takes a little more trouble, and costs about the same, to realize the higher prices.

Another point where the grower may show good judgment is in the selection of vegetables which are the best sellers, because they are always in demand. There are never enough potatoes, either for food or seed. Egg plants and green peppers are never a drug on the market. It is a good plan to hold potatoes, however, until late in the winter, when scarcity raises prices, if sold for food. Seed potatoes bring from one dollar to a dollar and a half a sack more than the regular price, if held until the latter part of the planting season.

MEETING a demand which already exists, the cardinal principle in all business, should be followed in gardening for profit. After a trade is once established and a grower's reputation for good produce is made, he may begin to create a demand for certain vegetables he wishes to raise, but not before. For instance, Swiss chard is fine, since it may be used in a number of ways, and the oftener the leaves are cut the more they grow, and endive is an excellent salad, but it would be folly to try to market them in profitable quantities at present, for consumers do not yet realize their value.

The plan which I find most profitable is to sell the earliest and latest produce, reserving those which mature in mid-season for preserving and canning. In this way, fruits and vegetables are sold when prices are highest, at both ends of the season. Any produce offered for sale out of season,—that is, strawberries in February and March, beans and lettuce during the late autumn and late winter,—sells for much more than at any other time. December is the housekeeper's most difficult month for her table supply, and it is then that all farm products sell best.

Another profitable method of using hotbeds is for raising tomato, lettuce, egg plant, cabbage and pepper plants. There is always a good sale for them, especially if they are healthy, stocky plants, and if good varieties are grown. It is astonishing to see the number of these plants that may be grown in boxes placed in the sunny window of an unused room, to be transplanted later to the hotbeds. By soaking the seed, considerable time can be saved; lettuce will come up in four days, if the seed is soaked over night.

It is the poorest economy to buy seed from any but the best,

most reliable firms. If good seed is bought in the beginning, the grower should be thrifty enough to save his own every year, thereafter. By reading about the experimental results of other growers, the gardener will receive ideas that will assist him in experiments which every progressive grower makes, and which, if intelligently carried on, will improve his own stock, and so establish a reputation for originality in production.

When offered for sale, vegetables and fruit should be graded, only perfect specimens of uniform size put into the first grade, where they bring fancy prices, the less perfect in the second grade, where they realize standard prices. Of course, there will be no third grade, for that quality of produce should be fed to the pigs, or turned into the compost heap and sprinkled with lime.

The importance of attractive packing cannot be overestimated, especially for small fruits. They should be flawless and clean, the little quart boxes lined with leaves from vine or tree. These can be put in without diminishing the quantity the boxes should hold, and they serve to keep the fruit fresh, as well as to add a decorative touch.

In selling early cherries in the local market, I pack them in receptacles of different sizes, quarts, three quarts and peach baskets, line each with cherry leaves, and have the fruit picked with the stems on, as it is thus less perishable. On the top of each basket is placed a pretty little branch of leaves and cherries. A syringa bush sometimes furnishes a spray of fragrant white blossoms for the larger boxes and baskets.

Equal care should be taken in packing vegetables. If tied in bunches, each bunch should be the same size, the vegetables of uniform quality; if in baskets they should be lined with leaves, and if for local sale a bunch of daisies, old-fashioned pinks or June roses should be tucked in at the side. It is a good thing to make a business yield as much pleasure as profit, to make of it a daily happiness instead of a daily grind. "Business is business," it is true, yet a graceful act, whether voluntarily or involuntarily performed, has a commercial value which often brings in returns quite equal to those which result from cold-blooded calculation.

For shipping, produce ought to be packed in crates or baskets lined with paraffin paper and leaves, the contents should be perfectly clean and, whenever possible, the green tops left on the root varieties. This can be done and still give the buyer full measure, if packed intelligently.

Of course, it is possible to pack daintily inferior produce and sell it, but to do so would bring about the same circumstances which result from all disingenuous methods. One lot stands a chance of

being sold for more than it is worth, but the seller will pay the penalty of being obliged to dispose of more goods of better quality for lower prices than he would otherwise receive. It is wise to give full measure. I have been astonished to find for sale packing baskets which are said to contain sixteen quarts but actually hold fourteen; preserve jars on sale as pints which do not hold a full pint. Are we becoming a dishonest nation? Why is it possible to buy so few things that are really what they purport to be? As the first thing in all business is confidence, it behooves the truck grower to make sure that he gives full measure of whatever he sells, if he would build up a trade that is worth while.

If private customers are desired, it is not difficult to obtain them and this may be done in several ways. An advertisement in the local paper, mentioning among the neighbors that you have things for sale, a printed card or small board tacked up to a tree on the roadside in front of your door, will bring customers, particularly if the road is at all frequented by motorists. The rapidity with which trade will grow depends upon tact and business ability.

A good way to reach, and hold, private customers is to put up baskets of different sizes suitable for small, medium-sized and large families. Assorted varieties of vegetables, and enough of them for one or two dinners, offered for sale in this way, will bring in more money than by the ordinary measure. After such a trade is once established, it is an easy matter to tempt the housewife by giving some attention to the proven tastes of her family, and then offering baskets filled accordingly. The personal touch is valuable in all sorts of business, but in none quite so valuable as in marketing garden produce. Dealers, retail grocers, and high-class street stands are always glad to buy fancy produce and, as they are satisfied with small profits, they pay very well for whatever they buy.

The eighty millions of people in this country must be fed and, with cities growing at the present rate, there is a good living and more for an army of market gardeners. In the East there is little money in heavy crops because the large growers out West raise them in quantities too large for Eastern competition. But everywhere, East and West, North and South, there are excellent markets for truck. If more people could be persuaded to leave the overcrowded cities and go into gardening for profit, it would relieve the burden of social suffering and check the tendency to devitalize the coming generation.

It is an easy matter to sit down, with pencil and paper, and figure out the great profits to be made by raising fruits, vegetables, or flowers. It is quite another thing to do it. It means hard work at

precisely the right time, and a great deal of it. But that is necessary to make a success of anything, and there are many advantages in gardening, besides the money which can be made. A person who intends to add financial profit to the pleasures of an out-of-door life, would do well to make a thorough study of the subject he intends to cover, by reading the very good books and the farm and garden magazines that are now published. Above all, he should obtain the valuable publications issued by the various experiment stations and by the Department of Agriculture, at Washington. He must make the available experience of others his own, and then bring all his intelligence to bear upon his individual case, decide the lines he will undertake, and go at it with all the brains, diligence and energy that he would put into any other business.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

IT WAS a dusty country road
That dipped between the flowers,
And over it the sunshine poured
Through all the daylight hours.

The butterfly with wings of gold
Swung swift behind the bird;
The south wind, like a river, rolled
Above the grass, unheard.

The spider webs were lightly flung
About the hedges there;
The scent of violets rose and hung
Upon the drowsy air.

No voices woke the air with mirth,
No footfall shook the sod,—
And all day long the silent earth
Was bound by dreams to God.

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE ARCHITECTURAL RECONSTRUCTION OF BERLIN, THE OLD PRUSSIAN "MILITARY VILLAGE:" A RETURN TO SIMPLICITY AND SOBERNESS: BY ANDRE TRIDON

IN BERLIN out of every thousand individuals nine hundred and ninety-eight live in flats or apartments. The exact proportion of private-house dwellers to the total population is one and sixty one-hundredths per thousand and is constantly decreasing. In the rapidity of its growth, in its general appearance of newness and its lack of historical buildings and landmarks, Berlin reminds one strongly of Chicago. It is a young city, and the evolutionary process through which agricultural Germany became an industrial and manufacturing nation has caused an inflow into the cities of numberless young men and women in quest of work and in need of shelter. The rush to the city has even been more rapid in Germany than in this country, and Berlin has been growing at a faster rate than New York, without the extraneous help of foreign immigration.

Apartment house upon apartment house had to be built to accommodate the incoming throngs, and the hasty erection of so many dwellings seldom permitted of the careful and deliberate planning which results in the perfect adjustment of the new parts to the old. Many of those, so to speak, "emergency" buildings will have to be torn down before spotless Berlin becomes what art loving Germans are bound to make of it: a beautiful city.

Fortunately the German capital seems to have come of age, architecturally speaking, and architectural blunders, unavoidable in an experimental period, will be less frequent in the future. Modern Berlin is returning to the plainness and soberness of the "Residenz" and military village from which it was born. The first Berlin, that "overgrown system of barracks" as a short-sighted critic dubbed the Berlin of Frederick William the First, may have been monotonous, but it stood at least in perfect harmony with the military character of its inhabitants. Under Frederick the Great, architects endowed with much artistic understanding, like Gontard and his disciple Unger, treated with perfect taste and a deep sense of fitness the new structures demanded by the growth of the "grenadier-city." Even under Frederick William the Second, builders of the neo-classical school made no attempt to depart from the rules of simplicity laid down by the corporal-king.

Soon afterward, however, those wholesome traditions were en-

BERLIN APARTMENT HOUSE DESIGNED WITH A CONCRETE TROUGH TO BE USED AS A BALCONY COPING, ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE GROWING OF FLOWERS.

A NEW BERLIN APARTMENT HOUSE IN WHICH A MOST INTERESTING AND PRACTICAL ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOWS HAS BEEN SECURED, GIVING A WELL-LIGHTED INTERIOR AND A PICTURESQUE FACADE.

OLD BERLIN APARTMENT HOUSE IN WHICH LIGHT AND AIR WERE NOT CONSIDERED; ORNAMENT, USELESS AND IMPRACTICAL, BEING THE PRINCIPAL PURPOSES OF THE ARCHITECT.

GERMAN ARCHITECTS HAVE FINALLY COME TO BELIEVE THAT A HOUSE TO BE PRACTICAL AND BEAUTIFUL MUST BE BUILT FROM "THE INSIDE OUT."

tirely abandoned. With the advent of the industrial age coincides the triumph in the city of Berlin of two varieties of ugliness. One variety resulted from the fact that builders planning to house the poor were little concerned with the outward appearance of their tenements. Their essential aim was to crowd as much living space as possible on a given lot at the lowest expenditure. A stone mason with plumb and level could do the planning while the walls were rising above the ground, and the result was as repellent outside as it was unsanitary inside. The other variety of ugliness was originated by those catering to the middle class or the well-to-do, who ordered from their architects imitation palaces as uncomfortable as the hovels of the needy, though more absurdly gaudy and showy.

ALL the devices that make dusting a hardship and destroy plain lines were used as motives of interior decoration. Stucco and concrete "art pieces," overloaded the façades. Renaissance windows, Gothic turrets, Italian cupolas, baroque crests, fraternized promiscuously. As Gottfried Semper wrote in the early fifties: "Our capitals bloom as architectural medleys of all styles from all climes until in our pleasant delusion we forget what century we are living in."

The last two decades have witnessed a considerable development of the municipal government's activities in Berlin, and the housing question has been given a steadily growing share of attention. It has been found to be the best policy to leave as little as possible to private initiative in this field, and restrictions have been imposed on builders which would appear harrowing to the American landlord. The municipal government actually prescribes for each district the type of house real estate owners are to erect. In a section, for instance, where the detached villa seems to be the dominant type, no flat house is to introduce a discordant note. The municipal council must not only pass upon the plans submitted by architects and test the fire resisting qualities of building materials, but enforce drastic rules as to the height of houses and their outward appearance.

Henceforth no plans will be approved which do not provide for a street front in harmony with the neighboring buildings. Finally, all the structures must comply with a law according to which one-third of every building lot must be left as a court space, thus affording to the tenants of the lower floors a liberal supply of air and light. It is evident that these sensible regulations will, in a not remote future, considerably modify the appearance of the city. Furthermore, they have turned the attention of builders away from what was

once their cherished aim, cheap gorgeousness of house street fronts, and have made them realize that, as a German architect puts it, "houses must be built from the inside outward."

In other words, the modern house is built around the apartments instead of the apartments being roughly improvised on the unoccupied floor space. The new regulations have done away with the once famous "Berlin room," which had no window even though located at the front of the house. As the gorgeous façades were always designed before any other part of the house, it often happened that to let air and light into certain rooms would mean destroying the harmony (?) of the street front. Architects have been forcibly brought to see the necessity of making their façades correspond closely to the interior disposition of the houses, and are discovering that a well divided, well lighted and well ventilated house cannot help "looking well" from the street.

EVERY detail of the modern house front as Berlin architects understand it now is the natural outgrowth and symbol of some essential activity of the inmates or of some agency ministering to their comfort. Gateways have ceased to be adventitious adjuncts, they have lost their florid arches to return to the simpler and more practical lintel type. Cornices, canopies and turrets of stucco, wood or tin, of which our American builders are still so fond, are disappearing rapidly and are being superseded by practical and artistic equivalents.

For instance, if it is deemed advisable to enhance the dignity of the house entrance, a balcony may crown it, the balcony being a natural adjunct to an apartment and contributing materially to the comfort of the tenant, a purpose which Gothic or Roman arches could not serve to any degree. Instead of a useless turret the architect can produce a pleasing tower effect in a house located on a corner lot, thus giving to each floor a wide semicircular expanse of window space.

A charming innovation noticeable in many of the new-fashioned apartment and tenement houses is the concrete trough used as a balcony coping, in which flowers can be grown without soiling the walls or deluging windows on the lower floors. In summer these decorated balconies impart to the houses and the street a cheery and festive appearance and have none of the drawbacks of window-boxes or flower-pots. The backyard, with its gloomy array of discarded garden implements, barrels, kennels and refuse, has been killed by the municipal regulation relative to court space, and ten-

ants of the back apartments can now rest their eyes on something more inspiring; diminutive flower gardens and grass plots.

Interior decoration has been evolving at the same pace and in the same direction. Plainness, hygiene and beauty, too long dissociated, have at last been united. "Rich" moldings, gathering dust in their mazes of broken lines, imitation mantelpieces which, strange to say, survived the introduction of radiators, "sumptuous" chandeliers, the natural allies of the enterprising spider, are things of the past. Floors and ceilings are treated in simple and becoming style and in many cases clean frescoes have replaced wall paper. Finally, some audacious architects have attempted an assault upon that last refuge of untidiness and vitiated air, the kitchen. The result is the kitchenless flat, not the apartment hotel suite, notice the difference: for *Einküchenhaus* tenants attend to their own housekeeping, but food is supplied to them at cost from a central kitchen. A most interesting attempt at culinary communism.

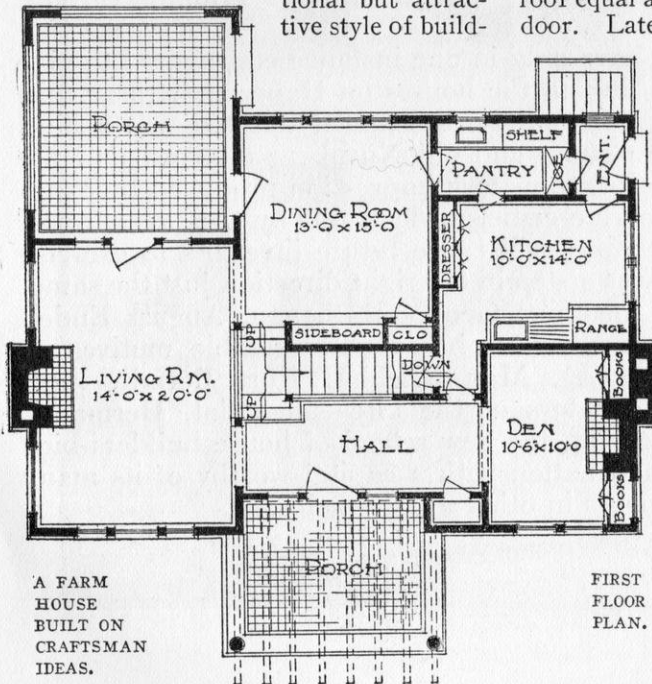
ALL these improvements, however valuable they are, affect only details of the city. But a larger movement is afoot to create in Berlin the civic units or architectural groups one observes in Paris, like the Concorde group of streets, bridges, buildings closely related to each other, the Opéra group, the Arc de Triomphe group, etc.

Thus far, architects have only in one instance endeavored to give their work unity by making all the houses on Haberlandstrasse conform to one model. Unfortunately, the model selected was a kind of cross between modern styles and old Nürnberg motives, and the result gives the nondescript, transitory impression produced by exposition buildings. The severe criticism dealt out by the press to the builders of the ill-fated street will cause future investors to exercise better judgment, but it was a step in the right direction just the same.

With a phalanx of men like George Rathenau, August Endell (the originator of an Art Nouveau based on vegetable motives as revealed by the microscope), Max Bischoff, Kurt Berndt, Emil Schandt and the two inventors of the kitchenless flat, Hermanus Wannsee and Albert Gessner, the new school of house builders bids fair to endow the German nation with a capital worthy of its many and wonderful achievements in other artistic fields.

THE ADAPTATION OF CRAFTSMAN IDEAS TO TWO WIDELY DIFFERENT TYPES OF COUNTRY ARCHITECTURE

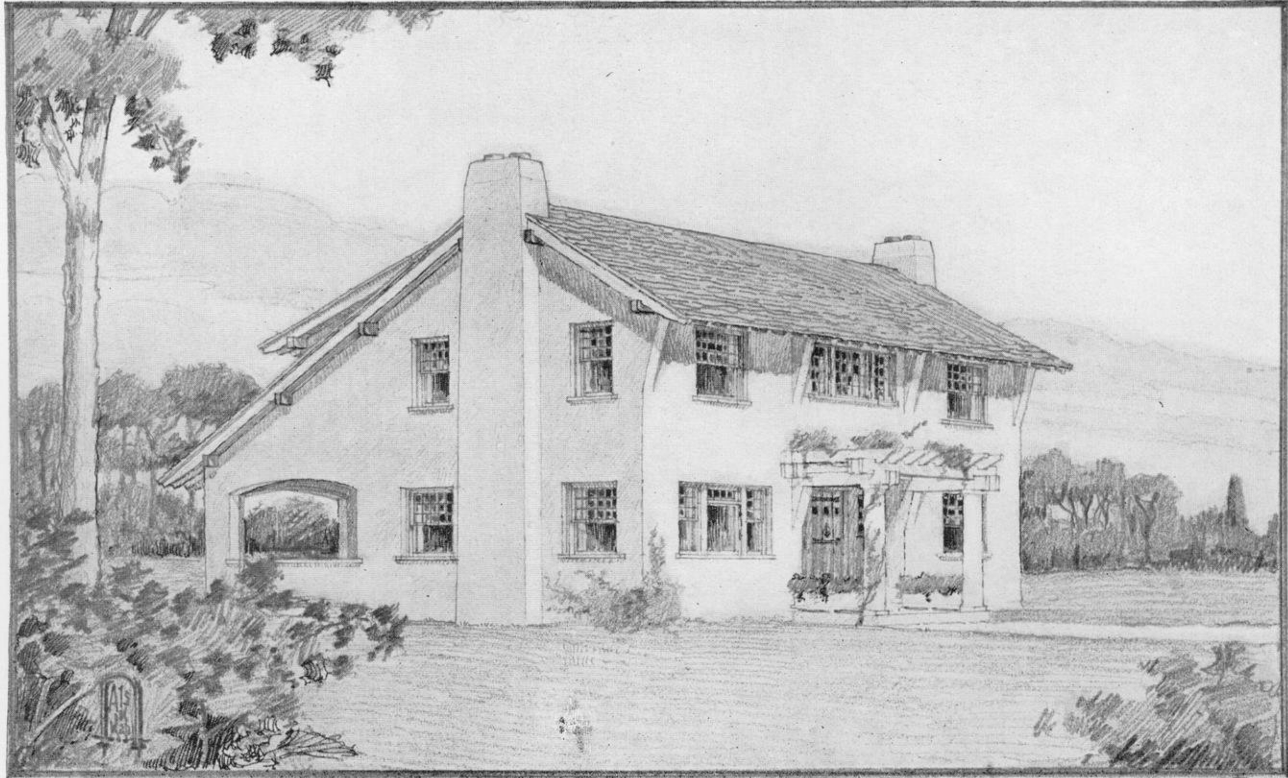
ASIDE from those elaborate country residences which, somewhat affectedly, we call summer cottages, the houses built by people living in the country have shown, during the last two or three centuries, only two types that were of any architectural interest. In the past, our ancestors put up that conventional but attractive style of building which is particularly associated with New England, but really is equally prevalent all over the country. The development of this house is rather interesting; it was built in two parts; the original building was like the houses that children draw on their slates, rectangular and straight walled, with the two halves of the roof equal and a small porch over the front door. Later a lean-to was added at the back so that the rear half of the roof was extended to form that long slope which is one of the beauties of this type. In a great many of the oldest houses it is easily possible to trace the juncture of the lean-to and the main building, but at a later period the houses were built to include this structure. The second type, which is now becoming almost as general everywhere, is the bungalow, and both of these styles are represented in the houses published in this number and which we are at present building for two of our clients.



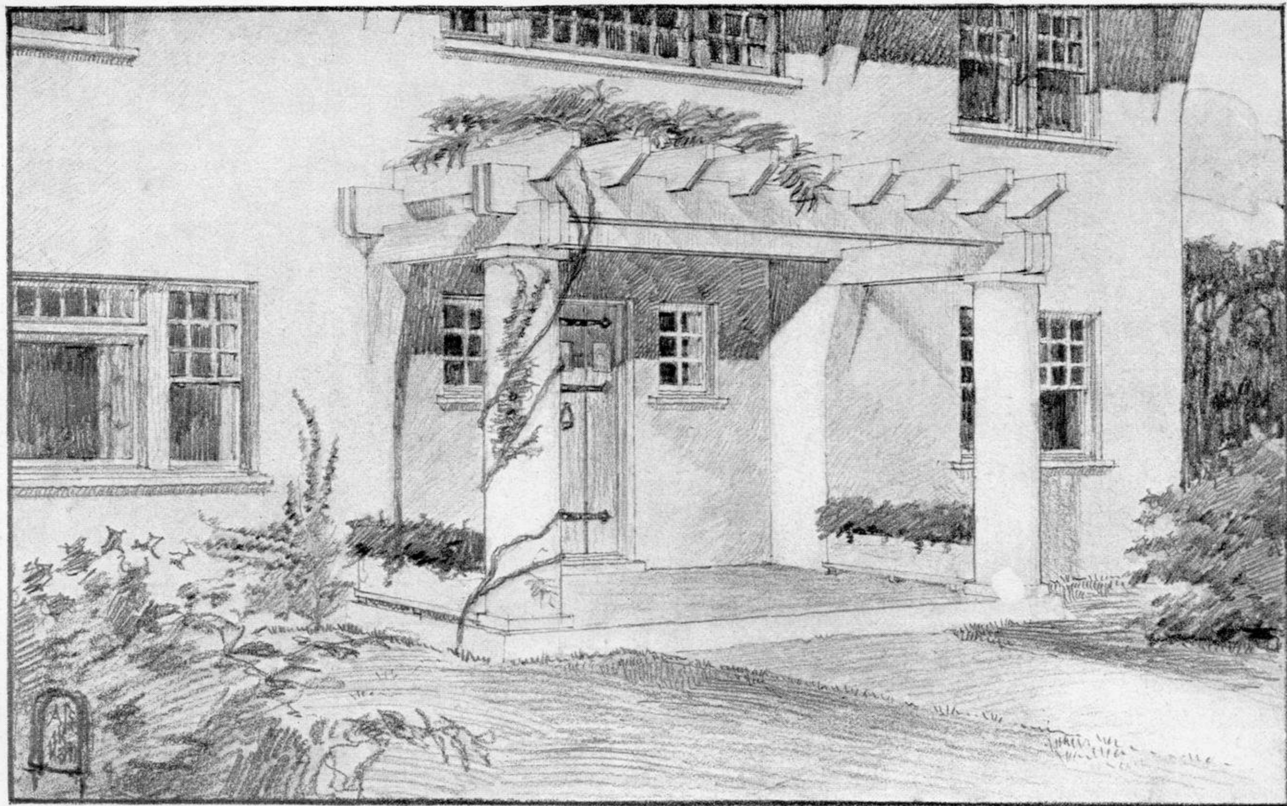
A FARM HOUSE BUILT ON CRAFTSMAN IDEAS.

FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

The first, although built according to a very modern method, cement on metal



SHOWING AN ADAPTATION OF CRAFTSMAN IDEAS TO THE OLD-FASHIONED NEW ENGLAND FARMHOUSE.



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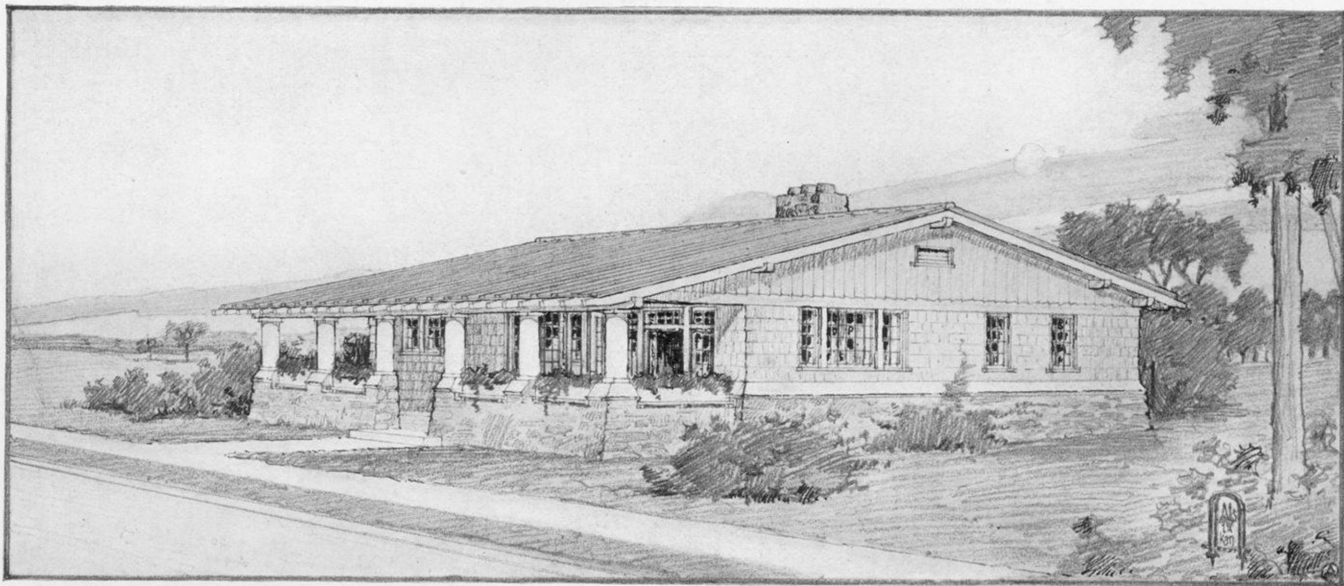
DETAIL FROM CRAFTSMAN FARMHOUSE SUGGESTING THE OLD-TIME TRELLIS PORCH.



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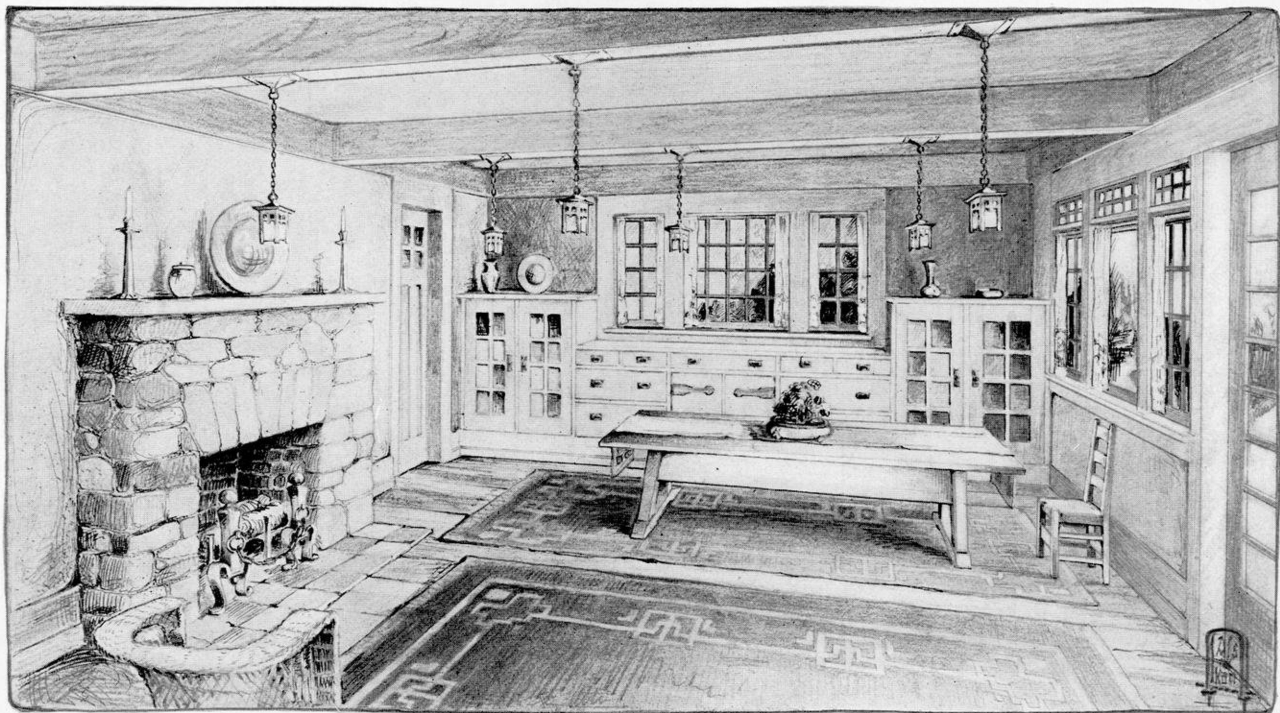
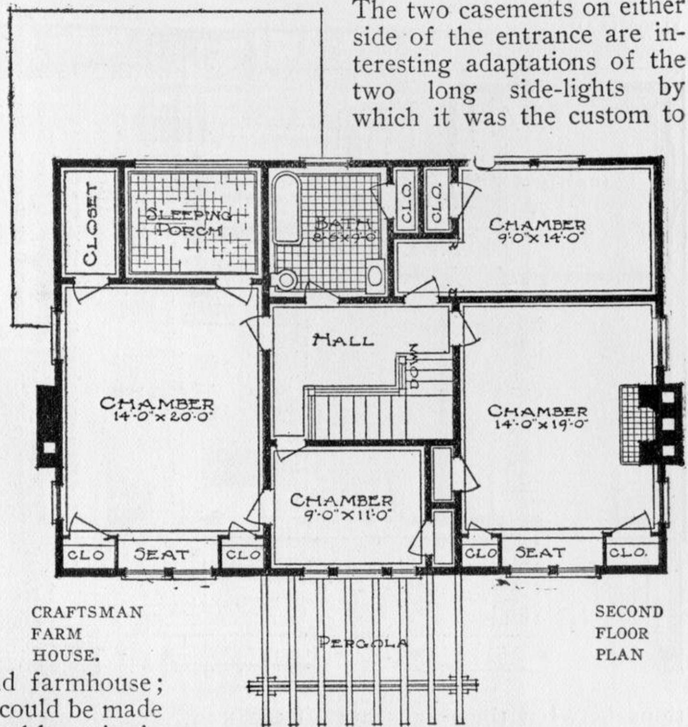
A BUNGALOW OF SPLIT FIELD STONE AND WOOD, WITH CEMENT TRIMMINGS: ONE OF THE MOST CONVENIENT AND ATTRACTIVE FORMS OF MODERN COUNTRY ARCHITECTURE.



VIEW OF LARGE LIVING ROOM IN THE BUNGALOW, ONE END OF WHICH IS FITTED UP AS A DINING ROOM.

laths, will be seen to follow the salient structural features of the so-called New England farm house. To be sure, the long sloping roof is broken by a big dormer to admit more light and air to the second story, but the proportions between the two halves and the degree of the incline is the same. The four-foot overhang at the eaves is an exaggeration of the type; but this, with the correspondingly deep brackets that support it, bring the house into a more attractive and cosier perspective and obviate the severity and plainness of the walls which the absence of the belt course too often gave to a house of this sort. The capacious chimneys at either end are direct translations of the old farmhouse; they are built of cement but could be made as well of dull-toned brick and be quite in keeping with the material and the idea of the house. The loggia at the corner is only a modification of the old lean-to and the pergola over the front door suggests the trellised porch with its climbing blush roses that gave to those old houses a hospitality none the less sincere because so daintily and winsomely expressed.



CRAFTSMAN FARM HOUSE.

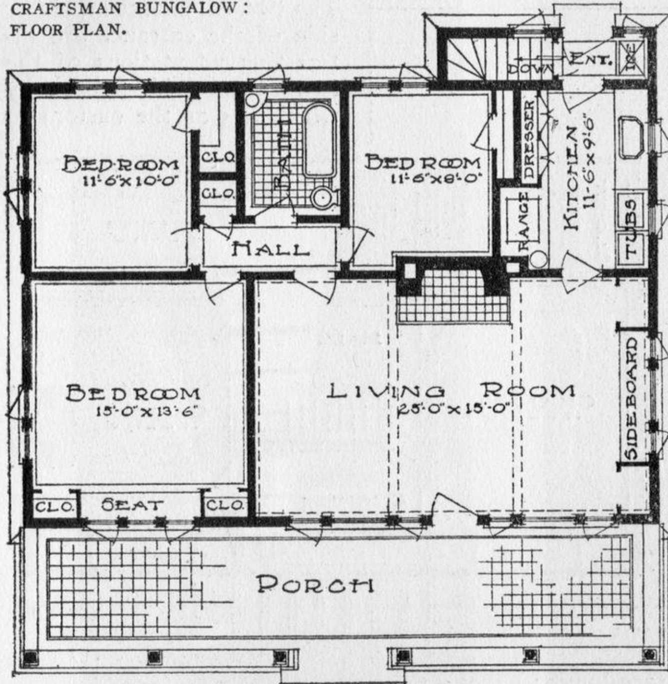
SECOND FLOOR PLAN

The two casements on either side of the entrance are interesting adaptations of the two long side-lights by which it was the custom to light the hall, and there are enough small panes used in the windows throughout the house to suggest the period when the little square lights were in general favor.

The pergola is better seen in the detail of the building; where a single heavy beam is customarily used in the roof supports, two smaller beams are substituted, thus giving a lighter structure while taking nothing away from the strength of it. The pillars are of cement, the woodwork of cypress chemically treated to a warm brown. The exposed rafters and purlins are of Southern pine matching the cypress in color. The door is of course a matter of taste, but assuredly it should be as simple in design as the one shown. A plain paneled door with a row of small lights set in the frame above would be very appropriate.

The interior of the house is, of course, entirely modernized to meet the standards of comfort of today. The placing of the stairs, however, suggests the old arrangement; the landing is raised only a few steps from the floor of the hall and is separated from the living room by a railing running along its edge so that the effect of a balcony is given. From the landing the stairs continue to the second story behind a partition of spindles, which arrangement makes them a part of both the living room and hall and a really valuable asset when a large number of people are being entertained, as well as turning a most necessary feature of the house into a most artistic one. The rooms above and below are large and airy and well fitted with closets. Every inch of space is put to use and the connec-

CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW: FLOOR PLAN.



Craftsman taste. The tones in hammered copper seemed best to sum up the light and shade that were needed in the rooms, and so, accordingly, our color scheme has resolved itself into an analysis of these shades.

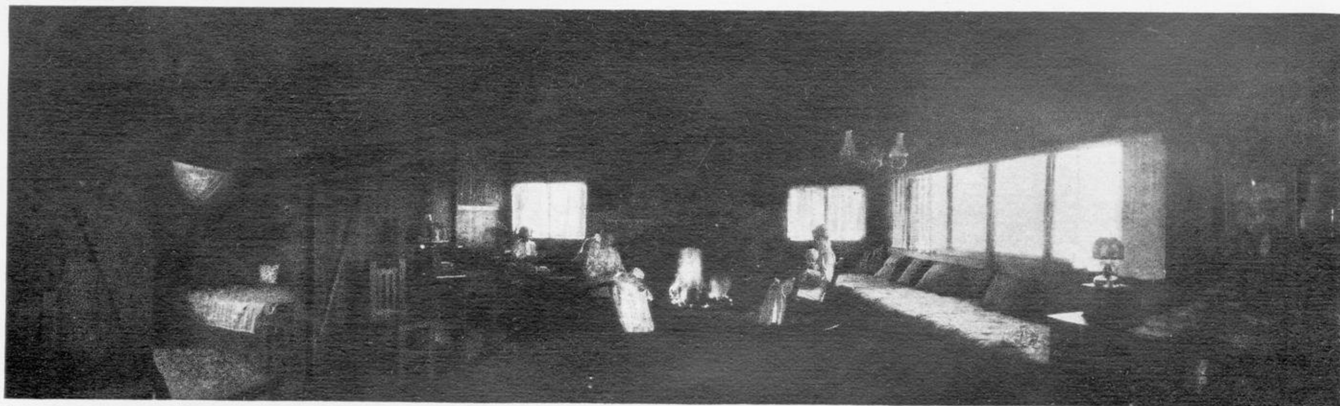
On the walls the last coating of brown plaster has been smoothed with an iron trowel and left to dry with no finishing surface applied. Against this tone, are the girders, the built-in sideboard and all the stationary woodwork of chestnut, a wood having a rippling vein of variegated browns upon a sunny brown field, showing a wide play of color under different lights. In a general way it furnishes a transition from the light tone of the walls to the deep red-brown of the fumed oak furniture, upholstered in leather of the same shade. The wood furniture is varied by occasional pieces of brownish green willow, which again blends the brown of the furniture and walls with the green rug on the floor. The design in the rug is worked out in dull amber and red-brown and these shades are again repeated in the lanterns of hammered copper set with amber glass and suspended by chains from the girders. The china-closet doors have panes of this same glass and, like the sideboard, the trim is of hammered copper. The chimneypiece with its shelf of a thick oak board is of split field stone and the hearth is set with square, rough-textured tiles blending with the color of the rug and of the stone.

In the matter of curtains and covers there is a wide choice. In this room we incline to a curtain made of a soft silk that repeats the amber shade in the glass, and wherever covers are needed the darkest shade of Flemish linen would be in best harmony with the oak.

tions between the rooms are simple and direct, so that housekeeping is lightened almost to the extent that it is in the second house, that essentially modern creation in home building—the bungalow.

The plans show the rooms to be conveniently arranged in such a way that although on the same floor, the bedrooms are completely separated from the kitchen and living room. The latter serves also as the dining room, and is a fine large apartment occupying almost one-third of the whole bungalow. It opens upon the porch by French doors, as will be seen in the interior view. On either side of the doors is a window group consisting of two single casements with a stationary glass panel between. Above these windows are transoms, set with small panes, a very attractive arrangement and an additional method of ventilation. A large portion of the end wall is devoted to windows and, indeed, so much light and sunshine comes to the room that it is almost a sun parlor.

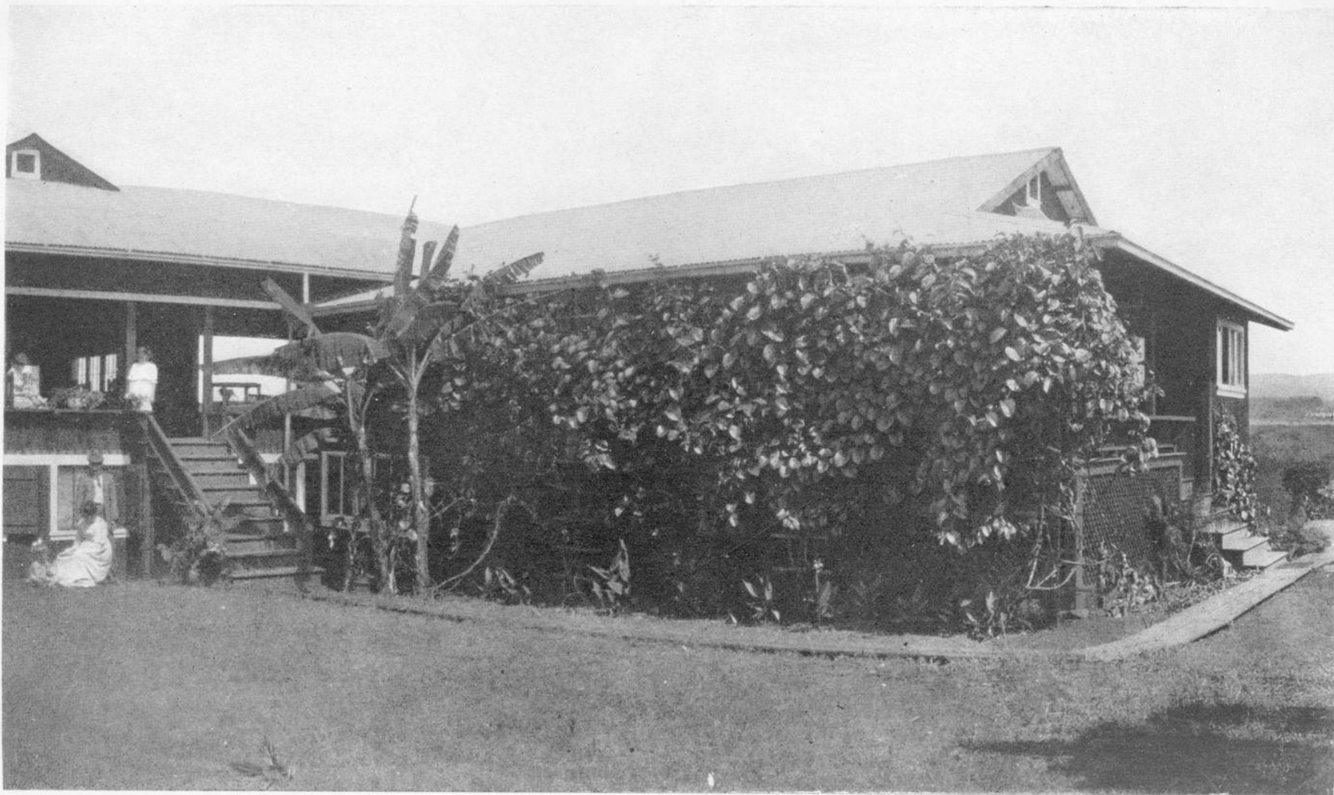
The decoration has been left to the



See page 687.

WAHIAWA, THE LARGEST PINEAPPLE COUNTRY IN THE WORLD, A GLIMPSE OF "MALUKUKUI" AT THE LEFT.

A VIEW OF THE SITTING ROOM OF "MALUKUKUI," IN WHICH ALL THE FURNITURE IS HOME-MADE.



THE HOUSE IS BUILT OF MATCHED BOARDS STAINED A DARK MOSS GREEN: THIS DETAIL SHOWS THE OPEN-AIR DINING ROOM AND VINE-CLAD PORCH.

THE REALIZATION OF A HOME IDEAL

WE were very glad to receive from two friends of THE CRAFTSMAN the accompanying pictures of their home, five thousand miles away in the Hawaiian Islands, in which they have adapted some of our principles and ideas to meet their needs and aid them in accomplishing their desire for a simple method of living. The owners have been connected with church work in Honolulu for a number of years, but ill-health sent them to seek a quiet country life. They settled in Wahiawa, the largest pineapple country in the world, where they bought several acres of ground and built their home, evolving from it a small country inn in which they are now able to accommodate some fifty guests.

The house was built by Japanese carpenters and has some Japanese features; for example, the bedrooms on the sheltered side of the house have no glass in the windows, but only sliding screens and shutters which fold up on the outside to be used in the case of heavy rain. The first picture shows the situation of the main house, "Malukukui," and the two little cottages which have been lately added to the plantation. The house is built of matched boards left rough on the outside but planed within, and over each joint, both inside and out, three-inch battens are laid. The roof is of galvanized iron, a roofing much used in this district, and the whole is stained a dark moss green with white trimmings about the windows and doors. Every room has a fine view either over the restful pineapple fields or down the deep ravine on the edge of which the house is built. In the distance can be seen magnificent mountain ranges and glimpses of the Pacific ten miles distant.

It is of particular interest to know that all the furnishings shown in the interior view were built in the house after the chosen models. In the writing room a desk has been built in and in the dining room a sideboard, the doors of which have strap hinges of black iron designed by the owner. The window seat in the living room is eighteen feet long and is made of three bed springs hinged to the wall so that the space beneath can be utilized for storage. There are no bedsteads or bureaus in the house, but couches are used, protected with linen covers during the day. And cupboards with curtains take the place of dressers. All the curtains and covers have designs stenciled upon them, so that a note of color is added and the whole effect is light and airy as befits the climate.

The chimneypiece shown at one end of the living room is of the moss-covered stones found in the fields about the place, and these, used both inside and outside in the construction of the chimney, seem especially suited to the rough green surface of the building. A nearer view of the outside of the house shows the big open-air dining room and a vine-screened porch, which are in constant use the year round.

The house is of significance to us, not alone because of its attractiveness or the fact that many of the ideas for which we stand have been put into practice within it; but as an example of what can be done in a country where there are few resources, by people who really desire to build a home after their own hearts. Here on the continent, with stores and factories of every description at hand, making a home is largely a matter of selection. We can easily find fabrics and furnishings that suit our taste, and gather about ourselves, through other people's labor, those expressions of personal fancies that give character to a home. There, where in even the large cities the supply along many lines is far from adequate, to introduce the artistic touches of personal taste into a house means actual labor and time and thoughtful planning. Many people who are capable of making attractive surroundings for themselves when it is merely a matter of selecting that which best pleases them, are yet far away from the true home-making instinct that will spur them to overcome difficulties and invent substitutes in cases of positive lack for the sake of realizing their ideal, as our friends have done in their Hawaiian house. Such a home must amass incalculable treasures of meaning and association.

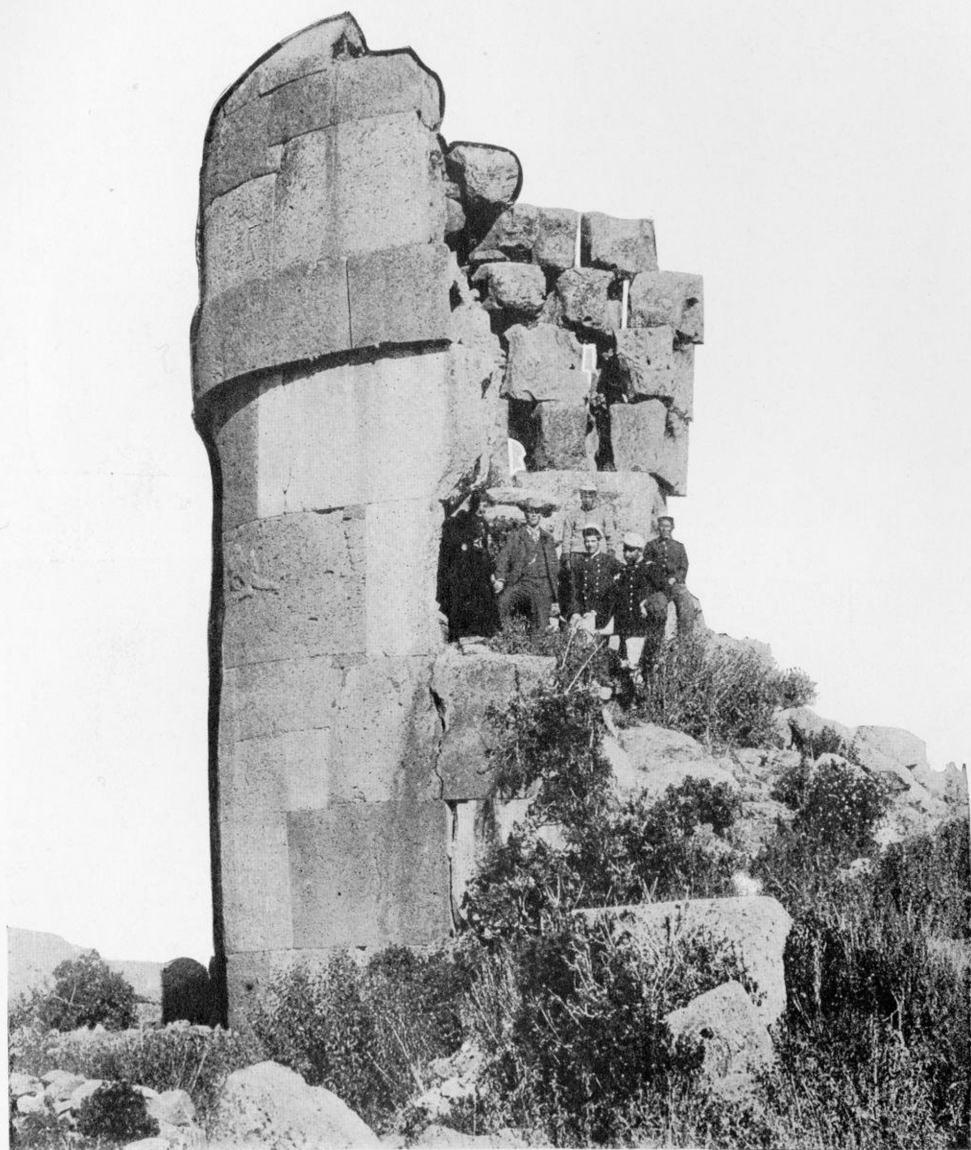
PERUVIAN CRAFTSMANSHIP SHOWING TO WHAT DEGREE OF CIVILIZATION THE INCA RACE HAD ATTAINED AT THE TIME OF THE SPANISH CONQUEST

THE handicrafts of a nation are its history visualized. The written documents that the older civilizations left behind them would mean little enough were it not for these illustrations furnished by the implements that were made for use in domestic and outdoor life and by the decorations wrought upon them. The ancient craftsmen embodied in their products scenes from daily life. In the pottery of the old Greeks and Egyptians, for example, we find decorative bands showing human beings engaged in every pursuit, from bathing and weaving to hunting, fishing and making war, and these decorations have often been of great aid to the understanding of difficult written passages in the old manuscripts of the country. It is by the degree of skill and appreciation of beauty evidenced in such products that we measure the civilization to which a nation had attained.

To anyone realizing the significance as well as the beauty of such handicrafts, the Peruvian collection at The Natural History Museum of New York, resulting chiefly from the explorations of Mr. Adolph Bandelier, will be of great interest and instruction.

Peru, previous to the Spanish Conquest under Pizzaro, in 1536, comprised not only that portion of South America now known as Peru, but also the parts now called Ecuador, Bolivia and Chili. All along this South American coast are low plains, barren and sandy in character, but broken here and there by fertile river valleys. The central part is a mountainous plateau which contains some of the most gigantic and wonderful scenery in the world. The plateau was the home of the Incas, who were by far the hardiest and most intelligent of all the aboriginal tribes of Peru. Little by little they gained ascendancy over the other peoples and during the five centuries preceding the Conquest they reached a high degree of civilization.

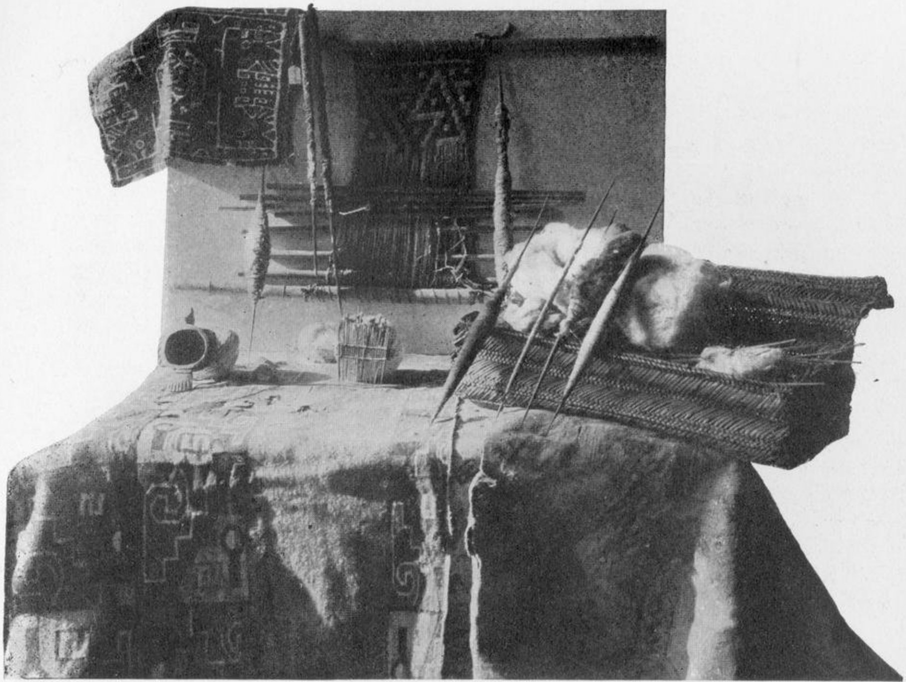
We owe our knowledge of their accomplishments to their custom of burying personal possessions with the bodies of the dead, much as the North American Indians were in the habit of doing. The custom arose apparently not only from the belief in a future life, but from the idea that the spirit had a long and tiresome journey to make before it reached its final abode. Along the coast the waste places were used as cemeteries, and graves, mostly in the form of vaults containing three or four bodies, were made level with the ground. In the mountainous regions tombs, called Chulpas, were built like towers, either round or rectangular. The first illustration shows one of a famous group of Chulpas at Sillustani, in southwestern Peru, near the shore of Lake Titicaca.

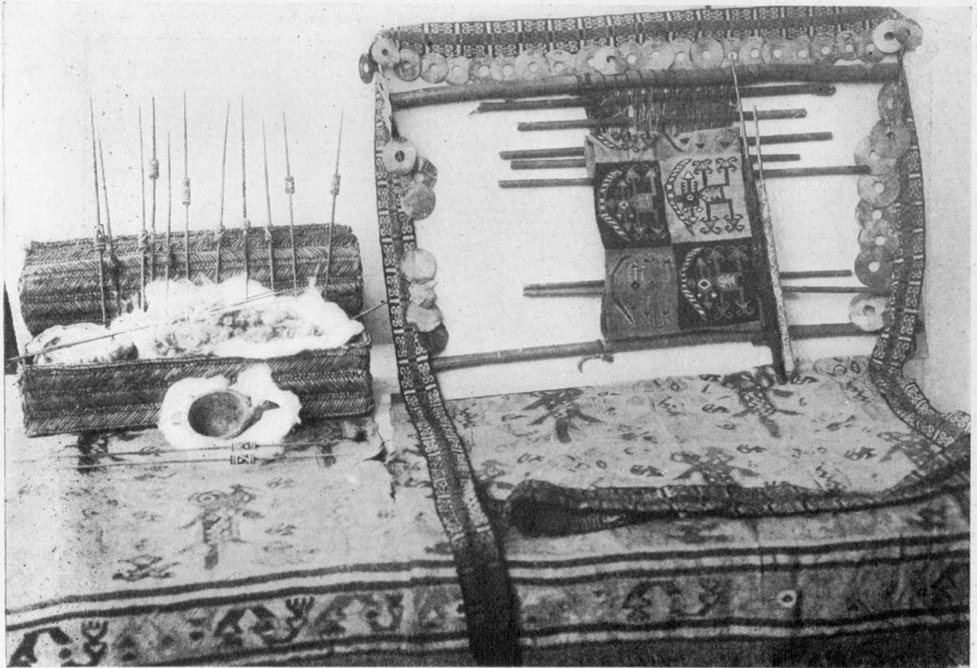


MASSIVE CHULPA, OR BURIAL TOWER, CONSTRUCTED BY THE INCAS IN THE 15TH CENTURY: MANY RICH OBJECTS OF GOLD WERE FOUND IN THESE TOWERS.

RICHLY COLORED PONCHO DECORATED IN VARIOUS GEOMETRIC DESIGNS, FROM A GRAVE ON THE WEST COAST OF PERU: THE COLORS FRESH AFTER CENTURIES OF BURIAL.

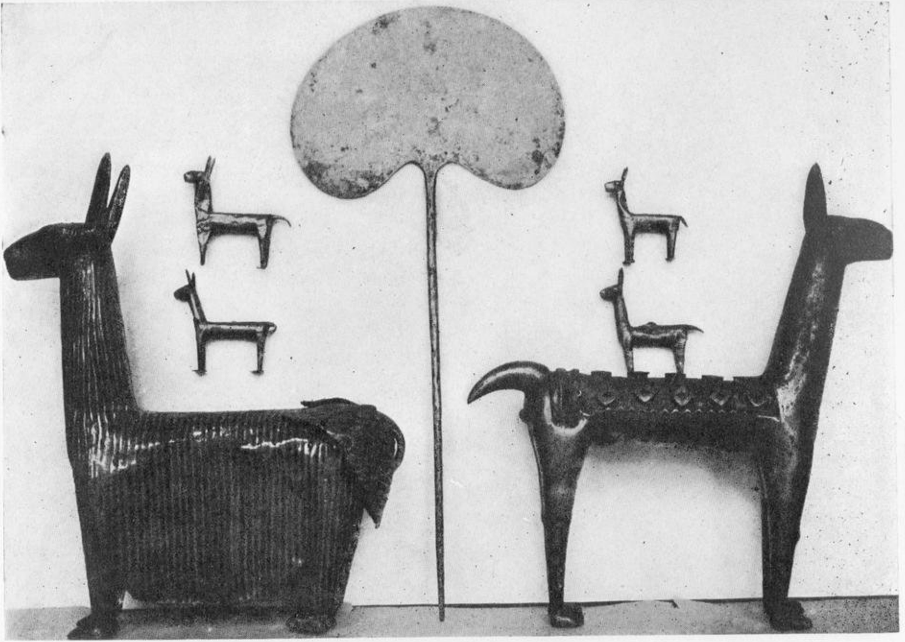
ROYAL SILK PONCHO WITH FIVE HUNDRED DESIGNS WOVEN BY PRIMITIVE HAND LOOM, ESTIMATED TO HAVE BEEN A YEAR'S PATIENT WORK: A SACRIFICIAL OFFERING FOUND IN CHEST.

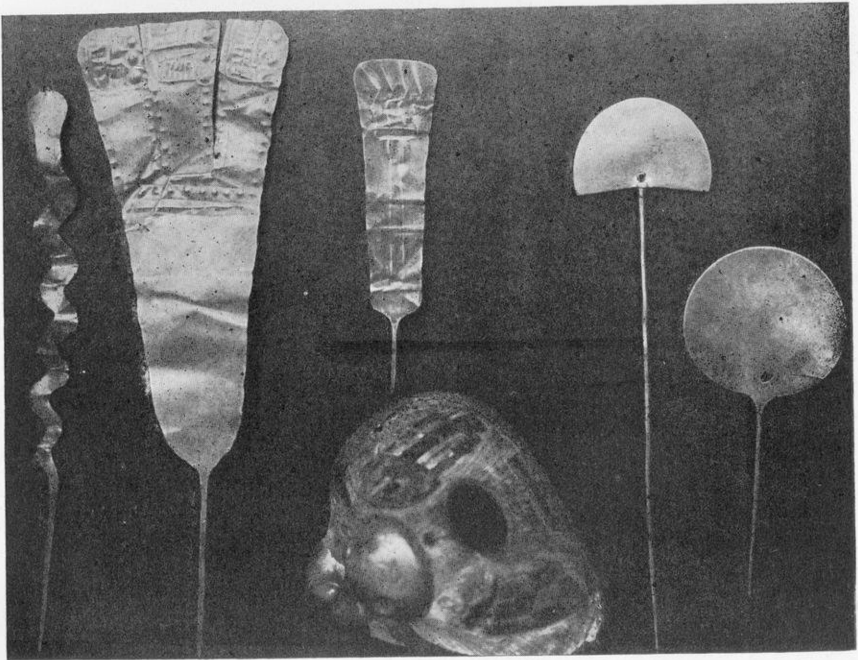




LOOM WITH PARTLY WOVEN RUG AND A WOMAN'S WEAVING OUTFIT: BASKET WITH LLAMA'S WOOL AND HANDSOME INCISED CARVED SPINDLES.

WOMAN'S LOOM, SHOWING A PARTLY FINISHED PONCHO, ALSO A WORK BASKET AND WEAVING IMPLEMENTS: FOUND IN COAST BURIAL, PERU.





GOLD AND SILVER IMAGES OF THE LLAMA, USED FOR OFFERINGS ON RELIGIOUS AND CEREMONIAL OCCASIONS: FOUND IN PERUVIAN GRAVES.

RICH PERSONAL ORNAMENT OF HAMMERED GOLD WORN BY THE INCA WOMEN OF ANCIENT PERU.

These were built on a promontory about two hundred feet in elevation, and vary from sixteen to thirty-five feet in height. An excavation was first made about four feet deep by three wide, in which the bodies were placed. This was covered by a low stone dome with an opening left near the ground just large enough to admit a man; above this the solid masses of masonry of stone and clay were erected, covered with a coating of stucco. The stones were taken from the cliffs in the vicinity and hauled in the rough to the building site, where they were cut and trimmed to the proper size. The principle of the windlass was not known to these tribes, and the blocks were raised into position by pushing them up an inclined plane. The Chulpa in the picture is twenty-two feet in circumference at the base, the walls diverging gradually from the center as they ascend, until the top measures twenty-seven feet around.

The body was placed in a sitting position, the knees drawn up and the chin and hands resting upon them. It was then wrapped about with cloth into a square package, and a false head of clay or wood, the features sometimes made of metal, was placed upon the top of the bundle. Frequently the head was made of cloth, stuffed with hay, the features woven into the fabric. The graves of the men usually contained weapons or articles used in fishing and hunting, favorite animals and receptacles containing food; for the women there was a furnishing of personal ornaments, invariably weaving outfits and sometimes looms with half-finished webs upon them.

It is evident that weaving was the especial art practiced by the Peruvians, for the mummy wrappings and the fabrics buried with the bodies show that they were familiar with every sort of weave from the finest to the coarsest cotton cloth, as well as woollen fabrics and tapestries. Everything connected with the art was carefully cherished; the accompanying photographs show typical looms and various articles used in the process of weaving. The wool and spindles were kept in a long basket of plaited reeds. The wool came either from the alpaca, the llama or the vicuna; this latter animal had a particularly silky coat, reddish-yellow in color, and the garments of the nobility alone were woven from it; the common people made their fabrics from the coarser wool of the llama and alpaca. The spindles were made of hardwood, the whorl decorated either by a painted design or by a pattern burned or cut into it. This ornamentation was, of course, covered when the spindles were in use and wound with thread, as the picture of one of these outfits shows, and very often, as may be seen in this same photograph, the spindle top was carved in a little grotesque, perhaps the image of one of the gods of that particular household. The baskets also contained a little dove-shaped receptacle, made of wood or clay, the use of which is unknown.

The looms, as will be seen, were very primitive affairs of canes and reeds, but the fabrics woven upon them are considered the finest examples of primitive workmanship. Some of the pieces contain sixty-two threads to the square inch, and are equal in texture and color to the modern Gobelin tapestries. They were decorated chiefly with geometrical designs and figures of men and animals and objects of daily use, all of which were very crudely represented. What is said to be the finest specimen of Peruvian workmanship ever recovered is given in one of the photographs. It is a poncho, as the outer garment of the Peruvian men is called, and is made of two pieces of cloth closed at the sides and top save for an opening by which it is slipped over the head. This, as represented in the picture, was found packed in a stone chest and buried on an island of Lake Titicaca. It is woven from the wool of the vicuna and is of a very soft and silky texture and although it dates from before the fifteenth century is, nevertheless, as brilliant and beautiful in color as when placed in the chest. It is woven back and front into one hundred

squares, each containing a different geometrical design. One of these designs shows a series of small colored squares placed like steps and probably made to represent a craggy mountain side; two birds, probably condors, which are native to that region, are flying about it. Across the bottom of the garment runs a deep border depicting a warrior with battle-axe and shield in various attitudes. In all, there are five hundred separate figures woven into this poncho. A second photograph of another poncho gives an idea of the fashion of the garment and shows the remarkable sense of design that these aboriginal people possessed. Notice how the repetition of the figures in the border are varied with an occasional unique motif, and the bewildering adaptation of the same to the body of the garment.

The figures in what we may call the collar piece are particularly graceful. The dyes in this garment are the typical Peruvian colors; the main part is a dull delft blue, the collar piece is red and the patterns are worked out in blue, old gold, red and white. Lighter shades of these same colors are used and the same patterns are worked out sometimes in one color and sometimes in another in the same garment, so that the effect of the borders is of great richness and variety of design. Every sort of article was woven; the false heads of the mummies, effigies of children buried with their mothers, and prayer-tablets which were pieces of cloth showing symbolic designs stretched over reeds. The dyes were of vegetable composition, but the roots from which they were made are unknown. They are remarkably fast in color and the majority of the fabrics exhumed are as brilliant and unfaded as they were when they were buried.

An interesting use of metal is shown in one of the photographs; discs of beaten gold are attached to the edge of a woven girdle, much as sequins are used in the dress of the Spanish gypsies. Thin strips of gold, an inch to two inches wide, were also used as bands of trimming upon garments, and the animals found cut out of thin sheets of gold and silver were probably used in some such way.

As a whole, the metal work and the Peruvian use of it was crude and barbaric. Effigies of the llama in gold and silver are found in graves, evidently buried as substitutes for the living animal, which, because of its many uses as wool-bearer, a giver of milk and the only beast of burden that could stand the high altitude of the Andes region, was too valuable to be killed with its owner, as the North American Indians used to kill their ponies. Human figures, also, were made which were usually formed in three pieces and soldered together. One figure, although crudely shaped, shows a high degree of craftsmanship; it is a human effigy in silver, ornamented with bands of gold and copper. Cups have been found hammered out in grotesque heads and sometimes bordered with ears of the corn from which a fermented drink was made, just as wine glasses and punch bowls are frequently ornamented with grapes and vine-wreaths.

Round-headed shawl-pins of hammered silver, such as are shown in the photograph, are everywhere found, and also hairpins of beaten gold traced with vague designs. As the picture shows, these were made in a variety of shapes. This same photograph also shows a pair of shells of a dull coffee color bound about with gold, their sides ornamented with inlaid agate and the two parts of the hinge covered with gold molded into parrots' heads.

One of the most interesting crafts was the making of garments from bird feathers. Head-pieces were made from the quills, and there were beautiful capes and panels in which the small feathers of the breast and wings were used, arranged in definite patterns, and which at a little distance appear like silken tapestries.

The pottery is also of great interest, for it perpetuates many of the Inca customs. Most of the clay receptacles are bottle-shaped, with slender necks and large bodies. Usually an animal is standing upon the body supporting the neck, which

is placed a little to one side. Occasionally the body of the animal forms the bottle and the neck protrudes from its back or is made from the head itself. One interesting jug is a woman spinning; the woman's head forms the mouth of the vessel, and her hands, projecting slightly from the surface, hold a bunch of wool in the left and a spindle in the right. Another historically interesting vessel is in the form of two bottles; upon each stands a little man, and they are joined by bearing between them upon their shoulders a melon-shaped cradle in which it was the custom to carry the bodies to burial. Many of the figures in the pottery were molded in two halves and pressed together while wet, and in others terra cotta molds were pressed into the clay to give it certain forms and designs. The Incas knew nothing of glazing, and the usual method of coloring and smoothing was to paint the clay while wet, then fire it, and after it was fired polish it with a smooth stone. They undoubtedly understood pyrography, as many beautiful gourds and wooden receptacles show, but their carving in the round was crude. They seem to have had a remarkable sense of design but no skill in imitating the forms of men or animals.

After the coming of Pizzaro, the Inca nation was overwhelmed in the destruction that always followed in the wake of the Spanish conquerors, and the people became a degenerate race, finally dying out altogether. What they might have become no one can tell, but the skill of their craftsmanship promised well for their future.

TIED AND DYED WORK: AN ORIENTAL PROCESS WITH AMERICAN VARIATIONS: BY PROFESSOR C. E. PELLEW OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

IT has been suggested that some of the readers of THE CRAFTSMAN might be interested in a short description of a very ancient and exceedingly simple dyeing process, which, if carried out with modern dyestuffs, can be made to give extremely interesting and, indeed, beautiful results with a minimum of trouble and expense.

My own introduction to it was curious. A friend, with whom I had been discussing the subject of Batik, knowing how keenly I was looking for some good specimens of the same, telephoned me one day that she had noticed a great quantity of beautiful specimens in the Oriental department of a large and not particularly artistic department store. After much trouble, I identified the place, and found a number of beautiful Oriental textiles, of light muslin, with lovely bright coloring and very curious and intricate patterns, but evidently with no possible resemblance to Batik or Wax Resist work. I bought one or two, at very reasonable prices, and studied them with great care to see how they could have been produced. Failing completely to solve the problem, I took one to a friend who, besides being an excellent dyeing chemist, has traveled through the East studying the textile work; after careful examination, he identified it as Tied Work or Tied and Dyed Work.

A little hunting through some of the Eastern art stores soon brought to light several other specimens of this work; one, a particularly elaborate and beautiful one, a small portion of which is shown in Fig. 1 being just as it came from the dye bath with the knots still untied; and other fine pieces were found in the collections at the Teachers' College.

A few weeks later, one of the instructors at the Teachers' College, New York, brought over to me a piece of calico, curiously tied and twisted, and asked if she could dye it with a good fast color, stating

that it was a piece of Tied Work. The results were satisfactory, and we repeated the experiment at a public lecture on the Sulphur Colors, where the cloth was tied up by my friend, dipped into a deep blue bath, wrung out, exposed to the air, and then, before the end of the lecture, was untied and shown to the audience. Several of my students then became interested, and began making some experiments, until it became evident to us all that, thanks to modern dyestuffs, this simple old process could be made to yield extraordinarily useful, as well as beautiful results.

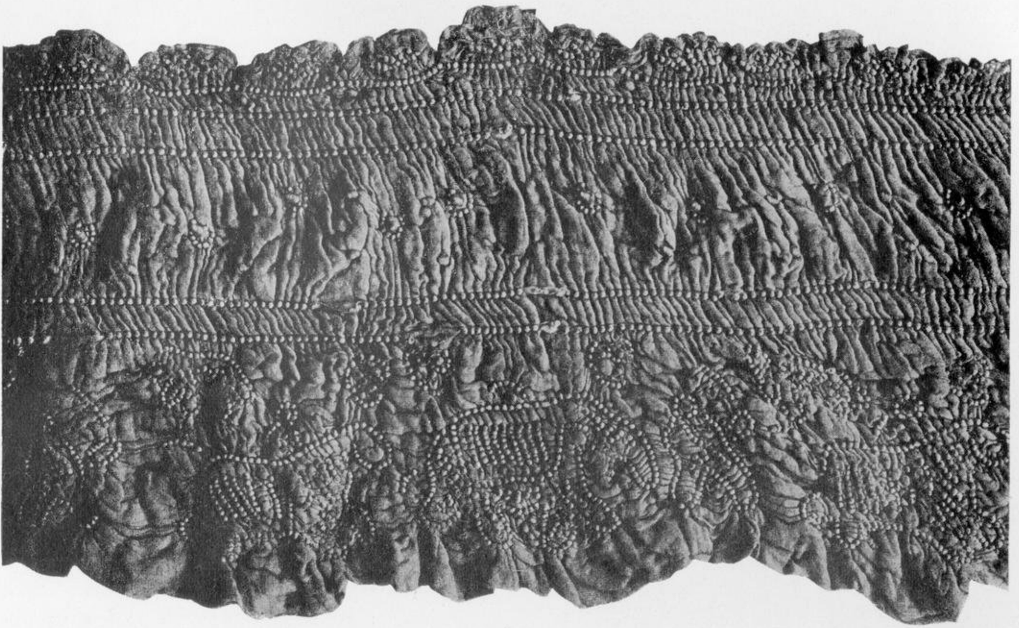
I have not had a chance to study carefully the literature on the subject. But in the *Journal of Indian Art*, volumes I, II, will be found two short articles, with good illustrations, on the East Indian process; and in a recent number of *Harper's Bazar* appeared a very carefully written paper on the subject, under the rather extraordinary title of "Gobolink Tapestry." This article gave many interesting details about the technique, with illustrations, and showed several excellent designs, but I should doubt if the results achieved with the dyes there mentioned, the Salt Colors sold in packages at the druggists', would be fast either to light or to washing.

The Process in General.—As has been previously mentioned, there are three general methods known, it is believed, from the time of the ancient Egyptians for obtaining patterns of dyes upon plain cloth. One way is by direct applications, freehand or stencil, of the dyestuff to light-colored cloth; painting the cloth, in other words, with the dyestuff.

A second way is by "discharge," i. e., by dyeing the cloth first, and then applying some agent which will bleach or discharge the color in parts.

The third way is the "resist" method, by which some agent, mechanical, or it may be chemical, is applied to parts of the cloth before dyeing, which protects those parts from the action of the dyes, and leaves the pattern light-colored against a dark background. The Wax Resist or Batik process belongs to this class, as also does the process of Resist Stenciling, previously described. In some cases patterns are produced by protecting parts of the cloth from the action of the dyestuffs by metal or wooden plates or blocks sewed tightly on both sides, or by other crude devices. But a still simpler method is to protect certain limited portions of the cloth from the dyestuff by tying them tightly with thread or string, or, for large surfaces, with tape, which, when wrapped round and round any particular part of the fabric will enable it to stand very considerable exposure to the dye bath without absorbing much, if any, of the coloring matter.

Indian Practice.—In Hindustan and particularly in the district of Rajputana, this process has been practiced for centuries and brought to a great degree of perfection. The finest products come from the state of Kotah, and under the name of Chunaris are used for turbans and for various articles of men's and women's clothing. Two general varieties are known there; the fast or Pacha Chunaris, which are made on heavy, cheap calico in simple designs, and are dyed with indigo, turmeric and sooranjee or morinda, thus giving comparatively fast designs in blue, yellow and red respectively, and the more expensive and elaborate goods, known as Kacha Chunaris, which are made on fine muslin, with colors much less fast to water, but with much more intricate and elaborate designs. Usually the patterns are marked off on the cloth with red chalk before tying, and the light shades—yellow and green—are produced by dipping the particular parts of the cloth into a bath of turmeric, and of turmeric and of indigo, respectively. The pattern is then tied in by means of an immense quantity of small knots made with fine thread, and giving when untied light-colored circles and rings varying in diameter from half an inch or less to not more than one inch. The work people are exceedingly skilful in this work, tying extremely fast and very tightly



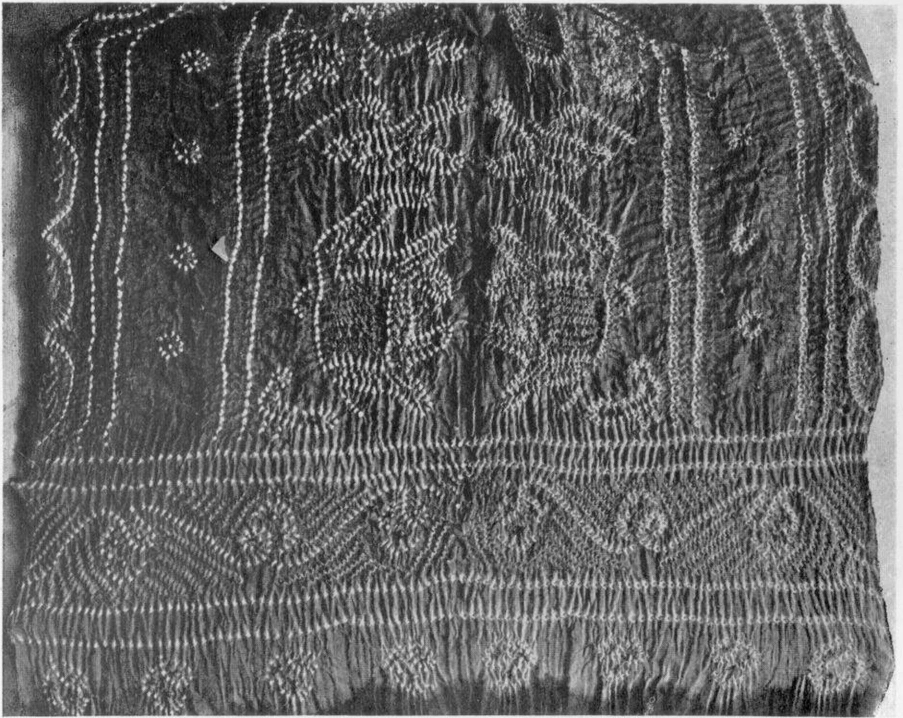


FIG. ONE: A PIECE OF ORIENTAL DYED WORK JUST AS IT CAME FROM THE BATH, WITH THE KNOTS STILL UNTIED.
THE SAME PIECE OF DYED WORK WITH THE KNOTS UNTIED AND THE CLOTH SHAKEN OUT SO THAT THE DESIGN SHOWS.

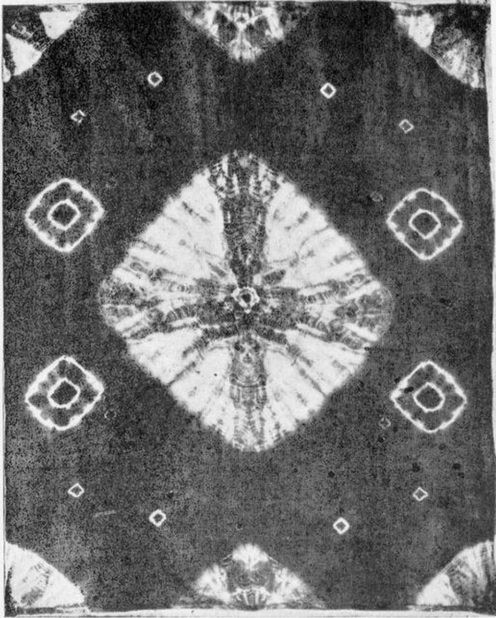


FIG. TWO: DYED WORK IN WHICH THERE ARE ONLY TWO COLORS, THE LIGHT PATTERN ON THE DARK GROUND.

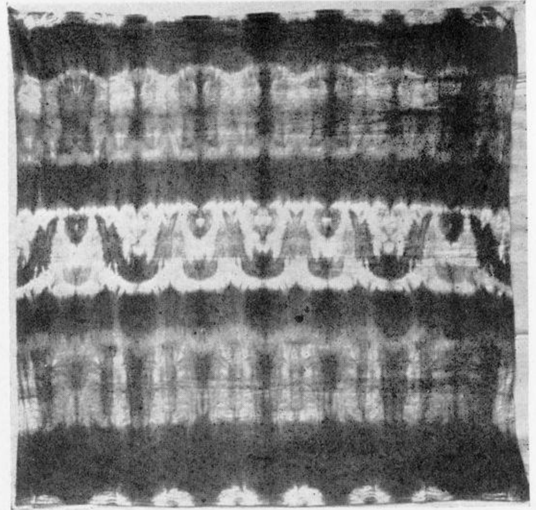


FIG. THREE: BANDED EFFECT IN DYED WORK, PRODUCED BY LOOPING THE CLOTH.

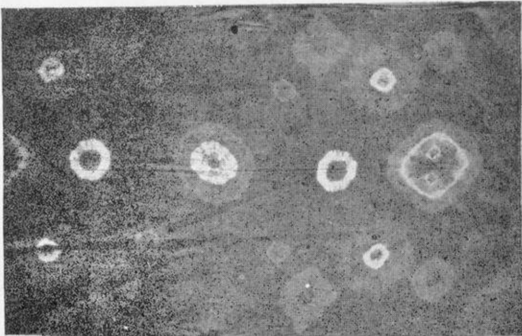


FIG. FIVE: FOUR-COLOR DESIGN FOR TIED WORK, TO BE USED TO DECORATE A SILK SCARF.

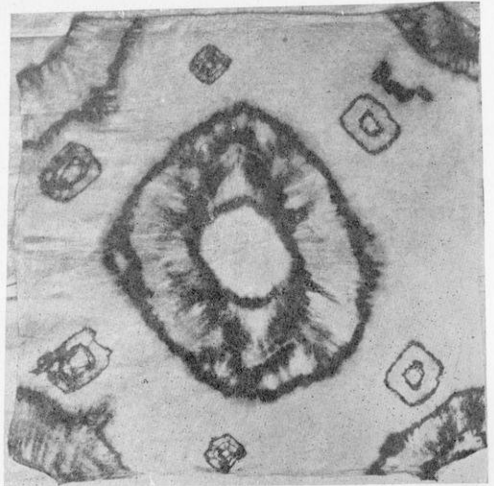


FIG. FOUR: DYED AND DISCHARGED WORK: BLUE AND GRAY PATTERN ON A WHITE GROUND.

around little loops of the cloth pushed out into a pointed form for the occasion. The knot is not tied all the way out to the point, but only around the base, so that the tip of the tied portion of cloth is exposed to the dyestuff when the final dyeing takes place, and thus gives the effect of rings or circles or diamonds of light color, with dark centers.

The final dye bath is of safflower, which gives a bright red, or when less concentrated, a brilliant pink. But neither this dye nor the turmeric is really fast to light, or when thus dyed, to severe washing. The turmeric, indeed, contained in the yellow and the green portions of the pattern, is not much more than a stain, because after tying, and before dyeing in the final bath of red, it is customary to wash off the color from the stained portions not absolutely covered by the string of the knot, thereby preventing overlapping of shades when the red dye is applied later.

It is evident that in this process the dyeing is a matter of very little trouble compared to the tying of the design. In some specimens which I have examined and which are sold in New York for quite small sums apiece, the cloth is some four yards long and has an average of over twenty-five of these small knots to the running inch. So that, even with the skilful fingers and the low wages of the Eastern workmen, it is not surprising that the tying alone of one of these Chunaris would occupy a first-class workman for some three weeks, and represents some two-thirds of the total expense of the process.

To diminish this labor somewhat in some specimens it will be noticed that the patterns have been stamped or pressed out in the cloth mechanically by some sort of a simple machine, thereby greatly lessening, not the number of knots, but the speed and accuracy with which the design may be reproduced. In those that I have examined the cloth was first of all, doubled lengthwise, and then folded into four folds of about a yard each. The pattern was evidently pressed, after staining the yellow and green design, in some sort of a huge, exaggerated waffle-iron, a kind of a folding board, with nails or spikes or projections of some sort on, say, the lower board, and with corresponding depressions in the upper one. Thus when the cloth, folded as described and previously stained, was placed in between these and pressed tightly, the light muslin would be pressed out into the desired patterns, and a tyer could then come along and tie the raised or pulled-out portions into knots at his leisure.

Modern Practice.—Much work has been done in America, and I believe also in Europe, by craftsmen upon this ancient and simple process. It is evident at the start that to make patterns with such an expenditure of time and labor is absolutely out of the question, accordingly the instant modification suggested itself of tying the knot to envelop large portions of the cloth at a time, so that instead of the diameter of the tied part being half an inch to an inch, one knot, after dyeing and untying, would cover a surface of anywhere from three to four inches up to six inches or a foot or more. When tied on a large scale in this way it was speedily found that the beauty of the pattern lay very much in the strange and interesting and quite unexpected irregularities in color and shading caused by the uneven penetration of the dyestuff into and under the string or tape employed to cover these large surfaces. Regularity of design can be easily obtained by using material of a more or less porous nature and folding it into four squares, and tying all four folds together in knots of varying sizes. When dipped in the dye-pot and then untied these light spots will be regularly reproduced in all four quarters of the material, and if carefully placed will give very pretty and effective designs with a minimum of labor.

The Use of Modern Dyestuffs.—The introduction of the dyestuffs which give fast colors upon cotton without mordanting, more particularly the Sulphur Dyes

and the Indigo or Vat Dyes, have converted this simple process from a curious and interesting pastime, into an extremely useful and valuable textile process for handicraft workers. Simple, two-color effects can be made, with a minimum of time and trouble, so as to cover large surfaces of textile materials with interesting and even beautiful designs, which are absolutely fast to washing and to light. It is indeed doubtful whether we have any process at our disposal that compares with this in simplicity and economy, as well as in beauty, for many classes of work such as curtains, portières, table covers, sofa cushions, veils and scarfs. In other words, where the effect is produced by variations in color upon a single textile fabric, the materials used for this purpose should be soft and more or less porous, and to give good results should be very carefully cleaned, not only from dirt and grease, but from different varieties of sizing and finishing materials. Excellent results have been obtained with different varieties of mercerized cotton, of muslin, scrim, and even of the cheapest varieties of ordinary cheesecloth; while those of my readers who are less thoughtful of expense will find much interest in making scarfs and covers from different varieties of silk and poplin.

It is difficult in an article like this to begin to give an adequate idea of the technique of the process. An hour's work with a few yards of cheesecloth, tying it in knots and loops of different sizes, and then noting the effect from immersing it in the dye bath would be of more assistance than any words of mine. But it may be pointed out that, where the desired effect is that of a ring, large or small, surrounding a dark circle or diamond shaped figure, it is best to first place in the center of the design a solid object such as a marble or bead or even a stone more or less symmetrical, and loop the cloth over this, tying the knot more or less tightly and of greater or less dimensions, underneath the solid object. The marble or stone spreads out the cloth, thereby exposing it fully to the action of the dyestuff, and thus emphasizing the contrast with the tied portions which are partially protected.

On the other hand, if it is desired to have a pattern with a radiating motif, as for instance, in the pretty design shown in Fig. II, where the effect of the central figure is somewhat that of a sunburst with rays pointing toward the center, the solid object in the center is usually left out, or kept very small. The cloth, however, is tied up in folds running toward the center and the knots are not drawn so tightly as to prevent some of the dyestuff working its way through these folds, and thus giving the radiating lines desired.

The craftsman with any ingenuity can easily work out all kinds of new and original effects by simply modifying the method and direction in which the knot is tied. For instance, curiously banded effects can be produced (see Fig. III) by simply taking a piece of cloth and tying loops directly across it, or borders can be made by looping with thread or with tape, and, preferably, a darning needle, strips of cloth around the edges of the design. Indeed one charm about this process is that everyone who works at it at all intelligently will have the pleasure of discovering for himself new methods of getting new effects—a pleasure which is not necessarily interfered with by the knowledge that probably the ancient Hindus discovered the same thing hundreds, if not thousands, of years ago.

We had the pleasure in our laboratory this spring of discovering one new method which gave interesting results, and which, so far as we could gather, had not been worked out by the ancient Hindus or by anybody else. This very simple modification gives results the exact reverse of the ordinary ones and might be described as Tied and Discharged Work instead of Tied and Dyed Work. In other words, wishing to break away from the monotony of always having light patterns on a dark background, we one day tried the effect of dyeing a piece of cheesecloth dark blue, with a Sulphur Color, and then immersing

it in a weak bath of bleaching powder. Naturally, the color disappeared in the exposed portions, and then, on washing with a little weak acid and rinsing with water, on untying, the pattern came out dark on a white background (see Fig. IV).

Very curious and unexpected results appeared when we tried this process upon the different dyestuffs, and I am sorry to say we have not had time to begin to cover the infinite possibilities presented by this single modification. We noticed, for instance, that the Sulphur Colors, with which we experimented, bleached quite readily, and in some cases, as for instance, with Thiogene Blue B, the finished pattern appeared in interesting shades varying from deep blue to a light gray, according to the degree with which the tying had resisted the action of the bleaching powder.

On the other hand, when we tried the various Indigo or Vat Colors we found that they resisted the action of bleaching powder to a very considerable extent, changing color, indeed, but not becoming white, as with the Sulphur Dyes. Pure indigo, for instance, turns a shade of green, while, when experimenting with a new Vat compound, Brom Indigo R (Elberfeld), to our great surprise we found that the chlorine of this bleaching powder converted the deep, purplish blue into a brilliant and very permanent shade of yellow.

If any of my readers are interested in trying for new and unknown effects, there is a considerable field open to them in this process. Care, however, should be taken in this Tied and Discharged Work to start off with a strong material like scrim or poplin, rather than light and cheap qualities of cheesecloth, because the bleaching powder, even in the form of a weak solution of one or two tablespoonfuls to the gallon, is liable to have quite a weakening effect upon the fiber.

Three and More Color Effects.—The patterns hitherto described have all been based upon two colors, the simplest being, of course, the blues or black or grays upon a white background. In case, however, the fabric is dyed a light yellow shade before it is tied in, and then dipped in some other color, as, for instance, a light blue, the result will be a yellow pattern on a green background. It is extremely easy to continue this process of tying and dyeing until the pattern is composed not only of two or three, but of five or six colors, each darker shade being built upon the shades previously imparted to the cloth. For instance, one of our illustrations shows a silk scarf dyed in four colors (Fig. V). The silk was first dyed yellow, with fast Sulphur Yellow O. O. Metz, and after folding the yellow spots were tied in. It was then, without untying anything, dipped in bath of Thiogene Rubine, O. Metz, which turned the background a pretty shade of salmon red. Various knots were tied in this color, and the cloth dipped in a weak bath of blue, Thiogene Cyanine O, which on top of the salmon red gave a pretty shade of light olive green. Parts of this were then tied in and the piece placed in a final bath of strong blue dye, which brought the background to a full deep olive green color. After this the piece was untied, and, as was natural, the coloring was most harmonious and pleasing, each shade being built up from the colors which preceded it.

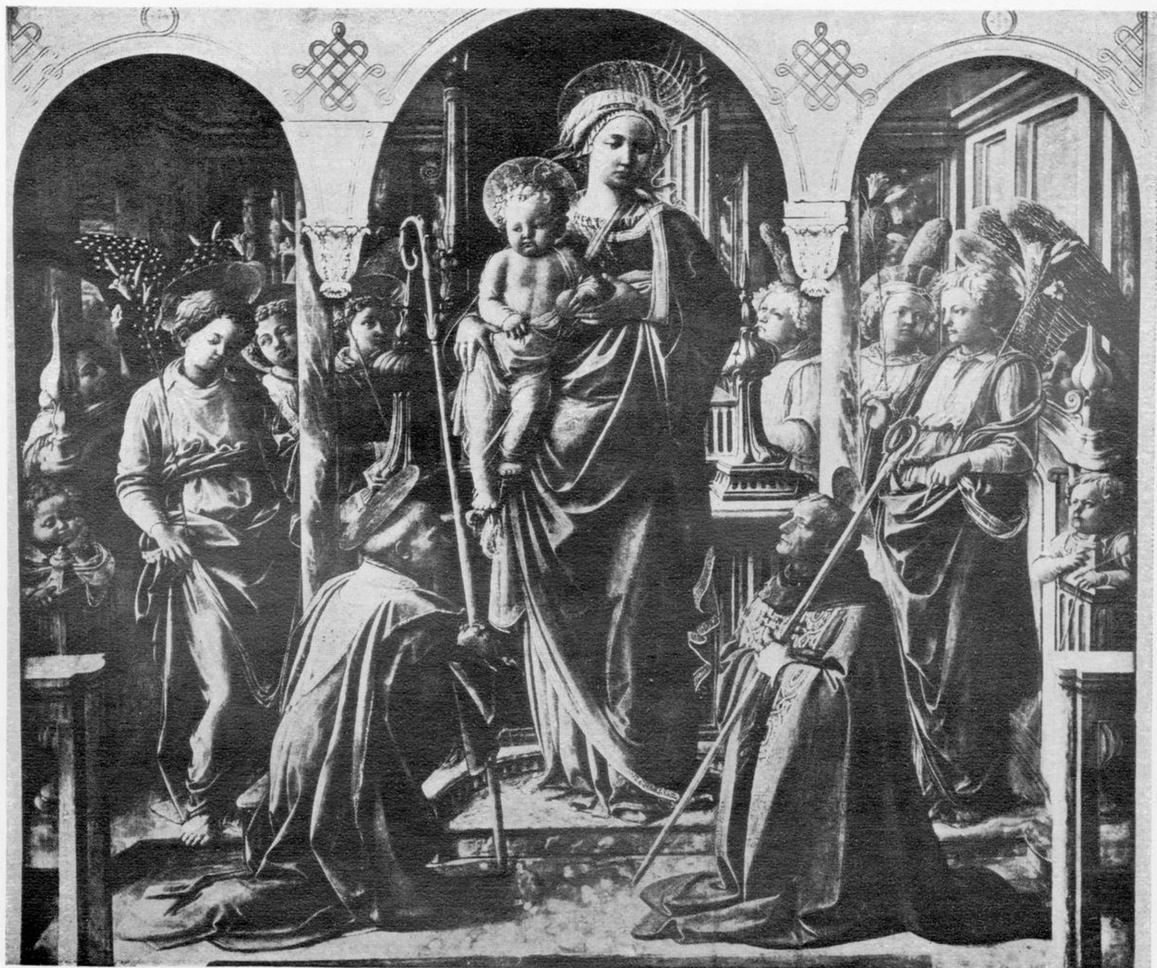
In our laboratory we have found that this process, when used with the Sulphur Colors, gives the most satisfactory results for students and rather unskilled craftsmen of any that we have experimented with, while the possibilities of it in the hands of a well-trained dyer are very great. The Sulphur Dyes present the enormous advantage over the Salt Dyes, commonly sold in drug stores for the dyeing, or rather staining, of cotton and linen, of being extremely fast to washing and also to light, if properly selected. It is suggested to some of our readers that for summer curtains and portières to be made of cheap materials and simple colors, as well as for more ambitious products, this process will repay very careful and earnest experimenting.

ANTIQUE NEEDLEWORK OF PERMANENT BEAUTY: COPIED FROM A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN PAINTING: BY KATHRINE SANGER BRINLEY

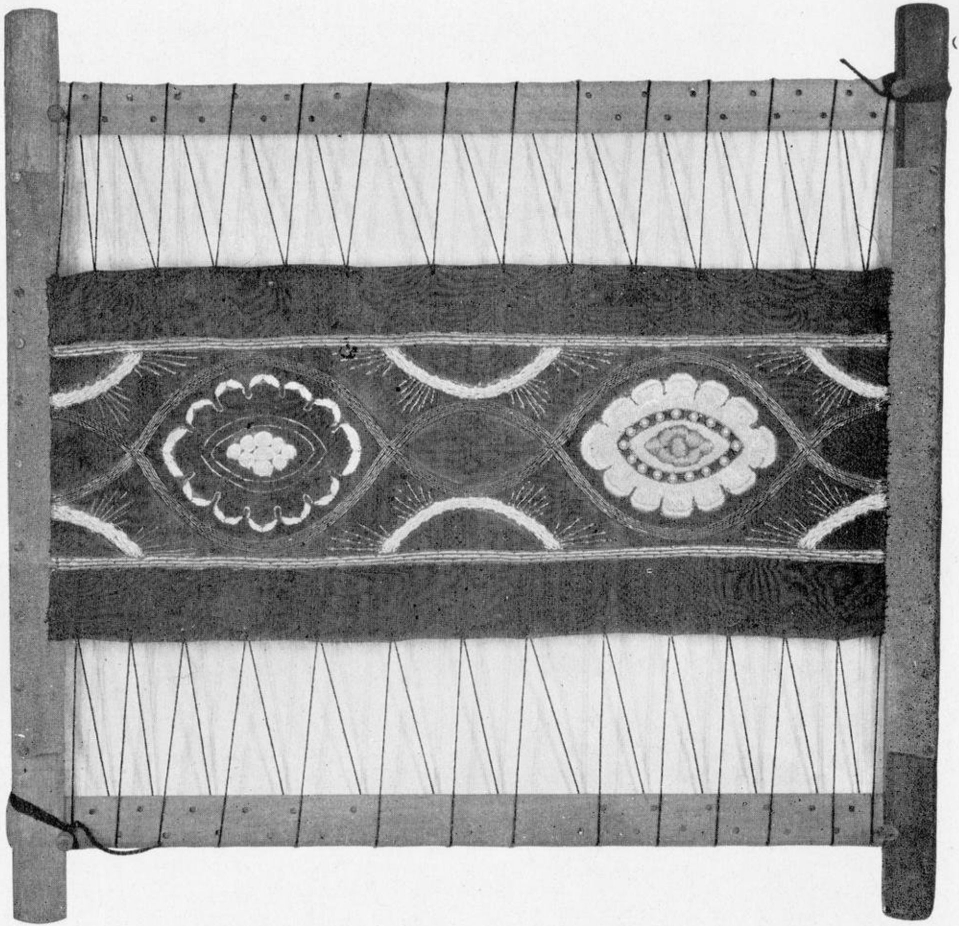
BROWNING, in his poem entitled "Fra Lippo Lippi," makes the irresponsible brother of a Florentine convent say of himself, "Flesh and blood, that's all I'm made of!"—a true epitome of the character and works of the first great master of modern painting. Joy in the things of sense, Fra Lippo stood for. He never attained to expression of the spiritual, though busied all his life with telling in splendid color the stories of saints and angels and of celestial things. The sins of flesh which sullied his life, cramped and darkened an imagination which was essentially fine. Yet the mysterious power of good to gather in the evil, and then to send it forth glorified, is an eternal truth. Out of this man's weakness we gather strength; out of his faltering words we glean a song. For, gladness in the flesh over which his poor soul stumbled, swayed his brush so powerfully that in looking at his works today we catch his spirit. While he struggled, against his wish, to depict for church and convent, heavenly things radiant with celestial light, he produced in Italian painting (all unknown to himself, no doubt) the first likenesses of men, women and children that were palpitant with human life. To have turned citizens of heavenly courts into the people of one's own town; to have made street urchins bear the lilies of their guardian angels, was no small work after all. So, as is often the case, we owe this man who lived four hundred years ago esteem for that which he never meant to do. This unconscious product of the soul, that which we do in spite of ourselves, is the gold that remains after the sifting. We look at Fra Lippo's singing children and go forth to labor with a song in our hearts. And the value of a singing heart, when the day is young, no earthly mathematics can estimate. So we find the poor monk, who often begged florins from the magnificent Medici, bestowing upon us with free hand, wealth beyond calculation! We owe Fra Lippo also the picture of familiar size. Pictures in round frames, which later replaced the formal triptich of the churches, he was the first to paint.

Because he was so human, so keenly alive to material things, Fra Lippo's testimony is especially valuable to one seeking knowledge along material lines in those years which his life covered. If one should, some clear morning, wander into the room of Italian Primatives in the Louvre, having in mind the needlework of the fifteenth century, one would be constrained to pause before "The Virgin in Glory," painted in part at least by the Monk of Prato, because of that beautiful design which is set forth as embroidered ornament on a bishop's cope in its foreground. While parts of the painting have darkened with age, and perhaps through faulty color, there is yet to be seen the gleam of gold in this detail and the color of grapes, set against a background of mellow green. Indeed this design, which is shown reproduced in practical size, is so full of beauty in the rhythmic flow of its lines, and in its skilful treatment of simple forms, that one is impressed immediately with its rare value.

If one could but see the original of this embroidered band as easily as one looks upon the painted likeness of it today! But, alas, the way of textiles is even more uncertain than the way of paintings, which moths at least do not corrupt. We must therefore get from the picture all that is possible as to the needleworker's part in this design; our knowledge of actual embroideries of that period correcting and supplementing the eye's presumption. First of all, we see the gleam of gold in the strap work which goes to frame the many-petaled conventional rose, or it may



"THE VIRGIN IN GLORY": FROM A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY PAINTING BY FRA LIPPO LIPPI.



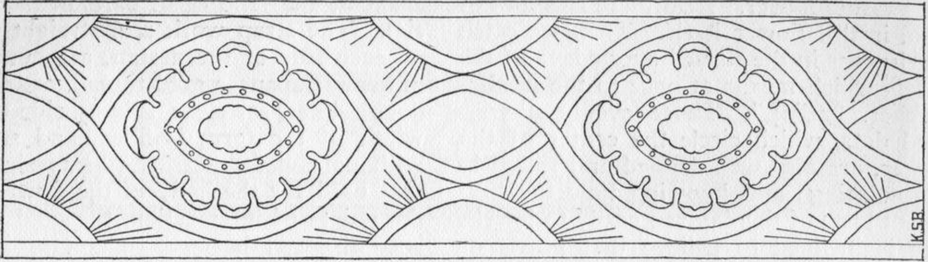
DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY DESIGN TAKEN FROM FRA LIPPO LIPPI'S PAINTING OF THE VIRGIN: THE COLORS COMBINED ARE THREE SHADES OF PURPLE, GOLD AND WHITE ON A DULL GREEN GROUND.

be, passion flower. Also there is a hint of gold in this flower itself. Then we catch a crispness in the turned over edges of the petals which means at once to the needleworker, "relief." Those evenly distributed dots, which circle the center of the flower, are also well defined and raised in the painting; and knowing how the luxuriant taste of the day ran easily to jewels, one is inclined to believe that pearls or other stones enriched this portion of the original embroidery. The very center or heart of the flower is found to be of a deep purple that suggests a thought of grapes and their attendant symbolism. As one ponders over this design, one feels that more than a single form and more than one symbol went to its evolution. A complex impression is gained which persuades one to believe that its originator having in mind the passionate rose, the pure passion flower, and the twining limbs of the vine, attained by means of them all to the expression of a perfect design, and a whole philosophy.

So much modern decorative design seems to speak in syllables,—to utter but parts of words,—that even when it pleases it often fails to satisfy because born of but half a thought. What Fra Lippo gives us (another good deed to his credit!) expresses clearly a rounded thought of beauty. There is in it, so to speak, just an accent of the East, which tells that it belongs to the time when Italy was an eager student of Oriental art, as we know her to have been in the fifteenth century. For instance, those lines which ray out in groups from golden semicircles, hint of Persia and her lovers of the sun.

The design is shown embroidered upon a silk damask of rich green; its shadowed surface speaks more than a thought of those famous Sicilian silks of the Renaissance and was chosen as peculiarly appropriate to bear the kindred pattern. Such material, where part is loosely and part is tightly woven, presents certain difficulties to the needleworker; it should moreover be stretched in a frame for a day or two before the pattern is transferred to it, or the design is likely to be pulled out of shape by the yielding of parts of the material. The strap work and straight bands on each side of the design, are developed in heavy Japanese gold thread, couched in double lines, set close, side by side till the width of the form is filled, and stitched with pale violet floss the same shade as that used for the body of the flower. At the points of intersection, the gold thread is so disposed that each succeeding joining produces the effect of basket weaving. If preferred, the threads can be cut at such junctures, that by means of a wide-eyed needle carried through to the back of the material, the simple crossing of the straps is produced. But the former is the more effective way. Those rays which suggest the sun are made a telling part of the embroidery by couching upon them single strands of gold thread with regularly set stitches of deep purple floss, the deepest shade of the three employed in this work. Each end of the gold thread must be pulled through to the wrong side of the material, care being necessary to prevent spoiling the gold. The semicircles which spring from the sides of the pattern are formed by couching at the same time two or three strands of violet floss (the second shade employed) and stitching them to the green damask with the lightest shade of the floss. When they are thus filled, outline each edge with a simple thread of gold, couched. Thus far, the means used for embroidering this design are of the simplest nature, yet the result obtained is rich, and with the solid work of the flower added becomes really sumptuous.

Before taking up the silk for this flower, the turned over ends of the petals should be covered with filling stitches of white embroidery or darning cotton: then the center of the flower, which in the painting resembles a formal bunch of grapes, should likewise be padded, but with strands of heavier knitting cotton, coiled and stitched in circular forms as shown. Now with a lighter shade of floss, work all the padded leaf edges "over and over." With the next shade, and using ordinary "satin" or "short and long" stitch, fill in all of the flower up to the dotted circular



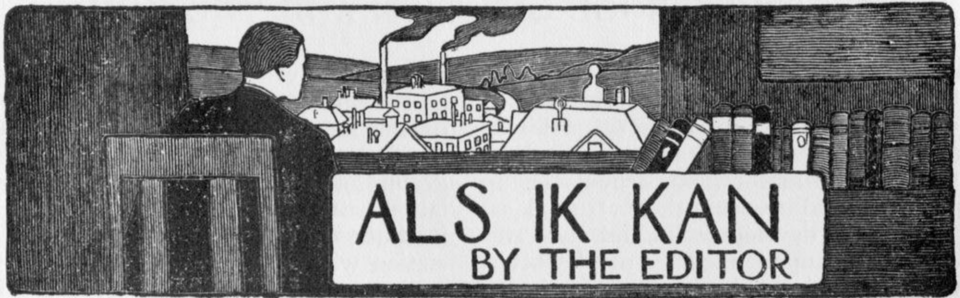
WORKING DESIGN OF 15TH CENTURY NEEDLEWORK

band; this is left untouched save for a single strand of fine gold thread, which is couched to each margin; within it at proper intervals pearls are sewed to the damask with heavy silk. The intervening space being now filled with a continuation of the "short and long" stitch, the central "grapes" are worked over and over with two strands of the darkest shade of floss,—the deep purple. And thus the work is finished.

Seen through a vista of years the commonplace becomes quaint; the quaint grows picturesque; and over all things the enchantment of an intervening veil hints of worth which perhaps the noontime glare of the present would not affirm. Yet there is a worth that at all times is unmistakable; and in this design, this imprisoned thought of beauty, given us by one who sang at his work centuries ago, we have something which is not beautiful merely because it is old, but old because it is beautiful; something which could not perish because it possessed the eternal element of beauty.

WORK

"WISE work is useful. No man minds, or ought to mind, its being hard, if only it comes to something; but when it is hard, and comes to nothing; when all our bees' business turns to spiders'; and for honeycomb we have only resultant cobweb, blown away by the next breeze—that is the cruel thing for the worker. Yet do we ever ask ourselves, personally, or even nationally, whether our work is coming to anything or not? We don't care to keep what has been nobly done; still less do we care to do nobly what others would keep; and, least of all, to make the work itself useful instead of deadly to the doer, so as to use his life indeed, but not to waste it. Of all wastes, the greatest waste that you can commit is the waste of labor. If you went down in the morning into your dairy, and you found that your youngest child had got down before you; and that he and the cat were at play together, and that he had poured out all the cream on the floor for the cat to lap up, you would scold the child and be sorry the milk was wasted. But if, instead of wooden bowls with milk in them, there are golden bowls with human life in them, and instead of the cat to play with—the devil to play with; and you yourself the player; and instead of leaving that golden bowl to be broken by God at the fountain, you break it in the dust yourself, and pour the human blood out on the ground for the fiend to lick up—that is no waste!"—(From "The Crown of Wild Olives." John Ruskin.)



BOOKS NOT ESSENTIAL TO HEALTHY MENTAL DEVELOPMENT

OUR readers have doubtless noticed the frequency with which THE CRAFTSMAN, both in its contributed and in its editorial columns, returns to the discussion of educational topics. We are willing to risk reiteration on this subject because we believe that in no other phase of our national life are we confronted by problems more urgently crying for solution, or of more vital significance in relation to the country's welfare. For no reform in a nation's life is really established until the children of the nation have grown up under its influence and have made it, consciously or unconsciously, a part of their own lives. Hence any intelligent effort to guide the lives of our boys and girls along the right lines of growth and development seems to us a matter of even more immediate and far-reaching importance than the great governmental and financial reforms with which the minds of our legislators have been busy of late.

In this issue we print two articles in which both parents and educators will find stimulating suggestions. Mr. Sercombe, in "The Evils of American School Systems," emphasizes the enormous waste of effort in our public schools due to a method which teaches facts divorced from experience and theory divorced from its parent facts. Under this system knowledge is instilled into the child's mind as a thing remote and unrelated to his own personal problems, instead of as a living part and outgrowth of his life and experience. In its essentials this system is an institution which, kept intact by the conservative power of tradition, has come down to us from those distant days when learning was merely an ornamental adjunct to the lives of a small and privileged leisure class. If its application to the needs of a nation of working men and women leaves something to be desired, there is at least no occasion for surprise. But no thoughtful person can read with indifference Mr. Sercombe's assertion that more than fifty per cent. of the intelligent parents of the middle class recognize something fundamentally wrong about our school system under which they say their children "grow lazy, anæmic, near-sighted and naturally drift toward rowdyism and criminality." It is to remedy these conditions that he makes his earnest plea for an educational system that will "place character culture first, commercial qualifications second, and book culture third."

But while we can sympathize with those thousands of parents who complain that their children are sacrificing five hours a day during the eight most impressionable years of their lives to an institution which clogs their brains with dead facts and dry theories instead of developing their latent qualities of initiative and industry, we must remember that during at least twice that number of waking hours out of each day the child's life centers at home and not in the public school. It is here more than at school that his character is molded,

and for this fundamental though too often unconsidered portion of his education the responsibility cannot be shifted from the shoulders of the parents to those of any institution. If our schools set up artificial ideals when their true ideal should be to develop social and civic efficiency based upon integrity of character, health of body and vigor of mind, the question remains: What definite standards do our homes hold up before the children they send out into the world? Are we not content, in the main, to make for our children the opportunity for education and to leave the rest blindly in the hands of the educator? We know that no man or child ever likes doing anything which he does badly; yet in how many homes is the saving gospel of efficiency preached by example and precept? Teach a child in his home to face his own problems, conscious of his own capacity for right or wrong doing, and whether you suggest it or not he will come to crave knowledge; he will turn naturally toward the light which others have acquired through experience and have recorded in books.

In Mr. Sercombe's outline of his idea of a school system which would meet the real needs of this nation at the present day, industrial and agricultural training play a dominant part. Mr. Daniels, in his article on "Manual Training" in this issue, dwells more specifically upon the æsthetic and moral value of manual training and upon the part such training must play in helping our nation to find itself—that is to say, to liberate its own peculiar and individual genius. As he truly says, the scope and influence of manual training will never be understood until we begin a closer study of our own people.

But it must be acknowledged that a survey of the educational field in the United States during the past year affords opportunities for the sincere eulogist as well as for the earnest critic. Instruction in hygiene, industrial education and moral training have all gained notably greater prominence in our school system during the year. Even in the field of secondary and higher education we find indications of the same wholesome tendency. Thus we find the State-university idea gaining ground, a fact which makes for closer relation between the people and their higher institutions of learning. This closer association with the public life of the State is well exemplified in the case of the University of Wisconsin, whose new plans of university extension work have about them, as a magazine writer remarks, "a touch of plain life in overalls, a college opportunity for shop boys in the shop." And a similar spirit and purpose are making themselves felt in New England. Thus in Massachusetts the Commission on Industrial Education has been combined with the old Board of Education to form a new State Board, which is wide awake to the importance of adjusting the educational system to meet the real needs of the community. It is interesting to remember, moreover, that the discussion of industrial education supplied the dominant note at the last annual meeting of the National Education Association. The agricultural side of the industrial education movement has received an impetus from the investigations and report of President Roosevelt's Commission on Country Life. A new feature of the educational year was the work of the American Home Economics Association, which concerns itself with the preparation of girls for the duties of the home. Of the industrial education movement as a whole in this country a writer in *The Outlook* says: "This movement, in its larger aspects, proposes not merely the addition of trade instruction to the present school curriculum, but such an interweaving of industrial ideas with the ideas of general culture as shall modify our whole system of teaching." And when Professor Paul Hanus of the Harvard Summer School told a class of five hundred teachers about the need of the trade schools as an extension of the public school, "to save millions of American children from the calamity of starting life as unskilled laborers," his words caught

the editorial attention of another New York weekly, which added its plea that farming be also given a place in the curriculum. To quote certain sentences which are definite and to the point: "Skilled labor is everywhere needed. The problem for the boy of fourteen or fifteen who expects to work with his hands is to give him the skill to work to advantage. To that end the experts in public education now advocate the establishment of trade schools to give a vocational training to children who now leave the public school at fourteen. Very well: the plan looks good. But please include farming in the vocations for which training is to be given, and try to make that look better as compared with the rival employments. The scarcer farm labor is the more need there is that it should be skilful. In the end skilled farm labor must be paid as much as the forms of labor that compete with it."

The acknowledged situation seems to be, then, that our underlying educational methods are artificial and inadequate, and that we are beginning to awaken to the fact. A part at least of the remedy seems to lie in manual training in our schools and in a wider sense of responsibility in our homes. We are at last learning that the purpose of education is to develop not merely the boy's brain, but the boy—his body, his will and his spirit no less than his mind. We are beginning to understand that even his brain cannot be healthily nourished on the contents of books alone. It is dawning upon us that the human mind, and especially the young and untrained mind, can be stored with undigested facts and ideas and opinions until its power to think is paralyzed. The normal process may be said to consist of three functions: observation, reflection and creation. The tendency of our schools, with their multiplication of subjects and courses, has been to substitute memory—perfunctory and uninspired memory at that—for reflection and creation. By the free working of its normal process the boy's mind makes of his experience a part of his knowledge, and of his knowledge a vital part of his experience. By the school method at its worst he acquires knowledge as a dead accumulation of facts, useful chiefly to tide him over examination day. Our educational institutions have been diligently cramming the minds of our youth with innumerable carefully-prepared facts and opinions to the point of chronic mental indigestion. The same danger, in a less acute form, besets the adult who by our modern standards of culture is expected to be familiar with the widest possible range of reading. These are the facts which lead Mr. Harold E. Gorst to declare that "books are absolutely dangerous to healthy mental development." This is true the moment we turn to books as a substitute for, instead of as a supplement to, life and experience.

NOTES

OUT on College Point, Long Island, there is a beautiful cobblestone house, topped with a gambrel roof of shingles, which is lighted with wide arches and windows that suggest the studio light in abundance, and yet have been planned architecturally with an eye for constructive beauty. There are vines all about the stone foundation, drawing the building down into a friendly intimacy with the lawn. The house rests pleasantly on a wide, green bit of land, contentedly remote from the pressure of near neighbors; but near enough to the sea for fresh winds and a fine plunge at high tide when work is not too pressing. For the house is lived in by workers, two artists, the sculptors, Mr. and Mrs. Mac Neil, and their children.

Every so often, in spite of the press upon one's time and memory, one is reminded of the name Hermon A. Mac Neil; by his work do we remember him even in New York. When the Marquette Building in Chicago was completed we remembered Mac Neil most vividly by the four dramatic Indian reliefs that were a part of the building's decoration. What

more significant telling of history has literature ever presented than the relief called "The Burial of Pere Marquette"? It is full of the truth about our own land; not only are the customs of our early people shown very accurately and picturesquely, but the very quality of the men and women in the sad procession is revealed, and also their relation to the new and difficult civilization which was being thrust upon their naïve minds.

In his Indian work, and in all other that the writer has seen for that matter, one feels Mr. Mac Neil's absolute sincerity and simplicity. Although he studied in the usual conventional way in Paris and won honors at Julian's and at L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, his feeling is genuinely American, his interest in life unquestionably centered in his native land. He sees our national growth and the many changes, which are called progress, from the point of view of a native, and he understands as only a native could the significance to our poetry and art of the picturesque, indigenous race we are rapidly pressing from off the face of the earth. In "The Moqui Runner," "The Primitive Chant," "The Sun Vow," "The Coming of the White Man," and many other of his Indian statues Mac Neil always gives you the feeling of the Indian himself, of his attitude toward his own vanishing tribes, and his point of view toward the white race which has absorbed his country. It is never the Indian of Buffalo Bill's Wild West, trapped out for curiosity seekers, but the grave, sad, childlike man of the plains, faithful to his own tribe, once loyal to us, though now resentful; and always a thinker, a poet and a philosopher.

And yet, some of these statues were completed in Rome, under the shadow of the Vatican, where the average sculptor loses his artistic identity, as the American singer does in Bayreuth. But foreign training and influence have apparently left no mark on Hermon Mac Neil's art or personality. Even when he leaves his favorite Indian studies and gives his time to the making of such a monument as the significant one of William McKinley at Columbus, Ohio, his presentation is vividly, typically American. The statue is more than a monument to a patriot; it is a portrait of an American statesman, a man born in American conditions, full of the energy of *our* own mode of thinking and living, a man of plain ways, sturdy and honest of purpose; a President from the people—a presentation that would be utterly impossible for any but an American artist to make. In both of the details shown in the monuments "Industry" and "Prosperity and Peace" children figure; children with serious, serene, sweet faces, as a man who loves children and feels the significance of their early development would present them. It is possible that the artist's own little boys were his models, as they so often are for their mother, who is also a sculptor of more than ordinary interest.

It is pleasant often to be reminded of these workers out in the charming gambrel-roofed house near the ocean, where work and play are equal parts of the day's contentment.

THE Keramic Society is one of the few organized guilds among the crafts. This has existed for a long while, but four years ago the society was reorganized on much broader lines and now includes workers in all branches of keramic art. The society, owing to its careful administration and adherence to its standards, has progressed more rapidly than most craft organizations. At a sacrifice, the members have laid aside work calculated to win temporary popularity from a novelty-loving public and have bent all their energies to purifying the color, form and design of the results already reached. The Keramic exhibit held at the National Arts Club was a surprise even to those who had followed the previous exhibits of this interesting guild. Some of the most beautiful pieces on exhibition were designed and executed by the Misses Mason, officers both of the present and past organization

of the society. Their particular interest is in porcelain for table use and they hope, before long, to originate some beautiful designs that may be within the scope of even the most modest pocketbook.

WE are so interested in the weaving and dyeing of fabrics that it is a great pleasure to hear that Miss Sara Gannet Houghton has opened a department of instruction in these two crafts at the Worcester Arts and Crafts Shop. She has been most successful in her methods and in the preparation of her dyes.

REVIEWS

JAMES Huneker, the Brandes of America, has given us another evidence of his brilliancy and versatility in "Egoists, A Book of Supermen." In the company of such of the mighty as Stendahl, Baudelaire, Flaubert, France and Ibsen, to name but a few of the individualists about whom the book is written, we are carried through three hundred odd pages of clever epigrams, subtle metaphors and allusions, all skilfully used by a strong personality to shed a revealing light upon other personalities of world-wide interest.

Even though our knowledge of the work of these writers is not increased when we close the book, still we feel that we have not read in vain; for the renewed interest it creates in the personality of the quiet, cynical, suspicious Stendahl, for instance, adds additional charm and value to what we already know.

Mr. Huneker makes us see these rebels against altruism and socialism as they really were or are. No matter how keen his admiration, or how sympathetic his attitude, as it is in the case of Joris-Karl Huysmans, he makes no apologies for eccentricities of temperament, but describes them clearly and with understanding and always in connection with the influence they had upon their possessor's work.

It is only when we read those essays on the Mystics (Ernest Hello, William Blake, Walter Pater) that we feel Mr. Huneker to be upon doubtful ground. At times it seems as if these Mystics were mystics to him, too, and that we must look elsewhere if we would really understand them. Strength is added to this idea, perhaps, by the fact that a decided change in style at the beginning of this chapter confuses one and necessitates a general reconstruction of our attitude before we can get in touch with the author again.

The best essay in the book is undoubtedly that upon Flaubert, "a huge man, a terrific old man," who trumpeted rather than talked and used his hands freely in gesticulation. It is here, too, that we receive the one glimpse of Huneker himself. He tells us of his meeting Flaubert during the summer of 1879, and we see the young musical student who thought "that to be an artist one must dress like a cross between a brigand and a studio model" staring in amazement at this huge man who, to him, seemed impossible as the creator of the delicate, musical language of "Salammbô." Although recognizing the absurdity of our student's dress, the great Flaubert did not smile, and to this fact is due much of Mr. Huneker's affection for the author of "Madame Bovary."

"Egoists" is a book to be read at a sitting and referred to again and again. To every reader and lover of literature it is a necessary, permanent addition to their library shelves. ("Egoists" by James Huneker. 372 pages. Price $1.50 net. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

"PERSONAL Recollections of Wagner," translated from the German by Edith Livermore, is the work of Angelo Neumann, one of the greatest Wagnerian directors. The book is a compilation of letters exchanged between Wagner and Neumann, concerning the production of the operas, linked together with entertaining anecdotes, and presents the composer in a most charming light. It is written in

a delightfully easy and intimate style and has been immensely popular in Germany, running into the fourth edition. The author has been fortunate in procuring so sympathetic and understanding a translator as Miss Livermore. ("Personal Recollections of Wagner." By Angelo Neumann. Translated by Edith Livermore. 329 pages. Illustrated. Price, $2.50 net. Published by Henry Holt & Company, New York.)

THE "Lincoln Centenary Ode," by Percy Mackaye, although it contains some very excellent passages, leaves, as a whole, much to be desired. The writing of an ode is a gift apart from the general poetic gift; this form of verse, as any form of art commemorating an event, requires a certain monumental quality which we do not find in the ode under review. In the seventh section we read:

"God! that a nation, too, should have bad dreams!"

There is something too humorous for analysis in this line, but of a sort that seems quite general in its appeal. It is strange to think that the unconscious humorist who wrote it should also have written anything so rare and beautiful as the following:

"Leave, then, that wonted grief
Which honorably mourns its martyred dead,
And newly hail instead
The birth of him, our hardy shepherd chief,
Who by green paths of old democracy
Leads still his tribes to uplands of glad peace."

("Lincoln Centenary Ode." By Percy Mackaye. 61 pages. Price, 75 cents. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

"FIRST Course in Biology," by L. H. Bailey and Walter M. Coleman, is designed for use in the elementary schools. Biology is one of the most important branches of education and yet is usually offered only in the higher-grade schools. There is no study better calculated to stimulate the interest of children in the world about them and, if rightly taught, none that, by sanely answering the morbid curiosity which the average child has concerning the functions of its body and the birth and growth of animate life, exercises a stronger influence toward decency of habit and purity in thought. It is through making the study of biology general in the elementary schools that the Society for Social and Moral Prophylaxis especially hopes to achieve its end. The book in review, although a good theory lies behind it, does not meet the subject as well as could be desired. The vocabulary, despite the aim of its authors, is exceedingly difficult and technical, and the subject is very superficially treated. Even to one familiar with biology, it would be difficult in some cases to see any connection between the hazy allusion and the fact to which it refers. There is also a tendency to give statements without reasons, and what the child in the elementary schools wants most of all is just those reasons. We ask, how long will the average child, never having studied chemistry, remember this: "All starch is composed of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen (C_6, H_{10}, O_5)"—and also, what is the need of remembering it, anyway? The book contains a good deal of information of this nature and of this type of treatment. ("First Course in Biology." By L. H. Bailey and Walter M. Coleman. 591 pages. Price, $1.25 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

MR. King says in the preface of his book, "The Laws of Friendship," that to publish essays on friendship is to bring coals to Newcastle. We feel that there is some truth in the statement. Nevertheless Mr. King, in his series of short essays, has given us many inspiring thoughts. The problem of friendship is the problem of life itself and the laws of friendship are also the laws of our relation to God. Friendship is not a matter of inclination; it is not a possession that

comes into our keeping by chance. True friendship signifies a soul thoroughly equipped with strength of purpose, understanding and charity, and to be thus equipped should be the aim of every man.

We find the book a little monotonous in style; it is best fitted to be one of those little volumes that many persons keep at hand as a sort of spiritual reference book. ("The Laws of Friendship." By Henry C. King. 159 pages. Price, $1.25. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

"THE Third Circle" is a collection of sketches, edited by Mr. Will Irwin, that were written by Frank Norris when he was connected with the San Francisco *Wave,* a paper which, Mr. Irwin says, died of too much merit. Frank Norris was the author of "The Pit," "The Octopus," "McTeague," and several other books essentially American in their spirit, subject and handling. In his early death American literature suffered no small blow, for he had the ability to grasp the reasons underlying the surface conditions of industrial life and to correlate them in a web of thrilling and dramatic fiction. This collection shows how clearly his genius stamped itself upon whatever passed from his pen, whether fact or legend. It is not too much to say that some of these vigorous bits of prose can stand beside similar work of Kipling's and feel no shame. Within the covers of "The Third Circle" one finds no word that is not worth reading many a time and oft. ("The Third Circle." By Frank Norris. 298 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by John Lane Company, New York.)

THE essays contained in "Art Education in the Public Schools of the United States" were prepared under the auspices of the American Committee of the Third International Congress for the Development of Drawing and Art Teaching. They are signed by many of the foremost educators in artistic lines and are in every way instructive. They treat of the gradual development of the teaching of art in the public schools and the necessity of such teaching for the development of the child. The book discusses many problems in connection with the subject and outlines the progress that has been made in the teaching of art in the schools and the results that have been obtained. ("Art Education in the Public Schools of the United States." Illustrated. 432 pages. Price, $3.50. Edited by J. P. Haney. Published by the American Art Annual, New York.)

"THE Story of the Great Lakes," which is an account of the discovery and development of one of the greatest waterways of our continent, cannot fail to be of general interest both from its bearing on the commercial greatness of Canada and the United States, but also on account of the romantic events that found their setting on the borders of these great inland seas. The book covers a period of about three hundred years and deals with the important events and the changes in custom and in modes of travel and traffic during this period, dating from the advent of Champlain in 1615 to the present day. The book is fully illustrated with maps and reproductions of old cuts and modern photographs. ("The Story of the Great Lakes." By Edward Channing and Marion F. Lansing. Illustrated. 398 pages. Price, $1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

"NATURE and Ornament," by Lewis F. Day, is an interesting treatise, fully illustrated, of the part nature has played in ornamental design, through all the ages. Mr. Day points out that there is an unlimited supply of motifs to be found in the buds, flowers and trees about us for decorative purposes. In the matter of color schemes, too, the student of design can do no better than to study how nature blends and contrasts the pigment in vegetable life. The book would prove a source

of inspiration to the student of decorative art. ("Nature and Ornament." By Lewis F. Day. 126 pages. Price, $2.00 net. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

MR. Gribble, in his description of Geneva, has written a book as thoroughly entertaining as it is instructive. The sketch accompanies some beautiful reproductions of paintings of the city and has no very definite chronological order or any other method of historical writing. The author discusses the stirring events in the history of the town, the characteristics of its inhabitants and of its rulers and prominent men in art, letters and religion, in a gossipy and humorous fashion that one feels might throw quite a fresh light on several subjects to the Genevans themselves. The book is beautifully illustrated by J. Harwiche-Lewis and May Harwiche-Lewis. ("Geneva." By Lewis & Gribble. 20 illustrations. 135 pages. Price $2.00 net. Published by A. & C. Black, London; The Macmillan Company, New York.)

A BOOK for coin collectors is "Coins and How to Know Them," by Gertrude Burford Rawlings. It is essentially a hand book for the use of collectors and others taking up the study of numismatics, for it offers concise descriptions, all well illustrated, of the coinages of ancient Greece and Rome, of the British Islands and their dependencies, of Mediæval coins of the Continent and of the United States. The appendices include a carefully selected bibliography, a table of the values of the commoner specimens and a carefully compiled index of the Greek and Roman types. ("Coins and How to Know Them." By Gertrude Burford Rawlings. With 206 illustrations. 374 pages. Price, $1.50, net. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.)

THE author of "The Earth's Bounty" appears to have experimented with success in about every branch of farming and is admirably fitted to speak with authority on her most interesting subject. She does so most entertainingly and practically. It is a book calculated to prove invaluable to amateur farmers. ("The Earth's Bounty." By Kate V. St. Maur. Illustrated by photographs. 430 pages. Price $1.75. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

MR. George Carpenter has contributed to the "English Men of Letters" series one of the most interesting accounts of Walt Whitman, his life and personality that we have had the pleasure of reading. The author is an ideal biographer. Everywhere his own personality is subordinated to that of which he is writing. Nowhere does he include the note of hero worship which characterizes so many of Whitman's admirers and biographers, and by his plain and direct handling, the native power of the poet is given full play. The quotations from poems and letters of Whitman and from accounts of him by his friends are carefully chosen. The result is a strikingly vivid portrayal that carries with it the magnetism and robust mentality of the man. ("Walt Whitman." By George R. Carpenter. 175 pages. Price, 75 cents. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

MR. Gilman, in his book on Edward MacDowell, has given us a history of the composer's early life and a thorough study of his genius, and its development. We can but wish that the book contained a stronger element of MacDowell's personality. It seems rather coldly biographical, although the author has been most conscientious in his account of the man and of his life and work. ("Edward MacDowell." By Lawrence Gilman. Illustrated. Price, $1.50. 190 pages. Published by John Lane Co., New York.)

"MY Lady of the Fog," by Ralph Henry Barbour, is one of this season's elaborate gift books. The text, or

rather the matter of the text, is slight,—a love story—the rich girl and the handsome poor young man who works on the rich girl's estate. But fortunately for *Tom* (the poor youth) the estate borders on water, and thus *Judith* (the rich maiden) is afforded a romantic opportunity to drown and is rescued, as one might have expected, by *Tom*.

There are illustrations, color-plates and marginal drawings by Clarence F. Underwood. ("My Lady of the Fog." By Ralph Henry Barbour. Illustrated. 220 pages. Price, cloth, in box, $2.00. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

IN "Greek Architecture" by Allan Marquand, we find a most instructive volume on the characteristics of the early Greek buildings. The book opens with an account of the materials used and their treatment, and of the tools with which the old builders worked. This is followed by an account of the various methods of construction shown by the remains of foundations, walls, roofs and apertures. There in an interesting chapter on the proportion of Greek buildings and on the modes of decoration. The book closes with a description of the types of architecture still to be seen in the ruins. It is fully illustrated with drawings and photographs and will be found a valuable reference work. ("Greek Architecture." By Allan Marquand. Illustrated. 425 pages. Price, $2.25. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

"THE Witchery of Sleep," by Willard Moyer, contains a varied amount of information on the subject of sleep and an extensive collection of poetical quotations concerning slumber. The physiological nature and value of sleep, superstitions concerning dreams, ways of producing sleep, and even a complicated pun on the use of the word in its various senses are only a few of the subjects treated in the book. It is illustrated by a fine collection of drawings and photographs of the beds used by different nationalities and those that have been famous in history. ("The Witchery of Sleep." By Willard Moyer. 205 pages. Price, $2.50. Published by Ostermoor & Company, New York.)

MR. Home, in the preface of his book, "Along the Rivieras of France and Italy," describes this wonderful coast line as "a collection of jewels strung together at irregular intervals on a rough mountain chain." The figure is strikingly vivid and apt. Beginning with Marseilles, he passes from one to another of these jewels, pausing here and there to paint a delightful picture of some portion of the chain, full of color and sunlight. The writer makes no attempt, as he says, to discuss the climate and rainfall of each place, but has selected the most interesting facts, historical, natural and legendary of the Riviera towns, from Marseilles to Pisa. ("Along the Rivieras of France and Italy." Written and illustrated with twenty-five colored plates by Gordon Home. 328 pages. Price $3.00 net. Imported by The Macmillan Company.)

MR. Headlam in his book on "Venetia and Northern Italy" gives us an interesting account of the art and architecture of the towns lying in the triangle between the Alps, the Apennines and the Adriatic. The artistic life is closely interwoven with the personality of the towns through this portion of Italy, and Mr. Headlam makes it his point to show how the individuality of each is expressed by its art and also how large a part the art played in the growth of these cities of Northern Italy. The book is beautifully illustrated and is most entertaining. ("Venetia and Northern Italy." By Cecil Headlam. Illustrated in color by Gordon Home. 347 pages. Price $2.50 net. Imported by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

MR. Boorman's book, "Asphalts," has as a nucleus a series of articles at

one time published in the *Architects' and Builders' Magazine*. The author has added a large body of new material, the result of the great advance that of late has been made in the asphalt industry. The object of this volume is to furnish reliable information to architects, engineers, and officers in charge of road construction, and has at its base a thorough knowledge of asphalt and its uses, gleaned not only in America but in many foreign countries as well. It is illustrated with photographs. ("Asphalts." By T. Hugh Boorman. Illustrated. 176 pages. Price, $3.00. Published by William T. Comstock, New York.)

"PEACE and Happiness," a volume of essays by Lord Avebury, upon subjects directly or indirectly bearing upon the title, seems to be a compilation of other men's reflections on the matters under treatment rather than an original contribution from the author. The essays contain a truly wonderful collection of quotations from past and present philosophers and men of letters; but quotations loosely strung together with a few rather unimportant facts do not make for especially interesting or impressive reading. ("Peace and Happiness." By Lord Avebury. 386 pages. Price $1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

"THE Little Gods," by Rowland Thomas, is a collection of short stories based on incidents supposed to have occurred in the Philippines. The first is the famous "Fagan," the winner of the first *Collier* prize contest, and this is by far the best of the collection. Several of the others that have to do with army life in the islands are unsatisfactory because they suggest Kipling's "Soldiers Three" to the reader and lose by the unconscious comparison. The author is stronger in plot and dramatic action than in humor or the delineation of character. ("The Little Gods." By Rowland Thomas. 304 pages. Price, $1.50 net. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.)

"THE Lure of the City," by David J. Burrell, is a collection of disciplinary talks addressed to young men who seek their fortune amid the temptations of the city. It contains much practical common sense concerning the use of the opportunity and leisure that make up the daily life of youth. ("The Lure of the City." By David J. Burrell. 284 pages. Price, $1.00 net. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.)

LITTLE needs to be said about the contents of a book of which Abraham Lincoln is the subject. Suffice it to say that Mr. Morgan's treatment and style of writing are consistent in their dignity, simplicity and force with the life that he has evidently studied with laborious love and patience. It is a book that every true American will deem an honest and fair tribute to the truest American of us all. ("Abraham Lincoln: The Boy and the Man." By James Morgan. Illustrated. 433 pages. Price, $1.50 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

MR. Lee prefaces the new edition of "Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy" by saying that that period was peculiarly dull and prosaic. Nevertheless he gives us a most entertaining volume upon the musical, artistic and dramatic life of the Italy of those days. The book is beautifully illustrated and contains much delightful anecdote as well as instructive facts. ("Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy." By Vernon Lee. Illustrated. 450 pages. Price $6.00 net. Published by A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.)